

# Study Date

## By C. Jade Wyton

*Becky Bloom and Mattel Masters have been together for a little over a month; but, as Mattel is still in the closet, it's only when Mattel's parents go away for the night that Becky is able to make her first visit to the woman's house.*

***Contains some sexual content.***

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Becky still couldn't believe Mattel had agreed to date her. She was sure the woman was going to say no, after seeing her foul December mood.... But, instead, Mattel had been so incredibly patient with her. So understanding. So considerate.

She'd invited Becky to a Christmas party, and understood when Becky had needed to leave early.

And then come January, when Becky finally gathered the courage she needed and asked Mattel out, she'd said yes!

With two rules, of course.

Completely reasonable rules, Becky thought.

First; they would be monogamous. Becky understood that if she wanted to date Mattel she would have to give up polyamory.... Of course it had been a heavy request, but Becky thought it was fair. And she liked Mattel enough to agree— She was just glad Mattel had the foresight to set that boundary for herself, before there was any sort of misunderstanding....

And then the second rule; as far as anyone else was concerned, they were still just friends. Mattel wasn't out, yet, to anyone but her closest friends. And if anyone besides her group knew about her being gay, it was sure to reach her parents. And she wasn't ready for that.

Becky absolutely understood why Mattel wouldn't want her family to know— She had seen the Masters on TV, stinking up the political atmosphere with their god-awful takes on this and that and those things.... It was completely reasonable for Mattel to stay in the closet.

Besides Mattel's friends, the only person who knew Becky was dating Mattel was Adam— And that was only because Becky had told him that she was going to ask Mattel out before she'd done it. And she couldn't just lie to him and say she was rejected, could she? What kind of friend would she be if she did that?

Becky let out a sigh and let her head fall onto the couch's cushion.

She was so glad Mattel's parents were out for the night and that she was finally able to spend some *proper* time with Mattel, outside of school.

Her only gripe was that Mattel had decided that Becky coming over was the perfect time to tutor her on her English homework....

Her poor grasp on the subject was embarrassing enough without it being *Mattel*, the girl she was *trying to impress*, who was watching her misspell the most basic of words.... And she couldn't even brush her off like she did anyone

else who tried to get her to study; this was her *girlfriend*! She couldn't just say she didn't care!

Becky let out a sigh as her phone went off, and she checked the message.

'Who is it?' Mattel asked.

'Jareth,' Becky answered. 'He wants to hang out tonight. Like a movie or something....'

'Hmph,' Mattel gave a huff and rolled her eyes. 'You mean he wants to take you on a date?'

'Well... yeah, I think so,' Becky replied, biting her lip. 'He doesn't know about us yet so, like.... I can't tell him I'm monogamous without having to tell him we're together— And you asked me not to.... I've been telling him no, whenever he asks.'

'Hm...' Mattel gave a heavy sigh, but then her expression softened into an understanding nod. 'Good. Thank you. I appreciate it— I know it's hard for you.'

'Yeah,' Becky agreed, chewing on her lip for a moment. She needed a break. Desperately.... She couldn't bare another moment focusing on *words*. 'I need the bathroom,' she lied. 'Where is that?'

'Oh, yeah, just down the hall,' Mattel leapt from her own chair and motioned for Becky to follow her. 'Come on. I'll show you. Don't want you getting lost!'

Becky gave a chuckle as she hurried after her girlfriend. She let Mattel open the bathroom door for her and then— Paused.

'Uh... why is the bathroom...' Becky blinked, processing the very strange sight in front of her. 'Why is it carpeted?'

'Because my mother is a *monster*,' Mattel replied dramatically. 'And her mind is an enigma that even the world's top scientists are still struggling to understand.'

'Oh... kay.... Uh, I'll be out in a minute,' Becky wasn't sure exactly what an enigma was, but she was too embarrassed to admit that, so she simply closed the door behind her and then made her way to the toilet.

She flipped down the lid so she could sit on top of it, and let out a long breath. *God she hated English class.*

It sucked more than all her other classes combined.

Her phone went off again and she checked the message from Katie.

**Katie:** Where are you?

**Becky:** mattels house

**Katie:** Ew, gross

**Becky:** : ( dont b mean she is nice

**Katie:** That's bullshit lmao

**Katie:** Anyway I take it you don't want to go to the strip mall then?

**Becky:** sory i cant

**Katie:** > : (

**Becky:** i prmomsed mattel we would hang out at her hose

**Katie:** You hang out with her all the time

**Katie:** Make some time for me, bitch!!

**Becky:** im free toomorrow

**Katie:** GOOD

**Katie:** We are going to a movie

**Katie:** I'm picking. You're paying

**Becky:** lol o k

**Becky:** luv u Katie

**Katie:** Gross lol

**Katie:** Kill yourself

**Becky:** u wish

**Katie:** 🍴 🍴 🍴

Becky found herself giggling as Katie's messages helped to clear her head, and she let out one last deep breath before putting her phone away again and standing up.

She flushed the toilet, even though she hadn't actually used it, and washed her hands so that Mattel wouldn't know she'd just been slacking off.

Luckily, however, when she came back into the main room she saw Mattel packing her things away into her bag for her.

'Oh, we're done?' Becky asked.

'Yeah, you looked tired,' Mattel answered, zipping up Becky's bag and putting it down. 'I thought we could just relax and put the TV on for a while. You know?'

'Yeah, that'd be nice,' Becky let out a sigh of relief and joined Mattel on the couch as the TV was turned on, its volume down low.

Mattel put her arm around Becky and pulled her close, so that Becky's head was resting on her chest.

It was nice, Becky thought. Mattel's embrace as gentle, and soft, and....

Becky's breath caught in her throat as she felt Mattel's finger begin tracing over the denim of her jeans. Up and down, the woman was slowly circling from her knee to her thigh; daring to arc just a little bit higher with each revolution.

Becky felt herself blushing.

Mattel had never touched her like this, before.... And since the two had gotten together a little over a month ago, nobody else had either. The change in Becky's lifestyle had been abrupt and left her with an itch that she just hadn't been able to scratch on her own. No matter how hard she tried.... So when Mattel's hand trailed its way down to the crease where her inner thighs pressed together, she let out a quiet involuntary whimper and instinctively buried her face into Mattel.

'Is this okay?' Mattel asked sweetly.

'Yeah,' Becky breathed. *'It's nice....'*

'Yeah?' Mattel asked before gently shifting her hand up along the line of Becky's thigh until she was gently cupping the woman's crotch. 'What about this? Does this feel nice?'

'Yeah,' Becky whimpered.

Mattel used her thumb to play with the zip of Becky's jeans, and Becky felt her entire body growing warm.

Then, Mattel's lips pressed into Becky's neck and Becky let out a low moan.

*'Oh, gods, Mattel! I—'*

A loud metallic crunch from the direction of the garage made both girls jump, and Mattel let out a panicked gasp as the sound of the garage door slowly opening echoed through the quiet house.

'Oh my gods! They're home?!' she exclaimed, leaping to her feet. 'They weren't meant to be home until tomorrow— Becky! You have to go! Now! *Now!* If my

parents see you here they'll *kill me!*

Becky stumbled as Mattel thrust her backpack into her arms and ushered her towards the back door.

'Go over the fence!' Mattel ordered, her voice high in fear as she pushed Becky into the backyard and glanced back to make sure her parents hadn't come inside. 'Use the tree! Just— Get out! Go! Before they see you! *Go!*'

'Okay! Okay!' Becky responded, flinching as the door was slammed shut. 'Oh, gods, oh—'

She glanced around a moment to get her bearings, and then rushed to the side of the yard; leaping into a tree and using it to clamber over the fence and into the street.

She crumbled onto the sidewalk with a heavy *thump* before stumbling back to her feet. She looked around, feeling lucky that nobody was around to see her, and then brushed herself down and gave a sniff.

*That could have gone better.*

It could also have gone much worse— But it *really* could have gone better....

Becky let out a sigh and pulled out her phone, opening her chat with Katie and quickly typing a message;

**Becky:** hey the thing with mattel got cut short

**Becky:** u still want 2 hang out?

**Katie:** DOES A BEAR SHIT IN THE WOODS?

—END—

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