The Exchange 2

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“Hurry up, Christina!Why is that you’re always running late on Friday of all days?”

A half dozen snarky answers popped into my head; *Cause I’m trying to figure out which pair of slutty underwear to wear for my girlfriend, mom*? Or *Sorry, I was up late having phone sex with my 16 year old lesbian lover again, mom*? Or, even better, *I needed to email my best friend naked pictures of me to get her all worked up*? Not that I’d have voiced any of those out loud. And not that any of them were real.

Okay, so the first one was true. Friday was the day I’d agreed to wear one of the six pairs of sheer panties my best-friend had given me for my sixteenth birthday. At first, it had all been a game, but as the school year dragged on, it had become something else. It was exhilarating and scary and even a little humiliating at times and, in the end, it had awoken something in both of us; desire, longing, and, ultimately, love. Not that we could ever admit it, at least not to anyone else. Neither of us was ready for that yet. To each other, however, in whispered conversations over the phone, in notes passed in secret in the school hallways, in the way she’d lay her hand over mine while talking about something that had nothing to do with us…

Yeah, I wasn’t so naïve as to think we were out of control. It was all pretty tame compared to what we knew went on around us. The one difference, though, was that it was okay, expected even, between boys and girls. Two girls, however… well, this wasn’t exactly San Francisco. If anyone ever found out, who knows what would happen? I knew Stacy’s parents would freak out. I wasn’t sure about my mom, but I certainly wasn’t going to tell her. As far as she knew, I was still perfectly *normal*.

I finally decided on the purple pair or, as the tag read, lusty lavender, pulling them over my thighs in a rush. No real reason, other than I thought they were pretty. Really, it had nothing to do with purple being Stacy’s favorite color. As always, I put on the unmodified green and blue plaid skirt that made up my school uniform. After all, I was wearing see-thru underwear! And then, impulsively, I changed

my mind. A few weeks ago, Stacy had teased me about the length of my skirts, calling me a prude. That weekend, I'd taken one of my skirts and carefully did some alterations, hiking up the hem so that, instead of falling to just above my knees, it fell to mid-thigh. Of course, once I took a look in the mirror, I'd resolved never, ever to wear it in public, especially on a Friday. And yet, here I was, my book bag slung over my shoulder as I shut my bedroom door behind me, doing just that

My hopes that it wouldn't really be all that noticeable were immediately dashed by my mom's raised eyebrows as she tucked a couple of fives into the breast pocket of my blazer, knowing that I always bought lunch on Fridays.

"I better not get a call from Mrs. Glass about you not being in compliance, honey."

I felt my cheeks turn red, but not for the reason she might think. After all, she had no idea what I was wearing underneath.

"It's the only clean one I had." Yes, having a lesbian affair had honed my creativity abilities to a fine art lately. In other words, I'd gotten really good at lying.

"So, who is he?" she asked, right before she dropped me off in front of St. Francis Catholic High School.

"Who is who?" I asked, obviously surprised.

"The boy you're trying to impress, honey."

I caught her glancing down at my exposed thigh and my cheeks began to burn as I mumbled my good byes and fled the car, my heart skipping madly in my chest as I tugged self-consciously at the hem of my skirt. What had I been thinking! I'd known it was a mistake, but it was too late to do anything about it now.

To make matter worse, out of the corner of my eye, I caught Carlton Burke nudge Brian Rudd, their gaze focusing on my legs. I hurried up the steps and through the front doors, hoping to get lost among the crowd, doing my best not to think about why I felt a growing dampness between my thighs.

I snuck into first period, nervously taking my seat near the window, tugging at the hem of my skirt. Stacy soon joined me, dropping a folded piece of pink stationary on my lap before taking the seat next to mine. Glancing around, I made sure that no one was looking my way before I carefully unfolded her note.

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I think I might have let out a sigh as I felt myself melting in my seat, my thoughts floating somewhere above me in cloud of hormones and emotions. I'm pretty sure I missed most of Mr. Adams lesson for the day as Stacy and I passed glances that were both shy and playful back and forth until the bell rung. One more class, I thought giddily, and then…

"You're blushing." She told me, grinning slyly as we parted ways, our second periods in opposite directions. "Bet I know what you're thinking."

"Only because you're thinking it too.'' I shot back, my voice too low for anyone else to hear.

Stacy giggled, and I joined her, managing to hook my pinkie in hers before being forced to part ways.

o-O-o

Homeroom had been a wash, my mind straying off even the most basic information, stammering in answer to a pair of questions directed my way by the teacher. It didn't help that I was acutely aware of how far my skirt actually slid up my thigh while sitting at my desk not to mention my anticipation of meeting up with my clandestine girlfriend immediately after a class in which I'd spent half my time fantasizing about what she'd chosen to wear today. Rule number four had been, if she gets to see mine, I get to see hers. Since then, she'd made an effort to pick out something sexy to wear under her skirts on Friday, just for me. Nothing as racy as my sheer panties, at least not yet; every time she teased me about being a prude, I pointed out that fact to which she'd promise to surprise me one day which only added to my anticipation of that moment when she would pull her skirt up for me in the bathroom stall.

My heart began skipping madly when I heard the handle on 'our stall' turn, fighting the impulse to pull my skirt up, so I could greet her with the sight of my sexy panties. Only the fear that it wasn't Stacy, or that someone else might be in the restroom right behind her kept me from doing just that. Still, the desire was almost overwhelming. Next time, I promised myself. Of course, I'd been making that very same promise for the past two months and had chickened out each and every time.

I felt my heart skip a beat as Stacy slipped through the door, shutting it behind behind her, cupping her mouth to stifle her giggles.

"Oh my God, Tina. I can't believe you wore that skirt!"

I shushed her needlessly, her voice already barely above a whisper. In the back ground I could hear other voices. Straining, I tried to put names to the girls lining the counter, touching up the minimal make-up we were allowed at St. Francis while chatting non-stop about who said what to who or who'd asked who out. I rolled my eyes, feeling morally superior. As a rule, I hardly every gossiped, and I certainly didn't go all goofy over boys. Yeah, who was I kidding. I'd spent most of the morning thinking about the girl standing before me, her back to the stall door, her lips shiny with lip gloss.

"I love you." I whispered shyly, unable to stop myself from leaning forward and pressing my lips gently against hers, my heart coming to a complete standstill when she kissed me back.

"I love you too." She returned, breathless after our innocent, yet intimate, kiss. "Now hurry. I don't want to be late to class again."

Last week, we'd spent a little too much time kissing, having both been overcome with passion. Remembering it made me a little week in the knees, recalling the feel of her hand cupping my breast through the material of my blouse as I explored her mouth, for the first time, with my tongue. By the time we'd gotten to flashing each other, the bell had already rung. Fortunately, Stacy had been quick to blame our tardiness on 'girl problems', and excuse we couldn't exactly use two weeks in a row.

Shyly, I sat down on the toilet seat and, reaching out, slowly lifted the hem of her skirt. My breath caught at the site of a pair of panties I'd never seen before. Delicate looking sapphire lace covered her most intimate parts. A feminine bow decorated the elastic band.

"Oh, Stacy." I managed my voice quivering as I stared. Unable to help myself, I let go of one side of her skirt, running my fingers from the tiny knot, travelling slowly, all too aware of what lay beneath.

"Oh."

Stacy sighed softly and placed her hands on top of my head, using me to keep her balance as I reached the crotch, feeling her dampness against the pads of my fingers. I inhaled the intoxicating scent of her arousal deeply, so focused on her hidden beauty that, once again, I lost track of time.

"Tina!"

I let go of her skirt with a start, tilting my head back to meet her dark gaze.

"Your turn, dweeb."

We switched places, squeezing past each other in the confined space. I had to bite my lip to keep

from giggling as our breasts brushed in passing, unable to resist another quick kiss. And then, it was her turn to lift my skirt. Time running out, she lifted my skirt impatiently, smiling at the sight of my sexy purple panties. I held my breath, knowing that, while they weren't completely transparent, she could still see the faint outline of my vagina. And, of course, they were at least as damp as hers had been.

"God, Tina. Do you know how beautiful you are?"

She glanced up in time to catch me shaking my head, her eyes narrowing slightly.

"Well, you are."

Leaning forward, she surprised me with a kiss, her lips planted squarely over the thin pink crease of my sex.

"There. Now we're even."

Amusement colored the husky desire in her voice as I yanked the hem of my skirt down, my face burning, my thoughts in turmoil as I listened at the stall door, making sure we were alone before we spilled out of the stall and out of the restroom, pausing only long enough to hook pinkies before rushing off to our next class.

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Once again, we'd changed the landscape, my intimate touch, followed by her kiss had taken us into unexplored territory. I'd spent the entirety of my next two classes enraptured in a fog of Eros, only coming down to earth during a shared moment between classes when we'd exchanged less than innocent notes. I spent most of fourth period with the phrase *the taste of you still clings to my lips* burned into my brain.

We met outside the cafeteria for lunch just like we did every Friday, eager to be able to spend time together outside of the classroom. Of course, we didn't dare do what I knew both of us were dying to do. PDAs, even between straight couples were strictly forbidden at St. Francis. The best we could hope for was discretely joining our hands under the table while scarfing down slices of pepperoni pizza and Diet Pepsi. Today, however, she'd decided to spice our lunch up with another rule, written on pink stationary and pass under the table while we listened to Cynthia Walsh and Kate Palmer complain about a homework assignment.

Rule #5: We must kiss at least once a day on the lips. On Fridays we must worship each other's panties with kisses.

I almost gasped out loud after reading that, quickly crumpling the note in my closed fist, my heart lodged in my throat. Somehow Stacy managed not to laugh until later, not wanting to tip our friends off that anything was going on between us.

“You should have seen the look on your face!” she teased, hooking her pinky into mine and squeezing, the only sign of affection we allowed ourselves in public. “I thought you were about to pee your panties.”

“You’re so mean, Stacy.”

I stuck my tongue out at her for emphasis, both of us breaking out in peals of girlish laughter, much to the amusement of the thinning tide of students around us as we marched, side by side, to our next class.

o-O-o

“Think you can stay the night?”

We’d met up after school at the bus stop, her learner’s permit doing us no good without a car. At least she had that much. My mom had promised me that she’d talk to my dad about paying for driver’s ed the next time they talked which pretty much meant that I wouldn’t be driving until sometime after my 18 th birthday. Not that I blamed her. Dad could be a real asshole sometimes. Okay, most of the time.

“I’d have to ask, but yeah, probably….”

Stacy, curiously enough, seemed to shimmer with excitement, her cheeks blushing slightly, her boobs rising and falling as if she’d just run a quick lap around the track. Yes, I noticed such things, just as I noticed that the top three buttons were unbuttoned letting me, if I raised up on ti- toe, catch a glimpse of her bra. I almost missed what she was saying when I realized that it matched her blue lace panties perfectly.

“Earth to Tina.”

My gaze lifted, meeting eyes filled with amusement and that indefinable quality that I’d identified months ago as longing. My cheeks burning, I mumbled something incoherent and tried my best to focus on her face. It was hopeless. The more I tried not to think about her angelic breasts barely shielded by the flimsiest of lace, the more my eyes dipped towards her cleavage, straining to get

another glimpse of heaven.

“Well? Call her and ask, dweeb.”

Giggling suddenly, her hands flew up to her buttons, deftly fastening all but the one at her collar, her lips pursing as if to blow me a kiss.

“Uh, yeah.” Was my glib reply as I fumbled for my cell phone, hitting speed dial and waiting patiently for my mom to answer. It didn’t take long to settle. In fact, my mother sounded grateful to have me out of the house for once on a Friday evening.

“As long as it’s okay with Stacy’s parents, Christina.”

“They said it’s okay, Mrs. Cooper!” Stacy interjected, listening intently to our conversation.

And so, it was settled. I’d stop home, pack an overnight bag, and then we’d catch the bus to my girlfriend’s house. Oh, how I loved the sound of that, sometimes saying the words out loud when I was alone, unable to keep from blushing, a joyful little smile taking over my face. My secret girlfriend. There were times when I think we both wanted to just throw abandon our pretense and surrender to our passions. The frustration of having her so close, of wanting to feel her arms around me, her lips against mine, to lose myself in her kiss; those were moments I dreamed of as I lay awake in my bed at night. More often than not, I’d touch myself, pretending it was her hands slowly undoing the buttons on my pajama tops, the tips of her fingers brushing between my breasts, stroking my tummy, tracing long my hip bones, slipping beneath my waistband to explore the wonderland between my thighs…

“Hey, silly. You coming with?”

I blushed, realizing that the bus was pulling up the curb near my house. Grabbing my pack, I slid from my seat and followed her off the bus, wondering if she ever thought of me like that, wishing I was brave enough to ask.

o-O-o

We camped out in the basement of Stacy’s house; second hand couch, bean bag chair, coffee table, mini-fridge and, most importantly, a television with a DVD player hooked up to it. Best of all, it had a bathroom. More of a closet with a toilet and sink in it, but it meant that we pretty much never had to leave the room The plan was to watch movies all night, stuff our faces full of snack food, and sleep until noon the next day or, at least, that was the plan we shared with Mr. and Mrs. Harrington. What Stacy hadn’t mentioned to either me, or my mom, was that her parents were spending the weekend

out of town. Ever since we were little I'd spent more nights than I could count down here with my best friend. Of course, that was before things had changed between us. Tonight, for the first time since we'd become more than just friends, we'd be truly alone…

With no one to worry about walking in on us, we held hands and cuddled on the sofa, already dress for bed. She had on the cutest pair of shorts, pink cotton with red trim and a red drawstring and dozens of tiny red hearts all over them. Over them was an old, faded Mickey Mouse tee that I'd given her after my mom had taken me to Disneyworld one year. I'd been twelve. At the time it had fit her just fine. Over the years it had gotten tight across her boobs and, tended to ride up on her, showing off her sexy-cute belly button. I found it impossible not to admire her perfect tummy when I thought she wasn't looking, even though I'm pretty sure she knew what I was doing. I was wearing a pair of banana yellow pajama bottoms and a thin black cotton tank with a yellow Batgirl logo on it

We fed each other caramel popcorn while watching Tangled for like the one millionth time. It never got old, especially the scene on the lake with all the floating lanterns, when Rapunzel and Flynn realizing they were in love and yes, I got a little teary eyed, especially when Stacy rested her head against mine and slipped her arm around my waist. Her parent's had just, said goodbye, and the house was finally ours.

Shyly, I turned to kiss her on the cheek. I guess she'd had the same thought. Our lips met. We kissed. It was nice. Her lips were soft and moist, her breath smelled like caramel. She fed me each breath, and I fed her, our lips never parting. I could feel my heart pulsing in my throat as the world faded away. The movie, the basement, the whole world fading away into nothing. There was only her.

"I love you."

We erupted into giggles, our words in stereo, our gazes locked so that I could almost see my reflection in her eyes. I leaned forward, my nose pressing into hers, our foreheads touching, my upper lip brushing against hers as our breath mingling once more.

I don't know who made the first move, or if we moved together, mirror images of shared emotions, our fingers twining together perfectly as she bent me slowly back on the sofa, until she lay on top of me, her boobs squishing against mine, her hips grinding against mine, or mine against hers, or…

"I want – we have – you – me too."

We tripped over each other's words, once again giggling nervously, both of us blushing, our laughter fading as our lips touched once more, our kiss tender at first, than passionate, my heart pounding in

my chest as I realized neither of was interested in parting. We made love clumsily, our mouths, our hands, our bodies guided by instinct rather than experience, finally able to show our love without shame. For once, we didn't have to steal kisses in the bathroom stall, or hook pinkies in the halls.

We took our time, not that I wasn't anxious to finally give myself to her, but that was tempered by the desire to make it last. If I'd had my way, it would have lasted forever. As always, Stacy led, I followed, imitating each movement, trusting her, knowing we both wanted the same thing.

She explored under my shirt, hands sliding over my tummy, my ribs, stealing my breath away as her fingers brushed over my breasts as mine brushed over hers. She helped me pull my shirt off, easing it over my head. I helped her with hers, unable to tear my eyes from her hardened nipples, the tip of my tongue travelling over my suddenly dry lips as she lowered her mouth to my boob.

It felt amazing. Better then I'd dreamed it would, better then I'd even imagined. I felt her hands at my waist, unbuttoning my PJs as I raised my hips, helping her push my bottoms over my hips, pushing as she pulled, guiding my trembling hands to her drawstring, meeting my eyes as I fumbled her shorts open, sliding them over her thighs, my fingers stroking the soft, dark down decorating her sex.

I lost myself in her, and then in rapturous ecstasy as my wet pussy slipped and slid against hers, my hands explored her body, every nook, every crevice, memorizing her beauty, needing to make her feel how she made me feel, to inspire the same love within her, the same desire, the same flush of need, that she filled me with…

I was still shaking, my climax cascading through me when she joined me, crying out passionately against me, our slick pussies mashed together, frantically driving each other into unimaginable bliss as she somehow managed to make me cum again, a pair of fingers sunk inside of me...

o-O-o

We woke, arms wrapped around each other, legs hooked, naked and slick with sweat, my hair plastered to her cheek, hers in my mouth, a blanket covering the lower half of her bottom, the television screen casting a blue glow over us. My eyes opened first, fixing on the soft smile on her face, feeling her heart beating steadily against mine, her breath tickling my nose.

"I love you." I whispered, needing her to hear the words spoken out loud, seeing as I'd been repeating them in silence every time I woke, her heat of her body rousing me from my slumbers.

"I love you back, dweeb. Kiss me?"

Her eyes cracked open, her lips parted, revealing a row of perfect, white teeth between the most beautiful lips I’d ever seen. Our kiss lasted forever.