

Wendy and Aiden

Best of Friends



By Caliboy1991

The Best of Friends

Chapter 1

Wendy shifted her book bag from one shoulder to another as she approached the intersection. One of the trolly buses serving the university slowed to a stop near the corner, and she waited as the green and red transport disgorged a half-dozen students. Wendy's heart fluttered at the sight of one boy. He couldn't have been older than nineteen, maybe twenty. His blond hair reflected the blistering August sun as he strolled easily along with the others students from the bus. He wasn't watching where he was going, and Wendy hadn't realized she was in his way. She tried to dodge him, but the young man still plowed into her and the two of them crashed to the ground.

The young man leapt to his feet and said, "Hey, watch out where you're going, kid."

Wendy picked her book bag up and said, "I'm sorry. I didn't see you."

"Whatever. Watch out. A shrimp like you is going to be on the tread of someone's shoe next time." As he hurried after his friends, one of them said, "Those Chinese students are getting younger and younger, dude."

Wendy dusted herself off and blinked back a scalding tear. As the student disappeared into the dorm that fronted the road, she said, "I'm not Chinese, asshole."

The street was empty, so Wendy crossed over and started walking back to her house. Still stinging from the run-in, Wendy fumed, "I'm more of a Texan than you are."

Given blondie's flat midwestern accent, he hadn't been born anywhere close to the mid-sized Texas city where she was enrolled. Wendy's parents had been Vietnamese boat people, arriving when they were still kids, just after the Vietnam War. By the time Henry and Anh Nguyen married, their own Vietnamese accents had taken on some of the East Texas dialect common along the bayous around Houston. By the time Wendy was in school, her accent was as twangy as any other native Texan.

Being called Chinese didn't hurt as much as the other insult. Blondie had thought she was a boy. And that stung. While it was true Wendy loved a good chopped barbeque sandwich even more than a bowl of pho, it was equally true at two inches shy of five feet, she was below average for even a Vietnamese woman. Of course, her mom had been just as short and her dad hadn't been that much taller. And like a lot of Vietnamese women, Wendy just didn't fit the stereotypical body types a lot of the men in Texas liked so much. While she wasn't entirely flat chested, she mostly wore a bra to keep her nipples from showing through her t-shirt.

As she crossed over a side street, she glanced back at the dorm on the edge of campus. Just a week into her first semester, Wendy really hoped she would meet some nice guys at college. She'd already decided that she just wasn't interested in dating Vietnamese men, or any Asian men, when it came down to it.

While she'd loved her parents, Henry held a lot of traditional Vietnamese views about relationships between men and women. While Wendy's father had doted on her, he had ordered his wife around the house and told her what he expected. Anh had simply obeyed. Wendy refused to settle for such a relationship.

"But how?" she asked herself as she continued along the sidewalk, under the old live oak trees that grew in the yards of the rental houses that were full of students. The white men she met so far hadn't given her the time of day. And under the sweltering heat of the August sun, she despaired they ever would.

Despite how her father had dominated her mother, Wendy wished she could call her mom and ask her for advice. But that was impossible.

The reason Wendy was a nineteen-year-old freshman on the college campus was because circumstances forced her to take a year off between high school and college to settle her parents' estate. It had happened the evening of her commencement ceremony. After her parents dropped Wendy off at the school's official graduation party, Henry and Anh Nguyen had been killed by a driver of a semi-truck on their way home.

Wendy was sweating by the time she saw her house. It was part of a recently constructed quadplex of apartments. Each building held four large apartments, each with three bedrooms. The builders had planned to build a dozen quadplex buildings, but when the economy turned bad a couple of years ago, circumstances forced them to sell what they'd already built, which was two quadplexes and a small, detached apartment behind them, originally intended for an on-site manager.

Wendy owned it all, thanks to the attorney who'd handled her parents' estate. Walt Benton had been a god-send to Wendy after her parents' death. He had arranged for Henry's life insurance and savings to go into a trust for the young woman. He then sued on her behalf the trucking company of the driver who had killed her parents. It never went to trial. The national carrier had settled for a couple of million dollars. That also went into the trust.

Once Wendy decided to attend college, Mr. Benton suggested investing part of the trust in a rental unit near the school. The rent would pay for her schooling. And that was how Wendy Nguyen owned the quadplex buildings she walked past on the way to her little apartment.

She gave an exaggerated sigh as cool air greeted her when she entered. On one side was a small living room, complete with a plush and comfortable sofa and a large, flatscreen TV mounted on the wall. On the other side was a dining room. A small table with four chairs shared the space with a desk. Behind the dining room was a kitchen with new appliances.

Her bedroom and bathroom were through a door between the living room and kitchen. The bedroom took up a bit more than half of the back of the tiny house, and the bathroom took up the rest of the space. Her 'Uncle Walt,' as she liked to call Mr. Benton, had outfitted the house and apparently thought she'd need a king-sized bed. She'd laughed so hard when she'd first saw it, she nearly peed her pants. The damned thing practically swallowed her small body whole.

When she'd told Uncle Walt about it, he'd just shrugged and said, "Well, you might eventually need it, once you catch yourself a big strapping Texas boy."

Now though, as she set her bookbag on a second desk in her bedroom, she headed toward the bathroom. Going with a trend toward showers over baths, the builders installed a shower along the bathroom's far wall. It had a rain showerhead that covered the middle of the shower and nozzles on the wall that guaranteed you'd get soaked to the skin in the shower. A long, narrow countertop that was punctuated with a sink, and a toilet completed the bathroom's furnishing.

Wendy took her over-sized t-shirt off and dropped it on the counter. Her bra was wet with sweat, too, so it joined the shirt a moment later. Finally, she took off the rest of her clothes and got in the shower. Even though she'd grown up her entire life in Texas, the walk back from the school had sapped her energy and left her feeling grimy with sweat.

Tepid water drenched her short black hair. She raised her face into the water, enjoying how her body felt rejuvenated. She ran her soapy hands over her torso and felt the slight swells under her nipples. Throughout high school, she'd always felt jealous of girls with boobs that required a B or C cup. Girls with D cups and larger, she didn't envy, thinking about how their backs had to hurt carrying so much weight. There wasn't much she could do about her very modest bust. The idea of going under a knife to fix what nature gave her seemed stupid and vain.

As suds slid down the gentle swells of her breasts, Wendy spread her legs and ran her fingers down to her labia and the trail of sparse hair spreading from there. Even there, in the most intimate of spots, her DNA had conspired against her. Wendy had taken after her mother, compared to other Vietnamese women, who were more amply endowed with a thick patch of pubic hair, hers was more like a trail of bread crumbs, not particularly curly, thick or long. And now, the hair was soapy, and it felt like silky fibers under her finger. As she touched her clit, she decided not having a forest of pubes to push through wasn't a bad thing right now.

When she came down from her orgasm, she thought back to the blond-haired young man who'd mistaken her for a boy. While she couldn't do anything about her height and she absolutely refused to consider plastic surgery, she needed to do something to catch the attention of boys like him. She played with the small swells under her nipples and decided that

she could get a bra with more padding. That would help, at least superficially.

A padded bra was fine, she decided, but it wasn't enough, not by itself. She ran her hands down to her belly. While she was slender to a point of thinness, she had no muscle tone. Running her hands down to her legs, she felt ribbons of muscles through her skin. These muscles were under-worked, but still there. If she started exercising, she'd start to tone her muscles. She wondered if that might even help with her breasts.

Tomorrow was Saturday. If she really was serious, there was no better time to start.

The end-of-the-day bell rang and Aiden minded his own business as he walked toward the doors to the school from his locker, when three larger kids came from behind and knocked him into boys' bathroom. He fell on the floor and his backpack slid across the dirty, stained tiles. The school year was barely underway, and he had no idea who these kids were.

The tallest boy, his afro closely cropped to his head, pulled Aiden up by his shirt and pushed him against the wall. "Listen up, bird shit, this is my crib and you're going to do what I say, when I say it or I'm going to fuck you up."

Aiden looked at the boy, who was a foot taller than his own four-fix. In fact, he looked like he'd been steeling other kids' Wheaties for a while now. His two friends stood with their hands on their hips, laughing along with their older and taller friend.

The Wheaties thief gave Aiden a slap across the face, "Got it, Cracker?"

Aiden's ears rang, and he hated himself for nodding. Hated his mother for abandoning him with his nana. Hated Nana for living in the worst attendance zone in town.

"Good," WT said, as he pushed down hard on Aiden's shoulders. As the eleven-year-old fell to his knees, he recoiled against the wall as the taller boy pulled at his pants. It didn't take much for the ripped and torn jeans, already worn below WT's hips to slide down. Another tug and Aiden stared at six inches of black cock.

“You know what you’ve gotta do to get out of here without an ass-beating, bird shit, so get to sucking.”

At that moment, the door swung open, and a janitor came through the door, pulling a rolling trashcan behind him. As soon as he saw the three toughs, he yelled, “What the hell?”

Aiden didn’t miss a beat. He slid between WT and another boy, grabbed his backpack and slipped past the janitor. As soon as the bathroom door closed behind him, the small boy bolted for the door, running as fast as his legs could carry him.

When he burst out the front door of the school, he didn’t stop, but kept on pumping his legs as fast as his feet could carry him across the old, broken concrete in front of the school. He managed to stay on his feet as he ran toward the pedestrian tunnel that ran under the highway that separated the school and the housing projects from the local college and the older neighborhood that was slowly giving way to more student housing and upscale developments.

Aiden finally slowed to a walk as he passed one of the college’s dorms that sat on the edge of campus. He liked walking past the campus. A majority of the students were girls, and the boy enjoyed looking at how they dressed as they dealt with the oppressive Texas heat.

He crossed a few more side streets; the houses became older and showed their age more. Many of the old homes were rental properties, full of students looking for cheap rent. Here and there, developers tore down derelict old houses and built new, expensive apartment complexes. The boy was nearing his nana’s house when he became aware he was closing the gap between himself and an Asian kid with short, jet black hair. He saw the Asian kid the previous day when he’d been walking home from school.

There were hardly any kids in the neighborhood. Most of the homes were rentals, unlike Nana’s. The kids on the other side of the highway were mostly black and Hispanic. And in an intermediate school ninety percent minority, a short, skinny white kid like Aiden might as well wear a sign that said ‘pick on me.’ Maybe this other kid attended the same school.

Before he could catch up, the Asian kid crossed the street, heading toward a new quadplex of apartments. Aiden's heart sank as he saw the Asian's profile. Because of the short hair, narrow frame and short stature, he'd assumed he'd been behind a boy. But the Asian's chest had a hint of definition that made him realize his mistake. He was likely a she.

Aiden slowed down as he made his way home, dejected. After the terrible experience at the hands of the Wheaties Thief (WT for short) and his pals, Aiden didn't want to go back to school. But what choice did he have? He was only eleven years old and Nana would make him go back, of that he was sure.

The house he shared with his nana was old. To hear her tell it, she had been born in it back when the college was much smaller and the neighborhood full of working-class people. The neighborhood had changed, the working-class people had given way to poorer families renting the homes once owned by factory and mill workers. In turn, as the college's enrollment grew, landlords slapped lipstick on their pigs of houses, raised the rents and rented to students.

"Aiden, is that you?" A voice called out as the boy came through the door.

"Yeah, Nana."

He didn't stop as he headed to his bedroom. He wanted to be alone. There was nothing his nana could do to make his situation better. Nothing.

Closing the door behind him, he collapsed onto his narrow bed as tears he'd been holding back ran down his cheeks. His mom had left him with his grandmother a few years ago, when she entered a drug rehab program. Aiden had stayed with his nana after his mom signed herself out of the program and disappeared. If she had gotten clean, then the two of them could have moved somewhere, somewhere better than here, he thought. Then he wouldn't have to go the hellhole of a school.

He pulled his shirt off and used it to wipe his eyes. He leaned against the battered chest of drawers and stared at the cracked mirror attached to the back of it. The face staring back of him was thin and pale. His blonde hair was an unruly mop on his head.

Like WT, most of the boys in the intermediate school were taller and stronger than him. At four feet and six inches tall, Aiden might not be the shortest, but he was close to it.

There was a knock at the door, "Aiden, I left you some food in the refrigerator. I'm heading over to the bingo hall for a couple of hours. Just warm it up when you get hungry. And don't forget to do your homework."

"Alright, have fun," Aiden said as he heard his Nana's footsteps and the thump of her cane as she headed toward the front door

He unfastened and pulled off his jeans, revealing pasty white legs against an old pair of spiderman briefs. When he heard the front door close, he slipped his underwear off and headed toward the bathroom. After what he'd gone through, Aiden wanted a bath; something to wash away his feelings after his run-in with those boys in the bathroom.

He closed and locked the bathroom. More out of habit than anything else. Nana sometimes thought he was still a little boy and would come in without knocking if he left it unlocked. He glanced down between his legs and his little penis may have been one reason she still thought that.

Once he'd filled the tub up with some warm water, he soaked for a bit. He let his thoughts go back a few weeks to when he'd attended Brian's slumber party. The other boy had been one of his best friends throughout elementary school, and when Aiden received the invite, he was excited. The birthday party had been small, only five boys. And two of them, the Jackson twins, hadn't been able to stay the night. Only Aiden and another boy named Derrick had stayed the night.

As boys that age have a tendency to do, the three of them ended up naked, measuring their dicks. Aiden had been happy to not have the smallest dick. That misfortune belonged to Derrick. While they were still naked, Brian told them he had learned something new from one of his cousins, and asked the other boys if they wanted to see.

Aiden had been curious, so he'd readily agreed. And before he knew it, Brian was jerking off in front of him. In no time at all, Aiden and Derrick got in on the fun when their dicks grew hard as they fondled themselves. It

hadn't been the first time Aiden had tried rubbing himself. Even in the fifth grade, a lot of kids were pretty knowledgeable, educated by older siblings, cousins and sometimes even uncles. But this was the first time he'd managed to have an orgasm. Even if it had been dry. What a shame Brian and Derrick ended up at one of the other intermediate schools.

And since the sleepover, now that Aiden knew what to do, he played with his dick until it grew hard, stretching out to a bit more than three inches. Once his dick was hard, he used some soap to help things along and for a few minutes as the fap-fap-fap sound echoed in the bathroom, Aiden forgot about school, forgot about bullies like WT and just enjoyed the ride as he stroked his cock.

He didn't last long before his dick spasmed and jerked in his hand and he had the most incredible feelings wash over him even if nothing came out. But all too soon, the moment passed. He still had to get up on Monday and go back to school, and all his problems would return.

As he towed off, he felt his legs. He ran pretty fast when he'd ran home part of the way. His leg muscles were sinewy under his skin. If he could run fast enough, he might be able to get away the next time WT and his gang try to catch him.

Still, as he dried his hair, he knew that wishing wasn't the same as doing. If he wanted to be able to outrun school bullies, he needed to exercise. One good thing about the changes to the neighborhood, if he decided to go running, then he'd not likely run into any of the other students from his school.

He thought about it as he finished changing and thought about it some more when he was supposed to be doing some math homework. Finally, about the time he heard Nana come through the front door, he'd decided. He was going to start exercising. He would start running in the morning.

Wendy stretched her legs in the quadplex's parking lot. She almost went back inside. It was too damned early to be this warm. Still, compared to

the hundred-degree scorcher forecasted for the afternoon, it was mild, still in the mid-eighties.

She stretched her shoulders, feeling her old green high-school tee-shirt twist with her body. She had thought about wearing a bra, but at this ungodly hour, who else would see her? And even if they did, it wasn't like there was much to see. The green cotton did a good enough job masking her modest swells. Like the rest of her work-out clothes, her shorts were the same ones she'd worn in high school. Since her parents died, she had never given two thoughts to working out and until she could go shopping, she'd make do with what she had.

It was barely eight in the morning when she stepped onto the street. Most of the college students had stayed up until one or two in the morning last night; They wouldn't stir until close to noon, if then. She started walking as she tried talking herself into a jog. She passed by the open field next to the two quadplexes she owned; the field a reminder of the previous developer's failure.

She'd just convinced herself to pick up her pace when she saw a boy walk out of one of the more run-down houses on the other side of the street. Like Wendy, he wore a tee-shirt and shorts. Unlike her, when he reached the street, he started to jog slowly.

Wendy matched his pace and found that it was easy going for her, as she felt the cushioned insoles on her sneakers with every step. As she matched the other jogger's pace, she noticed he was shorter than her. With very few exceptions, most of the houses in the neighborhood were rented to college students, and she was pretty sure that the other jogger was too young for college. He might be a teenager, but she doubted it. Still, the morning sun reflected off his blond locks in a way that Wendy found pleasing.

Wendy saw they were approaching a four-way-stop. To go straight would take them into a part of town that was even more run-down than the old rental-houses around the collage. Most of the students considered it a ghetto. While Wendy found she enjoyed the pace the young jogger set, if he continued straight, she didn't think she could bring herself to follow him.

The jogger cut across the street, crossing over to the side Wendy was on just before reaching the intersection. Wendy was so focused on trying to decide if she would take a left at the intersection or do something stupid, like crossing the street. She didn't realize the younger jogger was approaching, and they reached the corner at the same time and ran into each other.

Wendy fell into the grass on the corner lot and landed on her backside. The other jogger fell back into the street, also landing on his butt.

The grass cushioned Wendy's fall, and she bounced back to her feet as the other jogger sat next to the curb, wearing a dazed expression. She hurried over, "Are you alright?"

He gradually nodded his head, "Yeah, I think so."

Wendy extended a hand. The boy was younger than she originally thought. He couldn't have been more than ten or twelve years old. She said, "Here."

He took the offered hand and let her pull him to his feet. As the girl let go, in the back of her mind, she noted his hand was slightly smaller than hers and smooth. As he dusted at his shorts, he said, "Sorry 'bout that. I shoulda been looking."

Wendy shook her head, "No, I should have been paying attention to where I was jogging."

The boy checked his legs for cuts and scrapes before raising his face so that Wendy could clearly look him in the eyes. His lips turned into a half-smile and he had the bluest eyes she'd ever seen. The kind of eyes she'd expect to see in a Hollywood movie, not on some kid jogging in the neighborhood. "You're jogging, too?"

Wendy nodded. "Yeah, I'm trying to get in shape." The boy's expression was disarming, and she found herself asking, "What about you? I figured most kids would sleep in on a Saturday."

His smile widened a bit as he said, "I wish. I've gotta get in shape. Gonna be jogging as often as I can."

Wendy nodded, "Yeah, me too."

His eyes shifted as he glanced at her. Not just at her face, but at her. He glanced down at his old shoes before glancing back into her face, "Ah, I was gonna go left here, head back around college. If you..."

The boy didn't go on. He glanced down at his shoes again. Standing so close, she could see that she'd been right. He was definitely just a kid. Definitely not a teenager. Maybe eleven. Still, Wendy found his hesitancy kind of cute.

She grinned and said, "Yeah. I'm going that way, too."

His smile returned and a moment later, she was jogging alongside the boy. They didn't talk as they jogged. In fact, they were a bit more than a mile into the jog when he slowed to a walk. Wendy was glad. Her leg and calf muscles were screaming at her.

The boy was panting as he said, "First time. Outa shape."

Wendy sucked in a breath of air as she managed, "Me, too."

As they walked along the side of the street, Wendy said, "I'm Wendy."
"Aiden."

She liked the name; it seemed to fit his smile.

A few steps and he said, "Are you in college, Wendy?"

"Yeah, what about you? Freshman?"

Aiden giggled. "No. I go to school at Travis Intermediate."

Wendy liked the sound of his cherubic laughter. "So, you're an eighth grader?"

He shook his head, still smiling. "No, I'm in the sixth."

As they turned onto a street that would eventually curve back onto their street, his lips spread into a grin, "Did you skip a few grades and go to college early?"

"No, why?"

The boy shrugged, "You don't look old enough to be in college."

It was Wendy's turn to smile. "Thanks... I think. I'm nineteen."

Aiden tripped over his feet and nearly fell as he said, "No, way. I figured you were fifteen or sixteen."

Wendy shook her head, "Why'd you think that?"

Aiden's cheeks colored a bit as he said, "Well, you're Asian and I figured that meant you were really smart and had gone to college early."

Wendy wanted to laugh. "God, no. I'd like to think I'm pretty smart. But I never skipped any grades."

Aiden's pace slowed; his eyebrows scrunched up as he appeared deep in thought. "I guess that explains why you talk kinda funny."

Wendy laughed at that. "How's that? I sound just like you."

The boy caught back up and matched pace with her, "Exactly. The only Asians I've ever seen talk all foreign-like."

Wendy shook her head at the boy's ignorance, "I was born in Saint Luke's hospital in Houston. I'm as American as you. Most of my friends were just like you."

"Just like me?" Aiden said.

Wendy offered a little smile, "White as Mrs. Baird's bread."

In fact, her accent had been one thing about which her parents had teased her when they were still alive. She would drag out her vowels, like most other native Texans. But to Wendy's ears, she just sounded normal.

They jogged a few hundred more yards before slowing back to a walk as they neared the quadplexes. Wendy knew she'd be sore in the morning. She'd read that taking a day or two off between runs, at least at first, allowed the body to heal. She stopped in the quadplex's drive, "That's it for me, today."

Aiden's hair was plastered to his forehead and his shirt was wet from his sweat as he bent over, taking a deep breath. "Yeah. Me too."

As the boy started walking toward his house, Wendy said, “Thanks for letting me join you, Aiden. See you next time.”

He turned around, walking backwards along the sidewalk, “Cool. I’m gonna be back out here Monday morning ‘bout six thirty.”

Wendy nearly groaned. Her first class was at nine on Monday. Normally she’d sleep until eight. Before Aiden turned back around, she waved, “We’ll see.”

She headed inside. She was hot and tired, and it wasn’t even nine yet.

Chapter 2

Aiden pulled his pillow over his head when his Spiderman alarm clock blaring at him in the darkness.

“Too damned early,” he moaned as he fumbled around for it, trying to find the snooze button. As his fingers grabbed the clock, he thought about those older boys who would happily make his life a living hell. The only way to get away from kids like that was to be stronger or faster. Stronger was probably out of the question, so faster it would have to be.

When he turned off the alarm, he swung his feet out of bed and stood up. He padded from his room and over to the bathroom and had to wait for his morning wood to go down before he could pee. After that, he put on the same pair of shorts he’d worn on Saturday and a clean tee-shirt. He headed toward the front door when he saw a light from the kitchen.

Nana called out, “That you Aiden?”

“Yeah, Nana. Gonna go for a jog before school.”

“Alright. Make sure you get back with enough time to shower.”

He closed the door behind him, “Yeah. I know. Hygiene.”

Like most pre-teen boys, hygiene was still a dirty word. Although he conceded showers served a good purpose when you needed some privacy to jerk off.

He stood on the old porch and looked down toward the quadplexes, hoping to see Wendy in the predawn light. There was nobody over there that he could see. The boy navigated the broken concrete walkway between porch and street, casting glances every step or two up the street. By the time his feet had reached the street's asphalt paving, Aiden realized he'd been looking forward to jogging with Wendy.

He stretched his back and his legs and as he stepped onto the empty street, he looked up to see the Asian girl jogging toward him. He flashed a smile as she stopped in front of him and while jogging in place, and said, "Good morning, Aiden. Ready?"

"Yeah!"

By the time Aiden's legs started burning, they jogged a bit further this morning than they'd done on Saturday. He slowed to a walk as his knees felt like Jell-O. He had a long way to go before he could jog the two-mile route that looped around the college.

"Oh, thank you," Wendy gasped after sucking in a big lungful of air. "I was afraid I'd fall over dead, if we'd run much further."

Aiden's nod would have been more vigorous had he been less winded, "It's supposed to get easier."

He fell into step beside Wendy as the road curved, becoming their street. As they walked, the girl asked, "What time do you have to be at school this morning?"

"Eight."

The girl glanced at her watch, "Are you going to have enough time?"

It was a couple of minutes past seven. The walk to school was less than fifteen minutes. "Yeah. Even time to get a shower before I go. What about you?"

"My first class is at nine."

Curious, Aiden said, "What kind of class is it?"

"English literature."

Aiden shrugged, "Sounds boring."

Wendy said, "Well, next semester I've got to take research English."

Aiden cocked his head, "What's that? Your English is good enough. Why research it?"

Aiden was a bit put off when the girl giggled, "No, it's about writing research papers and stuff. I'm not looking forward to it, either."

Mollified that Wendy wasn't really laughing at him, Aiden said, "I'd rather do English than math."

"Not me," the girl replied. "Give me negative equations any day over a split infinitive."

When they reached the quadplex, Aiden realized he'd enjoyed the run, not just for the exercise, but because he enjoyed the older girl's company.

"Wednesday, same time?"

"Sure," Wendy said, "You better hurry or you'll be late."

Wendy swerved into the quadplex's parking lot as she turned her jog into a walk. She glanced down at her watch. She and Aiden had finished their two miles in twenty minutes. Now that October was nearly over, it wouldn't take long for the cool air of the Friday morning to make her arms and legs cold. She didn't have any classes before noon on Friday, so she was tempted to go back to bed after a hot shower.

Aiden walked around in circles as he caught his breath, "How fast this morning?"

"Nineteen minutes and forty-five seconds."

The boy preened, "That's a new record. If I hurry, I can get cleaned up and get up to school early."

Over the past two months, Wendy had grown to know the younger boy pretty well. Certainly knew how much he hated the school and why. "I didn't think wild horses could drag your lily-white butt up there before the first bell."

He stuck his tongue out and said, “I’m failing math. If I don’t get my grade up, Nana’s going to kill me. One of the teachers has a study hall before school.”

Apart from the near-constant bullying, Aiden talked little about the school, other than to tell her how much he hated it. Even so, she assumed he was doing well, given how bright he was. Still, she empathized. While she’d done well in school and had several good friends, part of her had always felt like she was slightly out of phase with her friends. While both her parents had been grounded in their Vietnamese culture, it didn’t resonate with her like it did with them. She’d been of their culture, but not in it. And at school and with her friends, she’d been in the culture, but not of it.

She wanted to think that her situation had been worse than Aiden’s. But she’d gone to a good school, and had parents who cared. Wendy knew Aiden’s situation was far worse. The school was failing. A majority of the students didn’t have parents who cared about helping their kids. Poverty was rampant and life was hard; sometimes even brutal. The school district had a dropout rate of over twenty-five percent by the time kids were juniors or seniors.

Wendy said, “We can’t let your nana kill you. Why didn’t you ask me for help? I’m pretty good with numbers.”

The boy’s face colored a little as he shrugged. “I didn’t want to be a bother.”

Aiden’s expression made Wendy wonder if there was more to his reluctance than his response showed. She’d grown fond of the boy over the past couple of months and now considered him a friend of sorts. And she figured she’d become something like a friend to him as well. And if there was anything she could do to help him pass math, she’d be happy to do it.

“It would be more of a bother if you failed. Why don’t you bring your math book over here before our Saturday jog? After our run, we’ll figure out a study plan.”

Aiden's expression turned hopeful as he stopped his circular walk. "Are you sure it wouldn't be a bother?"

Wendy shook her head, "Not in the least."

That Saturday, when Wendy opened her front door at eight, Aiden was walking circles in quadplex's parking lot. He had a textbook under his arm. She waved at him, "Hey!"

The boy trotted over and said, "Are you sure about tutoring me? I understand if you've changed your mind."

Wendy opened the door and waved him in. Once Aiden was inside, she closed the door and stuck her finger in his face. Despite the differences in their ages, she liked Aiden, even if it was simply friendship. From their first runs, he'd been unfailingly polite and friendly. And unlike the men she'd talked to at the college, he was deferential toward her. Growing up in Henry Nguyen's house, a man deferring to a woman was something she seldom saw. And seeing it in Aiden made Wendy realize she valued that trait.

"Now, listen here, Aiden Frazier. I said I'm glad to help you, and I meant it. If I hadn't wanted to tutor you, I wouldn't have offered. Now shut up with trying to weasel out of it."

The boy's eyes were round as saucers. They'd gone jogging together close to forty times, and Wendy hadn't known she'd had it in her to dress him down like that. From his look, neither had Aiden.

He stammered, "Uh, okay. Thanks, I think." A moment later a glimmer of a smile tugged at his lips and Wendy felt a rush of relief that she hadn't hurt his feelings.

Feeling particularly fond of the boy at that moment, she gave him a hug and said, "Set the book down and let's go jogging."

Aiden's belly lurched when Wendy gave him a hug. In all their time jogging together, the only time he recalled the two of them touching was when

they'd run into each other that first day. Now, as Wendy released him, he felt butterflies in his stomach as he realized he liked her hugs.

As he set the book down on the desk in the dining area, Aiden looked around. Wendy had told him her home was more like a small apartment than anything else, and now that he'd seen it on the inside, he agreed. Even so, the furniture was nice, the wooden floors were smooth and polished. Even the paintings on the wall looked expensive. Wendy was already out the door when she said, "Come on; we're burning daylight."

They made a few changes in their run today, adding another half mile by taking a detour through the heart of campus. And after they slowed to a walk as they reached the quadplex, Wendy said, "Do you know how many kilometers are in a mile?"

Aiden sucked in a lungful of air and liked that he didn't feel too winded even after going two-and-a-half miles. "Uh, like two?"

Wendy walked around for a moment as her body worked to cool down. "Close. There's about one point six kilometers in a mile. Now, how many miles are there in five kilometers?"

Aiden's eyebrows nearly knitted together as he worked the math in his head, while he walked around, unwinding from the run. There was a note of uncertainty when he answered, "About three?"

Nodding, Wendy headed toward her small apartment, "Close. Did you know there's going to be a five-k run the week after Thanksgiving? I was thinking about entering."

Aiden knew he was getting better, stronger and faster. The idea of competing sounded fun. "Can I?"

Wendy nodded, "They have divisions for all ages. I'll get us registered. Come on, let's go take a look at your textbook."

Aiden grabbed the textbook from the desk and sat on the couch. Setting it in his lap, he opened it to his current assignment while waiting for Wendy.

She brought over a couple of bottles of cold water and sat down beside him. "Okay, Aiden, so let's see where you are."

Aiden listened as Wendy explained how letters represented numbers when the number was unknown. As the freshman college student talked and pointed to an example in his book, the boy realized Wendy's milky pale-yellow leg pressed against his pale leg. He tried focusing on her voice, although he felt a fluttering in his belly and a tingling where the girl's leg touched his own.

"So, tell me what X means on question number three," said Wendy.

Aiden blinked, tearing eyes away from where their skin touched. He found the question and read it, "Uh, X equals eight."

Wendy nodded, "That's right. But why?"

The tingling in his leg didn't go away as Aiden worked out the math in his head. "Well, if twelve plus X equals twenty, then to find out X, you can subtract twelve from twenty. So, X equals eight."

Wendy smiled at him, "See, you're getting it. Look, there's an exercise on the next page. Twenty equations. There's some computer paper on the desk. Why don't you work them while I go get cleaned up? Alright?"

Wendy put her hand on his shoulder and used it to help her stand up. As she started back toward her bedroom, Aiden took the book from his lap and barely bit back a gasp as he noticed his penis poking up in his shorts. Had her touch done this?

He turned and looked behind the couch as Wendy entered her bedroom. Before the door closed behind her, Aiden saw her pull the hem of her tee-shirt up and caught the briefest glimpse of her bare back.

He glanced down at his shorts and felt his dick twitch. He couldn't help glance back at the closed door. Even though Wendy was gone, his leg still tingled where her leg had touched it. Over the past couple of months, he came to like Wendy a lot, if he were honest about it. But his body had never responded like this when they'd gone jogging. Even though he thought Wendy was very pretty in her own way, he'd never thought of her like he frequently thought of some of the girls in his class. Like the sun rising on newly planted corn, he realized she was actually friendlier and nicer than any of the girls he'd thought about at school. Still, despite being

eleven and naïve, he knew well enough to know that Wendy was way out of his league. Still, it was hard to forget seeing her bare back before she closed the door.

He grabbed the paper from the desk and put his textbook back on his lap as he tried to focus on the equations. Anything but the bulge in his shorts.

Wendy closed the door to her bedroom as she pulled her shirt off. A quick sniff and the shirt sailed across the room and into the hamper in the corner. As she pulled the rest of her clothes off and headed toward the shower, she found she enjoyed helping Aiden. The boy was keen to learn. He just needed someone to help him connect the dots.

As water poured out of the showerhead, Wendy realized that even though her freshman year at college wasn't turning out how she'd expected, she was enjoying parts of it. The highlight of her week was her jogs with Aiden.

As she lathered herself with body wash, Wendy muttered, "Shame he's not in college, yet. What's a girl to do when the best man she's met since starting college is eleven years old?"

She'd gone to a couple of campus events since the start of the semester, hoping to meet somebody. But she'd struck out each time. She ran her hand over her stomach. It was more toned than it had been when she'd started jogging. Her legs were firmer, too. But none of that had been enough to entice any of the guys she'd met into expressing any interest in her.

As she let some conditioner do its magic in her short-cropped hair, she muttered to herself, "Why's it so hard to find a guy who'll treat me like I matter? I just want someone who wants to be around me, who likes me for me. I wouldn't mind if he was smart and witty, too."

She turned off the water and said, "Oh, who am I kidding? The only men in my life who are worth a damn are Mr. Benton and Aiden, and both are as unattainable as a snowstorm in July."

Back in her bedroom, as she toweled off, her thoughts came back to Aiden. She enjoyed sitting next to him as she explained his math homework. The

boy was smart. She enjoyed it when she could see his innate intelligence in his eyes. But the school was failing him and if he couldn't get ahead on his own, within a few years, Wendy could see Aiden getting further and further behind, just like so many other kids in the school district.

She couldn't do anything about the other kids, but she felt something in her heart for the boy, and said to herself, "I can keep him from failing. I will keep him from failing."

With that promise still on her lips, she decided Aiden should get started on the next exercise after the one she'd already assigned. She wrapped the towel around her body and opened the door, "Hey, Aiden, are you finished with the exercises, yet?"

The boy craned his neck and looked back from the couch. When his eyes grew round, Wendy wondered if she should have gone ahead and gotten dressed first. But she was excited about helping her young friend and she pushed the thought aside, as the boy, eyes still wide, nodded.

"Good," Wendy said, "Go on to the next page. There are some more exercises there. Get started on those and when I'm dressed, I'll look them over."

Closing the door, whether she should have opened the door covered in just her towel was on her mind. Given how wide Aiden's eyes had grown and the goofy smile on his lips, Wendy suspected the boy may have enjoyed seeing her wrapped in just a towel.

A smile played across her face at the idea someone would find her interesting. After two months of trying to catch the attention of several of the guys in her classes, she was ready to give up on any sort of relationship. And to be honest, she felt flattered anyone, even an eleven-year-old, gave her more than a single glance.

After sliding a clean pair of panties on, Wendy glanced down at her chest. The modest swells hardly poked out from her body. They didn't even jiggle enough for a bra to do what it did for most women—hold the girls in place while exercising. Usually, she didn't bother with wearing one when she went jogging in the morning. And putting one on now was more trouble

than it was worth. She wasn't planning to go anywhere, and she didn't think Aiden would notice. And in the unlikely event he did, it surprised Wendy to find that she just didn't care. So, she donned a matching green tee-shirt with the college's mascot on the front and a comfortable pair of shorts.

Wendy left her black hair to air dry. She wore it short in the back, well above the collar. While she liked its low maintenance, sometimes she thought that her preference in keeping it short may have contributed to some guys in her classes not giving her a first glance, let alone a second.

She gave herself a last glance in the mirror and nodded. She ran her hand across her shirt. Her boobs' subtle curves gave scant definition to her shirt; they were barely noticeable, and that was only if you really looked. With a nod, she headed back into the living room, where Aiden was bent over his textbook.

Taking her seat beside the boy, she watched as he scribbled some numbers on the sheet of paper. She asked, "How's it going?"

Aiden let the pencil fall into the crack where the textbooks' pages met. "I think I've got it."

"Show me."

Wendy leaned against the boy and watched as Aiden worked through another problem. She could smell the boy's sweat. It had dried to his shirt, which felt clammy as her arm pressed against his sleeve. There was an odor to Aiden that wasn't altogether unpleasant. She guessed it was simply the smell sweaty boys give off after a hard day at play, or in Aiden's case, a good jog.

When Aiden finished the problem, he glanced at her, "What?"

Wendy felt self-conscious. She didn't really want to admit to smelling him. "Nothing. Just noticed your shirt's still a little clammy."

Aiden's cheeks grew red as he sniffed at his shirt. He frowned a bit. "Sorry. I didn't notice I smelled."

He looked uncomfortable, which was the last thing Wendy wanted. She said, "It's no biggie." She leaned in and smelled his shirt, "See, I don't smell hardly anything at all. You're fine."

It was a lie. The smell of his boyish sweat still lingered in Wendy's nose. But Aiden had returned to the problem.

It didn't take him long to finish the second set of exercises. When he finished, Wendy took the textbook and checked his work. While she did that, she turned on the TV for him. After seeing that Aiden had answered all the questions correctly, Wendy closed the textbook.

"You did well. An A-plus."

The boy's face lit up, "Cool. If I have any questions with my homework this week, can I bring it over to you?"

"Sure."

Wendy hadn't seen this particular Avengers movie yet, so she propped her feet up beside her and settled in next to Aiden and watched it with him.

Aiden was still staring at Wendy's bedroom door after she'd closed it. He blinked a few times. Had she really just been standing there wearing nothing but a towel? He slowly shook his head as he felt his penis poke against his shorts, again.

He pushed his textbook down as his mind played back what was now seared there. Wendy's black hair, still wet, fell over her forehead. The towel, wrapped under her arms, covered her from her breasts down to several inches above her knees. She was just about the prettiest girl Aiden had ever seen. And even though he knew she'd never be interested in a shrimp like him for a boyfriend, he was happy that she was friendly toward him.

Even while he focused on the math problems, Aiden's erection never entirely went away. And when Wendy came back out wearing a matching green tee-shirt and shorts, his little stiffy returned. He was thankful for the textbook and its strategic placement. After he finished the problems, and

Wendy took the textbook to check his work, he crossed his legs and prayed that the way his shorts bunched up that she wouldn't see his stiffy's outline in his shorts. Once he had the latest Avengers movie playing on her TV, he was able to forget about his erection until Wendy finished grading his work.

After setting his textbook aside, Wendy put her feet on foot rest that matched the couch's leather and watched the movie with him. Even while following Ironman's antics, Aiden couldn't help noticing Wendy's arm pressed against his. And smell the strawberry fragrance of her shampoo.

When the movie ended, the streaming service queued up the sequel. Wendy said, "I'll order some pizza and we'll watch the next one."

Aiden was game. He enjoyed sharing the pizza with Wendy as they watched the second movie. By the time the credits rolled, he could see the evening sun and realized he'd spent most of the day with Wendy.

"Oh, shit!" he muttered, as he moved his arm away from Wendy and stood. "I gotta get on home. My nana is going to be pissed."

Wendy got to her feet, "Didn't you tell her I'd be tutoring you?"

Aiden nodded as he grabbed his math textbook, "Yeah. But she thought I'd be home by noon."

Wendy swore when she looked at the clock, "After five? Damn, where'd the day go?"

Aiden feared his nana would be worried sick and as he grabbed the door handle, Wendy said, "I'll come, too. I haven't met your Grandma yet, and I'm sure she wants to know who's tutoring you."

Aiden shrugged and said, "Maybe you can keep her from grounding me."

When they reached the street, Aiden looked toward Nana's house. Aside from the lit porch light, things looked normal. As they reached the crumbling concrete walk that led to his nana's porch, the old woman opened the door and hobbled out onto the porch, leaning on her cane.

Aiden broke away from Wendy and hurried forward, "Sorry, Nana, I lost track of time."

Instead of anger, there was a hint of relief in his nana's tired voice, "I was wondering. Is this the young lady who's tutoring you?"

Aiden felt relief wash over him. He smiled and grabbed Wendy's arm and pulled her toward his nana, "This is Wendy Nguyen," he made sure to carefully pronounce the last name correctly, like Wen.

"Wendy, this is my nana, Wanda Frazier." Aiden felt a bit silly calling his nana by her name. After all, she'd always be just Nana to him.

"Howdy, Mrs. Frazier," Wendy drawled. "It's a pleasure to meet you."

His nana nearly lept back, "Heavens, Aiden. I didn't believe you when you said your young lady talks just like you."

She recovered, "I'm so sorry, Ms. Wendy. What a horrible impression I must've made. The only Vietnamese folks I've talked to have pretty strong accents."

Aiden smiled at his gran. She hadn't really believed him about Wendy's accent matching their own. "I told you, Nana."

Aiden felt a tingle as Wendy tousled his hair, "I'm sorry about the time. We got some good studying in and then I let Aiden watch a movie and before I knew it, the day was gone."

Aiden's relief grew as his nana said, "I figured it was something like that."

As the boy reached the door and turned to wave goodbye at Wendy, his nana said, "I'm just about done cooking supper. While I can't speak for Aiden, I'd be mighty pleased if you'd stay and eat with us."

The boy's heart skipped a beat when Wendy nodded, "Sure, why not?"

The three of them sat around a small table to one side of the kitchen. Aiden learned more about Wendy in that hour than he learned in the past two months. He'd not even known who the Vietnamese Boat People had been. Of course, public schools being what they were, he knew next to nothing of the Vietnam War, even though Nana's first husband had fought in it fifty years before.

He also learned Wendy was a great friend. He flushed at her constant praise, whether it was how well he had done the math exercises or as her jogging partner.

Nana gave a tired smile. "That's my boy. Aiden's my little angel.

His nana recounted about how Aiden's mom disappeared from rehab, and left him with her, a seventy-five-year-old woman.

After dinner, as Wendy was leaving, Aiden followed her and Nana onto the porch. It was dark outside, save for the dim light cast by the porch light.

Nana said, "It was so nice to meet the girl that Aiden has been going on about for weeks now."

Aiden flushed at the old woman's words, although he knew they were true. In a world as hard as his, time with Wendy was the best part of his week.

Wendy grinned at him as she said, "The pleasure's been mine, Mrs. Frazier. If I wasn't training with him, I'd be a recluse, hiding out in my apartment between classes."

Aiden's eyes arched as his nana patted Wendy's arm, "Then I'm doubly glad the two of you ran into each other."

Aiden joined the women in laughing. His nana had laughed hard when he told her how he and Wendy had first met. She leaned heavily on her cane and sighed. She sounded old, "School this year is hard on Aiden. I'm... we're grateful you're tutoring him."

In the poor light, it was hard to tell if Wendy was blushing at the praise. She said, "I'm glad to help, Mrs. Frazier. Aiden's welcome anytime."

His nana waved as Wendy started down the stairs, "Careful there, Wendy. I may just send him over every time he's got homework. Or when I need a break."

Wendy turned and waved, giving Aiden a quick wink, "That's fine with me."

Aiden's head spun as he watched the petite nineteen-year-old head back toward her place.

Chapter 3

The following Saturday, Wendy stepped out her door at eight in the morning and saw Aiden stretching in the quadplex's parking lot. At his feet was his school bookbag. When he saw her, his face lit up into a smile and he grabbed the bag and hurried over.

"Did your nana send you over with all your homework?" Wendy said with a laugh.

Aiden laughed as she stepped aside and let him inside. "No. Although if you'd let her, she'd have sent it all over. I hope it's okay. But I realized last week, if you're going to be tutoring me, it might be easier on your nose if don't stink up the place after we finish jogging."

The boy placed the bag on the couch, facing away from Wendy. Her eyes rose in surprise. She'd tried to make him feel comfortable when she'd smelled his sweaty body while they were studying. Still, the idea of the boy taking a shower in her bathroom didn't bother her. In fact, a part she was trying to ignore rather liked the idea.

"Sure. You can use the shower first when we get back, before we look at your homework."

She liked the way he smiled at her when he said, "Thanks."

He looked down for a second before continuing, "Ah, I'm sorry about my nana last week. She can be a handful the first time you meet her."

Wendy opened the door and stepped out, "Don't apologize for her. I had so much fun meeting her. It's nice to know that she's okay with me tutoring you."

Aiden followed her out to the street, laughing. "Yeah. I can stay all day if it's okay with you. If I'm going to stay past dinner, she told me to let her know."

Wendy hadn't thought that far ahead. The idea of hanging out with Aiden all day appealed to her, "Cool. Let's stretch and warm up."

Normally, they jogged Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at six thirty each morning, and at eight on Saturdays. They upped their game to three miles

over the past couple of months. Almost the same distance of the five-k run coming up. This morning's run was also three miles, and they finished up in less than forty minutes.

When they returned to Wendy's place, she got a couple of bottles of water from the fridge and said, "I'll show you my shower."

She opened the door to her bedroom and Aiden stopped at the door as he saw her king-sized bed. "Jeez, Wendy. That bed's huge!"

He was right, she thought. But Uncle Walt had been insistent. And generally, when Walt Benton was insistent, Wendy learned it was best to give in. She giggled a bit as she said, "Well, room to grow."

She nearly regretted the comment as Aiden's cheeks colored. Wendy wondered how his imagination played with what she had said.

She went over to the bathroom door and turned on the light, "Here's the bathroom. I hope you don't mind. When they built this place, all they put in was a shower."

Aiden brushed past her as he walked over to the shower. "Holy shit! That's a shower."

Wendy tousled the boy's hair, "Language." Then she nodded and over to the shower door. "Yeah. But I like it. It's fun. Pull the knob in the center there and you'll turn on the water. Turn it to the right for cold, to the left for hot."

When she looked over at Aiden, he was pulling his shirt off. His skin, normally hidden under his shirt, was a milky white. Not too different, she thought, to her own milky yellow skin. There wasn't an ounce of fat that she could see. Instead, there was a bit of muscle tone on his abs. She realized it nearly mirrored her own, developed over the past couple of months.

She smiled, not really aware that she lingered, running her eyes over Aiden's body. "I think you've got it from here. Let me know if you need anything."

She closed the bathroom door behind her and headed back to the living room. Although it was still a few hours away, she wondered if she had anything in the kitchen for lunch. She opened her fridge, ignored the bottles of water that filled up most of it. The cupboard, metaphorically speaking, was bare. It didn't surprise her. When Uncle Walt had enrolled her in the university, he included a meal plan for her. She could eat all her meals during the week in one of a half-dozen cafeterias on campus. Additionally, she had a debit card against which she could use to pay meals on the weekend. She closed the fridge and decided she'd see if Aiden wanted to eat in the closest cafeteria. She used her phone to check her debit balance. Her eyes rose in surprise. Uncle Walt had topped it off again. Over a thousand dollars. She shook her head. Since her parents' death, her dad's attorney had been like the favorite uncle Wendy never had.

"Funds? Check!" She whispered to herself. Lunch would definitely be at one of the campus cafeterias. And if Aiden stayed for dinner, she had that covered too.

Back in the living room, she saw his bookbag on the couch, "Oh, shit," she muttered, "Aiden will need his clothes."

She picked it up. It was fairly heavy. She didn't think the boy would mind it if she pulled the textbooks out. Unzipping the bag, she saw a pair of superman underwear on top of a pair of shorts and tee-shirt. Wendy flushed at seeing Aiden's underwear. The superhero apparel was a simple reminder that Aiden was still just a boy. She pushed her thoughts aside as she fished through the bag and found his math book.

She closed the bag and carried it back into her bedroom. She was approaching the bathroom door when Aiden called, "Wendy!"

Standing next to the bathroom door, she said, "Yes?"

"Where are the towels? I don't see them?"

Wendy silently cursed herself. When she'd taken a shower last night, she'd not bothered putting any fresh towels out. She said, "They're in the cabinet closest to the sink."

A moment later, Aiden's voice was more distressed, "Ah, Wendy!"

“Yes?”

“I forgot my clothes!” there was a note of desperation in the boy’s voice.

Feeling for the boy’s predicament, Wendy said, “I’ve got them here. Is it okay for me to bring them in?”

There was a bit of hesitation before she heard, “Yeah.”

Wendy opened the door and slipped into her bathroom. The glass on the shower wall was foggy. Aiden’s head and right shoulder poked out from the shower door. He probably thought the foggy glass blurred the rest of his body. His form, though, was easy to see through the condensation. Wendy bit back a gasp; Aiden’s penis was visible despite the fog-created distortion on the glass.

He appeared distressed. “I’m so sorry, Wendy. I shouldn’t have forgotten my clothes. I’m an idiot.”

No matter how she tried, Wendy couldn’t keep a smile from her face. For reasons she didn’t understand, she found Aiden’s distress endearing. After setting his bag on the counter, she grabbed a towel from the cabinet. She considered setting it on the counter or crossing over to the shower and handing it to him. The latter won out. She hurried over to the boy and put the towel in his outstretched hand.

She focused on his face, where ringlets of wet blond hair hung down to his eyebrows. His blue eyes were still round from his predicament and he bit his lower lip as Wendy said, “Here you go.”

With that, she turned and hurried from the room. Her own emotions threatened to get the better of her. When the door closed behind her, she sat on her bed. She’d definitely caught a glimpse of Aiden’s boyhood. The fog on the glass hadn’t hidden that from her. And despite trying to blink it away, she couldn’t shake it.

The image made her think of a long-forgotten memory. A few years before, Her Aunt Kim, who was actually her mom’s cousins, came for a visit because she was having problems at home. She brought her kids with her. That included a son, Tuan, fifteen, and a daughter, thirteen-year-old Binh.

It had been fairly late, and Wendy had gone to take her shower. The bathroom door had been unlocked and when she'd opened it, she saw Tuan, sitting naked on the toilet with his hand wrapped around his penis.

Wendy had closed the door right away, but the image had never gone away, even though she'd never mentioned it to anyone. And Tuan, to his credit, pretended nothing had happened. Still, one stereotype that plagued Vietnamese men proved true, at least as far as Tuan was concerned; they were small. Thinking back on it, Wendy was pretty sure Tuan hadn't even been four inches. And if what she'd seen in the shower wasn't too distorted by the foggy glass, her eleven-year-old jogging buddy wasn't that much smaller than her fifteen-year-old second cousin.

Wendy tried to shut the thought away even as another one came unbidden. What would Aiden look like at fifteen? Despite herself, Wendy was pretty sure he'd beat just about any Vietnamese man by then.

"Okay, girl," she whispered. "Get a grip."

By the time the bathroom door opened, Wendy had, as best as she was able, locked those images away. Aiden had put on his shorts and was vigorously toweling his blond hair. His shirt shook around in one of his hands. "Thanks, Wendy. That was a lot better than the old bathtub at Nana's."

Wendy took the towel from the boy and helped him dry his hair. "Yeah. I wasn't sure about it when I moved in, but since then, I've become a believer."

She set the towel on her bed, "Let's see?"

She pulled him close and pushed her nose under his armpits and against his bare chest and then pulled his head down to her face. His body smelled clean and his hair smelled of her strawberry shampoo. Wendy felt a fluttering in her belly as she realized how nice Aiden smelled and how she enjoyed holding him.

Even as Aiden giggled, she said, "I definitely approve. No more stinky jogging boy."

Still laughing, Aiden said, "But you said I didn't really smell last week."

Sticking her tongue out at the boy, Wendy said, "I lied. Go on and get your math book."

When Aiden returned, he sat down beside her on the bed, his shirt forgotten next to him. It only took a few minutes to figure out what Aiden had covered since the previous Saturday, and she quickly went over the assignment and left the boy to do an exercise while she went for her shower.

As Aiden worked the assigned problems, he set the pencil down. He simply couldn't focus. Even though Wendy had said nothing, it still embarrassed him that not only had he forgotten his clothes when he'd gotten in the shower, he'd not been able to find the towels.

And despite the foggy glass, when Wendy had come in and given him a towel, he worried that she'd seen his little dick. Compared to assholes like the Wheaties Thief, who had been hauled off to juvey a few weeks before, Aiden had nothing of substance between his legs. He sighed as he felt the little beast stir. The last time he'd measured it, it wasn't even three and a half inches. And unlike a lot of the other boys in school, he was still too immature to produce any sperm. No, it was better to think Wendy had seen nothing. And even if she had, she'd never be interested in him that way. After all, he was lucky to have her as a friend. He should be thankful for that.

By the time the water stopped in the bathroom, Aiden had finished the assigned problems and laid back on the bed, running his hands along his belly, feeling the muscles under his skin that even a few months before hadn't been there. It was the most comfortable bed he'd ever been on, and that included when he'd climbed into his nana's bed when he'd been little.

A few minutes passed until the bathroom door cracked open and Wendy's head stuck out. "You're not going to believe what I did."

Sitting back up, Aiden looked at her. Besides her head, he could also see part of Wendy's bare shoulder. She added, "Apparently, you're not the only person to forget your clothes. I forgot mine, too."

Giggling, Aiden said, "It must be contagious."

The girl giggled, "Yeah. Anyway, I need your help. Please."

Aiden slipped off the bed as the girl said. "Go over to the chest of drawers."

Aiden walked over to it and looked back at Wendy, "Okay?"

"Open the top right drawer."

Aiden flushed when he saw a drawer full of panties. There were white ones, black ones, polka-dotted ones and even a lacy pink one. Looking back at Wendy his voice was strained, "Which one?"

With a shrug, Wendy said, "I don't care, any of them will do."

Aiden grabbed the lacy pink ones and said, "How about this one?"

Aiden felt his tummy flip as Wendy's face turned red, even as she said, "That's fine."

As the boy padded across the room, he could feel his erection poking at his shorts. As Wendy reached out her hand to take the pink lacy panties, a small part of her chest came into view; Aiden glimpsed the modest curvature of her left boob.

As Wendy took the panties from him, Aiden couldn't help saying what he was thinking, "These are pretty."

Part of a giggle escaped the girl's lips. To Aiden, her voice seemed slightly strained, "Yeah. I bought them at the beginning of the school year."

Like most of the boys in the intermediate school, Aiden had tried to sneak glances up girls' dresses and skirts. He had an idea that Wendy had bought them to look pretty for a boyfriend.

He hadn't retreated yet from the bathroom door, even as Wendy's head and shoulder retreated around it. "Um, do you like wearing them?"

There was rustling from the other side of the door, "Dunno. Haven't worn this one yet."

It was hard thinking of Wendy as just a friend when she was just on the other side of the door putting on lacy pink panties. A moment later, her

head poked out, "There are some tops in the drawer next to the panties. Can you bring me one?"

Turning, Aiden opened the drawer. And just like with the panties, there were white bras, cream bras, sports bras of various shades, and a lacy pink bra that matched the panties he'd just given to Wendy. He grabbed the silky material and headed back to where Wendy's head had reappeared.

As Aiden handed them off, he said, "Will this work?"

Wendy flushed a bit as she took them, "Yeah. It matches."

Keenly aware of the fluttering in his stomach and the stiffy in his shorts, Aiden retreated until the back of his legs found the bed. Wendy disappeared again, presumably to don the top. He shifted his penis in his shorts as he wondered what the older girl looked like in the frilly panties. Then the idea popped into his head that he was making Wendy uncomfortable, even though she'd accepted the underwear he'd selected. Despite his butterflies and his stiffy, the last thing he wanted to was make Wendy uncomfortable, when all she wanted from him was friendship.

He spoke up, "You want me to get you shirt? Shorts?"

After a delay the boy couldn't help but notice, the girl called back, "I'm good."

When the door opened, Aiden sat down on the end of the bed and drew in a sharp breath as the nineteen-year-old came into the room. The panties hugged Wendy's hips. Modest enough to cover what needed covering while still hinting at what was hidden. Narrow pink straps looped around Wendy's shoulders, holding the small, pink three-quarters cups in place. The pink, frilly hem at the top of each cup tastefully covered everything it should, while still leaving exposed the low rise of her upper breasts.

Wendy blushed, her cheeks a bright crimson as she stood in the middle of the floor, her eyes fixed on some spot on the carpet. Only in Aiden's dreams had he ever seen anything as beautiful as the girl, vulnerably standing in front of him. Despite his innocence and naivety, somehow, he sensed the girl could have hurried into the room and grabbed the rest of her clothes. His mind reeled at the thought that Wendy could ever need his

approval. Surely that couldn't be it, his mind argued. After all, they were supposed to be friends.

But the way she'd paused as she'd come back into the bedroom stirred something in his heart and he said, "Wow, you look really pretty."

Aiden's heart fluttered as Wendy's eyes came back up and met his. "Thanks, Aiden."

The boy added, "I don't know why you haven't worn them before." Aiden felt his cheeks grow hot and flushed as he continued, "You, ah, um,"

Wendy sat down beside him at the end of the bed, "Yeah?"

Aiden's voice squeaked a bit as he finished, "look sexy."

He felt a release of tension as Wendy giggled, "Thanks, I needed to hear that. I bought them when I came to school here, thinking that I'd get asked out by some of the boys in one of my classes. None of those boys have even looked at me twice. They think I'm too short, too small. I think some of them still think I'm just a kid."

Aiden didn't know what to say. Wendy had never expressed herself like this before. His insides were jumbled and his stiffy was still poking at his shorts, no matter how much he wished it would leave well enough alone. He knew he needed to say something. Doing nothing seemed wrong somehow.

He put his arm around her shoulder and whispered, "Those guys are stupid, Wen. You're not too short or small."

Wendy leaned her head against his, "You're the sweetest boy I know, Aiden. Thanks."

She slipped her left arm around his back and gave him a one-armed hug. With a lighter note in her voice, she added, "Seeing as you didn't mention it, I guess you think I'm a kid, though."

Aiden could hear the playfulness in her voice. He wanted to match her tone, but what she said struck close to home. When she was as close to him as she was, his feeling for her were terribly confusing. He knew Wendy needed a friend, and that's what he was supposed to be. Right? But the fluttering in his stomach was strong. Way stronger than feelings normal for

just a friend. Was this love? There wasn't any way Wendy felt the same way. After all, she was a nineteen-year-old woman, and he was just an eleven-year-old boy.

But he was powerless to stand before the hurricane of his emotions, unable to control them. Feeling her hug, he knew it was just something between friends. That's why he regretted, almost immediately saying, "No. You're just perfect. But if you were a kid, I don't think I could stop myself from asking you to go steady with me."

Wendy's grip around his shoulders didn't change, but there was a slight shift in her demeanor. Aiden was afraid she would tell him how silly he was. Instead, she breathed, "Really?"

The boy's emotions were a rollercoaster. Her soft voice took him by surprise. Uncertainty floated him, "Wen, I'm sorry. I'm being stupid."

The girl's hug grew warmer, "Don't say that, Aiden. It's really flattering that you would ask me out if we were closer in age to each other. I was just thinking about what I would do if you were closer to my age, because I really do like you. You know that, right?"

"As friends?"

Wendy squeezed him in her hug, "Of course, as friends. I'm really glad we met because you're a good friend. But I'd be lying if I told you I hadn't wondered what our friendship would look like if you were eighteen."

Aiden's cheeks grew hot at her implication, "Are you saying if I was a year younger than you, you would let me be your boyfriend?"

Wendy nodded, "Sure. Would you want me as a girlfriend if I was a year older than you?"

Aiden saw the truth in the young woman's voice. She felt the same way as he did. Yet there wasn't much they could do about it. Too many years separated them. Still, he wondered how narrow the gap would have to be for them to be more than friends.

"A year difference? Heck, yeah. What if we were two years apart? Would you be my girlfriend then?"

Wendy cocked her head to one side, “Hmm, me at thirteen or you at seventeen? We’d still be pretty close. Yes, I’d date you even then. What about a three-year difference, Aiden?”

Although he couldn’t imagine a fourteen-year-old girl giving him the time of day, but if she were Wendy? “Yeah. That’s not too big of a difference.”

She nodded, “True. I’d date you if you were sixteen. I’d even date you if you were fifteen, although I’m not sure what your nana would think.”

Four years. That was the half-way point between the two of them. If Aiden were four years older and Wendy four years younger, they would be the same age. Even though he was in the girl’s embrace, the boy felt the distance and sighed. “At least we’re friends.”

Wendy shocked him when she leaned in and kissed his cheek, “That’s right. Nobody can say anything about us being friends. Also...”

Her voice faded into a mysterious silence. After Aiden turned his head to look at her, Wendy continued, “Who knows what the future holds? You won’t be eleven forever.”

Aiden asked, “So, if I was fifteen, you’d really say yes?”

She smiled shyly and nodded.

Chapter 4

Wendy took the plates over to the sink as Aiden grabbed a sponge and turned the water to hot. The boy’s nana rested at the kitchen table. She looked worn. Of course, at seventy-five, who could blame her?

Her voice matched her appearance, “You kids sure you don’t want any more?”

Wendy shook her head, “I’m stuffed, Mrs. Frazier.”

She was, but the meal had been overcooked and bland. She ate better at most of the cafeterias on campus. Still, it was time she could spend with Aiden. And after ten weeks of jogging together, he remained her only friend.

When Wendy took the half-eaten plate from in front of the boy's nana, the old woman asked, "How many weeks until your semester is over?"

"About six."

"I bet you miss your family. Are you planning on going back to Houston to see them?"

Wendy cut a glance at Aiden, but the deer-in-the-headlights look he gave her told her all she needed to know. He hadn't told his nana.

The girl set the plate in the sink, "My parents passed away last year."

She still fiercely missed them, but enough time had passed she no longer teared up when thinking about them.

The old woman smiled wanly at her, "I'm sorry for your loss, dear. It's been almost ten years since my Harlin passed away. Not a day goes by I don't miss him. Do you have other family down in the Houston area?"

Wendy let an unhappy sigh slip out. Her parents had escaped from Vietnam with her grandparents. But they had arrived in Houston alone. Even now, close to fifty years later, she had only a handful of her parents' cousins living in the US. "Just some cousins. But we're not very close. I'm staying here for Thanksgiving and probably most of the Christmas break."

Mrs. Frasier grabbed her cane and stood, "Bless your heart. You just plan on spending Thanksgiving with me and Aiden. Unless you plan on spending the day with your boyfriend."

Wendy's pale-yellow skin did nothing to hide the crimson in her cheeks, "Ah, no boyfriend. The guys on campus want a taller, blonder, big chested girl."

Aiden's nana paused at the door, "That's their loss. I've only known you for a couple of weeks, and even an old woman like me can see you're a fine girl."

Wendy felt the warmth in her face at the compliment. It was clear from the look on the old woman's face she'd meant every word. "I haven't met many boys who'd agree with you, Mrs. Frasier. All the boys on campus turned their noses up at me."

The old woman rested her hand on the door sill, "Just call me Nana." Then she pointed with a shaking hand at Aiden, who glanced her way, "I wager there's at least one boy who disagrees with those stupid boys on campus."

The boy looked away. His ears were crimson, "Nana! Jeez."

Wendy couldn't have turned any redder if she tried. The incident with forgotten clothes in her shower had only been a few days ago, but already she felt a subtle shift in her friendship with Aiden. He was even more deferential than before, as though trying harder to please her. She hadn't minded the slight change. If anything, it made her enjoy time spent with Aiden even more.

Aiden wiped his hands on a towel as he scowled at his nana, "Wendy's my friend. Don't make it weird."

Wendy followed the boy's nana into the living room, where the old woman collapsed with a sigh into an old, worn recliner where she grabbed the remote and flipped through the channels on the TV. Taking a spot on the equally worn couch, Wendy waited for Aiden to come into the living room and sit next to her before saying, "Nobody could have told me my best friend in college would be a sixth grader from across the street."

The hooded expression Aiden gave her made Wendy feel warm, even as the boy said, "I guess you're a half-way decent friend too."

The playful tone in the boy's voice brought a smile to Wendy. She dug an elbow into his ribs, "Half-way decent friend? Who's the one who lets you win our races? Or tutors you in math and science?"

Giggling at the way her elbow touched his side, Aiden gasped, "O-, okay. Maybe a little bit more than half-decent."

When they stopped laughing, Nana said, "Since starting the sixth grade, school has always been really hard on Aiden. A lot of the other kids have been just plain ugly toward him and the friends he had in elementary school transferred to other schools this year. Wendy, you're the only friend Aiden has. And while I wish with all my heart that he'd make more friends in school. But it's hard when you're the odd man out."

Wendy felt a familiar pang. Even though she made friends in junior high and high school, she understood all too well being the odd one out. Maybe that's why she felt a kinship for Aiden that went beyond simple friendship. "That's just one more reason I'm glad Aiden's my friend."

Nana stopped channel surfing, leaving it on a game show, "When Aiden first told me he was jogging before school with a college girl, I wasn't sure I liked the idea. After all, there's a bit of a difference in age. But I saw how much he enjoyed his morning jogs and figured it was good for him. And now that I've had time to meet you, I realized you kids have a lot in common. And I'm glad y'all are friends."

After the game show ended, Nana stretched, "These old bones get tired a lot earlier than they used to. I think I'm going to turn in."

She groaned as she climbed to her feet and grabbed her cane. When she got to the hallway, she turned, "Aiden mentioned a race, coming up in a couple of weeks. Are you doing it to?"

Wendy nodded, "Yes, Mrs. Fra-, ah, Nana. It's the first Saturday in December. I think we're both ready and we should do well."

Nana nodded slowly, "I've got a couple of girlfriends who're planning a trip to one of the riverboat casinos in Louisiana. They've been badgering me to go for a coon's age. But with taking care of Aiden, I just haven't found the time."

Wendy could sense the question, "Are they going the same weekend of the race?"

Nana dipped her head, "Yes. Just for a couple of days. Would it be okay if he stayed with you?"

Wendy's stomach did a flip. As her friendship with Aiden grew, she never imagined the boy's nana would ask her to let him stay with her. It felt weird how she wanted to spend so much time with the boy, but he was her only friend and she enjoyed her time with him. She found herself nodding, "Are you sure, um, Nana? You hardly know me."

The old woman dipped her head, "Aiden adores you. He's an excellent judge of character. It's clear he trusts you and I trust him."

Wendy looked over at the boy next to her. His eyes shone, "Is that okay?"

She leaned against him, enjoying the touch of their arms and legs, "Of course it is."

After she heard a door down the hall close, Wendy put an arm around Aiden's shoulder, "Your nana's really nice, A. You're lucky to have her."

"I know. Sometimes I wish my mom was still around. But, if she's strung out on drugs, even though Nana's getting old, this is so much better."

Wendy had never known anyone who abused drugs so much that it affected their relationships. Something inside her ached, knowing Aiden would never have the relationship with his mom that she had with hers, even if her mom had been taken far too early.

Aiden controlled the remote control after his nana retired to her bedroom, and he put it on a police procedural. Wendy didn't want to stay too late; she still had homework she wanted to finish before Sunday. But when Aiden leaned his head against her shoulder, she settled back and watched TV, enjoying the close company of her young friend.

Two hours later, she glanced at her phone. It was already ten in the evening. Where had the evening gone? A glance at Aiden gave her the answer. He was nodding off, still resting his head against her shoulder. With an unhappy sigh, Wendy murmured, "Hey, A. I need to head on home."

When the boy stirred, his head brushed against her padded bra before he sat up, blinking his eyes awake, "Wha?"

Wendy slid from the dilapidated couch, "Aiden, I need to head home. It's late."

The boy yawned, "What time is it?"

"Ten."

Aiden's eyes popped open, "Ten? Dang. How long was I out?"

Wendy stretched as she stood, unaware she was exposing her midriff to the boy. "Not long. You want to lock the door behind me?"

She stepped onto the darkened porch and turned. Aiden stood in the doorway, "Thanks for hanging out with me tonight. Sorry I fell asleep."

Wendy grinned as she realized how much she enjoyed spending the day with the boy. They had been inseparable since meeting up in the morning, fourteen hours earlier, before their jog. "I had fun. I'll see you bright and early on Monday."

The boy smiled, "Cool."

Before turning to go, Wendy leaned down and planted a kiss on Aiden's cheek. She tousled his hair, "Awesome. Until then."

Aiden slid his bookbag's strap over one shoulder when the bell sounded. The only good thing about school was it released early the day before Thanksgiving. He kept his eyes on the worn and broken tile floor as he hurried toward the door. He could see the neon-red EXIT sign in the distance when someone grabbed him by his book bag and nearly yanked him off his feet, pulling him into the boys' restroom. It was the Wheaties Thief's two friends. The taller of the two, who was a foot taller than Aiden, leered, "Check it, Tyree. This stupid cracker still needs to be taught a lesson. I bet anything he's the one who snitched on Dashawn. And you know what they say about snitches."

The other boy, a few inches over five feet, shoved Aiden against the side of a metal stall, "Snitches get stitches. And We're going to fuck you up, snowflake."

Stilts, as Aiden thought of the taller one, hit him against his shoulder. It didn't hurt much, but the eleven-year-old folded up, trying to protect his stomach. He immediately regretted the action when the other boy hit him in the back, knocking Aiden to his knees. Then Tyree grabbed his shirt and pulled it up, "Check it. This saltine still wears tighty-whities!"

Stilts grabbed the exposed material and yanked on it. Aiden howled when the material grabbed his balls and penis. The older boy kept yanking on the fabric until a ripping sound filled the restroom. Then he released the ruined elastic band, letting Aiden fall to the floor as he and Tyree burst into

laughter. That instant was what Aiden needed. He shot forward and was on his feet before the other boys could react. Then he grabbed the door and slammed it open as he raced toward the exit.

It hurt to run. Every step was a reminder whatever was left of his underwear was wedged tight between his ass-cheeks. But getting caught would be worse. Everything he had learned over the past few months he put into practice as he sprinted toward the pedestrian causeway running under the highway that separated his intermediate school from his neighborhood. A fleeting glance behind showed his tormenters hard on his heels.

Aiden flung himself down the ramp and through the entry into the causeway. He pumped his legs as hard as he could as the world around grew dim in the tunnel under the road. Still, when he burst back into the sunlight, the hard pounding on sneakers on concrete was right behind him. He raced along the sidewalk that skirted the college campus. It was dead. Most of the students had fled town by noon in their haste to start a four-day weekend.

Even though his legs burned, Aiden felt like he could run for as long as he had to. When he crossed one of the cross-streets, the sound of pursuit sounded like it wasn't right on his heels. A few blocks further on, he chanced another glance. Both boys were a dozen paces behind him, but still pursuing him. Then, as he passed by the quadplex buildings behind which Wendy lived, one of his shoelaces came untied. His shoe slipped, and he tumbled, falling onto the grass beside the sidewalk.

Then the other boys were on him. Stilts slammed his foot into Aiden's stomach, "Fuck you, cracker. You thought what we were going to do was bad. Now you'll see what happens when you fucking run!"

The other boy fell on top of Aiden, slamming an elbow into his head. The eleven-year-old saw stars as he yelled for help.

Another kick left the boy too breathless to shout anymore when another voice shouted, "Hey, you kids. What the fuck do you think you're doing?"

In the distance, a siren pierced the quiet of a neighborhood where nearly all the students had left for a long weekend.

Stilts, ready to place another kick, cocked his head and then tore off, racing back toward the highway. A moment later, Tyree followed. Aiden curled into a fetal position, his body wracked with pain. A moment later, a familiar voice said, "Holy shit, A. Who were those kids?"

Aiden opened his eyes. Wendy knelt over him as the sound of the siren retreated in the distance. The boy croaked, "You called the police?"

Wendy took him by the arm and helped him to sit up, "No. Lucky coincidence. I should've."

It hurt to shrug, "Won't do much good. They live in the projects."

The nineteen-year-old helped him to his feet. He hurt all over. She said, "I can take you home. Your nana can help."

Aiden shook his head. There wasn't anything his nana could do. "N-, no. Can I get cleaned up at your place?"

With her arm wrapped around his waist, Aiden hobbled over to the small apartment behind the quadplex buildings. Once inside, Wendy sat him on her expensive sofa and then sat beside him, "Let me check you out, A. Those assholes were working you over."

She lifted his shirt; the boy winced at the pain and she swore, "Those fuckers! That's going to leave a nasty bruise. She pulled Aiden's shirt off and he looked down. His stomach was a deep, angry red. And it hurt worse than he could have imagined.

Wendy lightly touched his bruised stomach, "A, we really should get this looked at. What if he broke a rib?"

Aiden shook his head, "No! It's just bruised. I don't think he broke anything."

The last thing he wanted to do was involve his nana. Going to the ER was out of the question. Wendy gave him a skeptical look, "We'll see. Take a deep breath."

While it hurt to draw in a deep breath, Aiden didn't feel any sharp pains along his ribs. Of course, Stilts had kicked him in his stomach, not his ribs. "I can breathe fine, Wen. I'll be okay."

Wendy had him face away from her as she looked at his back, "You're going to bruise here too. What the hell did they do to your underwear?"

A quick look at his waist showed Aiden his elastic waistband up to his belly button. The back felt like it was pulled even higher. "Um, wedgie."

Wendy shook her head, "Those boys better hope I don't see them again. You need to get your underwear back in place. You can use my bathroom."

Aiden hurt all over when he stood, but he hobbled through Wendy's bedroom to her bathroom. Once he closed the door, the boy unfastened his pants and let them fall to his feet. His penis was a small bulge against the tight white fabric. He tugged on the material until he unwedged himself. The elastic was shredded and threatened to fall past his waist. But that wasn't the worst of it. Stilts had pulled so hard, he tore the cotton fabric loose from the waistband.

When the tears spilled over his cheeks, it wasn't from the pain in his body, but the humiliation of not being able to protect himself from bullies like Stilts and Tyree. He wiped at his eyes as he let gravity do its work. He stepped out of the ruined underwear and pulled his pants back on.

When Aiden stepped out of the bathroom, Wendy sat on her bed waiting for him. When her eyes went to the torn underwear in his hands, the boy dropped them and cried, "I hate it there, Wen. Every fucking day, it's the same shit!"

Until then, he'd been good about watching his mouth, but between the harsh language Wendy used when she rescued him and his own despondency, Aiden didn't care about it anymore. All the teasing since the start of the school weighed on him and when Wendy held her arms open, he shuffled over to her and let her draw him into a hug.

Wendy gazed on Aiden's small, sleeping form. Still shirtless, the boy's chest rhythmically rose and fell. The ugly red on his stomach was in the first

stages of turning black and blue. She blinked back tears of rage at the boy's tormenters. Something had to be done to stop the bullying. She didn't know what to do, yet. But there was one thing she had to do.

Leaving the boy asleep on her bed, Wendy left her apartment, locking the door behind her and hurried across the street and over the broken concrete of the walkway to Mrs. Frazier's house. She knocked on the door and waited. The third time she knocked, the door rattled and a moment later, the old woman stood before her. The boy's nana looked older than her seventy-five years. Her nose was red and her eyes were runny.

She wheezed, "Mercy me, Wendy. Are you okay?"

Wendy felt tempted to step back. Whatever Nana Frazier had, she didn't want it. "I'm the one who should ask the question, um, Nana."

The old woman smiled weakly, "Blasted cold, I think. Have you seen Aiden? He should have been home an hour ago."

Wendy gestured toward her place, "A couple of older boys were beating on him when he was coming home. I chased them off, but he didn't want to come home and have you worried. He's taking a nap right now."

Nana shook her head, "He hates that stupid school. The teachers don't teach like they're supposed to, and the kids are absolutely beastly. Well, some of them. Is he okay?"

Wendy bobbed her head, "I think so. Some bruising. Are you sure you're okay?"

Nana leaned against the doorway, "Nothing about twenty hours of sleep and NyQuil won't fix. I know I had invited you over for dinner tomorrow. But I don't think you want what I've got."

Wendy certainly would not try changing the old woman's mind, "No problem, Nana. What about Aiden? If you're contagious..."

The boy was already slated to spend a couple of nights at her place the next weekend. Still, Wendy didn't want to push.

A look of tired relief crossed Nana's features. "I hate for him to be a bother, Wendy."

“It’s not a bother at all, Nana. Y’all are my friends and it’s the least I can do.”

“Thanks, Wendy. You’re a saint.”

She blushed at the praise. “I doubt that. Is it okay if I take him out to eat tomorrow? Thanksgiving and all.”

Nana rubbed her nose with a tissue, “Of course. Let me fetch him a change of clothes for you.”

Wendy felt relief when the boy’s nana closed the door and left her waiting on the porch. Even if all the old woman had was a common cold, she didn’t want it, or Aiden to catch it either. More than that, she had worried about trying to explain about the ruined underwear. With Nana offering to get a change of clothes, maybe mentioning that wouldn’t be necessary.

A few minutes later, the door opened again and Nana handed her a school backpack, “Here’s a couple of changes of clothes, just in case you keep Aiden until Friday.”

Wendy took the backpack with a thanks. When the door closed, there was a loud sneeze from the other side. A loose windowpane rattled. Vowing to wash her hands thoroughly, Wendy hurried back to her place. Despite the unfortunate set of circumstances that left Aiden to stay with her, she was still happy at the prospect of having her only friend stay with her for a couple of days.

Later, back in her apartment, Wendy wiped her hands on a hand towel as she stood over Aiden, who still napped. The angry red welts on the boy’s stomach were slowly changing to a purplish-black. Aside from a bruised ear, his face was unmarked. She clenched her fists; just like bullies to hit someone weaker than themselves where their injuries could be hidden. Aiden’s blond hair would likely hide the ear from casual inspection. And despite her anger, Wendy felt only relief her friend’s face was unmarked.

Over the past few months, the boy filled the hole in her heart left festering by her parents’ deaths. She touched his forehead, brushing aside a blond lock of hair. Her fingertip traced over his eyebrows. Most boys, as they near adolescence, their eyebrows thicken and darken. But Aiden’s brows were

fair and thin. His nose was straight, short, and unblemished. Even his lips, now relaxed in sleep, were full and red.

The boy whimpered, and his eyelids fluttered. He mumbled, "No, don't hit me."

Wendy pulled back her hand until Aiden's eyelids stopped fluttering and his deep breathing resumed. She rested her hand on his chest and left it there, enjoying the warmth of his bare skin and the steady, even rising and falling. She lost track of the afternoon. As the shadows of twilight fell across the window over the bed, she replayed their conversation about their age differences and dating. At the time of their conversation, she hadn't been entirely sure she was being honest with Aiden, even though she liked him more than anyone else.

Now, though, there was no doubt in her mind. She positively adored the sleeping boy. At least for now, there was no way for her to express the love she felt in anything other than friendship. She vowed she would be the best friend Aiden could possibly have. And together they would figure out how to end the bullying.

Eventually, Wendy ordered from a pizza shop near campus and when the food arrived, she set the pizza on her bed, "Hey, A. You hungry?"

The boy groaned as he sat up. He yelped when he touched his stomach, "Damn, it hurts."

Wendy rested a hand on his shoulder, "Like you said, A, it's just bruised."

The boy was halfway through a slice of pizza when he said, "What time is it? Shoot, Nana's going to kick my butt."

Wendy pointed to the school backpack at the foot of the bed, "No worries. I stopped by your nana's while you were sleeping. Did you know she's got a pretty nasty cold?"

Aiden swallowed a bite of pizza, "I knew she wasn't feeling very good. Maybe I should go home."

Wendy held up her hand, "Not so fast. She doesn't want to give it to you. She asked me to let you stay here tonight. We can check on her tomorrow."

Aiden settled on the bed and grabbed another pizza slice, “Really? Like a sleepover?”

The last time Wendy had been to a sleepover had been in junior high school, when she was a year or two older than Aiden. Thinking back to eating junk food, being scandalized by rap music with explicit music and listening to too much gossip, she found herself nodding, “Yeah.”

“Cool, what do you want to do? Watch a movie?”

“What do you have in mind?” Wendy asked.

After they agreed to the movie, she eyed the boy who wore nothing but a pair of blue jeans. She grabbed the school backpack from the floor, “Do you want to get cleaned up before watching a movie?”

A flush filled Aiden’s cheeks as he glanced at himself, “Yeah.”

He opened the backpack and Wendy glimpsed a pair of red and blue underwear on top of other clothes. Aiden pulled them out first. His face grew redder, “Um, I guess Nana didn’t see my other underwear. these are, um, older.”

Seeing the boy flustered over underwear made Wendy like him even more. She said, “I think you’d be cute in a pair of-” she looked at the underwear closer, “Superman underwear, A.”

The boy looked at her, as though trying to see if she were being serious or was just teasing him. Wendy wasn’t entirely sure herself, other than she knew she wanted to see him in them. She grabbed the underwear from him and rummaged through the collection of clothes Aiden had pulled from the backpack, grabbing a pair of shorts and a t-shirt. “Come on, Clark Kent, let’s get you changed and we can watch a movie.”

She set the change of clothes on the countertop in the bathroom. When Aiden came in, Wendy said, “I’ll wait outside. If you need any help, let me know.”

She had barely closed the door when Wendy heard Aiden, “Ouch.”

A few heartbeats later, his cherubic voice rang out, “Wen.”

Uncertain what she'd find upon opening the door, Wendy cracked it open, "Yes?"

In a voice tinged with defeat, Aiden said, "I-, it hurts too much to unbutton my pants."

Wendy slipped into the bathroom. The boy faced the mirror over the countertop, still wearing just his pants. The look of shame on his face was almost too much. "What's wrong?"

Aiden reached for the button and zipper on his pants and grimaced. "It hurts too much."

Wendy knelt beside him, "Do you need my help, A?"

The boy bit his lower lip and looked at the ceiling before finally nodding. "Yeah. But promise me."

"What?"

He sighed, "Promise me you won't tell my nana about this. Or anyone else."

As if she would tell a soul the boy needed help to remove his clothes. Not in a million years. "I promise, A. Just between us."

Aiden turned to face her. His cheeks were bright scarlet, "Okay."

Still kneeling, Wendy touched the boy's stomach. He flinched before seeming to relax. Then she unfastened the pants' button, revealing the top of the boy's smooth pubic area. She looked up at Aiden and gave him an encouraging smile, "You're doing great, A. We'll have you changed out quick as a flash."

There was a tremor in her hand as she took hold of the zipper. It took everything inside Wendy to still her hand as she drew the zipper down. From there, it was a simply matter of tugging on the waistband of the pants for them to fall to his knees.

What had once been masked behind the foggy glass of her shower was on full display two hand spans away from her eyes. Unlike her second cousin, Aiden was circumcised. He was soft; less than two inches long from base to

tip. Unlike the pictures Wendy had seen online of naked men, Aiden's balls were drawn tight against the base of his flaccid tube of flesh.

Realizing she was staring, Wendy pulled the boy's pants down and helped pull each leg off and then rose, "Okay. Clark Kent, time to turn into Superman."

With that, she knelt again and held open the colorful underwear for Aiden to step into. Once the boy's feet were through the openings, Wendy pulled them up until she gently let the elastic band rest against his waist.

Despite the turmoil Wendy felt inside, she grinned up at him, "And in an amazing transformation, Clark Kent turns into Superman."

Although he was still beet-red, Aiden giggled, "Thanks."

Wendy managed to get the pajama shorts on the boy. But when she tried putting the shirt on, he was too sore. While stuffing the clothes he didn't need back into the backpack, Aiden said, "It's okay. I don't usually wear a shirt to bed, anyway."

"No problem, A. You're supposed to be comfortable at a sleepover."

Wendy wanted to change into something more comfortable before settling in front of the TV for a movie. She knew she should send Aiden into the other room while she changed. But she had already let him see her in her pink underwear. It would also be hypocritical to make the boy go into the other room when she had just seen every square inch of his naked body a few minutes ago.

She glanced at the boy who sat on the end of the bed, and unfastened her pants. As she was sliding them down, revealing a pair of white panties, she said, "Gonna have a sleepover, gotta dress for it. Right, A?"

Aiden squeaked, "Um, Wen?"

Wendy rooted around in her chest of drawers, "Yeah?"

"Should I—"

Finding a pair of green shorts, Wendy said, "You can stay. Just putting on some pajamas."

She found a tank-top in another drawer and turned away from Aiden. Wendy always wore a bra under her shirt when she had class, and she hadn't taken it off yet. But she never wore one to bed. She tossed her shirt into a hamper and then reached her arms around her back and unclasped the hooks. Then she slipped the cotton fabric off and sent it sailing after her shirt. She felt liberated and guilty, knowing her eleven-year-old best friend was gawking at her bare back.

After sliding the tank-top on, Wendy turned around. Aiden's eyes were still big. The young woman gave him a wink and took him into the living room, where they settled onto the sofa and turned on Netflix. They were only a few minutes into the movie when Aiden leaned his head against Wendy's shoulder. At that point, she moved her arm and draped it around his back. The boy responded by laying his head against the side of her chest.

The nineteen-year-old followed the movie, mostly. But thoughts of Aiden were never far away. Even though she hoped Nana would recover quickly from her bout with a cold, Wendy also hoped the old woman would let her grandson stay with her for much of the long weekend. Already, this was shaping up to be the best Thanksgiving since her parents died.

"Do I have to tuck my shirt in?" Aiden stood in front of the mirror in the bathroom. The shirt was a white button-down dress shirt. It was the only dress shirt he owned. It wouldn't have been his choice for Thanksgiving lunch, but Wendy had insisted he wear the nicest clothing his nana had packed.

Wendy sat next to him, in front of a make-up kit, applying some mascara. She wore a maroon skirt and beige blouse. Why she thought she needed makeup was beyond Aiden. All dressed up, she looked even better than usual. And that was saying something because Wendy always looked good.

The young woman nodded, "You should. That shirt and dress pants make you look mature. Leaving the shirt untucked, well, takes away from the mature look."

Aiden wanted Wendy to think of him as mature. Especially after last night. He had felt mortified when the young woman helped him out of his pants. Nobody had seen him naked in a long time, except Brian and Derrick, and they didn't count. And now that Wendy had, what must she think of him? Aiden knew he was smaller than a lot of the other boys in the intermediate school and hated how immature he looked down there. Still, if Wendy thought he looked mature with the shirt tucked in, then tuck it in he would.

It hurt to push the shirttail into his khaki pants. Aiden's bruises were frightful to see. And they hurt like hell too. But he gritted through the pain until his shirt was neatly tucked in his pants. Wendy glanced at him as she applied some stuff to her lips. "Nice, A. You look very handsome."

Her praise alone made it worth the effort. As he waited for Wendy to finish getting ready, Aiden felt conflicted. He hated how his nana was sick, but could hardly contain his happiness at getting to spend the night at Wendy's. Her sofa was softer and a lot nicer than the one in his nana's living room.

After Wendy finished, Aiden experienced another first; riding in the young woman's car. Even though Wendy owned the quadplex buildings, her car, a Honda CR-V, was a couple of years old. Unlike his nana's older model Oldsmobile, Wendy's car was clean, both inside and out.

When Wendy pulled into the parking lot of a high-rise hotel, Aiden's curiosity got the better of him, "There's a restaurant in there?"

As they headed toward the hotel's front doors, Wendy said, "Yep. A rather nice one. My parents and I ate here when I came to visit the campus my junior year of high school. They actually have a buffet set up today."

Aiden felt grown up, going through the buffet line. Even at the table for two he shared with Wendy, they talked about the five-k run coming up the following weekend. When they exhausted talking about the race, they talked about their favorite movies. Wendy truly seemed interested in what he had to say, even if he liked action and comedy movies and she preferred fantasy and romance movies. By the end of the meal, the young woman

had gotten him to agree to watch one of her favorite movies, *The Princess Bride*.

By the time they returned home, the afternoon was mostly gone. Wendy said, "I could stand to walk off a little bit of our meal. Want to go with me and check on your nana?"

Aiden knew it was the right thing. But he didn't want the time with Wendy to be at an end. Spending time with her had quickly supplanted everything else as his favorite thing to do. But he nodded and fell into step beside the young woman as they crossed the road.

Wendy said, "Tomorrow's run is going to be brutal. All that food. I bet I waddle instead of run."

Aiden touched his stomach, which was still sore and tender, and full. "Even if I hadn't eaten like a pig, I'd probably still jog like a duck."

They reached his nana's house, and Wendy rang the doorbell. A few minutes passed before Aiden heard the familiar thump of Nana's cane on the scarred wooden floor. There was a snick of the deadbolt sliding and then the door opened. His nana's nose was swollen and red. Even though she smiled when she saw him, her voice was hoarse, "Aiden, how was Thanksgiving Dinner?"

Inwardly, the boy winced. Compared to how Wendy described her, his nana sounded even worse. "It was good, Nana. But I missed you."

The old woman waved the comment away, "Pshaw! You go out to eat with a pretty young lady and then tell me you missed me. Lies."

Despite his nana's appearance, she still managed a weak smile.

Wendy said, "Goodness, Nana. Do you need me to get anything from Walgreens? Medicine? Food?"

Nana shook her head, "That's so sweet to ask, Wendy. I hate to impose further, but do you think you can keep Aiden again this evening? It's taking me longer to get over this damned cold."

Aiden's heart soared at the request, even as he felt terrible for his nana. His stomach fluttered when Wendy put a hand on his shoulder, "Of course,

he can. If you need a few days to recover, take it. If it'll help, I can make sure he gets off to school Monday."

Gratitude replaced the humor in his nana's eyes. She said, "Are you sure you don't mind? Aiden can be such a handful sometimes."

Aiden groaned, "Nana! I'm not that bad."

Wendy chimed, "I enjoy Aiden's company, Nana. He's a perfect gentleman."

Nana turned, sneezing behind the door, "I hate this damned cold. You just let me know if he stops being a perfect gentleman. If he's behaving so well, it's probably because he sees you as more a friend than an old adult like me. Enjoy it while it lasts."

Wendy laughed along with Nana. Aiden scowled at his Nana's attempt to embarrass him. Still, after his nana closed the door and he and Wendy were returning to her apartment, he was on cloud nine. The sleepover would last for the rest of the long holiday weekend.

Back inside Wendy's bedroom, she said, "After we get changed, what would you like to do?"

Aiden liked the idea of cuddling on the sofa again, "We could watch that Princess movie you like."

Wendy's eyes lit up, "Cool. I really think you'll like it."

She picked up his backpack, "You need any help to get changed tonight?"

The boy knew she was referring to the previous night, when he was too sore and in too much pain to unfasten his pants. While he was still in some pain and almost as sore, he thought he could probably manage it. On the other hand, despite how embarrassed he was about her seeing him, there was also something that would enjoy the closeness of her help. Still, maybe it was more mature to do it himself, "Let me try it."

Although there was some pain in his stomach as his fingers unfastened the buttons closest to the bruising, Aiden managed to unbutton himself. He stood and slid the shirt off, setting it next to his backpack. Then he flushed as he managed to unbutton his pants. He paused before grabbing the zipper. Should he go into the bathroom? Remembering Wendy changing in

front of him before lunch, he tugged on the zipper and pulled his pants down and off.

Standing in front of Wendy in just his Superman underwear, there was a twitch between Aiden's legs. Although he was soft at the moment, that was about to change. Even though he adored the young woman, the idea she might see him with a stiffy made him uncomfortable. He grabbed the same pajama pants from the previous night and slid them over his slight frame, even as he tried to ignore the growth in his underwear and hoped Wendy wouldn't spy the slight indentation in his pajama bottoms.

Aiden knew he ought to feel uncomfortable with Wendy's eyes ranging across his body. Instead, he felt a growing sense of familiarity, seemingly normal between the closest of friends. Still sitting on the end of the bed, Wendy unbuttoned the beige blouse until the white cups of her bra came into view. Then, she slid the shirt off her shoulders, letting the fabric fall to the bed. Aiden's eyes were fixed on the padded cups and the modest chest hidden behind them.

Then, she rose and turned away from him, saying, "A, can you unzip my skirt?"

Aiden felt as though he were touching something forbidden when he grabbed the zipper and tugged it down. Once the boy could pull the zipper no further, Wendy, with her hands on her hips, pushed the skirt down, where it bunched at her feet. She wore a pair of white panties, which perfectly matched her bra.

In his pajama shorts, Aiden felt himself stir. The part of him that had chubbed a bit when Wendy saw him in his Superman underwear, was a hardened stiffy, distending the multiple layers at his groin.

"Thanks A," Wendy said before walking over to the chest of drawers. She pulled a spaghetti strap cami and held it in front of her chest, "Whatcha think?"

Aiden forgot his penis poking at the front of his shorts as he stared at the young woman. He thought about how he had seen her naked back earlier that morning and wondered what she looked like with nothing covering

her. But he liked his friend way too much to tell her something like that. "Um, yeah, you'd look pretty in that."

"Cool," Wendy's cheeks blushed red as she came back over to him. She turned her back to him, "You don't have to if you don't want..."

Her voice faltered. Curious about what she was about to say, Aiden asked, "Do what?"

Wendy finished, "Um, my bra. If you want, you can unhook it."

Aiden was stunned. Taking a girl's bra off was the stuff he fantasized about. But this wasn't just any girl. This was Wendy, who was, without a doubt, the best friend he'd ever had, even if she was eight years older. His voice squeaked, "Really?"

Wendy turned her head far enough around for him to see her face as she said, "Only if you want to, Aiden. If you don't want to... it's just I thought you might."

Aiden gasped, "No. Ah, I mean, yeah. I don't mind." His hands shook as his fingers touched her milky-yellow skin above the clasp on her bra.

Wendy faced away, "Do you see the little hooks? There are four of them. Just unhook them for me."

It was impossible for Aiden's fingers to not shake, but even so, Wendy was patient as it took him several tries on each clasp to unhook the bra. But once the boy finished, the young woman pulled the bra forward, unthreading it through her arms.

Aiden's hand remained on her back for a few heartbeats. The soft heat did nothing to make his stiffy go away. He decided her back was perfect. Wendy raised her hands and slid the cami over her torso until the boy had no choice but to remove his hand.

The young woman turned around and gave him a peck of a kiss on the cheek, "Thanks, A. I hope I'm not embarrassing you."

As close as he was to Wendy, she also intoxicated Aiden. He shook his head, "N-, no. I don't m-, mind. We're friends."

Wendy flashed him a smile. Was there a hint of relief in it? Before Aiden could decide, the young woman said, “Best friends. A. Now, you ready to watch what is possibly the best fantasy movie ever made?”

Before joining him on the sofa, Wendy donned a pair of gray shorts. They were even shorter than Aiden’s pajama shorts, which didn’t come more than halfway to his knees. And just like the previous night, Wendy put her arm around his shoulder, letting him rest his head against the side of her chest.

As the movie started, Aiden identified with the sick grandson. He wasn’t sure what to make of the other characters, although Wendy was right. The movie was definitely a fantasy. But as it progressed, Aiden forgot about being held by Wendy. He forgot about his body sporting a frequent stiffy, and just watched the movie. By the time the Man in Black and the Spaniard fought their duel, he was hooked.

When the movie was over, he glanced over at Wendy, “That was awesome. Maybe we can watch it again soon.”

Wendy squeezed his shoulder in a half-hug, “As you wish.”

Aiden’s stomach fluttered as his heart quickened. Wendy used Wesley’s code for when he wanted to tell Buttercup he loved her. Uncertain how she meant it, the boy just smiled, “Cool.”

Wendy rose, “You ready to work off our turkey dinner come tomorrow morning?”

Aiden groaned. Normally they were jogging on Fridays by six thirty in the morning. “Can’t we sleep in?”

Wendy playfully tousled his hair, “Fine, but no later than eight.”

Mollified, the boy bobbed his head as he reached toward the end of the sofa, grabbing the sheet and blanket.

Chapter 5

The problem with Texas weather is you just didn't know what you'd get. Wendy's legs cramped as sweat streaked her face. She picked up the pace, keeping even with Aiden, as they rounded the last road leading back toward their starting point. Less than a week remained until the last month of the year and the temperature was close to eighty.

She wondered where the boy found the energy. After all, it had only been two days since the bullies had hit and kicked him. Before putting on his running shirt, the boy's bruises stood out on his stomach. He had to hurt, but the pace Aiden kept made Wendy wonder about it.

When they were perhaps a hundred paces from Wendy's place, Aiden yelled, "Race you!"

And with that, he put on a last burst of energy and pulled ahead. Despite telling herself it wasn't a contest, Wendy's legs pumped faster as she raced to catch up. Being four inches taller than the eleven-year-old boy, Wendy only missed winning their impromptu race by a couple of paces.

When the boy reached the concrete parking lot between the first quadplex and the Wendy's small apartment, Aiden spun around and raised his fists as he gasped, "And that's how I'm going to win the race!"

Sucking in air, Wendy stuck her tongue out, "I'll get you tomorrow. I'm still laden with turkey."

Aiden stuck his tongue out too, "Yeah. Wanna bet?"

They were back in the apartment when Wendy said, "I'll take that bet. Winner picks the movie tomorrow afternoon."

"Deal!" Aiden exclaimed as he fell onto the sofa, on top of the blanket still rumpled from where the boy slept.

Enjoying the moment, Wendy collapsed onto Aiden with an explosive "Oof!"

As gently as she could, she tickled his ribs, keeping her hands away from the bruising on his stomach. Aiden giggled, trying to inch away from Wendy as her fingers seemed to find the right spots to make him laugh. By

the time they reached the end of the sofa, Aiden's shirt was on the floor and Wendy's fingers had touched every rib beneath his skin.

Then Aiden surprised her. His hands slid under her t-shirt and dug into her belly. Wendy burst out laughing, partly from surprise, but mostly because she was ticklish and the boy found one of her many spots.

As Aiden went on the attack, Wendy inched back the way she came, along the sofa cushions. She was back to where they had started and the boy's fingers moved to her ribs, pushing the hem of the t-shirt, exposing her midriff. Wendy couldn't recall the last time she'd had more fun, just wrestling with a friend. Aiden's hand grabbed the hem of her shirt and pulled upward. At that moment, the young woman remembered she had gone jogging braless. Her small breasts didn't do justice to the modest, padded a-cups she wore to her classes. It's not like they jiggled around when she ran.

She grabbed the hem, stopping Aiden just as the bottom part of her swells came into view, "Um, I'm not wearing a bra, A."

Aiden jerked his hands back like he was burned. His face turned to scarlet, "Oh, shit! I'm sorry, Wen. I thought you had a bra on."

Seeing Aiden's panicked response, Wendy took his hands in hers, "It's okay, Aiden. That's what I figured."

The boy's eyes were still fixed to her chest, even while his hands were close to his stomach, "I'm sorry. I didn't know."

Wendy loved the boy's expression and the deep scarlet on Aiden's cheeks. She knew she ought not to feel this way, but part of her enjoyed the idea of the boy seeing her chest. Given that she had seen him naked already, what would it hurt for him to get a look at her, if he really wanted to?

"It's okay, A. What's the worst that would have happened?"

The shade of his cheeks didn't change as he replied, "Um, I'd have seen your, ah, boobs."

Wendy leaned forward, tracing her fingers along the boy's ribs, "You're my best friend, A. There's nothing wrong with you seeing my chest. I mean,

how much of you have I seen?”

Aiden giggled, “All of me.”

Wendy’s fingers tickled the boy’s ribs, eliciting more giggles until Aiden’s hands returned to her stomach and ribs. Then, as the boy’s fingers seemed to stop about half-way up her ribcage, she said, “You can take it off, if you want. I really don’t mind, if you want to see.”

Aiden grabbed the hem of the shirt and pulled it over her head. The boy sucked in a loud and deep breath as he stared at Wendy’s chest. The nineteen-year-old didn’t fully understand what the boy saw in her chest. Her areolas, a dark brown against her pale skin, were barely larger than an inch in diameter and her nipples were smaller than the eraser on the end of a pencil. Add to that, there wasn’t much swelling of her breast tissue.

Wendy’s chest never received even a second look from the guys in any of her classes. They gave their attention to women with bigger tits. But the look Aiden gave her chest was enough to let her know the one person who mattered liked what he saw.

“What do you think?” Wendy whispered.

Aiden dropped the shirt on the floor, “Wow. Shit. Wow.”

Wendy chuckled, “You’ve got a bigger vocabulary than that, A.”

The boy’s eyes never left her chest, “Yeah, I know. But Wendy, they’re beautiful. I’ve never...”

The enraptured look in Aiden’s eyes said everything Wendy needed to know. Still, he was her best friend, and she enjoyed teasing him, “You’ve never seen boobs so small?”

Aiden tore his eyes away from her chest and looked her in the eyes, “No. I’ve never seen a girl’s boobs at all.”

“None of the girls in school?”

The boy shook his head.

“Online?”

Aiden's eye flicked to her chest, "It's not the same, Wen. That stuff's fake. You're real."

The silence that fell between them grew awkward after a few heartbeats. Wanting to fill the empty space, Wendy reached out and tickled Aiden's ribs, and leaned forward, causing the boy to scoot back, slowly retreating in a fit of giggles.

When the boy reached the end, his hands reached out and found her ribs. Instead of retreating again, Wendy redoubled her attack on his ribcage even as Aiden's fingers slipped between her ribs. Wendy laughed as his fingers found a particularly sensitive spot a few inches below the swell of her right breast.

As Aiden dug in, the tickling intensified and Wendy redoubled her laughter until her bladder leaked. There was only a slight wetness at her front, but it caused her to fall back to the middle of the sofa. Aiden bounded across the open space and reached out. He found another ticklish spot on her ribs, now just below the soft tissue of her breast's gentle swell.

Through her laughter, Wendy gasped, "A-, ha ha ha! Sto-"

Another rolling fit of giggles beset her and her bladder slipped again. She brushed at Aiden's hand, pushing it away. Unaware of Wendy's dilemma, the boy's fingers reached in and brushed against the upswell of her right breast. The jolt of the touch caused Aiden to pull back, "Oh, shit. I'm so sorry!"

Wendy didn't know what to do or say. The tingle in her breast competed with the wetness of slightly peeing herself. Deep inside her heart, she enjoyed Aiden's touch on her breast. But now wasn't the time to explore those feelings. Not when she could see a small wet patch darkening the front of her shorts. Gasping for breath, she wheezed, "Jeez, A, you made me laugh so hard, I peed my shorts!"

A look of horror crossed Aiden's face, "I'm so, so sorry, Wen. I didn't mean to do that either."

Even as a younger girl, Wendy had never played with other kids like she had with Aiden. The day had been one of discovery when it came to how

ticklish she was. And she had never laughed hard enough to lose control of her bladder before. "It's not your fault, A. Nobody's ever made me laugh so hard before."

Even as she spoke, Wendy felt a sense of relief, sharing so intimate a secret with the boy next to her. The intimacy of their play, coupled with the adorable expression on his face, she felt lucky beyond belief to finally have a friend as close as he. Perhaps that's why she pulled the front of her shorts down, exposing her panties. Pressing her hand against the wet cotton made her realize she was even wetter than she originally thought.

Aiden's eyes went from her bare breasts to staring at the white cotton panties. Wendy finally felt embarrassed when she saw the yellow stain on the front, knowing the boy could see the same thing. "Um, I guess I need to change."

Having already seen Aiden completely naked, she wanted to share with him the same thing, even if part of her mind was telling her it was a bad idea. Wendy lifted her hips and grabbed hold of both shorts and panties and slid them down, exposing herself as completely as she had already seen Aiden.

The stunned look on the boy's face made her second guess her choice, even as the boy stared at the silky strands of her pubic hair tracing away from her slit. Pursing her lips as she mentally beat herself up, she stood and hurried toward the bathroom, "Um, sorry, A. I'm going to get a shower, get cleaned up."

Wendy stood in the shower, letting the hot water cleanse her embarrassment. What was she thinking exposing herself to him like that? Things were happening too fast. It was bad enough thinking he wanted to see her tits. God, why would anyone want to see those bee-stings? And then to let him see her slit? Had she lost her mind?

No matter what her mind threw at her, the fluttering in her stomach was unrelenting. It wasn't right, she knew, but she had enjoyed letting Aiden take her shirt off. And her body wanted to feel his fingers touching her breast's soft tissue again, even though her mind told her it was wrong.

She tilted her head and let the water fall onto her face as she wetted her short hair. Rubbing shampoo into her hair, she thought about how much Aiden meant to her. College had been a bust when it came to meeting other students. The idea of pledging a sorority felt alien to her. All the girls in the sororities on campus felt fake, rather like Aiden's view of online boobs. She didn't want fake friends. Aiden was the only person she had met since her parents died, other than her father's attorney, Mr. Benton, who felt genuine. Why couldn't the boy be older?

In her mind's eye, she knew his nana wouldn't raise a stink about them dating if he were sixteen. After all, that's a small enough age difference. Aiden's nana would probably not be bothered if he were only fifteen. Even if other people might not feel the same way, Wendy was sure a fifteen-year-old Aiden standing next to her, would be a lot taller than her and people might even think he was older, given how young she appeared.

But what would the boy's nana think if he were fourteen? Would that five-year gap be too much? Wendy sighed unhappily as she grabbed her loofah and washed her torso. Even if the boy's nana would be okay with a five-year gap, she couldn't imagine her accepting an eight-year gap until Aiden grew up some more. The sorry truth was, Wendy loved the boy and she couldn't shake the feeling, even though she knew she couldn't be anything more than friends with him, at least until he was in high school. And maybe not even then.

Her soapy fingers slid through the silky thread of her pubic hair. It was as if mother nature hated her. Was it bad enough she had tiny breasts, that instead of a full bush of pubic hair, she only had a thin ribbon of silky hair? Instead of radiating out from her vulva, like a vast bush, it was an inch at its widest, tapering to nothing after a couple of inches from her slit.

A soapy finger on her clit made her bite back a moan. Even though she needed the release, the last thing she wanted was for Aiden to hear her moaning while masturbating. Just thinking of Aiden brought the eleven-year-old into her mind. Despite trying to blink away the image, she saw him as he had appeared, naked and soft. Her finger sank deeper into her folds, pushing past her inner labia until she found her vagina. She sank a

finger inside and shuddered at the feeling, as she realized Aiden's penis would likely only be slightly larger.

The thought of the boy inside her was enough for the rising tide of her orgasm to crash over her. She shuddered, leaning against the glass as her knees buckled. Another wave crashed into her and her eyes flickered from the intensity of the orgasm. Again and again, as her finger pushed into her virgin cave, until she ended up on the floor of the shower, still shaking from the series of orgasms.

Even though Wendy had discovered the pleasure of her own body when she was a bit older than Aiden, she had never cum like that before. Of course, the closest she had come to losing her virginity before was when she and another girl had licked each other during a sleepover her freshman year in high school. The experience hadn't been very satisfying, and she hadn't thought she was missing much. Until now.

Just thinking about Aiden had given her the most powerful orgasm in her nineteen years. But as she climbed to her feet, she again felt shame. Not because she fantasized about the boy, but because there was nothing she could do about her feelings for Aiden. For the foreseeable future, all they could be is friends.

Although he was slow to respond to Wendy's reveal, Aiden followed her into the bedroom a few seconds after the girl closed the bathroom door behind her. His heart raced as the image of the young woman's parts replayed in his mind. The few images he had seen online didn't come close to stirring in him what he felt seeing the slit between Wendy's legs and the fine trail of hair going north a short way toward her flat belly.

He sat at the end of Wendy's bed, and moved his stiffy around in his underwear, trying to make it comfortable as it strained against the fabric. He wanted to pull his shorts down and jack off until he got the tingles. But there was no way he would do that in Wendy's bedroom. If she saw him doing something like that, she might freak out and not want to be his friend anymore. One thing the past couple of days taught him was, he

wanted Wendy to be his friend more than anything else in the entire world.

When the shower turned on, Aiden figured he had a few minutes until Wendy returned and against his better judgement, he pulled his shorts off and his underwear down to his knees, freeing the not quite three-and-a-half inches from its cloth prison. He sighed as he wrapped his fingers around the shaft and thought about Wendy's body. Perhaps they were small, as she said, but to his eyes, unfamiliar with the real thing, they looked breathtaking.

Then, as his fist jacked his shaft, Aiden imagined the delicate slit scarcely hidden behind soft, straight black hair. Just thinking about Wendy as he jacked off, made the feeling even stronger. And before more than a few dozen heartbeats passed, the tingling exploded and his stiffy spasmed and kicked in his hand. He closed his eyes against the powerful, dry orgasm. He pulled his hand away and let the overhead fan cool him off.

The problem was, even after a few minutes, he was still hard and images of Wendy refused to leave him alone. The only relief he could find was wrapping his hand around his shaft and closing his eyes as he started in again, eager to feel that dry orgasm once again.

He was jacking off, enjoying the gentle tingles that came early in each session when there was a sound at the door to the bathroom and he realized the shower was no longer running. He jerked his hand back as the door swung open and Wendy stood in the doorway with a towel wrapped around her torso. When she spied him, naked from the knees up, his stiffy pointing toward the ceiling, the young woman's eyebrows shot up.

Silence descended on the room for a long, uncomfortable moment. Then Aiden came to his senses, and he tugged at the underwear bunched at his knees. "Ah, shoot! Um, sorry!"

He was still sitting on the end of the bed, Aiden's underwear reached the bottom of his backside, but he would need to stand up to slide it up to his waist.

Wendy just stared at him; her mouth wide open in shock. When she closed it, she swallowed, her eyes still fixed on his little stiffy, "Ah, I, um. Maybe I should knock next time."

The terror Aiden felt at the discovery lessened a tiny bit. His best friend seemed more bemused than angry. He shifted his butt so he could slide the underwear over his backside and then let it snap against his waist. Of course, his erection poked against the fabric and Wendy would have needed to be blind to miss the tent in his briefs. He stammered, "I-, I'm, ah, jeez, I'm really sorry. I dunno what I was thinking."

Wendy came into the room and said, "Wow, I didn't realize you were..."

The young woman's eyes were still fixed on Aiden's crotch when her voice gave way to more silence. Uncertain what words would salve the predicament he was in, Aiden looked down, crimson faced.

Wendy sat beside him and put an arm around his shoulders, "There's nothing wrong with doing that, Aiden. Why didn't you wait for your turn at the shower?"

Aiden blinked back tears, telling himself that Wendy didn't sound too upset. With the young woman's eyes on his crotch, it made no sense to ignore the bulge, "I'm really sorry, Wen. It's just, after playing in the living room, I got, um, ah, hard."

Wendy's cheeks reddened, "Weren't you afraid I'd catch you?"

Aiden doubted the young woman needed or wanted to know how horny he was. How jacking off once hadn't been enough to get his stiffy to go away. He shrugged, "I kind of lost track of time and, um, the sound of the shower."

A smile played across Wendy's face, "Was it because you saw my boobs?"

Aiden breathed easier. If Wendy was really upset, she was hiding it well. He glanced at the towel covering her chest. The towel mostly hid her bumps. Then his eyes darted to the space between her legs, also covered by the towel. "Um, yeah, and down there, too."

Wendy squeezed his shoulders in a half-hug, "I guess that's my fault for getting undressed in the living room. Sorry, A, I shouldn't have done that."

Aiden knew that was exactly what led him to jacking off, but he didn't want Wendy blaming herself, "It's okay. I didn't mind."

Wendy's lips curled even more, "You didn't mind? More likely, you liked it."

Caught like a deer in the headlights, Aiden nodded, "Maybe so. Being friends and all, does it bother you I think you're the prettiest girl I know?"

Wendy leaned her shoulder against Aiden's neck, "Bother me? No. I think it's pretty cool, you think I'm pretty. Can I tell you a secret?"

Curious, Aiden nodded, "Sure."

"I think you're the most handsome boy I know. I like your blond hair, like the way you smile at me and how much you enjoy being my friend. You make being your friend easy. I know we talked earlier about how I would want to be your girlfriend when you're closer to my age. But my real secret is I can hardly wait to be your girlfriend and when you get into high school, even if we can't tell anyone."

Aiden's heart fluttered. Wendy liked him the same way he liked her. But two-and-a-half years is a lifetime away when a boy is eleven. Still, he couldn't help but smiling, "I'll be almost as tall and almost as old when I'm thirteen. Would you be my girlfriend when I turn thirteen?"

Wendy kissed his cheek, "I don't know, A. The older you are, the less likely people would be to ask troublesome questions. Including your nana."

The fluttering feeling in his heart sank. If he were fourteen dating her at nineteen and they had to keep it a secret, how was that different from him being eleven and Wendy being nineteen? It made little sense to him. Still, he reminded himself, Wendy hadn't freaked out when she caught sight of his stiffy. Maybe she would change her mind.

"I guess I need to get cleaned up," Aiden said, kicking the shorts from his ankle.

Wendy didn't let go yet, "You're not upset with me, are you, Aiden?"

He enjoyed the warmth of the hug, “No, Wen. We’re cool.” Even though he was supposed to get up, Aiden didn’t want the hug to end. Despite everything Wendy said, the hug felt like it was more special than something shared between friends, maybe even between best friends. Despite a tremor of nervousness, Aiden wanted to know if perhaps there was some wiggle room in their friendship for something more. He didn’t want to have to wait nearly three years to see all of Wendy again.

“Um, is it okay for me to get undressed in here, Wen?”

Wendy’s arm remained around his shoulders, “I guess, if you want, A. Whatever you’re comfortable with.”

The fluttering in Aiden’s heart returned as he lifted his hips again, this time sliding his underwear down. He pushed them until below his knees. Gravity took care of the rest. He resisted the nearly overwhelming urge to cover himself, especially given his stiffy still pointed to the ceiling. The embarrassment of being naked warred with the thrill of being horny and a growing realization Wendy enjoyed seeing him like this. Probably as much as he enjoyed seeing her.

Wendy’s voice was dry, “You going to get a shower?”

Aiden rested his head against her shoulder, “Yeah. But I don’t want to get up while you’re hugging me.”

Wendy said, “Aww, you’re the sweetest, A.” Then her free arm slid across his chest and she gave him a full hug. Aiden’s body responded; his stiffy twitched, as though happy to be out and about and just inches away from Wendy’s hands.

When the hug ended, Aiden felt a moment’s loss. He rose and glanced over at Wendy before stealing a glance at his own stiffy, “I guess I should get that shower now.”

He felt Wendy’s gaze on him as he headed toward the bathroom. Even though his feelings were tumultuous, Aiden wanted to be whatever it was Wendy needed him to be. Before the door closed, he saw her lay back, her feet nearly touching the floor. For the briefest of moments, her legs were

open and he could see between her legs. Then the door closed, and it was time for his shower.

As Aiden washed his hair, he thought about grabbing his small pole and finishing what he had started before Wendy had interrupted him. But the desire to finish showering the smell of the morning run from him was greater, just to see if Wendy would still be wrapped in just her towel.

After a quick soaping and rinsing, Aden dried off. He stopped himself when the towel was halfway around his waist. He flushed as his stiffy bounced in the cool air. Wendy had already seen him several times. There was something exhilarating, letting his best friend see him without even a towel to hide his body.

He opened the door. Wendy was where he left her, still lying on the bed in just her towel. Smiling at the sight, Aiden said, "I'm finished, Wen."

Wendy didn't respond. Aiden went over to the bed and saw the young woman sleeping. He crawled next to her, "Wendy."

The young woman's eyes fluttered open, "Did I fall asleep?"

"Yeah. But you weren't asleep for long. I was fast," Aiden said as he sat cross-legged beside her.

She smirked at him, "You just wanted to see if I was still wearing just a towel."

Aiden feigned innocence, "What? Me? Why would you think that?"

Wendy, still lying back, turned her head toward him. No doubt she could see the tip of his stiffy over his crossed legs, "I dunno. Could it be because you seem so happy to see me?"

Happy to see her? Of course, Aiden was happy to see... Oh, *happy to see her*—his stiffy poked over his crossed legs. It felt weird to hear Wendy talking about his penis, but he like the way his stomach fluttered. Uncertain how to respond to her comment about his penis, Aiden said, "I'm always happy to see you, Wen. I'm jelly to your peanut butter."

Wendy propped herself on her elbow, "How's that, A? Can't have one without the other?"

Aiden blushed at the question. The idea of not being without her made his heart pound. He shook his head, "No. It's just that they're better together."

Wendy's eyebrows rose as a smile played at the corner of her lips, "I like that, A. You think we're a better together?"

Nodding, Aiden said, "You ever eat a plain peanut butter sandwich?"

Wendy chuckled. Then she sat up and leaned toward him. When her face was nearly touching his, she whispered, "Do you want to know another secret?"

Aiden's heart raced and his stiffy twitched, "What's that?"

The young woman closed the last couple of inches, gently touching her lips to his. The kiss was but a heartbeat long, but had there remained a shred of doubt about how Wendy felt about him, that brief kiss blew it away. Breathing fast, Wendy said, "I know we have to wait 'til your older, but I really like you, you're my kind of jelly, A. Fourteen is so far away."

Aiden's lips tingled. Even his stiffy twinged at the kiss. He knew what love was. After all, he loved his nana. In that moment, when Wendy looked at him, following the kiss, what he felt for her was more real, more solid, and tangible than what he felt for anyone else. It wasn't right that they had to wait. At school the teachers and principals were great at scaring kids about horror stories of adults hurting kids. He supposed people like that existed. But Wendy was the exact opposite of that. She was loving and kind and she wanted only the best for him; just like a best friend. Maybe now wasn't the time, after all, his emotions were a riot of confusion and even Wendy seemed like her emotions were adrift too.

Aiden sighed as he reached around Wendy's neck and hugged her, "I know you think we need to wait. Maybe we do. But I don't want to. I think we'd make the best peanut butter and jelly sandwich. I can hardly wait for you to taste my jelly."

Wendy's eyes grew round as she giggled, "Oh my God!"

Chapter 6

Wendy

Her legs didn't ache as much when Wendy finally slowed to a stop in the parking lot in front of her little apartment. Aiden stood in the nearby grass, feet shoulder-width apart, bent over, sucking in as much air as his lungs could hold.

When she caught her breath, the young woman said, "That's an improvement over yesterday. I don't think we have to worry about embarrassing ourselves at the five-k run."

Aiden stretched, revealing a black and blue bruising along his stomach. He hadn't complained about the pain or aches since yesterday. If he still felt pain, he masked it well. Wendy thought about what was hidden a few inches below where the bruising ended. She was still hard pressed to believe the boy that he didn't understand the double meaning about the jelly. Still, the laughter they shared over the boy's inadvertent flub brought the moment to a close. They had spent the rest of the day watching movies and eating meals.

When Wendy caught a second breath, she said, "Come on, Aiden. Let's go check on your nana before we get on with our Saturday. She felt the boy's presence right behind her as she walked across the street and down a couple of houses, until she stood on the old, worn-out porch and knocked.

When the old woman opened the door, she looked scarcely any better than on Thanksgiving. Her voice was scratchy, "I was beginning to wonder if you kids had forgotten me."

Aiden moved up beside Wendy and said, "Sorry, Nana. Yesterday we watching the Fast and Furious movies. They were sick."

Nana shook her head and turned and hid it behind the door when a body-shaking cough wracked her body. She dabbed her lips with a sleeve, "No. I think I'm sick. If I'm not better on Monday, I think I'll have to go get this looked at."

She turned her attention back to Wendy, "How's my little urchin doing? You haven't had to take him to task, have you?"

Aiden piped up, "I'm an angel, Nana. Really!"

Wendy smiled. "He's been great, Nana. A proper gentleman. Don't feel like you have to rush. Until you're better, he can stay over."

There was a rattling rasp to the old woman's chuckle. "Don't tempt me, Wendy. You might find yourself with an eleven-year-old boarder."

Wendy felt some heat in her face. There was nothing she'd enjoy more than letting Aiden stay as long as he needed. Still, she didn't want her genuine feelings for the boy to shine too brightly. "Well, I can always give him some chores, make him pay his way."

Nana dipped her head in agreement, "Mighty fine plan, although I have trouble getting him to do anything, including take a shower."

Aiden piped up, "I'm good. I promise. I like showering over at Wendy's."

The heat in her cheeks grew even hotter at the implication. She stammered, "Its, it's a waterfall showerhead. Very popular."

Despite being bloodshot, Nana's eyes sparkled, "You must be doing something right. Or he has a crush on you."

Aiden made a sour face, "Eww, gross. Girls are yucky."

Nana gave him a sharp look, before turning back to Wendy, "Don't believe a word of it, dear. He's got a crush on you, plain as day. Don't be surprised to find him sneaking looks at you when changing or in the shower."

Aiden just scowled at the direction his nana turned the conversation. Wendy felt like she had just stepped into a minefield. "I guess I'll have to duct tape the keyhole to the bedroom."

The boy's nana wheezed, "That would make it difficult for you to return the favor."

Wendy felt an icy lance down her spine until the wan smile on Nana's face eased her worry. Feeling it might be okay to joke a bit, the young woman said, "It wouldn't be temptation if he wasn't so adorable."

Another coughing fit hit the old woman. When her breathing approached normal again, she said, "Maybe that's the secret to a happy boy. Let him hang out with a girl who likes him as much as he likes her."

The smile was still on the old woman's face and the laughter reached her eyes. Even so, Wendy didn't like where the conversation meandered. "I best get Aiden back to my place and feed him breakfast. Call me if you need anything."

Wendy closed the door to her apartment and turned to Aiden, "Do you think your nana knows how close we are?"

Aiden pulled his shirt off and tossed it on the messy covers over the sofa, "I don't know. But even if she knows how good of friends we are, I don't think she cares. I think she likes that you like me."

Wendy got the same vibe. But she seriously doubted the old woman would feel the same if she knew how much the young woman longed to kiss her grandson.

The young woman grabbed a couple of water bottles from her nearly empty fridge and tossed one to Aiden, who caught it, twisted the cap and then tipped it back and guzzled half the bottle. Wendy took a smaller sip, "What do you want to do, A? Watch a movie?"

Aiden shrugged, "I guess we can watch a movie."

He came over to her and put the almost empty water bottle behind her. Then, his fingers darted under the fabric of her shirt and tickled Wendy's stomach. Before she could respond, the boy ran and disappeared into her bedroom. The disquiet she felt earlier dissipated as the young woman ran into her bedroom, uncertain of what she would find.

Aiden, still sweaty from their run, sprawled out on her bed, flapping his arms as though making a snow angel. Wendy eyed the boy. If she gave in to his desire to horseplay, there was a good chance their clothes would come off. But if they did, she would find a line and stop before things could get out of hand, just like the previous day.

Confident in her ability to manage the situation, Wendy launched herself at the bed, landing beside Aiden, where she found ticklish spots on his ribs. The boy flinched as he had a fit of giggles. Then he grabbed at her t-shirt. But Wendy was fast, straddling Aiden's thighs and fighting off his busy

fingers. At one point, she grabbed both his wrists. She pushed forward, forcing Aiden's wrists above his head.

What she had forgotten was how close their heads were to one another in this position. Aiden stopped struggling and grinned at her. Then he leaned forward until his puckered lips pushed against hers for just a moment. Wendy's lips tingled at the moistness of Aiden's lips. Hovering over the boy by bare inches, the young woman said, "Nice, huh?"

Aiden nodded as he managed to yank his left hand free of her grip. He snaked it under her shirt until he found a rib. Wendy let go his other hand, bringing her fingers back to the boy's ribs, where she was determined to find Aiden's perfect tickle spot.

Wendy felt no surprise when Aiden tugged at her shirt. This was becoming familiar to her, and she knew they weren't anywhere close to the line she mustn't cross. This time, she let the boy work the shirt over her head, freeing her small boobs from their temporary cloth prison. Aiden gasped when her chest came into view, "Wow, Wen. Those are perfect."

She felt good at the boy's praise and ignored how hardly anyone else might share Aiden's opinion. Before the boy could say anything else, Wendy finally found the perfect ticklish spot toward the top of the left side of his ribcage. Aiden would have curled into a fetal position were it not for her strategic seat on his lower lap. He pulled a hand away from her belly, brushing away her hand from his ribs.

When Aiden reached for her ribs, he found one just below the bottom swell of one breast. She pushed away the thought of how nice it might feel if the boy's fingers moved up. Or at least tried to. But sitting on the sweaty boy as he ran his fingers over her body, it was hard to think clearly.

Aiden must have picked up on her indecision. He wrapped his arms around her back and pushed up with one of his legs, rolling the two of them onto their sides. He didn't stop with that, rolling himself onto Wendy's lap, reversing position with her.

Now on her back, Wendy saw her best friend looking down at her. Blond locks were plastered to his forehead and his eyes sparkled. Aiden rested his

hands on Wendy's stomach while her hands had fallen to her side when Aiden rolled them over and traded places with her.

"Now you're mine," Aiden giggled as he tickled her stomach. Content, at least for the moment, to see where the boy would take things, Wendy left her hands by her side while laughing whenever the boy found a ticklish spot. When Wendy's giggles ebbed, the boy moved his hands to her ribs, eliciting new guffaws of laughter from her. And just like before, on one particularly ticklish spot, Wendy felt her bladder give way. It was just a drop. She clenched her legs, determined to not have an accident. But as she squealed with laughter as the boy's fingers moved up her ribcage, finding more spots to tickle, she felt another short trickle.

"S-, Stop, Aiden. You're making me, hahaha, pee."

Aiden's fingers rested on her ribs, bare inches away from Wendy's lower swells. "Really?"

He shifted just enough to see Wendy's shorts. "I don't see anything."

His fingers dug in between two of Wendy's ribs and she slipped into another giggle fit. The boy's fingers moved upward until only a single rib rested between him and the bottom of her boob. And the spot was her most ticklish yet. Wendy teared up from the peals of laughter the boy drew from her. And she felt a stream slip from her bladder. This was enough to feel in her clothes.

She wheezed through giggles, "I'm peeing! Stop it!"

Aden glanced between them, "Oh, shit! I'm sorry."

Wendy propped herself on her elbow to see the front of her running shorts. Sure enough, a dark little stain spread from the middle of her shorts. She knew she should be upset with Aiden for not listening to her the first time. But part of her wanted this. Not to pee. No, that was gross. But to give Aiden more to look at.

She sighed theatrically, "Jeez, A. How bad is it?"

Aiden brought a hand between them and touched the fabric of her shorts, "You're wet in the middle."

Wendy felt a moment's thrill at the boy's touch. "What about my underwear?"

Aiden's fingers grabbed the front of her shorts' waistband and he pulled down, revealing her panties. "Um, your underwear is wet in the front."

Wondering where their game would go, Wendy said, "Can you help? Pull my shorts down. I don't need them getting any wetter."

Aiden's lips curled at the corner of his mouth. He slid from Wendy's lap and took hold of her jogging shorts and pulled them down her legs. He threw the shorts on the floor, leaving her in just her panties. Wendy struggled with her feelings. She loved the look the boy gave her as he knelt over her. And loved the way her body felt in just a pair of underwear. Yet, she had to keep from crossing any lines. Another look up at Aiden and she felt she had things under control. She wasn't close to any line.

Aiden moved as though to sit back down. An idea popped into Wendy's mind. Would the boy go along with it?

"Stop, A."

A look of disappointment crossed his features, "I promise, I'll stop tickling if you get close to peeing. I'm really sorry."

Wendy grinned up at him, ignoring the dampness on the front of her panties, "It's okay, A. Let's keep playing. But do you mind taking your shorts off? Is it really fair if I'm the only one in my underwear?"

Without a shred of hesitation, Aiden hooked his fingers in the waistband of his shorts and pulled them down, revealing a tight pair of Spiderman briefs. "This okay?"

There was nothing the boy wore Wendy didn't like. But he looked even smaller and more vulnerable in just his underwear. Of course, he had a bulge in his front. If Aiden wanted to let her see it, Wendy knew she would let it happen. The line she couldn't cross wasn't about them seeing each other's bodies.

"Yeah. You okay playing some more?"

Aiden nodded as he straddled her thighs. The fluttering in Wendy's stomach felt good. Her best friend's briefs brushed against the bottom of her panties. The bulge in the front of the boy's briefs seemed to be bigger now he was on top of her.

Wendy's fingers returned to the boy's ribs and gently, to start things off again, she traced them over his ribs, starting with his lower-most rib. Instead of tickling her, Aiden copied her, finding the bottom of her ribcage and gently tracing his fingers along her ribs.

Wendy fingers crept up Aiden's ribcage, reaching his chest. At eleven, the boy had little muscle definition or any discernable fat. Even when her fingers were rubbing against the ribs under the boy's chest, the young woman realized just how rail-thin was the boy.

Aiden stopped on Wendy's rib just below the bottom of her boob, even while Wendy was tracing his ribs across his chest. The boy's voice was dry, "No fair. You get to go higher."

At the moment, Wendy's body ached for the boy's intimate touch. She said, "Who said you couldn't?"

Aiden's eyes went from Wendy's chest to her face, "B-, but I'd be touching your boob!"

Wendy caressed the boy's tiny nipple before finding a rib under the skin, "It's just a game, right? But if touching me makes you uncomfortable, we can do something else."

Aiden shrugged, "Okay. As long as you don't mind."

He moved up another rib. His finger pushed against the swell, finding the bone under the fatty tissue. When Aiden moved up to the next rib, Wendy felt a tingle under his touch. Even though her breasts were small, they were still there, and the boy was running his finger over the breast, unable to find the rib beneath it.

Aiden's voice shook, "Is this okay, Wen?"

Wendy didn't want the tingling in her breasts to stop. Sure, she had played with her tits when she masturbated herself. But even though the boy had

scarcely begun to explore her breasts, what he was doing to her felt like an electrical current, if electrical currents felt good. Wendy murmured, "You're doing great. Just pretend you can feel the ribs and don't stop."

A moment later, the boy's fingers touched her areola. And a moment later, his fingertip brushed against her hardened nipple. The jolt Wendy felt was incredible. The moisture she felt between her legs now wasn't just because of her earlier accident.

Nothing else compared to the feeling in Wendy's breasts as Aiden seemed to have stalled out, moving upward. The young woman said, "You've got it, A. Don't stop."

She glanced down at where Aiden's body met hers. The front of Aiden's underwear was less of a bulge and more of a tent. Of course, lying down, she couldn't see the front of her panties. But the piss hid the wetness she felt.

Wendy's hands traced down Aiden's chest, lightly touching the bruising on his stomach, "Does it still hurt?"

Aiden's hand froze on her right boob, "Not when you touch it like that. It hurt a little when I was laughing, but not bad enough to stop playing."

Even though she hated the ugly bruising, Wendy loved the silky-smoothness of Aiden's stomach. She moved her hands until they rested on his thighs. Was Aiden enjoying her tit so much he was unaware of his erection?

"You having fun?"

The boy had just added his second hand to Wendy's left boob, "Um, yeah. I can't believe you're letting me touch you. I thought this is what boyfriends and girlfriends do."

Wendy felt torn, even as her body reveled in the boy's wondrous touch. Touching each other wasn't really where the line was. She could keep things from going too far. "Sometimes. But have you ever done stuff with a friend?"

Aiden's face flushed, "Um, yeah. I guess."

Wendy's hands slid up Aiden's thighs until her finger touched the hem of his underwear, "Me too. I guess this is like that. Just doing stuff best friends sometimes do together. Right?"

Aiden squeezed her boobs a bit, "Yeah. That's right."

Wendy felt relief mixed with lust as her breasts tingled all over. The tingling traveled along her spine, radiating through her middle. "Can I see your hard-on?"

Aiden's hands didn't move even as he looked down at his crotch. "You want to see it?"

Wendy nodded, "Yeah. As long as you don't mind."

Aiden's eyes knitted in a thoughtful look, "I guess it's okay. It's just I'm not like older boys."

Wendy's fingers took hold of the Spiderman underwear and pulled down, freeing the boy's erection, which quivered, pointing almost straight up. Aside from seeing her cousin masturbating in the bathroom when she much younger, Aiden's was the only other penis she had ever seen in person. What one saw online didn't count.

And he was gorgeous. Her mouth felt dry, and she felt an itch deep inside. Although Wendy had seen him naked a couple of times, this felt different. What would he feel like? Her voice shook, "C-, can I touch it, Aiden?"

The boy didn't move his hands. "If you want, I guess so. Just don't laugh."

Why would anyone laugh at something so perfect? Wendy's hand caressed Aiden's smooth pubic area, sliding down until her finger brushed against the boy's erection. His penis twitched at the touch and tingles ran up the young woman's arm. Wrapping her fingers around his thin pole, Wendy's question about what Aiden felt like was answered. He was both hard *and* soft.

Aiden's skin was smooth as silk and incredibly soft. But just below the skin, he was hard. Wendy understood the biology behind it, but knowing why something was and experiencing it for the first time were entirely different. "How's it feel, A?"

The boy's eyes fluttered. A little moan escaped his lips, "Ahh, super nice."

Enjoying the pulsing under her fingers, Wendy remembered her cousin, Tuan, sliding his hand up and down his shaft in that brief moment of discovery before she closed the door. The young woman gently squeezed Aiden's flesh and pulled up. The boy's skin slid along the shaft, causing him to moan again.

Seeing the pleasure she gave the boy, Wendy knew this wasn't the line she must not cross. How could anything that gave such pleasure be wrong? After a few more tugs, she stopped as Aiden's hands massaged her boobs, pressing against her chest. Even though the boy had no experience, and was clumsy in his touch, it didn't keep her from feeling bliss at his touch nor a growing desire for more.

When the boy stopped, Wendy grabbed his shoulders and pulled him toward her. When his face was close to hers, she wrapped her arms around his back and leaned into a kiss. At first, Aiden's lips were slack—surprised by the sudden motion. Then his lips responded, and he returned the kiss. Unlike the other kisses, which had been almost accidents of the moment, Wendy wanted the kiss to linger, to let Aiden know what was happening was what she wanted.

A dozen heartbeats later, the boy pulled back, breathless. His eyes were round as he stammered through rapid breaths, "Wow!"

Wendy didn't need to ask what he felt about it. She could feel the heat of Aiden's erection on her abdomen. Just like he could feel the warmth of her breasts on his chest. Still, she said, "What'd you think, A?"

As the boy's breathing returned to normal, Aiden said, "Wow. This is awesome. Are we still just best friends or does this make us more? Like boyfriend and girlfriend?"

Wendy blinked at the question. Maybe that's the line she wasn't supposed to cross. At least not yet. After all, nobody would understand her dating an eleven-year-old. But best friend, that was acceptable. But waiting until Aiden would be fourteen was an impossibility. She didn't have the willpower to wait that long for him to be her boyfriend. Through a haze of

hormones, Wendy decided maybe that wasn't the line she must not cross. "I don't know, Aiden. We're still best friends. Maybe we're more. I just don't know. Is that okay?"

Aiden leaned in and kissed her. This time, Wendy could feel his hot breath through his nose as the boy figured out how to breathe and kiss at the same time. When he lifted his head, he said, "Yeah. I like kissing you and um, ah, when you, eh, touch me. It's incredible."

As if punctuating Aiden's words, his penis twitched between their bodies. Wendy wanted to see the fleshy tube again. She pushed Aiden's shoulders until he returned to a sitting position. "Do you mind taking your underwear off?"

The front of Aiden's underwear was bunched under his penis and balls. Despite his crimson cheeks, the boy nodded and stood up on the bed, his feet on either side of Wendy's hips. He paused, uncertainty passing across his face, "Are you sure it's okay with you, Wen?"

Wendy nodded, "Yeah, A. I'm the one asking."

A shy smile replaced the look of confusion, and Aiden slid his underwear down to his knees. Then, he moved his feet to one side of her and pulled his underwear off, tossing it to the floor. Then, he straddled her again, feet on either side of her hips. He began to lower himself, but stopped, "Um, Wen?"

"Yeah?"

Aiden's cherubic voice warbled, "Y-, your underwear? Um, they're still wet. Do you, ah...?"

How a boy's voice could make Wendy wet was beyond her. But there was no denying it. The wetness between her legs had little to do with her earlier bladder accident. She considered asking Aiden to help her pull her panties down. But the tremble in his voice left her wondering if she was pushing too hard. Instead, she said, "Do you mind if I take them off?"

Wordlessly, Aiden shook his head. Wendy's fingers shook as she grabbed the hem of her panties and pulled them down below her knees. Then, she leaned forward enough to grab the boy's hands and pulled until fell to his

knees. Then his butt rested on her lap, hiding the top of her slit. Still holding his hands, Wendy pulled at him until his hands were once again playing with her boobs.

Aiden

Even though Wendy's boobs were small, there was a delightful softness under his hands as he massaged the surrounding tissue around her little areolas. And hearing the near-purring from the young woman left the boy feeling both delighted and confused.

Wendy had been adamant about them not dating until he was older. The last time they had talked about it, fourteen seemed the age Aiden would need to be in order for them to date. Yet, now they were both naked, him sitting on Wendy's lap, his hands on her tits. His confusion was mostly for Wendy. After all, she was older than him and she's the one who needed to feel comfortable with this.

Aiden wanted anything and everything Wendy would give him. If things had never gone further than a casual friendship, he would have been okay with it. But when Wendy decided being best of friends was something she was comfortable with, Aiden had been elated. Being best friends with the young woman meant spending even more time with her. And Wendy had been right about something about best friends. Best friends sometimes did stuff together that regular friends didn't. After all, it had been with his best friend in the fifth grad where Aiden had learned about jacking off. How was this all that different?

Except it was. Aiden had never felt the tingling in the pit of his stomach for Brian or Derrick as he felt for Wendy. If Wendy wouldn't relent and make him her boyfriend before he turned fourteen, Aiden would have no choice but to wait until then to be her boyfriend. But touching her boobs and seeing the trail of her pubic hair just below his balls, this was about more than even being best friends.

Aiden was already growing more comfortable with Wendy. After all, he had kissed her back a few minutes before. It was time to show her how much

he enjoyed touching her. Thinking about a video he once saw online, he leaned forward, but instead of angling for Wendy's lips, he moved his hand just before touching her nipple with his tongue.

Wendy moaned, "Ah, fuck!"

The profanity's tone told Aiden he made the right choice. His lips locked around Wendy's areola and his tongue licked and swirled around the rubbery texture of her nipple, all the while the young woman writhed under him.

When he finally sat up again, Aiden was rewarded by Wendy's hand grabbing his stiffy. His erect tube tingled from the moment she touched him. And when she tugged on his stiffy, the tingles grew exponentially more powerful. Had Wendy kept at it he would have dry cummed. But Wendy let go after a few tugs and propped herself up on her elbows, "Wow, A. Where'd you learn to do that?"

Her boob was still slick with his saliva. He grinned, "The internet."

Wendy's playfully slapped his chest, "Figures. I liked it."

Aiden enjoyed the light slap, "So, does that mean I can do it again?"

Wendy reached between them, sending shock waves of pleasure washing through Aiden's body as she found his stiffy again, "Yeah, as long as I can do this."

When Wendy let go, Aiden said, "That felt nice. Um, what now?"

Aiden had only the vaguest of ideas about what to do next. Sure, eventually he wanted to put his stiffy into the slit between Wendy's legs. There was something innate about that desire. But he didn't know about how to go about doing it. Maybe when Wendy was ready, she would show him how.

Wendy sighed, "We could stay like this all day, but we should probably get cleaned up. Would you..."

The look of expectation in the young woman's eyes made his stiffy throb, "What?"

Wendy smiled up at him, "Want to take your shower with me?"

A smile creased Aiden's face. Letting Wendy lead out sure simplified things, "Yeah, that'd be cool."

The boy slipped off the bed and headed toward the bathroom with Wendy behind him. He stood by while she fiddled with the knobs and set the water temperature. Then, the young woman offered him her hand and Aiden followed her into the enclosed shower, where the rain showerhead soaked them.

Once in the shower, Wendy turned to him, standing toe to toe with him. Aiden's stiffy pointed upward toward her slit, just a few inches away, "Would you like to wash me, A?"

Aiden's stiffy twitched, "Yeah."

Wendy grabbed a bottle of body wash from a ledge in the wall, "There's a loofah, if you want."

Aiden had seen the loofah before, but had never used one. And the idea of having anything get between his fingers and Wendy's skin seemed silly. He took the bottle and drizzled the gel onto his palm. "Can I use my hands?"

When Wendy nodded, Aiden raised his soapy hands to her shoulders and rubbed the suds against her skin. The young woman's normally soft and warm skin was slick and silky under the lather the boy spread around. Having permission to touch his best friend was heaven on earth. The best part was not needing to ask again to touch her boobs. He simply drizzled some bodywash across Wendy's chest and then lathered each boob until he could scarcely see her milky-yellow skin under the soapy lather.

Wendy's eyes were closed by the time Aiden finished soaping her breasts. The tiny moans of pleasure were all the boy needed to know that she approved. Her boobs were beyond clean long before the boy tired of them, but he moved on, soaping her stomach and abdomen too. Wendy's next part, the part between her legs, was still a mystery. Where the slit between her legs started, there was a black mess of more or less straight hair. It spread a bit to either side, but not as far as the pictures he saw online. It also tapered away to smooth skin within a few inches toward her belly.

Aiden knelt and ran his soapy fingers along Wendy's pubic mound, touching the silky strands of hair for the first time. Standing off to the side of the overhead shower, Wendy spread her legs, revealing more of the slit. Even below the pubic hair, Aiden could see the slit actually looked like a pair of lips. There was a bit of a fleshy bump of skin visible just inside the top of the slit. Curious, Aiden ran his slick fingers through the pubic hair until his index finger slipped into the slit.

The fleshy bump, Aiden discovered as his finger explored the tight space, was a slight hood hiding a little button of skin. When his finger touched that bump, Wendy shuddered and moaned, "Fuck!"

The look on Wendy's face reminded Aiden of what he probably looked like when he dry cummed. The young woman didn't move to stop him, so he explored the little nub of her flesh with his finger. Deeper inside the slit, there were mushy folds of skin that his knuckle went into as he kept plying the nub of Wendy's skin with his finger.

The young woman's legs shook as her groin pushed against Aiden's finger. He barely understood what was happening, but more than wanting to see Wendy have her own cum, the boy wanted to make it happen. His finger inexpertly circled around the button as moisture not from the soap made his fingers even slicker. Then Wendy gripped his shoulders, digging her fingernails into him as she swore again and convulsed so hard that she had to lean back on the glass wall.

This was a million times better than watching a sexy video. More than that, the animal-like grunts and wordless moans were because of what Aiden had done. He leaned back on his knees, resting his tired hand as he glanced at Wendy's face. When her eyes locked with his, she glowed with a smile, brighter than any Aiden had seen before. She sank to her knees and threw her arms around his neck, "Holy fuck, A. That was incredible. I've never cum that hard when doing it to myself. You're fucking incredible!"

Then Wendy kissed him, her lips pressed hard against his. Aiden's eyes went round when her tongue pushed past his lips. He felt something akin to an electrical shock when her tongue touched his, only better. When the

kiss ended, the boy felt himself sliding to the floor of the enclosure. Wendy, kneeling over him, said, "How was that for a kiss?"

It took a handful of seconds for Aiden's brain to connect the sensory overload of the kiss with French kisses he'd seen on TV. "You mean we could have been kissing like that before?"

Wendy giggled as she reached up and grabbed the body wash bottle, "I guess so. It's just that was the first time for me too, A."

She drizzled bodywash across Aiden's torso and then leaned down and rubbed, turning the suds into a thick lather until she reached his penis. Then she gripped it and slid her hand up and down. The lather made him tingle and Aiden closed his eyes, enjoying the intensity building inside. The feeling swelled inside and before he knew it, Aiden moaned, "Ahh!"

His stiffy twitched and spasmed amid the most intense feeling in Aiden's eleven years. Every kick felt like something was trying to burst out of his penis, and even though nothing spewed out, this cum was the best one ever.

When Wendy let go, Aiden felt like he was boneless, lying on the floor of the shower. He didn't want to move. He didn't want to do anything except bask in the afterglow of the most incredible twenty seconds of his life.

The water turning from warm to cold eventually made the boy move. A few minutes later, he and Wendy dried each other off. Then they returned to her bedroom, where they dressed before leaving to go to a late breakfast.

Chapter 7

Wendy

Wendy folded the blanket and set it on the end of the couch. She grabbed the bedsheet. It needed to be washed, even though Aiden hadn't slept on it the previous night. She turned off the lights in the living room and looked out the window at the door. It was too dark to see Aiden's nana's house, but she could see it in her mind's eye, across the street and a couple of doors down.

She wished the boy was still with her. But when Aiden got home from school, his nana was feeling a lot better. Wendy sighed, turning and going into her bedroom where she deposited the sheet into the hamper and went and sat at the end of her bed, which was still unmade from where she and Aiden had woken up early in the morning, determined to get in the first jog of the week. She sighed, even though she had made it clear to the boy that they were still best friends, there was no point in denying to herself, she was hopelessly and completely in love.

That line she had told herself repeatedly not to cross no longer mattered. Even though all they had done was grow familiar with each other, Wendy wanted everything Aiden could offer. And she was perfectly sure he wanted the same thing. Every look he gave her only underscored his desire. Fourteen? Not a chance. Thirteen? Not going to happen. In a moment of stark honesty, Wendy knew the only thing holding her back was her desire to have Aiden make the next move.

Thinking of the boy only made her horny. She stripped and went to the shower. As the water cascaded over her, one hand went to her breast, where she tweaked and played with her nipples. The other slid through the strip of pubic hair until it found her clit. While her finger expertly brought instant pleasure to her body, Wendy missed the way her body felt when it was Aiden's finger inexpertly bringing her to orgasm. She paused her motion, closing her eyes, thinking about the boy's smooth body. She loved the way his penis felt in her hand, the way his silky-smooth pubic area felt under her fingers.

She wanted that feeling. Her fingers threaded through her black pubic hair as she realized there was something she could do. Wendy grabbed her razor and lathered her pubic hair until all she could see was thick suds. She pulled the blade down, carefully shaving with the grain. It was mesmerizing to see the exposed skin on the shaved side of the blade. A few more delicate strokes removed the rest of her pubic hair, turning her pubic mound into something almost perfectly smooth. More care was needed to get rid of the hair on her labia, but even that was soon smooth to the touch.

She ran her hand over her pubic area and thought about Aiden's reaction. Some boys might not appreciate her effort, but Wendy had a sense Aiden would love it.

She certainly did, as her finger resumed playing with her engorged clit. Before long, the pent-up energy building inside of her raced toward some imaginary goal and as she crossed over that line, her eyes closed as wave after orgasmic wave crashed over her.

That night, the first sleeping alone since Saturday, Wendy dreamed of Aiden.

The icy wind bit into Aiden's arms and cheeks as he spied the finish line. His teeth chattered as he tried to draw in another breath. But as cold as the first Saturday in December was, his lungs burned as he said, "Almost there, Wen. We can do it!"

In the three and a half months since he started jogging, Aiden had never known a day as cold as this. Most of November had been unseasonably warm. Now, just to prove how fickle the weather could be, the day was unseasonably cold.

Wendy, who had kept pace with him over the previous nearly five kilometers, pulled ahead, spurring him to reach inside himself for his own last reserves. They passed several other runners, pumping their legs for the final dash to the finish line. Aiden's legs felt like Jell-O and his lungs felt like ice. Still, he pulled ever-so-slightly ahead of Wendy as they drew ahead of a half-dozen more runners before finally crossing the finish line.

Aiden shot a hand into the air, "We did it, Wen!"

Wendy spun around and threw her arms around his neck. The boy's mind turned to mush as the nineteen-year-old pressed her lips to his. It was only for a couple of heartbeats, but Aiden's mind jabbered, the kiss had been in public!

And she didn't let go when her lips broke the kiss. The boy's stomach did a belly flop when Wendy returned the hug, wrapping her arms around his waist, "Yeah, we did. And I couldn't have done it without you, Aiden."

As other runners crossed the finish line, they moved aside, moving off the route, and found the board the organizers posted runners' times. Neither finished high enough to win a trophy. Aiden finished fourth out of sixteen while Wendy had finished seventh out of thirty. They waited around long enough to pick up their participation ribbons, then Wendy said, "I'm hungry. What about you?"

His teeth still chattering, Aiden said, "I'm freezing."

As though contradicting him, the boy's stomach rumbled loud enough to draw a knowing look from Wendy, and she tousled his hair as they headed toward her car after picking up their participation ribbons.

Wendy started the car and Aiden shoved his hands under his armpits, "Jeez, it's cold."

The heater roared to life. Wendy said, "I know. Felt like icicles on my hands. Still does, to be honest. But I'd do it again to beat my time."

Aiden loved jogging, but the below freezing weather in just shorts and a tank top had taken a toll on him, "When's the next race?"

Wendy pulled out of the parking spot, "In May."

Still chattering, Aiden said, "At least it won't be freezing."

Wendy drove onto a feeder road leading to the highway back to campus, "If you want, I bet I can find one in January somewhere nearby."

Aiden pulled his hands out from below his armpits, "I'm still cold, Wen. M-maybe we can wait until the spring."

The young woman nodded, "Me, too. I don't think the temperature got above freezing this morning."

When they went jogging in the mornings, if the weather called for it, they wore sweat pants and long sleeve shirts. But so far, those days had been few.

Aiden's teeth kept chattering, "Instead of going out to eat, can we just g-go h-home?"

All he could think of was getting warm. He stuttered, “T-thanks,” when Wendy turned the heat on full blast.

By the time Wendy pulled into her spot in the quadplex buildings’ parking lot, Aiden could hear his teeth rattling around in his head. As he climbed out of the car, the wind bit into his exposed skin and he shoved his hands back under his armpits as he hurried toward the door.

When Wendy unlocked the door and opened it, the warm air rushing out felt painfully good on his skin. The sofa where Nana thought he slept, was clean and neat. He hurried past it into the bedroom. The bed was rumpled and unmade. Both sides had been slept in and Aiden jumped under the covers, pulling the comforter around him.

His chattering teeth gave him no relief, “Wen, I’m s-, still fr-, freezing.”

Wendy collapsed onto the bed and pulled him into an embrace, “Shit, Aiden! You’re like an icicle!”

Aiden wanted to laugh at his best friend, but he felt too cold, “H-, hold me, Wen.”

Wendy moved the comforter out of the way until she could wrap her arms around him. Then she pulled it around them both. She held him for just a moment before saying, “We need skin on skin, A. Just a second.”

He felt colder when Wendy threw off the comforter and then tugged his shirt off. Then she took her own tank-top off, revealing a white bra. Normally she wore nothing under her shirts when they went jogging. He stammered, “B-, bra?”

Wendy’s face turned a rose color, “Had to. Somebody might have noticed.”

Then she reached behind her and unfastened and then removed the bra. If he wasn’t so cold, Aiden would have enjoyed the sight of Wendy’s nipples. Her nipples seemed to poke out further than normal. Wendy pulled him against her before wrapping the comforter around them again. Aiden could feel Wendy’s warmth against his skin. But still the chattering continued.

The young woman rubbed her hands up and down his chest, trying to make him warm. Even with her boobs pressing against his back, nothing

helped. After a bit, Wendy's voice alarmed him, "I'm worried you've got hypothermia, A."

The word sounded ominous. "W-what's t-that?"

"When your body can't warm back up on its own. I was hoping cuddling with you would help, but it doesn't seem to be enough."

Trying to form a response was proving to be difficult. Finally, Wendy grabbed him and threw back the covers, "Come on, A. We'll have you under hot water in no time."

Aiden tried to walk straight, holding tightly to Wendy's hand, but his legs felt weak. How he managed to get to the shower in the bathroom without falling was a mystery.

Wendy had the water going before she turned him to face her. Wendy murmured, "I was kind of looking forward to this part later," before she pulled his shorts and underwear down in one fluid motion. His mind was slow to process he was standing naked in front of Wendy. Still, after the previous weekend, his mind didn't see any reason to be embarrassed.

Wendy pulled her shorts and panties down and then yanked him into the shower enclosure. He yelped as he was pulled under the rain shower head. His body stung as the hot water struck him like pin-pricks on his cold skin.

Wendy took him by the shoulders and turned him, facing the wall, "Let's try this again."

Her arms snaked over his chest and her body pushed against his back. Even though he felt sluggish, it registered how Wendy's boobs pressed against his shoulder blades. Her hands massaged his chest, rubbing his skin in circular patterns, from his upper chest, down to his lower abdomen, and back again.

The painful pricks from the water faded to uncomfortably hot, and Aiden's awareness of how close Wendy was, grew as she kept on rubbing his torso. Then the water went from too-hot to uncomfortably warm and his teeth stopped chattering. Wendy's body against his felt good. He didn't need to see it to feel his penis grow stiff.

Wendy's hands stopped rubbing him, "Feeling better, A?"

Aiden felt a familiar fluttering in his stomach. His stiffy rose, pointing upward. Now, when his voice shook, it wasn't because he felt like an icicle, "Yeah. Thanks, Wen. This feels great."

Wendy's hand reached down, her fingers touching his smooth pubic area until they wrapped around his stiffy, "Yeah. I can feel. Very nice recovery, by the way."

Aiden giggled, as much out of a sense of relief now the cold was seeping from his body, as from the tingling in his stiffy. "Thanks. I think you might have saved my life, Wen."

The young woman let go of his stiffy and hugged him, "I couldn't let anything happen to you, A. Not if I can help it."

The last of the chill was gone. "Well, now that we're in the shower, I guess we should get cleaned."

Wendy chuckled, "Yeah. Probably so. I want to show you something."

Curious, Aiden turned around. Wendy took a step back, and the boy saw the difference right away. The young woman's pubic hair was gone. "What happened?" Aiden was stunned at the change.

Wendy grinned, "I really like the way you feel when I touch you and well, I though you might enjoy it more if I didn't have any hair."

Still trying to wrap his mind around the change, Aiden knelt, his eyes level with Wendy's exposed slit. There wasn't a hair to be seen. He touched her pubic mound, running a finger over where her hair had been. He could feel a few places where hair was just below the skin, but it still felt incredibly smooth. Even where he had felt hair where her slit started, it was smooth too. As he touched Wendy there, she spread her legs, and he slipped a finger in, touching the part Wendy called her clit.

She pushed her head back, "Ahh, A, that feels nice. Do you like the change?"

Aiden wanted to play with Wendy's clit, but hearing her question, he returned to exploring the smoothness. She had done this just for him. This

wasn't the kind of thing a girl did for a friend. Even a best friend. A girl would do something like this only for her boyfriend. Aiden's mouth went dry at the thought. After all, what else might she want to do with her boyfriend?

He stammered, "Y-, yeah, Wen. I really like it. You feel, um, really sexy this way."

Wendy pushed her hips forward and Aiden took the hint, returning his finger to her clit. Inside her slit, Wendy felt the same. The more he rubbed her little button, the wetter his fingers became and the more she moaned. When Aiden's finger tired, he pulled it out and put his other hand into the slit.

Wendy reached down, grabbing his hand, "You want to feel something even sexier?"

Aiden was bobbing his head before he realized it. Wendy let go of his hand and said, "Move your finger deeper into my pussy, A."

Aiden's penis twitched to hear Wendy refer to what he touched as her pussy. He liked the word, although he had been afraid to use it, just in case the young woman hadn't liked it. He followed her instruction, feeling his finger slide between the meaty folds of her flesh. Then he felt something, a hole.

Wendy's eyes rose as a smile creased her features, "Yeah. That's it. You know what that is?"

Aiden's knowledge of what girls had between their legs was limited to a few online videos and a half-assed sex ed program in school. "Um, your pussy?"

Wendy giggled, "Oh, that word sounds so fucking dirty in your mouth. It's part of it. Everything from my clit to where your finger is, is my pussy. What you've found is my vagina. You know what it's for?"

None of the online porn helped him now. He vaguely recalled the term from the health class, "Um, isn't that where the baby comes from?"

Wendy's cheeks flushed crimson, "Yeah, I guess so. It's also how we have sex."

When the girl used "we" Aiden wasn't sure if she meant "we," as in men and women, or if she meant it in a more intimate way.

The young woman added, "Go ahead, push it in."

The hole felt tight as Aiden put his finger against it. Then, at Wendy's encouragement, he pushed. There was barely any resistance as his finger slid inside. The hole seemed to suck at his finger, drawing it deeper still, until his knuckle bumped against it.

Wendy sighed, her smile widening, "Yeah, that feels nice too. See, to have sex, you put your dick into my vagina."

There it was again. That inscrutable "we."

Aiden wiggled his finger. The slick walls felt weirdly wonderful against his skin, pulsing and quivering around his finger. Wendy continued, "Now move your finger in and out."

Following her instructions, Aiden pulled his finger almost all the way out before sliding it in to his knuckle. The pleased look on Wendy's face told him all he needed to know as he repeated the motion. Wendy moaned, "Ahh, yeah. I'm getting close."

Aiden kept at it. Wendy bit her lower lip and moaned again as her body shook. The quivering around his finger increased and the young woman leaned against the thick glass wall. When her body stopped shaking, the boy pulled his finger from her channel. The finger was coated with a creamy slime. He put it to his nose. There was both something familiar and alien in the musky odor.

The young woman slid to the floor, her eyes closed and Aiden's tongue darted out, licking at the juice. The taste was complex. While he had tasted nothing exactly like it, there was a hint of something citrusy in the taste. It wasn't an unpleasant taste.

He stuck his finger in his mouth and sucked it clean. The citrusy tang was only part of it. It was also salty. Still, if given the chance, maybe he would

do what he saw in one video, when the man had put his face between the woman's legs.

Wendy's eyes fluttered open and looked up at him, "And that's how you do it, A. What do you think?"

Aiden's body was fully recovered from the icy chill. His stiffy bounced as he squatted in front of Wendy, "Wow. We have sex when I put my dick into your vagina?"

Wendy nodded, a pleased look on her face, "Yep."

Aiden still wasn't sure if he and Wendy were the "we" being discussed. He asked, "Um, when can I put my dick into your vagina, Wen?"

The young woman's eyes opened wide. "You think you're ready, Aiden?"

Was this a test? What did it mean to be ready? If she meant was he able to cum, well, of course the answer was no. Or did she mean was he old enough to be her boyfriend? That was confusing to think about. The signals Wendy sent could be confusing. Or did she mean something entirely different?

Even though his stiffy still bobbed in front of him, Aiden felt uncertain. He badly wanted to be Wendy's boyfriend, and he didn't want to say something to make her second guess the things they were now doing. "Ready? I don't know. But I want to find out with you."

Wendy's arms slid around his neck and she pulled his head and torso to her. Her lips were wet when she pressed it against his. When she let go of his neck, Wendy said, "Okay. I like that. You know I've never done it with anyone either."

She climbed to her feet and pulled him up and gave him another hug. Her boobs pushed against his upper chest and his stiffy poked between her legs, just below her slit. Her hand took his face by his chin and tilted it enough to bring his lips up to hers. Aiden sighed in delight when her tongue slid between his lips and tangled with his tongue. When the kiss ended, Wendy whispered, "But first, there's something I want to try."

Wendy kissed his neck and then his collarbone, before gradually working her way down his chest, one kiss at a time. When her tongue flicked over his nipple, Aiden's stiffy twitched at the feelings washing over his body. As her lips caressed the boy's skin, going lower, from chest to belly, Wendy knelt. The boy's eyes grew round in anticipation, as the young woman's soft lips kissed his smooth pubic area.

Aiden gasped in pleasure at the kiss right above his thin shaft. And moaned when Wendy's lips slid over the tip of his stiffy. His erection pulsed with tingles. He wouldn't have believed anything would be better than when Wendy had jacked him off. Oh, how wrong he had been. Now, he understood why Wendy had leaned against the glass wall when he played with her pussy. He did the same as his legs grew weak.

The boy moaned in ecstasy as he watched Wendy take all three plus inches into her mouth. The touch of her upper lip against his pubic area sent shivers through his entire body. Even though he couldn't see it, Aiden felt the young woman's tongue as it slid up and down his thin shaft. Tingles surged through him, starting from where Wendy's tongue and lips touched him, and running up his spine, overloading his brain with waves of pleasure.

The tingling grew in intensity and he opened his mouth, "Ahhh, c-, cumming!"

His stiffy spasmed and the most extraordinary feeling ran from the base of his stiffy to the tip. It jerked again in Wendy's mouth, sending another intense shiver through him. And again, all the while, the young woman clamped down, sucking on his stiffy as though nothing else in the world mattered.

By the fourth earth-shattering spasm, Aiden's legs gave way and Wendy guided him to the floor, even while her lips pressed against the base of his stiffy, until the last spasm wracked his body. Aiden was in an orgasmic haze when his stiffy slipped from between the young woman's lips. She moved up and kissed his lips before saying, "That was fucking awesome."

How could something that felt so good be bad? The shower's hot water washed away some of her juices as well as her guilt, as Wendy stood and helped Aiden to his feet. The boy's eyes were still glassy and unfocused as his lips curled at the corners. How was it possible that he had enjoyed getting sucked off more than she enjoyed giving him his first blowjob?

Aiden wrapped his arms around her in a bear hug, "Wow, Wen. When can we do that again?"

The only problem Wendy felt from giving the boy a blowjob was she was even hornier now than before Aiden had masturbated her. She rubbed her hands along the boy's back, "Soon, A. You warm enough now?"

The boy nodded, "Yeah, I don't think I've ever been colder than before you got me into the shower."

Wendy shivered, remembering how cold the boy had been. Still, everything seemed back to normal, and she didn't want the mood between her and Aiden to end. Not yet. "Well, let's get dry and get under the bedcovers."

A few minutes later, she slipped between the sheets, snuggling against Aiden's still naked body. The boy rolled onto his side, facing her. "Wen?"

Wendy felt a chill slide down her spine. Had she pushed things too far? Somewhere in the back of her mind there was something about a line. But surely that didn't matter anymore. What she felt for Aiden was pure, wasn't it?

"Yeah?"

Aiden shifted toward her until his knees touched hers, "We're like boyfriend and girlfriend now, aren't we?"

Wendy felt the vice-grip around her heart loosen. Amid her fear, of all the things she imagined him saying, that wasn't one of them. She felt a smile play at her lips as she turned onto her side, facing the boy, "Is that what you want? To be my boyfriend?"

Even though he nodded, Aiden said, "Yeah. If it's what you want."

There was nothing Wendy wanted more. Even though keeping it secret would be difficult. She tilted her head until her lips touched Aiden's. She

didn't move her head back when their lips parted, "I'd love to be your girlfriend, A. But how do we keep it a secret from your nana until you're old enough for her not to care?"

The boy shifted closer, resting a hand on Wendy's hips. "She likes you a lot, and she likes how we hang out together. I bet we can figure this out together.

Wendy hoped the boy was right. But nothing could change her feelings for him. No matter how his nana responded, Wendy needed Aiden just as much as he needed her.

"Okay, boyfriend. It's our secret."

Aiden shifted his hips. His penis brushed against her shaven pubic mound before he leaned forward to give her a kiss. His voice was soft, melodic and breathy, "Yes, ma'am, girlfriend."

His hand slid from Wendy's hip to her back. In turn, Wendy's hand wrapped around the boy's back, pulling them together. She felt something like electrical sparks as Aiden's penis slid up her pubic mound, leaving her to barely feel her stiff nipples pushing against his chest.

"Nice kiss, boyfriend. What do you want to do with me?"

Wendy longed to take control, roll on top of him and ride his erection to another orgasm. But this was just as new for Aiden as it was for her. Letting him feel out what next was the right thing to do.

For his part, Aiden stared into her eyes. "Really? I can pick?"

Wendy chuckled at his inexperienced naivety. Of course, that wasn't exactly fair. Even though she was older, she was no more experienced than Aiden. "Yeah."

The boy slid a hand between them, resting it on her left tit, "I-, um, I wanna have sex with you, Wen."

Just hearing those words in his cherubic, unbroken voice sent a sensual electrical charge through Wendy. "Me too, A. I'm yours."

Aiden shifted his hips while squeezing one of her boobs with one hand. His shift made his penis slide across her skin until it slit along her slit before sliding between her legs. She shuddered at her mini-orgasm as the boy's penis dragged across her outer labia.

Wendy strangled a moan, "Just like in the shower, Aiden. Like with your finger."

Aiden's other hand slipped between them, much lower, and took his penis and pushed it through her outer labia, brushing through the slick folds of her inner labia until he found her vagina. "Here?"

Wendy, on the cusp of another mini-orgasm, nodded, "Uh huh, Fuck my pussy, A!"

Aiden's face turned scarlet. But he pushed in. Wendy felt a brief pain when the boy's glans pierced her canal. Aside from a couple of hair brush handles, a cold metal rod from her gynecologist, and their fingers, nothing had gone up her before. Aiden's flared head was bigger than his finger. It was bigger than hers, too. But the pain faded nearly as fast as it came. A sensuous fullness replaced it.

"Are you okay?" Aiden said, "You looked surprised."

A warmth radiated from where Aiden pierced her and Wendy nodded, "Yeah. Remember, it's my first time, too. But the longer you're in, the better it feels. Go on."

Aiden thrust his hips against her. His penis went deeper. This time there was no pain. Just a tingle of pleasure that felt like a wave washing against the shore. The boy pulled back, popping out. His hand, still squished between them, guided his penis back inside, sliding in again. Wendy wanted to feel all of him inside her. Still holding his back, she rolled onto her back, pulling the boy on top of her, "Try being on top. Okay?"

Aiden rested himself on his elbows, his face hovered over her tits as he pushed his hips against her spread legs. Wendy moaned, feeling three inches slide inside. His immature testicles bumped against her backside with a satisfying smack. His moans mixed with hers as he remained buried inside her.

“Ahh, shit, that feels even better,” the boy gasped.

Wendy grabbed his pale white butt cheeks and helped him slide in again. The feelings crashing into her were unlike anything before. The little wave of tingling, lapping on the shore of her desire, grew. Another thrust and pleasured whimper from Aiden was an enormous wave crashing against her body. When the boy faltered, her hands, cupping his ass-cheeks, thrust his hips forward, sending his erection as deep into her as possible.

A dozen thrusts brought the wave crashing over her. Wendy’s body shook, her fingers clenched the boy’s ass cheeks and her hip bucked up, grinding her pelvis against his. She thrashed her hips as she came, making Aiden lose his perch. His pelvis pushed against her as his elbows slipped and his face landed between her nipples.

Her orgasm kept crashing against her body and mind until it subsided as her eleven-year-old boyfriend remained still. When she could catch her breath, Wendy said, “Holy shit, A. That was fan-fucking-tastic. Don’t stop!”

Propping himself up after kissing both her erect nipples, Aiden resumed rocking his hips back and forth. After a few uneven times, Wendy’s hands returned to his butt and his thrusting smoothed out, as Wendy felt the orgasmic wave return to lapping at her ragged brain. Her juices had them both slick and each time Aiden smacked his pelvis against hers, there was a wet smacking noise. She felt the rise of another massive orgasm coming on after a couple of minutes of rhythmic drilling. Wendy tried to suppress it until Aiden’s angelic voice chirped, “Ah, fuck, Wen, I’m about to cum!”

She had never felt anything like the spasm of Aiden’s penis inside her. His penis kicked against her walls making them quiver in response. She orgasmed again, nearly losing herself in her climax. She came again when Aiden spasmed a second and third time. This time, the boy’s arms gave out, and he fell atop her, his penis spasming a few more times before it finally lay spent inside her.

After the last wave of her orgasm ebbed away, Wendy stroked Aiden’s blond hair, “How was that, my love?”

The boy's sigh was one of utter contentment, "Wow, Wen. That was the best."

He giggled as his fingers traced her ribs, "Can we do that again?"

Wendy laughed. Not from him tickling her. His fingers were too gentle to elicit giggles. No, she laughed because she was spent. Ever since discovering the joy of masturbation, the young woman had never brought herself to orgasm more than once in a day. Now, in the span of less than an hour, Aiden had given her three.

"Come on, Wes, there's nothing back in Houston for me. Why shouldn't I stay here over the Christmas break?" Wendy said as she twisted the top of a water bottle and collapsed on the sofa.

Her attorney's voice was tinny on her phone, "You know my wife and kids would like to see you. It's been months since you've been over."

Wendy glanced at her phone. Aiden would be over soon, if the past couple of weeks were any sign. Usually, she helped him with his homework before he headed home for dinner with his nana. But he was the real reason she didn't want to head back to Houston. More than two weeks with no school for either of them. "Tell Loraine and the kids I'll miss them. But I want to stay in town for the break. It'll do me good."

Walt chuckled, "Okay, Wendy. What's his name?"

Was she that transparent? "Oh, you found me out, Wes. The reason I don't want to come down is so you can't see the huge knot on my forehead. I got it from knocking my head against the wall every time the guys ignored me."

She smiled at the half-truth. Walt sounded doubtful, "Yeah. Okay. Well, I hope he treats you right, Wendy. I respected the hell out of your dad, but his views about women were, well, out of sync with the times. Don't fall in love with some macho guy like your dad."

Wendy fumed, how could he do it? She smirked, maybe because lawyers shovel so much bullshit, their ability to detect it is their superpower. "Not that there's a guy, Wes. But if there was, he'd treat me right."

“Look, if you won’t come down for the holiday, I’m going to send you the last few months’ statements from the CPA. Give you some light reading between semesters. I want you to-”

The door rattled as a fist pounded on it. A familiar voice cried, “Wendy! Help! It’s Nana!”

Wendy shot up from the sofa, “Oh, shit. Hold on, Wes. It’s my neighbor.”

She threw open the door. Aiden was still dressed in his blue jeans and collared shirt from school. A pallor in his cheeks competed with a flush from racing over. He blurted, “You gotta come, Wen. It’s Nana. She collapsed on the floor; said she’s having trouble breathing. Hurry!”

Wendy closed the door as she followed Aiden. “I’ll call you back, Wes. I’ve gotta go.”

Aiden’s nana rested in on the worn old sofa when Wendy rushed into the living room on Aiden’s heels. There was hardly any color in her cheeks. Each breath was a wheeze. She glared at Aiden as he sat next to her. Her words were slow, as though she had to pay by the letter, “Why’d you do that, Aiden? I told you to just give me a few minutes. I’ll be fine.”

By the time Nana finished talking, what little pallor she had was gone. Wendy knelt in front of the septuagenarian, “Aiden said you fell. Maybe I should call nine-one-one. Get you looked it.”

Nana shook her head, “Damned vultures. What can they do for me that I can’t do for myself?”

But her eyes didn’t follow Wendy as the young woman moved from side to side. And the last word was drawn out into three syllables. Worried, she swiped the screen on her phone and realized she hadn’t disconnected the call with Wes. She raised the phone to her ear, “You still there?”

“Yeah. Sounds like you’ve got your hands full. Call me back and let me know if you need anything.”

She killed the call and then dialed 9-1-1.

The next day, Wendy stood outside the door to Mrs. Frazier's, Nana's hospital room. Aiden gripped her hand tighter as he pushed the door open. Wendy let the boy pull her along until they both stood at the foot of the bed. Some life returned to the old woman's cheeks and her eyes were bright as she smiled at their entrance.

"Thank God for friends like you, Wendy," Nana said as she waved her to come closer. When the young woman was in reach, Nana took her hand and pulled her into a tight embrace, "Between you and Aiden, y'all saved my life. There's no fool like an old fool and me thinking I could just walk off a heart attack was plumb stupid."

Aiden didn't escape a hug either. His nana went further and planted a kiss on his cheek before saying, "Thanks for keeping Aiden on such short notice. I can't imagine what I'd do without you, Wendy. You've been a god-send."

Wendy wouldn't have called herself a god-send to the boy with whom she wanted to sleep. No, not sleep. Sleep was what they had done last night, after Aiden fell asleep crying. She had cuddled with him until exhausted sleep claimed her too. What Wendy wanted was for her eleven-year-old boyfriend to fuck her brains out. Maybe both of them could work out some of their stress.

Of course, Aiden wasn't interested in that. Not right now. Not without knowing what would become of his nana. Or him. And Wendy couldn't blame him. Not one bit.

She said, "Aiden's always welcome, Nana. I really like having him around. Have the doctors said anything about when they'll let you go home?"

Nana shrugged, "They're still running tests. Be a few days before they know."

Aiden grabbed at Wendy's hand at the news. The look he gave her was one of fear. With her other hand, she wrapped it around his shoulders and pulled him against her, "Aiden can stay with me as long as you need, Nana. If you need a few days, a few weeks, whatever."

She could feel the boy relax against her. Nana smiled, "Thank you sweetie. You're our little miracle worker."

Wendy coughed. How could Nana not see what the young woman wanted more than anything else was to lose herself in lovemaking to the boy next to her? "Not hardly, Nana. At best, I'm just a lonely girl who is grateful to have friends like Aiden and you."

They made a bit of small-talk, Aiden telling Nana about his last day before the Christmas break and Wendy making light of the exams that would determine if she made the dean's list her first semester. Then, Nana said, "Aiden, there's a cafeteria here in the hospital that serves chocolate milk. Would you like to get yourself something to drink?"

Aiden grabbed Wendy's hand. Nana said, "Can I borrow your young lady? I'd like the company while you go have yourself that drink."

Wendy gave him an encouraging smile, when she didn't feel encouraged at all. The way Nana referred to her as Aiden's young lady left the nineteen-year-old wondering just how much of her relationship with her grandson, Nana had figured out.

Wendy pulled a five-dollar bill from her purse, and gave it to her young lover, "Can you get me one too, please?"

Once the door closed behind the boy, Nana sagged against the pillow, "I'm not sure, Wendy, but it could be several weeks before I get out of here. School could be back in session by then. I know Aiden worships the ground you walk on, and I think you adore him just as much, but that's a long time to have to watch him."

Several weeks with Aiden? Was this her Christmas present come early? "It's fine, Nana. I'd love to have Aiden stay with me for as long as you need."

Nana gripped her hand, squeezing it, "Thank you, child. I can see this year has been difficult for you. You planned to make lots of new friends your first year at college. Despite all that effort, you come away with just one friend whose several years younger than you. And you never complain or

make Aiden feel like he's not welcome. You know, you're his first serious crush. He's crazy about you."

Hearing the admission from the boy's nana didn't surprise Wendy. Even though she knew he would never give up the secrets they shared, he was, after all, only eleven, and wore his heart on his sleeve. "He's a special young man, Nana. I can relate. If he were four or five years older..."

She trailed off. Maybe it wasn't a good idea to put thoughts like that into the boy's nana's head. Nana chuckled drily, "You could do worse. Well, if you don't mind having a boy who's crazy for you living with you for a little while, I'm powerfully grateful, Wendy."

Nana looked down, studying her hands, as though something else troubled her. Having avoided stepping on any earth-shattering landmines, Wendy asked, "Is there anything else I can help with?"

The old woman's hands fidgeted, "I need to update my will, Wendy. I'm the only family Aiden has, and right now, God forbid, if something should happen to me, the state would take him."

Wendy was stunned at the news. There was no way Nana would confide this to her if the old woman didn't trust her completely. "How can I help?"

A tear slid down Nana's cheek, "There are a couple of things, Wendy. I'm not sure I can take care of Aiden once I get back home." There was a bitter tone to her laughter, "I keep throwing little tests your way; can you keep him for a few days? Maybe a couple of weeks, then maybe a bit longer. Every time I keep expecting you to say, 'enough, I can't do more for Aiden.' But every time, you keep showing me you're more of a woman than I imagined."

Wendy's cheeks were hot from embarrassment. "You know the answer is yes, Nana. I love Aiden nearly as much as you. Whatever I can do for him, I will."

Another tear rolled down the old woman's cheek, "Thank you, Wendy. I want to get a power of attorney for you to have over Aiden, so you can make decisions for his wellbeing if I'm not able to. I also need to update my

will so that if I pass away before Aiden is an adult, you'll become his legal guardian."

Shocked at Nana's proposal, Wendy said the first thing to come to mind, "Nana, you'll be around for years."

"At seventy-five, every year I have is a gift. The Lord could take me home any day and I want to make sure Aiden's cared for."

Wendy found herself nodding without realizing it. "Do you have an attorney who can do these things?"

Nana shook her head, "I got my last will at a legal clinic a few years before Aiden's mom dropped him off on my doorstep and disappeared."

Wendy found her lawyer's number in her phone, "I might have an idea. Let me call someone."

Walt Benson answered on the second ring, "Hey Wendy, your neighbor okay?"

Wendy offered Nana a smile, "Better. She had a heart attack. Um, she needs some help with her will and stuff. Can you help?"

"I draft wills in my sleep, kiddo. Of course."

"Can you bill it to me?"

Walt said, "Oh." The tone in his voice was one of surprise. "If it gets complicated, I guess so. Otherwise, I can do it as part of my pro bono work."

Wendy said, "Thanks a million. I'll let you talk to Mrs. Frazier now."

Nana talked to the attorney for a few minutes before handing the phone back to her, "You're a sweetheart, dear."

Wendy put the phone to her ear, "Thanks, Wes. This means a lot to me."

The attorney said, "So not some college guy. But I didn't figure you'd become a nanny either."

Wendy shook her head, "Come on, Wes. Really?"

Her attorney said, "I'll send you the forms by the end of the day. They'll need to be notarized."

"Thanks. Bye Wes."

Aiden returned and handed her an individual serving of chocolate milk. He gave Wendy a reproachful glare, "You women finished talking about me?"

Wendy glanced at Nana. The old woman said, "Sorry about that, Aiden. It's just it may take longer for me to get back to normal and I wanted to talk it over with Wendy to see if you could stay over there until I'm better."

The baleful look of reproachment faded and Aiden grinned at Wendy as he grabbed her hand, "That's cool. What about school?"

Wendy hated Aiden's school. She saw how it crushed his soul. Nobody should have to endure the kind of abuse the boy endured almost daily. "It's the end of the semester. If your nana's okay with it, I can look into a couple of online schools. We can turn my little dining room into your classroom if we need to. I can be your hands-on tutor."

The words were barely out of her mouth when Wendy realized just how hands-on she intended to be with Aiden's education. She glanced at Nana from the corner of her eye. The old woman beamed at her grandson, "You listen and behave for Wendy."

After Wendy and Aiden said their goodbyes, while riding down the elevator, the boy glanced at her, his eyes roving over her body, "You going to make me behave?"

Chapter 8

Aiden's feet pounded against the soft air cushions in the soles of his running shoes. He chanced a glance to his left. Wendy matched his pace, running easily beside him. After nine months, even on a bad day, which this wasn't, they could beat their time from their first five-k run. Their next race was just a couple of weeks away and the boy could hardly wait. It was in San Antonio. The two of them planned a full week's worth of activities during their stay.

A car sped along the road on the edge of campus and when its blinker turned on, he slowed his pace. Better to let the car beat him to the intersection. Through measured breaths, Wendy said, “You sure you want to do the ten-k next week in San Antone? It’s twice as far as our normal route.”

Aiden jogged in place until the car cleared the cross street, then he resumed his pace, “I know. But our route here is five miles now. That’s most of ten k.”

Instead of responding, Wendy turned her jog into a sprint as the quadplex buildings came into view. Aiden shook his head and pumped his legs as fast as possible, closing the gap between him and his girlfriend.

He liked the taste of that word on his lips. It had been the better part of six months since Nana’s heart attack. She was back home now, but Aiden had yet to move back into her house. Nana seemed to enjoy the peace and quiet. And he and Wendy enjoyed their new life together.

He finished the school year attending TOPS, an online public school that was a million times better than Travis Intermediate. In fact, he hadn’t been back across the highway to his old school since the Christmas break. And he loved it. Wendy knew so much and tutored him in anything he didn’t understand. But the teachers in the online school actually offered one-on-one on Zoom when he got stumped, if Wendy wasn’t available.

Wendy turned on more speed, pulling further ahead. Normally, Aiden would run his heart out to beat her. But seeing her backside in the microfiber shorts that barely covered her ass, reminded the newly minted twelve-year-old he enjoyed living with Wendy for more than just her tutoring skills.

When she reached the parking lot between the quadplex buildings and her apartment, Wendy’s hands shot up in victory. She spun around and flashed a wide grin at him as he reached the concrete ribbon a few heartbeats later. Aiden wanted nothing more than to grab her around the waist and kiss that grin from her face.

But even though he saw nobody else outside, he had long ago promised to avoid public displays of affection, as Wendy called them. Instead, he jogged by her, heading to the small apartment they now shared.

He leaned against the door, waiting for Wendy to unlock it. Despite it being mid-morning, the June day promised to be a real scorcher. His tank-top was soaked through and his eyes stung from sweat dripping from his unkempt hair.

Wendy patted him on the shoulder before unlocking the door, "Better luck next time, A."

The cool air hit him square in the chest once the door swung open and Aiden made a bee-line to the fridge, where he fetched a couple of water bottles. One thing that had changed since moving in with Wendy is there was actually some food in the fridge. The boy usually ate breakfast and lunch there. They ate dinner at the cafeteria on campus closest to the apartment. Wendy didn't have many friends, and the people who casually knew her thought she was Aiden's nanny. He smirked as he twisted the lid from a bottle of water and handed it to her. If they only knew.

He drained the water from his bottle in a few gulps and set it next to the laptop on the dining room table where he had finished out his sixth-grade year a few days earlier, and then followed Wendy into the bedroom.

She sat on the end of the bed, her green tank-top plastered to her body. Green did a better job than white at masking her nipples, but as close as Aiden was, he could see the outline of her perky nipples through the fabric of Wendy's shirt.

He came over to her, "Winner gets to tell the loser what they have to do. What's it going to be?"

Wendy ran a hand through her short, wet hair, "You're lucky I'm horny this morning, A. Otherwise, I can think of all sorts of ways to get back at you for when you won."

Hearing the young woman admit to her needs, Aiden's penis twitched, pushing at the fabric of his underwear and shorts. "I don't remember you complaining, Wen."

The twenty-year-old chuckled, "I bet you won't either. Okay. Help me take off my shirt."

Aiden grabbed the hem of her shirt and pulled it over her head. He knew every inch of Wendy's modest breasts, how her tits didn't quite fill out even an a-cup. But they were beautiful to him, swelling out just a couple of inches, topped by nipples only a bit larger than twice the size of his own small nipples.

He cupped one of the young woman's breasts and squeezed it the way she liked to be squeezed. Wendy moaned, "Nice, A. Now, tell me why you're still dressed?"

Aiden chuckled. It was a rhetorical question. That was one of the words Wendy taught him. Rhetorical; a question not requiring an answer. He grinned at her and pulled his wet shirt off and tossed it into their hamper. He slid his jogging shorts off, leaving them at his feet. "I'm not. Not anymore."

Wendy's fingers touched the waistband of his underwear. Gone were the superhero briefs. The girl traced her finger along the waistband of his solid black briefs. From the first day she bought them for him, Wendy told him he looked sexy in the low hung briefs that exposed his abs, which the frequent running had strengthened.

Funny, no matter who won the sprint back to the apartment, they both undressed the other. Wendy hooked her fingers under the band and tugged downward. His erection formed resistance to pulling the material down. But only for a moment, a bit lower and his penis, hard as a rock, slapped upwards, making a noise loud enough to bring laughter when it slapped against his abs.

Once he kicked his underwear away, Aiden took Wendy by the hand and pulled her to her feet. Now, he was only an inch shorter than her. He didn't need to bend his neck up to kiss her.

He just leaned in and kissed her, their lips almost perfectly aligned when they stood up, like now. Wendy tasted of sweat, but Aiden didn't care. He

slid his tongue through her lips and felt himself growing aroused as Wendy's tongue played with his in her mouth.

He pulled at her short shorts, revealing a sexy pair of black panties. Aiden knew where she stored the matching bra. But she only wore it when they went out.

Six months before, Aiden would have paused, worried about whether he was doing things right. Now, he just pulled the panties down too, revealing the rest of Wendy's body. She was as smooth as he. He was still waiting for the first signs of puberty to hit and she still shaved away all her hair down there. He sighed, "Wow, Wen. You're sexy."

Wendy stepped against him, her body pressed to his as her arms wrapped around his back, "You're biased, A. But I'm glad you are. Let's get the sweat washed off. I told Nana we would stop by and bring her something for lunch. We don't want to be late, so..."

Aiden heard the unspoken challenge. He took her hand and followed her into the bathroom. A moment later, they were under the rain showerhead, each washing the other. When Aiden lathered shampoo into Wendy's hair, he said, "Are you still thinking about your Uncle Walt's suggestion about taking one of the apartments in the quadplexes?"

Wendy bent her head toward him as Aiden rubbed the shampoo through her hair, "I haven't told him no, yet. But I like it here in this little apartment."

Once Wendy rinsed the shampoo from her hair, she returned the favor. Her fingers were lathering Aiden's blond hair, "What about you? You want your own room?"

Aiden's eyes were clenched closed, "No. Do you think your uncle thinks we're doing... um, what we're doing?"

Wendy chuckled as she pushed his head under the rain showerhead, "No more than Nana. Hell, probably less than your nana."

Aiden felt his face flush. Whenever he went by himself over to visit his nana, it was always, "How's your girlfriend doing," or the like. Even so, he didn't think Nana knew how intimate he and Wendy truly were.

“If you think we should, Wen, I guess that would be okay. As long as I don’t really have to stay in another bedroom.”

Wendy’s hand reached between his legs, gently grabbing his dick. He filled more of her hand now than he had six months before. He was even slightly longer. The twenty-year-old said, “Hell no. I like our sleeping arrangement, same as you.”

Once they dried each other off, Aiden happily let Wendy guide him back to the bed. She pushed him down before crawling onto the bed and onto his lap. He hadn’t known back in December how many ways there were for two people to have sex. But this was Wendy’s favorite. Aiden was fond of it too, because seeing his girlfriend orgasm was fun and made him even hornier.

Wendy reached between them long enough to guide him into her. She shifted her hips and wiggled her butt against his groin, sending tingles through his dick, before sliding down. The feel of the young woman shuddering as she descended sent a thrill through Aiden. Even though this position was familiar, each time Wendy took him, the feelings were always intoxicating. Wendy was his drug, and he was addicted to her.

As Wendy bounced on her knees, her juices coated Aiden’s penis, creating just enough friction to send tendrils of tickles through him. One thing he liked about this position was watching his girlfriend cum several times before finally getting him across the finish line. Idly, Aiden’s hands reached up and massaged the young woman’s boobs. The gentle swells gave against his kneading fingers, and he was rewarded by Wendy’s first moan.

A grin flashed across Aiden’s face. That wouldn’t be the last moan, not by a long shot. After a minute or two, Wendy leaned over him, her lips locking onto his as she rested her knees but shifted her movement to her hips, sliding along his shaft, sending more tingles racing through his boner and into his body. Her tongue in his mouth only served to make the pleasure more intense. It was Aiden’s turn to moan through the kiss.

Another couple of minutes passed before Wendy sat up on Aiden’s crotch. Her knees moved, making his dick slip and slide inside the girl’s pussy,

driving him crazy, with a feeling he was getting close to cumming. But as Wendy changes position or rested, the pending orgasm retreated.

Aiden's eyes were partially closed. Wendy had cum at least three times since climbing on top of him. He had no idea about edging. Not even his twenty-year-old girlfriend could have explained it. But with the way Wendy fucked him, he closed in on his orgasm several times, only to have the moment delayed as she altered her position.

Then it happened. With barely any warning, his dick spasmed within Wendy's pussy. His cum was a top ten moment, especially when Wendy's vagina undulated with another orgasm, milking him dry. Aiden nearly passed out before Wendy stopped fucking him, barely hanging on to consciousness in his orgasm-addled state.

Wendy leaned forward, staying impaled, and rested her head on Aiden's chest. Once he could think clearly, the boy said, "I never want to move."

Head on his chest, Wendy giggled, "Not even to eat?"

Aiden's hands found Wendy's back, and he caressed her, "That's what delivery is for."

Wendy kissed him before saying, "Maybe again before bed tonight? We promised Nana we'd come over for lunch."

Aiden rolled off his girlfriend and lay beside her, "I know. She's doing so much better. Do you think she's going to want me to go back and stay with her?"

Wendy climbed off the bed and went into the bathroom to clean up, "I don't think so, A. She knows how well you're doing with school over here and I think she enjoys not having to take care of you."

Aiden got up and joined her in the bathroom where he cleaned his groin with a wash towel. Was he a burden to Wendy? "Do you mind it?"

Still naked, Wendy grabbed him in a hug, "We take care of each other, A. I know it's like something from a bad movie, but I think we complete each other. Don't you?"

Aiden squeezed her in a bear hug, "Yeah. Sometimes you finish my sentences for me."

Wendy headed back into the bedroom where she got dressed. Aiden followed her, enjoying the sight of her slipping on her favorite peach-colored panties. Pink shorts and shirt followed. When the young woman was dressed, she glowered at him. "If you hadn't been perving me, we'd both be ready, A."

Aiden chuckled, "But I like watching you get dressed. It's fun."

Still, he was sliding on a clean pair of red low-cut briefs while talking. A few minutes later, he let Wendy take his hand and head toward the door. They spent a pleasant afternoon visiting his Nana. And after Aiden helped to clean the dishes, letting them dry in the drying rack, his nana grew tired, "You two wear an old woman out. I swear. What're you kids going to do with your summer?"

Aiden smiled at Wendy, who said, "There are some five and ten k runs. Next week, there's one in San Antonio. Do you mind if Aiden goes to run in it? We were thinking of making a week out of it."

Nana's eyes shone, "That sounds like so much fun. It's nice that you ask me, Wendy. But you're as much Aiden's guardian as I am. I like that you tell me, but you don't need my permission. You kids go have fun down there and then tell me all about it afterward."

Aiden didn't particularly understand all the guardian stuff. But if that's what was needed to let him live with Wendy, he didn't really care what it was called. Wendy patted him on the shoulder, "I know, Nana. We'll always let you know what's going on."

It was all Aiden could do to not snigger at Wendy. After all, he and Wendy did some things nobody else could know about. Not even Nana.

"Thank you," Nana said with a yawn, "Now if you kids don't mind, I'm going to lie down for a nap."

Aiden closed the door behind him, stepping onto the old, decaying porch. This wasn't home. Not any more. He looked over at Wendy and slipped a hand into hers. "Come on, let's go home."

The End.

.....