

## Study Time

The toilet flushed, the sound of swirling and swishing water filling my small bathroom.

I stepped over to the sink, quickly began washing my hands.

In the mirror's reflection, a short-haired girl matched my every movement. A baggy, shapeless hoodie and loose sweatpants. If not for the full lips, the obviously feminine facial structure, a stranger might think they were staring at a guy.

Me, in a nutshell.

As I wiped my hands dry, I gazed at my reflection.

Dark hair, shorter than most guys had. Dark, mossy green eyes. Full cheeks and lips. No-make up, I didn't have time for it, or care enough about my appearance to paster my face with the crap.

I looked kinda cute, I guess?

Shrugging, I turned, left the bathroom.

Barry – Bear – was waiting for me in my bedroom, sat on the edge of my bed with a pile of books around him. A sea of scribbled notes and worksheets. As I entered, he glanced up at me, a faint smile tugging at his lips.

"How was the shit?" He asked, nonchalant.

I rolled my eyes at me.

Bear was, as his nickname would imply, a large guy. Not overly fat, nor extremely muscular. Just *bulky*. Taller than me by a large margin – the tip of my head barely reached past his chest when we stood next to each other – and much, much more intelligent.

Who better to be my study partner than the smartest guy at school?

That we were best friends and lifelong next-door neighbours had certainly helped convince Bear to help me. Not that he'd needed much convincing. I'd just kinda asked him he'd said yes. If anything, he was more eager about these study session than I was.

The picturesque nerd, excited at the prospect of learning.

In that, if nothing else, we were polar opposites.

I hated school and learning about useless crap. Who cared about history or science or mathematics? I wasn't planning on becoming a historian or architect, had no plans to be a doctor or scientist in the future. And why did I need to worry about mathematics when I had a calculator, in the form of my mobile phone, with me every second of the day?

Yet, even if all that crap was useless to me, I still needed to learn it all.

Exams didn't give a shit what I wanted to do with my life.

And failing those exams would fuck with whatever future I *did* want for myself.

How unfair is that?

"Alright," Bear said, reaching for his favourite ball-point pen and gesturing to my little desk and chair. "Sit down. We've got a lot to get through today."

As I moved to sit down, Bear clicked his pen in a rapid, rhythmic pattern.

The sound of it seemed to echo inside my bedroom, reverberate inside my skull.

Click, click. Click, click.

Hoodies and loose pants and baggy, long-sleeved shirts.

Why did I never wear more form-fitting clothes?

It wasn't that I had an unattractive body. I did sports enough that my body was plenty slender and athletic. That wasn't the reason I dressed the way I did.

Then why?

I felt like the answer was on the edge of my mind, begging and pleading for me to remember it. But I couldn't.

Why was my wardrobe filled with clothes that hid my body?

I searched through it for normal clothes. Shorts and skirts and t-shirts and the like. The type of clothing most *normal* girls wore.

Why did I have so few?

For the life of me, I couldn't figure it out.

In the back of my mind, the sound of clicking echoed. A heartbeat, ever-present. Over and over, always there. Easy to ignore most of the time. But, right then, it was loud, demanding.

Summer was coming.

I couldn't wear baggy clothes all the time when the temperatures started to rise. That'd be bad. Torture.

I needed a new set of clothes. It was only reasonable. Logical.

Shopping. I had to go clothes shopping.

"Ready?" Bear asked, eyes flicking down at my body.

No-doubt, he was surprised by my slight change in attire.

Short-shorts and a skin-tight t-shirt.

A little chilly to wear, sure. But, in a few months time, they'd be perfect for the Summer's heat. Especially without the added layer of insulating clothing that was a bra. Not having to wear one of those any more was more than worth the skin-prickling, nipple-hardening chill.

"Totally," I said, not bothering to hide my lack of enthusiasm. "Maths. Woo."

Bear smirked, rolled his favourite pen in his hand and clicked it a few times.

Click, click. Click, click.

"Let's start with section three," Bear said, his voice sounding somehow distant. "We'll do equations seven through to nineteen. Now, there are two methods to..."

My mind, confronted with *Maths*, zoned out completely.

Thump, thump. Thump, thump.

Clothes. Why did I own so many baggy, ugly clothes?

Why did I wear clothes that hid my hard-earned body?

I wasn't arrogant or vain. I didn't want to show my body off or anything. But, at the same time, why would I hide it away like I was ashamed of it or something? What did I have to be ashamed of?

My wardrobe. I needed a new, better wardrobe.

Better clothes.

Click.

The sound brought me back to reality.

Bear was talking, saying something. His pen twirled in his fingers, only stopping for him to click it.

Click, click. Click, click.

"Are you okay?" Bear's voice cut through the haze. His eyes intent on my face. "I think I lost you there for a second. Too boring for you?"

He smirked, pen twirling endlessly in his fingers.

I stared at myself in the mirror.

Yes. Yes, this would do just fine.

No more unusual, baggy clothing. No more ugly clothes period.

I was at home, and dressed exactly as someone at home should be.

Casually. Comfortably.

Translucent tights over a babydoll blue thong. A chest-hugging, tight, sheer top. Very faint make-up, not so much as to stand out, but just enough to define my natural features.

A smile spread my lips as I stared at myself.

Yes. This would be *perfect* to study in.

Comfortable, airy, freeing. What could be better?

When Bear arrived, he looked me up and down, nodded his head in satisfaction and moved over to my bed.

"Right then," he grinned. "What should we study today?"

I sat on the edge of the pool, my feet dipped into the cool water.

Break time.

So much studying over the last few weeks, so many headache-filled hours of staring at books and notes. I deserved a break. Even Bear agreed. This, in fact, had been *his* idea. A day of poolside relaxation to recharge our batteries.

It wasn't quite Summer yet. The air was still cool and chilly.

Even so, swimming would be nice – all I needed was an extra layer of clothing over my bikini to stave off the cold.

A plain white t-shirt and matching white shorts.

Bear sat on the other edge of the pool, eyes locked onto me with a small smile tugging at his lips. How had I never noticed he was so handsome before?

I shook my head, ignored the thought.

Relaxation. That's what I was here for, sitting on the edge of Barry's pool. To relax and enjoy myself.

Without hesitating, I moved forward - feet sinking deeper into the water, followed by my knees, my waist. Within moments, I was underwater completely, swimming in the cold water. Chilly coolness rushed over my body, pricking my skin and poking me from all sides.

When I resurfaced, I was drenched.

My t-shirt, soaked as it was, clung to my body heavily. The white morphing into a semi-transparent, pale grey. My shorts were similarly transparent, hugging my thighs tightly.

Refreshing. The water was so cool, refreshing.

By the time I got out of the pool, my body was trembling from the swim. Water dripped down my body, clothes glued to my skin. Underneath my wet t-shirt, my bikini top was plainly visible. My nipples, rock-hard from the chilly swim, poked out under the two layers of cloth.

Bear didn't seem to mind. He just sat there at the poolside, twirling his favourite pen.

"Biology," Bear smiled. "That's today's topic. I'm personally fond of Anatomy, myself. I'm sure we'll have plenty of time to get into the details of that soon enough. For now, why don't we make ourselves at home? You're looking very overdressed. It can't be comfortable wearing that much."

I glanced down at myself, at the tight tube-top and the short-shorts I was wearing.

A little modest, perhaps. But still, it wasn't like I was wearing underwear or anything – Bear could see that for himself, what with the outline of my crotch showing clearly in the fabric of my shorts.

My childhood friend twirled his pen between two fingers.

Click, click. Click, click.

Then again...

Yeah, Bear was right. I was dressed inappropriately. I was at home, not planning on going out or anything. Why was I wearing outdoor clothes? Totally inappropriate and overkill. And *really* uncomfortable, too. Bear was right. I should change.

"I'll leave you to it," Bear smiled, reading my mind. "Might as well grab some snacks and drinks, too. Back in a minute."

He rose from my bed, strutted out of my bedroom.

So thoughtful of him.

Quickly as I could, I stripped out of my outdoor clothes and searched through my

wardrobe for more relaxed, casual clothing.

By the time Bear got back, the promised snacks and drinks piled in his arms, I'd changed into something much more reasonable than a plain old tube top and short-shorts.

A black lace thong with matching bra. Comfortable, transparent tights. A translucent, snugly-fitting top. My body was free to breathe, exposed to the pleasantly cool air. The perfect home clothes for studying with my friend.

Bear set the pile of edibles down on my bed, gave my wardrobe choice an appreciative nod of approval.

"Gotta say," he said through a gentle smile, "that *does* look very comfortable. Could be even better, but I get it."

"Better?" I found myself asking, confused. "What do you mean?"

Bear's eyes twinkled.

He reached a hand into one of his pockets, pulled out a small object and held it out for me to see.

In his other hand, the pen twirled and spun.

"If you were wearing something like this, you'd be super comfortable, I bet. Not just comfortable, either. You'd be able to focus more on studying too. Do you know what it is? What it's for?"

The plastic object was not much longer than a finger, though certainly a bit thicker in places. It looked like a rounded, smooth cone shape – starting off narrow, then bulging out, only to get narrow at the other end again to ending with a little handle.

I knew what it was, though I'd never come across one before.

A butt-plug.

"Yes," I answered, feeling my heart pulse.

Click, click. Click, click.

"You can have it," Bear smiled. "Think of it as an early birthday present. Here."

He held it closer to me, eyes bright.

Without thinking, I took it.

A gift. It was a gift from my friend. I could hardly say no.

Besides, why would I *want* to say no? As far as casual, relaxing clothing went, butt-plugs and dildos were the best thing to wear. Everyone knew that. Honestly, I should have probably been wearing a butt-plug all along, in every study session up until now.

But I hadn't owned one. So I couldn't.

What about the dildo under my bed? Why didn't I have that inside me while Bear and I studied together for all these last weeks? It was like I was *trying* to fail or something.

No more. From now on, I'd try my hardest to learn.

"Thank you," I grinned at my amazing friend.

While he watched, I quickly tugged down my thong and tights, spread my butt-cheeks open and slid the plug into its proper place.

Then I stepped over to my bed, knelt down and reached underneath it. Bear looked confused, concerned, until my hand came back into view holding a battery-powered dildo. Then a smile spread his lips. He watched intently as I slid that inside myself too, pulled up my tights and thong to hold the toys in place.

"Right then," Bear smirked, voice drowning out the soft vibrating noise emanating from between my legs. "Biology. Lets get started, shall we?"