

Self-Love

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Self-Love

by [GustyGustGust](#)

Summary

Self-Love: (noun) regard for one's own well-being and happiness.

Tobin learns all about Christen's self-love routine.

Notes

Another smut collection that's thinly disguised as a story.

Chapter 1

Tobin could feel the heat creeping up her neck and flushing across her cheeks. She has no idea why Kelley is even talking about masturbation in the middle of the locker room post training, but she had been quite happily ignoring her until she went and brought Christen in on the conversation.

“Everyone likes to tickle the pickle y’know? Human nature.” Kelley announces.

“Kelley, stop.” Alex reprimands, and Tobin can almost hear her eyes rolling.

“Except Christen. She’s too pure for such *filthy* things.”

“Oh my God. Kelley!” Alex chides again. This time she flicks her towel for good measure, whipping at the back of Kelley’s legs. “Stop!”

“Actually,” Christen interrupts absentmindedly as she continues packing her kit bag, “I think *self love* is very important. It helps reduce stress and tension, improves your mood and can help you relax both mentally and physically, improving sleep quality and alertness. *Sooooo*... I self love whenever I can.”

There’s a moment of stunned silence before the locker room erupts into a ruckus of noise. Tobin prays nobody is paying any attention to her or the fact she just fell into the wall. She’s sure her face has just flushed to the same colour as her jersey.

“Christen Press! You absolute minx!” Ashlyn cries between pants as she tries to stop laughing and Christen just shrugs in response.

“Who are you rooming with!? Tobin?!” Kelley wheels round to face her and Tobin really hopes the smile she’s just plastered on her face doesn’t look too obviously fake. “Did you hear that Tobin? Whenever she can. The second she’s out of your sight-“

Kelley’s hand slips down the front of her shorts and this time Alex throws her whole towel at her.

“Kelley!”

Tobin is nervously fidgeting with the cable on her ear buds when Christen slips into her usual seat next to her on the bus.

“Hey.” Tobin greets, and she hopes her cheeks aren’t still visibly glowing as hotly as they feel.

“Hey, you disappeared.”

It's true, by time Alex's towel had hit the floor, Tobin's pretty confident she had already rocketed out the locker room and half way back to the bus with her shoes half tied and bag hanging open.

"Ah, yeah, I've been listening to a podcast, wanted to get back to it." She lies, her throat tightening at sight of Christen's fingers fiddling with the zip on her jacket. The same fingers that-

"You okay?" Christen asks her.

"Mmm, yeah, I'm fine. Good. Yeah, I'm good." Tobin winces at the nervous ramble in her voice. "You good?"

Christen hums, her head pushing back into her seat. It makes Tobin think of the noises Christen might make when she's-

"Better now we're heading back," Christen's voice breaks her out of her daydream, and Tobin shifts uncomfortably, "that was a tough practice."

"Yeah--"

"Oh, shoot." Christen cuts her off, her palm slapping against her own forehead. "You said you wanted to listen to your podcast."

"I--"

"No," she interrupts again, her head shaking aggressively. "Ignore me. Pretend I'm not even here."

A lock of Christen's hair had fallen loose from her ponytail when she shook her head and Tobin clenches her hands together to stop herself from reaching out to push it behind her ear for her. Before she can do something stupid like kiss her friend in the middle of a stale coach, Tobin slips her earbuds in and presses play on the random podcast she spotted on Spotify five minutes ago.

She tries to ignore the way her hands are clamming up at the feel of Christen's head resting on her shoulder. There isn't a single hope in hell that she could ever pretend Christen wasn't there.

Even Tobin knows she's being obviously quiet and she's aware of the way Christen has been looking at her worriedly all evening.

She just can't help it. She barely talks during dinner, or during the team meeting they have before being dismissed for the night.

She just can't stop *thinking* about it.

It's perfectly normal. Heck, it isn't like she doesn't masturbate herself when the mood takes her. She just hadn't ever thought about *Christen*, sweet, beautiful Christen who she's had a

crush on for the past two years doing it. It isn't like she hadn't thought about Christen like that either. She had. Some of her best *self-love* endings had come from thinking about all the things she wanted to do to her.

But Christen doing it to herself-

Tobin pushes her head back into her pillow and tries to ignore the heat swirling in her stomach. Things had been awkward when they got back to the room, and Tobin knew it was her fault. She just couldn't shake the image of Christen touching herself from her mind.

"Hey, Tobin?" Christen says quietly into the darkness of the room.

Tobin swallows and wills her voice to come out normal. "Whatsup?"

"I was thinking... About earlier, in the locker room?"

The feel of her heart pounding against her chest makes Tobin wonder if she really is too young to have a heart attack. "Oh?"

"I'm sorry if I made you uncomfortable. About the, you know, the self-love comment I made." Tobin's cheeks feel like they should be lighting up the room. "I know not everyone is comfortable talking about that sort of thing, so I'm sorry. I know you said you were listening to a podcast, but then I was wondering if you really were? Because you normally tell me about the podcasts you find, so I thought maybe you were just trying to ignore me. And really it wasn't-"

Christen is starting to ramble and Tobin can't bear the other woman thinking she's done something wrong. "You don't have anything to apologise for."

"Oh." Christen remains silent for a moment, and Tobin knows it's impossible, but she swears she can almost hear her forehead creasing. "It's just... You've been really quiet since. I was worried."

"Chris, you could never make me uncomfortable." She replies, ignoring Christen's acknowledgment that she had noticed how quiet she had been. There isn't a single good thing that could come from admitting she can't stop thinking about her friend masturbating.

"You would tell me if I did?" Christen asks, her voice unsure.

"I promise, but I mean it, Chris. Never. Okay?"

"Okay."

Silence falls between them again and Tobin wishes she could just leave it there. Wishes she could just roll over and go to sleep, but things feel *weird* and heavy and she doesn't want to fall asleep like this. She doesn't want Christen to fall asleep thinking there's anything wrong at all.

"It must be hard though..." Tobin starts and suddenly her mind is throwing up huge neon signs telling her to stop, cease, turn around and not continue speaking. "Whilst we're

travelling like this.”

Tobin wants to strangle herself, or possibly drown herself in the tiny hotel bathtub.

“It’s pretty easy when your roommate sleeps as heavy as you do.”

Tobin sucks in a breath, her whole body going taut at the implication. She was barely hanging on at the thought of Christen touching herself in general but knowing she might have done it inches away from her... Tobin’s pretty sure she’s about to start hyperventilating.

“*Shit.*” Christen curses sharply and Tobin hears her duvet falling as she sits upright. “That was really inappropriate. Shit, Tobin, I’m so sorry. I don’t know why I was even trying to be funny, I’m terrible at it. I didn’t ever think-“

“Chris, Christen-“ Tobin tries to interrupt again, but the other woman just keeps going. Her apologies are spilling faster and faster, but the second Christen starts calling herself an idiot, Tobin is swinging her legs out of bed.

From the gasp Christen lets out, Tobin’s pretty sure she hadn’t noticed her getting out of bed until she was leaning down and cupping her hand over her mouth.

“You were rambling.”

“Msrry.” Tobin feels Christen’s lips moving against her palm and it’s not making the situation any better.

“Stop apologising.” Slowly, Tobin pulls her hand away. “I wasn’t uncomfortable.”

“I heard you gasp, Tobin.” She replies miserably.

Tobin doesn’t have an answer to that. “I mean it, Chris. Okay?”

“Okay.”

Despite her agreeing, Tobin doesn’t think Christen sounds like she believes her. She isn’t sure what to do now though. Their faces are slightly too close together and Tobin’s body is twisting at what is proving to be an uncomfortable angle.

“Are you going back to bed?” Even though she’s smiling, Tobin can hear waiver in Christen’s voice. She *has* to make the situation better.

“I don’t know. Maybe Kelley was right and the second I turn my back, you’ll be off.” She jokes and she’s pleased to see a dark blush flush across Christen’s cheeks.

“Tobin!”

Fingers suddenly dance along her ribs and Tobin tries desperately to twist away. Christen just follows her though, laughing beautifully at the reaction as she pulls her backwards onto her bed.

“Stop- oh my gosh- Christen, don’t make me stop you.”

It’s not particularly fair of her, but Tobin knows she can easily overpower Christen. She’s spent long enough admiring those small, delicate wrists and opened enough bottles of water for her to know that’s not where Christen strength lies.

She grabs at Christen’s hands and pushes at them until they’re both falling onto the bed again.

“Ooof.”

The room is suddenly quiet. Only the sound of their joint panting breaking through the silence. Tobin thinks it could be somewhat comical, her body landing on top of Christen, her hands pinning Christen’s wrists to the mattress. But she can feel her stomach pressing against Christen’s with every exhale, she can feel the heat of her body underneath her... So, it would be comical if it wasn’t turning Tobin on so much.

The warmth of Christen’s breath flutters across her face, the mint of her toothpaste mixing with the subtle strawberry scent of her lip balm perfectly. It’s almost dizzying to be so close to her face and Tobin lets her body relax down on top of her. She feels Christen flex her wrist beneath her hands, as if testing the resistance, and her eyes only seem to darken when she realises Tobin has her held firm, her breath audibly hitching.

“I can’t-“ Christen stops, and Tobin watches her swallow back her apparent anxiety. Her lips are quivering and Tobin’s *sure* she just felt her hips subtly roll against her own.

“Can’t what, Chris?” She whispers back.

“I can’t-“ She closes her eyes briefly, and when she opens them again, Tobin can see the challenge in them. “I can’t touch myself if you’re holding my wrists like that.”

Tobin barely stops herself from moaning. She’s certain it’s meant as a joke. A joke that would be a lot more convincing if Christen’s gaze hadn’t darkened at her own suggestion.

With Christen heavy eyes looking at her own, Tobin loosens her grip on one of Christen’s wrists before slowly dragging her hand away.

“Is one enough?”

Her mind is running at a hundred miles an hour and at the same time is completely frozen. This hadn’t been her intent.

Christen nods.

Their eyes stay locked together as Christen deliberately moves her hand to her mouth, sucking her fingers briefly to wet them before pushing them down between their bodies. Tobin can feel her hand slipping between them until its sliding into the waistband of Christen's sleep shorts.

“*Fuck.*” Christen whispers, visibly swallowing afterwards.

Tobin can feel the movements of her hand between them. The subtle circling of fingers under the fabric.

Slowly, Tobin lets her free hand follow the same path Christen's just took. She stops at the thin band of Christen's shorts and watches her finger skirting just under the elastic. She doesn't have to say anything for Christen to get the message, and a soft "yes" comes tumbling from her lips.

Her hand pushes down, pulling the fabric of her shorts down with them until she's cupping her hand over Christen's, groaning at the feeling. There isn't a single pause in Christen's movements. If anything, Tobin thinks she might have sped up. She rests her hand there for a moment, just feeling the way Christen is touching herself.

Their eyes meet again and Tobin wonders if her eyes have gone as dark as Christen's have. She tightens her grip on Christen's wrist and marvels at the way her mouth falls open at the reminder of her restraint.

"What do you need?" Tobin barely recognises the sound of her own voice. It's deeper than usual, crackling with need.

"Inside- I want- Ah!" Without letting Christen finish Tobin moves past the circling of Christen's hand. She slips a finger through her drenched folds and doesn't hesitate to push into her waiting entrance.

"Fuck. *Chris*." Tobin has so much she wants to say.

You're so wet.

I've thought about this so much.

I want to taste you.

But all she can do is moan at the wetness that's coating her finger. It's practically spilling out of Christen, leaving no resistance for Tobin to start gently sliding her finger in and out in what she hopes is a satisfactory pattern. She starts to curl her finger, just slightly and it must have been the right thing to do because Christen's eyes practically roll back into her head as the filthiest moan Tobin's ever heard spills past her lips.

Tobin can't believe it's happening, she can't believe her finger is inside of Christen, pulling those sounds out of her. "Fuck, we're having sex." It's not the most eloquent she's ever been, but Christen's back arches up when she says it anyway.

"I know... I..." Christen pauses to moan as Tobin curls her finger again. "More. Tobin, I need more."

Tobin slides another finger inside with ease.

"More."

The request makes Tobin pulse in a way that makes her think she's dangerously close to coming herself. She does as she's asked though, and she's greeted with another spine tingling moan from Christen as three of her fingers slip inside her. It doesn't seem possible, but Tobin's sure Christen is getting wetter, she can feel it pooling on her palm, she can *hear* it as she moves. She wishes then that she had dragged Christen's shorts off completely, because she can only just hear the soft slick noise of her fingers working inside of her and she wants more.

She wants to watch her fingers disappearing inside, she wants to hear them, she wants her senses to be entirely overwhelmed by all of Christen.

"I can't wait to feel you come." Tobin whispers as she purposefully curls all three fingers upwards, searching for the spot that will make Christen unravel completely. Christen's hips practically fly off the bed in response and Tobin can't stop the smug feeling she knows must be showing on her face. *Found it.*

Christen's walls start to get impossibly tighter, her movements becoming more desperate and suddenly Tobin has no choice but to stop the movement of her fingers. There's a sudden gasp from underneath her as Christen's chest arches up from the bed and her walls clamp down on Tobin's fingers. Her whole body starts shake and her deep moans change into small gasps as she starts to pulse around Tobin's fingers.

"Fuck."

Tobin isn't sure who says it. It could have been either of them, or maybe even both.

She shifts her hand that had been holding onto Christen's wrist so their fingers can intertwine and Christen clings to her as her body continues to shake. Tiny shots of electricity pulse between Tobin's own legs at the sight of Christen's face as it creases with pleasure. She wants to kiss her. To capture each of her moans in her mouth as she draws out her orgasm. She can't though, not until Christen can consent to it properly.

When Christen's fingers slow to a stop, Tobin waits a few moments before she gently pulls her hand back. She can feel Christen's wetness coating her fingers and the desire to taste her proves too much. She takes two of them into her mouth, humming around the taste of Christen. Her mind is just starting to drift to the prospect of moving between Christen's legs to get a taste straight from the source when Christen pulls on her wrist. Tobin's fingers slip out and she's about to protest that she wasn't quite finished when Christen's takes the finger still coated in her own arousal between her own lips.

The sight of it combined with the feeling of Christen's tongue sliding up her digit makes Tobin's hips buck forwards, her body desperate for friction. A soft groan leaves her throat when Christen starts sucking on her other two fingers, her tongue cleaning away any trace of herself.

Tobin doesn't know what to say, so she's more than a little ashamed when her mouth speaks before her mind can catch up. "Woah."

Christen laughs gently, pulling away from Tobin's fingers. "Yeah, woah."

“Are you okay?” Tobin asks, unsure of where they go now.

Christen nods, her head sinking back into the pillow. There’s a look of complete bliss on her face, her eyes clearly struggling to find their focus.

“I should...” Tobin points towards her bed and gently moves off Christen’s body.

Her legs feel like jelly and she stumbles slightly as she tries to get them to cooperate. When her underwear shifts slightly, Tobin can feel the slick that’s gathered between her legs.

“Actually, I need to- I’m a bit-“ She indicates vaguely between her legs.

“Tobin.”

“Yeah?” She swallows nervously.

“Show me...” Christen sits up, her finger hooking into the front of Tobin’s shorts. “Show me how you do it.”

“How I do it?” Tobin doesn’t understand the request, her brain not quite clearing from its Christen induced haze until Christen bites at her lips. “Oh. Yeah, yeah I think that would only be fair.”

There’s a heat creeping up Tobin’s neck again, but this time it has nothing to do with embarrassment.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Finally had some time to work on this, had a really busy start to the year. Thank you for all the comments on the previous chapter and It Feels Right :D
I'm mostly happy with this one, but I might go back through and do some re-editing.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tobin watches Christen push herself up on her elbows, her lip catching between her teeth as she looks down Tobin's body.

She wants to see how I do it.

“Oh. Yeah, yeah I think that would only be fair.”

With her eyes still on Christen, Tobin blindly pulls her t-shirt up and over her head. The air-conditioning feels cool against her overheating skin and she feels a shiver travel up her body, all the way to her nipples that are already straining for attention.

“Clothes. They're too restricting.” Tobin explains as she pulls down her shorts too, leaving her in nothing but the underwear she slipped on after her shower.

“I thought you were more the boxer type.” Christen comments.

It isn't the time to explain her preferences in underwear, but she's confident enough in herself and the type of person Christen is to know it's a conversation they can have later. So Tobin just shrugs. “Sometimes.”

There's a wet patch on the front of the underwear, she could feel it as they shifted when she took off her shorts. Tobin's sure Christen would be able to see it if the room was a little brighter.

She's about to pull her underwear down too when Christen holds up her hand.

“Wait.” Christen scoots herself down the bed until she's sitting on the end and beckoning Tobin forwards with her finger. “It's important to take your time.”

“Oh?” With shaking legs, Tobin straddles Christen's lap, her knees pressing into the mattress. She feels unsteady, like she might just collapse forwards onto Christen at any second.

“We have all night.” Christen says as she starts to trail her hand up the bare plane of Tobin's stomach. “Is this okay?”

“Yeah, yeah, that’s-” A gasp jolts out of her at the feel of Christen’s finger lightly tracing her nipple. “Really good.”

“You’ll tell me if I do something to make you uncomfortable?”

Tobin’s hands cup Christen’s cheeks and she fights the urge to kiss her. “You could never make me uncomfortable.”

A furrow appears on Christen’s brow and Tobin feels her hands start to withdraw. “Tobin-”

“I promise I’ll tell you.” She quickly interrupts, because Tobin’s sure she would die right there on Christen’s lap if the other woman doesn’t do *something* about the need between her legs.

Christen watches for Tobin’s reaction as her hands return to her body. They start on her thighs before slowly moving up to her sides again. It’s teasingly slow and Christen’s eyes don’t look away from hers for even a second.

“You feel so soft.” Christen comments as she touches Tobin’s stomach again. If Christen notices her flexing her abs as she touches them, she doesn’t say anything. Finally, Christen’s eyes do blink away and when they open again, Tobin realises they’re looking straight at her breasts.

It doesn’t take long before Christen’s hands follow and Tobin gasps again when both her palms are covering her chest.

Christen smiles, clearly feeling the effect her touch has been having on Tobin’s nipples. “And yet so hard too.”

It’s subtle at first, but before Tobin knows it, her hips are gently rolling forwards on their own accord. She needs friction and her hips are happy to try and seek it out for her.

Christen picks up on her need, and slowly her fingers trace their way back down her body. They linger for a moment at her hips until one of her hands dips down between Tobin’s legs. It keeps going until finally Christen’s cupping over her centre.

A shudder rocks through Tobin’s body at the pressure.

“Fuck, Tobes.” Christen moans as she touches the front of her underwear. The damp patch feels like it’s only grown exponentially bigger with her swelling arousal. “You’re so wet.”

“Your-” The moan tumbling out of her throat makes her pause. “Fault.”

“I was going to ask if you were ready.” She says, her deft fingers starting to pull at her underwear. “Now you can take them off.”

As Tobin stands up and pushes down her underwear, she watches Christen move back up the bed. She doesn’t move though, waiting for Christen to tell her what to do.

Christen seems to sense her need for instruction and taps the bed beside her. “Come here.”

Once again Tobin prays her shaking limbs will hold her weight as she crawls up the bed towards her. She's sure it isn't the sexiest she's ever looked, but Christen's eyes seem darken as she gets closer.

"Hi." Tobin says once she's settled on her back.

"Hey." Green eyes look down her body again, drifting over all the skin they can see. "You're really hot."

"Actually, my name's Tobin."

Christen rolls her eyes. "Did you want to get off, or-"

"No definitely, yeah, if you'll let me-"

"If I'll let you?" Christen interrupts curiously and Tobin swallows. She hadn't meant to let slip that particular preference. "Interesting."

A shiver travels down her spine at the feel of Christen's hand ghosting over the patch of hair between her legs. It's barely a hint of a touch. Just enough for Tobin to know she's there.

"Show me." Christen whispers into her ear and the feel of her breath has Tobin's back arching. She feels Christen's hand drop away from her, resting centimetres away from her thigh.

Even though Christen's eyes are trained on the movements of Tobin's hand, Tobin watches her face as she slowly trails her hand down her body. She watches the way her eyes widen when Tobin swipes down through the wetness between her thighs, coating two of her fingers. She watches the way Christen licks her lips and wishes she could kiss them.

Tobin groans at the first contact on her clit and carefully starts to stroke herself. She's already beyond sensitive and the little nub sends jolts of pleasure straight through her core.

"Can I?" Christen asks eventually, her hand already moving to the inside of Tobin's leg.

Immediately, Tobin stops her movements and nods encouragingly. "Yeah."

It starts off softly, the touch barely even there as Christen feels her out. Her fingers slide easily through the wetness that Tobin had already gathered over herself, only dipping down once to gather more of the slick that's still spilling out of her.

She doesn't touch her directly at first and Tobin soon realises Christen is deliberately circling her fingers around her clit without actually touching it. Even though her hands are free and she knows Christen would speed up if she asked, Tobin resigns herself to being under Christen's control.

Finally, Christen starts to circle her fingers tighter and tighter until Tobin's about to beg her to touch her properly when suddenly the pads of her fingers swipe over her directly.

The sheets below Tobin twist in her grip as she tries to stop her hips bucking.

“So hot.” Christen whispers and Tobin wonders if she even knows she said it aloud.

The touch stays on her clit, focusing on the little bundle of nerves in short swipes. It makes the pressure in her stomach build and Tobin has to close her eyes with how entirely overwhelming it feels. It’s just when Tobin thinks Christen is about to make her come that her fingers withdraw again and start circling just around where she so desperately needs her. Her eyes fly open, her breath coming in pants as she looks at Christen questioningly.

Christen just smirks at her, returning her fingers to Tobin’s clit for just a second. “We have all night.”

The thought of Christen keeping this up all night almost makes Tobin scream. But she’ll do it. Because that’s exactly what she wants Christen to do. It crosses her mind that she’ll have to ask Christen afterwards how she figured out her needs and wants so quickly. For now though, Tobin pushes her head back into the pillow and lets Christen take control.

Christen continues the pattern. Alternating between touching her directly and circling widely around her clit the moment Tobin’s body starts to shake too much. Christen eyes her questioningly the third time, checking that this is still what she wants and Tobin nods at her.

Her touch starts to grow more confident with each touch until her fingers push too hard.

“Ah, gentle.” Tobin pleads, her over excited body sending almost painful jolts of pleasure through her. The pressure of Christen’s fingers lessens immediately and she starts to gently circle the little bundle of nerves. Tobin isn’t sure how she hasn’t blacked out.

“I’m sorry. Like this?” She confirms.

The words get stuck in Tobin’s throat and she can only nod. She looks Christen directly in her eyes, begging silently to let her finish.

“Lucky number seven.” Christen smiles and Tobin would laugh if Christen’s fingers hadn’t just sped up. The quick, soft circling continues until Tobin has to fist at the loose material of Christen’s t-shirt. She feels the pressure starting to build, the orgasm threatening to rip through teetering on the edge.

“It’s okay baby, I’ve got you.” Christen whispers into her hairline.

Suddenly every muscle in Tobin’s body seems to go taught. Her stomach clenching as her shoulders lift off the bed. She hears herself cry out as her whole body releases. “Fuck!”

The pleasure makes her see stars and her hand shoots down to hold Christen’s still as her orgasm rocks through her. She thinks she might swear a few more times, but Tobin’s not sure, all she can hear is the blood pounding through her body as she comes.

“So hot.” Christen whispers to her again.

Tobin looks at herself in the bathroom mirror. Even though she waited for Christen to finish in there first, the extra time hadn’t calmed the flush on her face and chest. She splashes some

more cold water on her face before she leaves, but it does little to cool her. There's still a heat thrumming through her veins at the thought of what just happened in Christen's bed.

The duvet on Christen's bed is still turned down at the corner and Tobin takes it as an invitation to slip in beside her.

"Hi." Christen greets once she's settled down on the pillow next to her.

"Hey." There's an anxious look on Christen's face and Tobin reaches out to rub at her arm. "You okay?"

"Was that okay? What happened?" Christen asks instead, her green eyes still nervously searching her own.

"Yeah, that was really okay. I liked it, Chris." A heat rushes up Tobin's neck again. "Like, a lot."

"Good." She replies and Tobin can see the tension leaving her body. "You know, it's just, important to take your time with your self-care routine."

Tobin grins at Christen's response. "You didn't mention that in the locker room."

A wide smile appears on Christen's face as she giggles. "Oh Gosh, I don't think Kelley is ever going to let me live that down."

"Well, I just wanted you to know. If you ever want a helping hand." Tobin waves one of her hands above the duvet. "Happy to help."

"Maybe you should take me for dinner first?"

"I can do that. Do you want to see what's open?" With a smirk, Tobin pretends to try reaching for her phone until Christen's hand swats at her.

"Not now, you dork." Christen's face becomes serious again, and Tobin thinks her hands might be playing with the edge of her shirt. "Come with me to LA and take me to dinner."

"After camp?" In response Christen gives her a nod, her eyes searching Tobin's face for a reaction. "I'd like that."

"Then it's a date?" Christen asks and Tobin realises she's trying to feel out the boundaries of this new step they've taken in their relationship.

Tobin pushes her elbow into the mattress and lifts herself onto her side properly. "Can I kiss you?"

Christen nods, lifting her hand to Tobin's cheek to pull her in.

With all the control she can muster, Tobin slowly presses her lips to Christen's. She had wanted to kiss her earlier in the night, but she also wanted *this*. She wanted their first kiss to be something deliberate and not just in the hot haze of sex. Tobin lets her tongue flick at

Christen's lips and she smiles at the taste of fresh mint and watermelon lip balm. Before either of them can deepen the kiss any further she pulls back an inch.

"Yeah, it's a date."

Tobin doesn't think she'll ever forget the smile that lights up Christen's face.

Chapter End Notes

Christen asked Tobin on a date. That counts as plot.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

It's finally here, the last chapter. Full of important plot and soul searching and strap ons and feelings and emoshuns and stuff.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Home, sweet home.” Christen announces as she leads Tobin into the small house.

Almost nobody at camp had batted an eye when Tobin announced her flight plans had changed or that she would be staying with Christen after camp was finished. It wasn't unusual for her to end up staying with the person she had just roomed with. Tobin had caught the narrowing of Pinoe's eyes as she looked between them though. She wondered how long the other woman would leave it until blowing up Tobin's phone with messages asking what was happening. Or worse, corner her on a group call with Ali and Ashlyn.

“The guest room is down the hall.” Christen offers as they drop their luggage in the main room.

Tobin's brow automatically furrows. She assumed she would be staying with Christen. “Oh?”

“I mean if you wanted it. My rooms here...” She replies, pointing to the first door. “I just didn't want to assume...”

“Of course. You wanted me to take you to dinner first.” Tobin nods solemnly trying desperately to keep her smile under control at Christen's sudden disappointed frown. She sits on the couch and pulls out her phone. “Guess I should start looking up places to take you tomorrow.”

Out of the corner of her vision she watched as Christen's eyes became almost comically larger. “Tomorrow?!”

“Figured we would just get takeout tonight. After a long flight.” Tobin shrugs, her smile still threatening to burst across her face.

“Takeout counts.” Christen replies firmly, her head nodding once.

It's finally too much for Tobin and she lets out a deep laugh.

“Oh my- Tobin!” Christen throws a pillow at her and Tobin just laughs harder. “I thought you were being serious.”

“I literally just flew across the country with you, yeah I’m staying in your room, Chris. Like, if that’s chill with you?” She makes sure to check, certain Christen’s answer was going to be yes.

“I guess I could take care of things myself for one more night. Until you take me to dinner.”

Tobin’s mouth drops open. “You said takeout counts!”

It’s Christen’s turn to laugh, and Tobin throws the cushion back at her.

“Now we’re even.” Christen smirks before making her way to the sofa. Tobin bites at her lip as Christen’s long legs fold on either side of her hips, straddling her lap. “I’m really happy you came with me.”

“So am I.” Tobin replies before leaning forwards to gently kiss the side of Christen’s neck. “Can’t believe we’re going to try this.”

“Us. Dating.” The words vibrate through Christen’s throat and Tobin pulls back to look her in the eyes. A smile tugs at the corner of Christen’s lips.

“Had you thought about it before? Or was it like a, I dunno, ‘oh that was pretty great, guess I could date her’ kinda thing?”

Christen’s brow creases, her eyes looking past Tobin as she clearly mulls over her answer.

“Both?” She finally replies. “I thought about you and I... Like, helping each other out. I just never thought either of us would make the first move. Having sex with you gave me the courage to ask I guess.”

“I thought about you too.” Tobin admits back, drawing another smile from Christen.

“But you want to try this too? Dating?”

It’s Christen turn to sound unsure, her green eyes clearly trying to judge Tobin’s answer from her expression.

“Yeah.” Tobin nods assuredly. “I really like you, Chris. Have for a while now.”

“I really like you too.” Christen confesses too, pausing for a moment to gently kiss Tobin. “For a while now.”

The admission makes Tobin’s heart flutter. She’s glad they’re on the same page. That Christen asking her on a date afterwards had meant something more than the sex to her too.

“Are we going to have to get Kelley a thank you card?” Tobin asks, breaking the heavy atmosphere of their conversation.

“Absolutely not.” Christen giggles, shaking her head. “She would like *never* let us forget it was her who started this.”

“I don’t know.” Tobin leans forwards to tug on Christen lip with her teeth teasingly. “I think you started it when you offered to touch yourself in front of me.”

The atmosphere becomes heavier for a whole other reason and a heat starts to pool between Tobin’s legs. Memories of their night at camp are still fresh in her mind. She can’t wait to make some more memories with Christen. Maybe right here on the couch for a start...

Tobin’s about to pull Christen forwards into what she was intending to be a searing kiss when her stomach interrupts. A loud grumble emits from between them making Tobin’s cheeks flush.

“Maybe we should eat first?” Christen offers. “There’s a Thai place that delivers pretty quick.”

Tobin groans as Christen swings her legs over her and stands up to retrieve her phone.

“I feel betrayed.”

“It’s fine. Can’t have you running on an empty stomach.”

They don’t immediately fall into bed after the food arrives. Tobin knows it’s mostly her fault. She hadn’t realised just how hungry she was until Christen had cracked open the first container.

It was nice though. Afterwards as Tobin’s stomach gurgled for the complete opposite reason from before, they sat on the couch together. Christen had quickly lain her head on Tobin’s lap, her legs curling up onto the sofa as they watched an old movie.

It gave Tobin the opportunity to run her fingers through Christen’s hair. Gave her time to truly study Christen without interruption or worrying she was going to get caught.

“I don’t think you saw a single bit of that movie.” Christen jokes suddenly.

Tobin jerks her head up, only to realise the movie had not only ended, but the credits were almost finished rolling too.

“I was watching something beautiful.”

“I knew you would be a charmer.” Christen reaches up to drag her finger over Tobin’s lip. “I’m going to shower. Then we can go to bed?”

“Tired?” Tobin isn’t necessarily disappointed they wouldn’t be having sex. She’s happy enough Christen will be there sleeping next to her in bed again.

Christen nods, a small yawn escaping her. “Travel days always leave me feeling beat.”

“I’ll do the dishes then jump in after you?” Tobin suggests. She knows it’s the right thing to say when Christen’s features soften at the offer.

“Definitely a charmer.”

The shower is possibly the best Tobin’s had in a while. The large shower head and multitude of body washes are everything she expected from the other woman.

She hopes she gets to experience it with Christen at least once before she leaves for Portland. The thought of Christen leaning against the tiled walls whilst Tobin falls to her knees... It has a heat settling low in Tobin’s stomach, a slickness threatening to start pooling between her legs. Tobin sighs at the images in her head and considers sliding her hand into her sleep shorts. Before she can contemplate the idea too much, she hears Christen moving about the bedroom and quickly buries the thought.

When Tobin does finally open the door, after splashing a handful of cold water on her face and focusing her breathing to bring her heart rate down, she almost falls over her own feet.

As it turns out bringing her heart rate down didn’t matter at all.

“I- I thought- thought you were tired?” Tobin stutters, the sight in front of her making it difficult to string her words together. Difficult to even *breathe*.

Christen shrugs. “The shower woke me up.”

When Tobin saw Christen step out of the en suite, she had been wearing a loose sleep shirt and sleep shorts.

Neither of those items were on her now.

Tobin gulps at the sight of Christen’s naked body. Her nipples already visibly erect, the little buds straining from Christen’s chest. Tobin let her eyes travel down the length of Christen’s body, her eyes drinking in every bit of skin on offer until they settled on the little patch of hair between Christen’s legs.

A moan tumbles out of her.

“Sorry, I got started without you.” Christen confesses, but Tobin doesn’t think she sounds in any way apologetic.

She can already see the smear of wetness between Christen’s thighs. Evidence of what she had been doing whilst Tobin was in the shower. Tobin’s so distracted by the exquisite vision of Christen’s body, she almost misses the items laid out on Christen’s bed.

“Fuck, Chris.” She breathes. Her heart is already threatening to pound right out of her chest, and she hasn’t even *touched* her yet.

“It came with this when I bought it.” Christen indicates to the purple ribbed dildo sitting next to harness on the bed. “Birthday present to myself.”

There’s heat travelling up Tobin’s neck, she can feel it spreading across her cheeks too as her whole body flushes with arousal.

“You’re really hot. You know that?” Tobin says, slowly making her way towards Christen. “You’re so fucking confident in what you want.”

When she’s close enough, Christen wraps her arms on Tobin’s shoulders. “And you want this too?”

Tobin nods quickly. Now she’s seen the strap on sitting on the bed, there isn’t a hope in hell she’s going to be able to think about anything else. She only bothered putting on sleep shorts and a shirt anyway, and she quickly discards them as Christen settles on her knees in front of her.

With a grin on her face, Christen reaches for the leather harness, twisting it in her hands to find the leg holes.

“Someone’s excited.” Christen notes. Tobin isn’t expecting what happens next and her eyes almost bulge out of her head when Christen places a kiss just above her slit. “Maybe later, hm?”

All Tobin can do is nod again. She’s fairly certain she just dripped onto the rug she’s standing on at the possibility of Christen’s mouth on her properly.

“Sorry. I haven’t actually used this before.” Christen mutters her fingers carefully threading the leather straps.

The backs of Christen’s knuckles brush against Tobin’s already soaking folds when she starts manipulating the leg straps into position. Tobin doesn’t miss the way she takes her bottom lip between her teeth. She doesn’t miss the way Christen deliberately moves her hand to ensure it brushes against her again either.

Once it’s secure enough, Christen pushes the toy through the hole in the front. Tobin groans at the feeling of Christen tightening the straps around her hips, the toy pushing back comfortably on her already over excited clit.

“Are you ready?” Tobin asks, her hand settling on the back of Christen’s head as she looks up at her from the floor.

“I had something in mind actually.” Christen replies. She holds her hand out for Tobin to take and help her to her feet.

Careful of the toy jutting out from her hips, Tobin leans forwards to kiss Christen. Her tongue brushes along Christen’s lower lip, drawing a moan from Christen who sinks forwards into her. The toy slips between her parted legs, pushing up into the crease of her legs.

Tobin’s about to grab Christen around the thighs. Maybe push her against the wall and slide straight into her. Maybe throw her back onto the bed-

Christen pulls away from the kiss, her cheeks red and flushed with arousal.

“Sit back and relax.” Christen orders lightly.

Not wanting to delay what's about to happen for a moment longer than necessary, Tobin quickly follows her instructions and scrambles onto the bed. Christen helps her move the comforter and pillows to the side, her own movements just as rushed as Tobin's.

The second Tobin sits back against the headboard, Christen swings her legs over her lap. Tobin's pretty sure her brain almost short circuits at the feeling of Christen's soft skin sliding against her own.

She watches Christen with her mouth slowly falling open when she immediately starts grinding against the toy. Tobin can't do anything other than reach out for her hips, her short nails digging into the skin there as Christen starts to draw her pleasure from her.

Every slide of Christen's body against her has the toy pushing back into her too. The base rubbing deliciously across her clit.

"You feel so good, Christen." She mutters, her eyes transfixed on Christen's folds spreading on the uneven shaft of the dildo.

"Fuck, I can't wait for you to be inside me."

"Then do it." Tobin gently demands, her eyes snapping up to meet Christen's darkened ones.

Christen pauses her grinding and grips onto Tobin's shoulders with her hands. With her lip caught between her teeth, she lifts herself up and Tobin watches as the tip comes to rest at her entrance. A groan tumbles out of Tobin when Christen lowers a hand to carefully direct the toy to her opening before sinking down.

"Fuck, Chris..." She gasps when Christen finally sits flush on her lap.

"I've thought about this before you know." Christen whispers before lightly rocking her hips once. "Thought about what it would be like to ride you."

"Yeah?" Tobin replies, and she can hear the husk of her voice.

Christen's hips roll again, the toy pushing against Tobin as she moves. "I thought about you wearing this so much."

"I thought about you too. About the noises you would make. About how wet you might get." Tobin leans forwards to take one of Christen's nipples in her mouth, her teeth light grazing the bud. In response Christen's hips buck forwards. "About how sensitive you might be."

Tobin takes one of Christen's nipples in her mouth fully, her tongue flicking over the hardened nub before she sucks it harshly. Not content with just one of them getting attention, Tobin kisses her way across Christen's chest to lavish affection on the other. The whole time, Tobin listens to Christen's moans as she continues manipulating her nipples with her mouth and tongue. It's not until they both stand reddened and wet on her chest that Tobin pulls away, satisfied with her work.

When Tobin settles herself back against the headboard, she watches Christen throw her head back and pick up her rocking pace. All Tobin can do is hold onto her waist, helping her move

as she starts weakly thrusting up into her.

“Yeah, fuck, like that Tobin.” Tobin tenses the muscles in her stomach, using them to help move her hips with more purpose. “Fuck!”

Christen leans her weight back on one arm. Her other hand finds its way to her nipple, tweaking at them in time to her rolling hips.

The new position gives Tobin a better view and she knows she would be content if she died right in this moment. She can see Christen's folds spreading with every thrust of the toy. She can see the way Christen's clit twitches every time her hips move away. She can see how *wet* Christen is, she can see the wetness spilling out and around the toy moving inside her.

Tobin reaches out for Christen's hand, pulling it down from her chest to rest between her legs. No words have to be exchanged for Christen's long fingers to start circling over her straining clit.

“Does that feel good, Christen? Touching yourself like this?” Tobin asks, her hands pulling Christen's hips down onto her to meet her own upwards thrusting. The bed starts to creak underneath them as Christen's hips pick up an even faster pace. Each drop onto Tobin's lap pushing the base of the toy into Tobin's aching clit.

"So good, so fucking good." Christen moans loudly. “Fuck, fuck, I'm going to-”

Christen's fingers start to stutter, her whole body shuddering as her orgasm visibly builds.

“Go on, Chris, let go baby.” Tobin encourages while she continues pressing the toy as deep as she can into Christen. “Let go for me.”

The arm Christen was previously using to lean back on wraps around Tobin's neck. Her whole body sitting up straight on Tobin's lap again.

“Tobin!”

With one final cry, Christen succumbs to her orgasm and all Tobin can do is watch in awe as it rocks through her. Green eyes clamp shut, her face scrunching in pleasure with the pulsing of her climax. Little gasps, and mutterings of barely formed words fall from Christen's lips and Tobin just wants *more*.

She keeps her hips moving, her only goal to prolong Christen's orgasm for as long as she can. She's so distracted by Christen, it strikes Tobin right at the last second that she's gasping for breath too.

“Fu- Fuck- I'm” Tobin can't finish her sentence. The stimulation of the toy pushing against her the whole time proves too much and suddenly her own orgasm tumbles through her.

She pushes her head against the coolness of Christen's bedroom wall, her eyes squeezing shut with the force of the climax pulsing through her.

It takes them a couple of minutes for their bodies to stop subconsciously moving together. When they do, Tobin weakly pulls at Christen until she's leaning close enough for Tobin to kiss her again.

"Did you just...?" Christen starts to ask breathlessly once she pulls back.

Tobin just blushes in response, this time with embarrassment rather than arousal.

"And you said I was hot." Christen smirks, kissing the side of Tobin's mouth.

"You. Are. Really. Fucking. Hot." With each word, Tobin presses a kiss to Christen's cheeks before finally settling on her mouth.

They continue kissing until Christen shifts uncomfortably on the toy still resting inside her. Tobin helps her maneuver herself off the dildo, carefully moving her hips back until the toy pops out.

"That was really fun." Tobin comments as she slides the leather straps down her legs.

"I was serious about the self-love comment. It's important to me. That's why-" Christen leans over the mattress and Tobin groans at the sight of her ass. She's so distracted she almost misses the sound of Christen sliding a box out from underneath the bed.

Curiously, Tobin follows Christen to look over the edge. As soon as she's on her stomach and laying next to her, Christen pulls the lid off.

"Wow." Tobin's not sure what else to say.

"Just a small collection." Christen smirks. "We don't have to use any of them if you're not into it."

"Oh, no. I'm-" Tobin can feel herself clenching at the sight of the box of toys suddenly laid out in front of her. "Trust me, I'm really into it."

"Cool. Then why don't you-" Christen trails her finger down Tobin's arm. "Take your pick."

Chapter End Notes

Okay, so maybe not that much plot, soul search or emoshuns and just more smut.

I started a new story that is plot based though. It's inspired by Warm Bodies, but I would described it as zombie lite? It's called Shell Suite, and I'll be updating it in the next few days.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!