Show Me Love

by J Lia

Summary

Sheltered Lapis begins a secret relationship with popular Bismuth

Notes

I wanted to try my hand at smut, though this is still pretty tame. But, I have more I might finish and add later. And I wanted to do a random pairing.

Lapis hissed softly as Bismuth's teeth grazed her skin; her thick, wet lips pressed possessively along her sweaty skin. One of Bismuth's hands was tucked underneath Lapis's shirt, pressed against her back. Her other hand was buried in her panties, cupped against her damp sex. Two fingers delved inside her slick heat, searching for that perfect spot. Lapis was straddling Bismuth in the tight confines of the front seat, gripping the larger woman's neck as she rolled her hips in a slow, uncertain rhythm. Her skirt was pulled up, her bare thighs against Bismuth's exposed skin. Bismuth gently guided her movements, hooking her fingers inside Lapis and grazing her g-spot. Lapis gasped as she dug her nails into Bismuth's shoulders. She gazed into her lover's dark eyes with a flicker of a smile on her lips before pressing them against Bismuth's. Their tongues slipped together in a languished, careful dance. Bismuth flexed her fingers again, harder, swallowing Lapis's moan. Both were hot and sweaty and heavily breathing. The windows of Bismuth's car were opaque with the contrasting
temperatures, the inside of the car sweltering from their activity. Lapis continued to move against Bismuth, feeling the pleasure rising in her gut. Bismuth stroked her peeking nub with her thumb, coaxing Lapis to finish.

How did this happen? How was she was having sex with one of the most popular girls in school? What would her mother do if she saw her now? Oh, that thought was terrifying. It would probably be several lashings and the closet until the ungodliness fled from her. And her mother had an uncanny ability to know when her daughter was getting into trouble. It was God, her mother would say. God told me you were doing something wrong. She was always punished. Well, God must be screaming now, Lapis thought, letting her hands slink down to fondle one of Bismuth's full breast. Her fingers skimmed over a hardened nipple, pinching slightly over the fabric, which earned a hiss from Bismuth.

"Brat," Bismuth chuckled, before pulling at Lapis's lower lip with her teeth and pushing a third finger into Lapis. Lapis gasped, straining against the deliciously painful intrusion. At this moment, Lapis did not care about what her mother would do. She pushed away all the negative thoughts surging from the depths of her mind and simply enjoyed the feel of Bismuth's fingers, lips, and tongue. How did she end up here, with Bismuth? It started two months ago…

Lapis wanted to go to the party. She was a senior in high school, and she had never been to a party. It did not help that she was never invited to one or that her mother would never allow her to go. But, Lapis was determined not to waste her last year of high school wondering what might have been. There was a party tonight at Rose's house. It was a post-homecoming celebration and the whole school was invited. Lapis could attend without crashing the event. The only obstacle was her mother. She would never allow her to go. She was afraid that her innocent daughter would be corrupted by the debauchery of the public school system. Lapis never felt as innocent as her mother perceived her. She had unholy thoughts, but she never let them known.

Yet, Lapis was determined. Once she knew her mother was asleep, Lapis dressed in her most casual, less homemade-looking outfit. She was not allowed to wear pants. Her wardrobe consisted of only dresses and skirts. Lapis picked out a simple blue skirt that skimmed against her ankles and the matching blue top. The only mirror in the house was a small, handled one that Lapis kept hidden in a floor board under her bed. Her mother was not aware she had it. Looking in the mirror, even for a moment, was considered vanity, which was a sin. Her mother warned if she stared too long that her soul would be trapped in the mirror as punishment. Despite this, Lapis enjoyed looking at her reflection. It was not a necessarily to savor a moment of arrogance but a fascination with something forbidden, to actually see herself reflected back in the glass.

She was pretty but plain. Her choppy, short hair was so black that it shimmered with blue in certain light. It was once very long, almost to her behind, however; her mother caught Lapis idolizing her hair and in a wild fit, severed off her locks and burned them. The ashes sat in a small urn in her room, sprawled with large letters that spelled pride. Another sin. Lapis was naturally tan, a trait she must have inherited from her father since her mother was as white as milk. She had her mother's eyes, wide and dark blue. They always looked bruised and bewildered. Lapis tried to smooth down her hair and fruitlessly rub the sadness from her eyes. When she was satisfied, Lapis tucked the silvery mirror back into its hiding spot.

Lapis poked her head out of her room. The small house was dark, creaking under the current of wind outside. Slowly, Lapis shut her door and shuffled down the hall. Her footsteps were cautious as she crept down the stairs. Shadows moved and writhed between the slivers of moon streaming from
the windows. She glanced at the door underneath the stairs. Her chest tightened, and she had the
swallow the urge to dash back upstairs. Lapis curled her fingers into her palm, digging her nails into
the soft flesh. She had to do this! She needed to do this! Taking a deep breath, Lapis opened the front
door and slipped out into the cool night.

Lapis took the bus to the closest stop to Rose’s house. The street was lined with dozens of vehicles.
Music pounded from the extravagant house and shook the neighborhood as the gleeful cheers filled
the night. Lapis was surprised that none of the neighbors were complaining about the noise. Pulling
her jacket closer to her frame, Lapis made her way to the house. She recognized a lot of faces. She
had passed them so many times in the halls of Beach City High School. They still ignored her as she
slipped through the clusters of students. The strong scent of alcohol hit her nose mixed with sweat
and something else earthy. The music was deafening mingling with the chorus of loud voices.

So, this was a party, Lapis thought. She was expecting something different, but she wasn’t quite sure
what. It was too noisy, too crowded, too sinful for her liking. Lapis powered through her hesitation,
scolding herself for being so afraid. Someone handed her a red cup, smiling and raising their own
cup. It was Garnet. The girl was tall and curvy with puffy black hair. She was dressed in black
leather pants with a red and purple shirt. Lapis recognized her as Bismuth's best friend. Lapis raised
her cup, glanced at the dark liquid inside and took a drink. It burned her throat and tasted awful.
Lapis screwed her face, sputtering. Garnet grinned. Lapis handed the cup back, her nose wrinkled in
disgust. Garnet laughed and downed the drink before leaving. She made her way deeper into Rose's
house. Rose was the picture perfect high school student: head cheerleader, president of the student
council and valedictorian. Her house seemed to match her perfect, overachiever persona, pristine and
proper. Lapis was so distracted by the remarkable structure that she failed to notice the person in
front of her. She collided into their back, unintentionally shoving them forward. They cursed and
angrily swung around to face her. It was one of the cheerleaders with short blonde hair. Pearl. Her
pale pink top was dark and soaked with beer.

"What the fuck? Watch where you are going, you freak! Should you be at church or in the
covenant?"

"I-I-I-"

"I-I-I. What are you slow?" Lapis’s cheeks flushed, her voice stolen as she shook her head and back
away. The girl scoffed, advancing on Lapis. Someone stepped behind her, blocking her from
retreating away from the angry girl. A pair of hands gripped her shoulders, holding her in place as
Pearl took one of her friend’s drinks and dumped the contents on Lapis’s head.

"We're even," she snickered, cruelly. Lapis was shoved forward as the group chuckled. Beer
streamed down her face. It dripped into her mouth and soaked her shirt. Tears pooled in her eyes as
the crowd laughed at her plight. Lapis jumped to her feet and raced away. She crashed into a few
people, beer and tears stinging at her eyes. It had taken a few minutes before Lapis was able to locate
an unused bathroom. Sobbing, Lapis slammed the door shut behind her. The bathroom was broken
into two compartments. The toilet and shower were separated by an additional door, which was
closed. Lapis turned on the water, scrubbing her face. Louds crashes cascaded onto the door causing
Lapis to jump. There were sneers and calls and the knob jerked; there was a strange sound of metal
against the metal.

“Better start praying for God to save your ass,” Pearl called over the thundering music. A choir of
laughter followed before fading into the music. Lapis scrambled toward the door and frantically
twisted the knob. It refused to give way to her. Lapis pushed and pulled and banged against the door.
They locked her in! They locked her in!
"What the fuck is going on?" An annoyed voice boomed over the flush of the toilet. Lapis pressed her back against the door as Bismuth emerged from the smaller room. Dark eyes regarded Lapis carefully. Bismuth was the second most popular girl in school, followed by Rose. She was an incredible athlete and a straight-A student. Lapis had grown up with Bismuth though the latter never noticed her. Bismuth was beautiful. Lapis's breath hitched seeing the larger girl standing in front of her. Her rainbow dreadlocks were pulled away from her face in a high ponytail. She was wearing a low cut black top that emphasize the crevice of her breasts and a short tight black skirt. Her tanned skin was a few shades darker than Lapis’s. Lapis felt her cheeks heat up. Bismuth stalked over, reaching behind her. Lapis quickly moved out of the way as she tried to knob. When the door did not budge, Bismuth slammed her palm against the door several times. No response.

“They locked me in,” Lapis whispered, hoarsely.

“What?” Bismuth groaned, rubbing her forehead. Lapis cleared her throat.

“Pearl and the others. They locked me in.”

“Sounds like them. Fuck. And Garnet has my phone.” Lapis lowered her gaze. This night was just getting worse and worse. She disobeyed her mother, got a drink dumped on her and now she was trapped in a bathroom with Bismuth.

“Who are you?”

“I-I-I am Lapis Lazuli.”

“Are you new? I don’t think I’ve seen you before.” Lapis shook her head.

“Uh…no. We’ve been in the same class since first grade. You pushed me in the playground.” Bismuth’s eyes widened.

“Really? I’ve never noticed you before. What did you do to piss off Pearl?”

“I bumped into her and spilled her drink on her shirt.”

“That’s it?”


“Did she dumped beer on you too?” All Lapis could do was nodded as she sniffled and sobbed.

“My mom is going to be so furious with me.”

“Did you sneak out?”

“Yeah.” Bismuth huffed. She took a towel that was hanging on the rack and handed it to Lapis. Lapis took it and wiped the water, tears and beer from her face and dried her hair.

“Beer is good for your hair, you know.”

“No. I didn’t know.” The conversation ended as Lapis tried to soak up all the alcohol clinging to her skin. Her shirt was still sopping as she tried to ring out the extra liquid into the sink.

“You can always take that off, rinse it and hang in over the shower. We can put on the fan,” Bismuth suggested. Lapis froze.

"Uh…I'm okay," she whispered.
"Suit yourself, but we will probably be here for a while." Lapis blushed. The fabric clung uncomfortably to her chest and belly as she fidgeted. It would be better to remove her top and let it dry. But, Lapis could not fathom exposing herself to someone. Especially if that person was Bismuth, who she was always watching and aware when they were at school. Yet, she did not want to be sitting in a wet, bitter-smelling shirt.

“C-c-can you turn around?” Bismuth blinked at her.

“Sure.” Lapis lifted the sticky shirt off once Bismuth was no longer facing her and threw it into the sink. She ran the hot water and rinsed off the fabric. Bismuth cleared her throat as Lapis ran out the excess, the water turning a pale brown.

“I don’t understand why I need to turn around,” she said, annoyed and suspicious. “I’m not going to stare at the door the entire time.”

“Hold on, “Lapis said, hanging the garment over the bar of the shower. She took the other towel and wrapped it around her torso until was satisfyingly covered. “Okay. You can turn around.”

“What the hell happened to you?” It took her a moment to register what Bismuth was saying. The larger girl stepped toward her and ran a finger along the scar etched across her shoulders and the expanse of her back. Lapis shivered at the soft touch.

“They are nothing,” Lapis replied. Bismuth cleared her throat again, pulling her hand away.

“Those aren’t nothing, Lapis.” She shivered again at the sound of Bismuth saying her name. What was wrong with her? Why was she getting these chills around Bismuth? Lapis wrapped her arms around herself, shamefully. When Lapis did not offer an explanation, Bismuth sighed and leaned against the counter. “Did you do that to yourself?”

“No.”

“Did your mom?” Her lack of reply confirmed the answer.

“That’s fucked up.”

“No. No. I deserved it,” she defended.

"Uh, no. That's fucked up. No one deserves to be beaten."

“You just don’t understand.”

“Hell, yeah, I don’t understand. I don’t understand how a mother could do that to her daughter.” Lapis pushed her lips tightly together. She just did not get it. This is what she had deserved. She had been bad. Bad girls needed to be punished accordingly. “You need to tell someone. The principal or something.”

“No! My mother has the right to discipline me as the Lord sees fit.”

“That’s just not true. That’s really fucked up. That’s abuse,” Bismuth persisted. Lapis scowled, tears blurring her focus. She shook her head and gripped harder onto her shoulders.

“Just drop it. Why would you care?” she cried.

"I guess I don't like seeing attractive girls hurt like that," Bismuth replied, casually. Attractive? Lapis blinked away the tears in her eyes, gaping at Bismuth. No one had ever called her pretty before.
Bismuth grimaced. "Forget I said that."

"Queer," Lapis said with a bitter snort.

"What did you call me?" She took a threatening step forward, her fists tight in front of her. Lapis noticed the muscles in her hand twitching and her jaw tense.

"Sorry sorry, I just let it slip I didn't mean it I just never been…I am sorry" Lapis said in one breath, running her words quickly together. Bismuth relaxed, flexing her fingers then ran her hand through her hair. They did not say anything to each other for a while, tension thick and stifling in the small room. Lapis went to sit in the bathtub to get as far from Bismuth as possible. The time leisurely ticked by as the party was in full swing beyond the locked door. Lapis idly traced the scars along her skin. She had never considered this as abuse. Her mother always told her it was necessary, it was ordained by God as right and fitting for bad little girls. Was she wrong? Was she lying?

Lapis rested her chin against her drawn knees, sniffling silently. She glanced over at Bismuth, who was sitting with her back to the door with her eyes closed. Her legs were pulled up, and Lapis caught a glimpse of the white panties underneath her skirt. Her cheeks flushed, and she quickly glanced away. Oh, if her mother only knew the thoughts going through her mind. She would lock her in the closet for days. Good girls do not have those feelings for other girls. Well, they did not lust, period, because that was one of the great sins. Lapis huffed, looking over at Bismuth again. This time, dark eyes met hers. She was caught.

"Now who is queer," Bismuth said, lazily.

"Shut up!"

"It’s funny that with all the progress in the world that homosexuality is still taboo."

"It’s a sin," Lapis hissed.

"Perhaps. But, why?"

"Because God said so."

"Did he? Or was that mommy dearest?" Lapis frowned, exhaling slowly through her nose. "I don’t know about God. I know about people. People can be cruel when someone is different."

"Yeah, they can." Lapis knew this all too well. That was why she was sitting in this bathroom with Bismuth.

"Well, we can agree on that. Why is loving someone a sin? Why is it seen as bad? Why can't I love who I want without being judged or tormented?" Silence settled between the two girls once more. Did Bismuth just come out to her? Lapis was not completely sure, but the sadness in her voice and the direct reference to herself seemed to imply that. Shakily, Lapis got out of the tub. An idea occurred to her; a wild, wicked idea. One that would earn her more than a couple of lashing if her mother ever found out. But, Lapis needed to answer the question that troubled her. One that would sneak into her mind when her thoughts wandered in immoral fantasies that she would quickly dash. Lapis crouched in front of Bismuth, scooting between her legs. Bismuth's watched her with parted lips.

Gently, with shaking hands, Lapis cupped Bismuth's cheeks and pressed her mouth against hers. Her plump lips were dry and warm; her breath had the subtle taste of alcohol. Lapis felt desire coil deep inside of her as she took an unsteady breath. She was about to pull away when Bismuth's hand thrust behind her head and pulled her back in. Their teeth clashed together in a moment of awkwardness,
but they recovered from the blunder. Lapis's hands grasped Bismuth's shoulders for balance as Bismuth's fingers thread through her hair. Their lips parted, breathing each other in; Bismuth's tongue flickered against hers. Lapis sighed, lifting her head slightly. Bismuth’s eyes were like burning coals.

“Wh-what was that for?”

“I just wanted…I just needed to…” she stammered. Bismuth smiled, her hand still firm on the back of her head.

“Gotchya. Was that your first kiss?” Lapis bobbed her head, running her tongue over her lips and still feeling the heat against them.

“Why haven’t you told anyone?”

“I don’t want to be treated any differently,” Bismuth admitted. “I want to be accepted and not ostracized. I didn’t want Rose, who I was in love with, to treat me different.”

“That’s quite a bit.”

“No one knows. Not even Garnet.”

“I won’t tell. Not like anyone would listen to me anyway.”

“What about you?”

“I’m not…” Bismuth cocked her head, looking at her with reprimanding gaze. Lapis scowled. She was lying. Another sin. What sin was worse? She took a deep breath.

“My mom, I guess,” she whispered.

"I figured." Bismuth trailed her fingers against the puckered lines of her scars. No one spoke. They were immobile in the heavy moment, entwined together. Lapis was getting uncomfortable and collapsed onto her knees. Beyond their bubble, the party was dying down. The voices were not as thunderous; the music was dimming. The knob twitched. Lapis and Bismuth jumped to their feet. The towel around her chest had shifted, slipping to reveal her plain bra. Lapis gathered it up and covered herself just as the door opened. Rose was standing in the doorway. Lapis's heart jumped into her throat as her eyes flickered over toward Bismuth. The larger woman just smiled, ignoring the smaller girl.

“What the fuck is going on?” Rose asked. Despite the heavy partying, her makeup was flawless; her clothes were meticulous. Her pink ringlets were a little disheveled but other than that, she was perfect.

“Pearl,” Bismuth replied, simply. “She is dead.”

“Oh, Lord,” Rose rolled her eyes. She looked at Lapis with a slightly disgusted expression.

“Where is your shirt?”

“Again, Pearl,” Bismuth intervened. “Dumped beer on her and shoved her in this bathroom. I don’t think she realized I was here.”

“Obviously. She isn’t that stupid to lock you in the bathroom.” Bismuth grinned.

“Well, since the party is dying, I’m going to give her a ride home. Is that okay with you?”
“Uh, yeah. Let me get my shirt.”

They did not speak for two weeks after the party. Partly because Lapis's mother had excused her from school to sit in the closet underneath the stairs. Lapis had Bismuth drop her off down the street from her house, and she thanked her for the ride. When she walked in the door, her mother was waiting on the couch. It did not help that Lapis reeked of beer. Ten lashings and two days in the closet. Only bread and water. Prayers every hour. Lapis was miserable. All she could think about was Bismuth. Whenever the girl crossed her mind, Lapis felt the tingling return in her lower regions. Her fingers delicately traced the crevice between her thighs or just above her slit but never wondered further to relieve the building pressure. She was afraid of being caught by her mother, who seemed to be oblivious to Lapis's indiscretions. She was thankful for this. Lapis knew what she had done was a sin, however; it had felt so right. How could that be a sin?

When she did return to school, Lapis and Bismuth did not interact with each other. Lapis was sure she went back to being invisible to Bismuth. However, during English, she caught Bismuth watching her with concern. Her heart fluttered. Later that day, she found a note slipped into her locker. It was written on a piece of lined paper in writing she was not familiar. She was instructed to meet in the locker room after the lacrosse match. Lapis knew this was from Bismuth. Her heart skipped a beat. She would have to let her mom know she would be late. What could she tell her? Lapis borrowed the phone from the secretary in the front office and blatantly lied about receiving tutoring. She hated to drag Bismuth into the lie, but she promised that her tutor would call to confirm.

Lapis decided to watch the practice while she waited. Bismuth was amazing. The way she moved was graceful and strong and almost deadly. The sport seemed to suit her. She took charge and played it with ease. When the coach blew her whistle, Lapis gathered her backpack and made her way to the locker room. No one seemed to notice she was there as they piled in. The girls joked and gossiped as they changed back into their street clothes. Lapis blushed as she watched them. Gradually, the girls trickled out of the locker room, leaving Lapis alone. She sat there, waiting as time slugged by. Was she stood up? Lapis sighed, shaking her head. Yup. It was nothing but a mean prank. Lapis gathered her stuff and rose to leave when Bismuth came around the corner. She was still in her uniform, gleaming with sweat.

“Hey, sorry. I had to talk with the coach really quick.”

“It’s okay. I just need you to call my mom and say you’re tutoring me.”

“I guess. I don’t feel right about lying but if it helps you not get into trouble. What’s her number?” Lapis relayed the number once Bismuth got her cell. The conversation was brief. Bismuth was good at lying. She sounded sincere and friendly and professional. Bismuth promised to get her back before five and hung up the phone. “You are all set.”

“Thanks. What did you want?” Bismuth pulled out her clothes out of her locker and removed her shirt without a second thought. Lapis held her breath as she stood there, trying hard not to stare at the curve of Bismuth’s breast in her bra or the sculpted definition of her abdomen.

“I wanted to make sure you were alright. You weren’t in school a couple of days last week.”

"I-I was punished for sneaking out." Usually she would not admit it. Her mother told her to simply say that she was sick. Which, Lapis guessed was true. Sick with defiance or something her mother would say. Bismuth scoffed in disgust and replaced her uniform shirt with a loose t-shirt.
“I thought as much. Just disgusting. You really should talk to someone, Lap.”

"No, and if this is what you wanted to talk about, I'm leaving."

"Not entirely.” Bismuth glanced around the locker room. It was quiet and abandoned beside them. She approached Lapis, bending her head and locking eyes with her. Her tongue swept over her lips, nervously. Her body was rigid, tense. "Have you told anyone?"

"Huh? No. Who would I tell? Who would believe me?" Bismuth visibly relaxed, eyes closed and shoulders slack. She slumped on the bench where Lapis was sitting, burying her head in her hands. Lapis sat next to her, tucking her hand between her legs.

“I hate this. If someone was to find out…fuck.”

“You would be ostracized,” Lapis finished. Bismuth sniffled, running her forearm under her nose. Her eyes were slick and unfocused. Lapis tensed. Oh, no. She didn’t know how to handle this.

“My teammates wouldn’t be comfortable dressing around me. I’d potentially have to leave the teams. I don’t know how my friends would react.”

“Or Rose.”

“Yeah, Rose. Rose is dating someone by the way.”

“I’m sorry.” Bismuth shrugged.

“It was bound to happen. I knew it would. It was just a matter of time. The students here aren’t too accepting. I couldn’t handle it. I’ve seen the damage they did. I’m ashamed to say I took part in it.” Lapis rested her hand against Bismuth’s shoulder in a feeble attempt to comfort her.

“I wouldn’t tell anyone even if they would believe me. I’d be revealing myself too.”

“Hmm. Thanks. That’s…comforting.”

“Sorry. I am not used to this.”

“It’s no problem,” she waved her hand. “I get it.” She sniffed again, straightening her back and cleared her throat. She patted Lapis’s knee, rising off the bench in one motion. “Maybe we should go to the library. Get some studying done? At least you wouldn’t be a liar.”

“Okay,” Lapis smiled.

Studying ended up turning into a get-to-know session. Lapis and Bismuth talked about their families, school, friends, hobbies, favorites and anything that popped into their heads. Lapis learned that Bismuth's parents were divorced. She split her time between both households, but she loved staying with her mom. She was an only child by her mom. She was a few months younger than Lapis, which was not surprising since Lapis had been held back due to being home-schooled. Bismuth and Garnet had known each other since they were in diapers, which explained why they were so close. Bismuth was in cross country and soccer, but she favored lacrosse.

Lapis told Bismuth about her neighbor, Steven, who she would babysit on occasion. She told her about her friend, Peridot, who had graduated two years early and went to college. Bismuth said she remembered the tiny blonde girl because they were in some of the same honors classes. Lapis's parents were also divorced. Bismuth was not surprised by this. She told her about loving to draw and swim, but she could never compete. They talked like this until 4:30 and they packed up to take Lapis
home. Bismuth joked about having her home by five sharp as if they were on a date. This made Lapis blush. The halls were empty as they made their way to the parking lot.

"Bismuth," a voice called out. It was Garnet. She was running up to them. Lapis tensed, glancing over at Bismuth, trying to gage her reaction. She knew that being seen with her would raise a lot of questions. No one would be seen with her. Except for Peridot but they were both outcasts in their own rites. Garnet's plump lips curled as she looked Lapis up and down.

“What do you need Garnet,” Bismuth said, sounding annoyed and bored.

"A ride. Pearl ditched me for her new beau, and I have a curfew."

“Seriously?”

“Yeah. She is head over heels for Greg.” Lapis could feel Bismuth’s eyes on her, deliberating. Garnet was looking at her too. Lapis saw her glance at Bismuth, silently asking why she was with her. She knew the look all too well. Bismuth shrugged with a roll of her eyes. Yeah. Lapis got it. To save Bismuth the embarrassment, Lapis gave her a tight-lipped smile.

“Okay. Well, thanks again for helping me, Bismuth. I got to get home. Bye, Garnet.” Lapis raced off before Bismuth could protest. She had fifteen minutes to get home, so she needed to hurry.

“I want to apologize,” Bismuth said. They were standing in the parking lot after school. Bismuth was leaning against her black car. Her hair was loose around her shoulders, and she was wearing a pair of jeans and a large white t-shirt with the school's mascot and name. Even dressed casually, Lapis felt so dull. She was dressed in a gray sweat and blue plaid skirt with black stockings.

“For what,” Lapis asked.

“For ditching you last week. Di-did you get into trouble?”

"A little. My mom wasn't as upset since I was productive with my schooling."

“That’s good.” Lapis could tell that Bismuth wanted to say more but held her tongue. She knew what she wanted to say and she was glad that she did not.

“Aren’t you afraid to be seen with me?”

“No, well, I-I guess I did not realize…”

“Yeah. Remember, people don’t take too kindly to people who are different.” Bismuth noticeably winced at the sharpness of her comment. She ran her fingers through her hair, looking toward a group of freshman making their way to the field.

“I’m sorry, Lapis. I must seem like a real asshole.”

“I’m used to it,” she replied.

“No! It’s not right.” Bismuth slammed her fist against the metal door behind you. “I’m just afraid…”

"How your friends will react with you being friends with me? Can't cross that divide between the social hierarchy. I know. I get it. You don't need to be friends with me because I…” she did not finish the sentence, but Bismuth understood.
“That’s not the reason. I trust you won’t. I just…I like hanging out with you.” Lapis snorted.
“Honestly, Lapis. Come over to my place.”

“I can’t. My mom…”

“Another tutoring session? Come on. My mom made cookies.”

“Are you enticing me to the dark side with cookies?”

“Dark side? Am I the dark side now?”

"I don't know. It's something Peridot said." Bismuth laughed; Lapis smiled. She liked hearing Bismuth laugh especially when it was because of her and not at her. Bismuth had her phone out before Lapis could reply, calling her mother from the saved number. Lapis panicked, trying to reach for the cell but Bismuth was much taller and stronger than her, keeping her easily at arm's length. A wide grin touched Bismuth's lips, and she said goodbye.

“Well, you have under 7 tonight, Cinderella.”

“7? How—how—why?”

“I told her that extra time was needed because there is a big test coming up. Not entirely a lie. That English test is going to be brutal.”

"You are amazing," Lapis breathed. Bismuth flashed her teeth and opened the car door for Lapis to slide in. They sped out of the parking lot, music blaring, and windows down. Lapis's hair whipped around her face. Bismuth's car smelt like perfume, food, and sweat. It wasn't a bad aroma because it was Bismuth. They were parked by Bismuth's home in no time. Lapis was sure that Bismuth had broken several laws while driving so recklessly. Bismuth lived in an apartment complex closer to the boardwalk. It was one of those buildings that were nice but not luxurious. Bismuth collected her school stuff as well as Lapis's backpack.

“I’m on the second floor,” Bismuth said. They ambled up the metal stairs to apartment 210. Bismuth pulled out her keys, the excessive amounts of keychains clinking together as she unlocked her door. The apartment was warm and smelled like fresh cookies and cinnamon. The front room was the living room. It had a matching brown couch and a recliner positioned around a small TV on a stand. The kitchen and dining room were combined. There was a bar with a few mismatched chairs tucked under the counter. The table was square with a bench in the corner and two chairs on each side. There was a little hall on the left with two doors on opposite sides. On Lapis’s right was another door that was shut. Portraits lined the walls; Bismuth through various ages and activities. Bismuth threw their bags onto the ground.

“Mom,” Bismuth yelled. No reply. Lapis followed Bismuth to the kitchen and took a seat at one of the bar stools. Bismuth picked up a piece of paper left on the counter. “She got called in. Won’t be back until late. Okay. You hungry?”

“I think cookies were mentioned.”

“Right,” Bismuth laughed. She unwrapped a plate that was on the stove and handed Lapis a cookie. The cookie was soft and sweet and delicious.

“These are amazing!”

"My mom is a good cook. Want to see my room?” Lapis nodded, her mouth stuffed with a cookie. Bismuth led her to the little hall and opened the door on the left side. Her room was cramped and
small and cluttered. Clothes were thrown around the floor in a careless fashion. Her bed was unmade with black sheets draped over the edge. The little desk was littered with papers around the small, high tech computer. There was a little white cat curled up in a pile of clothes, looking lazily up at the two girls. If her mom saw the state of this room, she would have an absolute fit, Lapis thought. Bismuth took a seat on her bed and invited Lapis to take a seat next to her. Lapis hesitated. She shook her head, standing with her hand holding her arm. Awkwardness settled in the room like a fog.

“Want to watch some TV?”

“I-I don’t know any shows,” Lapis confessed.

“Maybe a movie?”

“I don’t know any movies.”

"We can always kiss again," Bismuth laughed, tightly. Lapis's entire body flared at the thought. Yes, she actually did. Tentatively, full of desire and uncertainty, Lapis approached Bismuth. As she had done in the bathroom, Lapis cupped Bismuth's face and leaned in close. Bismuth licked her lips; her pupils dilated. "L-L-Lapis. I was joking."

“I know,” Lapis said, feeling her breath against hers and brought her mouth down to Bismuth’s lips. It was a brief kiss. Dry and chaste and sweet. When Lapis pulled away, Bismuth sighed. Lapis could not read the look that crossed her features but she could tell it was not good. She had crossed a line.

"Lapis…” she began, her voice thick.

"I get it. Sorry. I’ll leave." She went to move away from Bismuth, her face scorching with embarrassment. Why had she done that? What had gotten into her? She was acting like some harlot. Maybe she was being corrupted. A hand clamped around her wrist, preventing her from leaving and pulling her back. Bismuth placed her other hand on the back of Lapis's neck. Her lips found hers, salty and wet from licking her. Bismuth's mouth moved as her tongue caressed her lower lip. Satisfied she was not going to escape, Bismuth's moved her hand from her neck to Lapis's waist, guiding her into her lap. Without breaking contact, Lapis straddled her and placed her hands on Bismuth's cheeks. Their tongues tangled, they were pressing against each other as if trying to meld together. Someone moaned, but Lapis could not figure out who. When Bismuth pulled away, Lapis was hot and breathless. There was a pleasurable discomfort in her lower regions. She rested her head against Bismuth's as they both panted.

"You're kind of eager to commit such a damnable sin." Her voice was laced with subtle bitterness.

"I-I don’t—it just…” Lapis buried her face in her hands to hide the tears threatening to spill. What was she doing? She was so confused.

"Hey, hey. Don't cry! It doesn't make you wrong!"

“Yes! Yes, it does. I feel so guilty. What would God say? What would my mom say?” Bismuth threw her arms around Lapis’s shaking form, stroking her back reassuringly.

"Don't force yourself to do something you don't want to, Lapis. I wasn't serious. I should have never said that."

“But, that’s the thing, I want to! All I want to do is kiss you. I like kissing you.”

“Me too. Honestly, I feel bad because I am not over Rose. And I don’t want to jump into anything
with the first lesbian I find. Especially one who hasn’t quite accepted herself.”

Lapis scoffed, looking down at her hands folded in her legs. She took a deep breath before lifting her head to look at Bismuth.

“I never wanted something as much as I do now. I just want to forget everything.”

"Are you sure?" Lapis responded by pressing her tiny body against Bismuth; her arms around her neck; her fingers in her hair and her lips against hers. Bismuth's hands came to rest on her back, pushing her even closer. Their lips burned against each other, gliding and moving. Tender fingers tread down Lapis's spine, slipping under her sweater and sweeping her bare side with careful caresses. Bismuth's cupped her barely existing breast over her bra, gently squeezing. Lapis attempted to mirror Bismuth as her trembling hands floated underneath Bismuth’s shirt and fondled the huge breast with caution. There was a breathy chuckle against her lips, brushing an errant strand behind her ear. "I don't mind forgetting everything for a while."

For the next couple hours, Lapis and Bismuth idly explored each other with wispy, soothing strokes as they talked about the little things that came to mind. Between topics, they shared sweet, chase kisses and fiery, consuming ones. The world outside of their cocoon melted away and it was just them. This was definitely not the type of tutoring her mom believed she was doing. Eventually, they had to leave the safety of their bubble. Lapis dreaded returning home, but she felt deliriously drunk from her time in Bismuth's home. As usual, Bismuth dropped her off at the end of the street, away from her mom's prying eyes. They said goodbye, not touching but still satisfied. Her mother was waiting for her when she entered in. She felt like she was floating.

"Hi, mama." The tiny woman was at her sewing machine. Her long, graying hair flowed freely down her narrow shoulders.

“Welcome home, sweetheart. How was tutoring?”

“Good. It was good. We got a lot accomplished.” Lapis smiled at the double meaning.

“What is with that smile, Lapis?” Her mother asked without turning from her work. The smirk dissolved from her lips.

"Nothing, Mama. I just feel confident I will get a good grade." Her mother huffed, unconvinced but said nothing. She could not think of what her daughter's graceless lie could be covering, but she knew the Lord would guide her. Lapis kissed her mother on the cheek and went to start dinner.

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