Mia - Chapter 1: Introductions

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Published on Lush Stories on 23 Jan 2012

You better not come back still a boy-virgin or there will be hell to pay.

https://www.lushstories.com/stories/novels/mia-chapter-1-introductions.aspx

Chapter 1 - Introductions

10 Aug 2010

Dearest Mia,

I'm using the several thousand miles between us as an opportunity to start my letter writing hobby. I think as a generation we lack the romance of a hand written letter being delivered through the post. That being said, it also gives me the chance to perfect my English language skills and feel a bit more Jane Austen-esque. J (Damn it. I almost wrote a smiley face there.) I also think you get more out of a handwritten letter than Facebook, Skype or email. Plus I'm finally using all that fancy stationary I like to buy but think is too nice to use.

I'm going to miss you so much this year. At least through the summer we could get the train and visit each other. Now you're a seven and a half hour flight away. But don't take being apart as a negative – I'm so excited for you Mia. I wish I had the courage (and brains) to go study abroad for the year. It's going to be brilliant; being away from your folks, hotter climate, on campus parties and best of all LOTS OF FIT AMERICAN HOTTIES.

I'm so jealous!

I can see it now, a tanned buff Adonis with sun-streaked hair and blue eyes sweeping you off your feet and relinquishing you of your chastity. (Goodness, I have been reading too much of my Mum's Mills and Boon!) And don't roll your eyes at this paragraph – you know how I feel about this Mia.

I know you love me and feel like the distance shouldn't have played a part in us splitting, but PLEASE don't let that be an excuse for you to close off from people. If you really want what is best for me (and more importantly, yourself) then do me the biggest favour and use this experience to come out of

your shell. Be (more) brave, adventurous and courageous.

You're a sexy little thing so stop denying it. Release yourself to the world...or the hot boys at least. You better not come back still a boy-virgin or there will be hell to pay.

And don't worry about me either. You know I'll be fine here with our not-as-deep talent pool. There must be some boys left here that I haven't kissed yet! I think this time I'll stay away from my usual type – poser arseholes. My brother's mate Kevin is moving here for uni and I know he has lots of sexy mates in his band.

I'm trying my best not to make this a mushy letter since I know how anxious you're feeling, so I'll give you my best "Frankie Advice" I can think of at the moment.

1. Do what I do - always say YES. (Unless it's for class-A drugs or a night with Miley Cyrus. I despise her.)

2. Remember a rubber is a condom, not an eraser. So if you're going to be doing the dirty then always use one. A condom that is.

3. If you meet Justin Timberlake give him my phone number.

4. Find out if the hazing really is like what they make it out to be on porn websites and if it is I'll be immigrating tomorrow.

5. Last of all – HAVE FUN.

Miss you loads already and love you so much!

(Your)

Frankie xxx

P.S. You can thank me later for the care package.

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Beep-beep-beep-beep-beeeeep-beeeeeep. Beep-beep-beep-beep-beeeeep-beeeeeep.

The staccato noise emanating from the alarm clock woke Mia up unexpectedly; startled she lifted her head to look for the damned machine. Unfortunately, the force of the hangover induced headache pushed her back down to her pillow. *Thanks for the Jäger-bombs Norah*, she thought to herself as she tried to make light of the night before. Propping herself up with her elbow, Mia slowly took a few sips of water from the glass resting on the bedside table before switching off the alarm.

From that angle she could see Norah's unmade bed empty. Norah, Mia's hyperactive Irish flatmate, was on a mission to push Mia's alcohol tolerance to the limits. The constant stereotypical Irish jibes passed in Norah's direction didn't even make a difference. *Ahh well, I may be hung-over but at least I'm by myself. 15 bloody days!* Ignoring the mild pounding in her temples, Mia leaned over the edge of her bed and pulled out the purple and black damask gift box that her best-friend and ex-girlfriend Frankie had sent over on Mia's first week in Massachusetts.

Unlike the care packages Mia received from her parents containing the most missed items from Scotland, Frankie's package contained items of a more promiscuous nature. The contents included condoms of almost every variety and size, massage oils, lubricant, coconut moisturiser, the book *Sex 365: A Position for Every Day* and a small discreet vibrator in the shape of a lip-stick. Finding herself alone for the first time in over a fortnight, Mia thought she should take the opportunity while it lasted.

Just thinking about being able to play with herself for the first time since she arrived in the States made the pounding in her head seem to disappear. Mia picked out the small vibrator and switched it on for the first time. It buzzed with a low vibration until she twisted the base again and the frequency increased. Feeling the quivering device in her hand made Mia's skin tingle and it didn't take long for her to notice the moisture increasing between her legs.

Mia made a quick double check that the door was locked before removing her pyjama shorts and vest. She slid under her sheets enjoying the feel of cotton against her naked skin. Her hands started to roam all over her soft petite body and then focused on her pert breasts. At 21, Mia was now content with her bra size (a decent 32D) even if she thought there could be improvement in other areas of her body.

Mia bit her bottom lip as she relished the feeling of her nipples hardening at her touch. It wasn't long before her hands moved lower down her torso, over her flat tummy then to her thighs. She spread her legs slowly, trying to tease herself before letting her hands explore her inner thighs, working their way to her wet little pussy.

Slipping her fingers between her slit she moaned out at the welcome exploration. Mia used her

fingers to tease her clit slowly before sliding them further down to her little hole, then right back up again. She picked up her new toy and switched it on. Her heartbeat increased along with her excitement she rubbed the vibrating gadget up and down her clit. Trying her best not to make too much noise she turned her face into her pillow in order to muffle her moans.

Her clit started to throb and Mia realised it wasn't going to take long before she came. She turned the speed up higher and pressed the vibrator harder into her clit. She used her free hand to pinch her hard nipples, her brow furrowed as the release she was waiting for the last 15 days was now approaching.

She could fell her heart beat increase and the wetness trickle down her slit. Letting out a long, stifled moan into her pillow Mia's body collapsed in delight as she reached orgasm. Her clit was too sensitive to take any more from the vibrator. After switching it off, Mia lay back and relaxed in post-orgasmic bliss.

BUZZZZZ BUZZZZZ BUZZZZZZZZZZ

Shit!

Almost catapulting out of bed Mia threw on her vest and PJ bottoms, deciding to forego looking for a jumper or cardigan as the impatient buzzing persisted. Not even thinking to ignore the door buzzer, she ran down the stairs to the front door of the campus apartment.

' *Eff sake – I heard you the first time asshole.*

BUZZZ-Mia threw open the door. The discontentment of having her post-masturbation-chill out-time interrupted by an inpatient mail man was made known by the frown on her face.

"You Norah Moran?"

"No, she's not here just now." Mia replied abruptly, the hangover was kicking in again. She was just about to close the door over before he spoke again.

"So you must be Mia Daly then? I'm the RA. I'm here for an unscheduled inspection." Mia looked over the man standing at her door. He was tall (around six foot) and surprisingly young - maybe 20-21 in her estimation. He was dressed in a matching black cap and polo shirt with the university's emblem on it and was holding an official looking clipboard. As well as that, he was, by all accounts a hottie - not that she took much notice. Still in shock of the interruption she realised that she hadn't even so much as glanced in a mirror before answering the door.

“Wait we weren’t told about this.” Mia replied hoarsely, squinting at the sunlight outside and trying to pat down her dark brown tresses.

“Yeah, that’s why it’s unscheduled. It’s all in the lease agreement.” He gave her the once over checking out her body in the tiny PJs, noticing her hard nipples though her vest before quickly looking back at her disapproving face.

Mia scowled at his smart-ass remark and crossed her arms over her chest. *He may be the RA, but he’s also an asshole,* she thought to herself.

“Can I come in now?” he asked.

“Do you have ID?” she responded with more attitude than she intended.

“My name’s Jesse by the way.” He said while taking out his ID and handing it to her. She glanced at it quickly before handing it back. “I’m just here to check you guys haven’t trashed the place and make sure your inventory is up to scratch.”

“Oh, okay then.” Mia replied feeling slightly relieved since her and Patrice – the French-Canadian flatmate - had tidied the place up the night before. “I’m guessing you had a good time last night then,” he quipped looking up from his clip-board as he walked into the living room.

“What gave me away? The reek of alcohol or the poor attempt at taking off my make-up?”

“Neither – it was the surly attitude you’re sporting,” he jested.

Another frown crept across her face which made Jesse smile knowing he’d gotten a reaction. “I’ll let you start down here then. If you excuse me I’ll be back in two seconds.” Mia ran upstairs to her room without waiting to see if there was any objection.

I should have just stayed in bed. Now I have to wait about while this guy has a nosey about the place. Serves me right having a long lie. Shit – the vibrator! Thank God he didn’t start with a bedroom inspection!

Mia quickly threw the vibrator into the purple box and pushed it under her bed. She pulled on the first hoodie she could find and picked up her brush and a hair band. She then had a look at her herself in the dressing table mirror.

Not as bad as I thought. At least I attempted to take off most my make up last night. Too bad about the hair.

Jesse walked around the living room ticking off all the boxes of the inventory that were on view*. She asked me for ID. Ha. What a smart ass,* he mused. He wandered into the kitchen noticing the light chemical smell of the cleaning detergents. *Well at least she's not a slob. She's actually pretty hot – has a sweet little curvy body. And that accent was the coolest thing I've ever heard. She must have noticed me checking her out. Most of the girls love the attention, crave it even - she's different.*

"Everything okay here?" the Scottish girl asked interrupting his train of thought.

"Yeh, fine." He answered before turning round to face her. *Damn, no more nipples.* He thought seeing her with the grey hoodie on and her hair tied back in a bun. *At least there's still those legs.* "Looks like you guys have been looking after the place. Are you going to take me to your bedroom now?"

"If you must." Mia replied ignoring the suggestive request.

"Ladies first," he said as he gestured for her to lead the way. Mia walked up the stairs with Jesse following. He let her get a few steps ahead so he could take in the view from behind.

"There, nothing unusual here." Mia said as she opened her and Norah's bedroom door. Jesse had a quick look over the room. Apart from the unmade bed on the left there wasn't anything he could see wrong. Mia took the few silent seconds to properly look him over. *Tall, looks like he has a nice body. Toned arms and shoulders and a natural tan. Must play a sport or something or he's the outdoorsy type. Nice face – handsome even, looks like he has light brown hair. Oh and peachy bum – how nice.*

"I'm surprised you haven't decorated the room yet," he commented interrupting her train of thought. "Most of the others apartments are covered with posters already."

"We haven't really had time to be honest. Probably not even spent that long in the bedroom since we arrived."

"Ahhh, staying over somewhere else, eh?" Jesse implied with a wink.

“No.” Mia replied irritably. “We’ve been at parties and not coming back ‘til late. That’s what I mean.”

“It’s alright, you don’t have to explain yourself to me,” he chided, detecting her annoyance*. Man this girl is so uptight. I must have struck a sore spot there. This is going to be fun.* “Plus it looks like you’ve had plenty of time. Do you usually spend all day in your PJs?”

“Of course not!” she replied hastily not realising she was being goaded. “Anyway I have a class in half an hour so are we finished here?”

“Unfortunately yeh, I am. I’ll see myself out then?” he smiled inwardly at himself as he walked out of Mia’s bedroom. “Oh, I’ll be round later to hand in the inventory report. Hopefully I might catch you in a better mood.”

“Are you always this nice to the residents?” Mia asked sarcastically.

“Nah, just the English ones.”

“I’m Scottish.”

“I know. It’s my parting insult. Did it work?” he smiled.

Mia closed the bedroom door without answering. A few seconds later she heard the front door close after her left.

Shit, fifteen minutes to get ready. No time for a shower. She pulled out clean underwear, a t-shirt and a pair of jeans and quickly got changed. Running down the stairs she tried to remember where she left her backpack before grabbing it and running out the door.

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I'll start with my arrival. Coincidently or on purpose I met my room-mate Norah at JFK before flying down here. She's from Galway and we got chatting and realised that we were both going to the same uni on the same exchange programme. She's studying Pharmacology and this is her first time away from home too so it's nice to have someone in the same boat (or should I say airplane) as me. Once we eventually got here the fresher's team told us we were going to be sharing a room and a flat together. I think we were both pretty glad we got on or it could turn out to be a year from hell.

We're also sharing the flat with Patrice – a French-Canadian studying Physics and Kristopher – a biologist from Austria. There's supposed to be two others moving in too but there has been no appearance yet. Patrice and Kris are great. They bicker all the time which is quite amusing but the four of us get along pretty well.

The parties here are just like the ones on TV: red cups, kegs and some obnoxious yanks – some not all though. Norah like most Irish stereotypes likes a tipple so she has been dragging me along to meet and greets and welcome parties along with all the events happening in the halls and on campus.

Before you ask of think I'm skirting the issue, no I haven't hooked up with anyone yet. No one has taken my breath away or in your crude language 'make my knickers wet.' Today was the first morning I've had to myself so I decided to 'test' your gift. I blush while I write this but it was pretty amazing. Technology has come a long way....

I was, however, interrupted by a random inspection from the RA. I was pretty mortified considering I was still a mess from the night before. His name was Jesse and he was a bit of an ass if you ask me. Gave me the impression he loved himself a bit and kept being a wide git. I'm still fuming now remembering it.

Why did that guy have to be so irritating? Prancing about like he owned the place. What sort of a daft name is Jesse anyway? Why am I still thinking about him? And why am I horny again? Oh shit, Frankie – I fancy him! I've become the typical girl that falls for the treat-'em-mean-keep-'em-keen routine. Actually, it's probably just a phase. I mean he's no George Clooney. But he was pretty attractive.

Anyway enough about me how is everyone back home? Are u excited about third year? Have you found a place to live yet this year or have any new flatmates lined up? What's the talent situation like? I hope you have been sticking to your word and changed your type. You've had our fair share of arseholes already.

I better go – I have some work to do already.

Write back soon, miss you so much,

Mia x