Coffee and secrets

By MissVienna

Published on Lush Stories on 13 Mar 2011

Girl meets boy, boy turns out not to be what he seems, boy = girl, girl + girl :)

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/lesbian/coffee-and-secrets.aspx

This is my first story. Please comment, I will appreciate the feedback. I hope you enjoy it :)

It was a warm day. In Britain, notorious for it's dreary weather, that meant that everyone was jumping at the opportunity to shed some layers. Men were sporting loose shorts and baring their chests to the magnificent sun god. Women were wearing the shortest and tightest of shorts and skirts and the strappiest of tops while flirtatiously licking ice-creams which melted and dribbled over their fingers.

I was more modestly dressed, as usual, in t-shirt and jeans. My long dark hair fell in a curtain around my narrow shoulders, partially hiding my face from passing half-naked men with protruding stomachs and loud voices.

I loved the sun though. It's heat caressed my bare arms and face, relaxing me at the same time as I felt a tingle of excitement to be young and alive in this beautiful and intense world. The light made the greens of the trees so vivid, the red sign of a white walled caf é so enticing. The rich smell of coffee diffused through the warm air to meet me and I found myself drawn in.

I was greeted with a sweet smile from the doe-eyed creature behind the counter as she offered help in honey tones. As I waited for my coffee to be poured and a particularly gorgeous slice of chocolate cake to be served, I absorbed the atmosphere of this little place. A gentle clamour of conversation fell about me. A couple to my right was sitting by the window, tracing hearts on each other's faces with their gaze. A mother chided her children for making a mess of their clothes with smears of cake down their fronts and all about their cheeky grins.

I took my cake with a smile and a word of thanks and went to sit at the end of the counter. Sipping my coffee I took in a young man sitting alone at a table, staring outside. He had a head of floppy auburn hair through which his hazel-green eyes gazed. His slim body was dressed in jeans and a t-shirt with a red tie printed on the front under a silky black waist coat. He had high cheekbones and a beautiful feminine mouth, his lips pale pink and full. His tapered fingers pressed a mug of steaming liquid to them and I found my lips opening in appreciation as his parted to let the coffee slip through.

I decided that, rather than gawping at the beautiful creature like an idiot, I would pluck up some courage on this fine day and actually speak to him. I crossed the short distance and stood beside his chair, waiting for him to invite me to sit. He continued to stare out the window. I said hello to make sure he noticed me but still he just stared away from me. I finally just sat down in front of him uninvited and he eventually dragged his gaze around to my face. I had to hold back a gasp as I felt the full effect of this boy's beauty. I held it back because I was annoyed at his rudeness and the arrogant smirk that twisted his beautiful slim features.

After a moment where his eyes scanned me as if noting numerous imperfections in my appearance, he asked me quietly but with the treacle sound of sarcasm veiled in the question,"Is there something that you want?."

I wondered why I had bothered. People this beautiful don't know how to be nice. Well, now that I had made the effort I wasn't about to let him shoo me away as if I weren't worthy of his attention.

So with equal sarcasm, I responded "World peace, isn't that what everybody wants?" I saw surprise flutter across his eyes before the corners of those beautiful lips turned up in the briefest flicker of a smile.

"Of course," he replied, "that is what we all want. But what is it that you want from me?"

The directness of the question made heat flush my face. I scrunched my nose up, wondering why I was still bothering with this rude male, and pointed out that he was all alone and looked as if he might enjoy some company.

"I am perfectly happy to be by myself," he said but as my eyes dropped to my hands in embarrassment he added quietly "but you may sit with me if you wish."

"Wow, thanks," I thought, "how kind of you." But still, I didn't move.

"My name is Clarissa," I told him.

"I'm Robin," he replied.

"That suits you, with the colour of your hair," I said grinning. Almost involuntarily he gave a small smile in response, "I guess it does."

"So how has your day been?" I said, cringing inside at how mundane the question was.

"Well, I expect I have been doing much the same thing as the majority of people in the country today, enjoying the glorious sunshine" He said this in rather a dry way, as if he had disdain for such a simple response and resented being the same as everyone else in this way but I could see the glimmer beneath his dark lashes that told me his enjoyment of this day was as genuine as my own. I smiled at his attempts to hide himself from me and he gave me a curious look, trying to match my response to his words and understand what I was thinking.

I thought it might make for more interesting conversation to reveal those thoughts in a way so I said to him, "You don't like to give yourself away, do you? You hold your thoughts close."

He smiled at this but his eyes were dark as he said with a nonchalant flick of his wrist, "Insightful words from a critical stranger. I find that most people don't deserve the effort of revelation."

"No, that's not it," I said, pleased to see that this surprised him. "I think that you are afraid that if you reveal too much of yourself, people won't like what they see. You have this air of arrogance about you but it actually hides insecurities that the more you give of yourself, the more you will be hurt when that happens." I had a tone of self-deprecating mockery with a little sarcasm as I said this because I didn't want to be seen as a total nosey twit but I knew that what I was saying was true.

"You're right" he said simply, his eyes fixed on mine. I shivered at this unexpected sincerity. And then again at his prolonged gaze. He continued to stare at me as if I were a strange creature that he had never seen before. It made me nervous, my breathing sped a little and I felt my face flush with heat.

"That blush looks beautiful on you" he said softly. I finally wrenched my gaze away from his piercing green stare before I actually burst into flame but as my eyes travelled down they caught on his beautiful mouth. His lips looked so soft. For a moment my whole body and mind was entirely consumed by the thought of touching them.

He broke the silence and said shortly, "I have to leave now. It was nice meeting you," and he got up to leave, his eyes on the floor, avoiding me.

A sudden feeling gripped me that this poor boy was hiding a lot of pain. I knew that it was my fault for probing his closed off self so I chased after him outside and grabbed at his wrist. "I'm sorry, I'm a nosey cow, are you alright? I didn't mean to upset you with all that psycho-babble shit."

He wrenched his hand away from mine and raised it to cover his eyes, "I'm fine, I must leave."

As he started to turn I said in a small voice. "I'm sorry, please don't leave."

He looked back at me, his green eyes suddenly fierce and bright. They bored into mine and then grazed over my mouth. He shivered violently and took two long steps toward me till I could feel his breath on my cheek. Then he did what I had been fantasising about since I first saw him. He leaned down the couple of inches of height difference and pressed those heart-achingly beautiful lips to mine. There was something violent and painful about the way he kissed me, as if he were doing something forbidden but had no power to stop himself. He gripped my shoulders hard but with shaking hands as he wrapped his full lips around mine. After a moment the kisses became softer and shorter. His composure returned and he stepped back, releasing my shoulders. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

And then he ran.

I chased after him, calling his name. I couldn't leave him in this state. He was clearly upset.

I ran further than I have ever done in my life. My legs were becoming weak and I was dripping with sweat. Just as I decided that I could run no further, Robin stopped at a door and collapsed against it. "Leave me alone!" he shouted down the street to me, "I don't want to speak to you!"

He was curled into a ball, shaking at the foot of his door. I slowly got closer. "I don't want to speak to you!" he shouted again. I could see the tears streaming down his face. I reached for his hand but he jerked it back. Then I gathered myself and gripped his shoulders, smoothed my hands over them to clasp the back of his neck and tilted my head forward to touch his forehead and said fiercely, "Tell me what is wrong." He shook his head against mine. "Tell me!"

His breathing was ragged from his tears and the running but being so close to me caused his breath to fall even harder, hot on my neck. He rolled his cheek against mine and my resolve weakened as his tears wet my face. Slowly, desperately, he caught my lips in his again and again. My mouth opened in hunger, inviting his tongue in to battle mine. The hot slippery flesh slid and swirled in the dark caverns of our mouths. He rose up and pulled me around to press me against the door, our feverish bodies touching, his hands tight on my waist. As his tongue fought with mine, he scrambled to open the door behind me and we burst inside.

Inside he pushed me against the door, his tongue and lips slid down my face to my neck. I was so desperate to have this beautiful boy inside me, heat was pounding between my legs. Our breathing was coming out hard and fast as I slid my body over his, rubbing myself against the bulge in his jeans. I slipped my fingers up under his shirt, pulling hungrily at his smooth skin. He gasped against my lips and then he stepped away. His sad eyes dropped down as he removed his waistcoat. Then they rose up defiantly and held mine as he lifted up his shirt.

She stood waiting sadly for my response. I stared at the cloth wrapped tightly around her chest. “But...” I stammered, “but I could feel your...” She roughly shoved her hands down the front of her trousers and pulled out a pair of socks. She threw them down with a snort of disgust.

“This body you see, it's not who I am,” she said.

I didn't know what to think of her, male or female, whatever she wanted to be. All I knew was that she made my heart ache and my pulse race. Did that make me a lesbian, bisexual? But she wanted to be a man, is that how I should think of her? Whatever, I wanted her.

I closed my eyes, took a deep breath and stepped forward into the unknown. “So, Robin, what do I call you, he , she?”

Almost with disbelief her lips twitched, not wanting to accept this happiness. “Me,” she said.

She reached for the end of the cloth that bound her breasts but I gently pulled her hand away and took the cloth myself. I ran my hands up her stomach over her chest and her head dropped back, exposing the milk white skin of her neck to which I pressed my lips and tongue. Holding the cloth I circled her, unwinding her binding, kissing her shoulders, running my fingers down her back. I stood in front of her and lowered my head to her breasts. My lips ghosted over them and she sighed in anticipation. My tongued slipped out and curled around her nipple and she gasped.

I sucked her breasts as my hands slid down her arched back, down below the waistband of her jeans. I gripped her smooth, firm cheeks and squeezed and lifted them. She moaned and bucked her narrow hips towards me, grinding her body against me. She brought her hands to my stomach beneath my shirt and slipped one down inside my jeans to rub against me.

She slipped down further, curling around so that her palm was riding my clitoris while her finger slipped between my slippery folds. My head snapped back and I let out a groan. My breathing was erratic. I pulled her tighter to me by her buttocks and she drew a line from my collar bone to my chin with her tongue as her hand oscillated in the tight space between my body and my jeans.

She withdrew her hand to undo my zip and rip my jeans and underwear down. As she did this I pulled my t-shirt over my head. She drew her tongue in a line up my thigh from my knee to my hip, sliding her hand between my thighs and slicing up, rubbing her hand sideways against my vulva. Then she rose up to trap my breasts with her hot delicious mouth. As she sucked my nipples she ripped off her own trousers and lifted her knee to slide between my thighs. I grasped her butt and gyrated my lower body over her smooth flesh as she rubbed herself over me.

Delicious shivers of pleasure were sparking from my centre, slipping over her thighs, now wet with my juices. She was gasping and moaning into my neck as the same sensations slid through her body. We collapsed into a moaning heap on the floor, shifting so that our sexual parts were in direct contact, our hot sensitive flesh stimulating each other. The feeling was so intense as our bodies rocked and swam against each other, our legs and arms intricately intertwined.

I arched backwards in great jerks, my head dropping to the floor and my breasts rising toward the ceiling as I felt this great ache spark outwards from my core. Robin ran her hand over my tensed stomach and breasts as the flames ripped through my body drawing great moans of ecstasy. She reached down between us and, plunging her fingers inside me, wrung out my orgasm further, drawing whimpering cries of pleasure from my throat. As my body jerked and spasmed over her clitoris she began to buck her hips wildly between my legs, her orgasm swiftly following mine, tears flowing down her face as she came silently but powerfully against my body.

Our bodies lay tangled and exhausted in a dreamy post-orgasm state for a while. She kissed me softly, her vivid green eyes staring gratefully into mine. She kissed me again, catching my lower lip between hers and sliding her tongue against it, pulling slowly with her teeth. Then she began to lower herself down my body. I was instantly overwhelmed with desire as I wondered if the pleasure that I was about to receive might actually kill me.

She ran hands and kisses over my breasts, lower, down the flat plane of my stomach. She drew her lips further down as she slid her hands down my hips and thighs, gripping my legs above the knees and spreading them apart. I sighed and rolled my head back in painful anticipation. She drew a slow line of kisses from the inside of my knee, up my inner thigh, stopping just short of my centre, giving the spot a slow, tantalising lick.

I imagined how that would feel slightly higher and shivered. She teasingly tripped a finger lightly over the surface. Electricity sparked out from that finger to deep within my body and I gave a breathy moan. With a little more pressure, her fingers danced over my body, giving my clitoris a light press before slipping slightly and gently between my folds.

And then she lowered her mouth to me. Her tongue slipped over my clitoris, swirling around it, pulling long shivering moans from my chest. It slid lower to replace her fingers and the gorgeous hot, slippery flesh entered me, flickering in and out. She hardened her tongue and gathered a rhythm, rasping my wet opening, reaching further in. Her whole mouth closed around my vulva, swallowing me and sucking and sliding and swirling as she gripped my bucking hips. Oh it was heaven and I groaned with pleasure.

She slipped her finger back and moved her mouth back up. Her lips sucked and pulled at my labia and clitoris, her tongue lapping my juices and her saliva over the sharply sensitive flesh. Her fingers, slipping in my wetness slowly delved in deeper and deeper, searching. My sudden scream told her when she had found the spot. She pulsed her fingers inside me, running over the spot faster and faster with more pressure as her beautiful mouth devoured me.

I screamed until I almost blacked out. The violent shudders rippled through my body as the extreme sensation erupted inside me, ran along my tensely arched spinal column and spread to the extremities, turning my curled toes numb. The feeling dissipated in waves until I was left breathless and spent in my lover's warm arms.