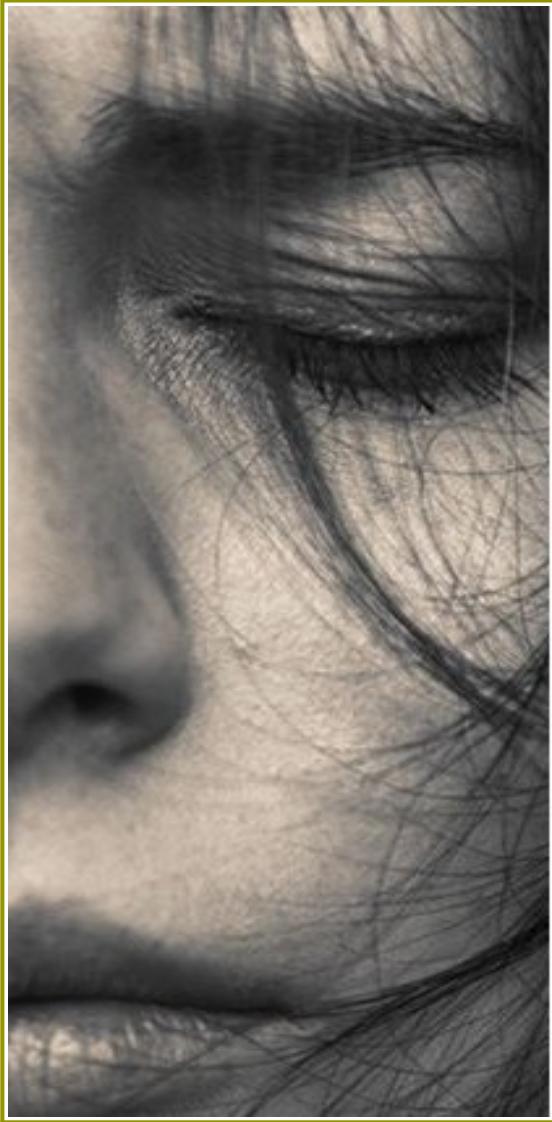


Ashleigh & Megan *Book I: Friendship*



Wednesday, April 25
***Can't Wait
Any Longer***

Day 15 of Book I
*(Thirteen Days since Megan and Christopher went
Bowling)*

Part One of Six

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I hope you enjoy this pioneering format I call, "A Story Cast."

What the term "Story Cast" means; is this story is designed to be read in small to medium intervals. This particular story is broken up into "days." These portions are broken up into part or all of a particular fictitious "day" of the story. Each day surrounds the characters

lives, relationships, adventures, struggles, mishaps and triumphs. This story is very different from a Novel or conventional story in many ways. Again, THIS IS NOT A NOVEL AND IS NOT WRITTEN IN A CONVENTIONAL NOVEL FORMAT. Instead; as the reader you are following the characters thoughts and actions during the course of this "day." This fiction story is set up like a TV series and or a third person journal. It always starts with one or more character getting up and ends with one or more characters going to bed; while during the day you experience the Characters actions, feelings, and their thoughts.

On a large overview; there is a beginning, a middle, and an end to this "Story Cast"

R. P. Voght

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April 25 Can't Wait Any Longer Day 15 of Book I

(Thirteen Days since Megan and Christopher went Bowling)

Megan watched the red numbers of her digital alarm clock turn. She: turned off her alarm, she slipped out of bed, and started her morning routine.

She had: long dark blond hair, an inverted triangle shaped face, and her dark blue eyes often appeared plum. Her long celestial nose fit her facial shape. Because of her over critical judgment of her looks, she felt her nose gave her an average appearance. She believed her nose was ruined in an NCAA woman's volleyball tournament. The consequence of staying on the court created a permanent left bend from the middle of her nose downward. She disliked her noses natural bump just above her nostrils. She felt the way her nostrils curved up and out were unappealing. Just above her nostrils was a natural facial line leading from her nose to her high cheekbones. Underneath these cheekbones were very noticeable dimples. At this moment her dimples, which brightened her face, were just lines outside her long thin lips. Her long chin with its rounded point were clearly visible. Her long jawline was just as noticeable.

While brushing her natural straight teeth and viewing her reflection in the mirror she wondered what Christopher would think of her sleeping in the nude or walking around her houseboat naked.

Her dimples flashed.

She; spit out her toothpaste, washed out her mouth, turned on the water of the sink, she double checked her dark blond eyebrows, she plucked out a long hair, her dark blue almost plum eyes blinked, she focused, and checked her straight teeth one last time.

She turned, looked at her nude reflection in the full length mirror attached to the head door. She was: six feet tall, had an athletic body, long legs, and small breasts. Her toned body and girl muscles were created by participating in athletics and hard work. It was obvious she

took aerobic exercise and eating correctly seriously. She felt: her breasts were too small, her large areolas were too big, her nipples were too long, and felt her uneven breasts made them look horrendous. She hated how her right one was slightly larger than her left one. In reality, because of their round shape, this size difference was difficult to notice. She turned to her side. She admired her long legs. She was aware both men and lesbians found her backside appealing.

She again faced forward. She decided, in the next few days she would shave her legs and trim her dark blond pubic hair into a landing strip. She disliked her pubic hair when it became stuck in her underwear or would stick out wearing swimsuits. She glanced at her breasts. Because of self exploration she knew her breasts were a key to her arousal. She often wondered what it would feel like to have a man kiss them or suck on them. She was in no mood for self exploration. However; she felt an anxiety any time she imagined her wedding night. At one time she imagined this wedding night to be with Christopher.

Her dimples flashed.

Over the last thirteen days she canceled two dates with Christopher. She felt it would be unfair to go on a date without knowing what she felt about their relationship. Throughout these thirteen days she came to the conclusion it was best if they stopped seeing one another.

On the previous Sunday she helped her Sister-in-Law Nicole with her garden and her house plants. Throughout the day Nicole shared her wisdom and life experience.

Based upon what Nicole revealed, Megan believed her relationship with Christopher lacked the romantic love her Brother Jimmy and Nicole shared.

Nicole confessed how difficult it was for Jimmy and herself to remain virgins until their wedding night. Nicole emphasized, sex was one of the major ways they expressed their love to one another. This caused Megan to face the reality, the reason it was easy for Christopher and herself to remain virgins, was because they lacked a connection.

This caused Megan to question if Christopher cared about romance.

Nicole shared her belief potential spouses needed to discuss their sexual expectations before getting married. Nicole felt, especially if both were virgins, couples had the mistaken belief sex would be magical without putting in the effort. Nicole believed the church was accidentally spreading this idea by encouraging people to remain virgins. As a leader in her church, it was Nicole's experience if a spouse expressed their sexual desires and the other was shocked by them; they were convinced they could change the others minds after getting married. During this discussion Megan pointed out her belief both Christian and secular couples fell victim to this pattern; Nicole agreed.

Nicole and Megan felt the church was doing a subpar job talking about sexual issues and often took a way to rigid view on what should be pleasurable. They appreciated how secular sources were willing to discuss sex, but believed secular sources were way to dismissive of the consequences of sex.

Nicole confided, without giving names, many wives she counseled had miserable sex lives. Nicole believed the reason was their unwillingness to discuss their bedroom disappointments with their spouses. Nicole pointed out, there were many times, the husband or wife would believe their sex lives was great while the other was disappointed. She felt miscommunication by either the man or the woman was a problem. Nicole believed, what was even worse, was no communication and assumption the other spouse was sexually fulfilled.

She went on to say, Jimmy and herself needed to work at having a fulfilling sex life; Nicole reaffirmed the importance of communication.

Megan wanted a fulfilling sex life with a husband. She took being a virgin seriously but wanted to be with a guy who could communicate sexually. Based upon Megan's sexual research couples often times ran into sexual difficulties. She wanted to avoid these difficulties by marrying a man who would both discuss his desires and needs; as well as listen and respect her needs and desires.

An added bonus would be a man who would understood her fetishes. She was under the persuasion a man would never like everything she liked. She felt it would be terribly unloving to pressure a future husband to indulge in anything he disliked. Just as she hoped, if there was something she disliked he would respect her wishes. She hoped a future husband would: try and understand her sexual needs, would never ridicule her desires, and would still respect her.

Ashleigh was a key in helping Megan decide if she should continue to date Christopher. On the previous Monday, Ashleigh and herself went bowling, and Ashleigh took her out for Chinese. An unintentional help, it was more fun to bowl with Ashleigh; even though Ashleigh was clearly the better bowler. Ashleigh was more willing to help Megan than Christopher was. Ashleigh bought her more bowling supplies and pointed out some good bowling balls to add to her arsenal. At the Chinese restaurant, Ashleigh helped Megan by flipping over the paper place mat and made a chart of positives and negatives. The truth of this chart was obvious to Megan. On the surface the positives outweighed the negatives. What was impossible for Megan to ignore was how the negatives could turn a relationship into a curse. These included: their differing views on communication, the uncertainty of Christopher's beliefs, the obvious differences in sexual expectations, and how uncomfortable Megan felt in discussing her sexual desires with him.

It was impossible to shake the hurt she felt when he believed she was a lesbian because she wore jeans. She would have understood if he heard the rumors she was a closeted bisexual and questioned her. What she disliked was his passive aggressive approach to these rumors. To believe she was a closeted bisexual because she wore jeans seemed ignorant. Everyone around Megan complimented her and believed she appeared feminine in the very outfit he criticized.

She believed, if a husband communicated in a more appropriate manner, she would have been willing to only wear jeans in the privacy of their home. The nagging question, if he was taken aback by her wearing jeans, what would he think of her wearing a more risque outfit? And what would he think of her having fetishes?

She disliked the growing feeling of disconnect between them. A huge red flag was his belief things were going well. This of course was another step in her decision. She wondered why he felt things were going great?

The difficult part was breaking up with him. She knew how hurt she felt when she liked a guy and he only considered her a friend. She always believed if she found a man who loved her and was willing to express this to her; she would feel the same. It was both hurtful and surprising to be void of this feeling. What she feared was the possibility she would never find a man who loved her.

The nagging question; would she ever find a moral guy who would understand her fetishes. She worried a man who liked fetishes would be more likely to cheat. She knew this

was hypocritical because she indulged in fetishes. She hoped with all of her heart she would end up with a guy who would never, no matter what they were going through, cheat on her. She would rather go through a divorce than to find out she was cheated on.

Her dimples flashed.

She concluded sex with Christopher would be boring and it was highly likely he would believe it was just fine.

She stepped away from the full length mirror, opened the door, stepped out of the head, and into her suite.

Her plans were: to write in her journal, pray, captain her morning charter, then Jake and herself would fully clean her charter, she would have lunch with Christopher, make a trip to the hardware store, return to her charter finishing whatever she needed in the way of cleaning, get caught up on paperwork, she would call the Y to see if she needed to cover an aerobics class, and after she would talk to Julie about the playoff loss; she correctly assumed Julie needed encouragement after her poor performance. On a rare occasion Julie was replaced as a pitcher in the third inning.

Megan knew Julie would feel responsible for the loss and would be disappointed in her performance.

Julie placed the vibrator on the bed and laid there.

Her body was unable to take another round. The cycle of arousal to orgasm kept her from facing the day. At this moment she could have cared less about walking Nikita or going to Track; normally walking Nikita and participating in sports were reasons to look forward to the day. Until yesterday she was participating in both softball and track. For the first time in her life she wanted to skip practice. The only time she missed practice was due to a medical issue. Even then, if she was hurt she watched; unless her mother dragged her to the doctor. All she wanted to do was: spread out her three ring binders, click onto her website, watch porn clips people sent her, and masturbate as many times as her body could endure. This was her way of avoiding the emotions related to: the softball game, the rumors spreading around school, the temptation to get her GED, the growing compulsion to have sex, the troubles she was having with the Snob Club, the worry of observing her long time friend slowly kill herself with an eating disorder, the complete boredom of school, and the growing pressure of her business adventures.

Her plan: was to casually get dressed, call Ashleigh and tell her she was unable to walk Nikita, go downstairs and convince her parents she was sick. She incorrectly assumed her Momma would understand and let her skip walking Nikita and school.

There was a knock on the door and her Momma spoke loudly, "Y'all will be late walking Nikita."

Julie quickly: shoved her toy and lube under her pillow, she pulled her sleep shirt down, shoved her panties under her covers, she closed the three ring binder, she shoved it under the other pillow, and moaned, "I ain't feeling well."

Both Nicole and Julie knew this was a lie.

Nicole responded with, "If Y'all were sick I'd allow you to stay home. Part of playing sports is loosing. What about the dawg Y'all love so much? Isn't Ashleigh counting on Y'all?"

"That ain't fair."

Nicole matter of fact, "Life ain't fair. Part of playing sports is receiving the attention when Y'all ain't the hero."

"I guess."

With a more compassionate tone, "What about the track team? Ain't they counting on Y'all?"

"Why would they want me on their team?"

In a sarcastic tone she very rarely heard from her Mother, "Ain't it nice to feel sorry for one's self?"

"I ain't feeling sorry for myself."

"What do Y'all call it?"

Julie heard her Daddy walk up the stairs. He never went upstairs because the only other bedroom was her Sister's.

She heard what she called his drill sergeant voice, "Y'all better get your ass up and walk the dawg. If not I'll pick Y'all up, and dump Y'all on the front lawn."

Ester loved this idea. It took her eleven years and four months to understand to keep the joy of such an event to herself. She quietly changed chairs at the kitchen table, so if it happened she could observe the front door.

Still in his sergeant voice, "Part of playing is loosing. Y'all have real life responsibilities."

She sat up and yelled, "I'll be down in a minute."

Nicole with a tone stated matter of fact, "No dilly dallying. Y'all are running late."

"Yes Ma'am."

She sat on the edge of her bed wishing she would have won the game.

This is when she heard her Daddy, "I'm proud of Y'all if you win or loose. Quitting is something I ain't ever putting up with. Never forget Y'all carry the name of a Steward."

She stood up, "Yes Sir."

What sealed the deal, "Since Y'all are running late I'll drive Y'all to the yacht."

This would be the fourth time he drove her.

Still demanding, "Just place the bike in the bed of the pick-up-truck."

There was only one answer, "Yes Sir."

She heard her Momma say, "We're expecting Y'all down here within the next ten minutes."

"Yes Ma'am."

Through the door she could hear them mumbling to one another. It annoyed Julie it was impossible to hear what they said.

She grabbed the three ringed binder and placed it on the bookshelf with the others. She took her toy and lube and locked it in a lock box; she hid this lock box in her closet. A place she felt Ester would never find it. While in the closet she quickly selected an athletic outfit and headed to the shower.

While taking her shower she considered: dropping out, getting her GED, withdrawing enough money from a few of her bank accounts, use her fake ID's, and disappear. What stopped her from fulfilling this plan was the love she felt toward her family. She would miss her real friends. A painful lesson was learning what a true friend was.

Ashleigh was tired of being on vacation but she liked sleeping in.

Since Monday she would get up when Julie arrived. Once Julie left she would lightly sleep on the couch. When Nikita was back she would sleep soundly on the couch for about an hour. Ashleigh was already on the couch. She was getting concerned. It was unlike Julie to be running late. She was considering calling her. After observing the playoff game the night before she understood why Julie was struggling and would understand if she canceled walking Nikita. The worst part was a waiting Nikita. On Sundays or holidays Ashleigh took her around the same time as Julie to avoid Nikita's displeasure.

Nikita was confused. This was the time Walking Friend arrived or Best Friend took her for a "walk." She was laying in front of the door. She was making whimpering noises in the hope Walking Friend would hear her.

Another reason Ashleigh was more awake than sleeping was her concern on how well Brittany was doing. She heard good reports from both Haley and Bob; but Ashleigh wanted to see for herself.

Bob leaving for work early was a concern for her.

An added work concern was the progress of the listening devices the company was designing for the Navy. She wanted Captain to test them before presenting them to the Navy. She could call Captain at any time and he would make time for her. After observing him captain the yacht she believed he was an expert.

A big concern, was the possible takeover of a medical device company named *Critic-Medical*. She disliked everything she read and heard about this Wisconsin medical device company. She even felt the name was lame. She believed her Brother's Company, and the one she was a Vice President off, was great at: manufacturing, distribution, and custom design. Ashleigh was well aware Bob knew the owner of the company, talked with the CEO, and knew a couple board members. She felt this was the only reason he was interested in buying the company. She had the nagging feeling there was a personal reason Bob wanted to fix this company.

She believed with all her heart buying this company was a mistake. Both Bob and herself read reports on quality issues; the CEO claimed they were correcting these issues. Ashleigh strongly believed their shipping and production schedule were huge signs of disorganization. Bob, Ashleigh, and many of their trusted employees believed this was a contributing factor to their technical issues. Both Bob and Ashleigh disliked how little they produced for three weeks; but on the last week eighty-five to ninety percent of their product was built and sent out. This was a red flag for both Ashleigh and Bob. Bob believed they could fix it. Ashleigh doubted this company could make the adjustments Bob would insist on. She strongly felt management would do everything possible to keep things the way they were.

The idea *Renewed Mastery* would get involved and keep everything; "*the way it had always been done*" was insane to Ashleigh. The reputation of *Renewed Mastery* and her Brother were one of fixers. When *Renewed Mastery* purchased a company they were committed to the long haul; but the company being purchased had to adapt and change. This was the reason she felt it was a mistake leaving the company in Wisconsin. She believed the only way to fix this company was to micro manage everything; something both Bob and Ashleigh disliked. The only time either one completely took over was when it was absolutely

necessary; something they hated doing. This was a major factor on why Ashleigh hoped Bob would avoid buying the company.

Underlining all of this was the list of everyday functions she was overseeing. This was the major factor on why she was no longer enjoying her vacation.

The two weeks with her family seemed to fly by; especially the week touring Key West. Touring Key West on the yacht was especially enjoyable. She felt a let down when her family left on Saturday. The last time she felt this let down was during a vacation with her Brother when she was a teenager. The vacation took another dip after bowling and treating Megan for Chinese. She enjoyed: going shopping on her own, she enjoyed the pool, the walks by herself, the extended time helping Captain with his model railroad, walking Nikita, reviewing Bob's book with Valerie and Susan, then going to lunch with Susan, and the time volunteering at the community center. All of the fun was tempered with the nagging idea she should go back to work.

A consistent concern was her pregnant sister. She hoped her sister would make good decisions. Ashleigh felt Felicia changed as the vacation progressed. She believed Megan, Ma, and Nicole were awesome influences on her. She felt confident her best friends Annette and Iris would be there for her. She knew: Hannah, Julie, Zoe, and Monica planned on keeping in contact with both Annette and Felicia on the growing popularity of Facebook. Ashleigh could see the potential of this new media.

Bob was paranoid about it. He believed this form of media would be intrusive and used for evil purposes. Ashleigh could see Bob's point of view, she hoped he was wrong, but could see the potential of this type of website being a negative.

Anytime she thought of her pregnant sister Felicia she was grateful she never ended up pregnant or with an STD. She was more determined than ever to wait until she was married to have sex again. She understood this would become more difficult when she started to date again. She believed: purposeful dating, masturbation, good friends, fellowship, and prayer kept her from having sex. She no longer was fighting the temptation to have a one night stand or to have a friend with benefits. She believed purposeful dating was figuring out if she wanted to marry the man she was dating. She knew if she casually dated it was highly likely she would engage in sloppy sex; this was what she was trying to avoid. She believed masturbation was keeping her centered. Unlike when she was sexually active she no longer needed to masturbate every day. She felt as long as she maintained friendships she would avoid craving a partner. The most important aspect to abstaining was prayer. She believed without prayer and having good relationships she would have likely jumped into a romantic relationship. With Eastbank being an overall small community and with her being a leader in the community she knew having a fling or a "Friend" would be a mistake. This was an encouragement to avoiding sex.

One of the benefits of being single was the confidence she was gaining. She believed she was learning more about who she was. More important, she felt she was connecting to God in a way she never did before. God was in her life ever since Victoria led her to Christ; lately it felt different.

She appreciated the space her Brother gave her. She felt she could be her own person while feeling some security she was living with family. She reminded herself she should start looking to purchase a condo or a small house. She convinced herself her brother needed her at the yacht. The least thing she wanted was for him to fall for some gold digging woman.

She was hopping Sergeant Marcus Taylor would ask her out. Since moving to Florida she was asked out on numerous occasions but she always politely declined. He was the only one she could imagine herself marrying.

On the previous Tuesday, a woman from the YMCA asked her out. Ashleigh believed this woman discounted Megan was a lesbian, but believed she was bisexual. Ashleigh found it interesting on how many lesbians discounted the idea Megan was a lesbian, but if a woman was attracted to Megan; they wanted to believe she was in the closet.

Having sex with a woman seemed awkward to Ashleigh. She wondered what the point would be. She felt having sex with a woman was like having endless foreplay without the wonderful ending. Ashleigh loved foreplay, she hoped the guy she married was into foreplay and was a giving partner. She hoped the guy she married would be great at oral sex. As much as she enjoyed receiving good oral sex, she was astounded on why any guy would go down on a woman. She wondered why her third lover enjoyed giving her oral sex. She performed oral sex on the three men she had sex with because she knew they liked it. She could never imagine going down on a woman. She even found the idea of touching a woman's breasts awkward. The only thing she wondered about was kissing another woman and what it would feel like for a woman to touch her. She instinctively knew she would be the worst lover for a woman. She would be reluctant to touch her, to go down on her, and would make her wear a strap on. Ashleigh couldn't fathom having sex without penetration.

Ashleigh felt it was a good idea for Megan to brake it off with Christopher. If her brother was single she encourage Bob and Megan to date one another. She admired Susan to much to implement this plan. Susan was better than any of the gold diggers who threw themselves at her brother. She was still unsure they would end up together (this was her justification for postponing looking for a condo).

While debating if she should start getting ready for work her cell phone rang: she sat up, grabbed her Blackberry Phone, looked at the display, and it was Haley. Unlike the past few days she was actually calling instead of sending a text message. Ashleigh was unsure about the growing popularity of texting. She liked the fact her phone had a little keyboard on it. Because of texting she envisioned a day when people would have difficulty talking to one another.

Ashleigh answered, "What's the matter?"

"I don't want you to be alarmed."

She answered, "Sure."

"Bob is having a meeting with the board of Critic-Medical."

"I'll be in."

"No."

"What do you mean no?"

"You should stay on vacation."

"Why didn't Bob tell me?"

"It was set up late yesterday."

Ashleigh made a face.

"He should have told me."

"He wants you to finish your vacation."

She was already up and walking toward her suite.

Nikita ignored Best friend, she was waited for Walking Friend; she whimpered and put her head down.

"This just ended the vacation."

"It shouldn't."

"The CEO of that company is lying to us."

Haley acknowledged this, "I agree."

"I want to be in on everything with this takeover."

"Not a bad idea. But..."

"But what?"

Ashleigh opened the door to her suite, shut the door, and headed toward her walk in closet. She was thinking about what to wear. She wanted to look as intimidating as possible while appearing professional.

Haley suggested, "Why not just show up for the meeting and go back on vacation?"

Ashleigh in a stern voice answered, "My vacation is over. Tell Bob I'll be in before the meeting."

Haley sighed, "Okay."

Ashleigh pictured her eye roll.

While browsing her suits, "Hows Brittany?"

"She's a pistol."

"A good one or a bad one?"

Haley answered, "I believe a good one."

"Good."

"You..."

Ashleigh interrupted, "I'm coming in."

"I'll tell him."

Ashleigh hung up the phone.

She was down to two suits. Depending on the color of her blouse and the accessories would decide on the suit she would select.

Haley then texted her the time of the meeting.

Ashleigh internally criticized herself for never asking Haley what time the meeting would start. She immediately reminded herself, it was at the time she assumed it would be, but she still felt she should have asked. She hated terrible communication.

Julie easily lifted her bike out of the back of the pick-up-truck (she was strong and because of how light the bike was). She: set it down next to her and shut the tailgate. With a growing frustration at her growing breasts she pulled on her sports bra, it temporarily fit properly.

She mumbled, "I hate my boobs."

She walked her bike around the truck, spotted the passenger side window roll down, when she reached it she heard her Daddy say, "I'm proud of you."

She stopped and asked, "Why?"

"Y'all are planning on walking the dawg?"

She would have been sarcastic to anyone else but answered, "Yes sir."

"The test of a warrior is getting up when Y'all have been knocked down."

She knew her Daddy was trying to encourage her. It meant a great deal to her, but she was far from feeling it.

"I ain't wanting to do anything."

"Do Y'all believe I want to go to work everyday? Or wanted to go to battle everyday?"

"No sir."

He smiled, "See how smart Y'all are."

"Yes sir."

This is when they heard Nikita howl.

Julie looked toward the yacht and smiled.

She heard her Daddy say, "The dawg ain't caring if Y'all won the game last night or not. Imagine if Y'all didn't walk her?"

Julie again wanted to be sarcastic, but it was her Daddy, "Yes sir."

"I know you look forward to walking the dawg. As Y'all are seeing she looks forward to it."

She smiled, "Yes Daddy."

"I have to get to work."

She stepped away from the truck.

The window went up and he drove away.

She again yanked on her sports bra, again mumbled in frustration, and again mumbled, "I hate my boobs."

She started to cry, this was the least place she wanted to cry, it just happened.

Julie was frustrated her breasts were: growing larger, were growing out, were turning upward, and her she was frustrated with the growth of her areolas. The last time she was brave enough to measure her aerosols is when she was a C cup; at the time they were an inch and a quarter in circumference. It was obvious they were growing faster than her breasts were growing outward. While masturbating in front of a mirror she observed her breasts: tighten, her aerosols puffed up, they pointed upward, and her breasts became very hard. There was little doubt she fell into the category of having "torpedo" or "banana" shaped breasts. She worried her breasts would be as large as her Momma. The least thing she wanted were double D breasts that were shaped like a torpedo. She wished they would have stayed a C, her aerosols would have stopped growing, and her breasts would have remained a circular shape.

After talking to Annette she went online to see how many famous actresses had "torpedo tits" and "banana boobs." Like Annette mentioned, her type of breasts would have been all the rage during the nineteen fifties and early sixties. It was no longer fashionable to make ones breasts look this way. A few pornographic websites even had a specific category labeled "torpedo tits". There was a comfort in knowing other women had boobs like hers but she wished they looked more "normal."

Her breasts were one of the reasons she was wearing a lime green over sized cowl neck sweatshirt. Underneath the sweatshirt she was wearing a sports bra, an orange cross-back tee, and over it a lime green scoopneck tee. She was grateful layering was in. Matching this she was wearing a very tight pair of yoga knee shorts. She chose these shorts because they were tight for biking and she was out growing all of her pants; very few of her pants or athletic wear reached her ankles. She was thankful she purchased Capri style pants and athletic wear over the last couple months. The knee shorts were black with a lime green strip on both sides. These highlighted her tight buttock and her long legs. She was wearing brand new white and coral New Balance running shoes. Like almost everything in her wardrobe she needed to buy new shoes because they were tight.

Her greatest frustration with her current growth spurt was how uncomfortable she felt in her own skin. In the last week she tripped more times than she could ever remember. She dropped and knocked over things she never used to. She stubbed her toes repeatedly. She hated feeling so tired; she disliked sleep as it was. The worst was how often she was bumping her head. This started a few weeks prior when she slammed her head against a shelf in her walk in closet.

This new growth skirt she was craving sex. She admitted to herself she was a chronic masturbator. When Julie talked about masturbation with other girls and the adult women in her life; they all said masturbating kept them from having sex. Julie was feeling the more she masturbated the more she was craving sex. Even though, rumors were flying around she was sleeping around, she was still a virgin. She really disliked her nickname as Fingerpainter.

At this moment remaining a virgin was a struggle. She had a list of five guys she was willing to have sex with. None of these guys were popular and none of them had gone to any sex party. She disliked most of the popular guys attitudes and she would never have sex with a guy who claimed to have been with her.

Having kids at school believe she was sleeping around was hurtful.

She heard Nikita.

She: looked up at the yacht, brushed away her tears, she pushed her bike onto the first pier of the marina, and headed to the yacht's wooden pier.

She could have easily passed for a college athlete or athletic model. This was helped by being just over six feet tall and her maturing rectangular shaped face. Her beautiful greenish blue eyes gave her a more mature appearance. The facial features which helped her pass as older were: her complexion, her naturally winged shaped dark eyebrows, her long thick wavy hair, and her roman style nose. Her roman style nose led to her long skinny lips. Julie had similar dimples as her Auntie Megan but hers were smaller and less noticeable. When she smiled the top row of her straight teeth were visible. How Julie differed from others in her family was her wider jawline and her high forehead. She tried to hide her forehead with her naturally thick brunette hair. The only time she never did so was during physical activity; this was why she always carried hair ties in her pockets.

When she was done locking her bike she stood up; she adjusted her bra again. She hoped her Momma would take her shopping after track. She slid her backpack over her shoulder, carrying her keys she headed up the stairs, she used her personal yacht key to open the door, and enter the yacht. Like everyday Nikita was there to greet her.

This brightened her day.

Her Daddy was correct, no matter what, Nikita looked forward to her walks. In many ways Julie liked Nikita over people. All she ever wanted to be was a kindergarten teacher. She understood she needed to be willing to teach at all levels; but she wanted to teach at a primary school level. Since walking Nikita her second choice was a veterinarian. The plus to being a veterinarian was an animal would never be influenced by rumors. Her Momma suggested becoming one anytime Julie raved about walking Nikita or read about dogs. Julie was well aware the reason her Momma was encouraging her to become a veterinarian was to avoid getting a family dog. No matter if this was the cause of her Momma's advice; Julie felt it was good advice.

Julie was surprised by how quiet the yacht was. She correctly reasoned Bob left for work and Ashleigh was in her suite. Glancing down at Nikita, she felt terribly guilty for being late.

“I’m sorry.”

Nikita was excited Walking Friend was here. Nikita showed how much she liked Walking Friend by exposing her underside. Nikita enjoyed Walking Friend’s touch. She quickly went on all fours, followed Walking Friend into the galley, they stopped at what was called Nikita’s closet, watched Julie grab the thing that picked up her markings, followed Walking Friend to where human food was kept, was listening for a noise Nikita understood, watched Walking Friend play with the papers on the refrigerator; this excited Nikita because the next thing would be the leash. She watched Julie open her backpack and take out the leash.

The papers on the refrigerator were maps. The only way Julie’s Mother would agree to walking Nikita was if Julie mapped out where she would take her. At the beginning there were three maps. Now there were four main maps with one long route and numerous shorter routes all on the long route. As an example: one of the maps she often used was titled *The Beach*. The long route of this map: started at Marina, went across *Bluff Beach Parkway*, went south along the beach, all the way down to the inlet, paralleled the inlet, and up *Bluff Beach Parkway*. To be more accurate there were about eight to ten different routes along this big route she could take. An example of a diversion from the long route, she would run to the lighthouse play fetch with Nikita and then run back to the marina by heading north along the beach. She had this shorter version highlighted and marked with a letter. Of these four large maps two went south and two went north. One was titled *The Beach*, the second going south was titled *Mansions*, the third going north was titled *The Lookout*, and the last one going north was titled *The Neighborhood*. Both of these northern routes went along the preserve. The one titled *The Lookout* went north on *Bluff Beach Parkway*; this meant the whole route was surrounded by the preserve.

She selected the map titled *Neighborhood*. This route went north along the *Eastbank River* and the preserve, it crossed the walking bridge over the river, and continued into the neighborhood west of the *Eastbank River*. This route went in a rectangular pattern with the long sides going in a north and south direction. The rectangle would take her back to the walking bridge, she would cross the *Eastbank River* over the bridge, and run south along the river back to the marina. This was the first time since the incident at the lookout she selected a northern map.

It should be noted Ashleigh and Julie worked on these maps together and updated it as they went along. Between the two of them they convinced Nicole this was more accurate and would be better for everyone. Nicole agreed because of how important walking Nikita was to Julie. Julie had to promise whatever route she picked at her house was the one she picked at the yacht. There were numerous times Nicole called Ashleigh to see what route Julie selected at the yacht. Julie suspected Nicole and Jimmy had their friends from the police force check to see if Julie took the route she selected.

Julie always maintained the route she selected. One of the reason is because she believed in promises. A secondary reason is she believed there were days when she would see police officers parked near one of her routes. Julie knew there was the possibility her Daddy

or Momma asked the police to check up on her. She never wanted her Momma to stop her from walking Nikita.

Nikita obeyed the command, "Sit."

She was excited the leash was hooked onto her.

She easily listened to the command, "Come."

They stopped at the main door.

Julie stepped over to one of the tables in what was called the dancing hall. Julie glanced at: the neon signs, the records hanging on the wall, and posters. She loved this room and how Mr. Bob would exchange the memorabilia on the wall. She: set down the popper scooper, set her backpack on one of the tall chairs, slipped off her sweatshirt, hung it on one of the chairs, felt bad when Nikita started to whimper, because she was running late she left her backpack on the chair. In frustration she reached underneath her shirt, made an attempt at adjusting her bra, she hoped this would keep it in place, turned, and led Nikita out of the yacht.

She led Nikita to where she would leave her markings.

Nikita: watched Walking Friend pick up her markings, she followed Walking Friend to where she would drop the markings into the thing with all the smells, then walk around this thing, she watched Walking Friend lean the thing that picked up her markings against the fence, they followed the fence to the river, and they stepped through the small gap between the river and the fence. Walking friend commanded Nikita to sit. Nikita: sat down, wagged her tail, and observed Walking Friend play with her fur; this excited Nikita.

When Walking friend was done playing with her fur Nikita heard her favorite command, "Lets Fly."

Nikita remembered this way. She liked running on the grass and liked the river. She would glance at the preserve. She would protect Walking Friend if she sensed them.

Julie enjoyed running along the river and over the river on the walking bridge. On the east side of the bridge she would cross the street into a large residential neighborhood. She always crossed here because there was a wide crosswalk and there were stop signs on either side of the crosswalk. Depending on the time, she would run up to a mile. She would then turn west toward *Crossway Avenue*, no matter the street she was on she would turn north a block before reaching *Crossway Avenue*. She would then head north for one to three miles. On one of these streets she would turn east until she reached the street that paralleled the *Eastbank River*. She would run south on this street until she reached the walking bridge. Where she would turn west, cross at the large crosswalk, cross the river on the walking bridge, and head south to the yacht.

On this route she never let Nikita run without a leash. In the past she would play fetch with Nikita between the large fence along the border of the Marina and the preserve. While running along the Eastbank River she decided she would never play fetch with Nikita next to the preserve again. Instead she would play fetch with her by the marina mailboxes or across the street.

There was a decent portion of high school students who lived in this large neighborhood. Somewhere in this neighborhood Earnest Jankowski lived, she was unsure of exactly where his house was. She hoped she would see him run to his house. She suspected he was already done with his run. Today she would pass Burt Atterly's house. She knew where Leslie and Tiffany lived. By design their houses were in the center of the rectangle. A few girls from her volleyball team, track team, and softball team lived in this neighborhood. None of

her close friends lived in this neighborhood. Like many students she was grateful the high school was a few blocks from where she turned east toward the walking bridge. Many students, this sometimes included Julie, would skip out of school, cross this bridge, and go to the lookout. Since the incident at the lookout she avoided doing anything along the beach and the preserve.

She was enjoying the run with Nikita. What was annoying was every so often she would have to adjust her sports bra. It was obvious her mother would need to measure her again and take her bra shopping. She hated this process but knew this was life until her breast stopped growing.

She ran south for a mile before turning west. This is when she spotted William's dark green extended cab pick-up-truck parked at a house. Most of the guys in her school accepted her refusals. William was an exception. He believed she was obligated to have sex with him. Within the last three to four weeks he was becoming more aggressive. What concerned Julie was he came from a very powerful Floridian family; many of their family members were lawyers and government officials. His friend Gregory stepped out of his house and into the pick-up-truck. It was Lawrence who was sitting next to William in the front seat who pointed at Julie. Like William, Lawrence came from old money. Gregory was on the swim team. Lawrence was on the golf and Tennis team. Williams was the President of Student council.

Julie was certain William's friend Gregory would back anything he wanted. She was unsure about Lawrence. He hung out with them but never said anything to her or anything bad about her. With the group these guys were in this was a plus. To avoid trouble she immediately turned North (right); this was the first time she ever went of the map. She ran three blocks and turned east (right) for three blocks, and turned North (left). Her plan was to go north until she reached the road with the walking bridge. She would run as fast as she could and run directly onto the walking bridge. To her annoyance, when she turned east (right) she spotted the pick-up-truck waiting for her.

She hoped all she would have to deal with was a bunch of childishness and ridicule. She was preparing herself for the worst. Julie was taller than Gregory and Lawrence. William was one of the tallest guys in school. All three were in excellent shape. She felt she could take on each one of these young men individually; at least enough to get away. Taking on three young men was a different matter. She was determined to give them a battle. What gave her confidence was Nikita. Based upon Nikita's behavior at the preserve and how Nikita protected Ashleigh; Julie wanted to believe Nikita would be a force unto herself. She wanted to believe they would have enough sense to leave her alone. Then again they were teenagers.

She was smart enough to run across the street instead of running directly passed the truck. Once across the street she picked up the pace.

Out of the corner of her eye she observed the truck pace her. She looked forward trying to ignore them. As she was running she was planning multiple escape routes. She understood she needed to avoid being grabbed and dragged.

It was obvious the windows of the pick-up-truck were down.

Gregory yelled, "I'd love to cum on your tits."

William yelled, "I'd make her jerk my cock and I'd cum all over her face."

She hear laughter.

Julie held back tears.

Julie would never voluntarily touch any of these guys. They knew this. At the last two sex parties she attended she gave a total of three guys handjobs. At the last party she attended, she gave one guy a boob job, and allowed him to finish on her boobs. She did so because Pamela and Marissa made fun of his small cock. She correctly assumed they chose to ridicule him because a friend of his invited him and not the members of the "snob club". Since giving this guy a boob job, William made it known he should have the right to cum on her face. Julie enjoyed teasing a guys cock and it was a turn on for her to watch a guy ejaculate, but she would never purposely allow a guy to cum on her face. The guys she gave handjobs to were always guys who were picked on. This was one of the reasons Julie was called a tease. She no longer attended these sex parties. She was again grateful she never had sex with any guy at these parties.

William yelled, "I've heard Y'all like it up the ass. I'd love to bend Y'all over and stick my eight inch cock up your hole. I bet she'd love it."

She noticed only two of the three guys laughing.

This comment frightened her. A sexual act she had no interest in ever trying was anal sex. Based upon her research she knew a person had to prepare for it and to avoid a painful experience both partners needed to be careful. She wanted to yell a series of insults but she remained silent and began running at a faster pace.

Nikita disliked these humans intent. She slowed down and turned to face these humans. Julie yelled at Nikita and yanked her forward. This slowed her down. Her athletic ability stopped her from falling forward.

In an angry tone William shouted, "Y'all need to get in here and suck my fucking cock."

She disliked his tone. The least thing she wanted was to suck on his eight inch cock. Many of the girls who went to these parties chose to be with him; partly because of his looks, partly because of his wealth, partly because he was popular, and because they were fascinated with his big cock. The least thing she wanted was for William to be the first guy she ever gave oral sex to. She read many true life sexual accounts on how oral sex with a big guy could be miserable.

Gregory yelled, "We've been hearing how Y'all are great at sucking cock."

William added, "From what we're understanding you'd love doing all three of us at once."

Nikita sensed they wanted to harm Walking Friend. She growled and bristled.

Julie yanked on Nikita and commanded her forward.

William shouted, "I bet Y'all would blow the dawg."

Gregory cheered this on.

She did hear Lawrence say, "We don't have time for this."

She heard William say something to Lawrence but it was unclear on what he said.

Suggesting she would blow a dog was awful hurtful. She increased her pace.

She heard William ask his friends, "Who's dawg is it anyway?"

She was unsure of which one answered but she heard, "Mr. Bob's sister."

William yelled, "I bet Y'all are doing both Mr. Bob and his sister."

Gregory added, "I bet she sucks Mr. Bob's old dick."

This infuriated Julie. This was the first time she ever heard either of these rumors.

William stated toward Julie, "It's a benefit to any girl when they have a sugar daddy."

Gregory added, "I bet it's why she's such a fucking tease."

Lawrence tried, "We ain't knowing if she's doing Mr. Bob."

William ignored his friend.

Gregory seemed to speak with some knowledge of how having a sugar Momma worked, "Nothing better than to tease the old fuckers. Y'all get more money this way."

William shouted, "Instead of fucking an old guy like him. Let me ride Y'all."

William and Gregory laughed.

Lawrence mentioned, "There are other gals willing to fuck Y'all. Lets leave her alone?"

She heard William respond and Lawrence respond but was unable to hear the conversation.

Julie appreciated Lawrence trying.

She hated the fact she needed to adjust her bra; she was grateful they missed this maneuver. There were only three blocks left until she reached the walking bridge. She knew crossing the road would be a challenge. If necessary she would dash through a yard and look for a person leaving their house. She wished she had her backpack with her, in it was her cellphone. She decided to purchase an arm strap for her phone.

She was able to get Nikita to run faster.

William was angry on how fast she was running, "Y'all should ride my big eight inch cock. Ride it cowgirl style so I can watch those big old titties bounce."

Gregory stated, "No. Since she likes dawgs bend her down and do it dogie style., I bet the slut whore would love it."

William said in a tone Julie disliked, "I'd have access to her asshole."

Gregory yelled, "You teasing cunt."

Gregory and William laughed.

Julie held back the tears.

Nikita stopped.

Julie yanked her, managed to continue running, and commanded her forward.

She recognized crossing the road would be a problem. At the next block she would turn north (left), she decided she would run in a zig zag pattern, and if necessary head to the school or home.

He: gunned the gas, pulled to the right, stopped the truck, jumped out of the truck, and crossed the road. William and Lawrence were in front of her and Lawrence was stepping around the truck to block her from running backwards.

William yelled, "Y'all are fucking me today."

Gregory yelled as he stepped onto the curb, "I bet when she's jilling in the bathroom she's thinking about riding all of us at once."

Julie stopped on a dime and turned sideways. Her plan was to back up to the house behind her. She hoped someone would be there. She believed this would give Nikita an advantage.

Nikita yanked on the chain. Her focus was William. She sensed he intended the most harm.

Julie yelled, "Nikita will protect me. She'll bite your balls off."

Nikita's head was down, her tail was down, her eyes were glaring, and she bristled. She could sense these human males meant Walking Friend harm. She was tapping into her ancestral DNA. Her ancestors were taught to defend human women and children when the human men left the territory.

Gregory said, "Y'all make the dawg heal."

Julie glared at him, "I'm planning on letting her go."

William answered, "I'll go into my truck and shoot the dawg."

Julie answered, "Your balls will be bitten off first."

Nikita was showing her teeth and was yanking on the leash.

Julie managed to hold in her fear, "It wouldn't be wise of Y'all to step any closer."

William gave her a look, "Why?"

Again Nikita yanked on the lease, the three young men should have been grateful of Julie's strength.

Julie yelled, "My Grandfather is Captain."

She spotted Lawrence's face show concern and ask, "Captain is your Grandfather?"

Gregory and William gazed at Lawrence.

In a tone, "My last name is Steward."

Lawrence yelled in a very apologetic tone, "I didn't know Y'all were part of them Steward's."

She gave him a stupid look, but answered, "What Y'all think?"

William asked, "Who gives a fuck?"

Julie squinted.

Lawrence became demanding. He now knew exactly what to do, "Let's go."

William looked at him, "What?"

Lawrence grabbed William and mumbled something to him.

Julie heard William say, "I don't care. Y'all know who my family is?"

Lawrence stood in front and said, "We're leaving."

William looked at him.

Lawrence said very sternly, "I ain't touching her."

Lawrence turned to Julie, "I ain't a part of this. I ain't liking how they're treating Y'all."

Julie answered, "If Y'all leave I won't tell my family what happened here."

Before William could say anything Lawrence pushed him, "Get in the truck. We ain't ever bothering Julie again."

Gregory realizing who her family was stated, "He's right."

Nikita aggressively yanked on the leash.

They should have appreciated her strength.

Gregory was backing up to the truck and stated, "We'all were joking."

"If Y'all leave me alone I'll forget this happened."

William was beside himself.

Lawrence looked at him, "I'll walk to school."

Gregory stopped and answered, "I'll go with him."

Julie could tell he was angry but William commanded, "Get in the truck."

This is when an older lady stepped out of the house behind Julie, "Young lady is there trouble brewing?"

Julie answered, "Ask the boys."

William in an angry tone yelled, "We're leaving."

"Sonny. It'd be a good idea."

Nikita sensed the men were leaving. Julie commanded her to sit. Nikita did so, her tail was wagging, she wanted to greet the human woman making noises.

"Youngin' Y'all okay?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"Is she a husky? Y'all don't see many of them around these parts."

Julie yelled, "I'm walking it for a friend."

"She looks like a good dawg."

"Yes Ma'am. She's great."

While tearing she pet Nikita.

Nikita could feel the love and appreciation in Julie's touch.

"Y'all be safe."

"I will."

The lady stepped back into the house.

Julie: took a deep breath, held back tears, and commanded: "Lets Fly."

This was Nikita's favorite command.

She ran at a full sprint. It was one thing to prepare to be attacked, it was a different feeling when it was a possibility. As she ran, the pain of being called a: slut, whore, bitch, and how she was teased rattled her. The idea she would sleep with Mr. Bob angered her a great deal. There were three older men she believed would never be inappropriate to a woman, these were: her grandfather, her Daddy, and Mr. Bob.

What was so hurtful was she was a virgin. But the school believed she was sleeping with both guys and gals. She was happy to cross the walking bridge and head south to the marina.

She would ask Ashleigh to drive her to school.

April 25^h, Can't Wait Any Longer

Part One of

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