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A Girl's Guide to College Experimentation

a contemporary kink novella
aurora light

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If you don't want to be a digital serf, you have to start stealing from your digital lord.

Intro/Blurb



Diana is straight.

That hasn't stopped Adelaide, one of her classmates, from continuing to flirt with her. It's not something she's ever felt uncomfortable with, per se, nor something that she's ever actually tried to put a stop to.

But when things boil over in a way that surprises even herself, Diana will have to make some choices that she never expected she'd have to contend with. Her identity, her personal values, and her knowledge of herself are all on the line, and all for the sake of a pretty girl she was only barely friends with a week ago.

Who knew gay sex could be so complicated?

Content Warnings / Kinks



Content Warnings:

- Dubcon (and guilt surrounding a dubcon experience on the part of the dominant)
- D/s honorifics/dynamics
- Lack of aftercare
- *Incredibly* undernegotiated (essentially unnegotiated) kink
- Some of the dirty talk could feel victim-blame-y outside of the kink

Kinks:

- Choking
- Degradation
- Hickeys
- Oral fixation/fingers in mouth
- Fingering
- Subspace
- Public sex (public bathroom, library)
- Exhibitionism dirty talk
- Biting
- Marking
- Spitting in mouth
- Discussion of collaring
- Possessiveness/ownership

Chapter One



Flirting with your friends was normal, right?

Diana generally agreed with that statement. Flirting with your friends could be completely normal, sure. Most of the people she flirted with were people she had no real interest in actually being in a romantic relationship with; even her friends, when she flirted with them, were really not people that she saw herself as ever being in a relationship with.

Flirting with your friends was normal.

But sometimes people took it a little further than you would expect, if it was just “normal.”

That was often how things felt with Adelaide. They’d become friends only a few months ago, connecting through some mutual friends in shared classes and mostly hanging out in person at this point. Diana was doing TA work for ASL 101, and they had both

ended up in a math class they needed for their basic education requirements before doing the things they would actually enjoy. Diana would say that she knew Adelaide... *decently* well, albeit not necessarily *immensely* well. They were friends, at the very least, and that was the point: friends could flirt with each other, and it wasn't necessarily weird.

Sometimes, however, it was a little weirder than it deserved to be.

Diana was spending her time at one of those group events that were always happening on campus. Some kind of event with free food; to be entirely honest, Diana hadn't looked *too* hard past the fact that they were giving out pizza. She'd mostly only checked to make sure it wasn't something the military was sponsoring before heading out with her backpack. It ended up being some kind of presentation for the various clubs on campus—there were quite a lot of them, and the college sure seemed interested in making sure everyone heard about them as often as possible.

Hence, the pizza.

Thankfully, there wasn't really any obligation to actually *interact* with the clubs. Diana was already a little overwhelmed with a full schedule of classes, TAing for ASL 101 and 102 to skip a couple of the ASL prerequisites, and a slate of ever-changing hobbies. She wasn't really interested in grabbing another extracurricular.

That was how she ended up sitting on the grass with a slice of pizza, people-watching anyone who actually *was* interacting with the various club tables, when someone sat right next to her.

Even before she actually turned her head, she already knew what

she was going to see.

The shock of green hair was always a dead giveaway; Diana hadn't seen anyone else at the school with quite that level of commitment to the neon green dye job. Curly, bold, and sitting way, way too close to Diana. "Fancy seeing you here, stranger."

"Fancy seeing you here." She didn't try to move away, instead just moving her arm slightly to accommodate the new body sitting well within her personal space, angling her head so she could see Adelaide's lips better. "Were you planning to join one of the clubs?"

Adelaide shook her head, turning slightly toward the rest of the club tables. "I'm here for the same reason everyone else is," she replied. "Because they were gonna give me pizza for it."

Diana nodded. "Fair." She looked toward the tables, where someone she vaguely knew from a stage managing class was talking to a music club representative. "And you didn't come with anyone else?"

Adelaide shrugged. She adjusted herself to be more comfortable, her leg now resting on top of Diana's, again far too close for comfort. "Nobody else in my dorm was coming anyway." She flashed a bright smile toward Diana. "And I thought maybe I'd see you here, anyway."

"And so you did." Diana frowned lightly.

Diana never really did much in the way of trying to get away from this very strange flirting situation; she was a little uncomfortable, sure, but not enough to make a scene about it. And plus, everyone understood the setup here. Diana had never been interested in dating women, so it was a dead end anyway. Everyone in this situation understood that, and it didn't seem like there was any attempt to

change her sexuality. It was just that Adelaide enjoyed flirting with her, regardless of any kind of reciprocation.

And there really never was any, at least not that either of them would probably identify. Neither of them seemed to feel that Diana was leading Adelaide on. It was just a strange one-sided game.

“Oh, I keep forgetting to tell you, but I got you a birthday present I keep not giving you,” Adelaide laughed. “I’ll run by later. You’re still in A324, right?”

“You didn’t have to do that,” Diana replied, blinking uncertainly a few times.

“Yeah, that’s what ‘gift’ means,” Adelaide said, flashing that little grin at her again. “I don’t *have* to do anything, but we’re friends, and your birthday was last week. Ergo, I have a gift for you.”

Diana laughed. “Alright. Yeah, same place as always. I don’t have any classes the rest of the day if you have time to run it over tonight, I guess.”

“Good.” Adelaide’s fingers ran across Diana’s thigh, another explicitly flirtatious move that probably should have raised Diana’s eyebrows more than it did. “I’ll bring it over once I get home, then.”

“Sounds good.”

The rest of the club display wasn’t much to write home about. Neither of them even really took a look at the clubs, really, choosing instead to sit in the grass and people-watch. It was by far the most time they’d spent together one-on-one, but it wasn’t spent doing much of anything important; they just pointed out different people who walked by and ate pizza.

And, of course, Adelaide flirted with Diana the entire time.

It had never really felt that weird; Adelaide clearly enjoyed doing it, and Diana at least never disliked it enough to do anything. But, walking back to her dorm after the event, uncertainty flared in Diana's chest.

It just felt a little... strange, for Adelaide to be so dedicated to the bit of wanting to flirt with Diana. Maybe it was that Diana knew Adelaide didn't think anything would come of it; of course nothing would come of it, Diana wasn't interested in that way, so it made her almost a "safe" type of person to flirt with.

That was almost enough to be strangely annoying. Diana hadn't thought of it as being *annoying*, not really, had only ever thought of it as a neutral experience that kept happening to her. But the idea that she was being flirted with only because she would never reciprocate? The idea that she was being flirted with only because she would never do anything about it?

Now, *that* was oddly frustrating.

Diana's doorbell flashed and rang, drawing her attention, and she decided that she would maybe be the one to up the stakes.

"Come in," she said, walking toward the door as she did.

Adelaide opened the door and waved a wrapped present in Diana's general direction. "I've got the goods," she laughed. She walked closer to Diana, close enough they were nearly touching, and grinned. Her eyes wandered across the other's face, a very light coating of something similar to challenge in her gaze. "Happy birthday," she said lightly, bouncily, completely uncaring.

Again, that frustration in Diana's chest, anger with how much it seemed like Adelaide was just pressing buttons to press buttons. But this time, instead of shrugging and turning away, she grabbed the frustration and decided to go further with it.

Almost as if in a dream, Diana watched her fingers stretch out, taking the present and putting it down on the nearby bookshelf. Then, her hand grabbed Adelaide's shirt gently, pulling the other even closer. Their faces were so close that Diana knew she could move forward and kiss the other, just like that, if she really wanted. Surprise crept across Adelaide's face, but she didn't move away, didn't do much of anything except freeze. "I don't think it's especially fair to keep flirting toward me without any repercussions," Diana breathed, the huskiness bubbling underneath her voice somehow surprising even herself. "Just because you know that I'm not going to do anything about it, you're able to do whatever you want? That seems... *wrong*."

Adelaide blinked a couple of times, looking somewhere between very uncomfortable and, indeed, very interested, a dichotomy that Diana didn't think she should be enjoying as much as she was. "Maybe I'm just being friendly," she finally replied, the words light and bubbly, uncertainty still rising in the back of her throat. "You don't know."

"Then maybe it's time for you to accept the repercussions of those actions," Diana said, pulling Adelaide in and finally closing that gap between their lips.

The experience was very strange, albeit a little more "right" than

Diana thought it should feel. Adelaide started out tense, uncomfortable, but she very quickly gave into the surprise movement, her soft skin melting against Diana's fingers as Diana's left hand moved up to Adelaide's cheek, right hand's fingers still curled in Adelaide's shirt. Adelaide's chest rose with rapid breaths, a slightly uncomfortable and off-guard pattern that nonetheless didn't seem to be actively pushing back, at least not yet.

Diana wasn't backing down. She moved forward, pushing Adelaide until her back was against the door, latching it completely, and locked the door for good measure. Her fingers started to explore the other's skin, running over her neck, over her arms, over her shoulders, down her sides, letting her tremble and whimper slightly at the sensations.

Still, though, no real indication as though Adelaide was necessarily *uncomfortable* with what was going on.

"Was this what you wanted, anyway?" Diana hissed against Adelaide, kissing up her jaw, up into her ear. "You weren't flirting for no reason, you were flirting with me because you liked the idea of having the straight girl finally come to her senses and absolutely *wreck* you."

The words were met with a trembling little whine from Adelaide, barely audible at Diana's level of hearing, even this close to the other, more vibrations and air than noise. It heightened, however, when Diana's fingers found their way around Adelaide's neck, her thumb and first finger pressing at her throat, cutting off the air just enough that it felt right, just enough that her hand slotted into that position perfectly. Adelaide's breathing picked up a little, and when Diana

moved away, leaning back to take her in fully, she was met with pupils dilated so wide it was hard even to see the iris anymore. Adelaide swallowed, and Diana could feel the movement push her throat underneath her hand, creating a deep, thundering desire inside her to feel it again and again and again.

“Not even going to fight?” Diana asked, something like venom dripping from her lips, something like fire, something like a *challenge*. “Just going to let me do whatever I want to you, not even pretending you don’t like where this is heading?”

A gasp of air escaped from Adelaide’s lips, as though there was something in the back of her throat that she was trying to stop herself from saying.

But that frustration that had arisen inside Diana wanted more than that from her, wanted more than just unspoken acknowledgement, wanted her to *accept* that this was a response that she had been seeking out. Diana pressed her knee up between the other’s legs, evoking an immediate shudder and a gasp that could have easily been a moan. Her lips found their way again to Adelaide’s ear, a sharp, almost unsettling voice coming out of her throat, a tone she didn’t even really know she could make.

“Tell me you want me to hurt you,” Diana breathed against Adelaide’s soft, pliable, gentle skin, skin she hadn’t realized she wanted to touch so badly. “Tell me you’ve been trying to get me to push you into this for as long as you’ve been doing this to me, that you like the idea that I don’t even have to want you to want to make you scream my name, that you were never really *comforted* by the fact

that I would never fuck you normally, that it was a *challenge* to you.”

By the end of the sentence, Adelaide’s fingers were clawing up against the hand still pressed to her throat, whimpering and shuddering and fully functionally moaning at this point. “Please,” she managed to gasp out, the words somehow full of fear and yet also of desperation, cutting through the air sharply enough that even Diana could read the words, deaf as she was. “Fuck, whatever you want, *please*.”

If the convulsing sensation of need hadn’t already been pulsating in the core of Diana’s stomach, it sure as fuck was now. This was *decidedly* a new experience, but not one that she had the brainpower to manage at that exact moment, and she didn’t really feel like taking any extra steps to question it. Instead, she pulled back, eliciting a confused little whine from Adelaide, and ran her fingers underneath Adelaide’s shirt hem, pulling it off and pressing her against the wall again, more of that soft skin against her body, more for her to touch and feel and play with. Diana’s fingers found their way around Adelaide, pressing the bra clasp together to unlatch it and pull it apart, pulling the bra off and discarding it somewhere to the side.

She was so *warm*, almost tauntingly so, like it made sense for Diana to bury herself as close to the other as possible, like it was obvious that Diana would want to let her hands roam all over her, picking up that creeping warmth as much as possible. She hummed against Adelaide’s skin, her fingers running over the smooth softness of the woman’s side, drinking in the way her body gave so easily at her fingertips.

Diana’s fingers dipped into the front of the other’s skirt, gliding

past the curls of hair on her pubic bone, sliding her middle finger against Adelaide's cunt.

Fuck, she was already so wet. It was almost enough to throw Diana completely out of the situation, almost enough to make her ask *What the fuck am I doing* and get the hell out of there, almost enough to make her have second thoughts, because holy *fuck*, this was not something she had any experience with.

But as Diana's fingers glided past her clit, Adelaide shuddered, letting out a barely audible, "Oh, god, *fuck*," and there was suddenly no way for Diana to think real, genuine thoughts, because her brain was mostly all warmth on her cheeks and blood rushing in her ears and hands that should probably be shaking.

"Were you expecting it to be like this?" Diana breathed against Adelaide's neck, the words pouring out like water. She wasn't even sure where the words were coming from; she just liked the way they made Adelaide respond, the shuddering breathing and the uncertain way her breath hitched. "To not even get to have me fuck you properly, in a bed, to hold you against the wall and force you to submit to me? To know that you're the reason any of this is happening in the first place?" Her fingers slipped up inside Adelaide, crooking inside her with a self-assuredness that almost surprised herself, pulling a shuddering, breathy moan out of the other. "Stupid cunt. You would have kept pushing your limits until I snapped regardless, wouldn't you?"

"Please," Adelaide panted as Diana moved back to grab the words from her lips, pressing her hips against Diana's hand, eyes half-lidded,

mostly just trusting the wall to hold her. “Fuck, yes, anything you want.”

“Anything?” Diana’s thumb circled around the other’s clit gently, not giving enough pressure to do much of anything except frustrate her. “That’s a lot of space to give me, when I have you like this.” Her hands moved slowly, tauntingly, intentionally refusing to do anything with Adelaide, just making her whimper at the touch, holding out the moans and shuddering breaths.

It all just sounded so lovely in her ears. There was something in the movement that was so full of desperation, so full of awful need, and the idea of holding her right there, forever, was just so wonderful. Diana hadn’t ever thought that this would be something she wanted, something that she *needed* this way, but something had been unlocked in her brain by how *badly* she needed to keep this moment crystallized, and she wasn’t about to fight herself on it.

“Ask nicely, then,” Diana finally said, a little grin curling her lips, moving in again, teeth dangerously close to Adelaide’s throat. “I’d love to have you give me a ‘Please, ma’am.’”

An uncomfortable noise rose up in Adelaide’s throat, and Diana could almost hear her fighting with herself. But the intent here wasn’t to play some kind of bratting game, wasn’t to try and break her further, because Diana was pretty sure Adelaide was already broken more than enough to do it. She inserted a second finger, rocking in and out of Adelaide, thumb rubbing her clit gently. “Ask me nicely,” she hissed, the words less a request and more a command.

“Fuck, please,” Adelaide gasped out, words loud enough to be fully

clear in Diana's ears, shoving her hips up to meet the other. "Please, please, ma'am, I can't—"

"See, was that so hard?" Diana snorted, her fingers working more intentionally, greedily accepting all the desperate, whimpering noises that poured out of Adelaide at the touch. "If you're going to ask for something, you might as well be grateful when you get it." She sucked sharply at Adelaide's neck, leaving a large reddish bruise behind, loving the whimpering, desperate noises Adelaide made at the suction. A few more marks in succession, bold and obvious and standout, drinking in the desperation at each one, thinking about how the other would possibly be able to explain any of it, unfamiliar with the gleeful arousal that sprinted across the surface of her skin at the thought. "Are you going to thank me for fucking you like you so clearly wanted?"

Adelaide clawed at Diana's shirt, grasping at her as though there was anything there to ground her. Her breaths stuttered out, quick and uncertain, fingers working against the fabric that still separated the two from each other, body trembling underneath Diana's touch. "I don't... I can't—"

"I think you can." A near-snarl laid under the words, a sound Diana was distinctly unfamiliar with, coming from herself. Her fingers slowed slightly, more of an intentional teasing again, even as Adelaide's noises became more desperate and needy. "If you want to cum, you're going to need to tell me you're grateful that I finally did what you were asking for."

Adelaide's fingers found their way up to Diana's neck, up into her

hair, lacing through it and trying to use the positioning to ground herself. After what couldn't have been more than a second or two, a frustrated moan erupted from her throat, and she pulled Diana closer. "Fuck, thank you," she panted, breathing so fast that Diana wasn't quite sure how she wasn't hyperventilating. Her lips were close enough to Diana's ear that the sounds were entirely clear, words sparkling like champagne as they poured directly into Diana's brain. "Please, fuck me, *please*, of course this is what I wanted, please, *fuck*, do whatever you want to me."

Diana almost couldn't even see clearly, desperate need suddenly pulling through her at the words. She didn't say anything in response, just nipped deeper at the soft, bruising skin of Adelaide's neck, holding her up as she pressed her fingers more deeply and more intentionally inside the other.

Adelaide suddenly tensed up, a small enough movement that Diana could have missed it if she wasn't paying attention, and she grinned, licking a stripe over the other's neck. "Cum for me," she hissed. "Like I'm sure you've been thinking about for weeks now, whore."

A shudder wracked through Adelaide, and Diana felt a moan rumble in the woman's chest before it fell out of her throat. Adelaide's cunt tightened around her fingers, her head falling back just a little bit as she tried to push her way through the orgasm.

After a second, the woman's head picked up, and Diana was struck with everything that had gone down in the last fifteen minutes.

She blinked a few times, not quite sure what to feel.

And then she realized that she didn't want to feel anything; she wanted to keep riding this very weird wave.

So, she pulled her hand away from Adelaide, moved her fingers up, and gently rested them on the other's tongue, still covered in her own cum. With a slight shudder, Adelaide wrapped her lips around them, her tongue pressing across and around the digits, sucking them off, golden brown eyes now focused intently on Diana's.

Diana still couldn't really tell what was happening in her own mind, but she decided to ignore all of those higher thoughts and instead move Adelaide's head to the side a bit, eating her fill of exactly how nice she looked like this. "And now I'm just here, turned on because of how good you sounded for me," she purred into Adelaide's ear, evoking a slight whimper around her fingers. "Do you want to help me cum?"

Almost before the words were out of her mouth, Adelaide was nodding sharply, a very rapid, needy response that had Diana's stomach doing flips. She removed her fingers from Adelaide's mouth, replacing them quickly with her lips, kissing her as harshly and intensely as the feelings buried inside her chest told her to.

Adelaide kissed back just as ravenously, eagerly letting Diana's tongue explore her mouth, tasting the remnants of the sticky, musky cum that lingered behind from Diana's fingers. Diana took Adelaide's hand in one of her own and pulled the other inside her skirt waistband, guiding her fingers directly to Diana's cunt.

The instant overwhelming sensation was almost enough to make Diana lose her mind right there. A shuddering whine pressed out

through Adelaide's lips as Diana rocked against her hand. Her fingers pressed against Diana, now entirely of her own volition, and Diana ran her other hand up into Adelaide's hair, anchoring her fingers into that mess of green curls, pulling her close in a way that she probably wouldn't have ever thought to do about half an hour ago.

"Pretty slut," Diana breathed against her lips, unable to stop herself from provoking that look in Adelaide's eyes, the desperation and need and thoughtlessness that started surfacing once again. "Fuck, you really did want this so bad, didn't you?"

Anything Adelaide could have said to her was cut off by Diana's lips, pressed intently to Adelaide's again, her tongue moving around her mouth and her fingers in her hair pulling her in. Everything had already built so quickly, and Diana tended to be fairly quick to orgasm on the best of days; she moaned into Adelaide's mouth as she came, Adelaide's fingers moving across her as she tried her best to reciprocate.

After a second, as Diana came down from the insane high, the kisses became a little gentler, a little less intense, a little calmer. She pulled back, taking the other's hand away from herself, and, after a second of hesitation that she decided to blow right past, she pulled Adelaide's hand toward the other's mouth. Adelaide's mouth opened obediently, illuminating another spark of something inside Diana that she wasn't sure if she should listen to, and she wrapped her tongue around the fingers, sucking on them diligently.

"How do I taste?" Diana asked, voice hoarse.

"Good, ma'am," Adelaide replied, like clockwork. The honorific

tied her stomach into knots, but in a way she had a hard time identifying as anything except positive.

Both of them stood there, a little frozen, before Diana decided to make what shouldn't have felt like the most insane choice she had made in the last half hour. "...Come on," she mumbled, taking the other's hand. "I'm not insane; if we're going to have sex, you might as well get to actually lay down with me."

Chapter Two



Diana couldn't give you an answer as to exactly how the two of them ended up tangled together with a blanket over them.

But it felt good. It felt right.

Her brain shut off, focused on nothing except the warm body next to her, the way they fit into each other, the way their breaths synced up with almost no effort on her part.

And then Adelaide's phone beeped with an alarm.

Adelaide bolted up, jolting them both out of the pseudo-conscious haze they'd fallen into. "Fuck," she breathed as Diana's eyes tried to focus on her lips. "Shit, I forgot I have to finish a paper by midnight, fuck."

Before Diana had even started processing her words, much less trying to respond, Adelaide was out of bed, very quickly gathering her clothes. She bolted around the room, scooping up her bag, pulling

her shirt over her head, bright green hair still frizzy and slightly dented on the side where she'd been laying, and stumbled her way out of the door with a slightly blurry, hard to understand, "I'll talk to you later, okay?"

The moment the door closed, Diana's brain lit up like a fireworks display.

There was a lot to unpack here.

First of all, *holy shit*, she had never done anything like that.

In a variety of ways.

The first thing that sprung to Diana's mind was the precise way she had talked throughout their encounter. The few times she'd had any chance to mess around with boys, everything had stayed nice and vanilla, and she'd never had much of a reason to play into dominance. Frankly, she didn't know where most of that was coming from. It was like something had snapped inside herself, and the thing that had come out was...

Well, a little scary, to be honest.

Sure, Adelaide had seemed to enjoy it, and she had, indeed, said she would talk to her later, but Diana wasn't sure if she felt the same way.

Mostly because it all felt a little too insane. Everything was wrong here: everything she had said, without ever having asked if any of it was what Adelaide would be interested in, the feelings that she'd been able to experience there, for just a second, hell, the fact that Diana was thinking about it with lust more than discomfort. Diana's jaw tightened as she really thought about it, now, outside of all the thoughts she'd been having in the moment. She should have *asked*, at

least *once*, *fuck*, dude. She shouldn't have fucking *ambushed* Adelaide like that, shouldn't have put her in a situation where she would have had a pretty fucking rough time saying no.

And none of that was even tapping into the fact that Diana had no idea what this meant for her personal identity.

She had always thought of herself as straight. The only sexual entanglements she'd ever gone through had all been with men. Hell, she'd only ever had any *interest* in men. It wasn't like she didn't know being gay was an option, but it sure hadn't seemed like an option for Diana specifically until about a fucking hour ago.

She thought about Adelaide's body, about how it felt to run her fingers down the woman's side and into the waistband of her skirt and into her hair, about how it had felt to hear Adelaide's words in her ear, about how something deep inside herself had vibrated alive at the experience.

Diana rolled on her stomach and pulled the sheets over her head. This fucking sucked.



For the next three days, Diana tried to avoid Adelaide as much as

possible. She called in sick to ASL class on Thursday; sure, she *would* have to figure that out eventually, but that could happen in between Thursday and the next Monday, when she really needed to be there. She tried to keep to her bedroom as much as possible, which is where she found that Adelaide had also left her glasses behind in that whirlwind of trying to get out of the bedroom—something that, again, she definitely needed to figure out at some point, because those were definitely important. She spent a lot of time listening to new music—there were a few Gorillaz albums she had never gotten around to, some Paramore she had never really listened to, and she'd always been recommended that Kendrick Lamar album—because as long as she was actively thinking about something else, it was harder to think about Adelaide.

Harder.

Not impossible.

The forgotten birthday present rested on her bookshelf, taunting her, reminding her that Adelaide had been there, that it hadn't all been just a very strange dream.

Diana hadn't initially wanted to open it; after all, it didn't seem like she deserved to get a present from someone she'd had this kind of experience with. Her curiosity had quickly gotten the better of her, however, and she'd opened the wrapping paper to a cute little topaz pendant necklace, one of those birthstone necklaces you could get from the little kitschy stores at the mall. A handwritten note, unmistakably Adelaide's cute, neat lettering, sat in the box alongside it.

see? i pay attention in class, sometimes. :)

It was a reference to an ASL class from a good month ago, an offhanded comment that Diana had made about liking understated jewelry, and the fact that she'd had to leave a lot of it at home when she'd moved to college.

Diana didn't know whether she felt better knowing that Adelaide had been paying that much attention to her already, or if she felt worse knowing she'd taken advantage of that, and she didn't know if she'd ever be comfortable with it again.

The necklace sat, untouched, in the same place as the present, almost taunting her with what it said about herself and Adelaide.

The maelstrom in her brain only got worse when she was trying to fall asleep at the end of the day. The first night, she powered through by browsing Twitter, finally accomplishing her goal a few hours later than she wished she would have, those three missed hours of sleep haunting her all day.

By the second night, though, the ghosts of those memories were crawling in with a vengeance, those lingering touches that she could still feel in her bones. The way Adelaide's fingers had felt against Diana's cunt, the way Adelaide's tongue had laved over her fingers, the way Diana's teeth had made their mark on her neck, marks that they both knew everyone would be able to see for the rest of the week, the way those moans and whines echoed in her ears as Diana finally pressed her fingers inside herself and bit down on a whimper.

It felt awful to do, sure, to jack off to a memory that Diana still felt pretty guilty about, but it relieved those buzzing thoughts enough that she was able to do some fucking homework without getting distracted every twenty seconds by the thought of her fingers inside Adelaide again.

By the third day, Diana had gotten absolutely no further in her quest to decide what the fuck she was supposed to do next. There were plenty of options, ranging from literally pretending that nothing happened—a choice that seemed clinically insane—to having a whole conversation about everything, starting from square one, and Diana was not interested in that kind of bare-your-soul honesty, thank you very much.

And yet, time was running out.

She rubbed her forehead, looking at her barren digital page, only barely brushing a hundred words, and decided maybe a change of scenery would help. Three days rotting in your room and barely even leaving for class will do that to you.

Diana threw her laptop into its case, slung it over her shoulder, and headed out to the library.

The change of scenery did, in fact, help, and it was also great to have access to research information at the tips of her fingers. Focusing her attention on the library also helped ease the torrent of guilty thoughts, as that extra brain space moved toward collecting sources on the information she was researching, adding bits and pieces into her Word documents as she found something new.

The paper was all about Moulin Rouge; one of her theater classes

had assigned a paper about an adaptation musical that discussed how changes could be made to an adaptation to make it as successful as possible, and *Moulin Rouge* had always been one of her favorite adaptation musicals.

And that meant Adelaide found Diana looking for a book about the structure of musical theater in a back corner of the library, having almost forgotten, for a few minutes, the events of the last few days.

“Hey.”

“What th—”

“Shh!!” Adelaide frowned as Diana jumped, turning around rapidly to be almost face to face with Adelaide, registering the flutter of Adelaide’s hand in the left corner of her vision before she truly registered the words. “It’s a library, you have to be quiet.”

Diana knew she probably looked a bit like a trapped dog, so close to Adelaide with no plan yet for how she was supposed to navigate this conversation. Words continued to fail her for a second before she finally pulled herself together and hissed, “Why are you even here?”

“Oh, so now I need permission to *be in the library*? Grow up.” Adelaide was still frowning, frustration in every indent on her face, but it was hard for Diana to concentrate on more than just the way her lips moved as she whispered, especially when she *had* to, to understand anything she was saying at such a low volume. “You’re the one who fucking *ghosted* me.”

“I didn’t—” Diana growled under her breath, trying to piece together a response that made any amount of sense. “I didn’t *ghost* you, I was trying to figure out what the next move was going to be,

because all of this has been a little bit insane to process.”

“And you did that by avoiding me. You didn’t show up to ASL class, it’s not like I thought you just vanished.” Adelaide stepped forward, her volume dropping even further, throwing Diana into relying entirely on her lip-reading skills. “You’ve had multiple days. So fine, I’ll ask you directly: what’s the next fucking move?”

Diana didn’t process exactly what she was doing until her lips were already on Adelaide’s.

If Diana’s brain had been functioning appropriately at that moment, she might have realized that this was not actually processing anything, it was just doing exactly the same thing she had already done, but this time in a new and exciting way.

But the way Adelaide melted into her, the way her fingers pressed up into Adelaide’s hair and she let Diana tilt her jaw up to expose her neck, the way the movement showed off the hickeys that to this point had been covered by a turtleneck Diana hadn’t even fully noticed, still dark and sharp even after a couple of days, it was all very effective at completely wiping every concrete thought out to sea.

Diana pushed Adelaide up against the wall of books, still trying to be as quiet as possible. “Oh, I’m sure you could have predicted this,” she snarled into Adelaide’s jaw, again that raging, ravenous snake pulling up her throat. “You don’t know when to stop, do you? You don’t know when enough is enough.”

Adelaide panted gently, clearly as caught off guard as Diana, but again sinking against Diana’s grip, not even trying to fight. She whimpered, cutting the noise off as she tried to stay quiet.

“Nothing to say in defense of yourself?” Diana asked, nipping Adelaide’s skin, going over those hickeys again, trying to pull up more, trying to make them darker, something in her stomach so badly wanting to mark the other as her own. “Dumb fucking slut,” she hissed, her free hand roaming over Adelaide’s side, down against her thigh, running up underneath the fabric of her skirt, desperately wanting more, wanting to touch every inch of her. “I already did this to you. I already fucked you like this. I already forced you to be good for me, told you exactly what to do and how to do it, and you obeyed me like a good whore.” Her fingers found their way to Adelaide’s cunt, running gently over the top of the cotton underwear she was wearing, only enough friction to tease. “Couldn’t get enough, could you? Had to come back, had to hear me tell you to be a good girl for me again?”

“Yes, ma’am,” bled from Adelaide’s mouth unprompted, a gasped, desperate plea, the closeness of her lips to Diana’s ear the only thing that allowed her to even pick it up.

If there had been nothing in Diana’s head before, it looked like a goddamn circus next to the way that blanked her whole fucking brain out. She couldn’t imagine a world where she could focus on anything except continuing to touch this girl and make her do that again.

As if in response to those thoughts, Diana’s fingers moved up, providing even more pressure, but not actually moving underneath Adelaide’s underwear. “Tell me what you want me to do to you,” she hissed, trying to keep her voice as quiet as possible, trying not to give into how badly she wanted everyone to know that Adelaide was *her*

bitch. Her head moved backward, trying to capture Adelaide's lips in her gaze, trying to see anything and everything the woman said in response. "I want to hear you specifically beg me to fuck you in the library, where anyone could see you and anyone could know what you're doing."

"Please," Adelaide whimpered, her fingers again climbing up Diana's shirt, curling into her desperately. "Fuck, please, I want you to fuck me like you own me, anything, whatever you want, wherever you want, just *please*."

The words rattled around Diana's head like a bull, destroying everything in its path, and if she had been in any way in control of her thoughts at that moment, she might have been a little bit terrified at how incredibly fucking badly she *needed* Adelaide. There was nothing except that singular thought ping-ponging around her brain, nothing except how deeply she needed to hear those words over and over and over again.

Her fingers slipped up against Adelaide, running her middle finger through the other's already wet cunt, gently circling around her clit. "Was that so hard?" she asked, not even sure how she managed to keep talking with how completely Adelaide had overwhelmed her body, her voice trying to tremble without her permission. "Giving into what you've so obviously wanted this whole time? Asking me to make you mine, the way you clearly can't get enough of?"

"Yes," Adelaide gasped, the words entwined with a whimper hiding in her throat. "Please, please, *fuck*—"

Diana's hand moved from behind Adelaide's head and pushed into

her mouth. Her fingers shoved against Adelaide's tongue, doing dual duty by quieting her while also letting her tongue feel over the digits, sucking on them lightly. It wasn't until that very moment Diana noticed Adelaide's lipstick everywhere, now all over Diana's fingers, smeared across Adelaide's chin, and, she was sure, also streaked against her own face.

"You have to be quiet, you know," Diana mumbled against the other, sucking intently at her skin, relishing the shuddering whine it pulled out of her. "We are in public, after all. Someone could hear you, and then what would you do? Someone discovering you so willingly letting me do whatever I want to you. Someone seeing you so fucking destroyed like this. Someone knowing that you're just a slut, at the end of the day."

Adelaide's breath built up so quickly again, her eyes half closed and her hips pressing into Diana's hand. There wasn't much she could say anymore, but to be fair, she didn't have to. She looked so beautiful this way, so completely helpless, so desperate and needy. Her lipstick kept painting red across Diana's fingers, an undeniable sign that Diana had been there, and it was enough to spark a fire somewhere inside her stomach.

"Cum for me, then, pretty girl," Diana managed to breathe out.

The words were barely out of her mouth before Adelaide shuddered, whatever noises she did make inaudible to Diana, quiet enough to hopefully be well-muffled as her hands grappled uncertainly against Diana. Adelaide tensed, all that desperation connecting inside her body, before she started to calm down again, started to relax back

into Diana, started to try to find a comfortable position again.

For her own part, Diana was, once again, hit by a train full of the thoughts she had been avoiding.

She knew that she should probably stay and try to talk through things. She knew that it would be shitty to do anything else. She knew that this was cowardly and stupid and awful of her to keep doing, that this was wrong in more ways than one.

But sometimes, in these sorts of situations, cowardice won, and she blinked a few times and pulled back. Diana adjusted the turtleneck Adelaide was wearing, used her thumb to try and wipe away the worst of the offending lipstick stain—ignoring the fact that it was still very visible—and took a step away. “Sorry,” she finally said, hating how stupid and useless that sounded, hating that she was doing this in the first place.

Without a second look to see what she knew she was going to see—to see, in all likelihood, frustration and discomfort and upset on Adelaide’s face, in those pretty eyes, twisting those soft lips—she turned around and walked back to her laptop, shutting it without even trying to send it to sleep, throwing it into the laptop bag, and slinging the bag over her shoulder. She wiped aggressively wherever she knew there was probably lipstick on her cheek and face, again something of a losing battle, mostly just succeeding in getting red stains all over a gray t-shirt she thankfully didn’t really give a shit about.



By the time she got to her dorm room, Diana could have jumped off the fucking roof, she felt so stupid.

She tried to stay calm and process this in a measured way. First, the bathroom, to see what kind of damage she'd been rushing around the campus with.

Could have been worse. Diana walked into the shared bathroom and was greeted by pink smeared makeup stains up her jaw and ear, but very little outside of that. Definitely enough to notice, but not so obscene that it was blatantly obvious she'd been making out with someone on the down-low. She wet some paper towels and scrubbed lightly at the extremely apparent remaining stains, leaving behind a reddish residue that looked a bit like a rash.

At least it didn't look like lipstick, she guessed.

Diana huffed into the mirror, forcing herself to take a second and look, to face what she had been doing the last few days and think about it.

It felt fucking *bad*.

But not because of the sex, and not even because it was with a

woman. Those two things were definitely *weird*, yeah, and Diana was still grappling with what any of it meant—especially the fact that this was way, way better than any sex she had ever even been *interested* in having with a man—but neither of them inspired the kind of creeping discomfort in her stomach that she was actually thinking about.

It was mostly because she felt like a real piece of shit for constantly disappearing this way.

Diana focused on her own eyes in the mirror, analyzing them the way she would analyze someone else's, looking for emotions, looking for thoughts, looking for feelings. Sometimes, that was the best way to uncover exactly what she was thinking.

Guilt, for sure. Frustration. Anger, although it wasn't the wrathful vengeance she knew came through when she was angry at someone else, but instead a quiet, miserable anger directed only at herself.

And somewhere back there, so far away that she had to try pretty hard to wrestle it to the forefront, there was also longing.

None of this felt bad because Diana didn't want it. In fact, it all felt pretty bad because she *did*, and she didn't know if that was okay.

After all, there was no way Adelaide felt completely normal about all of this. There had never been even any *attempt* to set some boundaries; Adelaide had basically waltzed into Diana's room and everything had suddenly changed very dramatically, and Diana hadn't exactly asked to make sure everything was above board before that first time they'd had sex. Even the second time, they had been having a fight right before it deteriorated into sex; Adelaide had been frustrated, understandably, with how Diana had been dealing with all of

this, and they hadn't even started to have a complete conversation before Diana just jumped right into it again, once again not asking to make sure there were any kind of defined boundaries before they fucked *in the library*.

There was every reason for Adelaide to be really, really uncomfortable at this point. It would almost be insane if she wasn't.

Out of the corner of her eye, Diana saw the door to the bathroom open, and she sighed, blinking her eyes a few times and reaching out to wash her hands.

Chapter Three



Back in her room, Diana tried to figure out exactly how to broach this topic with Adelaide. They didn't even have each other's phone numbers, for fuck's sake.

... but she did know Adelaide's first and last name, because she was TA'ing ASL.

Oh, she wasn't going to do this, was she?

Diana opened her email app, cursing herself every step of the way, thinking about how fucking stupid this seemed, thinking about how insane it sounded, thinking about how if someone fucking *emailed her* after a very complicated sexual experience, she would probably send a fucking pipe bomb to their house.

But what else was she going to do?

She logged into the school email, typed in Adelaide's last name, and sure enough, there it was, the world's stupidest idea paying off.

Then Diana paused, because what the fuck kind of email was she supposed to send, here?? She was working now both with the fact that she definitely didn't want to say anything hyper-incriminating over *school email*, and also with the fact that she did really want to make amends for the way she had been treating Adelaide outside of, uh. Well. Their *liaisons*, she guessed.

Subject: do you have time to meet up?

hey!

sorry for reaching out like this, i realized i don't have your phone number, and i don't know where you live on campus, but i do have your school email. hope it's not totally insane for me to be emailing you here, lol

i'd love to like, actually talk about the last few days? i know i've been being pretty stupid and cagey about it all, and that's def my bad. this has all been a lot for me, and obviously, i'm sure it's been for you, too, so like, i would just love to talk and see what we're getting ourselves into here? i really like you—

(she furrowed her eyebrows, shook her head to herself, and backspaced a few times.)

~~i really like you~~ i've been really liking whatever this is, and i have a feeling that we would probably both be happier if we actually talked about what was going on, so that we both knew what we were getting into and such.

oh, and i have your glasses! you left them in my room lol, i can

bring them over to you.

(at least there was some kind of reason for her to be there, she guessed, if she chickened out too bad to actually talk.)

if you wanna give me your phone number or your dorm room number, or even just tell me where you'd wanna meet up, that would probably be great. i share a car with my sister, but if you live off-campus—

(she couldn't fucking believe she didn't even know where adelaide lived?? goddamn, she had fucked this up pretty bad.)

—i can get anywhere within about a 15-minute radius without much of a heads up, it's actually pretty biking-friendly over here.

just let me know! and like, if you don't want to talk about it anywhere else and you just wanna see me at asl class and talk then, we can do that too, whatever works best for you :)

(she really hoped that wasn't too overt. god, the last thing she wanted was for adelaide to think she was even worse at knowing what the fuck a boundary was than was actually the case.)

hope to see you soon,

(that was stupid. she backspaced again.)

talk to you soon,

(no, that was also assuming that they would, indeed, talk.)

see you soon,

(okay, technically true regardless of what happened, unless adelaide dropped out of both ASL and math, but also stupid.)

thanks,

(what the fuck did she think she was doing, writing an email to a professor? insane choice.)

- diana

She didn't take a second to reread the email before she sent it. If she did, she knew she would definitely rethink everything she was doing, sending a post-definitely-not-well-negotiated-sexual-encounter *email* to someone, through the fucking *school email service*, no less.

The email popup minimized, the "Email sent. Undo?" prompt looked up at her from the phone screen, and she stared at it until it went away.

No turning back now.

Diana threw a video up on YouTube, then pulled up one of her mobile games, hoping to distract herself from the stomach-churning anxiety that she was in no way managing well.

It only took about 15 minutes.

The response came fast enough that, despite the heart attack she had upon seeing the notification, she still definitely wasn't as terrified

as she should have been. Working mostly on instinct, she tapped the message, opening up the return email in full.

Subject: RE: do you have time to meet up?

Body text:

hey!!

yea, that would be great :3

(diana had to stop herself from even investigating the way she felt at the silly little emoticon. that was not something she had the brain space for, right now.)

i was wondering where my glasses were, lol

i live in 9201, actually, so if you wanna, you cld just head over! my roommate isn't in most of the time, idk what her schedule is tho

i dont have anything i'm doing the rest of the night, so just like, head over whenever works for you!!

adelade :3

Diana blinked a few times, then swore at herself before standing up and throwing the glasses into her backpack, tossing the strap over her shoulder.



The walk over was quick. They even lived on similar sides of the campus; at the very least, Adelaide didn't live all the way on the opposite side. After less than ten minutes, Diana found herself in front of Adelaide's building, taking deep breaths and trying very hard not to chicken out.

She had asked for this. She wanted to talk about this. She knew that it was cowardly and wrong to just keep running away.

She opened the door and turned left.

The signs made it pretty difficult to miss, although wandering through a dorm that wasn't her own was always going to be confusing. Diana made it, however, and after double-checking she was at the right room—9201, yes, this was correct—she steeled herself, took another deep breath, and knocked.

“Come in!”

So much of this problem stemmed from how impossible it had become for Diana to *not* be thinking about how badly she needed Adelaide every time she saw or heard her. She opened the door to a very normal sight, all things considered: Adelaide was sitting on her

bed, wearing that same sleeveless turtleneck, that same knee-length circle skirt, seemingly having done the same thing Diana had done herself, scrubbing as much of the lipstick off as she could—although on her end, she had re-applied it afterward. Her hair had been tossed up into a ponytail; Diana wasn't sure whether it was as casual as it looked, or if that was just how curly hair always looked in a ponytail. She looked comfortable, casual, nothing indicating that she was uncertain with the way their relationship was trying to form, nothing indicating that she felt bad.

And Diana immediately wanted nothing more than to fuck her stupid about it.

Diana tried desperately to keep her head on straight—at least, as straight as possible—and she set her backpack down next to the door, closing it behind herself. “...hey,” she started, swallowing hard, a little smile ghosting around her lips.

“School email was a little bit of a stroke of genius,” Adelaide laughed, leaning back, propping herself up on her hands. Diana had to try very, very hard not to think of too many things she could do to the other woman in that position, turning her attention to the other's lips—indeed, also a losing battle, because *holy fuck* she wanted those lips around her fingers very badly now—as she continued, “I didn't even realize you didn't have my number or anything until I got your email.”

“Y-yeah,” Diana replied, trying to brush off her feelings and focus instead on the actual conversation. “Well, I mean, I realized I knew your name from TAing, and that meant I could look you up, it

seemed like the only way to actually talk to you.”

Adelaide laughed. “Resourceful,” she grinned, and *fuck*, Diana was fighting a losing battle here, and she knew it.

That fact didn’t stop her from stepping forward. “I just, you know, I wanted to apologize and maybe actually talk about what had happened,” Diana sighed, keeping her eyes cast down at her hands. “This has all been really fast, you know, and I’m sure it’s been happening just as fast for you, and I don’t really want to move into it too quick, I really want to make space to talk to you.”

And then Adelaide’s hands were on Diana’s, and she startled, looking up and coming way too close for comfort to Adelaide’s face, her eyes roaming intently over lips, eyes, eyebrows, features that were starting to become so, so much more familiar than Diana had ever thought they would be.

“I mean, you kind of *have* been talking to me,” Adelaide smirks, a cocky excitement behind her eyes. “Just, y’know. Not about what I guess you’ve been wanting to talk to me about.”

It had started to feel very much like Diana had started kissing Adelaide without a lot of control over the movement, because she didn’t realize that was what she was doing until, once again, she was doing it.

Diana’s fingers moved up into Adelaide’s hair, feeling like they belonged there, feeling like they should be there, feeling like this was all *right*, in a way that Diana had been constantly second-guessing for the last few days.

She could feel Adelaide smiling against her lips, and something

about that idea lit up every synapse in her brain. She adjusted herself, moving Adelaide toward the bed she had just stood up from, and they sank down into it so quickly and easily, Diana didn't even have a chance to think twice about whether or not this was a good choice.

Diana pulled Adelaide in toward her, a hissed breath escaping her lips as she pulled back slightly, the desperation and need in her throat only building. "See, that was *definitely* on purpose," Diana mumbled, her eyes half-lidded, attached only to Adelaide, attached only to the little smile that quirked her lips, attached only to the lipstick newly coating Adelaide's lips again, the lipstick that she knew was probably on her own lips now. "Can't help yourself from trying to make me fuck you, can you?"

Adelaide grinned, her hands snaking up and around Diana's neck, her body arching up into Diana's, lips just a few inches from the other's. "Not my fault it's so easy," she purred, the words burning with a twinge of challenge.

Diana's hands slid up and into Adelaide's hair, pulling her head back, exposing her throat, giving the woman a full view of Adelaide's lips. "I bet you'd stop wearing these turtlenecks if I told you to," Diana breathed into her, so overwhelmed by the feeling of skin on skin again, so overwhelmed by the need that rose up into her core that it was hard to do anything except let her body take her for a ride. "I bet you'd love to know that everyone sees you as mine. Even if they don't know who I am, they still know you belong to me. Having to come up with an explanation to all of this, having to tell someone that it's your fault, that you were asking for this the whole time."

A little whine worked its way out of Adelaide's throat, her frame still against Diana's, her eyes closing as she relaxed into the other. "Yes," she breathed gently, needily, the words pouring out of her desperately. "*Fuck*, you have no idea."

Something about that, all by itself, made Diana's stomach clench in a completely new and unexpected way. The idea that this girl, who Diana thought was so unbelievably beautiful, who Diana hadn't been able to keep her thoughts off for the last week, who had been invading every thought she had, awake and asleep, was equally as interested in Diana? The idea that this girl was thinking about Diana even half as much as Diana was thinking about her?

Even notwithstanding the guilt and the discomfort and all the uncertainty in general, that felt entirely outside the realm of possibility.

Diana pushed Adelaide down, intertwining her limbs with the other's, as though she needed to feel every part of her, as though she had no way to be whole if she wasn't completely entangled with everything that Adelaide was, everything Adelaide would let her have. Her lips traced down over Adelaide's jaw, pressing into her neck, teeth and lips coming together to pile even more hickeys on top of the existing ones, making her skin into a mess of bruises, wanting to mark Adelaide as her own, wanting everyone in the world to know that this woman belonged to *someone*.

Diana's chest pulsed with this creeping need, this desire to make sure that Adelaide was Diana's, and Diana's alone. It didn't feel the way jealousy had always felt to her, a sickly, awful feeling in the pit of her stomach like she was chasing something, like she wanted

something that she wasn't able to get. It was something else: something desperate, something aggressive like lust, something that needed Adelaide because there was no other way to exist other than to own her in everything.

Something that knew, somehow, that Adelaide wanted to be owned this way as much as Diana wanted to own her.

And yes, Diana knew, in the back of her mind, that they should have talked a lot about this before now, that it wasn't really fair to either of them to have slipped and tripped and stumbled into this intense of a relationship dynamic, especially not when it had quite a lot of repercussions for the both of them.

But she didn't feel like everything had just been a mistake. Because calling it a "mistake" would imply that she regretted this. Calling it a "mistake" would imply that it shouldn't have happened at all, that there was something necessarily wrong with the thing that had developed out of it.

And there was nothing less true. Diana thought that if she had ever been exposed to this, then had it ripped away from her, she would have probably gone crazy.

It all tumbled out of Diana in a growl of "Mine," a growl of "Always mine," hissed at Adelaide's throat, her teeth scraping across the soft, gentle skin underneath it. It was the only thing she could think to say, to lay claim to the woman underneath her, to express that she was nothing if she wasn't Adelaide's, and that meant the reverse also had to be true.

"Please," Adelaide breathed into the air between them, already

moving against Diana, her hips bucking into Diana's thigh, slotted between her legs. "Yours, please, yes, yours."

Diana's hand made its way down across Adelaide's leg, running underneath her skirt, her fingers hooking on top of the other's skin, nails resting idly on the gentle, vulnerable surface of her thigh. Diana moved her lips up, capturing Adelaide's in a needy, desperate, aggressive kiss, breathing sharply against her mouth, whines and huffs of desperation meeting Adelaide's.

"I don't know if you know how to be anything else," she breathed, her fingers moving underneath the other's underwear, sliding a finger over her cunt, wishing she could somehow perfectly capture the whimpering moan that escaped Adelaide's mouth when she did. "I think if you could be my perfect slut all the time, you'd beg for it, wouldn't you?"

"Please, please, I want to be your whore," Adelaide whimpered in between kisses, kissing Diana with the desperation of someone who might die without it. Diana still couldn't fucking believe how wet Adelaide always was as soon as they started, the desperation and need in her voice never put-on. It was so obviously genuine, so obviously real, so obviously accurate to exactly how she felt, and it made Diana's stomach churn in excitement, need, desperation, in something even deeper and more all-encompassing than that. "Only yours, only yours, always."

Diana pressed her middle finger up inside the other, the whining moan that escaped Adelaide's mouth stoking a fire inside her throat. "Only mine," she repeated, pressing her finger in and out of Adelaide,

waiting for the slimmest of seconds before adding another finger, relishing the way Adelaide whimpered and shuddered. Adelaide's hands moved up to wrap desperately around Diana's neck, pulling her in harder, letting their lips meet each other's sharply. "You deserve to be nothing more than mine, to be nothing more than just a toy that I can use however I want. To be my pretty girl, to be able to tell people that I own you, that you're mine, that everything about you was only ever developed to lead to me. You'd like for everyone to always know that you were built for me, wouldn't you, pretty slut?"

"Fuck," Adelaide gasped, her fingers gripping into Diana's hair, a sensation that should have probably been more painful than it was, because at that point, everything and anything happening inside Diana was just a new sensation, barely even differentiated between positive and negative. "Fuck, please, only yours, just yours, nothing else, nothing more than just your dumb slut, *please*—"

Diana's thumb brushed against Adelaide's clit, and it rocked a shudder through her, her hands desperately clawing at Diana's hair. "So needy," Diana mumbled, starting to rub her thumb in lazy circles, kissing a little more gently down Adelaide's jaw, watching the remnants of the lipstick she had kissed off Adelaide's lips track her movements. "So desperate. So completely beside yourself, just wanting me to do anything to you. It would almost be pathetic, if I could bring myself to care about what you want more than I care about what I want."

"Yes, ma'am," Adelaide breathed out, and Diana felt the tension pressing in and out of the other's form as she tried to avoid doing

anything that Diana wasn't specifically asking from her. It felt insane, completely off the rails in a way that Diana wasn't quite sure how to express, but the sheer control that she had over the other was intoxicating enough to push her forward.

Diana sighed, slowing down her movements lightly, just enough to tease Adelaide, enough to bring those whimpers and shudders to the forefront. "You're so automatically good for me," she mumbled gently. "So incredibly needy, so willing to tell me whatever you can so that I'll keep touching you. You're just a slut, at the end of the day, but you're only really able to be a slut for me, aren't you?"

"Yes, yes, *please*, fuck, only for you," Adelaide gasped, a film starting to glaze her eyes, like she couldn't do anything except put together sentences and phrases from what Diana was already saying. "Please, I need you, please, ma'am, whatever you want from me."

"Good girl," Diana breathed against her cheek, barely even able to think past a haze of lust as she continued to pump her fingers into Adelaide. With her free hand, she took Adelaide's jaw, her thumb and middle finger holding the joint within the jawbone. "Open," she grinned, watching the other's eyes.

There wasn't any deliberation, not even any hesitation; Adelaide just opened her mouth, her tongue completely extended, as she gripped Diana's shirt as hard as possible.

Diana spit into Adelaide's open mouth, watching as the woman whined and bucked her hips as she did. "Who do you belong to?" she breathed, something filthy grabbing her behind the eyeballs, something needy and desperate and belonging all to itself.

“You, ma’am,” Adelaide replied, a whine that was almost a sob pouring out of her. “Need you to own me so bad.”

She spit into the other’s mouth again, then closed her mouth with her hand, pressing her lips against Adelaide’s, her tongue seeking entrance. She was so willing and ready for it, so desperate, so needy, and it was all Diana could do to not collapse then and there. Diana let those fingers at Adelaide’s jaw move up to the nape of her neck, bringing her close again. “Cum for me, then, pretty slut.”

It was a foregone conclusion the moment she started talking; Adelaide’s body rocked against Diana’s, a whimper in her throat that cracked into a moan as she let Diana kiss her harshly, aggressively, need poured into every atom, just riding out the experience.

Their kisses adjusted as Adelaide did, going from intense and desperate and needy to softer, gentler, more focused on kissing than on anything else, and Diana moved her hand to her own mouth, cleaning the other’s cum off her fingers. She only had the self-control to move away for a few seconds before moving in again to kiss Adelaide roughly, sliding her tongue into the other’s mouth, sharing the taste between the two of them.

And then, Diana remembered that there had, indeed, been a *reason* she was there, and that reason had been thrown to the wayside by the two of them fucking *again*.

“Ah, shit,” Diana mumbled, leaning away slightly. “...I’m sorry, it feels like I keep doing this,” she laughed, feeling a little bit guilty, albeit not as guilty as she had for the last few days. “I really had—”

And, of course, that was when the door opened.

A woman who Diana could only assume was Adelaide's roommate opened the door, took them both in, and hummed slightly. "Looks like I have interrupted something," she said, sounding less upset and more just amused. "Unfortunately, I have to get up at 5AM tomorrow, which means I can't *stop* interrupting you."

Fuck. Shit. God dammit.

Diana nodded slightly, leaning back further. "Yeah, makes sense," she replied, sighing in defeat.

She looked at Adelaide, whose eyes were still a little glazed, looking completely out of her mind. There was nothing Diana wanted more than to ask Adelaide over to her place, to maybe have some kind of conversation and also to... well, okay, maybe finally *actually* spend the night together.

But it didn't seem like Adelaide was in the mindset to make any choices right now. And the last thing Diana wanted was to feel like she was continuing to pressure her. That had, after all, been the original problem, hadn't it?

So, she sighed and leaned over, kissing her on the forehead lightly—hoping that this by itself wasn't anything too out of pocket, because God only knew she had no idea exactly what was okay and not okay to do at this point, as, again, they just *had not* talked enough to actually decide on any kind of boundaries—and taking her hand gently. "I'll come over tomorrow, okay?" she said, hoping this was the right move. "I'll try to get here early. Sleep well, and I'll talk to you later."

Adelaide nodded a few times, clearly barely even processing the

words. "... okay," she replied, furrowing her eyebrows and grabbing Diana gently. She pulled her down, and, seemingly completely uncaring as to the fact that there was someone else in the room, pressed her lips gently to the other's.

It caught Diana incredibly off guard, and she wasn't quite sure what to do about it. So much of this relationship—again, if one could even call it that, and Diana wasn't 100% sure that one *could*—had been them having sex and then doing nothing to follow up about it.

That was mostly why Diana didn't feel justified in calling it a relationship just yet. They hadn't talked about "what is this," they hadn't talked about "what are we actually doing," they hadn't even talked about, "is this all okay for us both," and it felt more like they were hiding a secret than that they were dating, or even friends with benefits, or whatever the fuck they wanted this to be.

And yet, at that moment, Adelaide didn't seem to care about all this shit that Diana had been worrying herself sick over for the last few days.

It just kind of seemed like maybe she enjoyed this relationship dynamic.

Diana pulled away and ran her fingers through Adelaide's hair gently, nuzzling her nose against Adelaide's softly, and gave her a little smile. "Sleep well, okay?"

Adelaide nodded and laid down, eyes closing the moment she leaned onto the mattress.

Diana's first instinct was to avoid Adelaide's roommate's eyes, but it didn't feel like that would do much of anything for either of them.

Instead, she smiled and nodded politely, picking up that backpack again from the side of the door and slinging it over her shoulder, walking around the woman to head back out of the dorm room.

It wasn't until she was halfway home that she realized she'd never even given Adelaide her glasses.

Chapter Four



Diana's most recent liaison had definitely not fully *corrected* anything, but it sure seemed like things were getting better.

The guilt was starting to recede, at least enough that she wasn't just lying in bed tasting bile in the back of her throat for hours every night. That was... nice, at least?

Diana didn't have the time or energy to stay up until 2am tonight. She had to be at Adelaide's dorm room as early as possible, so that the fact that she had, once again, essentially left her high and dry wasn't *quite* as awful as it easily could have been.

Thankfully, once she actually laid down at 10, she fell asleep surprisingly fast. One second, she was stressing out about what that conversation might look like tomorrow, and the next, she was waking up and turning over her phone to see that it was 9AM.

This whole thing had been insane, but finally, they would be able

to talk and actually get some things squared away.

Right?

Diana had fully fallen asleep with her clothes on, which meant she just had to grab her backpack, check to make sure the glasses were still in there, and head over.

But when she got to Adelaide's room, the door was already open, and she walked inside to some extra guests that she decidedly was not expecting.

Mutual friends, for the most part, which somehow made her feel both more and less awkward at the same time. "Hey!" Genesis laughed, waving toward Diana. "Fancy seeing you here. We were just about planning to head out for breakfast, if you wanted to join us? Sunday's always such a weird day, people usually do stuff on Saturday, but I've got so much to do during most of the week that I'm always trying to fucking chill out on Saturday, which means I always wanna do all the fun shit on Sunday."

Diana blinked a few times, almost dumbfounded, as she tried her best to figure out the next step.

This was... probably not ideal, no. She definitely didn't want to keep pushing this conversation off, but they weren't going to be able to have the conversation right here, right now, in front of God and everyone. If Diana was serious about making this something real—and she *thought* she was, at least, because even if it felt pretty scary, she still knew the way she felt *alive* at the thought of owning Adelaide in everything was worth pursuing—she needed to get used to hanging out with her in these kinds of more casual situations.

So, she nodded. “Yeah! I’m down. Already got a spot, or IHOP, or what?”

The rest of them had already made a breakfast decision, which meant it wasn’t long until they were all piling in the minivan that Kennedy had inherited from their mom, on their way to the Lolo’s.

Thankfully, the fact that they were just sort of grabbing seats however they ended up meant that Diana didn’t have to agonize over where she was going to sit. She ended up in one of the middle seats, with Adelaide in one of the back seats; she wasn’t sure if she was disappointed at how far the other was or relieved she didn’t have to just guess at exactly how much sexual tension they were giving off to the rest of the group.

And, as they all made their way out of the van, Diana was able to grab those goddamn glasses out of her backpack, linger behind everyone else, and hand them over. “Hey, I keep forgetting to give these to you,” she laughed, a little anxiously, a little uncertainly.

“God, *finally*.” Adelaide pushed them on her face, and Diana rushed to try and stop thinking about how her heart melted at the image. Her eyes shifted to Diana’s, an uncertain question in them that Diana wished so badly she could answer in that moment.

“Later,” she replied, the answer sounding so much like a hollow cop-out that she almost hated herself. “I promise.”

Adelaide nodded shortly, smiling at her before the two of them walked into the restaurant with everyone else.

Breakfast was both wonderful and also miserable. Diana knew she was watching Adelaide far too much for it to be healthy; there

was just no reason for her eyes to move anywhere else. She tried to avoid making it too obvious any time Adelaide looked over, but she couldn't imagine she did a very effective job. It all felt fairly apparent.

It was all just so frustrating, was the thing. It was so *frustrating* to be so close, yet so far. So frustrating to know that Adelaide was right here, but there was no way Diana could do anything about it—nothing sexual, obviously, but also nothing else, even talking about what was going on, even trying to figure out what the fuck this relationship was.

Diana needed so fucking badly to *talk* to Adelaide. And she needed so badly to be near her all the time that at this point, she would have taken being fucking burnt at the stake over having to do this stupid little song and dance.

Halfway through the meal, Adelaide excused herself for the restroom, and the thoughts swirling through Diana's head as they had been sitting there for almost an hour were too much for her to just brush off. After a couple of minutes, hopefully enough to avoid any direct suspicion, she also excused herself, walking down the hallway to the restroom.

Adelaide was washing her hands when Diana walked in, and her eyes flitted up to the mirror before she actually looked behind her. "... wasn't expecting you to follow me into the bathroom," she laughed, a blush spreading across her cheeks.

"...I'm sorry," Diana started. "... I... I did want to ask you back to my room last night," she admitted a little sheepishly, "but you seemed... well, pretty out of it. I didn't want you to feel like I was

taking advantage of you. It feels like that keeps happening.”

Adelaide nodded, turning around to wipe her hands with a paper towel. “I mean, it’s been weird,” she laughed, stepping toward Diana, adjusting her glasses nervously. “But I appreciate the caution. We do... very badly need an actual boundaries talk.”

Diana winced. “We do,” she admitted, as much because it was true as because she really couldn’t stop thinking about those fingers curled up in her shirt again, Adelaide begging with the movements she was making even more than she was with her actual mouth. “It feels like we keep getting derailed every time we want to have it.”

“Oh, and whose fault is that?” Adelaide laughed, the sound bright and carefree. “Not my fault you seem to be taking it as a challenge to fuck me wherever you want.”

The sentence itself read like a challenge. Diana didn’t think Adelaide necessarily meant it as such, but whatever part of her brain that was starting to get comfortable with acting before thinking when she was around Adelaide certainly took it that way.

That was how she found herself holding Adelaide against the wall of a bathroom stall, her lips only a few inches from the other’s, eyes bright and intense.

“*Wherever* I want?” she asked, a sheen of nonchalance coating that venom that seemed all too comfortable rising up in her throat any time she was this close to Adelaide. “You seem to really like that idea, of me fucking you wherever and whenever I like. One could almost think you enjoyed it, being completely exposed this way.”

Already, Adelaide’s breathing had picked up, eyes wide and locked

intensely onto Diana's. "I..." she breathed, like she was trying to figure out something to say. "I don't—"

"Don't play stupid with me, whore," Diana growled, and Adelaide's responding whimper, a noise that could just as easily be fear as arousal, shot electricity down her spine. "You like the idea of everyone knowing you're mine. You don't even hate knowing that someone could walk through the door right now and see me doing this to you. That's why you're always pushing my buttons in public, is because you want this. It would be bold to even call it a 'secret.' It's too obvious to really be one."

"Please," whined Adelaide, a desperate breath in the back of her throat. "Please, please, I want to be your good whore, anywhere you want me."

Diana grinned. In the back of her mind, she knew they didn't have much time, but the front of her mind was only interested in burying those worries. Her fingers rushed up inside that skirt, finding Adelaide wet and needy for her, something that made her think that maybe, just maybe, Adelaide had been thinking about this as much as Diana had.

The thought sent spiral shivers across her fingers, definitely not helped by the way Adelaide whimpered, the way they would be readily visible to anyone who entered the bathroom, the way they really only had maybe, at the most, ten more minutes before someone would come check on them. Diana hummed in mock thought, her lips moving slightly to Adelaide's ear. "So ready for me, little slut?" she asked, more to highlight the situation than to actually ask a question.

“And here I thought it might be too forward to do this right here. Turns out, you love thinking about all the ways I could fuck you, no matter where you are. All but begging for me to do whatever I want for you. Filthy bitch.”

Adelaide’s hips rocked against Diana’s hand, a whimper strangled in her throat. “No matter where,” she admitted, clearly trying to keep her voice down, the words coming out as an uncertain hum, right at Diana’s ear, close enough that it was at least vaguely audible to her. “Please, ma’am, please, I need you, please, before we go back out, just remind me I’m yours.”

“You don’t need reminding,” Diana breathed over Adelaide’s throat, tongue pressing up at the still-visible hickeys that scattered their way across Adelaide’s skin, the hickeys that she very badly wanted on full display, the hickeys that she wished she could tattoo into constant existence on Adelaide’s body. “Having to remind you would imply that you can ever forget. That you’re ever not thinking about the fact that I own you. Body, soul, mind, spirit, it doesn’t matter what it is, you know as well as I do that you are mine. In every single way.”

“Fuck, *please*,” Adelaide whined, the words almost a sob, almost so desperate that they didn’t even feel real.

Diana adjusted her fingers, those soft, breathy noises against her cheek keeping her mind in a chokehold. Her brain focused so prominently on them that it was hard for her to remember that, in reality, they were even quieter than they’d ever been, that Adelaide was really taking to heart the fact that they didn’t want to get kicked out of this

Lolo's.

"Always ready to go," she mumbled at Adelaide's throat, impartial in a way she didn't really feel, a way she didn't even really think Adelaide believed, because the desperation in the back of her throat was more than enough to give the game away. "Good thing you decided to let yourself be mine and not someone else's. Think about how badly that could have turned out for you, mmm?"

"Never," Adelaide replied, the word so immediate that it almost read like a reflex. "Fuck, I could never. Never anyone else, only you, only yours, only yours always, please, ma'am, just yours."

"Only mine." It was almost spoken like a reassurance, almost spoken like a claim, almost spoken like an oath, somehow all three of them at once, and at the same time also the only thing that Diana thought she could ever possibly truly believe.

It wasn't just that she *wanted* Adelaide to belong to her, because of course, that was true. Of course, she knew that she wanted Adelaide—she was only ever thinking about Adelaide, thinking about this beautiful girl when she was in class or when she was in her dorm room or when she was fucking *dreaming* at this point. But it wasn't just a want, it was a fucking *need*, a *desperation* that clung to the insides of her ribs, something deep and deadly and obsessed that said that she would never, ever, ever be whole again if she somehow lost this girl.

Adelaide's fingers curled into her shirt, another thing that Diana was *always* fucking thinking about now, and Diana lifted her head, watching intently, making sure that Adelaide was watching, too. "Come on, pretty girl," she breathed, the words warming the air

between the two of them. “You know what to do by now.”

Something about that casual dominance, the fact that Diana didn’t even have to command her anymore, seemed to do it, and Adelaide shuddered as she came, her facial expression twisting into something so desperate and needy that it was all Diana could do to press her lips against the other’s, pulling the moans and noises and gentle, desperate pleas inside herself.

It didn’t take too long before Adelaide’s breathing stabilized again, and Diana pulled her fingers out from underneath Adelaide’s skirt, pressing her fingers into her own mouth, tasting the desperation, the need, the way the other’s want was so apparent, all of it wrapped up in the acidity on her tongue.

Adelaide blushed and looked away, almost abashed, all of a sudden. “We... need to talk really bad,” she laughed, pushing her glasses up her nose.

“We do,” Diana acknowledged. “You open tonight?”

“Genesis talked me into going to some kind of event with them all tonight,” Adelaide groaned, putting her head in her hands. “I really did think this day was going to be free for me. It’s hard to plan too deliberately for things when it turns out your friend group is full of a bunch of insane people who don’t want to plan for things, I guess.”

Diana snorted, moving to the sink to wash her hands. “It’s okay,” she replied gently. “We can talk tomorrow. We’ve got ASL class in the mid-morning, but I’m free throughout the afternoon. Maybe over lunch?”

“...lunch sounds like it would be good,” Adelaide replied, the

words captured in the bathroom mirror, accompanied by a little nod. Diana raised her gaze from Adelaide's lips to see the woman looking up toward her, eyes soft, a bit excited. "I'll see you tomorrow, for lunch, then, yeah?"

Diana nodded. She couldn't afford to do anything else. She had to really, truly decide that she was going to do this, because she didn't have the ability to keep running on steam with this relationship for much longer. Because if something happened and this wasn't forever, she might just go insane. "Tomorrow, for lunch," she agreed.

Adelaide slipped out of the bathroom and Diana grabbed a paper towel to dry her hands, planning to hang back a good minute or two to hopefully give the two of them some kind of a cover story.

This was insane. It was really, really scary. Diana still hadn't grappled with much of anything when it came to what this relationship might mean for herself, or for the people around her, or for the people around Adelaide. Those were all things that they had to figure out before either of them would be comfortable here, and Diana sure hadn't made *any* sort of fucking progress in that realm.

No one seemed to be looking at her especially sideways when she showed up, so she figured there wasn't anything to worry about. They'd figure out how to tell all their friends about the newfound relationship at some point.

If "relationship" was the right term for whatever they were doing, at least.

Avoiding Adelaide's gaze never stopped feeling awful. It happened the rest of their breakfast, and every time Adelaide looked at her and

she tried to avoid the direct eye contact, Diana felt a knot tie itself up in her throat.

There just weren't words to express how badly Diana wanted that look to be more than it always was. There was something blazing in her chest when it came to how badly she wanted that look to be an excited glance between two people who were dating, how badly she wanted it to be a source of casual comfort between the two of them. She wanted it to be the look you give someone you've been dating for three years, when you catch their eye across a room, not the look it was right now, the look of two people who were somewhere between friends and lovers, the look of two people who didn't really know where they stood with each other.

The whole thing felt like some kind of "situationship," a word Diana had always fucking hated, and she sure didn't hate it any less now that it was happening to her.

And yet, when Genesis asked if Diana wanted to come along to the concert they were going to tonight—it was only ten bucks at the door, and Genesis didn't know the band but had looked them up earlier that morning and decided she liked them—Diana didn't have anything else to say but, "Sure."

They went to the mall before the concert started, a "quick stop" for pretzels and the Chinese place Rebecca really loved that inevitably, as it always did, turned into a three-hour ordeal of them wandering aimlessly through the mall.

The whole time, Diana tried not to think about how her fingers felt inside Adelaide, about how badly she wanted Adelaide's body

against her own, about how badly she wanted to hear Adelaide beg for her, such an easy goal to accomplish nearly every time they found themselves alone together.

Really, the only thing that kept Diana from trying to pull Adelaide into a random mall bathroom was the fact that she was pretty sure if she kept disappearing with Adelaide, people would start catching on. And that wasn't something she wanted to navigate before both of them were sure they were all-in.

When time started getting short, they all made their way back to the minivan, heading downtown for the concert.

Local bands that were big enough to put on real, bona-fide concerts but small enough to do these kinds of gigs were always some of Diana's favorites to go to. The thrum of the bass through her teeth, the roar of overwhelming noise, the fact that everyone here felt as deaf as she was, when the music was kicking, was almost enough to make her forget how fucking miserable she had been the last week.

Almost.

Diana kept catching glimpses of Adelaide out of the corner of her eye, kept seeing how she looked when she didn't think anyone was actively watching, and every single time, it bubbled up into something catty-corner to jealousy.

It was a feeling she was so deeply unfamiliar with, she kept having to take a step back and think about it. Jealousy itself was a feeling that Diana was close friends with; it was a feeling that she had learned to control over time, learned to understand and make friends with and live with, learned to stop letting it control every move she made and

instead just be a sensation she felt sometimes.

But this... *wasn't* jealousy.

It felt a lot like jealousy, on the top end. It was a feeling of *desire*, a feeling of *ownership*, a feeling of *that should be mine* that was usually the first layer of jealousy. But a peek underneath the surface showed something else entirely.

Diana didn't have a word for the feeling. It really did feel like it was just the knowledge that she was made to own Adelaide, and Adelaide was made to be owned by her.

It was a feeling she had never experienced with anyone else, ever, in her whole fucking life.

Diana wanted it to feel good. But she worried that if it felt *too* good, that was also a sign that something was wrong. She definitely didn't think she deserved for this to feel *too good*, not with how insane everything had been for the last few days.

By the time the concert was over, and the encore had wrapped up, and everyone was bundled into the minivan, fighting its way through the traffic as the rest of the attending audience fought to get home, they were all pretty exhausted.

The car ride home was almost silent. For the most part, the soundtrack was just Kimberly's music playing at a low enough volume that it wouldn't annoy anyone who was trying to sleep, essentially inaudible to Diana except for the few times the drums peaked loud enough for the tempo to reach her. It was an hour home, at least, which meant a long drive with absolutely nothing to do except wind down.

This time, Diana had managed to snag one of the minivan's back seats, leaving Adelaide to grab a seat in the middle. Sure, Diana fucking *hated* sitting in the back seat, but it was worth it to get to watch Adelaide.

She mostly just scrolled on her phone, although she was definitely falling asleep. Every so often, her hand would go still for probably fifteen or twenty seconds, before she jolted, so lightly it should have been barely noticeable, and kept scrolling.

Diana felt insane, watching her like this, almost creepy, but she would also have sworn there was nothing else she could do. She had to watch Adelaide any time her eyes were free, because something in the pit of her stomach untangled itself from its ever-present knotting when she did.

Fuck, they needed to have this conversation.

Kimberly dropped everyone off close to their dorms. When it came time for Adelaide to leave, she left with a, "Bye, guys," a little smile on her cheeks, and Diana really hoped she wasn't just imagining the way that she looked directly at her with the words.

The day's building fatigue hit Diana almost the moment she opened the car door to leave the minivan. "See you guys next weekend, probably," she laughed, struggling to keep her eyes open as she walked toward her building.

One of the good things about being so internally uncertain about this whole relationship, Diana guessed, was that it was taking up enough space in her brain that she really was falling asleep as soon as her head hit the pillow.

Chapter Five



The next morning, Diana had nothing to do until about 10 AM, and she chose to spend that time in her bedroom. Sure, she *could* have gone to Adelaide's room, but what if her roommate was there? Or what if Adelaide didn't want to talk about it? Or what if Adelaide actually had an early-morning class *before* ASL? There were just too many unknowns, and it had to be better for the discomfort to linger for an extra couple of hours than for her to make any assumptions here.

God knew Diana had made some fucking *assumptions* in this relationship.

By 10:10, she had grabbed her backpack and the Signing Savvy textbook that the 101 class was using, heading off to the building where ASL class met.

A couple of students were already set up when Diana walked

in, even through the class didn't start for about 15 minutes. She technically didn't *need* to be in every single class as a TA; Ms. Garcia was pretty permissible when it came to homework, and it was a 101 class, so she wasn't exactly going to struggle with any of the concepts.

But Diana liked being there; considering the fact that she didn't get out to a lot of the ASL and Deaf meetups nearby, it was nice to be in an environment where voice-off was expected and, indeed, required. It was nice to see people struggling with *Diana's* language, rather than the other way around, and to see people who wanted so badly to stick to the fact that they were learning this language that they were willing to put together sentences with absolutely godawful grammar and weird workarounds that Diana herself would never have considered, all to try and get an idea across.

It was nice, essentially, to spend time around beginners. It was a concrete reminder that there wasn't anything wrong with the way that Diana most effectively communicated with other people, even hearing people, even people with absolutely no knowledge of ASL whatsoever.

And then Adelaide walked in at 10:25, and Diana's attention instantly narrowed to her and only her, to that puff of green hair, that bouncy way she walked, that flash in those honey-brown eyes.

It didn't help, obviously, that when Adelaide saw Diana, she grinned and waved brightly, even more of an obvious move than Diana had been expecting.

At 10:30, Ms. Garcia flicked the lights, and class started.

It turned out, it was even more difficult to pay attention to an ASL

class when Diana's attention wandered away every twenty seconds to someone who definitely wasn't talking. She was pretty used to having to tune in and out of conversations, especially group conversations, but holy shit, was it difficult to follow fucking *anything* that was going on as the group talked with each other and Ms. Garcia answered questions and explained concepts.

Diana was starting to be incredibly grateful that this was, indeed, a 101 class. If it had even been a 102 class, she was pretty sure that everyone would have both noticed and also mocked her for how painfully bad she had become at multitasking.

Adelaide, for her part, clearly *did* notice, and that was distinctly embarrassing. She had an almost supernatural ability to turn her attention to Diana every time Diana was watching her rather the person who was talking, making it *incredibly* obvious that she was ogling Adelaide instead of doing TA work. Every time, Adelaide would grin, then turn her attention toward whoever *was* talking.

Diana would usually be able to shift her attention for about 45 seconds before her brain started to wander and she looked back to Adelaide.

Class had never taken this long. Finally, after what felt like a year, the teacher flicked to the last slide of the presentation, and class was over. She got everyone's attention, assigned an online quiz to be completed before Thursday's class, and everyone got up and started to pack to leave.

Diana stood up as well, but Ms. Garcia flagged her down gently, giving her a quick little "Hang on for one second" type pose and

walking over.

[I had wanted to talk to you quickly,] she signed as everyone else started packing their backpacks for their next classes and leaving. Thankfully, Ms. Garcia had returned to their normal communicative rate of signing, which meant that no one else in this class, at least, was likely to be able to read whatever she was going to say to Diana.

[What's up?] Diana asked, setting her backpack down.

[You can do whatever you want outside of class,] Ms. Garcia said, bluntly, very frankly, the way Deaf professors always were, [but I need you to stop eyefucking Adelaide in class.] It was... an *imaginative* sign, for sure, and it was *absolutely* unmistakable as anything else, essentially a classifier-based image of two people looking at each other and their gazes coming together in one of the cruder signs for "fucking." [I don't know or care if anyone else notices, but it's distracting to me,] she laughed.

Diana probably should have blushed, and she wasn't entirely sure she kept a straight face. [Yeah, that's my bad,] she replied with her own laugh. [I, uh... it's been pretty recent, so it's been a lot for me to process, I guess. I promise it'll be better by Thursday.]

[Thank you,] Ms. Garcia replied, inclining her head a little bit toward Diana. [No hard feelings. Just wanted to let you know.]

Diana gave her a [THAT!], sort of the ASL equivalent of a backchannel combined with a "Yes, chef," and grabbed her backpack again, slinging it over her shoulder and running out to the hallway to catch up with Adelaide.

She was standing in the hallway, seemingly waiting for Diana—an

idea that shouldn't have made Diana's fingers twitch the way it did—and grinned when Diana walked out. "Staying to talk to the teacher," she teased. "Did you do something wrong?"

"Yeah, you," Diana replied, rolling her eyes, a grin breaking out on her face, as much from relief that it seemed like Adelaide was still interested as from the fact that it was a pretty stupid thing to have done. "She told me to stop eyefucking you in class."

Adelaide's cheeks lit up with a bright pink blush, and she snorted a little bit. "Okay," she replied, laughing. "Okay, so neither of us are subtle, it looks like."

"Were you expecting anything else?" Diana started walking, herding both of them out into the common areas between the buildings to sit at one of the picnic tables. "I don't think either of us have generally been subtle. But probably even less so, recently."

Adelaide put one of her books on the table and sat on the picnic bench, and Diana mimicked her movements on the other side, slinging her backpack off her shoulder and letting it rest on the ground. "Probably," Adelaide admitted, resting her head on her hand. She shifted her attention to Diana and took a deep breath. "Okay, so... finally, it seems, a conversation we *can't* interrupt by fucking," she laughed gently.

"It seems as such," Diana replied. "Well, unless we really wanted to get risky with it."

"Yeah, I'm not actually *trying* to catch a sex offender case," Adelaide snorted. Words seemed to fail her a little bit, and she swallowed gently, her eyes moving around as though she was distracting herself

from the conversation.

Diana took the initiative. “I... really like you,” she said, the words themselves sounding stupid and childish and not quite enough for the feelings that they were trying to encapsulate. “Like. A lot. It’s been... it’s been really, really insane. I mean, I’ve always *assumed* I was straight. I never had any interest in other women. But I think I might fucking die if I don’t get to be in some kind of relationship with you, because you’re the only person I’ve ever wanted as much as I want you.”

Adelaide’s eyes were full of an emotion that Diana couldn’t quite track. It didn’t look like anger, or frustration, or guilt, or fear, but it didn’t quite look like relief, and there was something to that knowledge that Diana found very worrying. “You flatter me,” she replied, the pink blush gently coating her nose and cheeks so beautiful that Diana had to intentionally steer her thoughts back to the conversation for fear of ending up in the same trap that had continued to plague the two of them over the last week. “...I think it would be retreading ground a bit to tell you that I also feel very similarly,” she laughed. “Kind of... ground we’ve covered when we are literally fucking.”

“I guess, but it’s nice to hear you say it when we’re not,” Diana replied, hating the uncertainty she heard there. “I mean, I... I was so worried you were going to hate me after that first time,” she laughed, the sound a little bit guilty in her own ears. “It was... I mean... you know.”

“Oh, I know,” Adelaide replied, that grin curling around her lips filling Diana full of desire in that way Adelaide seemed to be so good

at. "I think if it was *anyone else*, I would have been pretty... unsettled. But I also think if it was anyone else, I wouldn't have... let you do it, the way I did." She sighed, leaning back, teeth worrying her lips. "It's just... it's..." Her eyes met Diana's, and the look in them was like burning hot magma. "It's like I belonged to you before I knew you. You touch me, or talk to me, and there's something inside me that says that this is the only way that I can be, forever."

The fear that had been building up inside Diana's throat finally fucking broke free. She could have practically cried, although she was pretty sure it was a bad idea to start randomly sobbing in the middle of such an important conversation. The feeling exploded, instead, as a surprised laugh, a bark more than a laugh, really, as she nodded a few times, her fingers cupping into each other uncertainly. "Fuck, yeah," she replied, taking a deep breath. "I... literally *exactly* like that. It's... I don't know, internally I keep calling it something *like* jealousy, because it's not *jealousy*, I'm not *jealous* of anything specifically, but I just... I know I need you more than air. I'm jealous of the partners you *could* have, if they weren't me. I'm jealous of the life that you might know without dating me, and I know that probably sounds stupid and overbearing and—"

"No." The word was deliberate, almost sharp, but with so much thought behind them that they didn't read that way. Adelaide's eyes were processing something that Diana herself almost couldn't understand, intentional and yet so full of life "No. Not stupid. Not overbearing. Exactly what I want."

Diana's throat was dry, but that also might have been more from

the fear that this was all a dream than from anything approaching terror at the actual experience. “I don’t... I don’t think I know how to do this,” she laughed a little bit, blinking her eyes over and over again. “I... this is like... it’s the kind of stuff weird men talk about in stupid little chat groups on the internet before they blow up a hospital, right, like...” She shook her head, but more to try and clear out the thoughts in there than as a negative response. “I don’t know what it would look like to have a relationship where there’s something inside me that feels like it owns you.”

Adelaide shrugged. “I don’t think you need to know what it’ll look like,” she replied. “I just told you, that’s what it’s been, this whole time. It’s felt like you do own me. And it’s felt like maybe that’s the thing I was missing in every other relationship I’ve ever been in. The idea that the other person owns me, and that they *want* to own me as much as I want them to.”

Diana reached out a hand, and Adelaide’s fingers laced into her own. There was a beat of silence before Diana continued, “I... I really, really want to try and do this.” Her eyes had moved to their hands, fixated on the way they laced through each other, like pieces of a puzzle that neither of them had known they were trying to put together without the help of the picture on the front. She wrenched her gaze away to look up at Adelaide, to meet her eyes, eyes that were quite a bit lighter than her own, it turned out, when you were this close. “I don’t know what it’ll look like or how it’ll work, but I think I would rather die than just move away from this without trying because it feels too big.”

“Me too.” Those pretty brown eyes softened, closing slightly as a smile formed on Adelaide’s lips. “I... you know, I didn’t use to think I believed in soulmates.”

It hit somewhere above Diana’s throat, right inside her brain stem, and she didn’t hate the way everything fell away around the two of them at that statement. “...do you want to... go back to my room with me?” she asked, the words a little quieter than she had maybe intended. “I don’t... I mean, I don’t know if you have other classes, but—”

“Of course I do,” Adelaide laughed, standing up, their hands still clasped together. “Fuck, I kind of thought you’d never actually ask properly.”

The walk to Diana’s dorm was a complete blur. Diana knew they made it, and even knew they didn’t end up *too* entangled in each other the whole way, but by the time they were in her dorm room, it was almost all she could do to remember to lock the door behind them. Before she knew it, she was already on top of Adelaide, pressing her to the wall, kissing her with the comfort that she had wanted this whole time, with absolutely no thought for that guilt that had been tangling her intestines for the last week.

“Mine,” she breathed through kisses, through the way they pressed against each other like they were starving, through the way she all but tried to consume Adelaide, like the only way to quell the fire in her throat and her chest and her stomach was to speak it into existence, was to write it in stone by making it real. “Mine, all mine, always mine, mine, only mine.”

A whine slid out of Adelaide's mouth, her fingers moving up to run through Diana's hair, trying to bring her even closer, like they could somehow be inside each other's bodies if they tried hard enough. "Yours," she acknowledged, like a contract that had been signed, like the immortality of existence was being layered together in whatever the fuck this was. "Fuck, please, yours, always yours, only yours, could never be anything else."

Diana pulled Adelaide's shirt up and over her head, exposing that beautiful swath of skin, exposing the mess of bruises Diana had managed to create across the woman's neck and chest over the last few days, exposing how badly she wanted every mark to be even more obvious than it already was.

"God, I want to put a collar on you so bad," she said, fingers tracing Adelaide's neck, the spot where a collar would go, if Diana wanted it to. Her hand slotted up against that ring around her neck, pressing into it, feeling how Adelaide's breath almost stopped as she did. "Everyone deserves to know you belong to someone," she continued, the words ice-cold and yet so, so fucking desperate, desperation always leaking through in a way that transcended all the terrible things she wanted to say. "Everyone deserves to know that you're mine. I don't give a shit where you are, I don't give a shit who you're around, you are so fucking beautiful, and you are so entirely mine."

"Please," Adelaide replied, eyes already starting to glaze over, like the last time they had done this. "I want you to tell everyone, all the time. I want to be nothing but yours."

"You deserve it," Diana said, her free hand now moving across

Adelaide's torso, over the plain black bra she wore, inside the cups, thumbing at her nipple, evoking a soft, whimpering whine from the other. "So desperately mine. Barely any kind of identity outside of it. Just mine, always. Doesn't that sound like a nice existence, knowing that you're mine, knowing that I could do anything to you and there would never be any reason for you to protest?"

"I want you," Adelaide said, the words choked out between gasps. "Please, ma'am, I just want you."

Diana didn't even try to process it. It was almost too good to be true, the idea that she felt so complete right here. She pulled away, only slightly, but with her free hand, she grabbed Adelaide's hand and moved to the bed, sitting down and pulling the other into her lap. Adelaide slipped into the position effortlessly, sitting up above Diana, that neon green hair bouncing around her face like a grassy halo.

Diana brought both of her hands up to Adelaide's face, cupping her cheeks gently, bringing her down into an intense, desperate kiss. Adelaide shuddered, tongue playing with the other's, their breaths colliding into a single being, so intermingled that no one could ever really be sure where one ended and the other began.

Diana only pulled away to start kissing down Adelaide's jaw, down against Adelaide's neck, pressing teeth to clean skin and pulling up yet another intense, dark bruise. "Mine," she breathed into the space between them, christening the mark. "Mine," she repeated, pulling up another one, marking her in the way that she just couldn't stop thinking about, a way she thought maybe she would never stop doing,

now.

“Please,” Adelaide said again, the word so full of need that it cut right into the center of Diana’s body, and Diana wasn’t sure if she could *really* hear the word or if she just knew what Adelaide was going to say before she said it. “Please, please, yours.”

Diana brought one of her hands down into Adelaide’s underwear, middle finger running up into her cunt, desperation and need coating her fingers. Adelaide’s breath caught in her throat, her body trying to move up into Diana’s touch, but stopped by the position they were in. Diana laughed gently, her finger pushing up inside her, loving the light groan that erupted from Adelaide at the movement.

“Such a good whore for me,” Diana said against the other, her voice gentle and light, finally able to just give into it, no guilt entrenched behind the thoughts she was bringing to life. She moved back, again, the light of the room illuminating Adelaide’s lips, letting her see anything the woman wanted to tell her. “You want to be my good whore, no matter what, don’t you? Nothing in that lovely little head except how you can be a good slut for me? No need to think about things for yourself, just accepting that this is your place, this is where you belong, wet and desperate and so needy you’d do anything.”

“Anything,” Adelaide panted, still trying to arch up into Diana’s hand, still needily whining in the back of her throat, her hands clutching into Diana’s shoulders. “Fuck, all yours. Just want to be your good cumslut, available to you for whatever you want.”

“And you’re so good at it, too,” Diana laughed, her fingers moving a little more intentionally, bringing Adelaide closer to her orgasm.

Her lips moved to touch Adelaide's, delighting in the sweetness of just how *right* it felt, no longer held back by guilt or discomfort or worry. Adelaide kissed her like she was oxygen, like there was nothing that could possibly be more important than trying to be each other's forever.

With her free hand, Diana tangled her fingers into Adelaide's hair, pulling her away just an inch, watching her intently, gaze cascading over the woman's lips. "You would love for me to take you anywhere I want, wouldn't you? Fuck you in the park, there, just like that, fuck you in the hallway before you get to your next class, fuck you sitting in the passenger seat of my car. Remind you that you belong to me, and that means your desperation and need also belongs to me, no matter what."

"Please," Adelaide whined, trying to move closer again, trying to do anything that would let her interlace herself into Diana. "I can't handle it, please, anything you want, I want you to fuck me forever."

It was enough to urge Diana to thrust two fingers inside her now, letting the moan that escaped Adelaide's lips rattle around her brain so intentionally that she didn't ever want to think about anything else again. "And I will," she said, the words dark enough to just be dirty talk, but strong enough that she hoped Adelaide understood them as the promise she wanted them to be. "You deserve to be fucked-out and stupid. You deserve to be my good cumslut. You deserve to never need anything more than just my fingers inside you and my voice in your ear telling you what a good girl you're being for me."

Even just the evocation of the phrase "good girl" was enough to let

a whimper press through Adelaide's lips, and Diana laughed lightly. "You want to be so good for me so bad," she teased, kissing Adelaide again and again and again. "You want to be mine, you want to know I love owning you because of how good you are, don't you?"

"Yes," breathed Adelaide, the lost look of lust in her eyes, the look of something that was only desire, that didn't know how to access any higher functions beyond just obedience. "Wanna be your good girl," she mumbled, the words chewed into pieces by need. "Please, ma'am, please, let me be your good girl."

"You're just so good at it, how could I ever deny you?" Diana laughed, biting back the way the words crumbled into boiling, desperate desire in the pit of her own stomach. "Come on, good girl. Show your owner how good you can be."

Adelaide crested into an orgasm that seemed, at the very least, stronger than any that she had experienced previously, managing to capture Diana's lips as she did. Diana tried to meet it, tried to retain that intensity, and as the kisses got softer, gentler, she took a second to let them do so, to bring Adelaide's head up and just let the kisses wind around them, just let them tumble into calm comfort together.

She brought her fingers up to Adelaide's mouth, and, obediently, the woman wrapped her tongue around them, pulling them in and out of her mouth as she did. Diana's mind was suddenly filled with a variety of thoughts that had her wondering how, exactly, she was supposed to get anything done with Adelaide around like this. As she pulled her fingers away and replaced them with her lips, she had the vague thought that she should really get a strap-on at some point,

because she very, very badly wanted to fuck Adelaide in all sorts of ways she had never previously thought she was interested in.

Diana adjusted her position, laying Adelaide down next to her and bringing her arm over the other, pulling her in to cuddle her tight. Adelaide, for her part, had become limp and gentle, soft and malleable in a way that pulled at the deepest desires Diana had to be a protector, to be an owner.

They laid that way for a few minutes, Diana's hand gently cupping Adelaide's hip, breathing in her scent, warm and soft and *right* in all the ways no one else had ever been before. Diana brushed her lips over Adelaide's forehead and rested her head against the other's, close enough to be intertwined but far enough away to still see the woman's lips. "I love you," she finally said. The words felt foreign on her tongue, but well-earned, after all of the insane shit they had both gone through in the last few days.

Adelaide giggled, a sound that always awoke some new spirit within Diana. "I love you too," she mumbled, the words heavy with subspace. "See, even if you are gay, you can still have the classic straight experience of having sex like five times before you tell each other 'I love you.'"

It was unexpected enough to draw a laugh out of Diana. "Fuck, I guess so," she snorted. "...I'm glad it worked out. For both of us. I'm... I'm really, really excited to get to do this."

"Me, too," Adelaide sighed, her eyes closing as she rested her head against Diana's chest. "Me, too."

The necklace on the other side of the room, still unmoved from its

original position, caught Diana's eye as she rested her chin on top of Adelaide's head. She thought about wearing it, about how the pendant would feel resting on her collarbone. She thought about how she'd be able to wear it without any guilt, with only pride.

She thought about how, when someone pointed it out, she'd be able to say, "Thanks, my girlfriend got it for me."

A little smile touched at the corner of Diana's mouth as she pulled Adelaide closer.

About the Author

aurora light (all lowercase, plural they/them) is a plural author collective living on Tohono O’odham/Akimel O’odham land (so-called “Phoenix, Arizona”), specializing in weird, fucked up lesbian and transgender erotica. When they’re not writing, you can often find them reading other authors’ erotica, pursuing other crafts like crochet, and listening to about 300 hours of music per month.

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