owning_HER

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owning_HER

by Laura5500

Summary

I like intimacy and the magic of getting to truly know someone.

If a character who, instead of dying for someone, notices when they need a hug seems endearing to you, and you don't mind chapters over chapters of awkward, useless lesbians, you might wanna meet HER.

Have a stay, grab a cup of coffee, and survive these trying times.

You are not alone <3

Notes

(All chars over 18!)

Chapter 1: meeting_HER

When SHE first entered class, wearing a dark green and grey striped wool hoodie casually showing one slender shoulder and pointing her gaze to the ground, my heart skipped a beat.

She looked around the room, eyes searching for an empty seat like a panicked animal.

I could see her chipped black nail polish while she fidgeted with the hem of her sleeve, her face pale and her voice high and faint when she excused herself for being late and sat down near a girl two seats from me.

After a boring explanation from some underpaid teacher, the first break and time for the class to get to know each other started.

For the first few minutes, I kept to myself and observed; she seemed to do the same. The rest of the class started to form small groups and to test social grounds against each other.

We observed.

For now, there was nothing to do, so I got up and headed for the exit, while no one else seemed to care or notice another student amongst many leaving for the yard; she sure did.

It was almost amusing how she would quickly lower her gaze whenever I turned to look, and intriguing once she stopped doing so.

Luckily for me, the small schoolyard had an area where the older students like myself were allowed to smoke alongside the teachers. I stood inside the line that socially allowed me to feed my chosen nicotine addiction, avoiding the main crowd of chattering students and teachers behind me when she came out.

Interesting; she didn't strike me as a smoker, and when she came to a halt right outside the line and buried her hands in her pockets, I started to doubt she was. And indeed, after a few moments of silence with her gaze still fixed on her heavy boots, she said, "It was too loud inside." That made sense.

"Not the best place here," I said while lighting my cigarette. "I don't know about our class... Hanna seems decent, I guess."

She kept looking down at her boots, not saying anything but also not turning away.

"Anyway, have you made any friends so far? I also feel a bit overwhelmed."

She took a moment, then answered, "No, I am not a friend person."

Now I needed a second. "I don't have to make small talk if you came out here to be alone; that is fine."

"I like listening," she replied softly.

Before I could answer, the bell called us back to class.

I walked to the ashtray at the rear wall. When I turned back, she was still waiting where she stood. As I walked up to her, she picked up her grey handbag from the stone ground, swung it over her shoulder, and began walking towards the door.

I quickened my pace and walked beside her through the floor, neither of us saying a word.

For Math class, I wanted to sit all the way in the back so as not to be annoyed by the teacher, and as I made my way through the table rows, she kept walking beside me until I sat down in the empty rear left corner of the room.

She stood beside me for a moment before setting her handbag down and taking the seat next to me.

While the teacher gave outdated frontal lessons about quadratic equations, I tried not to look over at her as she was scribbling on her paper with a bored expression.

After a while, she slowly tore a corner of her sheet and laid it on my still empty paper.

On it, in hastily written, shimmering light blue ink, in cursive, was a question: "You bored too?"

I put the torn piece into my pencil case and tore a corner of my own paper.

"I am trying to dissociate, u?" I wrote with black ink and slid the piece over to her.

The answer came once the teacher turned to the blackboard again.

"haha, I wish I could rn".

I dared a glance; I wanted to see her expression. Instead, I saw her light brown hair falling in slight curls to roughly a centimeter above her shoulder, the light from the window shining through her strands and shimmering on her silver rings.

I tore another piece of my increasingly small paper and wrote.

"Why can't you?"

When I looked up again, she seemed focused on the blackboard, and I hesitated. After a moment, though, she looked bored again, and I slipped the paper over.

She read it and looked back up at the blackboard for almost a minute before writing her answer. "PE next..."

Now I was interested and quickly wrote, "I hate running while getting yelled at too, but it wouldn't keep me from zoning out from this math bs."

This time the answer came quickly: "It's not PE, well, not just. I hate the changing room."

"Shit, why?" I thought, and after hesitating and failing to grasp something better to write, I wrote it.

After staring at the paper, which I was by now conspicuously hiding with one flat hand, not only from the teacher but also from her, I added "(you don't have 2 say)" and handed her the note.

She looked at it for a while and then put it into her handbag. Then she looked at the equations in front of her again, concentrating.

As the class was almost over, she slid another piece over: "I don't like how I look sometimes :P".

I read it again and wanted to answer, but she was already getting up, and saying something out loud was not an option. So I followed her in silence this time.

When we arrived at the changing room, she stopped, eyes big and fixed on the door.

"Don't say anything," she said quietly, and opened the door.

Inside, multiple women were already changing. We found an empty bench, and she set her backpack and handbag on it.

She pulled a dark blue shirt, black leggings, and a black Adidas jacket from her bag and lifted her striped pullover over her bra.

I tried not to look while I hung my coat on the hook in front of me before turning away from her. Then I lifted my plain white shirt to quickly exchange it for my blue sports suit.

When I looked up, she sat in front of me in a plain white bra, but more importantly, with scars all over her arms. She immediately seemed to notice me seeing them and quickly pulled her new shirt down before anyone else could.

"Don't say anything," she said more quietly than last time, not that I had any intention to, here in front of everyone.

I nodded, and we left for PE.

At the bench, a bit away from the rest of the class, she sat down next to me and said, still rather quietly, "They are old. I am not ready to talk about them."

I nodded again.

After class, we stood together at the bus stop. We had to take the same bus to the city center first and then split off onto different lines.

I did not know what to say, so we stood in silence.

When the bus finally came, she went in behind me and followed me through the rows. I found an empty double seat near the back and sat down.

She stopped next to my row and looked at me. I nodded, and she sat down beside me.

After passing a few blocks, she looked over and asked, "You wanna add me on WhatsApp?"

I had to smile. "I only have Signal, but I would like to chat."

She pulled her phone out and opened the Play Store, looking for Signal. After she installed it, we added each other via the QR code and sat in silence again.

The bus arrived at the city center, and we stepped out onto the central station. It was loud: hundreds of busy people chattering and walking by, and buses departing.

She looked at her phone and left for her bus. Before it came, she turned around and said, "bye."

I nodded and left for my bus.

Chapter 2: second_DAY

I woke up, and after getting ready in front of the mirror, I checked my phone. On it was a message from her, not even five minutes old.

I quickly unlocked my phone, mistyped on the Signal lock screen after my main lock, and when I finally had it open, I read, "I will be at the station at seven AM."

I arrived five minutes before our departure; so far, no sign of her.

When we only had about one minute left, I pulled out my phone and texted her, "Hey, you coming? U good?"

When the bus arrived and I still had no message, I decided to go alone, but right as I wanted to enter, my phone buzzed.

"I am in the café at the corner. I will come later."

And a second later,

"Sorry."

I thought for a moment, then turned around and walked towards the café.

In the back row on a bench she sat, her phone in hand, her hair messy and falling over her eyes.

I approached, and she looked up. Her green eyes seemed like she was looking right through me, at a spot in the air somewhere behind me.

"Hey, you good?" I asked, and she answered, "You came?"

"I was worried. I don't like being late, but at least I am not late alone," I said while sitting down next to her, trying to keep my distance on the bench.

"The station is loud and the people are scary," she said, eyes focused on the steaming cup of coffee in front of her.

I waited a moment, and when she didn't say anything more, I asked, "Should we take the next bus?"

"Yes, we have to, I guess. Let me just finish my coffee first," she said before emptying her cup and getting up with a sigh.

We made our way to the bus together and shared a double seat again.

After a while of sitting in silence and watching the landscape rush by, I finally asked, "Are you okay?"

"I hate being late too; I just sometimes can't bring myself to go." She took a moment, then added, "When I said I am not much of a friend person, I didn't mean by choice."

I myself took a while and didn't know what to say until I finally said, "I like you."

We spent the rest of the ride in silence together.

When we finally entered the classroom, almost twenty minutes late for history, I took a deep breath and knocked on the door.

The teacher said, "Come in," and after entering, I quickly excused us both and made my way to the back row.

She sat down next to me and quietly said, "Thanks, I didn't want to knock."

"I know," I replied.

After following the lesson for a while, she slid a paper over to me, saying, "I like your nail polish, way more neat than mine lul."

I looked up to make sure Mr. Henderson wasn't looking and wrote my answer: "I like your black nail polish; that's why I searched for my old bottle ^^."

I looked at the paper and decided to take the opportunity, so I added: "I can make your nails in the big break if you want," and handed her the paper.

She looked over at me and nodded before returning her attention to the page in front of her.

I picked my pen back up and began writing again: "After this boring lesson, I am actually looking forward to the next lesson. All these other subjects are time-wasting side activities anyway."

This time the answer came quickly: "Omg yes, I hope it will be good. I am only here to learn game dev. I use Godot at home, currently working on a side-scroller. (Not ready to show yet!)"

I had to smile a bit while imagining what her game might look like, then I replied, "I am not that gifted when it comes to asset creation, but I am making a text-based open-world game in Assembly ^^."

After the history lesson finished, she swung her handbag over her shoulder and asked, "You want to go out to the parking lot? There is a bench, and if you still want, maybe you could make my nails."

I nodded and we left the building through the back.

The parking lot was not comfy in any normal sense, but it was quiet.

We made our way to the steel bench and plopped our things onto the ground before it. I opened my handbag and got the black nail polish out, and she turned towards me.

I moved my hand a bit in the direction of hers and asked, "You ready? Can I?"

She nodded and I took her hand; it was soft, her fingers long and full of silver rings. I could feel her body heat in the metal of the rings she had worn all day already, and for a moment my mind blanked. When my brain caught up with me again, she was looking directly at me. "I am ready," she said.

I opened the bottle and laid her hand onto my lap to steady it, pressing it down with my free hand while making sure not to push too hard. Then I focused on holding my own hand steady as I painted her first fingernail in one clean motion. "There we go."

On the second nail, I decided to ask her, "What do you do at home? Like, in your free time, I mean..."

Her eyes were fixed on me painting her nails when she spoke. "I like to read, work on my game, and do other things."

I took her hand and moved it a bit to better reach the next finger and asked, "What do you read?" While I said the words, I could feel her hand tense on my lap, just a bit, but I noticed.

She seemed even more focused on my painting when she spoke again. "Kinky stuff."

That made me almost mess up the next paint stroke. "What?" I said before my brain could stop me.

I could feel her hand tense on my leg and knew I said the wrong thing.

I blushed and quickly added, "I don't mind, just did not expect that right now," while also beginning to look down.

Then I finished the rest of her nails and her second hand in silence before announcing, "So, that's it. What do you think?"

She looked at her hands and then at me and smiled. "I don't know how you get the paint so perfect. I always mess it up."

I smiled and pulled my cigarettes out of my coat pocket.

"Do you mind if I smoke one?"

She shook her head, and I got up, walked a few meters away from her, and lit my cigarette. After the smoke, we headed inside, walking next to each other in the hallway. While walking, she asked, "Wanna sit next to each other for IT class?"

"Gladly," I said.

We made our way back to class and sat down in the last row.

The teacher talked us through some simple `while` loops, and when I turned to her screen, I saw she was currently busy installing Aseprite from Steam, which she apparently had already

managed to download in the short while I was actually focused on the teacher.

"What are you doing?" I whispered, which made her seem a bit startled.

"I am sorry," I said, and she replied, "All good, sorry, thought you were Miss Johnson."

"Makes sense lul," I laughed, and she glanced up to make sure Miss Johnson didn't notice.

After about half an hour, I glanced over to her screen again and saw an almost finished piece of pixel art in a dark pastel palette depicting a girl sitting on a bench at night in the rain under a street lamp.

I leaned a bit closer. "What are you drawing?"

"Private," she said, and I left it at that.

After another fifteen or so minutes, we were finally instructed to open up Unity. After making us each design a top-down map for an RPG from an imaginary client, Miss Johnson told us to compare and explain our work in groups of two.

Quickly, the class grew into chattering as students searched for a partner, and I could see her eyes going wide and searching the room with the same panicked expression from the first day.

"You want to make a group?" I asked, and her frantic gaze stopped on me.

"You sure?" she asked, and I nodded.

"Mine is a giant spaceship divided into different zones, see here?" I said, and she leaned in closer.

"I made each zone a different biome controlled by its own faction and sorted these into different layers," I continued.

She stared at my screen for a moment, her face concentrated, then said, "I like yours. I should have used layers, but I had no time left."

"I am sure it will still be good, wanna show me?" I replied and leaned toward her screen.

"Sure, mine is a dead forest with one giant tree that is still blooming in the middle. I spent a lot of time on the leaves and all these pathways down in the forest; I wish I had time for more," she explained.

"I like it," I said, and she smiled.

After the lesson, we could leave for the day. While she was packing her things into her handbag, I asked her, "You wanna drive back together again?" She smiled and said, "Yes, I don't want a stranger to sit down next to me."

Chapter 3: new_FIT

At home, I worked a bit on my cyberpunk-inspired text game and fleshed my, of course, lesbian main character out more.

Then, after making food, I had to think of her again. I pulled my phone out and looked at her profile picture on Signal.

It showed her with her big green eyes and light brown hair looking directly into the camera. In the picture, she had makeup freckles, and the sun shining from behind her through her hair gave her an almost mystical imagery.

I also couldn't help but notice the perfectly set focus on her shimmering freckles and her round silver glasses with a thin metal frame covering half her face, as well as her following the two-thirds rule.

She looked so confident in that picture, the trees behind her.

After a moment of staring, I closed the big picture view and returned to her chat.

I typed, "What u up 2?" and hit send before I could overthink it further.

When no read mark came, I threw my phone on the bed. Great, now I had to wait for her reaction.

But she gave me her contact for a reason? Didn't she?

After a few minutes of pondering, I turned my TV on and distracted myself with some YouTube.

Once I had finally pushed my thoughts aside and felt fully invested in the video, my phone vibrated, and I almost jumped up.

I scrambled to unlock both screens and indeed saw a new message from her.

"Not much, U?"

I thought for a moment and replied, "youtube," because it was the truth.

My phone vibrated again: "I should go to bed soon, wanna meet at the cafe tomorrow?"

Now my heart was beating as I typed, "Sure," and then added, "would love to."

Great, so no chance to fall asleep tonight.

The next morning, with a little less sleep than normal, I dressed in a white shirt and black jeans, but now I took the time to add a silver necklace and black lipstick.

When I arrived at the café, I saw her standing in line before the counter, and I stopped next to her. "Hi."

She looked to me and smiled. "Hi."

"You want a coffee? I'll pay," she added, and after a second of consideration, I said, "Yes."

"Black, please," I said, and after receiving our order, we looked around the café. She spotted our bench in the back again and nodded at it as she began to walk to it; I followed.

Today her hair was less disheveled than yesterday, and she wore an open black zip hoodie over a grey shirt. My eyes stopped at her fingernails I had made yesterday. "They look good on you," I said once I saw her notice my glance.

"Thanks," she said, and took a sip of her coffee before continuing, "I have something I want to show you later... I think. Haven't fully decided yet, need to push myself a bit. Now that I announced it, I guess I have to," she said with a nervous chuckle.

I could tell that she was nervous, so I just said, "I won't lie, now I am interested, but you know you can change your mind, right?"

She looked up from her coffee and directly at me for a moment. "Thanks, for real."

After sitting together and drinking our coffee, I slowly got up and asked her, "You coming? We probably shouldn't be late twice in a row."

She swung her handbag over her shoulder and brought our cups to the tray near the counter while I waited near the exit. Then we made our way to the bus, which was already waiting.

Unfortunately, we did not get a double seat today; all the rows were full, with only single places next to strangers left.

"I think I will just stand," she said, and I followed her to the doors and leaned against the plastic separator in front of them.

"Me too," I said.

When we finally arrived at our school, she stopped a few steps after exiting the bus and let the crowd pass by. I stopped next to her, and she asked me, "You want to spend the time before class at the back parking lot? Remember, I wanted to show you something."

I could have sworn she blushed a bit on the last part, and with my breath quickening, I nodded and went to the small steel bench where I had painted her nails.

She sat down next to me and set her handbag next to her as she pulled her backpack off and set it onto her lap.

She opened the zipper and, without letting me see what was inside, looked up at me. "Don't laugh."

"I promise," I said, eyes fixed on the backpack. I had no idea what she wanted to show me.

After a few seconds, she took a deep breath and reached inside. Then she pulled a black collar made out of leather out and held it in her hands on her lap.

It looked a bit like a dog collar, and before I could say anything, she continued, "I want to wear it, but I am scared of what the class will say... What do you think?"

I needed a moment to fully understand what she meant, then said, "It looks pretty and seems to mean a lot to you." When she didn't answer for a moment, I added, "It fits your style, I think..."

She smiled a tiny bit as she looked up at me. "Thanks, I am glad you like it," and after a moment, "I told you I am a bit kinky."

I chuckled. "I don't know what to say."

"That's okay," she said. "I don't think I want to wear it to class yet, but..."

I looked down at my own hands and painted nails. "But what?"

She straightened her back a bit. "But if you want to see it on me, you can help me put it on."

I kept my eyes fixed on my hands as I felt my heart speed up even more. "I would like to."

She nodded and inched a bit closer to me. As I didn't move, she slowly reached out and laid the collar into my hands.

Then she grabbed her hair and held it up while tilting her head back a bit, exposing her throat.

With trembling hands, I opened the collar and brought it up to her neck. I carefully laid it around her throat, and before locking it snug, I asked, "Is it good? Not too tight?"

She nodded, and I pushed the metal pin through the leather to seal it in place.

After fitting the collar, I quickly retracted my hands, and she smiled at me.

"It feels a bit awkward; I have never worn it in front of anyone," she admitted.

"It looks good," I said, now looking more openly at her neck.

She smiled even more. "I am glad you like it; I almost didn't take it to school today."

I had to smile too. "I am glad you took it with you."

When the bell rang to call us to the first lesson, she almost jumped on the bench.

I stood up and asked, "Want me to take it off?"

She nodded and held her hair up again, this time turning her back to me. I opened the collar and took it from her neck, holding it in my hands for a moment.

"It is very pretty," I said before handing it back to her.

We went to class and sat down at two PCs next to each other in the last row. Miss Johnson was not there yet, so we had a moment of peace left.

We used the time to boot our PCs and get our software ready. When I turned to look at her, she was currently busy connecting a graphics tablet she had apparently brought with her to the desktop PC.

"You have your own drawing tablet?" I asked, which made her emerge with a bunch of cables in hand from under the desk. "XP-Pen Pro, I got it for my last birthday," she said with a smile, her hair falling messily over her glasses as she looked up.

"That's cool," I replied as Miss Johnson entered the room.

We were instructed to add a character to our top-down map and animate a walking cycle.

I tried to get the proportions right but had never worked with that perspective. While I was struggling with my assignment, the rest of the class seemed to do fine, and when I glanced over to her screen, I saw her already at the animation step with an almost perfect-looking character.

"The lines won't go where I want them to," I complained in a conspiratorial whisper while leaning over to her.

"I am almost done, want me to help you?" she asked, and I quickly nodded.

After she finished her design, she pushed her chair closer to mine. "It's important to move your hand before and after touching the pen down in one continuous motion. Can I?" she asked while extending her hand.

I gave her the pen, and she showed me a few fluent lines on the tablet.

"Now you!" she said with a smile and handed me the pen back.

I tried to concentrate, and her advice actually helped, even though I still felt my line was a bit more shaky than hers.

"Like that?" I asked, and she leaned even closer to take a look at the line. "Almost," she said and extended her hand towards mine. "Can I?" she asked, and I nodded.

Her touch was light when she laid her hand on mine, grabbing and moving it with little force. "Keep loose," she said, and I tried my best to do so.

"There you go, see?" she asked, and I nodded again.

After the lesson, we almost instinctively made our way to our bench in the back lot.

She sat down and did something on her phone while I walked a few steps to the side and pulled a cigarette out.

"Another boring math lesson, but then we can go," I said while she typed something on her phone.

After a few moments, she looked directly at me. "Did you really like it?"

I took a pull from my cig and asked, "What?"

"My collar," she said with a small smile while turning her head away.

"Can I ask what it means to you?" I said, and she turned quiet for a while.

"I read, but I also like to express myself more, in private, you know?" she finally said.

My hand clamped down on the cigarette and I took another pull. "You seemed happy when you wore it."

She took another second, then got up and said, "It feels real, if that makes sense."

I nodded.

"Can I say something weird?" she asked, and I nodded again.

"I often feel like I am playing a role, the collar may be one too... but at least no one pretends." She stood a moment in silence, then sat down again. "Never mind."

I pushed my cigarette out on the ashtray and sat down next to her. "I think I get it, partly at least." I looked down at my lap and then added, "I sometimes feel like I have to hide from the class."

I got up again. "You wanna go in before the bell startles us in a minute anyway?" She nodded and pushed her hair back before getting up.

Before the lesson started, I laid my college block on my table and wrote "Chat:" at the top.

I slid the paper over to her, and she smiled.

She handed it back with a message saying: "I didn't want to come to school yesterday, but I didn't want to leave you alone either."

I smiled and wrote, "We could have skipped together :P," before handing it back.

After class, we went to the bus together again, this time actually getting a double seat.

"You ever wanna come around?" I dared to ask, and after a moment of silence, she said, "Some day."

We hugged at the main station and split on our routes for the day.

Chapter 4: the_COLLAR

The next morning, she was already waiting for me at the cafe with two cups of coffee on her tray.

She was smiling and humming; her hair was made, and she wore a black and grey striped hoodie loosely hanging off one shoulder, similar to the one she wore on the first day.

"Have you looked onto the online calendar of the school already?" she asked, her smile widening.

"No," I said while taking one cup from her extended hand.

"Tomorrow is free; not one single lesson on the plan," she exclaimed with big eyes.

I smiled. "That is very nice actually." And sat down in our usual place.

After she sat down next to me, I took a deep breath and asked her, "Do you maybe wanna do something tomorrow?"

"Sure, in the shopping area?" she said, and I felt relieved.

"Why not," I agreed, and she seemed rather happy with the situation.

She looked up at me again, the smile still on her face. "Just please not as early as school would have been!"

"I am not crazy," I replied with a laugh.

After the cafe, we made our usual way to the bus and then, for the short time before our first period, to our bench at the parking lot.

She sat down next to me and laid her things out on the bench before turning to me. "Tomorrow, when we meet," she stopped.

"Yes?" I answered.

After looking down at her lap for a moment and playing with her hem, she finally spoke in a silent voice, "Can I wear my collar?"

I smiled. "Sure." And she seemed relieved.

I pondered for a moment if I should ask her, then decided I should and said: "Why with me?"

She blushed a bit, then replied, "I think I trust you."

Now I felt the heat rush to my head as I said, "I think I trust you too."

I took a deep breath and then extended my hand, just a bit, but she seemed to understand the question.

After a moment of content silence, she laid her hand into mine while still not looking up at me.

Then the bell rang, and I almost jumped.

She chuckled and pulled her hand from mine. "Come," she exclaimed while beginning to pack her things.

I needed a moment, then I also got up. "Damn, I forgot to smoke," I said, and we walked in.

First period: we were instructed to work on our projects again, this time adding movement control and camera to the game.

She sat next to me and seemed not too happy with the python syntax required, mumbling in a tense voice.

After a few moments of watching her write, delete, and rewrite line after line, I offered, "You want an explanation? The teacher's way of putting it was weird in my opinion."

She replied, "I don't know; I never seem to get that syntax bullshit."

"The thing that's mostly different to what you are used to is that whitespaces are important. For the rest, you can use the cheat sheet for now," I said and showed her how to fix one line.

She looked at it for a moment, then said, "Yeah yeah, I will fix the rest I guess."

I smiled and replied, "You can!"

After the lesson, we made our way to the parking lot and were stopped by Mia, a girl from our class on the way.

"Hey, have you seen the update in the school app?" she said while walking up to us.

I shook my head.

"Math is also canceled; we can go now!" she said while practically jumping.

"Oh that is nice," I replied and looked over to her to see her reaction.

She was looking down at her boots, expression unreadable.

I smiled at Mia and said, "We better get going then," while she was already turning around to leave without me or Mia.

I said "bye" and quickly followed her, away from Mia and the other students into the direction of our bench.

When I finally caught up to her, I breathlessly asked, "You good?"

She nodded, then said, "Mia is nice; I am just not good with people I don't really know."

I recognized myself in that and said, "That is okay. I can do it mostly, but it exhausts me."

That made her look at me again; she smiled a bit and brushed her hair back.

She got her phone out and laid one leg over the other. "We have ten minutes or so till the first bus back comes."

I got my phone out too and scrolled through my missed group messages on Signal. "Wanna go two minutes before it comes?"

She lowered her phone a bit. "Thanks, I know you would like to talk to the others."

I pushed the off button on my phone and dropped it into my pocket, then turned to her. "I know you have a hard time with groups; I bring myself to talk more..."

I stood up and nervously kicked a pebble to the side. "...but believe me, I am exhausted afterwards, every time."

She did not say anything. After a moment, she gave a small nod, and we sat in silence together again.

When I pulled my phone out again, it was already time to leave for the bus. I got up, and she followed.

After grabbing her bag and walking a few steps with me, she suddenly stopped.

I felt a bit worried and asked, "You good?"

She nodded, then said, "Thanks for telling me."

I tried not to blush as I spoke. "No worries. I made my decision by the way."

"What decision?" she asked.

I took a deep breath, then said it. "I trust you."

Now she was blushing and fidgeting again. "Thanks; I trust you too."

We started walking again. I did not want to risk missing the bus and having her be in the cold for another twenty minutes.

I felt my chest get warm and, in the rush of the moment, asked her, "Do you maybe wanna go to the city center already?"

She stopped again. "Today?"

I nodded.

She chuckled a bit. "I do like you, but I am not prepared. I need a bit of time to mentally prepare if that makes sense."

I understood and nodded.

"Makes sense," I said, and we started walking again.

When we arrived at the bus station, students were already entering the bus; we quickened our pace and had to stand in the door again.

"That's the trade off when coming so late," I said with a smile.

She fidgeted ever since we entered the bus. "Sorry."

I felt a sudden spike in my body; that was not what I meant...

"No, I like being outside with you. I did not mean it like that... I am sorry," I said while panicking.

"It is okay," she answered, and I could tell that she had to bring herself to look up in this crowd of people.

She smiled a bit. "I say sorry often I guess..." She took a second, then once again said, "Sorry."

Before I could tell her it was fine though, I saw her smile; she said, "There it is again," and gave a small chuckle.

I smiled back.

The main station was loud as usual, but this time she did not immediately run off.

She brought herself to smile again and said, "I am looking forward to tomorrow; I really do."

I extended my arms and asked, "Hug?"

She considered for a moment and then came up to me, leaning into a soft hug, not longer than a few seconds but that was enough to burn itself in.

I could feel her softly pressing up to me and laid my hands around her back; she did the same with me.

After a few heartbeats where her body trembled in my arms, she closed her arms and went still.

I could feel her take a few deep breaths and relax her hands on my back before she opened her eyes again and lifted her hands, signaling she was ready to withdraw.

I loosened my touch, and she slowly pulled away, stepping one step back but still looking at me.

She smiled. "Bye."

I blushed a bit. "Bye."

Chapter 5: shopping_TOGETHER

I worked at my PC for a bit in my room before thinking of her again.

Is that a date? No, just a meeting. Are we even friends yet?

She seems to be more comfortable around me, but does that mean she is into women, into me?

Before I could spiral deeper into my thoughts, my phone buzzed.

A message from HER!

I quickly unlocked my phone, anxiety rising in my chest. What if she did write to cancel tomorrow?

When the signal finally came back and the censored message was revealed, I felt my heart jump.

"I am looking forward to tomorrow. Did you like the green and grey top?"

I read it twice, then with shaky fingers typed "yes".

The reply came fast this time. "Oh good, I thought about wearing it tomorrow."

Why did it matter if I liked her top? I kinda knew the answer, but surely not, right?

I sat up on my bed, holding my phone in both hands as I typed, "Want me to wear anything specific for you?"

After hitting send, my hands trembled. I thought about deleting it when the two white marks on my screen confirmed she had seen it.

For a few moments nothing happened, then the typing indicator appeared...

Then nothing again.

Shit, shit, shit. I felt my heart rush. I fucked it up.

Then my phone buzzed. I looked down into my hands at a new message: "You look good in anything :3"

I almost dropped my phone onto my mattress while reading the message over and over.

I should answer...

I typed "You too" and deleted the letters before sending again.

Suddenly, I got an image from her. At first it was blurry as the signal loaded it in. Then I could see her: dark red lipstick, the freckled makeup, and her striped top. She was smiling, and she wore her collar.

Before thinking, I typed "Damn" and hit send.

Her reply came instantly: "thx".

I took a deep breath again. She clearly seems interested, right?

I zoomed into the picture again, my gaze focused on her green eyes.

After a moment, I saw a sticker on her shelf in the background, the colors unmistakable.

I closed the image again and typed, "Is that a lesbian pride sticker on your shelf?"

I held my breath for the whole few seconds she took to type before reading: "Yes".

My PC was running in the corner of the room. I had forgotten about my PC and TV in favor of my phone while moving between different positions on the bed.

"I still like your collar. It is attractive on you." I typed, and this time truly decided to take my chance and send it.

Her typing indicator appeared and disappeared three times before the answer came: "You know I am into kink. Well, we talked about that at least."

"Yes?"

"Would you be interested in maybe sometime trying something? Like with me, I mean."

Now my heart was truly pounding. "What do you have in mind?"

The answer took a while again. "Maybe something tomorrow?"

I swallowed. I did not expect that at all.

I thought about my message for a while, then typed, "I am not sure what you have in mind, but I would like to try something. With you..."

She replied fast: "I have to do some things still today, but I will bring something tomorrow."

My hands were still shaking as I typed, "bye, till tomorrow".

After that, I sat in silence for a while before shutting my PC down. No chance I would have the mind to work on a project today...

I sat down and watched TV for a while before finally deciding to go to sleep.

But not before sending one more message: "Sleep well."

The next morning, I got up early, brushed my teeth, and took my time to make sure my hair fell right before leaving my apartment.

I had selected a grey oversized shirt that made me feel confident, along with a black skirt combined with leggings and black boots for the meeting, maybe date?

After a short bus ride, I arrived at the location she had sent me, and there she was, looking like the picture she had sent yesterday. The only difference: a small grey backpack instead of her usual handbag with a small Pikachu figure on it.

I walked towards her and extended my arms while smiling.

She spotted me in the crowd and came to me. We hugged for the second time, no less mesmerizing than the first.

This time she immediately seemed to get comfy. I could tell she was generally way more confident and less on edge here than in class.

After walking for a while together, she asked me, "You want to sit in the park a bit? When there is no one there, I can show you what I wanted to show."

She was smiling, her hands behind her back but still blushing and looking down whenever any stranger came too close.

"Sure," I said with a smile, and looked at her from the side. She was stunning. Not her breasts or anything so mundane, but her choices: the silver rings glistening in the sunlight, the little smile that I am not even sure she always notices when she does it, and her green eyes that seemed to be filled with curiosity and stress alike.

After noticing that I had gushed for a moment too long in my head, I took a chance and asked, "You want to hold hands?"

She seemed a bit startled and started looking around.

"I don't mean here in front of everyone. I would not make you do that. I mean in the park?"

I could see her shoulders visibly relax as she answered, "Yes, sure, that would be nice."

When we came to the park, we looked around for an empty place and found a nice one under a big tree.

I laid my coat on the grass. "Wanna sit down?" I asked, and she nodded.

We sat together on my coat. She was almost leaning on me, with her shoulder against mine.

After a moment, she pulled her phone out and said, "I wanted to show you!"

I smiled and said, "Yes, show me."

Instead of getting anything out or confessing a truth, she began typing on her phone though.

I just looked at her from the side, waiting for whatever she had planned.

Then my phone buzzed: a message from her.

I turned towards her, a bit confused.

She could not hold her grin in as she said, "Open it!"

I unlocked my phone and opened her chat. In it was a link to Satisfyer Connect.

I clicked on it, and it showed a currently connected vibrator. My eyes went wide.

"Are you?" I asked before my head caught up.

She just looked at me, waiting.

"Are you wearing that right now?" I finally managed, and she gave a frantic nod.

My finger was trembling over the control field. "Can I?" I asked, and she nodded again.

We both looked around once to make sure no one was near, and I opened my arms, offering her to lean back into me.

She layed against me, and I slowly touched the control panel, dragging the slider up by the tiniest bit.

She gave a tiny gasp and reached for my free hand.

"Is that okay?" I asked, and after she took a breath, she looked up at me: "Yes, you can continue."

I nodded and slid the bar up and down in a small area of the field.

After a few seconds, she closed her eyes, and I could feel her body tense and relax in the rhythm my finger dictated.

A bigger movement on the screen made her gasp again, louder this time, and she clamped my hand harder.

I made the vibrator slowly climb, then drop and climb again, and saved the movements as a replayable loop.

Then I gave her my phone to hold and hovered my now free hand above her top. "Can I?" I asked again, and once again she nodded.

I could feel her chest move up and down with the pulses of the vibrator in her as I laid my hand on her shirt.

Her bra felt smooth through the fabric, and after holding still for a while, I began giving a bit of pressure. She smiled up at me again and gasped louder this time.

A few pathways down, a few teenagers strolled through the park, and I could see her get more and more nervous at every sound she made.

"Do you want me to stop?" I asked concernedly, and she shook her head.

"You sure?" I confirmed, and she said, "Yes. Can you lay your hand on my mouth? I can't keep quiet."

I smiled and lifted my hand off her chest, placing it over her mouth, softly for now.

I could feel her hand clenching mine more and more as she closed her eyes again and relaxed into the feeling.

She tried to gasp again, and I held her mouth shut: enough pressure to keep her still, not enough to hurt or trap her.

She tried to push her legs together, but I pushed one of mine between hers to keep them separate.

After another moan that my hand caught, she bucked up, and after a moment let her now shivering body drop back onto my lap.

I lifted my hand off her face, and she gasped, blushing hard.

I quickly took the phone and stopped the vibrator.

She looked up to me and said with a trembling voice, "That was amazing."

After a moment of cuddling together on the coat, she stood up, her legs shaky.

"I will repay the favor, I promise," she said while walking around me as I got my coat up.

"It's okay. I enjoyed it. You are amazing," I said with a big smile on my face.

She looked at me, and after a moment of silence said, "I am hungry. You wanna go to the shopping area now? We can grab fish buns."

"Sure," I said, and we made our way to the restaurant, the vibrator off but still in her.

As soon as we entered, she looked at me: "I will go to the toilet. Can you order one for me too?"

She looked around, and after making sure no one could hear her, said, "I have to get it out. It's quite uncomfortable now, lol."

I chuckled a bit. "Sure, that makes sense. But hopefully worth it?"

She smiled: "I don't regret it."

When she came back from the toilet, I already had our plates on the table in front of me.

"You want to come to my place tomorrow?" I asked after she had sat back down.

She looked directly at me and took my hand on the table: "I would love to."

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