**Two Streakers - The Story of Yvonne and Christina**

by EC

**Introduction - Counselor's notes**

Counselor Lynn B. Hartman - Department of Student Health Services - Davenport State University

Counseling notes: Wednesday, November 03.

9:00 - 10:30: Christina J. Melendez, enrolled full-time student

- Residency: Campus dorm resident, no roommate

- Age/gender: 19 years old, female

- Ethnicity: White/Hispanic

- Family information: single daughter of a two-parent household

- Economic status: Student's tuition and living expenses are fully funded by her parents. No scholarships or financial aid. Not currently employed.

- Major/GPA: Geology - 3.5 GPA

- Medications: None

- Drugs/Alcohol: Student reported limited social drinking, experimental use of marijuana during her first semester, no other substances.

- Sexuality/relationship status: Student self-identifies as bi-sexual. She reported sexual activity with two male classmates in high school, one female classmate in high school, and one male classmate in college. She is currently in a relationship with the aforementioned male classmate here at DSU.

First impressions of patient:

Christina J. Melendez is physically attractive, about 5'6" in height, and a healthy weight for her age. On the date of her appointment her appearance was unkempt. Her hair was tangled and un-brushed and her clothes had not been changed in several days. Her face appeared gaunt and discolored from crying. It was clear, to my observation, that her physical presentation in my office was unusual for her; that she normally takes care of herself.

Appointment summary:

Ms. Melendez received student counseling due to an unexpected and severe bought of depression. She reported that when she participated in the annual DSU Halloween student streaking run, the event triggered memories of a previous romantic relationship with a female classmate during her final year in high school.

Ms. Melendez reported that, following the DSU streaking run and the resulting memories it triggered, she spent the next three days crying in her room and was unresponsive to classmates' efforts to communicate with her and find out what was wrong.

Ms. Melendez' boyfriend called the DSU emergency crisis services hotline last night (Tuesday, November 02) and requested that we get in touch with her. Upon contact, she reported suicide ideation. She "badly needed to talk to someone", but felt that she could not share her concerns with her boyfriend or other classmates. Her conversation needed to be with "someone who wouldn't be weirded out". Given the exigent circumstances, I cleared a 90-minute time slot (9:00 -10:30) for this morning.

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Wednesday, November 03, 9:00 am

" ...Halloween was the first time that I... I've gone streaking since we were together, with Yvonne, I mean. And here I was, thinking it'd be fun, but without her, it wasn't. It just... wasn't."

"You mean, streaking with Yvonne, the girlfriend you had in high school?"

"Yeah. I guess... Yvonne... my girlfriend. I guess that's what she was. But I dunno. She kinda was, and kinda wasn't. My girlfriend, I mean. It's... hard... kinda hard to explain."

"Well, even for things that are hard to explain, there's always a beginning. Maybe if you can talk about how you met, we can go from there."

"I 'spose. Yeah. It's funny how we did meet, I mean... when you think about what happened later..."

"And, so, how did you meet?"

"In a fight. Actually, it was two fights."

"So at the beginning, you two didn't get along?"

"No."

**Chapter 01 Patient Narrative - Christina Melendez - entry one: fighting and corporal punishment at school**

Yvonne and I totally hated each other. The deal was, our school was really cliquish. Everything was all about the cliques. And we belonged to rival cliques. And, looking back, I realize the other girls, they kinda... set us up to fight. We didn't realize it until later, but they got us working on each other so they could have fun watching us. And here we were, both of us going along with it so we could be part of their scene.

Our first fight was in the shower after gym class. It took the gym teacher and the assistant to pull us apart, 'cause we were evenly matched. Yvonne was tougher, but I had some martial arts training. And we got each other pretty good. She gave me a black eye and I got a good hit on her nose and mouth and made her bleed. We both got suspended for a week.

The District notified my parents, but they didn't give a shit. They were gone. Out on one of their stupid cruises. They sent an e-mail to Dad, but he was like: 'yeah dude, whatever. Leave me alone. I'll talk to her when I get back.' And I knew he wouldn't. But he signed the parent notification and scanned it back so I could get back in class.

We were in the hallway when we got into it the second time. I don't really remember how it started, but we were grabbing at each other and kicking and ripping at each other's hair and clothes. She ripped off my skirt and I totally tore up her shirt. I mean, we were so pissed we were trying to kill each other. And I'm serious about that. We were gonna kill each other. So Mr. Skaggs, you know, the Vice Principal, comes running up with two security guards. They grabbed us and maced us, both of us, right in the face. Then they threw us on the ground and cuffed our wrists and hauled us into the detention room, with all other girls screaming and cheering, like it was a fucking football game or something.

The guards made us sit on the floor next to each other with our hands cuffed behind our backs. And we just sat there all afternoon with the snot and tears from the mace going down our faces. The security guys told us:

"One word, just one word from either of you, and we get to blast you with pepper spray."

One of the security guards held a canister in front of my face, and pointed it right at my eyes:

"This is the good stuff. Pure concentrated pain. I'd just love to use it. So you do it. Try me, you stupid little cunt. I fucking dare you. Say something."

And then he turned to Yvonne and told her the same thing. That kept me and her real quiet. I mean, we got really scared. Finally, the school nurse came in and cleaned us up. But they didn't take off the cuffs and didn't let us move until after the last bell.

After the school closed, Mr. Skaggs and the other Vice-Principal, Mrs. Washington, came into the room. Mr. Skaggs had a paddle. Mrs. Washington had papers, which turned out to be arrest warrants and expulsion paperwork. Mr. Skaggs took the papers and waved 'em around and told us they were gonna give us a choice.

"OK, you two. we warned you, and don't even try saying we didn't. You know the school policy about fighting. Zero tolerance. We even gave you a second chance, and you blew it. So... we're gonna fix our little situation, in the hallway, right where you had your last fight."

"But Mr. Skaggs, it was she who..."

"Hey! Just shut the hell up! We don't care how it started! We just care how it's gonna end! OK? So, you wanna spend couple of months in County Lock-up? I can call my brother, the Sheriff, and have his cops pick you up! Got all the paperwork right here! And then you'd get to see about trying to make bail. I guess you'd have to talk to your parents about that one. So, is that what you want? Huh?"

"N... No, Mister..."

"No, sir..."

"Good. Then, if you wanna stay in school and not go to jail, we're doing this my way. There will be no more fights. I can guarantee it."

The security guard pulled Yvonne upright and took off her handcuffs.

"OK, young lady. Looks like it's show-time. Get everything off."

"What?"

"Everything off. You're getting paddled, and we're gonna make this as embarrassing for you as we possibly can. So, your clothes are coming off. Here's a bag to put 'em in."

You can't imagine how scared I was. I mean, I had heard rumors about some pretty messed up punishments after hours when the school was closed, but no one ever wanted to talk about it. Now I knew why. And now I knew the rumors were true.

There was another surprise. Yvonne took off her clothes and just stood there, like it was nothing, with her arms at her sides. She didn't try to cover up. I could tell she was scared, but she was trying not to show it. Our eyes met.

It was my turn. I guess it was a good thing she had to go first, 'cause I would have started crying and tried to keep my clothes. But I realized she had accepted what was gonna happen, and that I needed to accept it too. We both fucked up, and there was only one way we could fix it. Our eyes met again. She didn't say anything, but I could see it in her face.

"Christina, we're in this together. We just gotta get through it. The rest of what happened doesn't matter anymore."

My eyes were all teary, but when they un-cuffed me I didn't say anything. It was Yvonne who gave me the courage to go through with it. I took off my clothes and dropped them in the bag. I did try to cover myself with my hands. That I couldn't help. But I didn't say anything and I managed to stop crying.

"In the hallway. Both of you. Over there, right where you had your fight. Good."

Yvonne and I were totally naked in the hallway, with the vice-principals and the security guards watching us! I couldn't believe this was happening, and it only got worse! Mrs. Washington handed the clipboard to one of the security guards and pulled out a camera.

"Now, stand next to each other. Look at me. This is for your school record."

She took a couple of pictures. Mr. Skaggs spoke next.

"Ladies. Here's the way we're doing this. You're gonna be taking turns. 10 swats each turn. You'll keep your hands on the lockers and keep your butt sticking out. If you move either your hands or your butt, you'll get the swat over. So, let's try to keep it to 10 swats. Understood?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yvonne, we might as well start with you. Over there. Hands on the locker, butt sticking out... and spread your feet."

Yvonne did what she was told, while I stood watching in horror. But, even with as scared as I was, I also kinda got excited, you know, looking at her. She had a runner's body, skinny and muscular. And she had a nice ass, even though she was so skinny.

Mr. Skaggs tapped Yvonne's butt with the paddle, and then rubbed it around to increase the tension. Yvonne closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

POP!... POP!... POP!...

Mr. Skaggs landed three hard swats, one on each bottom-cheek, then one across her entire bottom. The swats were clearly more painful than she was expecting. Her body jerked slightly, but she didn't make any sound. She took a deep breath and nerved herself for the next swats. Mr. Skaggs rubbed Yvonne's bottom with the paddle and landed three more hard swats.

POP!... POP!... POP!...

Mr. Skaggs kept up the pattern for the next round, and then laid the tenth swat across the spot where Yvonne's thighs met her butt. That one seemed to hurt the most. Yvonne was starting to sweat and her knees were shaking slightly.

"Good start, little gladiator. We'll see if you can keep it up for the next round."

My heart jumped into my throat. "The next round." How many rounds was he talking about? How many swats, total? How long was this gonna last?

"OK, cage fighter. Time for a break. Christina, you're up. Hands on the lockers, feet spread, bottom out."

Yvonne moved away from the lockers, her face full of tears and her hands rubbing her butt. She was completely exposing her front to the vice-principals and the security guards, but was in too much pain to care about that. I took her place and reluctantly put my hands where hers had been. I felt the paddle caressing my butt. I thought waiting for the first swat was the worst, until it actually landed.

POP!... POP!... POP!...

I was shocked by how much it hurt. He gave me enough time to let the sting and heat build up before hitting me again.

POP!... POP!... POP!...

I started shaking, more than Yvonne. Tears rolled down my cheeks, and that was just after six swats. But I managed to stay in position and, more importantly, I managed not to cry.

POP!... POP!... POP!...

I'm not gonna cry. I am not gonna fucking cry.

POP!

I was gasping from the soreness and pain when I stood back and Yvonne returned to the lockers and positioned herself for the second round of swats.

POP!... POP!... POP!...

POP!... POP!... POP!...

POP!... POP!... POP!...

POP!

The dark skin on Yvonne's injured backside was turning deep purple. Mr. Skaggs did not let her stand up right away. The vice-principals smiled at each other and Mrs. Washington took a couple more pictures. Finally Yvonne stood up. Tears were running down her cheeks.

I made it through my second round of swats without crying, but I knew that would be it for me. It was all I could do to stay in position and not do anything that would earn me extra swats. I didn't think I could do that on the third round, and it was for sure I would start crying for real.

Mr. Skaggs told Yvonne to position herself. She was still shaking and her body was covered with sweat, but with all of her effort she managed to lean against the lockers and stick her butt out. Her bottom was in bad shape. It was swollen and blood blisters were starting to form. I realized if they hit her much more, those blisters would probably break and she'd start bleeding. They realized the same thing. Mr. Skaggs tapped Yvonne with the paddle, but then exchanged looks with Mrs. Washington. She turned to me.

"I think now we'll take a break. She looks pretty sore, doesn't she?"

"Y... Yes Ma'am..."

"Do you want Mr. Skaggs to keep going, or are you ready for your turn?"

"Please... no more..."

"But now, really. I thought this is what you wanted. I thought you hate her guts. I thought you wanted to see her cry. And you're actually asking him to stop?"

"Yes. Please don't hit her anymore..."

"So... you're telling us... you're ready to take her place? Have her watch us smack your butt and tell us when to stop?"

"Yes, Ma'am. Please don't hit her. I don't want you to hit her anymore."

"Oh really? After that big 'ole fight you had? Right here, in this spot? You seriously want her to get away with what she did?"

"It... doesn't matter. About the fight, I mean. Please... just don't... hit her anymore."

"Then you get your hands against the locker. Butt out. We'll continue with your paddling instead."

I stood against the locker and started to cry. I was done. Defeated. I couldn't hold out anymore. Yvonne stood back, rubbing her bottom with a very worried look on her face. Mr. Skaggs turned to her.

"OK, young lady. Your little classmate told me to go easy on you, which I find very interesting, considering the level of hatred between you two. So, what do you think about her? You think she's had enough?"

"Yes, sir."

"But, I thought you really hated her. I thought you said you wanted to kill her, if I recall. Don't you want her to suffer? Now's your chance."

"N... No sir."

"Hmmm. I'm not so sure. I'll tell you what. Get on your knees and put your hands on her butt. Let's see how swollen she is. Maybe you can rub her bottom a bit and make her feel better. Or I can paddle her some more. Your choice."

Yvonne knelt behind me and placed her hands on my bottom. She looked up at our tormentors.

"She... she... she's awfully swollen and hot, sir."

"Hmmm... so you don't want her to get any more swats? You seriously don't think she needs them, even though you said you wanted to kill her?"

"No sir. Please... no more."

"Then you keep rubbing and make her feel better. If you do that, I'll hold off on the paddle. What do you say about that?"

"Yes, sir."

I felt Yvonne's hands caressing my sore bottom. It actually felt really good. It was strange to think that, just a few hours earlier, those hands were hitting at my face and had torn off my skirt.

"All right. Both of you stand up and let's take a good look at your butts... "

We were still worried about more punishment, so we obeyed without saying anything.

"You know, you two really are a pair of hypocrites. You say you hate each other, and yet, look at yourselves, each of you begging me to go easy on the other. Interesting how your perception of self-interest changes when you get dumped in the same situation, isn't it?"

"Yes, Mister."

"Yes, sir."

The vice-principals told us to go into their office and dismissed the security guards. Mr. Skaggs tapped his hand with the paddle while Mrs Washington spoke up:

"I hope you've learned a lot this afternoon. You stood up for each other, which is most of what I was after. You've got to understand that you're not helping yourselves or anyone else by fighting. It's better to be a lover than a fighter. Am I right?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Yes, Mrs. Washington."

"And you've learned the importance of obedience. The best way to protect your bottom is to be obedient to authorities like me and do what you are told."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"You know, you really do make a cute couple. You may want to think about that. Anyhow, before we leave, I'll want some modeling pictures of you as compensation for all the time and aggravation we had to spend fixing your bad behavior. Make sure you give me a nice smile."

We stood holding hands, while her camera went off. Wow. It turned out Mrs. Washington really liked taking pictures of naked students.

"OK, you two. Just because we're in the study doesn't mean we're gonna stop paddling if you don't do exactly what we say. I told you it is guaranteed that when we finish with you, you'll never want to fight again. So, now what you're gonna do is hug and make up."

We hesitated.

"Come-on ladies, give each other a nice big hug... Do it..."

Mr. Skaggs held up his phone.

"Do you want me to call the Sheriff's Department and take you to County Lock-up? Hmm? I got my phone right here..."

We reluctantly hugged each other. It was so weird, feeling her body pressing against mine: feeling her breasts pressed against my breasts, feeling her thighs rubbing against me, having her hands on my back and mine on hers. We took a deep breath and faced Mrs. Washington's camera. They'd have it good on us if we ever caused any more trouble. They had pictures of us holding hands and hugging each other in the nude. If those ever got out to our classmates, we'd be in Social Siberia and we knew that.

"Much better. Now, was that really so hard? You two are gonna be such good friends when this is over. I can feel it. Anyhow, looks like that's it for tonight. We're pretty sure you learned your lesson about fighting, and we expect that you will be best friends from now on. Any, I got my paddle ready if you get stupid on us and don't want to play along. There is another problem, however, but it's got nothing to do with your fighting. Any idea what it is?"

"No, Sir."

"Your gym teacher is complaining that neither of you likes to run. That all you do is walk around the track during P.E. So, that's another issue we're gonna work on. There's nothing wrong with your physical shape: your problem is motivation. We're giving you back your shoes but keeping the rest of your clothes. You're gonna have a little streaking session going home. I'd imagine that, if you're running naked in public, you'll want to move pretty fast. It'll be good exercise for you, and hopefully motivate you the next time there is a class run. Also, if you head out together, maybe you can try a little teamwork and help each other get home."

"But... but Mister... we can't..."

"No arguing. I already called my brother in the Sheriff's Department to make sure the deputies don't pick you up if they see you. Now, if I have to call him again, you're going straight to County Lock-up. Is that what you want?"

"No Mister."

"No, Sir."

"Good. That's what I want to hear. OK, young ladies, here's your shoes. Time to move out! Have fun and we'll see you tomorrow!"

**Chapter 02 Patient Narrative - Christina Melendez - entry two: forced streaking and a "sleep-over"**

We were shocked. They actually pushed us out the front door and made us leave the school, wearing nothing except our shoes. I couldn't believe it! First that awful paddling, then forced hand-holding and hugs with the girl I most hated in the world, and now having to run home naked, and with her! I was speechless and had no idea what to do.

Yvonne was not nearly as freaked out. She didn't even seem too bothered by our situation. She looked around and then touched my shoulder. It was different than anything she had ever done to me before. It was a friendly and reassuring touch, that came naturally. And with that, I realized we were no longer enemies. Mr. Skaggs was right. To get home we'd have to work together.

"So, where do you live?"

"My house is on 95th and Maple. I think it's about four miles from here."

"Yeah. Then we're goin' to your place. I live in Eastwood Apartments. It might be closer, but we'd have to cross the freeway to get there."

"Fuck."

"It won't be four miles. More like two. I know a shortcut into your neighborhood. It's kinda weird, but it'll get us there faster."

"What shortcut?"

"We run along the cars and between those buildings. There's a drainage tunnel behind the second building that goes under the Boulevard. That'll take us to the park."

"Sutter's Park?"

"Yeah, that one."

"A tunnel? I don't know... sounds kinda risky."

"It's hard to explain, but I know the route. It'll be all right. You're just gonna have to trust me. Please?"

"OK, I'll trust you."

"Let's go."

When we got to the tunnel, it appeared like a huge black round gaping hole, like an evil void from a horror movie that would swallow us. The darkness looked really dangerous. I pulled back in fear.

"I... I don't wanna do this... I'm scared..."

"Just give me your hand. I'll get you to the other end. I know this is kinda scary and you can't see anything, but you gotta trust me. I know where we're going."

The tunnel and the pitch blackness seemed to go on forever. There was nothing, just an empty void and the echoes of our footsteps. The only thing I could feel was Yvonne's hand holding mine, leading me forward. I was so relieved when we finally got to the other end and saw some light. And she was right. We came out at Sutter's park. We were only a mile from my house.

There were some guys smoking pot in the park and they started cheering like crazy when they saw two naked girls running between the trees.

"Let's just run. No use in trying to hide. We just gotta get out of here."

She stayed in front until we got to the edge of the park. But then, since we were going to my house, I had to lead the way. I was running so hard I got a painful cramp in my stomach. Yvonne kept up with no problem.

It was dark, and the sidewalks were shaded with trees. The only hard part was the intersections. We had to run out into brightly lit streets and there were people driving around. I was terrified, but Yvonne knew what to do. She knew the drivers were going to see us running in the nude and there was nothing we could do about it. We just had to cross fast and keep going.

"They can see us just fine, but they can't do anything. They're moving and don't have the time to stop, park, get out of their cars and hold up their phones. We'll be two blocks away by the time any of them have their phones out."

Move - move - move. We kept going, trying to ignore all the honks and whistles. We ran past an old guy walking two big dogs. The dogs lunged at us, but he was able to hold onto them, just barely. That meant he couldn't say anything to the two streakers that had just run past him: he was too busy with the dogs.

Finally we got to my house. Fortunately none of my next door neighbors saw us. We ducked behind our bushes while I got out the key. We got through the front door and that was it. Our first streaking adventure was done.

Sweat was pouring down my body and I was gasping for breath. My knees were shaking so badly I had a hard time staying on my feet. I had blown all of the adrenaline in my body and had no strength left at all.

Meanwhile, Yvonne recovered after just a few breaths. She started stretching while she waited for me to get my wind back. Finally I was able to speak:

"We made it! We actually made it! So glad that's over..."

She smiled mischievously,

"I dunno. I think it was fun. I... I kinda liked it."

"Maybe you're right. It was. It was, sort of exciting." Then I shocked myself with my own words: "At least I'm glad I did it with you."

Yvonne smiled again.

"Mmmmmm... and I'm really glad I did it with you."

Things between us were changing very fast. We were safely in my house, which we had completely to ourselves. We could do whatever we wanted for the next 14 hours or so.

I could have lent Yvonne some clothes and called an Uber for her, and that would have quickly ended the night. But then she'd have to go home all sweaty and I didn't want to do that to her. Nor did I really want our adventure to end on such an abrupt note. I wasn't sure what I wanted, but I wasn't ready to see her go.

Yvonne continued to stretch. She had no inhibitions showing off her thin muscular figure, and I started to wonder if she was doing it on purpose, to see what reaction she'd get out of me. And, I did find her attractive.

I remembered about my family's hot-tub and realized that would be a way we could do something that keep us from forcing to have an awkward "good night, see you tomorrow" moment.

"Hey, I've got something before you get dressed. We got a hot tub, if you wanna clean up before you go home."

"A hot tub? Let's see it."

I led her to the hot-tub room, which had a glassed view of our back yard, plenty of towels, and some workout equipment. The gym equipment was something my mom had gotten when she had an idea of getting into better shape, but never really used. My parents and I did use the hot-tub, so it had water in it and would be ready to get into a couple of minutes after I turned it on. I flipped the switch and the water started churning.

Yvonne's face lit up.

"So, what do you think?"

"Wow. It's as big as the one in we got at the pool in Eastwood! And without all the fat dudes jacking off in there! Awesome!

"Wanna jump in?"

"Yeah, I do." Yvonne kicked off her shoes and looked back at me. "But, only if you join me. He-he-he, looks kinda big for just one person."

"Yeah, I, I guess it is kinda big..."

"So, you're coming in?"

"Sure."

I kicked off my shoes and we both got in. At first we sat on opposites sides, just enjoying the hot water and jets cleaning off our bodies and relaxing our muscles. After a while we were curious to see how much our butts were still bruised from our school paddling. My butt still had marks on it, but Yvonne told me she figured they'd be gone by tomorrow morning. When I looked at her bottom, there were barely any marks on it at all. She put her hands on the side of the tub and let me have a good look. I knew that she was proud of her bottom and had every right to be. She had a really nice ass and I enjoyed looking at her.

She finally settled back into the water. She seemed disappointed. I started to wonder if maybe she was hoping I'd touch her. I kinda... did want to touch her. That would have been nice, and I missed my opportunity.

We stayed in the water for a long time. We were totally relaxed, but after a while we started to feel awkward again. We knew that at some point we'd have to get out. We'd dry off, and then what? She'd have to go home, finally, and I'd end up by myself, as always, in that stupid house 'cause my stupid parents were on their stupid cruise. Or, maybe not. It was weird. I realized I didn't want Yvonne to leave.

We dried off, and she offered to dry my back. I accepted. We each wrapped a towel around ourselves and went into the kitchen. When I offered her a glass of juice, she drank it immediately. When I refilled her glass, she took off her towel, laid it on a stool and sat down. She was completely naked, sitting in my kitchen with her elbows on our table, just sort of staring across the room, as though she didn't know what to say. We had another awkward moment of silence. Finally I thought of something.

"I got a question."

"What's that?"

"You don't seem in any hurry to go home."

"I'm not. I don't like being there."

"Then how about a sleep-over?"

"He-he. That's a funny way to put it. I haven't done a 'sleep-over' since I was eight."

"Well, I think we'd get at least a little sleep."

"I 'spose. And what about your folks?"

"They're on that stupid cruise. Didn't invite me, of course. Not that I'd really want to go."

OK, so we got that far. Yvonne wasn't going home. She'd be spending the night at my house. But we still had to figure out what we were going to do next. Were we going to sleep together, or was she going to sleep in the guest room? And, if we were going to be "such good friends when this is over", as Mr. Skaggs put it, what kind of friends would we actually be?

I could tell that Yvonne was attracted to me. And I had been admiring her thin muscular body since we had to strip at school. This was getting weird, the direction we were going. I had been with two guys so far, but I had never been with another girl. I didn't know, really, what I wanted. I didn't know what I expected from Yvonne. Even had I known, had my thoughts been less confused, I would have had no idea how to start.

Yvonne did know what she wanted from me. She wanted to push past my confusion and doubts to see what having a sexual experience with me would be like. So, she took over. She started by commenting that my hair was all tangled. She offered to brush it and "get it looking real pretty". I knew right away it was not about my hair. That's how it would start, but there would be a lot more. I fully understood she was making a pass at me. I was nervous, but I knew that if I didn't accept whatever she was proposing, I'd regret it for the rest of my life.

"Uh... yeah, that'd be great."

When we went to my bedroom, I still had my towel wrapped around me. She left hers in the kitchen.

I sat down at my dresser and she got behind me. My room had a large mirror opposite the dresser that I had set up so that, if I was looking at the dresser mirror, I could see the reflection of my back as well. That meant, when Yvonne got behind me to brush my hair, I could study her bare backside. She brushed my hair and noticed my eyes staring at her reflection.

She spent long enough with the brush to get my hair straightened out. She ran her fingers through my hair to "check it". Then she put down the brush and rubbed my shoulders. She was testing me, to see if I wanted to go any further. I took a deep breath and moved my arms back as a subtle invitation for her to continue. That was the point of no return.

She slipped her hands under my towel and massaged the upper part of my chest. I took a deep breath and my heart pounded. She loosened the towel to touch the upper parts of my breasts along with my shoulders and chest.

"Hmmm? You like that?"

"Yeah."

She kissed my shoulders and the back of my neck. She then opened my towel and massaged my breasts and stomach. She kept expanding the parts of my body she was touching: first my neck and shoulders, then my chest, and then my breasts and stomach. She got me to stand up. She put her hands on my shoulders and faced us to the larger mirror. I was naked, with my worst enemy standing naked behind me massaging my shoulders. I turned around and we started kissing. It was hard to believe this was actually happening.

She took control. She pushed me onto my bed, grabbed my wrists to pin me, and kissed me. She rubbed her body against mine. My shyness went away and I spread my legs so she could move her vulva against mine. She pulled up so I could see her face.

"You told me to kiss your ass. Still want me to do it? 'Cause you know what? I'm gonna kiss your ass real good."

She rolled me over a hard pillow that forced my bottom to stick up. Then I felt her hands and her lips all over my butt. She massaged and kissed my backside for a very long time, first on my bottom-cheeks, and then in between. I relaxed and let go of all control. I was hers. I now belonged to Yvonne. She could do with me whatever she wanted.

She had me roll on my back and moved her face between by thighs. Oh it felt so good. I tried to hold back but I just couldn't. As soon as her tongue touched my clit, the orgasm came. It was one of the best orgasms I ever had. And she kept going. I climaxed again and finally calmed down.

I was exhausted, but I knew she was excited and I owed her something after that awesome orgasm she gave me. I got up and she lay on her back. I didn't have a lot of experience, but my first boyfriend had given me oral and so I kinda knew what I needed to do with Yvonne. And, it was obvious she had done this before.

When I put my face between her legs and hesitated, she realized this was my first time doing this to another girl, so she was patient and guided me. When she came, I felt really good about it. It was strange, but I was totally proud of myself when she climaxed. When we finished, we hugged and she kissed me, even though the remains of her orgasm were all over my face.

"The principal said we're a couple of hypocrites. I guess that's true."

"I like being a hypocrite."

When we went back to the bathroom, I gave her a new toothbrush and we brushed our teeth together. Then we got on my bed, totally exhausted. I guess that was good, because otherwise we would have had a very awkward silence, trying to absorb what had just happened and what we had just done together. When we lay down, we held hands and went to sleep on our backs.

A little while later, I rolled on my side. She cuddled up behind me and wrapped her arms around me. She put her hands on my breasts and held on. And that is the way we slept a good part of the night, with her holding on to me. I couldn't figure if she had captured me or was protecting me, or both. But I knew that, at least for that night, I had to release control of myself and my body to my new lover.

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I'm more of an early riser, so I woke up first. The emotion and adventure of last night had worn off, so I was more of my normal self when I sat up on the bed. I didn't regret anything that had happened, but I took a deep breath thinking about how weird my life had just gotten. I got a good look at Yvonne's body, now that it was light and she was lying still. She was lying on her stomach, so I was able to study her lovely bottom. As much as I wanted to touch her, I decided not to.

Instead I'd get some breakfast ready, and then, we would... have to go to school. After everything that had just happened between us, we'd have to go to school. Better to do that on a full stomach. Normally I wore an oversized t-shirt when I was in the kitchen, but I decided to leave it off that morning. I wanted to see what Yvonne's reaction would be when she came into the kitchen and got served breakfast by a naked hostess.

I did the standard eggs/bacon/toast thing with orange juice. No big deal, or so I thought. I heard Yvonne getting up and was happy to see her come into kitchen totally naked. But then I remembered that I had not given her much choice: she didn't have any clothes at the house, so the only covering available would have been a towel. So, our first meal together was in the nude.

She ate everything I gave her. As soon as she had cleaned her plate, I noticed her looking at the leftovers in the pan. I brought over the pan and dumped the contents on her dish, which disappeared almost as quickly as they landed. She told me I was a really good cook. I wondered: Geesh Yvonne, if you think I'm a 'really good cook', what are you used to eating?

After we finished breakfast, we went into my room so I could lend her some clothes. I let her pick out what she wanted to put on, but reminded her to avoid taking anything I had recently worn to school. Then we had to face the problem of how we were actually going to get to school.

From the beginning, we knew that whatever happened between us had to be kept secret from our so-called "friends", which meant there was no way we could ever be seen together. Yvonne suggested that we walk as far as the Sutter's Park tunnel, and then we'd split up and go towards the school from different directions. We'd have to ignore each other (which would be very hard to do) during the school day, but as soon as we got out of class and out of sight of the other students, we'd meet up and decide what we were going to do after class.

Our friends from each of our cliques noticed that we were acting weird, but they figured it was because of our punishment the night before, not because of anything that came afterwards. And when the day ended, for the first time in my life I was eager to get away from my clique. I told them I was busted by my parents for the fighting and that I had to go straight home. They tried to talk me out of it, and I realized what they were doing, they wanted to see if they could get me into even more trouble. But, being the "nerdy good-girl" that I had suddenly turned into, I broke away from them. I was totally happy when I saw Yvonne waiting for me near the tunnel.

**Chapter 03 Patient Narrative - Christina Melendez - entry three: massages with Yvonne**

The second trip to my house with Yvonne was a lot less stressful than the first trip, but it was also a lot less exciting and, to be honest, a lot less fun. We simply walked that last mile. We had our school back packs and the remains of the clothes that we were wearing the day before. We also had our cell phones. Yvonne took a couple of pictures of me on the street. Later she would use one of those pictures as the screen image for her phone.

The routine changed as soon as we got through the front door. While we were still on the street, my friend's behavior had been totally neutral, to the point I was just starting to wonder if the emotion from last night was wearing off.

As soon as the door shut, that question got answered. She kissed me very hard and then stripped me. I was stunned by the sudden change. My clothes were completely off before I had a chance to react. She pinned me against the door and kissed me again. I felt helpless, partly because she was stronger than I was and partly because she was still dressed while I was totally naked. It was scary to be dominated, but I was totally turned on.

She put her hands on my shoulders and stared hard into my eyes. I was is a submissive situation, one that allowed her to lay down the first rule of our relationship.

"I like you naked. I don't like it when you're wearing clothes. So, whenever we're here, you're gonna naked for me. Hmmm?"

"Uh... OK..."

"Uh-uh. I wanna hear you say it. Tell me what's gonna happen when I'm over here."

"I'm gonna be naked."

"All the time?"

"Uh, yeah... I'll be naked all the time..."

"That's my good girl."

I was still absorbing that surprise when she moved her hand to my vulva and ran her fingers through my pubic hair. "Now, stop being a naughty girl and spread your legs. I want to get in there."

She touched and fondled me. She totally took control of my body. I had an orgasm almost immediately. And we had not even moved away from the front door.

I didn't have much of a chance to recover, because she wanted me to strip her. She moved my hands to the bottom of the shirt she was wearing and raised her arms. My hands were shaking, so it took me a bit longer to strip her than she had stripped me. However, within a few moments she was naked and I was again in her arms.

Yvonne grabbed my hand and led me to a sofa in our den. She sat down, spread her legs, and leaned back. After what she had done for me at the door, I knew that I owed her and I was determined to give her the best orgasm I could. I still didn't have much experience, so she put her hands on my head and guided me. It took a while, but finally she did climax.

We spent an hour in the hot tub. This time, instead of sitting on opposite sides, Yvonne had me sit in front of her so she could run her hands over my breasts and kiss my neck and shoulders.

It felt so good, what she was doing to me. But, just 24 hours into our relationship, I realized something interesting. She was in complete control. She always knew exactly how to touch me to get whatever reaction she wanted from my body. She also had a way of talking in a sweet but authoritative manner, in a way that would make it very hard to cross her if we ever disagreed about something. She was never threatening, but she was manipulative and it was clear that if she wanted me to do something, she expected me to do it.

I was about to find out something else interesting about her. When we finally had enough of the hot tub, she looked over and noticed a folded massage table sitting behind my mom's exercise machine.

"Hey, how about a massage?"

"Uh... I guess, except I really haven't..."

"You're shittin' me. You got a massage table and aren't using it?"

"Uh no, it's my mom's. She got it when she was on her health kick. I'm not sure what she was gonna do with it. I'm guessing she was gonna learn how to give massages, but, I mean, give 'em to who?"

"Well, you're gettin' a massage from me, and I'm gonna teach you how to do it."

We got out and dried off. Yvonne grabbed the massage table. Within seconds she had unfolded it and set it up. She told me to get a sheet, two small face towels, and two hard sofa pillows. "They gotta be hard ones, that'll support your weight and not squish down." Meanwhile she rummaged around the hot tub room looking for massage oil. We didn't have any, but she found some lotion that would be a suitable replacement. She plugged her cell phone into a player and started a loop of instrumental music that I later found out was typical of what they play in massage parlors. She closed the blinds part-way to dim the lighting in the room. When I brought the sheet she threw it over the table and knotted off the corners so it wouldn't slide around. Even before I got on the table, it was clear my companion was used to giving massages. There was another detail that made me realize this was something she did professionally.

"Make sure you don't have to piss. That's important before we start."

I went over to the toilet and peed. As soon as I finished, she took my hand and put her other hand on my shoulder to guide me. I lay on the table, and without saying anything, she positioned me so that I was both comfortable and exposed. She put the smaller of the two pillows under by ankles and set the bigger one aside.

The massage started as a normal relaxing massage. She was very good at it and what she gave me was a professional-level session. She started with my hands and worked her way to my shoulders and back. She then moved to my feet and worked up my thighs. It was an excellent massage, and I would have been very satisfied even if had she stopped there. But it turned out that was only the beginning. Her goal all along was my bottom. When she was doing my back, she worked her way to the top of my butt, and when she did my thighs, my the lower part of my ass got special attention. Finally, when she focused on moving her hands around my butt, I knew that was where she really wanted to be.

The massage transitioned from a relaxing massage to an erotic massage. The focus of her attention slowly narrowed from my entire bottom and the upper parts of my thighs to the area surrounding my vulva and sphincter. She grabbed the extra sofa pillow and slipped it under my hips. I was totally exposed and totally at her mercy. She lubricated my bottom-hole and slowly worked her finger inside. She massaged and entered my pussy with the fingertips of her other hand. I gasped and started moving from total arousal. I couldn't believe how good it felt.

More than an hour had passed when she softly spoke into my ear:

"Stay still, naughty girl, 'cause I'm not done with you."

She had to rinse off her hands, but then she was ready for the next part of the massage. She had me roll on my back. And, again she started the massage as a relaxing massage, first with my face and neck, then my hands, arms, and shoulders, then my feet and legs, then my stomach and upper thighs, and finally, my vulva and breasts. I had not thought it was possible, but I had another orgasm that was even more intense than the one when she had her fingers in my bottom. She left me totally wiped-out; deliciously exhausted.

She folded one of the smaller towels and placed it over my eyes and kissed me. I totally didn't want to move. She knew that, so while I relaxed and recovered, she cleaned up and took the pillows back to the living room.

When I finally had recovered somewhat, she took my hand and led be back into shower next to the hot-tub.

"Close your eyes. You don't have to do anything. I'll take care of you."

She covered my body with soap to rinse off the lotion, sensuously rubbing every part of my body. It was another massage, to relax me and remove the lotion. She later told me that normally the purpose of the shower was to remove massage oil, which is somewhat harder to get off than body lotion.

We returned to the hot-tub and she sat down in the water, with me sitting in front of her. She wrapped her arms around me and her hands went to their usual spot, covering and fondling my breasts. I couldn't believe how good I felt, and how much I wanted her to hold me.

"That was... totally amazing. Where'd you learn how to do all that?"

"I have my secrets. Anyhow, I gonna teach you, and you can do it for me."

"Yeah! For sure! I'd love to know how to do all that!"

And, with that, we spend our second night together in my bed.