

6 TIMES A DAY

Chapter 12 Disaster?

The next day at school, Alan was a complete nervous wreck. He felt like he'd been given an ultimatum and basically had to ask Christine out no matter what.

To make matters worse, he shared almost every class with her. He kept glancing at her, usually sideways since she typically sat next to him, trying to figure out when to talk to her. More importantly, he struggled to figure out what he might say, which left him feeling even more like a condemned man being sent to the gallows for a public execution.

He had a good opportunity to talk to her at lunch but was too nervous to do so.

When school let out he was absolutely desperate. Given how miserable he felt, he was determined to get it over with so he wouldn't have to go through the same agony all over again the next day.

He followed Christine like a silent stalker until finally, at the bicycle rack, she abruptly turned around to face him and barked, "What?!"

"Huh?" Alan blinked. He hadn't expected her to be mad at him. He looked around, seriously contemplating escape routes.

She walked to where he stood about ten feet away and came right up to his face. "What is it already, Alan? You've been acting weird all day and now you're following me. Do you have something you want to say?"

He was literally trembling all over. He'd heard stories about how Christine had shot down other guys who'd dared to ask her out. According to one story, after one particularly arrogant guy had asked her for a date, she'd smiled happily and said gaily, "Of course I'll go out with you, just as soon as you have the surgery."

The guy was both elated and confused, so he naturally asked, "What surgery?"

She answered in a suddenly harsh and biting voice, "The surgery to remove your head from where it's shoved up your ass."

Alan hoped and prayed that the stories weren't true, but he suspected that they were because Christine did not suffer fools gladly.

Since he had never asked a girl out before, he didn't have a clue on how to best make his move. At the moment, all he knew was that he wanted to get it over with immediately so his suffering would come to an end.

He closed his eyes and blurted out, "Yeah, I do want to ask you something. Christine, will you go out with me? You know, like, on a date?" He was so afraid that he kept his eyes closed. His heart pounded like a big bass drum while he waited for her response. He braced himself for the harsh put-down to come.

However, after an excruciatingly long pause, Christine said in a voice that was still testy but a little bit softer and kinder, "You can open your eyes, you know."

He opened his eyes and forced himself to look in her direction.

It happened that since she was feeling awkward, she held her hands together and was squeezing her arms inwards in a way that pushed her large 38F breasts forward and made them appear even bigger than their already tremendous size.

She was wearing a very conservatively cut peach-colored top that exposed no cleavage at all. But although she always dressed to play down her assets and even wore minimizer bras with extra padding to help hide her nipples, there was simply no way to disguise just how busty she was.

Despite Alan's great nervousness, he found himself getting an erection. It happened to him almost every time he was near her, no matter what the occasion. He silently hoped and prayed she wouldn't notice it, let alone make a snide comment about it.

Christine's face was deadly serious, but then she smiled encouragingly when he looked her in the eye. However, her smile was very brief, after which she went right back to an intense stare and a grimace of sorts, which indicated that she was thinking deeply.

But to Alan in his current worried mood, it looked like she was trying to decide which implements to use to cut him into little pieces.

Finally, after even more painful silence, she said with carefully chosen words, "Alan, I'm flattered. But this is so unexpected. I like you, as a friend, but I've never thought of you, you know, that way."

"I see." His whole body slumped.

Christine was still at a loss. "Um, uh, what were you thinking when you asked me out?"

"Oh God, I'm so sorry." He'd given up already and wanted to flee. please visit panda-:)NOVE1.co)m

"No, I didn't mean it like that. Like I said, I'm flattered. I know there are all kinds of exaggerated stories about me being uncommonly cruel to the guys who ask me out. Really, I'm not that bad." She tried to give him an encouraging smile. "I know that it couldn't have been easy for you to ask, so I'm just wondering what changed. I thought we were doing pretty well as friends."

He thought, What am I supposed to say, that I have this strange medical diagnosis and I need a girlfriend to help me get off six times a day? Or that I like you a lot as a friend but that's not enough because I'm absolutely obsessed by your gigantic breasts? Jesus! This is so awkward! Come on, Alan. Just tell her the truth - minus those two things, obviously.

His eyes dropped to her chest and he blurted out, "We are. Definitely! But we're not THAT close, really. And I want to be closer. You see, I've had a crush on you for a long time. You're just so beautiful! And I'm not just talking about your big chest like all the other guys, although, God, that is, er, they are, pretty dang, uh, attractive."

Alan was thinking to himself, Duh! Shut up! You're really putting your foot in your mouth. You're not supposed to talk about her breasts, and keep your eyes on her face, for Christ's sake!

By sheer force of will, he stared into her eyes with surprising intensity as he spoke with increasing passion, "What I mean is, the main thing I love is your face. You're just so heartbreakingly beautiful that I could stare into your eyes for hours. But it's not only that! You're so smart too! I know there's this really amazing girl BEHIND the body, behind the spell-binding eyes. I really like talking to you, and you know, BEING with you. Hanging out, you know? I mean, I'd want to go out with you even if you didn't look so, uh, curvy, just 'cos

I'd rather talk to you than anyone else in class. You know? I mean, I just feel like, well, we have a lot in common and we just click?"

She just stared at him. Her silence and her stare were unnerving.

He started to falter and looked away. "Don't we? I mean, I think we do. God, I'm rambling. You can, uh, tell me to shut up at any time."

He was blushing fully now and thought, Now I've REALLY done it! She thinks I'm some kind of breast freak, like all the other guys who ask her out. But the truth is that I really DO think she's amazing over and above her body. The problem is that she's TOO amazing. Why would someone so accomplished and beautiful ever go out with someone like me? Now I've totally ruined everything. I'll never be able to look her in the eye again.

For a while Christine appeared to be busy thinking, but then she finally smiled. When she was serious, she had no idea how intimidating her intense stare could be. But when she smiled like that, Alan found her so beautiful and desirable that he wanted to jump for joy and write a thousand songs about her. He dared to raise his hopes again.

Then she said, "Alan, you know, I do like you a lot. But the things you're talking about that you like, don't they just mean that we should be good friends? Well, most of them, anyway. I like you too, but just as, you know, a friend."

He felt crushed. "Oh. I see." He looked as completely crestfallen as he felt. He started to back away from her. "Yeah. That's a good idea. Friends. Okay, I'll see you at school tomorrow, right?"

She looked at him with concern. "Wait! I don't mean it like that. Please don't be offended, okay? It's just that this is all so sudden and I'm not ready for a serious relationship. Really, if I did want to go out with anyone, it would be you. I mean it! Maybe, you know, sometime later."

He nodded far too agreeably as he continued to slowly back away. "Yeah. Later. Sounds good. Okay, I'll see you tomorrow then." He turned and walked away as rapidly as he could without appearing to run.

When he went around the corner of a nearby school building and was finally out of her sight, he did in fact start running. Even though he had ridden his bicycle to school, he ran all the way home.

As soon as he reached his room, he collapsed on his bed, feeling depressed and morose.

The problem was, he really was in love with Christine, as well as in lust with her body. He was completely inconsolable. Some of the things she'd said at the end, such as that if she did go out with anyone it would be him, or that she might be more amenable to the idea later, he disregarded as little niceties to soften the blow.

Although he didn't realize it, she actually did mean them. She had been sorely tempted to say 'Yes' despite the rather timid and bumbling way he'd asked her out.

She did like him a lot and she knew that he was the first suitor who could appreciate her brilliant mind as well as her incredible body. She wasn't entirely sure why she'd told him 'No', but as soon as he was gone she regretted it. She also felt horrible that she had left him in such an obviously distressed state, leaving her feeling too embarrassed to face him and talk things out.

She'd rejected him largely out of instinct. Some of it had to do with the way he'd sprung the idea on her from out of the blue, and some had to do with her own self-confidence issues and her resulting fear of intimacy.

She also had a few reservations about him, especially because he was considered a nerd and a nobody in the school power hierarchy, unlike herself. She had a reputation to maintain, and she was particularly worried about being seen as too square and nerdy. Unfortunately, dating Alan would have resulted in a lot of flak for her.

But a lot of it was because of the clumsy, nervous, inarticulate manner in which he had asked her for a date. Had he been more suave about it, and especially if he'd built up to it with hints and flirting, he almost certainly would have gotten a different answer. She really did like him a lot and found him funny, cute, well built, and nearly her academic peer.

Unfortunately, Alan didn't realize that. He decided that he'd never stood a chance with her and never would. He resolved to harden his heart and try to get over his feelings for her, but it wasn't easily done. He kicked himself over and over for not being more suave and assertive, not to mention his ramblings about her breasts. He dreaded having to face her again in school.

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