How I met Olivia, My Current Roommate.

By KareBare

Published on Lush Stories on 31 Dec 2012

I moved my hands, gently, around her waist... and she shuddered for a moment before melting into me

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/lesbian/how-i-met-olivia-my-current-roommate-1.aspx

Olivia was attraction incarnate when I met her working at the coffee spot near my new place. She was a little shorter than me, only being a little over 5'1", but she made up for it in her attention commanding presence. By attention commanding presence, I mean D-cup breasts that put my small B-cups to shame and pale skin that looked a sexy shade of silver in the right lighting.

Honestly, I don't even like coffee, I only went there because they have free wifi and I need a place to relax.

Now, I never considered myself a lesbian or anything, but I know beauty when I see it. Or hear it. And when she called my name that day, I wished she said, "Take me home, Karen." not "Grande coffee for Karen."

I walked up to the counter and had to catch my breath as she handed me my coffee. The top three buttons of her black blouse were undone, giving a generous view of her cleavage before her red apron hid away the rest. Her pale breasts had to be a beautiful sight in their fullness because that generous glimpse was enough to make me stare for a moment.

I'm not like guys. I just don't stare at boobs. That's weird. But hers... they were... beautiful, like half-hidden globes of pale desire that beckoned me to pull her closer and relieve them of the blouse's confines. She caught me staring, even if I'd only looked for longer than a moment.

"Karen?"

I quickly cleared my throat and grabbed the cup of coffee from her hand. Our skin barely meeting in a soft electric moment.

"Yes. Thank you."

She smiled. I nearly melted completely. For a moment, I considered kindly smiling back and then leaving. Instead, I said "I'm new in town, do you know of any where fun to go?"

She beamed at me, her pale face lighting up into a beautiful shade I wished to see on the rest of her. "There aren't many places, this place is kind of boring..."

My heart sank for a moment, but she continued, with something that looked sensual in her eyes.

"... but I know a place."

My heart skipped a few beats, trying to make up for the ones that it had missed. I felt my cheeks flush red hot, emphasis on hot, and then I finally replied, "When are you free?"

"Ten," Olivia replied, leaning closer to me, lowering her voice to something all-too lust-inspiring to describe in words. "Don't be late."

Shit, shit shit. I had planned on staying there and relaxing for some time, but she got off in a little more than two hours. I didn't look at all ready to spend time with the girl that looked as if she'd inspired every single sculpture of those lovely greek goddesses that I was forced to study in college. I smiled at her and then left, with my coffee.

I downed the coffee before I got home, not really needing the extra fuel to keep my blood pumping, but it didn't seem to go any faster, either or I didn't notice.

I stripped out of my jacket and shoes before I got to the stairs, discarding my sky blue tank top as I went up them. Some logical part of me, deep inside my lusting brain, decided it would be a bad idea to strip out of my jeans as I walked, so I waited till I was in my room to collapse back on my bed and slither out of them.

My bra came off easily. I left my panties on though, because I like them. They're light blue, and it was impossible to tell that they were already more than a little wet.

Laying back on my bed, with my warm, soft, comforter against my back I thought back on the chance encounter that seemed like fate.

The sensual look in her eyes as she told me she knew of a fun place to go. The lust-inspiring purr in her voice as she warned me not to be late. The pale tease of her cleavage peering out at me from her outfit. The soft electric touch of her hand against mine.

That logical part of my brain told me to get ready, so I did. In only my panties, I stood in front of my closet. It has a large mirror on the back of it, so I can see what I look like when I try something on, instead of moving to a mirror.

I grabbed a black skirt, but then tossed it away. I tossed away a few pairs of jeans, another skirt, and a dress. Then I found something I'd forgotten about. A nearly too-small sky blue microskirt that went almost all the way up my thighs. It was only a few inches long enough to cover me. I quickly stepped into it and slipped it up. The right side had a slit in it, which made the skirt look like it wasn't even there when I crossed my legs just right.

I looked down my well-toned and exercised legs in the mirror. The tan skin looked nearly perfect. I wondered what Olivia would think of my legs as I found my hands sliding up my bare stomach, wishing they were her hands groping for my breasts. As my hands rested on my B-cups and pulled lightly, I wished it were her hands on me and my hands on hers.

Her lovely, electrifying hands on my soft breasts... gently...

I pushed that fantasy away.

I didn't have time to pretend. The real thing would come later if I got ready. Darting through the wardrobe I picked out the sky blue bra that matched my panties and microskirt and slipped it on. I clipped it into place as I grabbed up the sky blue tank top I'd been wearing earlier, because it matched, and put it on. The tank top went a little lower than the top of my skirt, being the same color, they nearly blended together, looking like I was only wearing a long shirt.

I looked at the clock--9:10.

I quicker than usual fixed up my hair. I gave the recently dyed brown locks a nice curl and then pinned my bangs out of my face, so that I could still see. If I wasn't me, and wasn't completely intoxicated with Olivia at the moment, I would've wanted to fuck my own brains out.

So what if my breasts are only a B-cup. They're perfectly shaped for my body. My hips are just big enough to not contrast from my breasts and my best asset is definitely my nice firm butt.

I swirled a little bit, watching myself in the mirror as I did. The brown locks fell perfectly into place as I stopped. Then I grabbed a black leather jacket out of my wardrobe. It was the sexy, sleek kind of leather jacket, not the beat up grungy ones everyone else in Seattle wears.

Slipping my arms through as I walked down the hall, I put my shoes back on and grabbed my cars

keys. I took one last look at my phone before it went into my pocket because Olivia had my complete attention at the moment, even if she wasn't there... 9:46.

Damn it!

I made it just in time, 10:02. Olivia was just walking out of the coffee shop as I pulled to stop a stop in front of her. She'd taken off the apron, maybe even lost another button on her blouse, because for a moment it looked as if half of her breasts were showing, then I realized she was wearing a very low cut shirt under her blouse that was almost the same color as her pale skin.

She got into my car and I was taking her whole form in at the same moment I felt her looking me over. While she was looking at my nigh-completely exposed legs, I was looking up the most sexy, form-fitting, work appropriate black pants I'd ever seen.

Her visual adventure stopped for a moment at my chest. For the reason I'd worn the leather jacket. On her side, it was shorter, sort of. If I didn't zip it up, the material stretched to the base of my breasts and then just let the blue-covered mounds of soft flesh breath in and out for Olivia's viewing pleasure.

Olivia met my eyes with her beautiful cold blue eyes. She smiled widely and said, "What're you waiting for?"

She might've meant for me to drive off. My body didn't know that.

My right arm darted across, slithering around her neck, tingling with electrifying lust as it did. Instinctively, I pulled her in for a kiss. Maybe she hadn't meant to drive off, because when our lips met, she was just as actively sexualizing my mouth as I explored hers. For a quick moment, our tongues intertwined and then I let go, she returned to her composed, attractive form and smiled again.

I put the car back in drive and started to go.

At the exit to the parking lot, she finally spoke up, "Take a left."

Left? That was a housing develop... oh... Ohhhhh, perfect. I smiled to myself in desire. I obliged her and turned left, then followed a few more directions until we were at a townhouse not too far from the coffee shop. She got out first, and I watched her divine figure the entire way to the door, silently. She fumbled with the keys for a moment, as distracted by desire as I was, I imagine.

The door opened and she flicked on a light. It would've been a nice sight, her townhouse, but I was

more interested in the sight of her. Olivia hung up her keys next to the door and then looked around for a second, then back to me. She pushed the door behind me shut as she pushed up against me.

My back hit the wall as our tongues greeted each other again. It was another teasing moment. She backed off and turned to lead me upstairs. I followed, taking off my jacket and hanging it neatly on her coat rack. I expected another quick meeting of flesh to lead to sensual adventurin. Instead she turned to me and said, "I need to change out of these clothes if we're going to go out."

Fuck that, I thought.

Then I savored the thought. I'm going to fuck that.

She turned and headed for the bathroom as I waited, trying to be patient and standing by her bed. Her hips swayed as she took off her blouse mid-walk and dropped it to the ground. Her tank top was starting to come off as she nudged the bathroom door almost closed behind her.

That one glimpse of her pale back was enough to drive me over the edge, losing all patience. I usually wasn't the dominant one in a relationship, but I couldn't take this anymore. I followed behind her, slipping out of my skirt as I went. The blue tank top barely covering my panties now.

I pushed the door open as she was bent over stepping out of her pants. Her black lace thong a stark contrast to her pale flesh that seemed to beckon me. As she was standing back up, I moved my hands, gently around her waist. The soft electric touch from before now magnified by equal desire and she shuddered for a moment before melting into my embrace.

Her neck arched back as her head stretched up onto my shoulder. She stood up on her tip toes. I leaned in, with a pristine view of her pale and glorious chest. Whatever had been holding her together, whatever patience she had left, evaporated like mine had when I nibbled on her neck. The soft caress of my teeth against her pale skin sent her over the edge.

Olivia let out a sensual purr as she spun her body around. Our eyes held and we kissed for a luscious moment as I lifted my arms, she pulled her tongue out of my mouth. Then she pulled my blue tank top up over my head. Just after the tank top was gone, before I had a moment to move, Olivia had me pinned against the counter, the cold marble counter top pressed against my bottom of my butt.

As our mouths rejoined their earlier frivolities, she pushed against me, nipples colliding in an ecstasy of electric pleasure. I stepped up to my tip toes, letting her push my ass up onto her counter. She knew what I wanted her to do as she left my mouth and unhooked my bra. I let her tongue descend over my entire body.

My neck tingled as her tongue made little arcs along it. She played around the edges of my right breast before flicking her tongue across it. I moaned, loudly, and my finger nails dug into her back as she lustfully assaulted my breasts with her tongue.

I arched my back, breasts raising from her, and she moved on leaving a cold trail of electricity down my stomach to my waist. I whimpered like the lust defined animal I was as her tongue left my flesh. Then she hooked my panties with her fingers and I raised my hips so that she could pull them down.

Olivia pulled them all the way down and I felt her tongue glide up my left thigh a moment later, the pleasure driving me right back to the edge she'd already had me at.

Once she'd started on my pussy, I knew that I didn't last long. I was surprised I made it past the first lick. I fell off that edge she had me at. I plummeted in a frenzied orgasm as she happily lapped up my juices. When I hit the bottom I was bent over, my lips on the top of her head, her sweet smell filling my nose.

Then she looked up at me, with hungry blue eyes. Our foreheads pressed together as she stood up. I slid off the counter my arms around her back, pushing her backward, out of the bathroom and miraculously right onto her bed.

I hadn't a moment on top, she flipped me over before I could react and slid her ass up onto my stomach. Her thong met my mouth a few moments later and it turned out to be the kind that only looked like it covered her pussy.

Her mound was just hovering over my mouth and I looked up to see her hungry blue eyes waiting for me to please her.

Her hunger reignited mine. I greedily grabbed at her flesh, my hands grabbing her soft ass checks and pulling her sweet lips down to my mouth.

Olivia tasted sweeter than any sugar or honey known to man. My tongue lustfully explored the deepest pleasure filled recess of her moist pussy. She was grinding her hips into my mouth as rhythmically as wanton sex allowed.

She peaked and shouted my name, “Oh, god, Karen!”

Then she arched her back, her hands finding support somewhere on the bed as I held her gushing pussy up to my mouth. However sweet she tasted before, was nothing in comparison to the orgasmic

juice that I didn't want to waste. It was so lovely I felt my own heat rising again as I greedily took it all.

Olivia had collapsed back and I slithered out from under her. I was cleaning up all the juice on her legs with my mouth as she murmured in half-conscious pleasure.

I licked upward, along the entirety of Olivia. Along her sweat covered midriff that tasted just as divine as her juice. Along her navel and between her lovely pale breasts that were rising and falling with every breath.

My tongue ran along the length of her neck and up over her chin, right up to her lips were they dipped in again. Her eyes half open and glazed over as I let her taste herself on my tongue.

She purred, “Damn....”

“ Yeah...” I replied as I collapsed to her side. Our limbs tangled in a naked cuddle and we fell asleep together on her bed.