Blossom Leaves Home

Little Joe
Sun May 3, 2009 13:46

Blossom Leaves Home

"Mind you look after yourself and - don't do anything I wouldn't do!"

Blossom looked back at her mother waving forlornly from the platform as the train pulled slowly out of the station. It was a favourite expression of her mother's. It was said as if in jest, but Blossom knew it was meant to be taken seriously; she knew the subtext - "Don't go getting into trouble with boys - like I did."

That was the irony - don't do anything I wouldn't do. But her mother had done it and Blossom had been the result.

Not that her mother would have changed a single thing. Blossom had been the apple of her eye - her little Apple Blossom. She had wrapped her up in cotton wool and kept her away from the naughty world, but now she was flying the nest. At fifteen she had been gawky and plain, at eighteen she was gorgeous: medium height, lustrous light brown flowing locks and just enough weight to make her figure voluptuous. No wonder her mother was worried. She was off to Uni and mother was worried that Blossom would do exactly what she had done.

Blossom sat in the train carriage and pondered. She would be a good girl. She would get a first class honours degree in Media Studies and she would go on to be famous. Her mother had nothing to worry about - she didn't even like boys.

Midshires University was one of those modern institutions. New enough to have escaped the brutalist concrete of the nineteen sixties, yet old enough to have avoided post modern post modernism. It was on a large open campus with bright new buildings in a setting of parks and gardens. The new students lived in halls of residence set in the grounds. The first year students shared two to a room in a deliberate policy on the part of the college authorities to prevent loneliness and isolation.

Blossom unpacked her things in the little room with its two single beds, one near the wall and one near the window. She had nearly taken everything out of her case when the door opened and a striking tall girl with black hair cut short in page boy style entered the room. The new girl put out her hand.

“Hi,” she said, “I think we’re going to be sharing. My name’s Melissa.”

“Hi, I’m Blossom,” and she smiled her smile. The smile that was so captivating that it would have snared the heart of any boy who saw it. But of course no boy did see it. Only Melissa.

“I’ll have the bed beside the window,” said Melissa, you can put your things in that wardrobe there.”

“Okay,” said Blossom for Melissa displayed that easy assurance and air of authority that people, especially girls like Blossom who had been cocooned from the world, obeyed without question.

Whether the policy for first year students was good or bad you will have to judge for yourselves. In truth it could lead to as many problems as it solved, for the young girls, often on their first great adventure out of the clutches of their families, could find themselves in highly charged relationships of hate, or otherwise, with their randomly selected roommates.

The random pairing of the contrasting personalities and experiences of Blossom and Melissa was to have far reaching consequences for both of them, which neither foresaw, nor indeed could have hoped to foresee, on that fateful morning when they first met.

Melissa had been smitten by the engaging smile and the nubile curves of her companion, and Blossom fell under the spell of the powerful and commanding presence of Melissa. So it was that they became inseparable companions on the course and away from it. This is not to imply that their relationship was, at this point at any rate, anything other than Platonic, for Blossom could not, and Melissa instinctively understood this, be manipulated into anything deeper, other than by a slow awakening of her true nature.

The Media Studies course at Midshires University ranged over many topics, including the study of art photography. The students were given various projects to undertake one of which was to produce a portfolio of portraits for one of their fellow students. The students were to pair off so that one would be the photographer and the other the subject. For this project it was of course natural that Melissa and Blossom should undertake the task together; it was natural also that Melissa with her natural authority should be the photographer, and that Blossom with her natural loveliness should be the subject.

It was a beautiful late September day in that glorious Indian Summer of 2007 and they decided to carry out the shoot in Oakhill Wood, one of the few remaining pieces of ancient woodland within the Forest of Dean. Melissa found the perfect spot deep in a wooded glade. Melissa placed Blossom where the already slightly russet leaves cast there dappled green shade, softer than dreams, over the voluptuous figure. Blossom placed her hands behind her and threw her head back accentuating the curves of her full breasts. She smiled that captivating smile. Melissa was struck once more by her radiant beauty; it just needed a little more to demonstrate perfection. She moved up close to Blossom and undid two buttons on the front of her blouse so that it fell open slightly to reveal the natural curve of her left bosom. Blossom smiled.

"Or like this," she said, unbuttoning the blouse to the waist to reveal the inner curvatures of her naturally bared breasts, for Blossom, even though her breasts were full and voluptuous had no need of support.

Melissa put her eye to the viewfinder and clicked. Blossom, in her innocence, and in that simple natural environment, so redolent of nature's beauty melted her heart.

Blossom turned to pose for a closer shot and the blouse fell open slightly revealing her left nipple. Blossom made no move to cover it and the pose was so perfect that Melissa would never have had her do so. So struck was she by the perfect form of Blossom's bosoms that she walked the few paces towards her and gently taking hold of her blouse opened it and tucked it behind her back so that both breasts were fully bared. Blossom made no remonstrance, but smiled again her gorgeous captivating smile.

Melissa retreated again those few paces and placed the viewfinder to her eye, and looking at her thus she watched spellbound as Blossom unhooked the fastening at the side of her short pleated skirt and allowing it to fall silently to the ground stepped forwards and kicked it nonchalantly aside.

The shutter clicked and Melissa slowly packed her camera away. Blossom picked up her skirt and with equal nonchalance slipped it on and buttoned up her blouse.

The girls walked arm in arm back to the campus. Not a word was said, but both knew a line had been crossed and there would be many more to cross in days to come.

The Awakening of Blossom

Blossom lay awake that night in bed thinking over the events of the day. Her mother would have said it was wicked, but to her, there in the forest among the green shoots of the summer, it had felt right, natural, the fitting response to the aura shed over all who met her by the presence of Melissa.

She had loved it when Melissa had drawn back her blouse and bared her breasts to the lens. She could tell, as if by some ancient instinct, that the camera loved her naked body, that indeed Melissa loved her naked body, that the shape of her peach cream breasts with their beautifully shaped nipples and dark areolas was perfect.

A few feet away Melissa lay awake as well. She was blessed with that strange ability possessed by some to be able to read, like an open book, the mind of others. She knew instinctively what Blossom would be thinking, and knew also instinctively the way forwards.

It might be thought, that because Blossom and Melissa shared a room together, that they would be familiar with each others bodies, but in truth that moment of intimacy within the wood had been the first, for the girls had always been wont to keep their privacy, changing within the small en-suite bathroom attached to their room and never being guilty of an invasion of the personal space of the other.

Melissa was studying art and drawing as part of her media studies course. She was accomplished as a figure drawer and attended figure drawing classes.

One day, when they were sitting in their room at night, Melissa was studying a book on art full of figure studies. Blossom came over and looked at the pictures over her shoulder.

“Could I draw you?” Melissa suddenly asked. She had adjudged the time right to move things forwards, and she had not been mistaken. Blossom was enchanted.

She flushed slightly.

“Yes, of course. Where? How?” she asked.

“I thought,” said Melissa disingenuously, “in the wood, where we were before.”

“And as I was before?” asked Blossom, flushing even more. She did not like to say naked, or semi-naked, but she wanted to indicate that she was happy to pose like that, that indeed, she had found that in so doing, something within her had been liberated, that in throwing off her clothes a part of her that had been repressed for years was now free. But all this was impossible to say, so she said, “As I was before?”

“That would be lovely,” said Melissa. It was all she needed to say.

Next afternoon they had time free, and Melissa packed her chalks and her sketch pad and they set off once again for the secluded glade in the wood. Blossom wore her loose fitting blouse and skirt and took with her a thin cotton robe that she could wrap round if needed. They arrived at their destination and as Melissa set up a small camp stool on which she could sit and sketch, Blossom uninhibited in front of Melissa slipped out of her things and put on her robe.

“Where would you like me?” she asked.

“Stand by the tree,” said Melissa, “as before, “and throw back your head.” She wished to capture the smooth whiteness of her throat to contrast the rounded curves of Blossom’s bosoms.

Blossom did as requested slipping off her robe. Melissa watched, a smile playing on her lips. As she had suspected, Blossom was not as last time. Last time she had maintained her white cotton panties that she had worn under her loose pleated skirt. This time she posed nude, uninhibited, as if unaware of the nakedness of her own body. Melissa was enchanted. The curves of the smooth unblemished skin ran uninterrupted from her bosoms, past her waist and over the smooth roundness of her buttocks and to her thighs. Melissa took out her chalks and started to sketch quickly, her heart tightening with emotion. Blossom was so lovely. Melissa finished the sketch.

“Sit on that tree trunk over there,” said Melissa, “and turn towards the camera.

Blossom did as she was told, parting her legs guilelessly to maintain her balance. Melissa could not keep her eyes off the part exposed. It seemed almost an invitation, beckoning to her. It was so artless, so unaffected, it seemed not at all indecent, only the natural expression of a natural sexuality.

Melissa, normally so in control, so controlling herself almost, was falling under the spell of Blossom, and who knows what would have been the outcome had not voices been heard in the distance.

Blossom looked round, making no effort to cover herself. A small group of people entered the clearing.

“Hi guys,” said Blossom, “glad you could make it.”

They were a group from their college course.

“I told them I was posing for a modelling session here,” said blossom, “and they asked if they could take advantage of me.”

It was another artless remark that struck Melissa. Poor Melissa was falling into that chasm, and knew not where she was treading her feet. She felt at once inexpressibly charmed by Blossom’s artless behaviour and at the same time deeply disappointed by the loss of her exclusive knowledge of Blossom.

The way forwards was now by no means clear to her. The path ahead was clouded by fog, and impeded by many a random obstacle, but she knew now what lay at the end of the path – what prize awaited the intrepid traveller along it.