>You are Femanon, sitting on the couch in your living room.  
>On your shoulder rests a head covered in bright blond hair, while a white hand was stroking over arm. What would have seemed awkward only few weeks ago was now almost a daily routine.  
>Your decision was met with mixed results by your friends and family. Though most of them said they were okay with it you could sometimes hear them badmouthing you while they thought you wouldn't hear them, but you couldn't care less.  
>Aryanne was a transfer student from Germany and had some trouble fitting in around Canterlot High, her social background was quiet different to what folks in Canterlot are used to. Her behavior often made her seem rude, though it was common to address you matters directly where she's from.  
>It did not stop you to make friends with her though. What disturbed others, are treats you liked about her. Especially her dark humor appealed to you, enabling you to share even racist jokes with her without getting frowned upon. Quickly the two of you grew together as best friends, spending a lot of time together  
>About three weeks ago you two had a slumber party, and that when you and she grew even closer  
  
~~~about three weeks ago~~~  
  
>"Do you want to capitulate?” Aryanne was sitting on top of you, pressing a pillow on your face  
>The two of you had engaged in a pillow fight and quickly she gained control over you, repressing you towards your bed. Doing your best to doge her attacks you end up taking multiple hits to the chest and hips.  
>Trying to hit her back you take hopeful swings, but though they seem to hit her somewhere in the head region she does not give in in the slightest. The weight of her body is still remaining as strong as before, making it harder to breathe by the minute

>But you will not give in. Aryanne has always won on such fights, but now you feel your time has come to come back at her with greater force. First you get rid of your pillow and lay your hand on her hips, trying to push her off you.   
>Your attempt fails and you try another angle, pressing against her belly this time you have slightly more success. The pressure on your face lowers a bit and with time slowly running short you decide to put all your strength into one last attempt.  
>Not sparing a second thought you place your hands on her breasts and press with all your remaining strength. She yelps at the contact and together with the pushing and groping she gets so distracted that the pillow on your head is no longer restricting you from breathing.   
>Taking a deep breath you now use your back as well to push her back, your hands still cupping her breasts. Since she is still stunned, you manage to get over her and now you are the one in control.   
"What did you say about surrendering?"  
>She doesn't answer, but you can see a blush on her face. Assuming it came from her embarrassment that you finally managed to overpower her in a fight, oblivious to its real source. You take her pillow and press it in her face, just like she did only moments ago.  
>Too much of your surprise there is no resistance coming from her whatsoever. She places her hands at your hips and your initial thought of this being an attempt to use the same technique as you did quickly proves wrong when her hands simply rest there for a moment before wandering along your body.  
>A finger traces along your belly button, tickling a bit when her fingernail drags over the skin. Her hands advance even further up and your grip on pinning her down has loosened while you sit there stunned, watching her hands slowly move towards your breasts when you finally find your voice to speak  
"Stop that!"

>You try to push her hands off your breasts but she shifts your body to the side, rolling both of you over so she sits on top of you. She always had a more forceful nature and still it felt strange this time. Like there was something else, buried beneath her surface that has now come awake and what she no longer desired to keep locked away in herself.   
>"I sure had a struggle fitting in here..." she said "You were the only one I could really open up to. But I still couldn't tell you my last secret..."  
"Your last secret? And could you stop touching my breasts? This is getting a bit weird..."  
>She stopped and rolled down from you. Resting on the bed beside you, starring at the ceiling, sighing.   
>"I'm sorry, I should not have been so forward on this... I felt like you gave me signals, and- You know, never mind"  
"Signals? What are you talking about?"  
>"Nothing, just forget about it..." she rolls on her side, facing away from you  
"Now I especially want to know! Since when are you afraid to speak up?"  
>She turns back to you and her eyes wander around, searching for words. Taking a deep breath she begins to explain herself  
>"Uh. You remember when you wanted to hook me up with that dude at Sugarcube Corner?"  
"Yes, you told him off quite rudely when I introduced you to him"  
>"Well did you never wonder why? Or why I never spoke about guys for that matter?"  
>Still oblivious to the whole situation you ask   
"No, and why-"  
>You are cut off by her lips pressing against yours. Your eyes shoot open in surprise as her warm lips make contact. It doesn't feel wrong - rather different. After short she pulls back and bites her lower lip, blushing madly before speaking again.   
>"That is why"

>Still stunned from what just happened you finally manage to make sense of this in your mind  
"So you are a lesbian?"  
>Homosexuality is mostly frowned upon in Canterlot, so it was no wonder that she wanted to keep it to herself. After all the hard time she got from the other students already it was only logical that she never spoke about it - not even to you.  
>"Yeah..."  
"And you like me?"  
>"Yeah..."  
>...  
>"And you?"  
>The tension electrifies the air between the two of you, building up slowly, intensifying with her anticipating your answer equally in fear and hope. Hoping that, even if you do not return the feeling, at least accept her choice.  
"What about me?"  
>"How do you feel about... girls?"  
"I never really thought about it... But I suppose there is nothing wrong in giving it a try..." you say to her with a soft smile  
>A smile hushes over her face as she looks you in the eyes, the red on her face returns once again. Her eyes wander down from your eyes to your lips. But this time she does not engage by herself, as if she is waiting for your final answer in form of a kiss.  
>As you said, there is nothing wrong with tasting the fruits of the other side - or same side for that matter. Slowly you lean forward, while your breaths quicken, hot waves of air brushing over your cheek.  
>Her soft lips connect with yours and she lets out a soft sigh of relief, like a great burden has fallen of her. The tension in her body vanquishes as her mouth parts and a wet tongue tenderly traces along your lips. With your consent given she gets more assertive and presses against your lips, making them part. She slides in and slowly explores the depths of your mouth.  
>It was a strange feeling, not the physical contact itself but the feeling inside your stomach. The warm feeling began spreading throughout your body, filling you with a joy unknown prior yet greater than anything experienced before.

>Softly you begin to send your tongue on a expedition of its own, fondling with the intruder in your mouth before pushing her back, shifting the action over to her.  
>Her hands reach behind your head and stroke through your hair. Yours rest on her sides, feeling her body heating up under her shirt.   
>She pulls away from you, her eyes closed while she dwells in the afterglow of the feeling.   
>When she opens her eyes a sly grin shoos over her face. She motions you to sit up before she reaches for the seam of your shirt and slowly pulls it upwards.   
>Stopping when the collar is right above your mouth, the shirt covering your face and restraining your arms she teases you with her lips hovering millimeters from yours and her breath brushing over you before planting a small peck on them.  
>Aryanne fully removes the shirt and her hands trace along your sides, upwards until they reach your breasts once more. They begin to knead them, her thumbs tracing along your skin, sometimes circling around your nipples.  
>The feeling is simply great, shivers running down your back from each of her touches and you don't want her to stop.  
>Eventually her hands retreat from your skin, the heat still radiating from them.  
>With eyes glowing of lust she takes of her shirt as well, she does not wear a bra under it - she never does when she sleeps over.  
>Eager to please her like she did you reach for her perky breasts. Her skin feels soft and smooth. You can feel her heart race, pumping the blood through her warming body.  
>Trying to recreate her actions you suddenly get another idea and lick over your lips before lowering your head down to one of her nipples.  
>Aryanne gaps at the contact and begins to coo from the sensation your tongue causes while it flicks over her hardened nipples.  
>You stop licking to see how she liked it, but she instantly takes your head and pulls it up, locking lips with you.

>Her tongue slides between your lips and into your mouth, searching for yours. As soon as she finds it, a fight for dominance ensues, both of them dancing and winding along each other.   
>Surprisingly she retreats after a few moments and you follow her, shifting the action into her mouth.   
>Her teeth begin to nibble softly at your tongue, randomly sucking at it while her moans softly vibe through the kiss.  
>When you finally part, she speaks in a sultry tone  
>"Now let me show you how to have some real fun with a girl..."  
"Oh, please, do so..."  
>She puts her hands on your shoulders and pushes you back onto the sheets.   
>She begins to lick along your earlobe, continuing with your neck. Dragging her warm tongue along your skin, leaving a faint, cool trail of saliva.  
>She makes a quick stop at your breasts, sucking at one nipple before continuing her path downwards.   
>Her tongue traces along the rim of your belly button, before she starts to plant some small pecks around it.  
>The strains of her long blonde hair are brushing over your skin, tickling you tenderly while she licks with her tongue again.   
>This time dragging it over your belly button, pausing in it to swirl around for a bit. The feeling is much different than before, more like a roller-coaster racing down the tracks.  
>The soft moans of yours encourage her to move on, sliding her slender fingers into the waist of your pyjama pants and pulling them down.  
>To help her you raise your legs, so she can easily take them off. As soon as your legs lie bare in front of her she reaches for them and strokes along your shaven skin.  
>A tingling feeling travels through your body, causing goose bumps on your arms while her hands wanders further along your body towards your panties.  
>It is only now that you recognize the dampness that build in your pants. Aryanne already noticed, as her eyes lay upon the darkened spot that reveals your lust.

>Slowly her head nears your crotch, her warm breath brushing along your skin. Since long you have begun panting from the pleasure she put you through.  
>Now her face is directly in front of your panties, she shoots a last look into your eyes before dragging her nose along the fabric, followed by her tongue.  
>She lets out a soft 'mhhh' as she tastes your juices. The vibrations from the hum send shivers through your body and the suspension is begging to nag on you.   
>Finally she slides the panties to the side and strokes along your slit with a finger. Eliciting a sigh of relief from you. You look at her and catch a quick glimpse at the lewd smile on her face before she buries her head between your thighs.  
>Instantly you can feel her tongue licking your vagina. Beginning with circles, moving up and down she sends waves of pleasure through your body.  
>You begin to moan, the sound of it humming through the room while the ball of blonde hair continues to work between your legs.  
>The sensations you feel are over the top, but she still does manage to put them to a new level with each and every new move she makes.  
>Drawing the tongue for a short moment you register one of her fingers slowly sliding down between your lips. It rests at the entrance of your tunnel.  
>Aryanne looks up to you while she gently begins to apply pressure to it, following every of your expressions as she begins to enter you.  
>Since you are already pretty wet, it slides in with little effort. Closing your eyes you throw back your head in pleasure, biting your lips thus stifling your moans.  
>She begins to thrust her finger slowly, but picks up the pace as she goes along. Soon she lowers her head again, scooping up the excessive juices that flow from your vagina.  
>Shudders hit your body in short intervals while she adds another finger to the mix. Though it already feels unbelievable she tops it again by reaching further up with her tongue than before.

>Circling and flicking over your clit now she causes shivers to run down your spine. Occasionally sucking it, eliciting lewd moans from you while you near your own climax  
>It does not take long before you feel the distinctive symptoms that precede your orgasm.  
>Beginning with a tickling of your tunnel from the inside, spreading together with a flash of heat over you whole body. Blood rushing through your veins.  
>And finally, the walls contracting, pulsating with the beat of your heart, while you dwell in the spreading feel of satisfaction and happiness.  
>"Someone really let herself go..."  
"That was unbelievable! Where did you get so much experience?"  
>"Where I come from we used to experiment a lot with each other..."  
>She crawled up until lying next to you. Her face only inches away from yours  
>"I can't say how happy I am that you did this with me."  
"Oh - I am so selfish, I didn't think about you."  
>You want to slide down and repay the favor, but she stops you.   
>"No worries, I took care of myself..."  
>Looking down at her you see a dark spot on her pyjama pants and when she holds up her hand you can still see a faint glistering where her nectar covered her fingers  
>"I really enjoyed doing it, with you especially..." she says before pulling you in for another kiss.

~~~back in the present~~~  
  
>You are still sitting in front of the TV, and as the show you watched comes to and end Arianne’s head turn towards you.  
>"Can I ask you something?"  
"Sure"  
>"I've always wanted to try out something different..."  
"What do you mean by 'different'?"  
>She stands up and walks over to a cupboard and gets a black box from one of the drawers. Sitting down next to you she opens the lid, granting you a look inside.   
>In it lie several ropes, a blindfold and two bags.  
"Is this what I think it is?"  
>"It's my secret fetish, you know. I bought this set back in Germany, but I moved here before I had a chance to use it. "  
"And who of us is getting strapped down?"  
>A pleading expression appears on her face when she playfully wraps one of the strings around your wrist.   
>"Would you-?" she says with a hopefully smile while biting her lower lip  
>You are not sure how often this expression made you give in to her newest idea. And so it did this time.  
"I suppose-"  
>"Great! I already have everything planned out" cutting you off mid-sentence she pulls you by the arm while carrying the box under the other.  
>You end up in the bedroom where she leaves you to the foot-end of the bed.   
  
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That is it for today. More coming up as soon as possible.