

“What We Deserve”



Suddenly Terra heard it. The sound the two women had been trying to pry from each other's lips since one stepped into the other's home. Submission. Complete and utter from Sierra, who groaned in pain

before struggling to turn her anguish into words..

“Uggnnnhhhhaarrrrrgggghhhh.... I give.... I give.... Please....”

Terra had been so close -- sooo very close to releasing the same cry -- the same plea. Instead, she held on -- held out, and finally broke the will of her enemy: Sierra. Not the feeling, but a girl named after the same.

The two met as children in 4th grade and had quickly become not only best friends but as close as two could be without some sort of blood relation. Together they went to movies and shopped -- hung out together at lunch and walked home together after school.

They were inseparable, their teachers chided. Sisters, the two liked to pretend they were. But as happens when the young, grow older, the two girls developed; not only mentally, but physically. It was both such occurrences that began the slow turn of the pair from the closest of friends, to the most bitter of enemies.

As the Terra and Sierra's bodies matured, on nearly identical physical paths, boys began to take interest in them, and as their minds developed, they too began to fall for their suitors. But without fail, each time one of the two found themselves as either hungry predator or wanting prey, the two would find themselves at odds ... with each other.

For the first few years, pinky swore to choose each other, over whatever boy came calling. But as each matured, they found it harder and harder to keep the door closed, when opportunity knocked.