

**MY OWN
WORST ENEMY**

Ladylumps - 3

T.G. Grump

1

My forefinger and thumb quivered as I lifted a piece of sushi to my lips, and gladly released their grip as my mouth took over the precarious task. Chewing, I smiled across the table at Rebecca. I wasn't sure how exactly I'd wound up here. Eating dinner at a fancy restaurant with Rebecca and her parents in their seaside hometown, was a far cry from taking the train back upstate to see my own parents, but I'd be damned if I let on that my usual course of action with sushi was to ask for a fork. I'd done a lot of pretending in my first college semester, and so far it had paid off for me. To my friends, I'm I was a little more polished, a little more mysterious, and a little more outgoing than I had been in high school. And it almost felt real. I just needed to keep it up, and eventually, it *would* be real. That's what I told myself.

Rebecca's phone buzzed face-down against the table and shifted slightly. She slid it gently to the edge of the table with a single slender finger, her blue nails glittering under the restaurant's dim lights. She glanced down at her screen and the corner of her mouth pulled upward into a mischievous smile. Tossing her dark hair gracefully over one shoulder, she leaned across the table to show me a picture.

"Look at that *outfit*" she giggled. It was a picture our friend Eleanor with her family. Normally Ellie was, well, I don't want to say *slutty*, but her outfits left little to the imagination, and were often a topic of discussion behind her back. We'd had our fair share of laughs at her expense, but this photo was hardly the Eleanor we knew. Gone were her too-small crop tops, tight skirts and dark makeup, and in their place was a plain, dumpy girl with a bun and an oversize sweater. Rebecca's eyes glittered with amusement. I cracked a grin as she pulled her phone back across the table, angled slightly so that her parents could not see the screen. I guessed Ellie's parents didn't approve of her usual attire. Or maybe they didn't know. Poor Ellie just couldn't win with us. But I didn't really feel too bad about it. It was all in good fun, and of course, what she didn't know couldn't hurt her.

"So Alex, Where are you from?" Rebecca's kind-faced father made eye contact with me from across the table.

"uh— Eastvale." I said.

"Oh! Eastvale. We have some friends there" Rebecca's mother piped in from my right. "Lovely town. Lovely people."

"Definitely" I said, forcing a smile. "It's nice to get out and see some new places though."

“So you’ve been enjoying your first year at Dudley?” Her father asked

“Oh yeah.” I said. “I never really got out of town much as a kid, so it’s really cool to be going to a big school and uh, meeting new people and all that.” I trailed off and turned my attention back to my sushi. Hopefully they wouldn’t ask me anything else about Eastvale, seeing as I didn’t actually live there. It wasn’t a *huge* lie, I actually lived a couple towns over in Burnt Ridge, but Eastvale was the wealthiest, and prettiest area nearby, and I didn’t want Rebecca’s parent’s to think I was just... well... I didn’t know what they’d think of me, so I just went for a safe option.

It was dark in the backseat of Rebecca’s folks’ minivan as we drove from the restaurant back to their house. Rebecca and I had spent the entire ride to the restaurant bent over her phone, so the darkness was disorienting. I didn’t even have a good idea of how long it would take to get back to her house. Of course, I’d been to friends houses before, but this felt entirely new and alien. Not only was Rebecca a *girl*, but we weren’t on campus, or even anywhere nearby anyplace I knew. I felt unmoored.

“Okay. So. When we get back, movie, popcorn, facial. It’s gonna be a proper sleepover.” Rebecca grinned at me, briefly illuminated as we passed a sheet light. I smiled back, glad that it was too dark for her to see my cheeks flush. It was kind of fun getting to do girly stuff with her. Maybe that’s what I’d been missing in my high school friendships. We were always shooting each other with nerf guns or playing competitive video games in Gabe’s basement. The thing I liked about Rebecca was that she didn’t act like any of this was weird. If my high school buddies had found out that had a sleepover at a girl’s house and got a facial, they’d probably have called me a fag.

Rebecca’s place was expansive. It had once been a colonial home that had been more recently renovated and turned into a split level. The two of us had free reign of the downstairs, as Rebecca’s parents seem to evaporate as soon as we returned to the house. I found myself lounging on the cozy living room couch as Rebecca searched the cabinet under the big TV for a suitable movie. It took her a while to find one, and I wasn’t complaining. It was nice in here. the room was dimly lit by the glow from the gas fireplace, and I couldn’t help but watch as the light played off her body, bent over at the waist. She had dressed casually tonight, and now that she had shed her faux leather jacket, Her lean shoulders were exposed, framed by a deep red camisole and a pair of soft black leggings under which I could just make out the lines of her panties. She turned to me, a DVD case in hand.

“This one okay?” she asked. “It’s romance, but I don’t think it’ll be *too* girly for you.”

“Yeah.” I said without looking. I hoped she hadn’t noticed my eyes dart when she had turned. Rebecca and I were *friends*. Good friends, but not romantic. *She invited me here as a friend*, I reminded myself. *Stop staring at her ass, Alex.*

While the pre-movie trailers rolled, Rebecca went to the kitchen, and I could hear popcorn popping. When she returned, it was with a flourish that sent stray kernels scattering across the floor. Rebecca plopped herself down next to me. Very close. So close that our thighs were touching. She tossed her hair again, and I could smell her sweet aroma. I wondered if it was perfume, or laundry detergent, or... just her natural scent. If it was either of the former, I wondered if I could manage to get my hands on any. To be honest I was tired of the stinky men's deodorant I picked up at the local drugstore, and I'd never had the money to mess with cologne.

"Did I miss anything?" Rebecca asked

"Nah. Just some old trailers."

"Awesome." She turned to me, smiling, firelight glinting off her glossy lips. with a graceful swoop, She reached into my lap, and then lifted a single popcorn kernel to her mouth.

You're friends, I reminded myself. *Just friends*. the feeling of her thigh against mine was almost painful in its impossibility to push from my mind. We'd never sat this close together at school. and certainly never alone. *You're just friends. Be cool Alex. Be cool.*

2

“So what kind of porn do you like?”

It was now quite late. The movie had ended, and the two of us had taken to our laptops. I was fiddling idly with a game while Rebecca scrolled endlessly through her photos, occasionally asking my opinion. I didn't study photography, but I planned to minor in art, so I did my best to give what sounded like informed opinions with regards to composition and lighting, but mostly they were just hot. Our friend Chis had a camera, and would often drag our group on photo-gathering expeditions where he'd have us pose and stand around in the various brick-laden environments our college campus had to offer. Rebecca had all of these photos and more on her laptop, it looked like, but her focus was primarily the photos featuring herself, and occasionally me. She had told me she was compiling some of our best photos with the selfies we'd taken today for a Facepage post. A pretty innocent activity, but I could tell that she had been gradually losing interest, and expected her to suggest a new topic soon. What I didn't expect was to suddenly, and so directly be questioned about my porn consumption habits. I froze.

“Um.” I avoided Rebecca's eyes and watched helplessly as my game character was impaled on a spike. “Just like... regular stuff.” I said, hovering my mouse over the “try again” button. “Nothing um. Too weird.” I could feel Rebecca's gaze on me. My cheeks were hot. Slowly I lifted my eyes.

“Sorry. I didn't mean to overstep—“ She said smiling. “Just something I like to talk about with my girlfriends. I mean porn. It's like... so weird, right?” I forced a laugh.

“Yeah. Like, couldn't you hire better actors?” Rebecca giggled.

“Not to mention the *writers!*” My mouse continued to hover over the “Try Again” button. Rebecca was expecting me to say something, but I didn't know what it should be. Usually with a group of friends I could kind of sense what someone was trying to get me to say. Usually I'd say it. That had worked well for me up until this point, but right now, in this dimly lit room, with Rebecca sitting so close to me, I couldn't have felt more alone, and helpless. What did she want me to say? “Personally I like feminist porn.” She said. “You know, where like, there's consent, and well, it's made more for the woman's pleasure. And— I'm not *gay* but like lesbian porn has, higher production value. It's just undeniable.” I struggled to keep my mouth from falling open.

Girls watched porn? I mean, I knew they did. Obviously, but to hear it coming out of her mouth was really something else. “I’m sure you’ve watched some lesbian porn. I hear a lot of guys are into that too.” My face turned beet red.

“I-I Guess, yeah I’ve probably seen bit.” I had seen a bit. A bit more than a bit, to be exact. Rebecca leaned closer, a lock of her dark hair brushing the side of my laptop screen

“D’you wanna watch some porn?” I stopped breathing. My heart hammered. “Not to like— get off, but just to laugh at it?” My throat felt tight. I didn’t know if I could handle something like that. What would she say if I popped a boner? Would she notice? Who was I kidding. The mischievous girl next to me on the couch was a stranger. I didn’t know what would happen next. *I should say no.* I thought to myself. *It’s too risky.* But I couldn’t choke out the words.

“here, let’s see...” In a single fluid motion, Rebecca playfully snatched my laptop from me and slid to the thickly carpeted floor, where she stretched out on her stomach and kicked her legs joyfully. “Pornbub...” she said, typing.

“Oh I— I don’t have wi-fi here, we’re gonna have to use your—“

“I’ll log you in.” Rebecca retorted cheerfully. *Shit. Does Pornbub have recommended videos on the homepage?* I couldn’t remember. I sure hoped not. “Oho my God” Rebecca chuckles, her eyes glittering brightly in the glow from my laptop. My heart dropped out of my chest and through the floorboards.

“W-what?” I asked, breathlessly as I scrambled from the couch to the floor. Rebecca slid the laptop across the carpet and and slightly out of my reach. I could see the results now. Pornbub *did* have recommendations on the home page and now probably the best friend I’d made in my first semester of college was learning all about my shameful kinks. *It’s too late. You’re going to have laugh it off, or... or say your roommate stole your laptop... or say you have a virus—*

“I make you wear my panties P.O.V.” *oh god.* She was *reading* the titles. My words evaporated from my mouth. “Dress-Up with Mistress Minerva?” The pitch of her voice rose slightly as she became more excited. “Sissy training? *Bodyswap with Step-sister?* Oh. My. God.” Rebecca swung her head around, her face alight with mirth. “I had no idea you were into such *kinky* stuff, Alex! Why was she talking so loud? I glanced up at the ceiling, and back to her.

“*Shh*” I whispered. It was too late to try to explain myself. I was definitely red enough that trying to pass this off as someone else’s porn would be laughable.

“Oh, don’t worry about my parents.” Rebecca said, dismissively. “They’re heavy sleepers, and they’re alllll the way on the other side of the house. But *seriously.* I didn’t peg you

for a *sub!* and all this feminization stuff— do you want to *be* a girl?” I hadn’t moved from my half crawling position on the floor since she’d turned around. I felt like I’d been turned to stone.

“I- No! I’m a guy. I just— I don’t know why I’m into it, it’s just interesting to me I guess.” I said, slowly arranging myself into a sitting position. As I shifted I felt a familiar tightness in my jeans, and quickly lifted one knee and folded my arms attempting to hide the bulge in my pants. *No, Alex! This isn’t the time. Stop it.* I willed my arousal to cease. Hell, I willed that my penis were gone entirely. I’d never been so embarrassed in my life.

“Maybe it’s more about the clothes, then.” Rebecca mused. I guess I *have* noticed you looking at my things when you’re in my room, but I figured that was just... hormones.” I stared at my hands. I couldn’t meet her eyes.

“I’m sorry.”

“Hey.” Rebecca pivoted and took me by the shoulder. Suddenly she was inches from my face. I expected anger in her eyes, If I had been her in that moment, I probably would have felt violated. I’d betrayed her trust by looking at her stuff— but what I saw in her dark eyes was sympathy. “It’s okay, Alex. I don’t judge *anybody*. You know that.” I nodded slowly, the loud rushing of blood in my ears beginning to ease. “I’m sorry I looked at your porn without asking. with my girlfriends, it’s just something we do. There’s no judgment. I mean, my best friend from high school gets turned on by *carpentry!*” Rebecca giggled, and released my shoulder. Was that what I was to her? A girlfriend? Something about that idea lodged itself in my brain. Was that so bad?

“It’s okay, just... Please don’t tell anyone Rebecca.” my voice sputtered out of me in pitiful bursts.

“Of course not! I would never. You’re my best friend.” I felt myself choke up. We’d been calling each other our best friends since nearly day one of college after we hit it off during orientation. Someone in our group had mistaken us for twins, and in some unspoken agreement we’d played into it. We both had dark hair and slight builds. A sparse smattering of freckles. To the untrained eye we did look like we could have been related, and pretending to be twins for the first couple days before classes began had brought us close enough to learn that we had a lot more in common than just our looks. We played the same games, enjoyed the same books, art, and jokes and found our sophomore RA Bennie Michaelson hilarious. The similarities went on, and so we’d taken to calling each other best friends, but to a certain extent, that had all felt like a game to me. I’d never really confided in Rebecca before, at least not with anything big, or extremely truthful, and I hadn’t gotten the impression that she had really done that for me either. This... This time it felt honest.

“Thank you.” I said, looking down. I shifted again. My stupid penis was still at half-mast.

“Hey.” Rebecca was looking dead at me again. the corner of her mouth hinted at a smile. “Maybe...” She was speaking much more quietly now, and I could practically hear her brain humming. She bit her lip, and I felt my member jerk slightly more upright. “Never mind.” She looked away.

“What?” my voice was hoarse. Barely a whisper, and it had come from me almost unbidden. As if she’d drawn it from me.

“Maybe we could watch...” she turned to my laptop again and scrolled down a few rows. “um. ‘I make you dress up in my clothes J.O.I.’” My heart pounded rhythmically in my ears. “And maybe you could dress up in *my* clothes.” Her voice was barely a whisper now. my chest hummed. I struggled to move my lips, and when my voice came out it was strangled.

“I thought... you just wanted to watch porn to like... laugh at it.” I mean she’d suggested a J.O.I video for gods sakes. How was I going to sit through a jerk-off instructional and not... jerk off? And... *in her clothes?* was she serious? The thought of it sent tingles through my fingertips. I’d thought about it before. Wearing her clothes. Only a few times, late at night, when my roommate was out partying. Those weren’t my proudest moments, but the idea had lodged itself firmly in my mind.

“Yeah, I mean, at first. That’s what I’m used to doing with my girlfriends, but I can see I got you a bit... *flustered*, and maybe it could be... Kind of *fun* to help you out with that? Plus we’re already practically twins. You might even look good.” My mouth dropped slightly open in shock. She was *serious*. And there was that word again. *Girlfriend*. I teetered at the edge of the precipice. Silently the looming figure of Rebecca beckoned me to step forward.

“I... I dunno” I said, flushing.

“C’mon, I can tell you want to. Don’t you?” I felt as though I’d floated outside of my body and was only watching as a stranger nodded and breathed “I do.”

The next thing I knew my hand was in hers and we were tip-toeing breathlessly up the stairs. Rebecca had my laptop, still open, dangling precariously from her right hand. The blue light from the screen danced erratically on the walls as we ascended the stairs.

