

A Best Friend's Touch

by secretsoftluna

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Oh, my dear Helga, you are much too pleasant for your own good," Rowena told her friend with a sly grin.

"How do you know my thoughts are not as awful as those that the rest of you harbour?" Helga demanded with feigned resentment.

"Oh, I know you too well to believe such a thing."

"You're so sure you know everything, dear Rowena."

"That is not true," Rowena reprimanded. "I am simply sure of the things I do know. And if I knew everything there would be nothing to live for. Life, after all, is nothing more than a pursuit of knowledge."

"And what about adventure, friendship, love and desire?"

"We long to know those things, and how they feel," Rowena said simply, and Helga chuckled. Rowena raised an eyebrow. "Why are you laughing at me?"

"Because you've only philosophised this to me a *thousand* times, my dear."

"Then why do you encourage me?" Rowena asked with annoyance.

"Perhaps I'm crueller than you believed."

"Hmm," Rowena pondered. "Maybe there's hope for you after all, then."

Helga grinned and then sighed as her friend ran a brush through her long, golden hair. It was a soothing feeling, and she enjoyed the intimacy of the act. She enjoyed being in Rowena's room, too. Everything about it was so lush and soothing. Her furnishings were home to ornaments and scrolls from many lands, things she had collected during travels. Many of them from journeys she had taken with Salazar.

"Rowena?"

"Yes, Helga?"

"Is Salazar a good lover?"

Rowena blinked, momentarily surprised at Helga's sudden curiosity, not to mention uncharacteristic frankness.

"If he weren't, my dear, would I continue to oblige him?" she replied cleverly.

"Perhaps," Helga mused. "If you love him. And I have always assumed that you do."

"Yes, I do love Salazar," Rowena said softly. "And, yes, he is an incredible lover."

"I would like to have someone like that," Helga carried on, her voice growing quiet. "I do not possess your worldliness or experience, though. Hiding in corners, blushing and sticking myself between you and Godric whenever we're amongst people it's not the best tactic for attracting men, is it?"

"Especially since most of them think Godric is your lover," Rowena mentioned with a soft laugh.

"They do not!" Helga gasped.

"Of course they do," Rowena said, brushing Helga's hair again. "After all, you said it yourself: you cling to him when we're out. With Salazar at my side, people conclude that you and Godric are intimates."

"Oh, just the sound of it is offensive," Helga pouted. "I've never even had the slightest inclination towards Godric, and here he is ruining all my chances."

Rowena laughed again. "When did you become so interested in intimacy, my dear Helga?"

"Oh, perhaps always," Helga answered. "I enjoy the feeling of being close to someone. Recently, I've longed for more, though."

"Hm, perhaps I could loan you Salazar," Rowena murmured.

"Rowena!" Helga exclaimed, scandalised. "To even jest such a thing!"

"I was being perfectly serious, Helga," Rowena explained. "And, I'm sure Salazar would be willing."

"I hardly know Salazar," Helga said, blushing.

"So you would rather feel intimacy with someone you know well?" Rowena noted quietly.

"Well, at least someone who isn't quite so mysterious," Helga clarified. "But, yes, I would very much want it to be someone I love dearly."

Rowena was quiet for a moment. Then she put down the brush and combed Helga's long tresses with just her fingers. She leaned in more closely to her friend and looked into her blue eyes for a moment, before dropping her gaze to her lips.

"Do you love me dearly?" she asked.

Helga's breath stopped short and perhaps her heart skipped a few beats, too, as she sat stunned at the sudden proposition. She could trust that Rowena was perfectly serious; she knew she only had to so much as nod her assent and her raven-haired best friend would kiss her, touch her and teach her the ways of intimacy.

It was impulse, of course, that would decide for her. Because there was no appeal to logic when Rowena was lingering so close, her thick lashes fluttering above those deep, blue eyes, her thick waves of hair falling around her face. And then there was the iridescence And then there was the iridescence of her skin, glowing in the dim light, her heat, and her scent, like ginger flower.

"Yes, I love you dearly," Helga murmured, hardly believing the meaning of the words that had so easily slipped past her lips.

Rowena did not hesitate, nor did she move suddenly. Her hand drifted softly up to Helga's face, where she held her and drew her in to a sensuous kiss. Rowena parted Helga's lips with her tongue, and Helga found her heart was beating wildly as she met it with her own tongue, and soon they were wrapped up in a slow, passionate kiss.

Helga's mind whirled as she felt Rowena's nimble fingers undoing the laces on the front of her dress, and then felt a rush of the warm air around them gliding across her skin as the garment was tugged free of her upper body. It fluttered down and pooled around her waist. She felt self-conscious for a moment, but Rowena smiled, unhooking the back of her own dress and pulling it downwards, fully, so her entire body was exposed.

Helga's eyes rested on Rowena's magnificent figure. Her curves were so smooth. Out of some instinct previously unknown to Helga, she reached out to Rowena and ran her hands along her side, down to her hips, before kissing her softly on the lips. Rowena gave a soft sigh, and Helga felt herself being guided onto her back.

Rowena's hand glided across Helga's stomach and then up to her breast. She began to massage her gently, her thumb slowly circling the nipple, causing Helga to give a slight whimper as she felt a churning desire grow within her. Rowena pulled her lips away, and travelled down, caressing Helga's heated skin, down to her other breast, which she stopped and ran her tongue along, as she continued to massage the first.

Rowena took Helga by the wrist and guided her hand towards her breast, encouraging her to reciprocate Rowena's own movements. Helga gazed at Rowena as a strand of her dark hair fell past her shoulder, before obliging to Rowena's desires and massaging her softly. Helga trailed kisses along Rowena's neck and across her shoulder, as Rowena moved her hand down between Helga's thighs, slipping her fingers within her, finding her hot and wet.

Rowena trailed more wet kisses across Helga's chest as she began to slide her fingers inside her, massaging her and pushing her into a euphoric state. Helga let out stifled moans amidst her heavy breaths, and she began to writhe under Rowena's gentle and knowing touch.

Rowena leant into her mouth again, kissing her and pulling her towards her, drawing soft murmurs from her lips while Helga ran her fingers along Rowena's curves and across her back. Rowena settled into a steady rhythm that seemed to bring the most pleasure to Helga, pushing her closer to her climax, in the meantime, combing her hair again with her other hand and laying soft kisses on her face.

Helga's toes curled into the sheets and her legs tensed as she arched her back and clung to Rowena's body. She was sweaty and panting and moaning, and she didn't believe she'd been so hot in all her life. She felt herself arrive at the breaking point, and she was held there for a few seconds before her climax spilled over her, and her body wilted back against the bed.

She let out a deep breath and kissed Rowena's lips in thank you.

"That was... beautiful," she murmured, still hot and flushed.

"You're beautiful," Rowena said softly.

"Thank you," Helga told her, brushing a strand of hair from Rowena's face.

"It was my pleasure."

"And what about you?" Helga asked unsurely, biting her lip.

"Don't worry about it, my dear," Rowena said simply. "I'll have Salazar take care of me tonight."

Helga gave a soft laugh.

"I hear he's a good lover."

"You should give him a try, sometime."

The two women laughed again, and Rowena smiled, leaning over and giving Helga one last kiss.

"Am I dear to you, Rowena?"

"More so than anyone else," she replied simply.

And so, pulling back on their dresses, Rowena continued to brush Helga's hair in companionable silence while the former woman wondered what other secret's her best friend might be hiding. After all, Rowena never claimed to know *everything*.