The Elevator Rush

By affengeil

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[Author’s note: Continued from previous stories. Characters may make more sense if you read those first.]

Heather walked Miranda down the darkened, glistening streets to her apartment. The mostly quiet stroll was punctuated by short conversations about city life, favorite books, wine drinking habits, and so on. Both women avoided discussion of their strange, budding relationship - not out of shame or embarrassment, but rather for fear of somehow ruining it by destroying to mystique. Besides, it was more fun that way.

By the time they reached Heather's apartment, both women were relatively soaked. Both shivered slightly.

"There's a nice bathrobe in the bathroom," Heather said, pointing down the hall. "Towels are in the closet if you want to dry off first."

Miranda wandered down the hall, shivering slightly. The apartment seemed almost exceedingly normal. Almost exactly what one would expect for an ostensibly single, professional younger woman. Tastefully decorated, scented candles in all the right spots, and clean, but with just enough mess to know that someone lived there. Somehow a bit spartan, but still cozy at the same time.

A few minutes later, Miranda emerged from the bathroom wrapped in a bathrobe made of thick and luxuriously soft white terry cloth. Due to the soaking she'd received, she was nude underneath, and her towel-dried hair remained slightly damp and hung in loose ringlets around her face.

Heather stood in the center of the living room, similarly attired in slightly lighter-weight blue bathrobe. She held a generously poured glass of red wine in each hand.

"This is really nice," Miranda said. "A heck of a lot better than my crummy apartment. You even have air conditioning! Although, I'm not sure it's exactly what I need at this particular moment!"

"It's not cheap, but I think it fits," said Heather.

"It certainly does," said Miranda, accepting the proffered glass.

Heather gestured to a cozy looking sectional couch that wrapped a third of the way around the smallish room. "Shall we?"

Heather situated herself in the corner of the couch, and patted the space in front of her. "You still look chilled, come sit here."

Miranda obliged, sitting down and leaning back into Heather who wrapped a free arm around her. A small sigh escaped her lips as she settled against the soft body of her new friend. Heather lightly stroked Miranda's hair, careful to avoid tangling her fingers in the dark red curls. The combination of wine, Heather's scent, and intimate snuggling was so relaxing, she found herself almost drifting off. Not wanting to accidentally end the night early by falling asleep, Miranda spoke up.

"Heather, I need to thank you."

"For what?"

"Today has been...incredible. I don't even know how to properly put it into words."

"Don't think it hasn't been pretty fantastic for me too," Heather responded.

A few moments of silence passed before Miranda spoke again.

"May I see...you?" she asked.

"What do you mean?" Heather responded. She knew full well what Miranda meant, but wanted to hear more.

"I want to see you...your body...under that robe. I want to touch you, if you'll let me."

Miranda sat up and turned to face the the other woman. "Please?"

Heather grinned slyly. "If you insist."

She stood and untied the belt of the robe. It fell open only slightly, revealing just a stripe of beautiful, pale skin down the center of her body - the space between her breasts, her belly button, and, just barely visible in the shadow cast by the robe, neatly trimmed pubic hair framing her dark pink slit.

"More please," MIranda said.

Miranda chewed her lower lip as Heather allowed the robe to slip off her shoulders and partway down her arms. The full, round globes of her breasts appeared as the fabric fell away. A moment later, the robe fell into a pile at her feet, leaving her completely naked in front of her new friend.

"You are absolutely stunning," said Miranda. "Come here."

Heather climbed onto the couch, straddling Miranda's bared lap. They kissed slowly, soft tongues probing and exploring between parted lips. Miranda cupped Heather's breasts, slowly working her fingertips over the firm, creamy, and sensitive skin. She bent down and sucked a nipple into her mouth, swirling her tongue around the engorged flesh.

Simultaneously, Miranda traced one hand down the side of Heather's body, across her flat stomach, and downwards until she found the the warm silky skin of Heather's inner thighs. She moved her hand upwards, brushing across the top of Heather's pubic mouth, dragging her fingers through the short stiff hair. The moment reminded Miranda of that pivotal moment common to teenaged heavy-petting, when the sensation of prickly hair across one's hand meant as inexperienced hands hovered just inches away from another's sex. Miranda had always relished that moment.

Heather slowly licked Miranda's earlobe, then nibbled it lightly.

"I've been waiting for this moment all day," Heather breathed into Miranda's ear. "Watching you pleasure yourself today was the sexiest thing I've ever seen...it was all I could do to keep from fucking myself silly right there while I sat watching you."

"I would have liked that," said Miranda as she rubbed two fingers along Heather's slick slit.

Heather groaned at the touch, and Miranda entered her with the same two fingers, penetrating upward as far as her petite hand would allow. Heather sank downward on the penetrating digits.

"God yes," she moaned, then shuddered as Miranda's thumb played across her clitoris. Miranda repeatedly pushed her fingers into her lover, enjoying the quiet sound of her wetness.

"Tell me what you want," Miranda whispered.

"I want you inside me, just like that." Heather paused to squeeze her vaginal walls around Miranda's fingers for emphasis. "I like this, being close to you, having you inside me. Just don't stop. Don't stop.

Please, just fuck me."

Miranda happily obliged, enthusiastically working her fingers into Heather's pussy and around her clitoris; her mouth traveled between nipples, neck, lips...alternately sucking, licking, kissing, and nibbling. It wasn't long before Heather began to shake, her breaths coming in shorter and shorter gasps. Finally, with a small cry, she came, almost violently, clutching Miranda to her chest in a tight hug.

Heather slumped off to the side and sprawled across the couch and giggled happily. "My god, I needed that," she said while lightly caressing herself as the last orgasmic contractions dissipated. She reached out and pulled Miranda down on top of her, playfully kissing almost every inch of her face, before driving her tongue passionately between her friend's lips.

Before long, the late hour combined with wine intake and sexual afterglow caught up to them, and Heather led Miranda back to her bedroom. Minutes later, both women were wrapped around each other in Heather's luxuriously soft king bed.

The next morning, they both awoke late, groggy but well-rested. Heather made coffee and breakfast while Miranda showered.

"I suppose I should get out of your hair," Miranda said. "I certainly don't want to overstay my welcome.."

"Sweetie, you're welcome to stay if you'd like. I mean, you certainly don't have to, but I'd love some company today. I just have a few errands to run."

"That would be lovely," Miranda responded, smiling.

Later that day, after a few hours of shopping, Miranda and Heather found themselves wedged in an ancient elevator as it slowly creaked its way upward from the ground floor of an old office building.

"Where are we going?" Miranda asked.

"My friend Jill does massage therapy work out of her penthouse. I thought it would be a nice way to cap off the day."

"Sounds lovely!"

Heather grinned mischieviously, then reached out and punched the elevator "stop" button. She turned

to her friend and kissed her lightly on the lips. Miranda began to return the kiss more forcefully, then pouted as Heather pulled away.

"I think we should play a little game," Heather whispered.

"What's the game?" Miranda responded, moisture already starting to build between her legs.

"This crappy old elevator takes close to two minutes to get to the top floor, assuming no one gets on. I want to watch you get yourself off between here and there. If you make it, I'll make you get the massage of your lifetime."

Miranda's eyes widened at the thought. There was no cover if someone got on, and she was wearing shorts, that while cute, didn't offer nearly the convenient access that a skirt would. She chewed her lip thoughtfully for a few seconds, maintaining eye contact with Heather.

"OK," Miranda said, finally.

"I'll even give you a minute to get warmed up before I let the elevator go again."

Heather reached down and deftly undid the button to Miranda's shorts, then dragged the zipper down slowly. She smiled as the thin white fabric stretched tautly across Miranda's pubic mound came into view. Her fingers played lightly over the fabric, barely putting pressure on the sensitive lips and clitoris underneath. Miranda moaned quietly as she thrust her hips forward, trying to get more.

"Dirty girl," Heather teased as she pulled her hand away. "Your turn now. Get to it. I'll count to ten before I start the elevator."

Miranda nodded and quickly slipped a hand under the weak elastic of her panties. Her middle finger traced the length of her lips, gathering some of the accumulated wetness, which she then spread back upwards and acrossed her engorged clit.

"One..."

Miranda began tracing small circles around the sensitive nub, occasionally stopping to penetrate herself.

"...Five..." Heather took the shopping bag from Miranda's other hand and set it on the floor. "Two hands sweetie."

Miranda complied a second later, bowing her legs slightly to make room to press two already slick fingers back inside herself. Her other hand, newly freed, continued to rub her clitoris, first back and forth, then alternating with small circles. By the time the elevator began to creak upwards again, her breaths were already growing shorter.

"Good girl. Keep going." Heather took a step back so she could take in the entire sight of her younger friend increasingly frantically masturbating. "Watching you jerk yourself off is so incredible...I could watch this all day."

With a small *thunk* , the elevator stopped abruptly and doors began to open. Miranda scrambled to compose herself, but only succeeded in standing up straight and pulling her hands from her sopping panties before the doors opened completely. The front of her shorts still hung open, and she quickly pulled her shirt down to cover the opening. A young couple stepped into the elevator, barely glancing at the two women already aboard. Miranda cast a disappointed and somewhat desperate look at her friend as she tried to ignore the pleasantly persistent throbbing between her legs.

Thankfully, the couple disembarked on the very next floor. Miranda mentally chided them for not just taking the stairs for such a short trip. As soon as the doors closed behind them, Miranda's hands once again dove back to her pussy. Her fingers danced across her clitoris with renewed vigor. The scent of her sex began to permeate the air in the small space.

"You smell delicious," Heather murmured in her ear before quickly nibbling her earlobe.

Miranda's legs shook and she sank slightly lower in an effort to penetrate herself more deeply. "Fuck, I'm so close," she gasped between ragged breaths.

"That's good, because we're almost to the top," said Heather.

Heather lightly caressed Miranda's ass, the backs of her thighs, and her lower back. Each light, sensual touch brought Miranda a little closer to the brink. She looked at the lights above the door. Only two floors to go.

"Darling, I don't think you're going to make it," Heather whispered. "May I help?"

"Please, yes," Miranda said, her eyes pleading as her hands continued working under her clothes.

Without another word, Heather dropped to her knees and with one smooth motion, pulled Miranda's shorts and panties down over her hips. With one hand behind Miranda's ass, she pulled her hips forward, bringing Miranda's nether lips forward to meet her tongue.

"Oh god, yes," Miranda gasped as Heather's warm tongue flicked over her clit before sucking it into her mouth. Two slender fingers entered her as well, then curled forward to find her g-spot.

Miranda pulled Heather's head harder against her pussy, grinding herself against her friend's face. Just the sight of Heather's piercing eyes looking up at her while rapidly licking and sucking her most sensitive parts was almost enough to push Miranda over the edge.

"Don't stop, don't stop, don't stop..." Miranda repeated. "Almost...there... Oh, oh fuck."

Miranda's hips bucked wildly as she came, forcing Heather to hang on to her hip with a free hand in to keep from being knocked backward. Miranda barely suppressed a small scream. Blackness crept into the edges of her vision. Her juices dripped onto Heather's tongue and down over her chin as Heather enthusiastically lapped at the entire length of her slit while Miranda rode out the orgasm.

Finally, Miranda's quaking legs gave out and she sank to the floor. Her head buzzed from the intensity of the orgasm. A few seconds later, Miranda tensed as the the doors began to open again. She tried to stand, but gave up and breathed a sigh of relief when the opening doors revealed only an empty hallway. Heather gently helped her up from the floor, sliding her shorts up and back into place and re-buttoning them.

"Come on you, time to go," Heather said before leading Miranda out by the hand. "Amazing, as usual. I may need to keep you around awhile."

Miranda smiled weakly, still recovering from the extraordinary orgasm. "Does Jill keep wine in her apartment?"

"Of course dear. She's just down the hall here. You deserve a glass or two after that performance."

The women walked arm-in-arm to the double doors at the end of the hall, giggling about the daring and exciting game they'd just played.