

Night's Embrace

Chapter 3 - February

Robin sat down on the edge of her bed, her mind a tangled web of wants and fears. The voice in the back of her head told her it wasn't real, that none of it was true – it couldn't be. A pretty girl like Lia? No. There was no way. It was all some long, cruel prank.

She did her best to ignore that voice. Pushing it down and reminding herself that Lia was good. That she *did* care – no matter how hard it was for Robin to believe.

When the voice refused to be silent, Robin closed her eyes. Inhaled a deep breath – the flowery scent of Lia's perfume filling her nostrils as she did.

She held the breath, clinging on to that scented echo.

And, when she exhaled, the voice was muted. Not quite silent – it was still there, trying to prod at her – but quiet enough for Robin to set aside and ignore. Which she did.

"You're allowed to be happy," she told herself.

The doubt she felt speaking those words, the uncertainty, was overshadowed by a single simple truth.

Robin's eyes fell on Lia's bed.

A bed that Lia hadn't slept on in over a month.

Every night since that first chaste kiss, the pair of them had shared Robin's bed. Slept under the same blanket. Arms snug around each other; bodies forced close by the narrow mattress. And that first kiss? It'd been far from the only one.

She blushed, thinking of their nightly routine.

And blushed even brighter when the dorm room door opened and Lia slipped inside, smiling beautifully.

"Hey!" Lia huffed, cheeks round and rosy. She brandished a swollen shopping bag. "I got you something!"

That 'something' turned out to be several somethings.

A long, voluminous pillow. A fluffy cover for that pillow. A small collection of scented candles.

"I read online," Lia said eagerly. "Having a pillow between your legs can help you sleep easier. Something to do with it being more comfortable or something. Same with pleasant smells! Ideally, it'd be more natural scents – trees and stuff. But I didn't have time to go buy pots and plants yet. We'll try that if the candles aren't enough!"

Robin smiled weakly, tried to show the same level of enthusiasm as Lia.

She kissed Robin.

Which was to say, she pressed her lips to Robin's and gave her the most fleeting of kisses.

As with every time lately, she wanted to do more – go further. Kiss Robin for longer, make out with her, *feel* her. But hesitation and shyness held her back. Kept their kisses short and brief and wanting.

Was it the same for Robin? Or was she content?

It was impossible to tell.

Ever since that first night, Robin hadn't initiated. It was always Lia leaning in and kissing her.

Maybe... Maybe Robin didn't want to. Was too self-conscious to say it.

A thought that caused Lia's chest to constrict.

In the dim candlelight, she gazed at Robin.

"I like kissing you," Lia whispered.

The confession brought a wave of heat to her cheeks.

She shifted, moving both pillows slightly. The one she and Robin were resting their heads on, facing each other. And the other one, between their legs – squeezed between

their thighs.

When she'd bought the fluffy, soft pillow cover, Lia hadn't considered what it'd feel like down there...

Ticklish in all the most embarrassing ways.

"I..." Robin said, voice quiet, "like it too."

The heat in Lia's cheeks grew.

She leaned forward, pressed her lips to Robin's again.

This time, she didn't pull back right away. And, to her pure delight, Robin kissed her back.

There were no tongues. No deep, intimate make-out session.

Just the clumsy, awkward, shy kissing of two inexperienced girls.

When Lia drew back, her face was so hot, she thought she might faint. Beads of sweat on her brow, heart hammering.

"I like you," Lia said softly.

"I- I like you too."

Lia smiled, shook with joy.

And that little shake made the pillow tickle her thighs, brush against her panties. A jolting sensation shot through her. Heat and excitement fogged her mind. Her body trembled, hips swaying slightly – eager for more of that sensation.

Somehow, she stopped herself. Let out a breathy sigh.

In the dim light of a flickering candle, she stared into Robin's round eyes. Felt herself getting lost in those dark depths.

"Do you..." Her throat tightened, embarrassment and awkwardness overwhelming her momentarily. Why did it feel so silly to ask? They practically were already, in all but name. "Do you want to be my girlfriend?"

She could feel the eyes on her. Hear the thoughts that must be going through their heads. The amusement, the silent laughter.

For Lia's sake, she endured it.

Carrying a bouquet of pink camellia flowers – Lia's favourite – was a horror unlike anything else. All the eyes glancing her way, drawn to her by the large bouquet in her arms, judging her with their-

No! Robin snapped at herself. They don't care. None of them do. Why would they?

It was Valentine's Day. Of all the times it'd be completely normal for a girl to be carrying around a hedge-worths of flowers, it was here and now. In the dorm building, making her way up to her and Lia's room.

They don't care. No-one is laughing.

There'd be curious glances – probably not many, at that. But no malice or judgement.

She forced her back straight as she walked, not allowing herself to hunch in fear. Pushing down all the voices and anxiety, emptying her mind, reminding herself why she was doing this. She strode through the building, up a flight of stairs, down a corridor.

No-one stopped her. No-one laughed.

When she reached her dorm room door, she let out a sigh and found herself smiling. Chest swelling with pride.

I did it!

A small victory, to be sure. But a huge one too.

It was a step in the right direction.

Robin opened the door, stepped inside, saw Lia was waiting for her – standing with her hands behind her back, cheeks particularly rosy. So pretty that her smile instantly set Robin's heart aglow.

Lia's eyes dropped from Robin's face to the bouquet of pink flowers. Her lips spread

into a wide, amazed smile.

"Uh," Robin said, unable to meet her girlfriend's eyes, "this was meant to be a surprise..."

"I love them!" Lia squealed, darting forward.

As she did, Robin noticed the small present she was holding. About the size of a small book, wrapped in pink wrapping paper emblazoned with bright red hearts.

Robin held the flowers out for Lia to take.

Stood aside as Lia sniffed them, sighed contentedly, hugged the bouquet to her chest, then went in search of a makeshift vase to put them in. Only when the pink camellias were safely stowed in their kettle did Lia's attention return fully to Robin.

A wide grin on her face, cheeks flushed, Lia brandished her own Valentine's gift for Robin to take.

A *book*? But no. As soon as it was in her hands, Robin felt how rigid the present was. Not a book. Carefully, she peeled away the wrapping paper layer by layer. Until she was left staring at a little box of dark chocolates.

She looked up at Lia.

Pretty, perfect Lia. Too good for Robin by far.

"Thank you," Robin said, voice cracking.

Before she could stop it, tears were rolling down her cheeks. Instinctively, she turned her head. Not wanting Lia to see her crying. A wave of shame warred with the gratitude, but that conflict didn't last long. Lia wrapped her arms around Robin, banishing the darkness, and hugged her tight.

"It's okay," Lia cooed.

And, one by one, the voices in Robin's head faded to silence.

Lia clenched her thighs around the fluffy pillow, hoping it'd smother the heat between her legs. Instead, the tickling sensation amplified her arousal. She had to bite her lip to keep from whining.

Inches from her – thighs wrapped around the same long, fluffy pillow – Robin was talking about her life back home. The things she'd liked to do when she wasn't being harassed and bullied. Things like drawing and taking artsy photos and playing video games.

Lia did her best to pay attention, even made a mental reminder to ask Robin for some of her art and photos. Maybe they could decorate their dorm room with it.

But the *heat*.

Tingling and demanding, like an electrical current between her legs that pulsed with every breath, every heartbeat, every movement.

Despite herself, she started gyrating her hips.

The sensations were almost overwhelming.

Sparks ignited in Lia's vision. Molten heat radiating from her.

"Oh," Robin let out the tiniest of gasps. "Lia? Are- are you okay? You look..."

In the candlelight, Lia could see Robin's blush. She smiled, spoke in a breathy whisper. "How do I look?"

"Hot..."

"The pillow," Lia said, shifting her head closer to Robin. "It feels... nice. Soft and..."

She gasped as the pillow shifted, moved by Robin's body.

Robin, joining in on the pillow grinding, let out a quiet moan of her own. Biting her lip to keep from being too loud.

"We-" Robin whimpered. "We shouldn't..."

"Why not?" Lia breathed, unable to pull her gaze away from the dark pits of Robin's pupils. "Unless... you don't want to?"

"No!" Robin squeaked, shook her head. "I... I want to."

Electrical joy swelled inside Lia's chest.

Her own hesitations and uncertainties bounced around in her skull, warning her not to rush things – telling her they weren't ready for this, that she'd drive Robin away. But the heat made it difficult for Lia to hear those nagging thoughts. She forgot them all when she felt Robin squeeze her hand.

They stared into each other's eyes, warm breath filling the narrow space between them – nearly as hot as Lia's insides felt.

She swayed her hips, rode the pillow to the same rhythm as Robin. Panting and moaning, basking in those same sounds spilling from Robin's lips. Musical sounds that pierced the roaring in Lia's ears, the rapid drumbeat of her racing heart.

"Lia," Robin gasped. "*Lia*."

Then her girlfriend hunched, curled in on herself, let out the sweetest high-pitched gasp Lia'd ever heard.

As Robin's body shook and trembled from her orgasm, Lia's own thighs clamped around the pillow. Her wet, panty-clad crotch convulsed, twitched. Energy unlike anything she'd felt before exploded inside Lia, blinding her with dazzling lights and robbing her of control. She curled in on herself, gasping her lover's name, found herself forehead to forehead with girl who'd occupied so many of her thoughts these last months.

Without thinking, still shaking from her orgasm, Lia pressed her lips to Robin's. Tasted sweat and chocolate.

Arms slid around Lia's body, pulling her in close.

Lia welcomed the embrace, was more than happy to get lost in a tangle of limbs and kisses, to wrap her legs around Robin instead of the quickly forgotten pillow.

Moaning into Robin's mouth, her hands explored Robin's body.

And Robin's explored hers.

Robin knew it was a dream. Not because she was in a place she'd long since left behind; there were no school corridors or classrooms or memories. No, she knew she was dreaming because of the beauty she saw before her.

The prettiest girl she'd ever seen, sleeping peacefully in Robin's arms. A look of contentment on the girl's face as she slept.

Lia.

It was a dream Robin didn't want to wake from. The only dream in so many years she'd have rather stayed in. But the tugging was insistent. It wasn't *weariness*, more like a pleasant drifting of her mind. Compelling her to... sleep? Wake?

No, that wasn't right.

It took her exhausted mind far too long to realise she *was* awake. That her body wanted to *sleep*.

That this *wasn't* a dream.

She was too sleepy to fight the pull for much longer. And, oddly, she didn't really want to. Not with the knowledge that *this* was what awaited her when she next woke.

Smiling, not fearing sleep for the first time in years, Robin closed her eyes.

And didn't dream at all.