

The Best Kind of Solace

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How to forget the worst thing that's ever happened to you.

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The Best Kind of Solace by Nicole Larson It was the most embarrassing time of my life. You see, I had sent this series of pictures to my then boyfriend Paul, who was away from school, visiting his family in California. If you know eighteen year old boys, then you can probably guess what kinds of pictures he wanted me to send him. And if you know eighteen year old girls who are terrified of losing their boyfriends and being lonely and outcast, you probably know that I was just stupid enough to do it. Three weeks after Paul got back, I caught him talking with Caitlyn Myers in the hallway, and I overreacted. We got in a huge argument, and in the heat of the moment I said I never wanted to see him again as long as I lived. So in retaliation, he sent the five pictures that were happily hiding in his cel phone to everyone he knew at our school. They, in turn, of course, sent the pictures to everyone they knew, and so on and so on. The next day, I got to school, and my naked ass is all over the place. Me, in my bathroom, snapping pics with my phone of myself in various states of undress. The worst part is this look on my face. This trusting, insecure look I'm giving him that says, "I really want you to see these, but please don't break my trust by showing them to anyone else." That stupid, unforgiveable look that was more embarrassing than the rest of my naked body. The week after that, I was so mortified I could barely hold my head up. Walking around school, knowing that everyone had seen me naked, not just the students, but probably some of the teachers. The only consolation I could take was that I didn't look bad in any of the pictures. Whenever I saw Paul, he was huddled around his locker with his stupid buddies, my ex-friends, and whenever they saw me, they'd giggle and one of them would pose like one of the poses in one of the pictures. Hands in the air, butt jutting outward. The boys called me a slut, the girls called me loose. I would have moved to a different school, but there was no way I could tell my parents about what I'd done, and anyway doing so would be admitting defeat. Better to hold my head up high and keep what little of my dignity remained, than to slink away like a spanked puppy. That didn't mean I didn't break down from time to time. I spent more time crying during the two weeks after Paul sent the pics out than I had since I was an infant, I guess. Since I was kind of a drama geek, my favorite hiding place was the girls' dressing room by the school auditorium. It was a comfortable space, with a lot of good memories attached to it. The wall was papered with flyers for all of the plays and musicals that had been performed here. A coat rack stood by the door, and a whole rainbow of feather boas and sparkly sashes hung from it. A long mirror,

surrounded by light bulbs, was set into the wall, and a makeup counter sat in front of that. There was a ratty green couch in the corner, and the stories of who had had sex on that couch could fill an encyclopedia. Most of them were ridiculous, but all of them were unproveable. If everyone who said they had sex on that couch actually had, this school would be full of a lot of pregnant girls. A lot. Like I said, usually it was empty in here, unless there was a show going on. So I usually used this for my crying space in the days after the event with the pictures. I didn't want anyone to see me crying, because that would be admitting that they had power over me, and I was not the kind of person who liked someone having power over me. So there I was, sitting on the sex couch, crying into my hands. Really letting it out. So much emotion poured out of me, I was almost shaking with it. When the door opened. I jumped out of my skin and started wiping my face, sniffing and running my hand under my nose. When I blinked the tears out of my eyes, I saw who it was. Ms. Jameson, the drama coach. She was young, for a teacher. Twenty-something. Just out of college on her first teaching job. Short, dark red hair (obviously colored), cut to her chin. She was taller than me, and she was wearing a white blouse with a light grey skirt, and heels. She startled too when she saw me, obviously expecting there to be no one in here. "Hey," she said when she saw it was me. "Hey," I said, still drying my eyes. "I just came in to get..." she awkwardly picked a script off the makeup counter, and folded it in her hands, "...this." She was as close as I had to a mentor. She was a friend, and a role model. Every production we'd done since she got hired on at the school, three years ago now, she had overseen. She was the director, and most often producer. She knew acting and theater inside and out. She was also immediately likeable. Funny and friendly and easy to talk to, yet professional. "Okay," I sniffled. She rolled the script into a tube, and seemed to be looking for a way to break the tension. "I heard what happened," she said, finally. "Are you okay?" "No," I said, "I don't think I am." She dropped the script on the counter, and sat down next to me on the couch, putting her arm around me and hugging me. At the contact, I started crying again. She comforted me and shushed me while I wept and blubbered in front of her. She put her hand on my head and smoothed my hair, and rocked me back and forth and listened to me complain about Paul and how stupid I'd been and how humiliated I was. I don't know how long we sat there, me crying into her shoulder, her comforting me. When it seemed I'd run out of steam, she pulled away from me and offered me a tissue from the dispenser on the counter. "You know," she said, "the same thing happened to me when I was in high school." "What?" I tried to do the math, wondering if they had camera phones when she was in high school. "Not the picture thing," she said, sitting back down on the couch next to me, "something else." "What?" She hesitated, as if deciding how much she wanted to tell me. After a while, she sighed and said, "Well, I'm gay," she said. I was astonished. I knew people at the school who were gay, being a drama geek, I knew precisely who was gay in our little clique, but I never knew that any of the teachers were. The thought had never occurred to me, that a teacher could be gay. Especially Ms. Jameson. She was so.... Well, I had never suspected it. Of course, I didn't have any kind of problem with it, but it was kind of shocking to know about it. And, I'd be lying if I said I hadn't thought about girls in that way. Nothing I had ever acted on, but it was there. An image formed in my mind, completely by itself, of me and Ms. Jameson kissing. I looked down at her breasts, and wondered what it might be like to touch

them. "Some of the girls at my school found out, and..." she paused, and I noticed she was getting misty with remembrance. "They were not nice," she finished. It was my turn to offer her a tissue, and she blew her nose and wiped her eyes with it. Now it was my turn to comfort her. I put my arm around her. "Obviously, I don't want anyone at this school to know about this," she said, sniffing. After a pause, she added, "Not that I'm ashamed or anything, it's just a can of worms I'm not interested in opening." "I get it," I said, crossing my heart. "I won't tell." "So all I can tell you is that this will pass. You will get over this. I'm very proud of how you're handling this. I wish I'd handled my situation with the grace and style you are handling yours with." "How did they find out?" I asked. "If you don't mind me asking." She paused, probably wondering how much farther she should go into it. "It's a long story." "I'm not going anywhere," I said. She chose her words carefully, but eventually talked. "Well, I was friends with this girl named Sandy. We were on the softball team together. When you're on a sports team, you spend a lot of time together. Sandy and I were fast friends, and we always sat next to each other on the bus, riding to and from games and such. Well, one thing led to another, and we were riding back on the bus one night from a really late game, and we thought everyone else was sleeping, and we kissed." Although I was engrossed in her story, it was making me a little horny. I pictured her at my age, kissing this Sandy girl. A first, tender, experimental kiss between two curious girls. Her eyes were far away. There was a hint of a smile on her face as she remembered the kiss. "But of course, not everyone was asleep. One of the girls behind us, her name was Katherine, caught us kissing and raised the alarm. She woke up everyone on the bus and told them we'd been kissing. Sandy immediately denied everything, but then she said that I had kissed her, and she hadn't wanted me to. Which was a total lie, by the way." "Sure," I said. "So for the rest of my term at school, I was known as a lesbian, a dyke, a carpet-muncher." She sniffled again and wiped her nose. "The worst part is that they were just making fun of me, thinking they were being cute, but I actually was gay. It was humiliating." "That's horrible," I said, wondering if it was more horrible than having your naked pictures all over the school. She took a deep breath, and steadied herself. "So, all I can say is, keep doing what you're doing. People will respect you more for not letting them see you get upset." "Well, if I won't tell about you being...gay, you can't tell about me crying in here." "Deal," she said, and shook my hand. We hugged again, and I felt closer to her than I did to any other human being on the planet. I realized that I never wanted this hug to end. But of course it did. Thing was, she still had her arms around me, and I had mine on her hips. Without warning, I leaned over and kissed her. I expected her to pull away immediately, but she let the kiss linger just a second longer than she should have. She did pull away, though, putting her hands on my shoulders and pushing me back. "Lauren," she whispered, and trailed off. "Sorry," I said. "It's okay," she said, uncertainly. "It's just that... I feel so close to you. Especially after you telling me all that stuff. And you're so beautiful, and... I just went with my heart." She was visibly uncomfortable. "That's fine," she said, "It's just that you're my student and it's really inappropriate." I nodded. "If I wasn't your student, would you want to kiss me?" She took a long time to answer. The answer she gave wasn't exactly an answer. "You're like ten years younger than me, Lauren." We were still sitting close, although she'd pulled away a little bit. I slid in closer, as I said, "If I was ten years older would you want to kiss me?" "Lauren," she said, "you're confused right

now. You're vulnerable and scared, and you're looking for some validation." "So what if I am?" I asked. By now, I had leaned in so far that I was almost laying on top of her. There on the ratty couch in the girls' dressing room under the stage. "It's not right," she said. "It's incredibly inappropriate! Plus, I could get in a lot of trouble. A LOT." "I won't tell if you won't," I said, and leaned in again to kiss her. This time, she let the kiss linger. I could sense her heart wanting to give in, but her brain telling her not to. When I opened my mouth and licked at her lips, she pushed me away again. "Lauren," she said, but didn't finish her sentence. She was laying back against the armrest of the couch, I was on top of her, and we were tongue kissing. I felt her hands on my back, softly at first, but as the room got hotter, more intensely. Her fingertips lingered on my back where my bra sat under my shirt, tracing the smooth lines. My hands came to her sides, and I felt her body. The waistband of her skirt, the outline of her panties on her butt. That was when she pushed me back, up into a sitting position on the couch. She sat up and looked at me. For a moment, I thought she was going to stand up and walk away. She had that look on her face that said she had allowed things to go too far, and they were not going to go any further. Our eyes were locked. She looked up and down my body once, and then back into my eyes. "Are you sure?" she asked. I nodded and bit my lower lip. "I'm so gonna get fired," she said, and leaned in, kissing me hungrily on the lips. Her hands landed on my breasts, and massaged them tenderly as she worked. Now that everything was go, I grew bolder too. I reached down and pulled her top up, over her shoulders and off her arms. At the same time as I was throwing her top onto the makeup counter, she was reaching for the bottom of mine. I raised my arms and allowed her to pull my top off. She looked at me, leaning back against the couch in my plain white bra, and I looked at her, evaluating me in lacy pink one. "You know you're fucking gorgeous," she said. I smiled. "You too." She pinched one of my nipples between the knuckles of two of her fingers. With her other hand, she reached behind herself and undid her bra. She wriggled out of it, and tossed it on the makeup counter. Wordlessly, and with some effort, I undid my own bra, and she pulled it off me. She relaxed against me again, and our breasts mashed together. It was an extraordinary feeling, her warm body melting into mine. We lay back on the couch, her on top of me, grinding her leg into my crotch, kissing like it was the last time either of us would kiss anyone. My hands caressed her back and tangled in her hair. I found the zipper on her skirt, running right up the back, and with both of my hands, I unzipped it. She wriggled out of it, and I squeezed her butt and moaned with pleasure. She rolled me over onto my back, and slid off the couch, kneeling on the floor in front of me. With a blank look on her face, she put her hands on my knees and eased my legs apart, drinking in the view of my white panties. She smiled when she saw them, and rubbed her hands up and down my thighs a few times. Then, keeping my eyes locked with hers, she leaned in and stuck her tongue out. I held her eyes as she licked my panties between my legs. I pulled my legs up, sticking them straight in the air and spreading them as wide as they would go. I writhed and moaned as she worked on me, savoring the sensation of her tongue on my pussy. I came once as she worked on me, a small tremor of pleasure that worked its way slowly out from my nethers. At some point in there, she took my panties off, but I couldn't pinpoint exactly when that was, I was so caught up in my rapture. I put my hands on her face, and pulled her to mine, where we kissed hungrily. I could taste myself on her

tongue. I kneaded her breasts, and pinched her nipples. I told her I wanted to eat her out, and in one fluid motion, she stood up and pulled down her panties. She grabbed a hold of a pipe in the low ceiling, and put one of her legs on one of the arms of the couch. Her panties were still hanging around the ankle of this leg. As she did this, I sat up and leaned forward, putting my face in her well-groomed crotch. I had never eaten a woman out, but I'd seen it done a million times on the internet, so I just went with my instincts and put my tongue where I'd want someone to put theirs on me. She gasped and moaned as I sucked on her clit, licked her lips, and explored her opening with my fingers. If she came, I don't know, but she certainly seemed to be enjoying herself. Then, she was on me again, humping me and kissing me hungrily. Our mouths and tongues met as wetly as our pussies. The aroma in the room was intoxicating, and I completely melted under her ministrations. We came together, clutching and shuddering. My breath caught in my throat and I was unable to breathe for a moment. It was the most intense orgasm of my life, and I have never had one since that matched the intensity and immediacy of that one. We wore ourselves out, and lay naked on the couch, breath heaving and bodies shuddering with pleasure. Every now and then, we'd kiss. Tiny little pecks on the mouth, or neck. It was then that I realized I'd forgotten all about the pictures, for the first time since it had happened. What a great way, I reflected, to forget about your troubles. "So," I asked, when I got my breath back, "do you have a girlfriend now?" "No," she said. "But there is someone I've been seeing." "Do you think she'd mind if we did this every now and then?" She smiled. "What she doesn't know won't kill her." I laughed. "Thanks for this," I said. "Now you're really my favorite teacher." "Glad to hear it," she said, running her finger up and down my naked belly. My hand was on her back, fingers close to the cleft of her butt. The intensity had suddenly picked up again. "Can I tell you something?" she asked, running her finger tips through my pubic hair. "Sure," I said. "I saw your pictures," she admitted. "I thought they were amazing. You're a very pretty girl." "Well, I've learned my lesson," I told her. "I'm not going to send you any." "Yes you are," she said. And then she put a finger inside me, and we started over again.