

## All You Have To Do Is Ask

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## All You Have To Do Is Ask

by [Clara\\_bow](#)

### Summary

Rue Bennet and Jules Vaughn are spending another night alone together. Tonight, though, things are a bit different.

### Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

For Rue, being with Jules was a privilege; an experience that not many people deserved. Hell, she wasn't even sure that she deserved that experience. But every day, every extra second she had was spent with Jules.

The two were laying in Jules' bed watching some show with Japanese cartoons that Rue didn't quite understand and couldn't be bothered to read the subtitles. Jules had told her that "subtitles were better and made the experience more authentic." Rue doubted that, but she really didn't care. Whatever Jules wanted to do was enough for her as long as she was by her side.

Rue had zoned out of her thoughts completely until Jules had draped her arm over Rue's waist. Suddenly, all Rue could think about was her skin. Her soft, pale skin that seemed to always be glowing even when it wasn't covered in glitter. She turned slightly to look at the blonde girl and felt her breath catch a little. Jules eyes were steadily trained on her laptop screen and didn't seem to notice Rue's staring. Rue was memorizing the soft details of her face when she got caught on her lips. She'd had the absolute privilege of kissing those lips a couple times and right now it was all she could think about.

"Yet another experience that I am absolutely undeserving of," she thought to herself. Still, she had never wanted anyone in this way before. Her experiences with "romance," if she could even call it

that, were limited and she really hadn't given a fuck about the people they were with. But she did give a fuck about Jules. She gave all the fucks in the world about her.

Jules had noticed the staring and turned to look at her friend. "What?" she asked.

Rue seemed to have caught herself and pulled her eyes away from her lips and focused on some spot on the blanket. "Oh, nothing. Sorry, I zoned out."

The blonde knew that wasn't true in the slightest. She had noticed Rue staring at her lips. She knew Rue wanted to kiss her again. She was aware of this because, well, she had wanted it, too. A little badly, in fact, but she really wasn't sure. Rue had been a blind spot, a weak point. Jules usually submitted to her urges and desires, but with Rue she wanted to be more gentle. She didn't want to just use Rue like men used her, she wanted care for Rue. And right now she really wanted to kiss her.

"Rue?" Her voice was soft and Rue loved the way her name sounded coming from her best friend.

"Yeah?" Rue's voice was a little weak as she noticed Jules shifting closer to her, entangling their legs.

"Will you please kiss me?" Rue felt something inside her snap. It was probably the dam holding back her desire for her friend. Now, those feelings came rushing out and she wasn't sure what to do with them.

"Are you sure?" her voice even more of a whisper.

"Yes. Now please kiss me," she ended with a giggle that made Rue's heart flutter.

Jules tucked a strand of Rue's hair behind her ear and leaned closer. Rue closed the distance between them and their lips met gently at her first. Their movements were slow and calculating. Each of the girls wanting to be careful with the other, but not wanting to let on about their deeper desires for one another. Rue allowed one of her thumbs to caress the blonde's cheek slowly causing her to sigh into the kiss. Jules then deepened the kiss, Rue's innocent touches spurred her on.

Rue's soft lips that kissed her with more than she had usually received when being kissed had been at the center of Jules' thoughts as of late and she had been secretly desiring when Rue would kiss her again. When Rue didn't act, she knew that she would have to initiate it. She also knew from the way Rue was slightly holding back that there was more that she wanted but was too afraid to ask for.

"Rue?" Jules asked again.

"Yeah?" Her response whispered.

"Can I kiss your neck?" Rue really felt her blood begin to rush at the question. Of course, the answer was a resounding yes, but she needed more nuance than that, more restraint.

"If you want to."

Jules disconnected them for a moment, though still close. Her eyes looked straight into Rue. "I asked you, so of course I want to," she ran her fingers along the side of her friend's neck noting the hitch of her breath. "The question is... do you want to?"

Rue closed her eyes at this and let out a shaky breath, "yes, please do."

Jules smiled and kissed those pink lips one more time. Jules let her lips kiss along Rue's jaw leaving slight nips along noting how it made the other girl shiver. Her lips made their descent to her neck where she pressed deeper kisses than before. Rue's breath was coming faster. It felt like champagne bubbles had entered her veins and she felt light fluttering all over her body. Jules ran her hand beneath the hem of Rue's shirt and caressed her hip. Rue shifted at this and their entangled legs ran against one another softly making the bubbles feel even more intense.

"Your shirt is hiding a large part of your neck," Jules said between kisses.

Rue knew where this question was going, "I'll take it off." She got up and pulled the garment off, throwing it somewhere in the room. Jules stared at her with that half-smile she had and Rue felt a little self-conscious about being so eager. And shifted away a little, Jules caught this and drew her back to her.

"You're absolutely beautiful. I didn't realize my best friend was so hot," she added a wink and smiled at Rue. This gave Rue all the confidence she needed. Rue placed her legs on either side of the blonde, straddling her.

When their lips reconnected this time, the kiss was filled with passion. Jules places her hands on Rue's hips, erasing any space between them. Rue had her hands in Jules' hair, on her cheeks, and on her shoulders. She was too afraid to let them go down further.

Their lips moved against each other with sheer fluidity. Rue had Jules' top lips between hers suckling softly. The blonde's breathing had picked up. Rue noticed her friend's chest moving erratically. She pulled away.

"Jules, are you okay?"

"Touch me. I just want you to touch me." Jules' eyes were wide and her pupils had overtaken those blue irises. She stared into Rue's eyes in a way that sent shivers up her spine.

"I-I am touching you," she didn't know how to proceed.

"No," the blonde laughed, taking her friend's hands and placing them on her chest. "Like this."

Rue ran her hands over Jules' chest. Her nipples stiffened beneath her hands. Jules sighed into the touch.

"Can you do something else for me, Rue?"

"Anything."

"Put your mouth on me."

Rue's lips were on Jules' chest, a bare expanse of pale skin covered in goosebumps. Rue took one of Jules' nipples in her mouth. The blonde let out an exasperated breath.

Rue became acutely aware of the pressure that was in the base of her stomach and the ache between her legs. She circled her hips on Jules' leg. Jules' pushed her leg upwards. Rue let out a soft moan, almost imperceptible. Jules did it again. Rue grinded harder and bit down on Jules' nipple.

Jules pulled Rue away from her chest.

"Take your pants off for me?" Rue did as she was asked and stared back at the blonde.

“Underwear, too,” she giggled.

Rue was completely naked and exposed in front of Jules. No one had ever seen her like this before. The air was chilled and the room was dark except for the street lamp outside. She could barely see, but she knew Jules could see what she needed to see. Rue never gave much thought to her body, but now she wished she had shaved more recently or done something to look less... plain.

Jules saw Rue sink in on herself and crawled closer to her. She moved Rue’s hair from her neck and placed a kiss there.

“You’re beautiful, Rue. Please don’t feel insecure in front of me?” Rue sighed and let some of the tension leave her body. Jules smiled softly.

Jules placed herself on her side next to her friend. She draped one of her legs over Rue’s. Jules slid a hand up between Rue’s naked legs stopping just short of the place Rue wanted her. Jules drew light circles on the highest point of her inner thigh. Rue’s breathing picked up. She placed her hand on the blonde’s arm, hoping to place it just so. Jules resisted.

“Jules,” she sighed. “Please, don’t do this.”

“Don’t do what?” Jules batted her eyelashes while smiling. Rue felt the pressure cut into her.

“I just want your fingers. Please, Jules. Please.”

“All you had to do was ask nicely,” she giggled with self-satisfaction.

Jules’ fingers stalled over the bundle of nerves before moving lower to press her finger inside of Rue. First one, then two. Rue gasped as her back left the bed. Jules brought her face to her lips and started trailing kisses down the side of her face to her neck.

Jules rocked her fingers back and forth, stopping for a second each time to press into that one spot. Rue wrapped her arms around her friend and pulled her closer. Jules sucked on her neck leaving rosey bruises in her wake. Rue’s moans filled the otherwise silent room, punctuating every other moan with a gasp.

Rue wasn’t unfamiliar with feelings of ecstasy. She’d been no stranger to the rush of chemicals drugs had brought her, but no drug compared to this. Her mind had narrowed to the blonde’s skinny fingers working artfully inside of her and the kisses that kept her from floating too far away.

Rue said Jules’ name like a prayer, whispering it over and over and pulling her closer to her. At some point, one of Rue’s hands found their focus on the bundle of nerves. Her hand moved frantically in circular motions that Jules noticed become less steady by the second.

“Faster, faster.” Rue said between moans.

Jules obliged, pushing her fingers harder and faster. Rue’s moans grew louder as her breathing grew less and less paced. The whispers of Jules’ name, crescendoed into yells. Her free hand pulled Jules impossibly close.

Jules grinned as she felt her friend fall further and further apart. Her eyes fluttered as she struggled to keep them open and focused. Jules held her and kissed sucked harder on her neck.

It was as if a bow had snapped after being pulled too far. Rue’s back flew off the bed along with her hips. She cried Jules’ name as her nails dug into the blonde’s back.

Rue had been high many times before. But nothing could compare to the high Jules gave her. She had been possessed by butterflies, causing her float and tingle in every inch of her body. She never wanted this to end, but she felt it fading fast. She couldn't hold onto it much longer.

When she opened her eyes she was surrounded by a cascade of platinum blonde hair. Jules' smile filled her vision. She opened her mouth to speak, but Jules stopped her with a kiss. She tried, but she couldn't kiss back with as much passion. Her body had no strength left. Her limbs hummed with the remnants of the high.

## End Notes

Hello, everyone! This is my first fanfic and my first smut, so please be gentle. That being said, I would love to hear what you think! Thank you for reading!

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