

My Dork (Liley)

Straight to my Heart

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Our first time was on my 18th birthday...

MY DORK
STRAIGHT TO MY HEART

LILEY

Oneshot

Our first time was on my 18th birthday.

She drove me crazy that night. She still does. But that was just... incredible. A night filled with pure lust and love. She made me scream and moan all night, wanting it to never end. She had been ready way before me, but I wanted to wait.

I knew I loved her, but I just didn't feel like it.

Of course we were lucky daddy didn't catch us. I think he might have killed Lilly right then and there. Or he himself had died of a heartattack. Lilly's mom went out on a business-trip, leaving Lilly alone with the house. Her brother went off to collage two years ago and he didn't plan on visiting.

So we made ourselves comfortable and... I knew I wanted it then. I had been waiting, too. Waiting for the right moment. And it was all worth it. She was so patient with me, but I knew she didn't mind to wait. As the night came, she wanted it as badly as I did. Sometimes I wonder if my dad really is okay with me and Lilly being together. He always invites his friends and their sons over and they accidentally leave me alone with them. I hate that. He knows I only love Lilly, but he still won't accept it.

I wonder who I would choose, when someone made me decide between daddy and Lilly. I think I'd choose her. She's just always been there for me. Kissed me like nobody else ever could. She is the one girl I can see myself getting married with.

We've been together for almost four years now and it has been quite the journey. We've been through so much. Coming out to my dad, to her parents, to Oliver. He

wasn't really that happy. I know he had feelings for Lil back then and it broke his heart.

"Oliver, hey. We have something to tell you.", Lilly held Miley's hand close to her body. She was twitching and worrying and Miley knew exactly what she was feeling and why. Oliver was their best friend. They wanted him to approve.

"Sure, whatever.", he wasn't paying attention, just staring at some girl's ass. Lilly huffed angrily and turned to Miley, who didn't look all too happy, either. She wrapped her free, right hand around Lilly's arm and kicked Oliver's back. He jumped. "What?! Can't you see how busy I am?!"

Lilly scoffed.

"Alright. We won't tell you then. You just have to figure it out yourself. I won't tell you that Miley and I are together and that we're madly in love with each other.", Oliver dropped his drink then. He looked up from the girl's ass and met Lilly's angry stare.

"You... You are what?!", he stared.

"Oh, now you care. You heard me. Miley and I are in love with each other. We're together and very happy.", Lilly's grip tightened slightly and she pulled Miley a little bit closer. Oliver's face wasn't really angry. He was just staring at them, like Lilly had just announced, she wanted to be more like Amber and Ashley and wanted to get her nose done right.

A minute or two later the message seemed to settle in. Oliver was the first person they told. Miley was beyond nervous about his reaction. She wanted to know what he thought first. He was her best male friend, after all.

His face contorted in disgust and Miley's heart dropped into her stomach.

"You two can't be serious!", he raised from his chair and grabbed Lilly's shoulders. "Lilly, come on! You can't be in love with Miley!" He let go of her. "Oh, this is so wrong." Slowly backing away from them, he grabbed his drink and made a repulsed face.

Lilly stepped forward, she was seething with rage. Miley could feel it. The heat her body sent off, how her eyes grew dark. But they were cold and hard, standing out against the rest of her. Miley felt herself shiver with anticipation and arousal. Why she found it attractive, how Lilly protected her relationship with such fury, she didn't know.

But it was something hot about Mad Lilly.

"No, Oliver! Nothing is wrong about this! About us!", Lilly let go of Miley and grabbed the collar of Oliver's orange shirt. Oliver was staring into her blazing eyes and sweat was quickly forming on his forehead. Lifting him up in the air, she whispered. Miley couldn't understand them.

She got closer, stroked Lilly's back with her left hand and motioned for her to let Oliver down. He was dropped on the ground and Lilly turned to Miley, smiling slightly. Miley's hand found Lilly's yet again and she gave her a quick peck.

"I honestly don't know what you find wrong with this, Oliver.", Miley whispered against Lilly's face but knew that he could hear them. He looked at the ground, defeated. "Hey, come on. Lilly didn't mean it like that. She's sometimes just a little too protective. Well,

most of the time."

Lilly rolled her eyes, but Miley just crouched down next to Oliver and smiled at him, wanting to make him feel comfortable again. Smiling shyly in return, he nodded, still a little bit scared, and got back on his feet. Lilly was still looking at him with a stern look, but melted, when she felt Miley's hand on her back yet again. Oliver shuffled his feet.

"I'm sorry.", he looked like an unruly child, apologizing to his parents for breaking the new, expensive vase. "I... I just need some time getting used to this, okay? I- I didn't mean to be so rude and mean. I just really didn't expect you two to end up together, you know?"

And at last, Lilly smiled. She punched Oliver's shoulder, even if a little harder than usual, and laughed at him for making such a fuss about nothing. But Miley still couldn't shake the feeling that Oliver liked her girlfriend as more than just a best friend.

But she didn't say anything.

After that he sulked for about a week. I don't blame him. His pride was bruised and he needed time to adjust to the idea. Telling him meant we wanted to go out with him. Me and Lilly being a couple, meaning he could be the fifth wheel.

That all got better after he got himself a nice girlfriend. In fact, he asked Saint Sarah to go out with him. She didn't feel for him like that, being in love with my brother Jackson for years on end, but they grew pretty close after the disaster Oliver called their first date.

Right after that he met Becca Weller. Everybody knew that she liked him, only god knows why, and he gave it a shot. A pretty good one, I might add. Maybe he wasn't into my Lilly all that much anymore anyway or Becca blew away the rest of his little attraction.

In the end, I was just glad.

My relationship with Oliver had been a little strained since I started dating Lilly, but because of Becca he warmed up to me again. I was even more happy when he politely and officially apologized to me just after my 17th birthday. Lilly just wanted to grab me a drink and I was alone.

Oliver stumbled through the room. Miley could already see him from across it, but didn't move to avoid him. Even though their bond was icy and a little stiff, he was still a very good and one of her closest friends. She figured he was just mad, because he never got to call the blonde tomboy Lillypad, or something stupid and unnecessary like that.

He smiled a little and she smiled back. It wasn't at all forced this time.

"Hey, Miles. Uhm... Just wanted to say hi and... yeah, okay.", he blushed a little and she giggled. She could also see Becca. The brunette girl grinned into her glass, then turned back to Sarah and their conversation. Most likely about polar bears or the dieing rain forest.

"What's going on, Ollie? You already said hi and you even hugged me.", that surprised her though. He never hugged her anymore. Oliver shrugged, looked around again, probably searching for a sign from Lilly, and then exhaled deep.

"Right, sorry. Uhm, I just wanted to tell you, how sorry I am about being a dick this last

few month. I know I don't deserve your forgiveness, but I truly am sorry.", he fiddled with his fingers, his gaze fixed on the ground. Miley patted his arm.

"It's okay, Oliver. No damage done. I know it wasn't all that easy for you and I am sorry, too.", even though she didn't know exactly why, she felt the need to express that she truly was sorry, too. So she grabbed his shoulders and pulled him into a bone crushing hug.

He didn't hesitate a second, pulled her even closer, nearly crushing her chest.

"Hey, Oken. Hands off my girl.", Miley giggled at Lilly's antics, stepping away from her best friend and getting dragged into Lilly's warm side. She held two cups of beer in her hands and glared at Oliver, who merely grinned and shrugged his shoulders.

"It was her fault, Lils! She grabbed me first!", he raised his hands in surrender, but Lilly just snorted and rolled her eyes. She kissed Miley's temple, put the cups away and drew her free arm around the brunette, too. Oliver sniggered.

"Miles would never do such a thing. She loves me too much.", Lilly using her baby voice made Miley roll her eyes this time and drag Lilly away from a laughing Oliver. Lilly waved her fist at Oliver. She stopped however, feeling Miley's lips press against her own.

Everyone at the party knew about them. She could do that. She could kiss Lilly. And boy, did she take advantage of that. She shoved Lilly against the wall, bringing her hands to Lilly's waist and pinning her there. The blonde tomboy didn't seem to mind at all.

And I still remember my dad. He was so mad at me that night. I don't even know why me kissing Lilly made him that angry. I can't imagine how strong his disgust must have been for him to burst out like that. In front of all those people.

I would have cried, but Lilly protected me. She always protects me. My little tomboy. She always stands up for me, makes me smile and laugh and feel like the most important person in the world. She always tells me how I am the center of her whole world and how she could never love anyone as much as she loves me. And that makes me happy.

And that overshadows my dad and his look on things. He is not important. He is my dad, but he can't control my life like that. And he certainly won't get an invite to my wedding, if he continues to act like that around Lilly.

Miley pushed even harder against her, drawing the outlines of Lilly's lips with her tongue. Lilly moaned, grabbing Mileys face and kissing her back with equal passion, opening her mouth for Miley's tongue. The room seemed to spin and she felt drunk. Kissing Lilly like this always had that kind of effect on her.

Their mouths still firmly pressed together, neither Lilly nor Miley noticed Robbie Ray coming down the stairs of the Stewart household. He stopped dead in his tracks, seeing his Baby Girl engaged in such a passionate and obvious kiss with this girl he knew as his second daughter.

Of course he knew about their relationship, but he never imagined them doing... doing that! He gritted his teeth, suddenly angry at himself for tolerating this sin under his roof. His anger grew even more, as he saw Lilly's hands slip down Miley's back and into the back pockets of Miley's jeans.

He elbowed his way through the crowd of Miley's friends and stopped right behind his daughter and her lesbian friend. Lilly's eyes were shut tight, her mouth moving fast and strong. Miley moaned and Robbie Ray's eye twitched. He politely cleared his throat, although he felt like shouting.

Miley parted from Lilly's lips, panting slightly. Flushed cheeks and slightly bruised lips. She smiled at a dazed Lilly, removed the hands of the blonde tomboy and turned smiling. Her smile faltered. Now she felt embarrassed, because her father had witnessed the intense make-out session with her more than turned on girlfriend.

"Uhm, daddy... hi. How long have you been standing there?", she smiled sheepishly, but he didn't move, just stared and crossed his arms over his chest. Never a good sign. She knew that out of experience. Lilly straightened and blushed a deep shade of red.

"Long enough.", his voice was strong and cold and a few heads turned. They had never seen Robbie Ray Stewart this angry. "I think we need to talk, young lady. This... this phase has to end." Grounding his teeth his gaze turned to a very perplexed Lilly. "And I think you need to leave. For good."

Miley's heart stopped.

"Daddy, you can't do this.", her voice was merely a whisper and stood against his anger with clear fright. "I love Lilly, you can't do that to me. I thought you were okay with us." It seemed everyone was looking at them now. Every head was turned in their direction. Listening.

They all came here to celebrate Miley's birthday. And they were all okay with Miley and Lilly being an item. So why couldn't her father be, too? Lilly took Miley's hand and his cold gaze found the blonde girl once again with fury.

"Don't touch her, you freak. I don't want you around my daughter anymore. Get out of my house and don't come back.", but Lilly didn't move an inch. If ever, she moved even more into Miley, tightening her grip and gritting her teeth at the man.

"I will not leave Miley and you won't make me. You will not take her away from me. Not after I fought so hard to get her.", Robbie Ray shook, but Lilly wasn't scared. And Miley knew this searing fury. It was the same with which she had regarded Oliver, as they had told them about their relationship.

But now it was even stronger.

"Don't push it, Truscott. Be grateful I only tell you to and don't make you.", he took a step towards them and Miley made one back, but Lilly still didn't move. She stood in front of Miley, let go of her hand, stepping closer to the man she once knew to be loving and accepting.

Miley grabbed Lilly's arm. She didn't want them to fight.

"Well, come on. Make me. I'm not afraid of you. I won't leave my Miley.", Miley's breath hitched and she gripped Lilly's arm even harder. Lilly's body was on fire, her muscles clenching and unclenching under Miley's grip.

Robbie Ray growled and stepped into Lilly's face.

"Come on, dad. This is ridiculous and you know it. You can't keep them away from each other.", Jackson put his hand on his father's chest and pushed him back. He had a tired look on his face, winked at Lilly and Miley and dragged his father away from his sister.

Miley stared after him. Her heart still didn't feel like it beat at all anymore, but as Lilly took her into her arms and rocked her slightly and gently, she felt it again. It beat only for her. And her father couldn't stop that. She buried her nose in Lilly's shoulder and

inhaled the heavenly scent of her girlfriend.

When I met my dad the next morning, he apologized to me. He was really sorry about his behavior, but our relationship just hasn't been the same since then. I still don't really trust him around Lilly and sometimes he casts her dirty looks. I don't like it.

And because of that I'm mostly over at Lilly's. Her mother and father are wonderful and I am really grateful that Lilly's mom lets me stay with my girlfriend. And even though Lilly's dad doesn't live with them, Lilly and I spend a lot of time with him. He's a really nice man. If not a little clumsy and messy.

Lilly inherited that from him. She's my little dork, always putting her foot into her mouth or falling on the sidewalk because she tripped over a stone. But she wouldn't be my Lilly if she didn't. Besides, I can live with a little mess around me. Sometimes we clean her room together.

It's much more fun like that anyway. Especially when I get to clean her afterward, too, because she got all dusty and dirty. I get to shower with her, at least when her mom isn't at home and that's a really big reward for cleaning her room.

When I first met Lilly, I didn't think we could ever be friends. She was everything I was not. She was a tomboy, I was overly girly at that time. She liked to skate and surf and do sports, I hated sports except dancing. And Lilly looked like she couldn't dance for her life.

Then there was her attitude. She was cocky, dorky and loved to be loud and at times obnoxious. I was very quiet and kept mostly to myself. I shut myself off from the world after my mother died. To sum it up, we were totally different. Like two sides of a magnet.

And just like that, we were drawn to each other.

One time, when I got hit in the head by a basketball and passed out, she carried me to the school nurse. I still don't know why she did that, she wouldn't tell me. I think that was the day I first started to see her as more than the skateboard-obsessed, overly tomboyish girl I had only got to know fleetingly over the past weeks.

Her head hurt like hell and she didn't know where she was. She moaned in pain, as she tried to register her surroundings. The light was far too bright, but the thing she was lying in was soft and warm. Someone was right beside her, watching and observing.

"Where am I?", she felt like a car had trampled over her head.

"You're in the sickroom. Got hit pretty bad by a basketball. Joanne's got one heck of a fling, huh? But don't worry, it's going to be alright.", Miley's eyes were just adjusting to the light and she glanced at the person right beside her and raised an eyebrow.

"You're Lilly... right?", the blonde girl glowed, apparently very happy that Miley knew her name. She simply nodded and grinned. "I don't remember getting hit. Who took me here?" And why was that Lilly-girl with her? It didn't make sense. They didn't know each other.

"I brought you here. Coach said you needed to be looked at, so I took you. Hope you don't mind.", suddenly the girl looked shy and Miley found it quite endearing. She didn't seem to be a girl that would be shy and blush about anything.

Miley smiled.

"Thank you.", Lilly's smile almost reached her ears and Miley loved it instantly. She liked making that girl smile. "So... How long have I been out?" She looked around again, noticing the clock. It was almost five o'clock. "Wow, late. Why are you still here? You should be home!"

Lilly just shrugged.

"Don't know, don't care. I like watching you sleep. It's relaxing.", now the girl seemed confident again and Miley was the one blushing this time. This girl was definitely weird.

"Anyway, I didn't want to leave you alone with our creepy nurse."

"Don't let her hear that, please.", she attempted sitting up, but found it rather difficult. Her head still pounded like itself was running a marathon and her body didn't like the extra work it needed to do. She almost fell against her headboard, hadn't it been for Lilly. Like a flash of light she was by Mileys side and took the beet red girl in her arms, holding her tightly and gently. She smiled slightly and helped the brunette sit up on her own. Miley just muttered a thanks. She felt warm and fuzzy all over. It was weird and she didn't like it.

But she did like Lilly.

From that day on we were inseparable. We did everything together. Occasionally with Oliver, but it was mostly just me and her. And I felt great, ecstatic. She always made me happy. Just seeing her face in the morning made me willing enough to proceed going to school.

And then she was the best friend in the world, when it came to Hannah. After our little fight we were even closer and there was not a single secret I kept from her. I never held back when I was with her. She even got me to try surfing, although I was terrified of sharks and drowning.

She made me feel comfortable on a small piece of wood in the big ocean. She held me, showing me and intentionally, she told me later, stepping closer, making full body contact with me. She told me that her attraction for me began to ran deeper far earlier than mine for her and that made me feel a little bit unworthy of her.

Knowing how long that divine woman had loved me, I felt dumb and oblivious. I just didn't want to read into what I was feeling for her. And then, when we were both 16, we told each other and I finally accepted what I should have known all along. That I was, in fact, in love with my Lilly.

Lilly had been a bundle of nerves all day. Miley had tried to talk to her, but nothing would work. Lilly always shied away or found excuses to not talk to Miley. She actually said, she needed to listen to Ms. Kunkle in English. Miley just knew that something was up. Lilly and her teacher had some kind of love-hate relationship. But it was mostly hate. So after school the brunette grabbed her more than unwilling best friend and dragged her home with her. She didn't care about Lilly's weak protests or the way her hand was

tingling all over, because she was touching Lilly's.

"Mileyyy, come on! I need to get home, my mom needs help with... uh, the garden! Yeah, she doesn't want to do everything herself.", Miley saw right through Lilly's lie. She rolled her eyes, pushed the door to her house open and pulled Lilly inside.

"Your mother loves working in the garden, Lil. And she doesn't even allow you to touch her flowers. Stop lying, tell me what's wrong!", she pushed Lilly onto the green couch and thanked god that her father wasn't around. She wanted Lilly to spill.

"There's nothing wrong with me!", she got defensive, crossed her arms and looked away. But Miley wouldn't drop this. She needed to know. Lilly clenched her hands in her lap and sighed. Miley was really worried now. Lilly almost never sighed. She always said sighing was for people who didn't know what to say and were therefore dumb to no end.

"Lil, you know you can tell me anything, right?", she took Lilly's hand and squeezed it gently. The blonde tomboy nodded, exhaled, then nodded again. She still didn't seem to know what to say, so Miley laid her head on Lilly's shoulder and gave her the time she needed.

"You'll hate me.", the whisper was merely that. It was so soft and weak that Miley wasn't even sure Lilly had said it. Now she was confused. She could never hate Lilly. Not for something she couldn't help. "I don't want to ruin our friendship over this. It's nothing, really."

"Well if it's nothing, you can tell me. I don't want to push you or anything... I'm just worried.", Mileys frown was very visible as she caught Lilly's eyes with her own. She was staring her down now, wanting to know. Know everything.

"Uhm, alright. I'll show you...", Lilly faced her. Her left eyebrow was twitching and her eyes displayed her discomfort and her worry. But Miley just smiled. "Close your eyes, okay? I can't... when you're looking. Please, just..." Miley rolled her eyes, but closed them anyway.

She was confused and excited. What was Lilly about to do?

She knew ten seconds later. She gasped involuntarily. She felt it to her core. The pressure of two soft, warm lips on her own. Her body and mind froze. Lilly was kissing her... She was kissing her on the mouth. Lilly was kissing her!

The sensation lasted about ten seconds, then the blonde tomboy withdrew. Miley's eyes were still closed, her lips slightly parted in surprise. Lilly's hurrying footsteps in her ears woke her from her stupor and her eyes flew open.

Lilly was gone. The front door opened wide, leaving Miley alone with her thoughts and feelings. Surely Lilly had her own thoughts and feelings to dwell on, but Miley felt the need to run after her. She couldn't just throw away this friendship just because Lilly had developed a little crush on her.

No, that could and would not happen.

So I ran after her. She wasn't at home.

At last I found her on the beach, bawling her eyes out. She looked so sad, it broke my heart. So I did the only thing I could think of. I kissed her. Our second kiss was very salty and very awkward, because I didn't exactly know what I was doing and she seemed too shocked to enjoy it.

"M-Miley... What...?", she put her finger on Lilly's lips to silence her.

"Shh, it's okay. I don't hate you, Lil. I could never hate you. You're my best friend, I can't lose you. You're the most important person in my life.", and she knew she was telling the truth. Because Lilly was her everything. She couldn't live without the quirky bundle of joy and energy.

"B-But... But I just told you, that I... Miley, I am in love with you.", the words melted her right to her core and the broken look in Lilly's dark turquoise eyes made her kiss these perfect, pink, pouty lips yet again. She tilted her head, adding more pressure and slipped her hand in Lilly's blonde hair.

She felt goosebumps rise on Lilly's skin and was met by a surprise. Her body was responding, too. Her stomach was tingling and her hands wanted to touch this perfect girl. She gently pushed Lilly onto her back and ran her tongue over Lilly's bottom lip.

Lilly's moan caught her off guard.

Parting from Lilly, Miley felt her eyes open and she found herself staring down at Lilly Truscott, her best friend. They were both breathing heavily now, but frankly, Miley didn't care. She cupped Lilly's cheek and smiled, if even still a little unsure.

"Miley, what does this mean?", Lilly seemed like she didn't dare to assume anything.

"I don't know... I just... I needed to kiss you.", and she really needed to do that. She wanted it, too. She blushed, realizing how she still hovered over her best friend like a predator on it's prey. "I'm sorry. God, I'm so sorry."

She sat up quickly, ignoring Lilly's giggling and folded her hands in her lap. They were both sitting on the dark beach now, looking at each other. Miley was, as usual, the first one to break the silence. "So... you're really in love with me?"

Lilly blushed even deeper than Miley had, but nodded. "Yeah, I do. I love you, Miles. I know you don't love me like that and that's okay... I mean, I just have to get over it, right? No big deal, I can do that. I just want us to remain friends.", the deal was, that Miley didn't know what she was feeling. The thing was, she wanted to kiss Lilly again.

She wanted to feel like that again. So she didn't hesitate. She grabbed Lilly's collar and slammed their mouths together once again. Lilly, responding instantly, didn't complain and wrapped her arms around Miley's waist. This time it was Miley who moaned.

She pushed Lilly away, but held on. Lilly panted. "Why do you keep kissing me... That won't help me getting over you. Not that I mind...", she gave one of her lopsided grins and Miley started giggling. She gave the blonde tomboy a little peck.

"Don't know. It makes me feel better.", she lowered her head on Lilly's shoulder and exhaled. "And... you make me feel... something." She didn't understand it. At all. It was just confusing and mind-boggling. "I can't explain it. Does that make sense? I just wanna keep kissing you."

"I don't know. That's how I feel. I'd like to kiss you now, too. Can I?", she took Miley's face in her hands and looked at her, as if asking for permission. Miley just nodded and closed her eyes. This time it was Lilly who initiated the kiss. She gently placed their mouth together and moved against Miley. Miley had never experienced such a gentle kiss before.

Jake Ryan had been a total amateur in comparison. And Miley had enjoyed kissing him. But this. This was something else. And it made her insides tingle with force, taking her

breath away. She felt the pleasure in every inch of her body.

And I still feel it.

Every time I kiss Lilly. It hasn't ceased. Not one bit. And now, almost four years later I am here, living with my other half. Living in this messy apartment. Living with my dorky girlfriend and all her crazy ideas. But I don't mind.

Because we've been through so much and it still feels like the very first day. Lying here next to her, watching her sleep, I know that what I'm about to do isn't so crazy. She loves me, I love her. There is nothing more simple, yet so complicated.

I have a ring. Tucked away in a drawer she never searches in. I'm waiting for the right moment to ask her. Ask her to be my beautiful wife and spend the rest of her life with me. I don't care what my father has to say or how cute every single one of the boys is, he wants to set me up with.

I have everything I need right here in this bed with me.

Lilly.