



giving
in

by
Alessa

Giving In

by Alessa

This shouldn't be happening... It's not right; I can't be wanting this...

The words played a never-ending mantra in my head as she approached from across the empty classroom. Closer, closer still, until just inches separated us. Forbidden inches that should never be crossed.

Amid the maelstrom churning in my head, her warmth reached out for me. Being near her always had this effect on me, even before I recognised my feelings for her. Before I could stop it, my lungs inhaled her redolent scent. One I could recognise anywhere, even in the most crowded of places.

"You're wrong, Aislin." The words came out under my breath. "Please don't do this to me. I can't... I won't."

A betraying shiver snaked down my spine, taunting that the only one in the wrong once again, was me.

I wanted so badly to retreat from her overwhelming presence, to hide from the truth, to go back to the safety of what had always been comfortable. But some invisible force held my legs frozen to the floor, holding me captive to her disarming gaze.

"Really?" she spoke, placing the palm of her hand on my chest. "And *this* means nothing?"

I opened my mouth to offer a protest, but none came. I couldn't deny the beating of my heart under her touch, more than I could deny it to myself. It was a beating for her. It always has been.

"No more lies, Beca. Stop hurting yourself. You want this. You want us together," she said, her voice sultry and low and promising everything I was afraid of.

And part of me knew... if I took this step, she *would* give me everything. Love and affection beyond what my schoolgirl dreams could imagine. An end to the lonely abyss that had consumed me like a prison.

A reason to go on...

The words were out before I knew what I was saying. "I... I've always loved you."

Sapphire-blue eyes I've known since preschool, darkened with desire. Her slender hands framed my cheeks, tipping my face to hers. Her lips curled into a warm smile as they hovered over mine.

"It's about damn time you fessed up."

With just her breath over my face, another shiver took me, as if to remind me there was no turning back. I knew what was coming next—a kiss. And it would change our fourteen-year-old lives forever.

Nothing would ever be the same again. This was the end of the road of denial and misery, of loneliness and guilt.

But fear kept skittering across my mind like a dark shadow, all bent on forcing me to consider the cruel light of reality. What would our friends think? What would my parents think? Our teachers? What if I lost myself to her?

And then I realised... I was already lost.

"Just do it," I whispered. "I'm tired of hurting."

Tired of being alone. Tired of fighting this...

"You are not alone, Beca..." Her whisper tugged at my heart, and then her soft lips slammed against mine, banishing it all to oblivion.

It had been forever since I'd been kissed, and never like this. Ferocious like a stormy sea, possessive like a vampire stalking her prey. Her mouth took charge, dominating every corner of my being. Caught up in those turbulent waters, it threatened to knock me off my feet. Surrendering all of myself to her, I parted my lips. Her tongue entered without hesitation, and I tasted the girl I loved with all my heart for the first time. Sweetness with a trace of strawberry. Sensuous. Powerful. Innocent.

Mine.

She was mine.

Had always been mine.

Desperate, needy, scared, I reached blindly for her, my fingers grasping for any and every piece of the girl who'd been under my nose all this time. How could she do this to me? Weaken me with a single touch? A taste of her mouth? Always, I was supposed to be the stronger one, the one in control. But with something as simple as a kiss, she'd taken over my mind.

As if sensing my thoughts, she broke the kiss long enough to say, with a smile on her face, "And the earth is still spinning."

The words slid over me like warm honey, awakening parts of me that had been asleep for far too long. I'd come home, yet I'd never left. I moved closer to her, a plea for more. It didn't matter what she did to me. I needed more. I wanted more.

She sensed that as well. Her palms slid from my face and smoothed down my chest. Her hands trap mine in a tight grasp. A ragged moan ripped from my throat.

She tore her mouth away, her breathing heavy. "No. Not yet."

After all this, she wanted to stop? "You can't just come in here, kiss me, and leave, Aislin."

"I'm not leaving you. But I don't want it like this, Beca. We're in the classroom. Anyone could walk in and find us—a couple of teenage girls making out at school."

"No one will find out. Everyone's gone home by now..." My ravenous eyes stared through hers and into her soul. "I've waited too long for you, Aislin. Dreamed for I don't know how long about you kissing me, loving me. And now that we're here, I want it all. I need you. Please..."

I could see in her eyes that she knew I was right. This wasn't our first time. Although it started with our bodies, our souls have been making love since they first learned how.

And although it scared me, I wanted to undress her, to feel her, to touch her...

Her wordless answer was to tear away my clothes, quickly ridding me of my school uniform, then doing the same with hers. I forgot how to breathe. I'd seen her naked before, but not like this. Not when we were panting and breathless, desire blazing between us like a wildfire. Not when I was the source of her need and her love.

The unacknowledged line in the sand between us had finally been erased, and now that we stood naked before one another, I felt oddly liberated. As if I could do anything. A week ago, I would never in my life have done it, but tonight we undressed for each other, delighted in our desire for the forbidden touch that two girls should never share.

Naked and unsure of what to do, I put my arms around her slender frame and just held her close to me. She was warm and cold at the same time, and it hit me that we were both shivering, from fear or excitement; I didn't know and didn't care. Here we were, two naked schoolgirls in a deserted classroom, sharing our first forbidden kiss. And nothing else mattered at that moment.

"Beca..." she whispered in my arms, so low it was barely audible.

But I had heard her.

"I love you..."

Nothing more happened that night, and yet our lives changed forever. I knew that no matter what our friends or our parents thought, no matter what the dawn brought, together we'd pull through. Our first kiss had shown me who she truly was...

My best friend.

My inspiration.

My lover.

My soul...

And I loved her too.

The End