

Adam



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Adam

VOL. 1 NO. 3

A three-hour scrimmage was easier than Maxine

FOOTBALL

Hero

BY PETER LAITIN

"GET HONEY, let's go up in the hills," Josie said in a low voice.

They charged out of the drive-in restaurant lot, horn tooting, answered by at least fifty other horns—triumphant horns, enthusiastic horns! THE FOOTBALL GAME WAS OVER and the winner CRANSTON HIGH!

On the field Chet Connor had been the great All-City, All-State backfield star, playing the final game of his high school career. And for the past season, scouts and representatives of the big colleges have been after him. Chet, flattered by all the attention, was nonetheless trying to be level-headed about his decision. Chet wanted to become a lawyer and was willing to study hard. But he looked forward to this future not just for himself; there was Josie, the girl he loved and would marry someday.

Now he was with Josie, and all else was forgotten. They sighed as Chet stopped the car and they gazed at the breathless vision of a million city lights below them. Nothing could be better than this.

Chet touched Josie's soft blond hair and kissed her lightly on the cheek.

"Oh Chet," she burst, and grabbed Chet and pressed her body against him, squirming with excitement. This surprised Chet who usually led Josie gently at the beginning. She seemed supercharged with emotion.

"Oh Chet. You were so wonderful playing out there today. I'm so proud of you."

She tightened her grip around the back of his neck and buried her face against his. "Chet, darling, hold me tight," she whispered in his ear. She unbuttoned her blouse, and put his hand on her breast. He could feel her hotness, and how she trembled at his touch.

They had never gone beyond a mutual exploration of each other's bodies. Part of it was because Chet cherished Josie's chasteness; the greater reason was that they were both a little afraid. Once Chet had touched her so vigorously that she cried out from the pain and he felt like a beast.

But tonight, Josie wanted something to happen; the sight of Chet's darling on the football field today and the standing ovation he got when he left the game in the final minute made

Josie feel that she wanted to surrender everything she had and deliver it to her hero.

"Oh, you're so strong, so powerful, darling." She lightly put her tongue in his ear.

Chet felt impelled to stop her now. Another minute of this and . . . "No, Josie, no." He pushed her away.

"Why? We're going to be married someday."

"Josie, there's four years of college and after that three years of law school ahead of me. We can't get married until I've graduated and started practice. Let's be realistic."

"Oh Chet, in our hearts we're already married."

"Please, Josie. I don't even know which college I'm going to. It may be clear across the country. We may not see each other much."

"I thought you were pretty well decided on Benedict. It's only two hours away by plane."

"No, I didn't have a chance to tell you. The Aggie Bulldogs are raising their offer, and want to talk to me about it tonight."

"Oh," said a subdued Josie. "They are so far away and their law school is not rated as high as Benedict's. I want you to be a good lawyer, darling . . . a real good lawyer."

He nodded.

"I'm proud of your brains too," Josie said quietly. "Take me home, Chet."

They drive home in silence. When they reached her house she kissed him quickly and said, "please don't be ashamed of me." She got out of the car herself and ran up the steps to her door. She didn't want Chet to see her tears.

He looked after her, shaken and unhappy. This was a real crisis. They never had one like this before.

When Chet got home he saw a shiny yellow Cadillac Eldorado in front of his house. He went into the house.

"Is that you, Chet?"

"Yes, Dad." He saw his father standing by the fireplace, as tall and strong as Chet. Dad had been a star athlete in his school days too, and in fact had groomed Chet for football ever since Chet was five. Chet liked and admired his father. He had no mother; she had passed away when he

was a baby.

"Son, this is Mr. Bixby, here to talk to you about the Aggies."

"How do you do, sir," Chet said shaking the big hand of Mr. Bixby. He had heard much about Bixby, one of the wealthiest lawyers in the city. He had a considerable reputation too as a man about town; he was so frequently mentioned in the nightclub columns that one wondered how he ever had time to practice law.

"Chet, I want to invite you to a party at my house right now. Of course, we're going to talk about the Aggies, but that's not nearly so important this minute as my wanting to show you the best time you've ever had in your life."

"I didn't know that you were an Aggie alumnus."

"That I am. Never made the football team. Too light. But I was an all-American student manager. The best Aggie ever had."

Chet smiled at this play-boasting. "Come on, Chet. You can drive the Cad."

Chet looked at the slightly troubled expression on his father's face. All right, dad?

"Go ahead, son. It's time you found out what it means to be a big time college football player."

Chet thought for an instant that that was a strange thing for his father to say, but he passed it off.

"All right, I'm ready. Here, dad, are the keys to Charlie's car. If I get in late, I want to sleep tomorrow morning. He'll call for them."

* * *

The Cad approached the huge estate of Mr. Bixby, Chet at the wheel. He kept murmuring about its smoothness; man, this was real driving he thought.

"Don't worry about the gates, Chet. Keep driving." Chet whistled as the gates automatically opened before him.

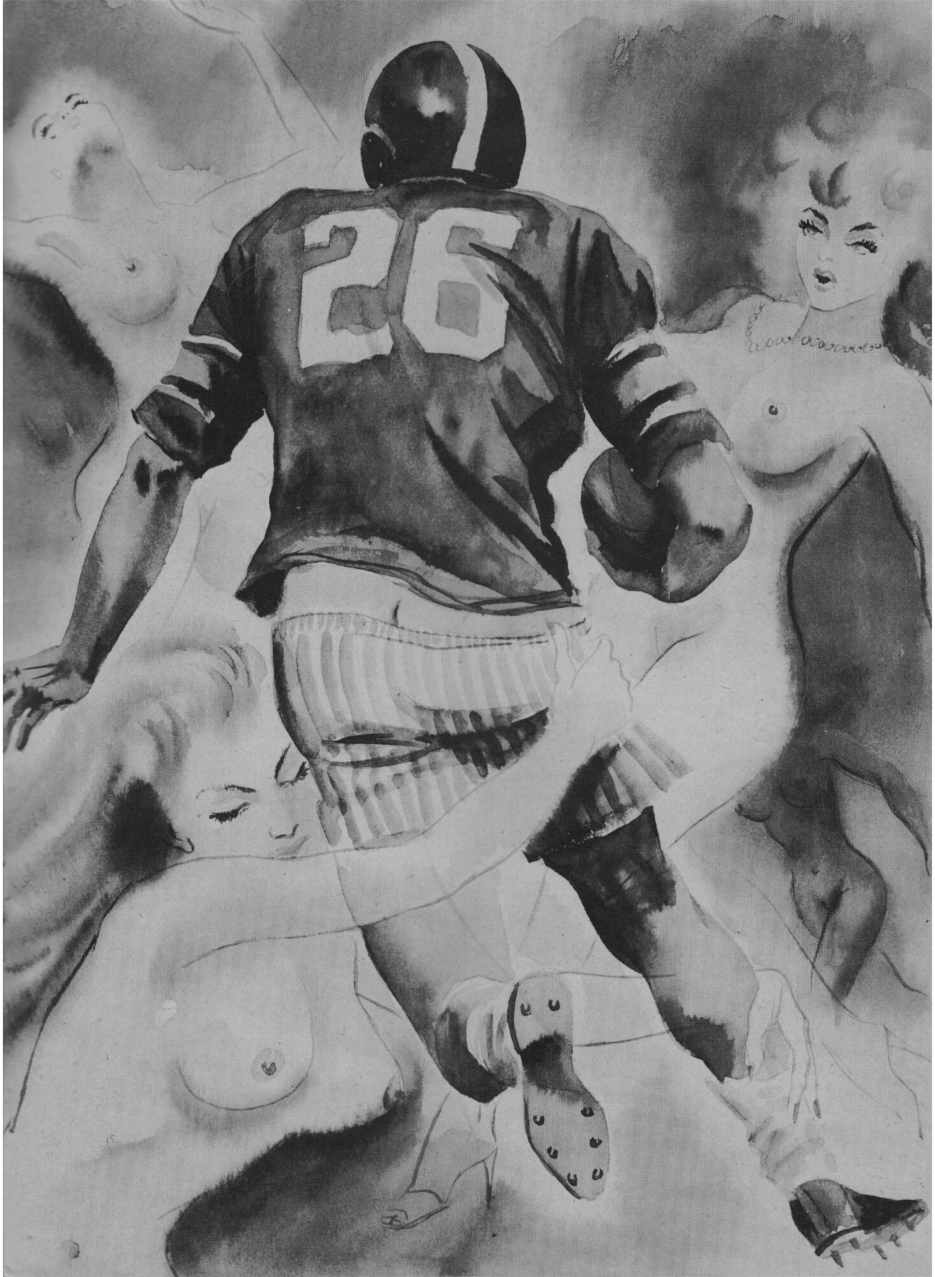
"It's done by an electric beam across the road," explained Bixby.

Chet could see that a lively party was already going on. They got out of the car. The sloping green lawn off the road led down into a glass enclosed swimming pool.

"It's warm in there," explained Bixby. "The water and the whole place is heated."

What a layout, thought Chet. He guessed that the girls walking around the pool or lounging on the inflated

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rubber cushioned were showgirls. They all had such a slick look about them. Man! A lot of young guys were there too. He noticed Jim Harlow, a top tackle from Bemis High. The other faces looked familiar too. There wasn't anyone from Cranston.

Bixby introduced him around. There was a lot of back slapping by the girls as well as the boys.

"This is Maxine. She's your baby as of right now," announced Bixby to Chet. Chet beheld the beautiful Maxine who seemed to know *everything* about men. Her lips were so red, but not makeup red; her hair seemed so extra yellow, but not phony yellow. Man, this girl, thought Chet, knows exactly what to do with her equipment.

"Will you excuse us for five minutes, Maxine?" said Bixby. Bixby led Chet inside the house.

"Beer or a drink? Season's over."

"I'll have a beer, sir."

"Now then, Chet." Bixby put a firm grip on Chet's shoulder and looked at him directly. Chet could feel the strength of his magnetism. "Let's get our business over with before the party. I hear you would like to become a lawyer. I'll see to it that you will be able to go to a good law school after you graduate, all tuition and

living expenses paid. Now, for your freshman year, you'll get five hundred dollars a month."

Chet felt a tingling in his stomach. This Bixby talk was heady stuff.

"When you make the varsity," Bixby went on, "you'll get a thousand. A five thousand bonus if you make All-American. And we'll take care of your father too. We know he makes forty-two hundred a year. We'll get him a job at six thousand. A good job in which he can advance."

"Sir, this is too much for me to think about now. Let me kick it around."

"Have you told anyone about which college you're going to?"

"No, but frankly, I've been giving Benedict College a lot of thought. It's close enough that I can come home often to see Dad and Josie."

"Josie? Oh, she's your girl."

Chet realized that this guy Bixby has done a lot of checking up on him.

"All right Chet. No answer tonight. Just have a lot of fun. There's a locker room next to the pool and pick out any swimming trunk.

Chet quickly undressed and picked out a pair from a dozen or more trunks neatly folded on a shelf. He took a huge bathing towel from a pile, and strolled out to the pool.

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Maxine grabbed his arm, "Come on, honey, let's go." She dove into the water smoothly. Chet followed.

They raced to the other side of the pool.

She squirted some water on his face. "Hey!", he laughed.

"Like it?"

"It's great. Now I know how the other half lives."

"The best is yet to come. We'll really have a ball."

Chet asked, "What do you do, Maxine?"

"Oh, didn't you know? I dance and sing and act, and do things." She said slyly.

After a while, in the locker room Chet talked to the others. They liked the money part of football. "Now we're getting into real big time," some said. One cynic put in, "Get all you can now; once you're signed up you're stuck. All that rah rah stuff is for kids. It's the money that counts today."

Chet started to put on his clothes.

"No, just put on one of these," the boy next to him said and pointed to a pile of robes on a chair. They all walked to the rumpus room. It was furnished with soft lights and soft couches. There was an expensive spread of food, and iced champagne. The short swim made Chet hungry. The girls started coming in too. They were dressed in robes also.

Someone turned on a Hi Fi set. Some couples began dancing. The girls were pretty careless about the robes slipping off their shoulders.

Maxine came over to Chet and filled his glass with champagne. "Go easy, Maxine, I'm not much of a champagne drinker. I can feel it already!"

She bent over, her robe falling away from her body. Chet could see her silken body, her breasts exposed to his startled eyes.

"You'll get used to it; champagne's tops in my book." She made no move to cover her exposed front. Chet let his eyes linger on her incredible body. He saw how smooth and lithe, animal-like she seemed. He wet his lips. She knew he was watching her, drinking in her body with his eyes. She knew that not many men could resist what she was offering. Maxine knew her job, and she knew young inexperienced men. They had to be taken by the hand and shown how to walk into paradise. Slowly she covered herself, her eyes fixed steadily on Chet.

Chet took a long drink. He never felt his mouth so dry. He thought of Josie, and felt a little depressed about their quarrel.

Maxine leaned over and whispered in his ear, "Relax, Chet, we're gonna

have a real wing-ding. You'll see. Here, let me get you more champagne."

Chet felt the rush of blood to his head. He looked around and saw that some of the couples were still dancing, one girl's robe had slipped off exposing her completely, but she didn't seem to mind and neither did her partner who was holding her in a bear-hug. Other couples had already forgotten food, dancing and drink; they were in various positions on the couches, legs and arms intertwined. Chet could hear one girl softly moaning. It was a startling sound to his ear. It seemed like she was in pain, but an ecstatic kind of pain.

Chet began to feel a sense of abandonment, of release. It was like a 105 yard runback he once made; a dodge here, a straight arm there, then suddenly the field was all clear—between him and the goal, there was no one; and he flew to the goal: He felt light-headed, floating.

Maxine came back again and sat on his lap. Then she kissed him. He had never been kissed like that before; it was as though she had swallowed him up. He could feel his heart pounding faster. She then opened Chet's robe and began rubbing her hands up and down his chest and back. She kept giving him tiny little kisses, then she kissed his neck and shoulders. She let her hands linger on his stomach, and suddenly she turned around and locked his body with her legs, her robe falling away from her. Chet was too started to know what to do. Then like a deep sigh of ocean waves breaking onto shore a rush of heated desire hit him. Recklessly he plunged ahead. Maxine tensed up, meeting his boyish thrusting of himself, then she slowly unfolded him in her arms, "Easy, easy now, easy . . ."

The room was spinning, everything was shut out except for this hypnotic whispering in his ear, the voice repeating over and over, "Easy, easy now, easy . . ."

Chet couldn't control his body; he seemed to be someone else. He wanted to plunge ahead like a football charge, but he listened to the instructions of Maxine. Suddenly he thought the top of his head had exploded, he saw twinkling lights run up and down the room. A deep, deep groan rushed out of his throat . . .

Maxine waited until he quieted down. She loved, young athletes. They were so strong, so smooth muscled, so impulsive once they got over their first shyness. All of twenty two; she already was a woman of wide experiences. This was her third Bixby party and she loved them.

"Hey, let's play musical chairs," someone shouted.

"What's that?" mumbled Chet. Maxine explained that it was a test to see how many men would drop out of the game. The man who could go around the circle five times was a champ. Few could, but it was a lot of fun trying. It seemed the girls never got tired. They could play musical chairs all night long, if only the men could too.

Everyone was now nude.

The game began. The girls sat on the boys' laps; then after a while they would do it again . . .

* * *

Chet began to get his eyes into focus. The campagne was wearing off, and he felt completely wrung out, like someone had put him into a rug-beating machine. His whole body ached. This was worse than a three-hour scrimmage with the scrub team. He wanted to leave, to go somewhere and sleep for days.

He didn't know how he was to get home. Mr. Bixby was not around. He sought out Maxine. He looked over the sprawling bodies in the huge living room. Some snoring, others were still whimpering in the throes of erotic wrestling. Finally he found her, curled up half asleep.

"Maxine, wake up, wake up." He whispered urgently in her ear.

"Go away, honey, I wanna sleep. I wanna sleep."

He shook her awake. "It's me, Chet. Look we've gotta get out of here. Wake up."

"Find some place to roost for the night. Nobody's goin' anywhere this time of night."

Chet persisted. Finally she sat up. She shivered a little for the night had grown cold. He found a robe and put it around her shoulders. He found one for himself too. They walked along the hallway of the big house.

They found an unoccupied bedroom. She pulled back the covers and climbed into bed. It was the softest, sweetest bed Chet had ever felt. He pretended she was Josie. They curled into each others arms and fell into a deep sleep.

The next morning, Chet opened his eyes. For a moment he didn't remember where he was. Then he heard the bed rustle and saw the bulge in the blankets. His head suddenly felt as if there were twenty men digging with air hammers. For a moment he felt scared.

Maxine rolled over and opened her eyes.

"Hello. Who are you?" There was no surprise in her voice.

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Chet's head was too big and heavy for him to feel any anger. He said "I'm Chet Conners. Don't you remember?"

Maxine sat up. She held her head, too. "What a brawl. Oh my poor aching head."

In spite of his thoughts about Josie, Chet felt a rush of desire again. In the morning light, with her hair tumbling all over her, and the sleep not yet out of her eyes, Maxine's smooth, tanned body, glistened in the morning light. Her breasts stood out full, proud, youthful, and her nipples were dark, like ripe cherries. He grabbed her and pulled her down beside him and sought her mouth.

Maxine felt the power of his passion and lifted herself to meet the challenge. This is what you want, Josie, and this is what I'll give you, Chet said to himself.

Chet felt himself bursting; he could hardly catch his breath.

"Darling, darling, darling," she cried.

In a final gasp, he lay still in her arms.

* * *

They heard laughing and splashing outside.

"The others must be getting in a swim before breakfast. Let's go," Maxine said. "Nothing like it to cure a hangover." She jumped out of bed.

Chet put on his robe and went outside with Maxine. Everyone was nude. Suddenly Chet felt debauched and ashamed. He saw himself reflected in the sight before him.

He must get away now. He found his clothes in the locker, got dressed, and looked around for Mr. Bixby.

"Good morning, sir," he greeted Bixby who was breakfasting in the patio. "May I be taken home?"

"Of course, son, of course. Have you made up your mind?"

"Let me call you later. Right now, I feel so confused. Besides, my head is killing me, and I'm not about to make any decisions feeling as rotten as this."

"All right, Chet, call me later." Bixby was angry with himself; maybe he had figured Chet incorrectly. It would have been a bad mistake to invite any idealistic young man to this party. The other players had been carefully screened for this kind of party.

Bixby walked Chet out to his Cadillac, an arm over the young man's shoulder. He would play the role of the elder sage lawyer discussing the career of a promising protege. "Now, Chet, remember Aggie is a fully accredited institution whose grades are

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acceptable to the best law school in the country. You're welcome to come to my office anytime and examine my law library."

"Thank you, sir," mumbled Chet, as he got into the car. Bixby's house-boy drove him home; this time Chet didn't care to do any driving.

"Hello, Dad."

"Well, how was it?"

"We had a real wild time."

"Enjoy it?"

"Yes and no."

His father didn't press him. "Dad, Bixby made me a fabulous offer." Chet told his Dad what the proposition was.

"What do you want to do, son?"

"I want to play football, and I want to become a lawyer. But I don't like being bought. But this morning I felt like a damn fool. The other guys, *they* don't mind being bought and fixed up. But *I* mind!"

"Do you really? That's good, son. But the hard facts of life is that people and commodities are always being bought. Sometimes you're not the seller, as you are in this case. Sometimes you're the buyer, and you may have to do things you don't like."

"Gosh, dad, do you approve of the Aggie offer?"

"That's not my point. Wheeling and dealing is part of life. You may not like it, but it's there. And going to Benedict doesn't make you more virtuous."

"Why are you talking like that, dad?"

"Josie was over last night. We had a long talk."

Oh Lord, thought Chet. I am the world's *worst*.

"You know, this Aggie offer can solve your love problem, son. Figure it this way. College football is a job. How can you improve on a setup with a *job* like that, and college education to boot."

Chet sat still for a few minutes. He got up and went to the telephone.

"Hello, Mr. Bixby? Yes, this is Chet Connors. I'll accept your offer and the money but here are my terms: find me an apartment for two near the school and give me free rental for four years. And another thing—I'll make everything conditional on my keeping at least a B average in my studies."

Chet heard a roar of approving laughter at the other end. "Okay?" he asked. "Fine, thank you, Mr. Bixby." He put down the phone. "Dad, give me Charlie's keys; now that I have a job I'm going to pick up my fiance."

