

HARPER BLISS

NEW GIRL

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This short story also appears in *Can't Get Enough* and *A Hotter State*.

Warning: This title contains graphic language and f/f sex.

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Can't Get Enough

All of Me

Fool for Love (High Rise Novella One)

New Girl

“Does it still hurt?” Nina asked.

Liz fingered the purple-blue bruise above her cheekbone. She glanced back at Nina in the mirror and tried not to scoff at her new teammate’s concern. This massive shiner was all her fault and she didn’t even realise. Too wrapped up in the impossible glossiness of Nina’s legs, Liz hadn’t seen the ball coming. It was a powerful smash delivered by the opposing team’s star player and, stupid as it may sound, Liz had forgotten to duck. She’d been so enthralled by the flexing muscles in Nina’s calves that she’d ignored the most important reflex of any volleyball player: protect yourself.

“Kind of.” Liz removed the useless make-up from her face. She remembered the days when half the team was made up of lesbians and they drove home after an away game, no matter how far. Nowadays, it seemed imperative that they book a cheap B&B so the youngsters could flirt all night with the male teams lingering about the cafeteria. Nearing twenty-nine, Liz knew she was on her way out and maybe it made her a tad bitter. Her lifetime volleyball companion Kate had to bow out of this game because of a knee injury—no doubt caused by too much wear and tear, they were the same age after all—leaving Liz to share a room with the new girl. Not that she minded that much. Her gaze followed Nina as she brushed her long unruly curls before tying them into a ponytail for bed. It was just a bit embarrassing at the moment.

“She was really gunning for you.” Nina shook her head and her ponytail bopped from left to right. “What a bitch.”

“It was my own fault. I was distracted.” Still looking at Nina’s reflection in the mirror, Liz pinned her eyes on her teammate’s hazel ones and stared for a moment too long. Nina had slipped out of her summer dress and wore nothing but a flower-patterned pair of shorts and a skimpy tank top. Did she not realise they were sharing the bed? As soon as Liz had heard she’d be bunking with Nina she’d invested in a navy silk pair of pyjamas

which covered most of her skin—mainly as a measure of self-protection. The thought of inadvertently touching Nina during the night had made her a bit too moist for comfort.

“Oh yeah. By what?” Nina had moved to the edge of the bed and was applying moisturiser to her legs. Liz tried not to stare at them but, just like during the game, she couldn’t pull her gaze away.

“I don’t know.” Liz had to swallow before she could continue to speak. “Someone in the crowd, I guess.”

“Someone special?” Nina shot her a sly smile.

“Hardly.” Liz hadn’t met someone to refer to as special in a while. “Excuse me.” She grabbed her pyjamas, stepped into the tiny bathroom and closed the door behind her. Before splashing cold water in her face she examined herself in yet another mirror. Her cheek was swollen, narrowing her left eye. The bruise seemed to mock her and, admittedly, despite the dramatic purple-red edge of the contusion, it was her ego that was wounded most. She had no business lusting after someone who’d just graduated from university. Nina was barely twenty-one and even though they were only eight years apart in age, somehow, it felt more like eighteen—or eighty, now that she was feeling especially melodramatic about it.

Liz ran her fingers through her blond bob and sighed. She undressed and let the soft silk of the pyjama envelop her limbs. Her nipples perked up against the smooth fabric. Liz certainly hadn’t counted on a pair of PJs making her frisky. Who was she kidding, anyway? She had plenty of silk garments and none had this effect on her. She relied on another deep breath to calm her down and headed back into the bedroom.

Nina lay on her side, her nose buried in an Ian Rankin thriller. She looked up as Liz entered the room. “Nice PJs.” Nina gave her a once-over and curled her lips into an innocent smile.

“This old thing?” While scolding herself for behaving so pathetically, Liz switched off the overhead light, leaving Nina’s face solely illuminated

by a small reading lamp. At least the legs are covered, Liz noticed, torn between relief and disappointment. Either way, some miracle would have to happen for this not be a feverish sleepless night for her.

“Do you mind if I read?” Nina lifted her book up and presented it as a piece of evidence. “Never had time at uni to read a decent thriller. It was all Jane Austen here and Emily Brontë there.”

“Could be worse.” Liz found herself tongue-tied and unable to engage in intelligent conversation with this girl.

“I understand if you’re tired, what with barely escaping a concussion.” Nina pulled the covers away on Liz's side of the bed and Liz didn’t know what to make of the gesture. It was so easy—so tempting—to see more in it than it was.

“That’s all right. I don’t mind the light.” Liz slipped under the sheets and the pressure of the blanket reminded her of the stiffness of her nipples. Sheer fabric like silk was quite revealing and Liz was suddenly mortified. She pulled the sheets up to her chin and lay there with no idea of how to relax, let alone fall asleep. She listened to Nina’s breathing and the rustling of the pages. The rate at which she turned them made Liz suspect the book was worth staying up late for and she made a mental note to buy it. At least they would have something to talk about next time they had to share a room. If there ever was a next time. Kate was not one to miss out on many games and it had only been the distance—and the fact that she had to put her knee up—that had kept her from joining this trip.

After twenty minutes Nina switched off her reading light and turned on her back. “Are you asleep?” she whispered as soon as it had gone dark.

“Mmm,” Liz mumbled. She was wide awake and had spent the better part of the last ten minutes wondering if she should lie on her hands to prevent her from inadvertently touching herself. Nina’s body heat seemed to multiply under the sheets and the thought of those legs mere inches away from hers made Liz's skin sizzle. It was a good thing she had on an extra layer to hide the goosebumps.

“How long have you been on the team?” Nina obviously took Liz's grumble as willingness to talk. As long as the subject was the team, Nina could handle it.

“Twelve years and barely missed a game.” Inside, Liz swelled with pride. She'd given a lot for the team, but had gotten much more in return. Two girlfriends for instance, and a lot of pent up lust, it seemed now.

“And still the best player. Amazing.” Nina hesitated for a split second. “I really look up to you.”

Liz lay there blushing in the dark, gobsmacked but with pure joy rushing through her veins. “They just keep me on because I'm so tall.” She shuffled nervously under the covers. “My reflexes are not what they used to be. You saw what happened today.” Liz heard the sound of skin rustling against sheets.

“Are you kidding?” Nina had propped herself up on one elbow, half her body towering over Liz.

Don't come too close, Liz prayed, not sure if she had the necessary will power to refrain from curling her hands around Nina's neck and pulling her in for a kiss. “You're not so bad yourself.”

“I'm nowhere near as good as you and never will be.”

Liz's eyes were used to the dark now and she could make out the contours of Nina's face. A few strands of hair had come loose from her ponytail and crinkled along her cheeks. Nina sank down into the mattress and her bent elbow hit Liz in the bicep.

“I'm so sorry.” In a flash Nina sat back up, a hand stroking Liz's upper arm. “And you're already so bruised.”

“It's okay.” Liz flexed her bicep a little to give Nina a good feel. “I can take it.”

Nina's thumb gingerly trailed along the sleeve of Liz's pyjama. “I was just babbling, trying to make conversation.” Her face was close enough for Liz to feel her breath when she spoke. “Sharing a room with you is a bit nerve-wracking.”

"Don't worry," Liz sighed, "I won't touch you inappropriately."

"Oh." Nina's grip on her arm intensified and left Liz quite confused. "I was sort of hoping that you would." Nina's fingers snuck up to Liz bare neck and their touch electrified her skin.

Liz brusquely put her hand on Nina's and pushed it down. She wanted to brush it away, but something stopped her. "Don't play me." Her voice didn't sound as harsh as she had set out to either.

"You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen." Nina's nails dug into Liz's skin, making a point Liz couldn't ignore even if she wanted to.

"But—" Liz stammered, clearly having lost use of her mental faculties again. "You're not even gay."

"Says who?" Nina lowered herself until her lips almost touched Liz's unblemished right cheekbone.

"Have you ever even kissed a woman?" Liz felt as if she were digging her own grave, but she had some decency left.

Nina pressed her lips against Liz's skin and then trailed them to her ear. "I have now," she whispered.

Liz had to gasp for air. Her nipples poked against her pyjama top and a moist heat spread between her legs. "I'm serious." Her mouth was dry and she had to swallow multiple times to lubricate it before she could continue. "We can't—"

"I'm serious too," Nina interrupted her, her mouth still tantalisingly close to Liz's ear. "I've had a crush on you since I first saw you."

"Don't be silly."

Nina pushed her body against Liz, her nipples pressing hard into Liz's arm. "Methinks the lady doth protest too much."

"We'll see about that." Liz slung her leg over Nina and pressed her down until she was on top of her. She peered into her brown eyes. "Are you sure?" she barely managed to ask.

"One hundred percent." If she was uncertain at all, there was no sign of it in her eyes. They brimmed with lust and desire and Liz was slightly

taken aback by the sudden reversal of the situation.

Liz leaned down for the first kiss. The way she brushed her closed lips against Nina's was almost chaste, until Nina dug her fingers in Liz's hair and drew her near. Nina opened her mouth, allowing Liz's tongue to enter. Liz's nipples writhed against the silk of her top and her fingers trailed along Nina's neck as they lost themselves in moist kiss after kiss. Liz's knee rested between Nina's legs and her right hand kept moving down until it reached the curve of Nina's breast.

The time for hesitation had passed and, over Nina's skimpy tank top, she curled her fingers over her breast, its nipple perking up against her palm. Soon she was squeezing and tweaking and the tank top got in the way of her plans. Without interrupting the kiss, Liz slid one hand under Nina's top and the touch of soft skin on her fingertips sent an electric current straight to her pussy. Liz expected her PJ bottoms to be drenched by now and her juices to be leaking through onto Nina's flexed thigh muscles.

Liz's fingers found Nina's bare nipple and she gently pinched it until soft moans escaped from the mouth underneath hers. Shifting her body to the left, Liz gave Nina's other breast the same treatment. The supple flesh under her hands ignited throb after throb to pulse through her pussy. Their passionate lip lock had to be broken then, because Liz couldn't wait any longer. She had to see the breasts she'd been stroking so feverishly.

Nina stared up at her as Liz nibbled her younger team mate's bottom lip one more time. Her glance alone, with those huge brown eyes glinting with desire, was enough to entice Liz to rip off all her clothes and ravage Nina, but, despite the lust leaking from between her legs, Liz knew she had to go slow. Unhurried, she pulled up Nina's tank top until her breasts were exposed. Liz had seen them before, in passing in the locker room and, more in detail, while soaping up in the communal showers, but this couldn't be more different. Nina's pert mounds lay at her fingertips now and their taut nipples looked more than ready to be savoured.

“You’re so beautiful,” Liz mumbled before leaning in again, lower this time, and tasting Nina’s left nipple. It was hard against her tongue and Liz sucked it between her lips and gently trailed her teeth along the tip. With one hand she squeezed the soft flesh of Nina’s breast together so she could take as much as possible of it into her mouth.

Nina tugged at Liz's top, yanking it upwards. “Take it off.” Liz interrupted her glorious feast of dark nipple and velvety breast and allowed Nina to pull her silk top over her head. The sudden rush of air pricked up her own nipples until the skin around them couldn’t stretch any further. Liz repositioned and hovered over Nina until their breasts almost touched and their nipples grazed against each other. Keeping the pressure in her arms, Liz didn’t let her body’s full weight come down. Instead, she let her nipples dance across Nina’s upper body, occasionally bending her elbows and pushing the rigid brown buds into Nina’s belly and breasts.

Liz followed the erratic path her nipples had taken earlier with a trail of kisses leading down to the waistband of Nina’s shorts. She appeared impatient and started pushing her shorts down before Liz had a chance to luxuriate in the thought of slowly exposing her pussy. She locked eyes with Nina and covered her hands to liberate them from their task. She lowered the shorts lazily, as much a test for her as it was for Nina, and bared her black pubic hair first. Again, this was not a first for Liz—team sports have their perks—but it didn’t stop her from being floored by the musky sweet scent tinging the air and, as the shorts came off, the sight of Nina’s swollen pussy lips glistening with wetness.

“Yours as well.” Nina sat up and tugged frantically at Liz's pants. Their eyes met and Liz saw no reason in them to deny such a heartfelt request. Both naked, Liz coaxed Nina down on the bed and kissed her. Skin to skin and nipple to nipple, their hands roaming freely over each other’s body, Liz felt her juices spill onto Nina’s glorious legs. They may have been the start of all of this, but Liz's focus lay elsewhere now. She pushed herself up and cast a longing glance at Nina’s pussy.

“Fuck me,” Nina said and the unexpected words sent a shiver up Liz's spine.

She crouched between Nina's legs and flexed her elbows just low enough for her left breast to brush the lips of Nina's pussy. Liz shifted her weight unto her left knee and arm and with her free hand guided her breast, its nipple protruding stiffly, to Nina's throbbing clit. Nina moaned at the touch of flesh on flesh and Liz repeated the action. She skated her nipple up and down Nina's pussy and nudged her clit with it. The sensation of Nina's hot wetness on her nipple made Liz's knees tremble with delight and her clit stand firmly to attention.

“Oh god,” Nina grunted and dug her fingers into Liz's hair. Liz couldn't wait any longer. As magnificent as the nipple fuck felt, she needed a taste now. She brought her mouth down to Nina's gleaming lips and ran her tongue along the length of them. Nina tasted salty and moist and intoxicating. Just as she'd done with Nina's chest earlier, Liz let her tongue follow the path her nipple had traced earlier. Every time her tongue stroked Nina's clit, her entire body tensed under Liz's mouth. Low whimpers of ecstasy drifted from Nina's lips into the room. Liz dug her tongue as deep as she could into Nina's pussy and let its aroma coat her mouth and chin.

She focused her attention on Nina's clit, circling around it in a steady motion until Nina's grunts intensified and her grip on Liz's hair strengthened. Liz needed more though, she needed to feel the inside of Nina's pussy on her fingers, needed to feel her muscles contract around her knuckles. Interrupting the motion of her tongue on Nina's clit, she lifted her head to get a good look at what she was about to enter. Through the darkness, to which Liz's eyes were now fully accustomed, Nina's pussy glistened with juices, her lips a deep swollen red. Before the irresistible urge to feast her mouth on them gripped her again, Liz brought one finger to the rim of Nina's pussy. She circled it around and up and down and then let it slip inside. Nina immediately let out a hoarse yelp as Liz's finger

was covered in slithery juices. She explored Nina's inner walls and, before finding a more steady rhythm, inserted another finger.

Nina buried her nails into the sheets and moaned louder with every thrust. Liz revelled in the sensation of fucking her team mate who was indirectly responsible for the painful bruise on her cheek—it didn't hurt that much anymore now. Liz watched her fingers slip in and out of Nina and a small puddle of juice gathered in her palm. She brought her head back down and went straight for Nina's clit. She flicked it back and forth with her tongue to the same rhythm as her fingers delving inside.

"Oh my god," Nina exclaimed and repeated. "I'm—" Before she had a chance to say it she released a stream of juice onto Liz's palm and her pussy clenched and unclenched multiple times around Liz's fingers. Liz kept fucking and licking Nina until her voice grew hoarse and her body stopped shaking.

When Liz looked up and sought Nina's gaze she saw a wide smile plastered across her face. Liz hoisted herself up on her elbows until their eyes met.

"Is this even allowed?" Nina asked slightly out of breath. "Making a team mate scream like that?"

"Remember how I yelled when that ball hit my face?" Liz planted a kiss on the edge of Nina's mouth. "I needed to get you back for that."

"And the game's not over yet." Nina licked her lips and cast her glance down, in the direction of Liz's pussy.

"You don't have to." Liz was suddenly reminded that this was Nina's first time with a woman. "We can take it slow."

Nina eased herself out from under Liz's embrace and topped her. "Like you did with me, you mean?" A naughty grin curled around her lips. "We'll see about that." She shot Liz a wicked wink before pushing her body down, her breasts tickling Liz's skin and her breath caressing her clit already. Liz knew slow was no longer an option.

THE END

About the author

Harper Bliss has travelled the world in search of sexual satisfaction. She now resides in a hot Asian country and dedicates her time to writing down the stories that have inspired and aroused her.

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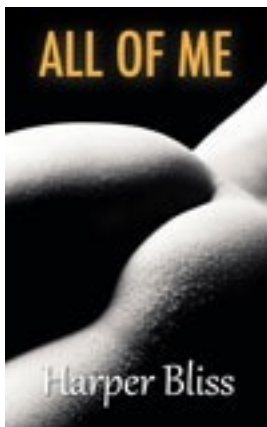
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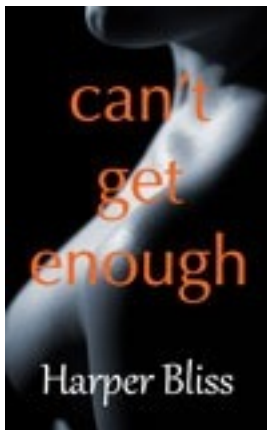
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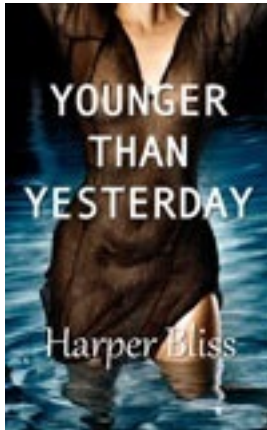


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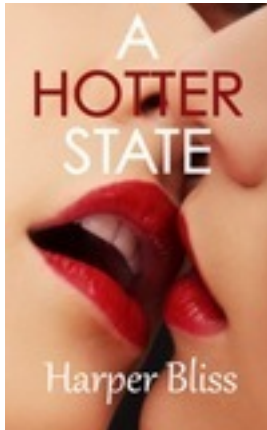
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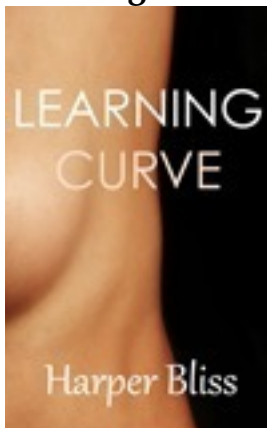
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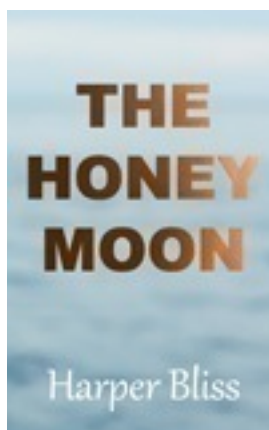
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