



Emma and Sam

By Kelly Blake

Chapter 1

“Hi... Mind if I sit here?”

Glancing up, I found a cherubic face looking down at me with her coffee cup in hand. She had a gloriously broad smile and sparkling green eyes to match.

“Sure...” I smiled up at her.

“It’s just that all the tables inside are...crowded? I guess this is the adjunct study room.” She giggled. “What are you working on? It looks boring as fuck.”

“Oh God...” I sighed, staring back at the screen. “It’s stats. I was never really any good at stats. There’s never a finite answer and that is quite confusing for me.” I frowned.

“Math and the sciences are my specialty.” She chuckled as she set her bag down and pulled out her laptop. “If you need any help just ask. By the way...my name’s Samantha Evans...Sam.”

“I’m Emma Collins...Emmie.” I grinned. “And I just might take you up on that offer.”

“No biggie...” Sam tilted as she sat down and began to work.

We’d been working away for some time. Every once in a while I’d glance up to see her smiling at me. I badly needed to get up and at least walk around for a few minutes.

“Say...” I tilted as I got up. “Would you like another coffee?”

Sam’s face lit up.

“Sure... That’d be dope. Could you make it a cappuccino?” She reached into her bag for her purse.

“Don’t worry about it. I’m definitely going to hit you up for help.” I giggled. “I just don’t get this crap.”

Sam was very thankful for the coffee and the chocolate doughnuts I brought back to the table. She was so thankful that she moved around the table to sit next to me. And over the course of an hour or so, and the four chocolate doughnuts which Sam inhaled, I was finally able to grasp some basic concepts in stats.

“That’s enough for me.” I sighed. “I have a splitting headache at the moment.”

“Oh...” Sam dug deep into her bag and pulled out a small bottle. “Take this.” She handed me a pill. “Don’t worry. It’s Motrin. That time of the month you know.” She frowned. “I hate it ‘cause I bloat up like it’s nobody’s business.”

Not having the same exact plumbing as Sam, all I could do was nod sympathetically.

“I have this nice quiet place by the lake.” She asked tentatively. “I often sit there when I have a headache. It doesn’t do much for a headache but at least the view is nice. Let’s go try it out on you.” Sam smiled softly.

Closing up my laptop, I had to think for a moment. I really had nothing to do and it’s been a while since I could just sit and maybe talk to someone...anyone.

“Sure... That sounds kind of nice.”

And so we walked out of the plaza and began to navigate our way around the lake. With all the construction occurring on campus, this proved to be a challenge. But Sam seemed to know her way around all the obstructions and we were soon sitting in a lovely tree shaded spot. Using her bag as a pillow, she laid back and gazed up at the cloudless sky. I did the same.

“It’s nice here. And I thought I knew some quiet spots.” I sighed with a smile.

“Yeah...” Sam giggled. “It’s behind the music school’s auditorium. Nobody ever comes back here.”

“So...” I smiled up at the sky. “What are you majoring in?”

“Exclusion and isolation...” Sam laughed...but sadly. “Seriously...? Medical engineering... But it’s kind of a bust. I’m currently working with robotics.”

“That sounds very intense.” I was surprised. “I guess that’s why you’re good at math?”

“Yeah...” She sighed. “It certainly keeps me off the streets and out of trouble.” Sam paused for a moment. “And you...? What are you into?”

“I’m majoring in Psych. But I’m kind of interested in economic decision making?”

“Well...” Sam chuckled. “That is a mouth full.” She turned over toward me and rested her head on her hand. “So... What does that all mean?”

“It’s kind of like getting people to buy crap they don’t really need? But I need to know how to analyze meta-data sets.” I sighed. “And that’s all stats. Meh...”

“Don’t sweat it Emme. By the time we’re done you’ll be doing stats in your head.” Sam snickered. “You kind of look like Jennifer Lawrence.” She said with a crooked smile and gleaming eyes. “But I guess you get that a lot.”

“Yeah...” I sighed. “Too much actually... It’s like the main ‘hit on me’ line.”

As we rested on the lawn, the conversation was easy and the silences in between even easier. But soon the sun began to go down and I was getting hungry. I also wanted to chill for a while in my dorm room with the world’s worst roomie. She was a fashionista and her main dream in life was to join a sorority. Double meh...! With a feh on top...!

We exchanged cell phone numbers as we got up to leave. I watched her walk away toward the University Village. She probably had a two bedroom suite. As I walked back to my dorm room I couldn’t get Sam off my mind. She seemed so nice and friendly. And she seemed so very easy to get along with as well.

Now you must understand that I get hit on by guys frequently. And the women kind of see me as competition? If you can believe that! I speak with several of them in my classes but it was always strained. You see...I’m an introvert. And that means I refrain from parties and group get together events and anything else that involves being in a crowd.

When I do go to something like a movie off campus, I must be at the earliest show at least a half hour before it begins. That way I don’t need to contend with crowds and I always find a great seat. It’s not that I don’t like people. It’s just that being around them for more than a few hours becomes tiring...and sometimes even painful?

My phone went off indicating I received a message. I was half asleep and it was quite late; around midnight. Squinting and trying to clear my blurred vision, I saw the text was from Sam.

‘2morro...cawfee...same place’

Giggling at her impression of a New York accent, I replied.

‘Sure...cappuccino...?’ I smiled at the lit screen.

‘My treat this time... ☺’

The next day was pretty much the same as prior days with one exception. Every time I thought about Sam, I smiled. I even managed to understand a wee bit of what was being discussed in my stats class; nothing short of a minor miracle. And as the day progressed I mentally made a list of what I would need her help with. I strode...not walked...to the Starbucks in the student center as the flavor of that ‘red eye’ coffee loomed large in my mind.

Sure enough I saw Sam sitting at one of the outdoor tables with her cappuccino in hand and her laptop opened. When she gazed up as I approached, her amazing grin beamed directly at me. I waved to her and returned her grin.

“Well...” I sighed as I dropped my bag onto an empty chair. “I managed to survive yet another day in the land of confusion.” I giggled. “But at least I understood some of what was being discussed.”

“Oh don’t you worry baby girl.” Sam snickered. “Mama Bear is here to see you through the forest. Here...” She handed me her phone. “The card is out and ready. Just go get whatever you’d like.” And as an afterthought she continued. “And please get me...” Sam rolled her eyes up in thought. “...a couple of bags of their Sweet Potato Kettle Chips. And...whatever you’d like.” She shrugged and smiled.

Luckily there wasn’t anyone ahead of me and within minutes I was out and back at the table. As Sam ripped into a bag of chips, which I declined to sample, I got my puter out and began to do my work.

“So...” Sam giggled. “How was your day dear?”

Turning my puter toward her, I showed her exactly how my day was. Sam sidled her chair next to mine and she instantly knew what I was learning. And very slowly and carefully, as befits an engineering type of person, she began to explain what I was learning...or should be learning. Sam even took out a pen and some paper and drew up examples that I could easily understand. She spent at least forty-five minutes with me until I got it right.

“So...” Sam sat back looking satisfied. “You got a boyfriend?”

Sighing, I shook my head.

“No...” And as an afterthought I added sadly. “It’s complicated. What about you? Do you have one?”

“No...” Sam frowned. “Boys have never found me to be...attractive. They think I’m too...” I could see Sam searching for the ‘right word’. “...big? But you...? You’re gorgeous.”

“What are you talking about?” I feigned anger. “I think you’re adorable.”

“Adorable...?” Sam snickered.

“Oh totally... You know...like in worthy of adoration...?” I grinned and then sighed sadly. “And anyway...I really didn’t come here for that.”

Avoidance of my... ‘issue’...was always the best policy.

“I really wanted to learn something new. They let me take a few math courses at NSU when I hit upper school. I was too beyond my teachers at school and it seemed like a good idea. But I didn’t take stats.” I scowled.

“Believe it or not...some girls come here just to find a husband or something. Or...” She chuckled. “...just to party and get laid...”

“Yeah...” I frowned. “That’s definitely not me. My roomie thinks of nothing else but what guys can give her.” I leaned closer to Sam. “She says she’s never had to pay for a drink! Can you imagine? And I’m stuck with...with...with that!” I spat out the words.

“You’ve just described half the campus.” Sam laughed. “I’m moving off campus at the end of this semester. This is a great place to learn but there are way too many distractions. Even in the village...”

“Yeah...” I sighed and weakly smiled. “I’d love to do that...the partying thing...but I can’t really afford it. I’m here on a ride but it’s the State’s and the school’s scholarship money. It really pays the entire thing...here on campus that is. And trying to explain what I want to do is beyond most people to begin with; especially my roomies. The other two are also party animals but at least they seem nice.”

“Yeah... I guess being smart has its drawbacks.” She snickered. “I’m here doing research. I have a grant for a special program and ‘J and J’ foot the bills. The University wanted me here ‘asap’ so they found me a room in the Village. Anything for grant money...” Sam shook her head and frowned. “But the price was right and I can save for a really nice place.”

“J and J...?” Derp...

“Johnson and Johnson...”

“Oh...” Double derp... “I guess you’re really smart.” I laughed.

“Yeah... You can’t do shit with a bachelors and even with a masters the going is tough. But they’ll grab you in a flash with a doctorate.”

“Then I guess you’re really super smart.” I grinned.

“Yeah... Maybe... But I also work my ass off.” Sam looked off for a moment. “Want to go to our spot?”

‘Our spot...’ How could I refuse that? Sam was so easy to talk with...and to. We sat on the grass and simply...talked. We found a safe release in one another...or at least I did in her. Sam was funny and seemed to be so full of life. So we sat and talked until the sun went down.

And once we tired of sitting and talking, we went to the cafeteria to have dinner. Sam kept up a steady stream of chatter which I found very delightful...and relaxing. Although Sam put away enough food for the both of us, she wasn’t really what I would call fat. She was tall and broad and rather stout looking. More like...hunky-chunky?

We were both tired from the day’s toil. Sam walked me to the quads where I currently lived. The halls were noisy as usual and I could tell from her expression that she felt the same as I did. I invited her into my room until I opened the door to find my roomie getting ready for yet another adventure in debasement...at least in my opinion. She was primping and preening in front of the full length door mirror.

Now one shouldn’t get the impression that I’m a prude by any means. I might not have had any ‘practice’ put in, but I was one of those live and let live types. However...my roomie was ridiculous. I’ve come back from either the study lounge downstairs or the library only to find two sets of feet beneath her sheets...if they even bothered to cover themselves. I mean...really??? Seriously...???

So Sam asked for a rain check which I gladly provided and she went back to the Village. I stayed in the room knowing that my roomie...who shall forever remain anonymous...would be gone for the evening shortly. I smiled to myself realizing that I could study in my room, and by myself, for a change.

Blowing in around two-thirty in the morning, my roomie woke me up enough to realize two things. Firstly...she reeked of alcohol and smelled like a urinal. Yes...I still remember what the men’s room smelled like in lower school. And secondly...Sam had texted me but I was too soundly asleep to hear my phone. Just before I was able to help ‘what’s her name’ out of her cloths, she peed herself. Whilst trying to un-see what had just occurred I checked the text.

‘Same time...same place??? ☺’

‘Def...!!! ☺’

The image of Sam and I filled my mind as I got ‘what's-her-name’ into the shower. Only then did I begin to strip off her clothing. She barfed up the remainders of the evening which, being mostly liquids, flowed thankfully down the drain. After drying her off and getting her into her bed, I fell asleep with thoughts of meeting up with Sam.

The next day Sam met me at the doors and together we got our coffees and snacks. Sitting down at our usual table outside, Sam began to help me with the day’s newest challenges in the world of statistics. She nearly fell off her chair laughing when I told her about my roomie’s ‘accident’. Sam suggested that I insist my roomie wear a diaper when she went out drinking and partying.

And so it went with us. We met every day for the remainder of the week. On Friday Sam told me about this dance the school was having with a live band from the music school. She asked if I was going. I honestly didn't know about the event and, being an introvert, I wasn't exactly jumping with excitement at the thought of the loud music and gobs of people in various states of inebriation.

"I don't do well in crowds." I frowned.

"It's not like you're going with a crowd or anything." Sam spoke softly and smiled. "You're going with me." She grinned. "I mean it's not like a date or anything. We'll just go to the Rat, get a beer...or wine if you prefer...grab some food, and we'll both be fine." Sam giggled.

"But I'm not twenty-one." I sighed.

"Not to worry baby girl..." Sam chuckled. "I am...and then some."

Sighing in defeat...Sam wouldn't take no for an answer...I nodded and smiled weakly. I must confess I did like the 'baby girl' appellation. And she certainly looked the part of a 'Mama Bear'.

"Look... You've had a really tough week babe. It'll be good for you to just get out and have a little fun."

Sam's serious expression was...precious? She looked just like a little girl for a moment...and not the super serious engineering type. I simply had to smile and giggle.

"That's it." Sam's grin was...amazing. "Trust me...you'll have a blast. And if any guys bother you...like they want to dance or something...and we both know what that something is..." She winked at me wickedly. "Just tell them you'll need to ask your girlfriend. And tell them she's the jealous type." She exploded in laughter. "And that door swings both ways. Okay...?"

Her laugh was so infectious that I caught it! Of course...! She had a problem with guys...or at least they did with her. They like to hang out and wait for the 'DUFF' to get drunk enough to score. Although I didn't think Sam even came close to being a 'DUFF'.

When classes ended on Friday, I went straight for my room. I wanted to try and catch a few moments of peace and maybe even nap a bit. And, as luck would have it, my derpie roomie wasn't around. No doubt she managed to hook up with some douchetard who would pay the bill without her having to even put out.

After sleeping blissfully for about an hour and a half, I woke up and took a nice long shower. I felt as if I was washing off the entire week of school work. I dried my hair and, just for fun, created a nice braided pile atop my head. Anticipating a warm and humid environment, I wanted nothing but air on my neck.

Never having been to one of the school social events, I had no idea of what I would wear. I knew from my daily activities that there was no consistent mode of dress. Some girls went totally

casual down to shorts and a tee. Nothing attracted guys like bare legs and air conditioned erect nipples. Other girls went all out with the latest fashions for college which meant baring everything possible whilst looking...stylish?

So what did I do? I called Sam.

“Hiya cuteness...” Sam’s perky voice always brought a smile to my face. “What’s on your mind?”

“This may sound weird...?” I lilted

“Oh baby girl...” She chuckled. “Weirdness is my middle name.”

“What are you wearing tonight?”

I spoke softly, totally unsure of what her reaction might be. I could hear her sigh.

“Can’t you ask me something easy? Like maybe an analytical probability question...?” Sam chuckled.

“I’m clueless.” I whined. “Come on... Please...?” I whined. “I have no idea of what I should wear. What are you going to wear?”

“Are you serious?” No chuckling this time. I heard Sam sigh. “I don’t know. Maybe I’ll dress Goth? I have this black top...kind of a ‘wife beater’? And black jeans...?” Suddenly she perked up. “Why don’t you dress kind of beachy? Maybe a skirt and a colorful top...? Dress like you’re going out on a date. We’ll tease the guys a little.” Sam giggled.

“Yeah...” I perked up a bit. “I have the perfect outfit.”

“God...!” Sam laughed. “You are so femme. Tell you what... I’ll dress kind of butch and I’ll come by your room. We can walk hand in hand. That should shake up the straights. And...tonight’s on me. You can be my date. There’s nothing safer than that.”

Sam’s idea sounded like fun. We agreed that she should come and get me around six-thirty or so which should give me enough time to get dressed and put on a little makeup. As I began to get busy, my excitement actually grew. As I slipped into my low heeled white pumps, I could only hope that I would be able to dance in them. Oh well... There’s a first time for everything.

Part...a large part...of my dislike of ‘events’ was the fact that I had nobody to turn to. New faces and unknown things always shook me. But with Sam there I wouldn’t feel so isolated and alone. I inspected myself closely and carefully. I was in the mindset that this really was a date and I wanted to look perfect.

Finally finishing my look with but moments to spare, I hastily stuffed my clutch purse with the essentials for an evening out. My lipstick, lip gloss, student I.D., room key and a few dollars

filled out the small purse. I nervously gazed at my image in the full-length mirror affixed to the door. I only wished there was more of me...boob wise and butt wise that is. Suddenly I heard a knock on the door in the main room that connected the suites. Oh...my...God...! Sam was here!

Rushing into the main room, I opened the door.

“Sam...?” I stared intensely and grinned.

“Emmie...?” Sam looked...stunned?

Our voices echoed almost in unison. Sam stood before me in a suit...complete with a white shirt, a school tie, and a pork pie hat! Our facial expressions must have mirrored each other; wide eyed, mouth agape, and in general, floored by the way each of us looked. I burst into a huge smile only a moment before Sam did.

“You look...” Sam actually stammered. “You look amazing!”

As her eyes lit up I had to laugh.

“Well come on in.” I stepped aside. “Where did you get that suit?”

“You don’t like it?” She looked horrified.

“No... I don’t like it. I love it!” I laughed. “It’s...so seriously you!”

“You look like some fashion model or something.” Sam gawked. “You really look gorgeous. I can’t believe it’s really you.”

Normally I hear compliments from guys. And I know exactly what and why they’re throwing them at me. But hearing it from Sam was different. We’d been hanging out and she’d been helping me for almost an entire week. Even though we never really spoke intimately, I still felt a very warm and close connection to her. And although Sam threw an occasional compliment my way, it was usually after I said something less than complimentary about myself; a normal occurrence.

But this was really different. It was heart felt, sincere, and said with childlike innocence. As I went to grab my clutch, I knew we were definitely going to turn heads tonight. I grinned as I walked back, took her hand, and led her out the door of the quad. I could feel her walking just a half step behind me and I turned to glance at her.

“What...?” I said with a grin.

“I don’t know.” She blushed and grinned. “You look so...so fucking adult. You definitely don’t look like a college kid.”

As we walked toward the student center hand in hand, I noticed that Sam kept sneaking glimpses at me.

“What...?” I giggled.

“Sorry...” She blushed and smiled coyly. “It’s just that...” Her voice trailed off.

“It’s just that what?” I smiled softly.

“Well...” Sam stopped and turned to look direct at me. “It’s just that...” She sighed. “You look just like JLaw.”

“Who...?” I furrowed my brow.

“You know...” Sam blushed and looked away for an instant. “Jennifer Lawrence...? The ‘Hunger Games’...? You remember?”

It was easy to see that Sam felt uncomfortable and I couldn’t fathom the reason why. Hooking my arm into hers, I began walking again as I tried to process what she’d just said to me.

“I guess that’s good.” Derp...! What else could I say?

“Yeah...” Sam sighed again. “I don’t understand why you don’t have guys dripping off of you. Any normal guy would be all over you. You’re not gay or something...are you?”

“No...!” I was quite emphatic. And then I softened my tone. “No... It’s just that...well...I like looking at them and all. It’s just that they only seem interested in one thing. And they really hate it when I talk about something.” I frowned. “Usually math or science...” My voice trailed off. “They wind up thinking I’m autistic...like Asperger’s or something? And so my dating history is null and void.” I sighed again.

“Well what about girlfriends? You must have had a bestie.” Sam asked softly.

“Not really...” I hated thinking about lower, middle, and upper school. “Same thing... They wanted to talk about clothes and guys and parties...and more guys. But as soon as the conversation turned toward calc or algebra or physics...they were totally Casper.”

“That’s so...so fucked up. We can talk to one another without a problem and I love talking with you. You’re a great listener.” She snorted.

“Yeah...” I smiled weakly. “But it always begins with my work...math again.”

“Hey baby girl...” Sam chuckled. “Anytime you want to talk about math or science...I’m there. And about guys...or girls...fuck them if they can’t take a joke.” She grinned wickedly. “How old are you anyway?” Sam glanced at me.

"I'm almost eighteen." I said meekly.

"Oh my God..." She snickered. Her wide eyed look underscored her surprise. "What does 'almost eighteen' mean?"

I blushed. I was hoping that my age wouldn't detract from our friendship. Sam was at least a few years older and I knew how girls felt about having a younger girl in the mix; not to mention a younger girl who wasn't always a girl...at least in presentation?

"I'll be eighteen next June." I whispered.

"Faaahhkh...! You really must be gifted." Sam laughed, easing the conversation for me. "You'll be an eighteen year old junior?"

Hating that term 'gifted' intensely, I had to retort...but in a gentle manner?

"And you're not? Everyone is gifted. It's just a matter of finding out what one's gift is."

"Touché..." Sam chuckled as she let go of my hand and put her arm around my waist. "You don't mind...do you?"

Putting my arm around her waist, I grinned.

"You sure you're not gay?" She chuckled.

"I'm only getting into character." I snickered. "After all, you are my date tonight."

Sam burst out laughing and we comfortably strolled up to the Rat. Of course we drew some grins, some frowns, and some head shaking. Voicing my desire to sit inside, Sam held the door open for me and we immediately found a free table. As we sat down I noticed that the place was not yet crazy busy. I smiled at Sam.

"You certainly chose the right time." I smiled. "I expected this place to be a zoo."

"Wait..." Sam snickered. "It will be after eight. By nine o'clock you won't be able to get a seat anywhere."

Suddenly Sam scowled and blushed. It wasn't hard to tell something was upsetting her. Reaching across the table I grasped her hand.

"What's wrong?" I leaned in toward her.

"Sam...!" I heard a woman's voice. "How the fuck are you?"

The woman appeared at our table. She had two nose piercings and a lip ring. Her buzz cut hair was dyed the colors of the rainbow...and not very well at that.

“Hi Alex...” Sam said drolly.

“And who is this gorgeous creature?” She gazed at me and chuckled. “You picking up straight girls these days?”

“Actually...” I grinned and snickered. “I met Sam at a pile on and I’m a sucker for a soft butch. And I mean that literally.” I winked at her and grinned. “So I piled on her.”

“Well good luck...!” She spat the words...and then turned and left. ‘Weird’ thought I.

Sam’s expression suddenly changed from a frown to a radiant grin as Alex departed. And then she began to laugh. Sam reached across the table and grasped my other hand.

“A pile on...? A sucker for soft butch...?” Sam’s eyes sparkled. “Where did you hear those terms? Do you even know what they mean? Are you sure you’re not gay?” She laughed.

My smile was as wryly cryptic as I could make it.

“You know that I’m gay...right?” Sam gazed at me with a sudden worried look.

“Well...?” I lilted and rolled my eyes. “Let’s see. You really have that ‘Ellen’ look down like you were born into it. Your suit fits almost too well. So you must have had it for a while. And...” My voice went up. “You can’t seem to stop flirting with me. So yeah...I think you might be gay.” I snickered.

“And that doesn’t bother you?” Again she looked worried.

“Listen... As far as I’m concerned...?” I paused for a moment. “You could be a three headed monster. I feel very comfortable...” I leaned in again and smiled softly. “...and I feel very safe around you. And while I may not be into guys at the moment...or girls for that matter...I really like the fact that you’re in my life. If that’s okay with you?”

Sam looked shocked...and stunned. Then a broad grin crossed her face as she sat back and simply stared at me.

“Yeah...” Sam’s smile was...amazing. “I guess I can go for that. So...” She leaned in toward me, her eyes aglow. “What’s your big secret?”

“Huh...?” I suddenly felt faint.

“Well...” She snickered and grinned slyly. “You don’t do guys and you don’t do girls. Are you...asexual or something?”

“Well...?” I lilted and hunched my shoulders. “Maybe...? Or maybe I never felt that safe with anyone...before?”

"And who's calling who a flirt?" Sam snickered. "I bet you're dying to know who Alex is." She grinned wryly.

"So who is she?"

"I need to feel safer with you." Sam laughed.

Our server came up just as I was going to say something very witty...or very stupid. Sam ordered a pitcher of beer and I asked for water without ice. After all, I did need a cup. Sam took command and ordered for us both. I kind of liked that...no thinking involved. Within minutes a pitcher of beer was delivered as well as my water. But Sam had another idea. She poured her glass and slid it over toward me.

"I hope you're not diseased or anything." She snickered. "Go ahead... This way it's harder for them to tell who's drinking what."

"Okay..." I took the glass and had a sip. "Yum... Oh...by the way...I think my HPV is all cleared up." I chuckled.

"Funny..." She smirked. "That's something I can definitely do without."

Sam took the glass and drank the entire thing. She refilled it and set it down between us. Sam gazed into the golden colored beer and then up at me. I could see sadness in her eyes as she weakly smiled.

"I was her rebound." Sam said sadly.

"Rebound...?"

"Yeah... You know. When you get dumped...or you dump your hump...you hook up with the first available warm body just to see if you still have it?"

"So what happened?" I hated seeing Sam this sad.

"She found herself a real slutty hottie after we were together for about two months. Then she dumped me."

"Oh my God...! That's awful!"

"Seriously...! And I really liked her." She suddenly perked up. "But I'm glad she did. Truly she was not a very nice person."

"Truly..."

"And she wasn't very good company. She often had her moods. And she may not have been super smart but she knew how to whore as much out of me as she could. Dinners... Movies..."

Whatever...!" Sam snorted a laugh. "She still calls on rare occasions to see if I could do this or that for her."

"I can't believe people can be so...so cruel to one another...especially to somebody like you. You're such a sweet heart. And I do kind of know what you mean. I was never really into...I don't know...my peers?" I glanced around and sighed. "So they spread all kinds of rumors."

"Yeah..." Sam smiled weakly. "Only in my case the rumors were true."

Fortunately...thankfully...the food began to arrive. We sat back and Sam had the server place the plates in the center of the table. I could see Sam's eyes light up as she inhaled the aromas emanating from the plates. The waiter quickly returned with two extra plates and the side dishes.

"Sam...?" I whined...sort of. "That's a ton of food."

"Don't worry baby girl." She snickered. "Just enjoy what you can."

Sam ordered the Cuban pork chop with all the traditional fixings and a huge burger with super well done crispy fries. The burger looked amazing. It was dripping caramelized onions, mushrooms and Swiss cheese and the 'special' house dressing. Sam cut the burger in half and slipped it onto my plate.

"Don't worry about what you can eat." Sam grinned almost lewdly. "Just save some room for the chop. It's amazing...for campus food that is."

Sam deftly boned the chop, cut it in half, and slid half onto my plate. I'm definitely not from the last of the big time eaters. But I did give it my best try and finished half of each half. Sam and I both washed the bites down with the beer. As with all of her gastronomical endeavors, Sam ate with joy and gusto.

"I starved myself all day for this." She giggled. "Some things are simply worth the suffering and denial."

It was all I could do just to taste the sides. The fries were so crisp and amazing I had to have more than a few. Sam managed to finish what I left and made an impressive dent in all the sides. But before she could order a second pitcher of beer, I asked her to get one of the imported beers; a dinkel in a bottle. I'm not much of a beer drinker but I did want to try the German dark beer.

Finally we were both sated beyond capacity. Sam sat back with a satisfied expression; her cheeks rosy and her smile just...glorious. She made me grin.

"You know...?" Sam lilted as she patted her tummy. "If we were somewhere private...you know what I'd have you do?"

Oh my God...! Was she getting obscene? I stared at her wide eyed and mouth agape.

“No silly girl...” She giggled. “Not that...! I’d have you rub my tummy. That would be better than an orgasm...almost.” Sam snickered. “I am totally stuffed and I do love tummy rubs.” She smiled slyly.

‘Of course...’ I thought. Who doesn’t love a tummy rub. I could probably do with one myself. Anyway...I reached for the check when it was placed on our table. But Sam was much faster than me. She grabbed the folder and hugged it to her suit jacket.

“Oh no you don’t!” She admonished. “You’re my date tonight. I invited you. If you want to pay...you need to invite me!” Sam laughed.

‘Crafty...’ I thought.

“Okay... That’s a deal.” I said with a giggle.

Sam reached into her coat pocket and took out a bill fold. She really went all the way on the soft butch thing she had going. I noticed that when our server returned with the charge card, Sam left the tip in cash; more than was necessary. I stared at her.

“He’s a student. Even though he’s a fine arts major, I still have mercy on those who’ll be scratching out a living after years of study.” She smiled softly. “At least I know where I’m working and what the deal will be. And you’ll have no trouble either. You’re studying in a red hot field right now.”

She must have checked it out. We got up from the table...thankfully. I certainly needed to have the food go down just a wee bit further. Sam stretched her arms out as much as the suit jacket would allow and groaned with a grin that was beyond belief. She cocked her arm and held it out for me. I was feeling a little tipsy from the beer and welcomed her attention.

“Come my dear...” Sam grinned and giggled. “Let us seek our pleasures elsewhere.”

Hooking my arm with hers, we slowly ambled off toward the door. Sam seemed to hone in on wherever we were going. As we passed the toilets, I paused.

“I seriously need to pee.” Seriously...!

“Okay... I’ll come in with you. I think it was Ben Franklyn who said that beer was only borrowed.”

Giggling as she opened the door for me, Sam was right behind. Thankfully there was one stall vacant. As I went in, Sam rushed in behind me. Total freaking panic...!

“Sam...!” I screamed in fright.

“Come on...” She grinned wickedly. “Girlfriends do this all the time.”

Sam was right. I'd seen it any number of times throughout middle and upper school and now college. I knew that sometimes it was simply to finish a conversation. But with Sam...? I also knew that gay girls did this all the time and made out...or even more...in the confines of a stall no less. There was no way I was going to expose myself to her. I didn't want her to boogie-woogie and leave upon seeing my...difference?

"Please...!" I whined. "It's hard for me to do this with somebody watching."

"Okay..." She chuckled. "Be little Miss Modesty... I'll close my eyes."

Thankfully my skirt was long enough for me to slip down my panty, plant my butt, and do my thing. Upon finishing passing my water, I daintily, and carefully, wiped the last few drops off. I just as carefully returned my panty to its rightful place and stood up. Sam immediately switched places with me. Before I could turn around to give her a little privacy, she dropped her trousers, her panty, and began to relieve herself.

"I can't believe you." Sam snickered. "It's really no big deal." She passed a little gas and giggled. "At least it wasn't deadly."

Finally relieved, we exited the stall to several surprised and smiling faces. We washed our hands...of course. And, after gazing at my blushed face, I reached into my clutch to retrieve my lipstick.

"You are so totally femme!" Sam chuckled and gawked.

As I blushed even more, we exited the women's toilet and continued our trek. She led me out onto Stanford Drive and up the walk toward the law school. We arrived to where a bandstand had been set up and it sounded like a band was doing sound checks. There were students all over the place anxiously awaiting the music.

Sam stopped at a spot beneath one of the trees where the evening's breeze was refreshing. Letting go of my arm, she moved behind me and gently placed her hands upon my hips. But I had other ideas. I quickly got behind her and gently embraced Sam. Then I gently slipped my hands lower and I began to rub her tummy. Sam moaned softly and gently covered my hands with her own. She leaned her head back and I put my cheek alongside of hers.

"You..." She whispered softly. "...are the ultimate tease. That is getting me so...so swampy."

"Want me to stop?" I snickered.

"No way in hell...!" Sam giggled. "I only hope I don't squirt in these trousers. I won't be in any shape to dance with you. And I do want to dance with you so badly."

We stood like that until the band got on stage to play. Just before they began, Alex came up to us and smiled...warmly this time.

“Listen...” She began with some modicum of sincerity. “I’m sorry for being such a cunt earlier. I really wish you and Sam the best.”

We smiled and thanked her. As she walked over to a group of people standing nearby, Sam turned her head toward me.

“Well that was nice of her.” I said softly.

“Don’t kid yourself.” Sam gently kissed my cheek. “She’s a first class narcissist. She’s just hoping to get one of us on another rebound and I suspect.” Sam giggled. “And it’s you she has her slimy eyes set on. But you’re all mine. At least for this evening...”

When the band began to play, Sam began to gyrate her hips to the beat. Rubbing her butt up against me felt...well...good. She was definitely trying to stimulate me. And with more than modest success I might add... So naturally I began to gyrate to her rhythm in an opposing manner. She reached back and placed her hands upon my butt.

“This is nice.” Sam muttered just loudly enough for me to hear.

Thankfully we weren’t the only ones dancing in such a suggestive fashion. As I glanced around I could see more than a few couples suggestively...coupling? And the crowd was colorful...to say the least! I saw all manner of dressing from the usual casual school attire to loudly colorful shirts on guys and girls to a few equally colorful dresses and skirts...not all of which were on girls!

Regardless of what was being played, Sam liked to dance touching me in one manner or another. And I was just buzzed enough from the beer want to do the same. I noticed that some of the guys...and girls...had their eyes on us. And to be perfectly honest and perfectly clear, what we were doing was very...dare I say it...kind of gay? I also must admit that I totally was loving it.

But the most amazing moments came during the slow songs. I was never a good dancer. I never went to school dances or any social events that weren’t academically related. I simply couldn’t bring myself to spend time with a person of no interest to me just because that’s what the others did. Spending time with anybody often became painful after the first hour or two.

When Sam put her arms around my waist, and I draped mine across her shoulders, I was in heaven. Being held closely by another human being...regardless of gender...was something I never experienced. As Sam pulled me into her, I simply had to rest my head upon her broad shoulder.

We danced cheek to cheek, boob to boob, and hip to hip. I just closed my eyes and drifted with her. This new experience, our closeness verging upon obscene intimacy, shook me terribly. I felt all shades of emotion welling up in me. And, as I hugged her, I began to silently shed tears. Sam felt my tears against her cheek and pulled her head up.

“Hey...” She looked concerned. “Are you alright? Is this too much for you?”

All I could do is sniffle and smile warmly.

“Then what...? Is it me?” Now she was really concerned.

“Yes...” I managed to squeak. “I’ve never danced this close to anyone before and I’m happy it’s with you.” I sniffled and giggled through my tears. “Do you have a tissue?”

“Oh God...” Sam giggled and rolled her eyes. “Not only am I on a date with the most gorgeous woman ever...but I...” She emphasized the ‘I’. “...also need to bring the tissues.”

Sam reached into her other jacket pocket and brought out a fresh pack of tissues. She even opened it and handed me one. I had to giggle as I dabbed at my tears.

“What now...” Sam chuckled.

“I’m going to ruin my makeup.”

Sam simply laughed and we continued to dance. And this time I had a fresh tissue in hand. As evening turned into night, we’d been dancing for nearly two hours. Sam was now perspiring most profusely and we were both tiring. Sam has long since shed her jacket and tie which rested on the edge of the platform. She picked them up and hung them over her arm.

“I’m toasty hot.” She said as she wiped her brow with a tissue. “Let’s get one or two at the Rat so I can cool off.”

Sam held her hand out for me. I went to put my arm around her waist but she stopped me.

“I’m way too hot and sweaty.” She said softly. “And as much as I would love to walk there holding you, this is the best I can offer right now.”
Sam grinned sheepishly.

So we walked hand in hand back to the Rat. Once again we got lucky and found an indoor table to sit at. The Rat was jumping full of students getting the last few rounds and snacks. We were both dehydrated from our exertions dancing. I didn’t say a word when Sam ordered another pitcher of beer. This time she got us darker ale and several different snacks to...as she put it...‘top off the tank’.

Sam was amazing. She insisted on treating me like a real date. Anything I wanted in any way was not out of her comfort zone. I really didn’t know what to expect when I agreed...albeit cautiously...to be her ‘date’. She was never inappropriate...except maybe in the women’s toilet. But even then she was able to handle in a way that was sort of comfortable for me...as much as one could with me way out of my comfort zone.

When we were finished, and cooled off enough, Sam never asked. She simply put her arm around my waist and escorted me back to my dorm. By this time she felt cool and dry enough to

allow me to put my arm around her as well. Nobody said a word although we did draw a few stares and even a few smiles.

Opening the door to my quad, I motioned for her to come in. But before we could even sit down, my derpy screwed up roomie came rushing out clutching her robe tightly. She was obviously naked beneath it.

“Listen...” She said in a hushed tone. “I have this guy in the room and I want to fuck his brains out tonight. Can you come back later?” Her expression was panic.

“In how long...?” My tone displayed my annoyance as I loudly tapped my toe against the floor.

“Like...” She giggled. “Tomorrow morning...?”

“Where the fuck am I going to sleep?”

I was really pissed now; especially when she gazed toward the couch in the main room.

“You can stay at my place.” Sam offered. “Just grab what you’ll need in the morning and we can blow off this very weird scene.”

Caught between a rock and an extremely hard and smelly place...like the couch...I agreed. As soon as ‘what’s her name’ ducked back into ‘our’ bedroom, I immediately went to the bathroom to gather the few things I needed. Sam waited patiently on the hard and stinky couch. I was absolutely fuming when I came back out.

“This is just great!” I scowled. “Kicked out of my own fucking room!”

“Listen baby girl...” Sam could have said anything. But her choice was brilliant. “She’s going to be doing this until men are no longer attracted to her. You...on the other hand...will always be attractive.” She smiled warmly. “She has nothing to offer other than a quick fuck and the guys she’s with are more than happy to oblige.”

Nothing could have made me feel better than what Sam said next.

"You're not simply beautiful. You have a mind that works like a nuclear reactor and a heart as big as the sky. And...at least for tonight...you're all mine."

“Now I have to go in there to get a few things for tomorrow.” I frowned. “How screwed up is that?”

“I’ll go with you and take pictures.” Sam giggled.

Giggling as I strode into the bedroom, I was met with the sight of her atop of whomever. They both looked shocked. Good...! I smiled wryly and stared directly at her...them.

“I need to get a few things.” I snickered.

Grabbing my carry on suitcase, I quickly filled it with the essentials whilst the naked coupling couple looked on. The more I thought about not even being able to change and wash first, the angrier I became. But I kept my cool and collected what I needed; especially my book bag which contained my hormones. I knew that’s the last place anyone would look and the non-descript bottles would go totally unnoticed.

Relief didn’t begin to describe how I felt when I reentered the common room. And Sam’s smiling face only lifted my spirits further.

“And were the happy couple...” Sam grinned and snickered. “...coupling?”

“They were...” And I emphasized 'were'. "...fucking like two weasels in heat!” I spat out and then giggled wickedly. “I think I ruined his stiffie.”

“Well...” Sam got up and grabbed my book bag. “Let’s go where it’s a little saner.”

Then Sam and I, hand in hand, walked to the village. I was still fuming over what had just occurred in my room. To keep my mind off of what happened, Sam kept up an endless chatter about the various things she’d seen and heard about on campus. Then the subject turned to music and the arts.

“I always get tickets to the plays and the music events on campus.” I saw her eyes light up. “Many of them are free to the public. And the tickets that cost are always at a big discount to me.”

“I’ve attended a couple of the student things but they were kind of...meh?” I sighed.

“No silly rabbit...” Sam chuckled. “I’m talking about the school productions. The jazz school and the dramatic arts programs are rated amongst the best in the country. Right now twelve of the drama school’s graduates are in Broadway productions. One grad played in Hamilton...and in the original cast no less.”

“I didn’t know that. Maybe I should get tickets for some of those things.” I was shocked that I didn’t know that.

“And one of the musicians was hired by this band and won a Grammy.” Sam was really excited. “He even played at the Grammys. And I saw them play here live.”

“Well let me know when you’re going to what and I’d love to come along.” Her excitement was so very infectious.

“I already have tickets for the season in music and theater programs. But let me see what I can do about getting us tickets that seat us together. Is that okay with you?”

“Yeah... Sure... But...”

“No buts accepted except for naked female ones.” Sam snickered. “You can buy me...” She thought for a moment. “...a really good dinner.”

We both laughed at that. By the time we reached the village I was in good spirits again. Sam’s apartment was on the third floor. Each apartment had its own outdoor entrance. That meant that there was no bedlam in the halls because there were no halls. Sam even had her own car and it was parked virtually across from her apartment!

This was definitely a different world than the one I was accustomed to. Sam opened the door and allowed me to enter first. Her main living area was...well...deluxe...sort of? Students here furnished their own places and everything looked fresh and comfy. A large screen telly was mounted on one wall with an entertainment center below it. Opposite was a comfy looking couch and coffee table. Two padded bucket chairs were on either side.

Off to the right was a full kitchen complete with a dish washing machine and a full sized refrigerator. Sam led me to the left and the door to her bedroom. She opened the door with a grin. And, upon entering, I could see why. She had a huge king bed complete with head and foot board. Her desk had a huge desk top puter with dual screens on it. And...she had her very own bathroom!

“Who do I need to kill to get one of these?” I giggled. “This is amazing.”

Sam set my bag down and laughed.

“Listen sweetness...I’m only in here because it’s cheap housing. I do need to move off campus by January. My lovely roomie isn’t here as usual so you can make yourself at home wherever you’d like.” Sam smiled gently. “If you’re not comfortable with half a king bed, then you can either take the couch or her room...if you dare.”

“What do you mean if I ‘dare’?” I stared wide eyed at her.

“Well...?” Sam grinned and rolled her eyes. “She’s super heavy into smoking pot. And she’s a total air head. One of these days she’s going to get busted and that will be that. I mean it’s not like she’s here to learn anything. She parents have a shit load of money so she’s a paying customer for the school.”

“Well...?” I giggled and blushed. “If you don’t mind...I think half the king would be fine.”

“Terrif...!” Sam smiled slyly. “Nothing keeps me awake more than an unobtainable hottie in my bed.” She laughed. “Why don’t you make yourself at home? I get the shower first though.” Sam made this gnarly face. “I’m going to have to peel these clothes off...and then burn them.” She laughed. “Why don’t you set your bag on the bed?”

Whilst Sam began to undress, I did just as she recommended. She carefully placed the suit onto the bed as she peeled off each piece. I couldn't believe the ease in which she simply stripped off everything in front of me. When I finally turned toward her I was greatly surprised. Her boobs, whilst way larger than my 'bug bites', were only large in cup size. Sam's 'pecs' were thrusting them out.

And I never realized the size of her shoulders muscles. The muscles of her neck were quite pronounced in spite of a layer of 'lady fat'. The appearance was that of shoulders joining the head with little neck. Of course Sam had a neck. It was simply the muscle development making her neck appear smaller. Sam's tummy did have a bit of something extra but not much at all. If her thighs and supple butt were any indication, steel muscles hid just below that little something extra.

But what truly fascinated me more than anything were the two ankhs with interlocking arms tattooed on her right arm just above the tee-shirt line. The design and execution was amazing. The ankhs were composed of Celtic knots! I would have gone blind or crazy if I held the pen to do the work. And it was done in a dark blue ink.

"You okay...?" Sam asked with a grin.

"It's just that..." I stared at her wide eyed...and kind of in shock? "Your body..."

"Yeah... I know." Sam sighed. "I'm kind of...big?"

"Your body is amazing." I whispered and was tempted to reach out and touch her arm. "You have a seriously buff body." I smiled coyly and Sam could tell I was being honest.

Never having said that to anybody before...except for my dad who was always working out to stay in shape...gave me kind of a chill? This woman I'd hardly known but for a week or so was taking me places, emotional places that were wonderful...and very frightening...I'd never really visited before. And, in spite of that chill, I felt safe going there with her.

"And your ink is amazing." I sighed again. "It's so...I don't know..." A little frustration set in for the lack of the right word. I began to reach out to touch it though Sam was a good ten feet away. "It's just...amazing."

"You can touch it if you'd like." Sam smiled softly. "I promise it won't bite." Sam walked to me. "This was the work of one of my...disasters? She got one as well. But I really should have looked at all the other dupe tattoos; twin stars, twin anchors, twin Swiss cheeses."

"Swiss cheeses...?" Really...?

"No silly rabbit..." Sam laughed. "But if she had nailed a Swiss Miss...there would have been Swiss cheese slices. I just never got around to seeing about having it removed." She sighed.

“No...! Don’t...” I spoke as my finger traveled the length and breadth of the design. “I love it.” Gazing up at Sam I grinned. “Where did you have this done? Whoever did this is truly an artist.”

Sam could sense my wheels turning.

“Yeah... Well I’m glad you like it. But I’d really think once or twice about getting one again. Your dad would need to sign since you’re not eighteen yet.”

Sam went to her closet and took out a wonderfully fluffy terry cloth robe.

“Just for the modest amongst us...” She giggled as she went to the bathroom.

As I heard the water begin to run, I couldn’t help but to go to Sam’s closet and find something to hang up her suit and tie. I wasn’t surprised to find several other feminine cut suits and shirts. But everything was neatly hung up and seemingly arranged in perfect order down to the shoes that rested beneath the hanging clothes. I found a hanger easily and put her suit and tie upon in. I hung the shirt separately.

Gazing around the room I noticed a very unique, and quite lovely and interesting array of wall hangings. They all had one thing in common. They were colorful and lively. Even Sam’s bed covering was a colorful quilt of brightly colored patches that looked hand made. And of course there was the obligatory rainbow patchwork flag hanging from her door.

Setting out my sleeping tee and a fresh panty, I couldn’t help but inhale the amazing aroma that was Sam. Tangerine, apple, and lemon grass...spicy fruit... Small wonder Sam loved my cologne. Suddenly the bathroom door opened and Sam emerged with a fluffy towel wrapped around her body. Her hair was short enough to simply shake out but she was toweling it with a large hand towel.

“It’s all yours baby girl.” Sam grinned, her face redden from the hot shower. “I got to tell you though... That shower was amazing.” She giggled.

Doffing my blouse, and skirt, I grabbed my sleeping things and rushed into the bathroom with a smile. The steam struck my face as I entered the room. I could smell the scent of Sam’s soaps and shampoo. I removed my bra and, along with my panty, set them upon the basin counter top.

Sam was right as usual. The shower felt amazing. And as I slathered myself with her soaps, I began to pick up her scent on my skin. I hated the feeling of the saltiness from my perspiration on my skin. This was a wonderful salve for sure. And one in which I didn’t need to worry about unwanted interruptions from my derpie roomie.

Exiting the bathroom with a towel wrapped around my body, I was all smiles. The entire scene with my roomie was now a faded memory. I saw Sam sitting on the bed. She was in a night tee but I could see she was near tears. My smile simply melted from my lips.

“What’s the matter?”

Sam simply shrugged her shoulders and picked at her fingers. She couldn't meet my gaze. I sat down next to her and grabbed her hands to stop her. Moving her chin to face me with my finger, I smiled gently.

"Nothing can be that bad." I said in a whisper.

"It's just that..." She had to clear her throat. "Nobody's ever done that for me before."

"Done what?" I brushed a lock of hair from her face.

"Nobody's ever hung up my clothes for me before." She sighed deeply.

Throwing my arms around her, I hugged her and buried my face into her neck. If I hadn't have known what she meant...I mean past BGFFs... it might have been laughable.

"It's like...you really care. You know?" I felt Sam tremble.

"Sam...!" I tilted rather strongly. "Look at me please."

Sam turned her head as I still held her shoulders.

"We care about each other." I smiled warmly. "Isn't that what real friends are for...caring for one another? Anyway...my OCD won't allow for a mess."

Sam grinned and nodded.

"I'm really glad there were no other seats available the day we first met." She snickered.

"Me too..." I giggled as I got up. "And I would be in never-never land. Statistically speaking that is..."

"Where are you going?" Sam asked anxiously.

"I need to finish my night routine." I reached for my face and body lotions. "Unless you want me to look old and scabby..." I chuckled.

"No thank you... But thanks for asking." Sam got up with me.

"I just had to wash the salty feeling off first." I snickered.

Speaking as I slipped my panty on beneath the towel, we both went back to the bathroom. Sam sat on the toilet seat top as I proceeded to put lotion on my face. She watched intently as if she'd never seen anyone do that before. But Sam really went bug eyed when I dropped my towel and began to do my body with the body lotion. When I noticed her watching I grinned.

“It really feels good. Here...” I picked up the face lotion again and applied some to my hand.
“Let me do your face. You’ll see how good it feels once it sinks into your skin.”

Sam closed her eyes as I began to gently apply the lotion and massage it into her face. I heard an audible moan of pleasure as my fingertips did their work. She began to smile.

“Don’t smile.” I said gently. “Your eyes crinkle and I want to do a good job.”

Sam sat perfectly still and the lotion soaked in. I rubbed some under her chin and down her neck to the collar of her tee. When I finished, I took both her hands and rubbed what little remained onto them.

“How does that feel?” I asked anxiously.

“Amazing...” Sam sighed and smiled. “Now what about the rest of me...?” She grinned and snickered.

“Sure...” I laughed. “After all, I do need to work for my bed tonight. Let’s go into the bedroom and bring a really big towel. Let’s do this right.”

Sam grinned as she went to the bathroom closet and retrieved a beach towel. After spreading it out along the left side of the bed, she removed her tee shirt and stretched out on her tummy.

“I hope you have enough of that stuff. I have a lot of territory to cover.” Sam snickered.

“I’ve never done this to anybody else so be patient with me.”

“Patience is my middle name.”

Sam’s voice was barely audible, but I could hear the joy in her voice. As I poured some lotion onto her back, I could hear her groan.

“Oh my God...! That is cold.” She snickered.

“Sorry... It’s much better when the lotion is warm. It’s amazing when you do it with something like coconut oil.”

All I could elicit from Sam were moans of pleasure as I rubbed the lotion along her shoulders and down her back.

“Your body...” I began but she cut me off.

“My body is fat.” Sam grunted.

“No baby doll...” I giggled. “It’s lush, and well developed. And I love the feel of your skin. And it’s so very soft to the touch?” I gripped her side and gently squeezed her shoulder muscles. “It’s like molding with clay of something. Only better...”

Sam rested quietly as I proceeded to do her legs. Her thighs were amazing; so huge, muscular and plush. I closed my eyes and simply let my fingers do all the sensing for me. As I moved down her calves, I was met with several more soft moans. And when I got to Sam’s feet, her soles badly in need to some moisture, she began to lightly snore. I spent a little extra time doing her toes.

When I finally covered all of her I could get to, I had her turn over. She slowly and somewhat reluctantly did so. I immediately knew that if I began with her tummy, it would be all over. She’d be out cold. So I did her arms and the tops of her legs first. Sam’s breasts appeared so...so inviting. I could easily envision myself resting my head upon them. A tattoo reading ‘place head here’ would have been so appropriate.

When I rubbed the lotion into the two huge mounds, Sam giggled.

“This could be very dangerous you know.” She giggled.

Her nipples became erect and I couldn’t resist making little circles around them with my lotion covered fingertips.

“That is not fair.” Sam groaned. “You’re getting me all wet and I’m feeling way too mellow to do anything about it.”

Simply giggling, I sat down upon her thighs and went to work on her tummy. She felt so amazing that I got into kind of a meditative state and massaged her way more than was necessary.

“Oh God baby doll...” Sam said with a weak groan. “That feels so amazing. Although I have something I could do for you...you’re not ready...yet.” She chuckled. “You’re definitely wasting your time with psych and stats. You ought to learn massage therapy. But I would only let you have one customer...and that would be me.”

When I finally finished, I used what remained on my hands to do Sam’s face once more. Her skin was absorbing all I could put on it. The gentle expression on Sam’s face was all the reward I needed. I let her be to enjoy her state of bliss. It was midnight when I finally decided to rouse her enough to get up so we could get into her bed.

Sam’s sheets felt amazing as I ran my hand over them. Just beneath the quilt was yet another colorful, but lighter weight quilt. When she did get up, she went out of the room for several moments. She returned with two large travel cups filled with water. Placing one on her nightstand, she handed me the other. Then she put on her sleeping tee again.

“I turned up the A/C. I like to have it cold and I do sleep warm.” Sam admonished with a grin. “So be prepared. I also left the light on in the bathroom just in case you need to go in the middle of the night.” She giggled.

Sam donned her tee again, got into the bed, and pulled the quilts up over her body. She patted the bed indicating that the right side was mine. I grinned, got in, and Sam pulled the quilts over me. Sam raised her arm up and smiled. Knowing what she was offering, I snuggled into her side and she wrapped her arm around me. It didn’t take very much cuddling at all before sleep overcame us both.

Sometime in the morning I was awakened by the sound of laughter coming from the other room. I turned over to see Sam resting on her elbow, a huge smile on her face.

“Good morning little Miss Sunshine...” She merrily lilted and giggled.

“How long have you been up?” I stretched my arms out and smiled at her. “What time is it anyway? And what is going on in the next room?”

“Oh...two hours... About nine... And my roomie... In that order...” Sam giggled.

Giggling, I got up on my elbow matching Sam. She was positively glowing.

“I was watching you whilst you slept. You had such an innocent childlike look on your face.” She smiled warmly. “You’re as beautiful in the morning as you were last night. Maybe even more so...”

Blushing...as was usual with her...I grinned at Sam. I noticed that she was already dressed in a University of Miami tee shirt and jeans.

“The bathroom is all yours my modest one. Why don’t you wash up whilst we get breakfast together? Lei is already making Ackee, that’s the Jamaican version of a western omelet only it’s scrambled, and with different spices and sweet plantains. I’m going to whip up some pork steaks.”

The very thought of food seemed to brighten Sam’s expression even more. I was certainly starving...at least my version of starving. I hopped out of bed and went to the bathroom to do my morning ritual. In spite of an evening of hard partying...again my version of hard partying...I felt amazing. My entire body was alive and tingling with life.

Dressing quickly in a short sleeved lace trimmed white blouse and my fave jean skirt, I slipped on my jean Espadrilles and went out to meet the day. The aromas coming from the kitchen were amazing. I saw Lei at the range messing about with the eggs. She was really hunky-chunky with deep bronze skin and amazing huge brown eyes. Her pouting lips were so...kissable? Hmmm...

Sam stood next to her and was seasoning the flattened pork steaks. Their toaster was busily making Cuban bread and the scent of the butter and garlic made my tummy growl. Sam turned her head and smiled broadly.

“Emmie...? This is Aleisha. Aleisha...? Emmie...”

“Good morning to you Emmie dear.” Lei said with a 'tick' Jamaican accent.

Lei's smile was as bright as Sam's. No doubt the food was having the same effect on her as it was on Sam...and me. I smiled and greeted her as I approached their work space. The only thing I could think of to do was set the table. Suddenly the aroma of coffee struck me like a wake-up slap in the head.

“Your dress is wonderful.” I grinned at Lei.

“Thank you dear... It's my ‘hurry up and make the damned breakfast’ dress.” She laughed heartily.

Her tutu was a print in the colors of the Jamaican flag. It was done in a geometric pattern of off-sided rectangles that alternated all over the piece. Lei's hair was piled up atop her head in a series of braids. In spite of her decidedly ethnic look, she was also totally ‘Miami’.

Dishes and flatware were easy to locate. All the cabinet doors were opened and the flatware drawer was in use. I finished placing three settings upon the table and was folding the napkins to place beneath the forks when Sam announced that ‘dinner is being served’.

Everything was placed on platters and set on the table. The three of us then sat down to stuff ourselves silly. It had been some time since I had a home cooked meal. We talked casually about nothing in particular and everything in general. Once we were fully sated, I got up and began to clear the table.

“Oh...” Lei grinned. “I like this one.”

“I think she'll do.” Sam snickered.

Smiling...and blushing...of course...I placed everything in the basin and began to wash the dishes. I always did that at home before putting them in the dish washer. Habits... Sam went into her bedroom as I began to do the pots and pans.

“Oh you can leave those for me dearie.” Lei said.

“I really don't mind doing this?” I tilted and smiled. “It's kind of mindless and I actually find it relaxing.” I giggled. “It's my OCD at work.”

“You'll make someone a good wife one day.” She chuckled.

Smiling at Lei, I continued with the task at hand. When the last pot was washed, dried, and put away, I went back into Sam's bedroom. She was at her desk working on her puter. She sadly looked up at me and frowned.

"I need to go into the lab today." She pronounced. "You can hang here if you'd like. But I must warn you...Lei had a tournament and she'll be playing video games on the telly all fucking day." Sam frowned.

"Nopers..." I smiled gently at her. "I really need to study. I want to drop this crap back at the dorm and then maybe head for the library. I can never get anything done in the dorms anyway. But thanks for the offer..."

"What are you up to later?" Sam got up and gathered her book bag.

"Nothing really..." I grinned wildly at Sam. "What do you have in mind?"

"I don't know yet. But it does involve you." She smiled slyly...almost lewdly?

Sam was kind enough to walk me back to the quads. She shouldered my bag again and was still able, with two bags slung on her shoulder, to hold my hand. I wanted to do another application of my lotion on her face. She was definitely touched at my attention to her well being. When we got to my room, Sam entered with me. Of course my roomie was still doing monkey double back flips with whomever. We could hear them through the closed door.

Leaving my carry-on bag outside the bedroom, we both headed out again. Sam walked me to the library, my book bag still on her shoulder. At the entrance she put down both bags and stared intensely at me. Smiling so warmly and tenderly Sam put her hands upon my cheeks and simply gazed dreamily into my eyes. And I smiled and blushed.

Then Sam kissed me...on the lips. Now this wasn't one of those 'friendship' types of kisses. Nor was it a 'shove my tongue down your throat' kisses either. It was a very hot and passionate kiss; all lips. And I must say that I reciprocated as best I could. When our lips finally parted, we gazed at one another with a stunned expression; our faces flushed.

Then, without so much as a word, Sam grasped her bag and continued on to the engineering complex. Of course the rest of the day was almost an entire waste. All I could do was think of that kiss...her kiss. I continually found myself staring off into space and kind of dreaming of what it might be like to get naked and be beside her...being with her.

As I sat staring out into space...for the fiftieth time...the same questions kept ruining my dream. Well...only one question really... What was I going to tell Sam? When was I going to tell her? And how was I going to tell her? The last thing in the world I wanted was to freak her out and drive her off simply for me having a semi-useless additional appendage.

For the first time in my life, I had a friend that was more than simply a friend. I could see her caring for me...in many ways...just from her eyes. She listened to me. I mean actually listened.

Sam wanted to do things with me. Sam wanted me in her life. And for sure I wanted the same. I needed her in my life.

Then there were the horror stories! I may not have been a part of the 'community', but all one needs to do is read, or hear the news about some trans-woman being beaten by an unsuspecting guy...or worse. And in my own life I've felt the rejection of my mother. My father always accepted me fully but I was still the cause of their divorce...in spite of what my father says to the contrary.

Rejection and hurt were a way of life for most. And I could live with that. But not from Sam...! She was too important to me. I wanted and needed her in my life...completely in my life. And I couldn't go on letting Sam make plans for us without her knowing the truth. My little secret... And if cutting the stupid thing off was all it took, I would do that to myself before I'd let her go.

Every single little nightmare that ever occurred to me, every foul and horrid tale of coming out I'd ever heard suddenly exploded in my mind. My emotions simply couldn't handle the thought of one more. The thought of losing the one person, the only person I treasured, proved to be too much. I began to cry...and quite vocally I might add. I had to call my dad!

Whilst wiping my tears on a tissue, I took several deep breaths. I badly needed to compose my thoughts...and myself. You could say that my dad and I were super close. He understood me, and my quirkiness, and accepted me as I was. He never doubted my judgement and he never ever judged me. And at least he would hear me out before saying anything.

So off to the women's lounge I went. A splash or two of cold water always seemed to remedy this sort of thing. When I returned to my desk, I retrieved my cell phone and, with fingers still trembling, I speed dialed him. He answered almost immediately.

"Hey baby..." His voice was cheerful. "I was just thinking about you. How're you doing? How's college life?"

"Oh daddy..." I just broke down and began to cry...again.

"What's the matter baby?"

He was very concerned. I never called him whilst I was upset.

"Is everything alright with you at school?"

"Yeah..." I sniffled. "No..."

"You're not sick or anything?" More of a statement than a question...

"No..." Another sniffle... "It's just that...well...I met someone."

"Why that's wonderful sweet heart. So why are you crying?" I could hear a sigh of relief.

“I met this girl.” Silence... “And she’s gay...you know?”

“How does she feel about you?” He asked softly. “Are you...attracted to her...physically?”

Dad’s voice dripped with...tenseness?

“That’s not the problem.” I managed to speak more calmly. “We just met. She helped me with some math. And we simply connected...you know?”

“Yes baby...” Dad spoke calmly. “I do know and I do understand. So...let me guess what your challenge might be.” Dad always hated the word ‘problem’. “I’m guessing you haven’t told her about your...your difference yet and you’re scared of what her reaction might be.”

“Yeah...well...sort of...? But I don’t want to drive her away.” I whined...and sniffled.

“Well...” Daddy began gently. “I think you already know what to do. And is it the right thing to do? Only you really know whether it’s the right thing to do and I know you have terrific instincts. But if you value her friendship and you want to keep it...there should be no secrets between you two; especially if this is something more than simple friendship. And I expect this is something more.” He chuckled.

Dad waited whilst I thought about what he’d just said. And he was right. I was being selfish.

“And if she does blow you off...which I doubt she will...but if she does, then you haven’t caused yourself, or her, more damage by waiting.”

“We kind of have a date tonight?”

“Then you might think about telling her before your date. The gay women I’ve known...and only a few at that...were definitely not into seeing, hearing about, and especially touching a dick, even if it did come in a package as beautifully gift wrapped as you. Just remember...it’s not just about you. It’s about her and her feelings toward you as well.”

‘If you love someone, set them free. If they come back they’re yours; if they don’t, they never were.’ I don’t remember where I heard that before. But it came to mind as my dad spoke. He was right. I simply needed a different, and perhaps clearer, perspective; his perspective.

“So...” Dad snickered. “Are you going to tell me about this evil woman who wants to steal my baby away?”

Giggling like a middle school girl, I proceeded to gush on and on about Sam. I had to tell him everything...well almost everything...we’d done since we first met. I wanted him to understand what I saw in her, how I felt about her, and what she meant to me. We spoke for about half an hour.

“Well... She sounds like a remarkable woman and I certainly hope this works out for you. And don't be a stranger. Let me know how things turn out.”

With the promise that I would, my profusely thanking him for listening and helping me make sense of it all, we said our goodbyes. My dad had brought me back from the very abyss of a major meltdown to simple depression and anxiety. And a little of each I could deal with. Glancing at my phone I realized that five hours had gone by and I accomplished nothing other than to freak myself out. I began to pack up my things when I got a text...the text...Sam's text!

‘How u doing?’

Decision time...! Nausea crept into my stomach and I felt as weak as a kitten. But I needed to do this before things went any further.

‘I need to talk with u.’

‘u ok???’

‘y... n... y... n...’

‘im coming over...’

‘no... our spot in 10 min?’

‘ok... u sure ur ok???’

‘maybe...’

‘big reveal???’

‘y...’

There was no way I was going to reveal the ‘big secret’ whilst casually strolling. Taking a very deep breath, I slung my book pack over my shoulder and walked out of the library. Fortunately I had tissues in hand because I cried nearly the entire way. My anxiety was so great that when I saw Sam sitting beneath our tree, I had to stop to barf. She saw me and came running over.

“Baby girl...!”

Sam was so concerned that she immediately took my pack and put her arm around me. She assisted me to our spot and actually helped me sit down. Sam took both my hands in hers. I couldn't look her in the eye.

“Oh baby girl...” She exclaimed softly. “Nothing can be that bad. You can tell me anything.”

“I...” I began to cry again.

Sam let me cry until I could begin to control myself again. She put her forehead against mine and hugged me. Sam rocked me slowly and nestled her head on my neck.

“Take a deep breath.” She said. “Here...” Sam handed me her bottle of water. “Drink this and start slowly.”

That was the very same thing I was thinking. I guzzled the water and held onto the bottle. My fingers were nervously fidgeting with the tissues in my other hand. I finally looked up at her through my reddened and tear filled eyes. Sam smiled softly and warmly at me. I turned my face toward the lake and she did the same.

“I feel very strongly about you.” I began. “It goes way deeper than simply liking you as a person.”

“Yeah...” Sam said softly. “I can’t believe I have such strong feelings toward you. And we’ve only known each other for such a very short time. I’ve never felt so...so fucking connected to anybody before.”

Nodding, I lowered my head.

“I feel so close to you.” Sam sniffled. “I’ve never felt this close to another woman...not ever. And it hurts me to see you this way. I only wish...”

She didn’t need to finish her thought. I had the very same one and...at that moment...and I truly wished I didn’t.

“If being naked...” Sam paused for a moment. “If having sex...if fucking is the issue...we don’t need to do it. You don’t need to please me in that way.”

“No Sam...!” Tears again... “I want to but...”

“But what...?”

“I was born into the wrong body?” I said meekly.

“What...? You want to be a guy?” Sam asked in a shock tone of voice. “No way...!”

“No Sam... I should have been a girl...a woman.”

There...! It was out!

“You’re ‘trans’?” Sam exclaimed. “I don’t believe you.”

Sam fell back upon the lawn laughing...and then crying...and then laughing again.

“The hottest...the sexiest...the most gorgeous...the most intelligent...” She paused again. “And the most femme woman I’ve ever met was born a guy? You’ve got to be kidding me!” She sat up and stared at me as if she was looking at some exotic bug. “Okay... So you’re ‘trans’. I think I can deal with that. I heard that the surgery they do these days is amazing. You probably have the most gorgeous and perfect vagina ever.” She snickered.

“That’s the problem Sam.” I burst into tears again. “I don’t have a vagina.”

Sam’s face went from smiling, rosy cheeked, and relieved...sort of...to hard, beet red, and very visibly upset. She glared at me angrily as she stood up. Tears began to run down her cheeks in a river.

“I’m sorry babe. I don’t do dick!”

Her voice...her words...were like daggers into my heart as she spat them out. All my fears and nightmares became real as she stormed off. I called after her but Sam simply threw up her hands and didn’t even look back as she strode quickly toward the village. I simply fell back onto the grass and cried until dark.