

Club Ambrosia

Emily Sinclair

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Meeting Ella

Tiffany was excited for multiple reasons, but first and foremost was finally getting out of her parent's house. Even if it was for only nine months out of the year. She had been accepted to Cloverfield – a small, privately funded college in Ravenna where she planned on majoring in psychology. Staying on campus would afford the nineteen year old freshman a level of freedom she could not get at home, and she was excited to finally be free of her mother's strict religious teachings and her father's constant drinking even if only for a short time.

Reading the campus map, Tiffany located Yates Hall, circled it. She then searched for each of the buildings she had classes at and circled them as well. Studying the map and class times, she plotted the best course to get her where she needed to be in the shortest possible time. Some called her a perfectionist, but she did not think so. She simply liked to have a plan and a plan for her plan.

Tucking the map back into the front pocket of her otherwise empty backpack, she got out of her car and walked to Yates Hall – the only female dorm on campus. Classes did not start for another week, but the administrations encouraged new freshman to arrive early to get their bearing – something Tiffany wholeheartedly agreed with.

Tiffany tried to pull the left glass door open but it would not budge. She tried the right one and found it locked as well. "You have to slide your student ID," a pixie-haired woman sitting at a desk inside said over an intercom. Tiffany rooted through her purse and pulled out her ID and slid it through the card reader. She heard the door unlock and pulled it open before it re-latched.

"Thanks for that," Tiffany thanked the Hall monitor.

"First day?"

"Yeah. I forgot about having to scan my ID to get in."

"No worries. It happens to us all. "What room you headed to? I can check to see if it's ready."

"I got a call yesterday saying it was and that I could arrive at any time," Tiffany replied. "But I'm in room 404 if you want to double check."

Amy typed away at the keyboard and then looked confused. "Hmm, that's odd. It says error 404 room not found."

"What? How is that even possible?"

Amy broke out laughing so hard she began snorting. "Sorry. That...that was a...a horrible joke! Oh god I crack myself up."

"Oh good grief," Tiffany face palmed herself. "That was pretty horrible!"

"Your room's ready. You can go up at any time. Your roommate hasn't shown up yes to it's all yours until then."

"Thanks. Any way you can tell me who my roommate is?"

"Let's see, her name is Ella Hargrove and is a nursing major," Amy replied, looking at the information on the computer. "Not much I can tell you other than that. And in case you forgot, your ID also opens your room door too."

"Thanks."

Tiffany took the elevator to the fourth floor and walked a short distance down the hall to her room. Behind her was another hallway that led to the laundry room. Sliding her card, she entered the small dorm room and tossed her backpack on the nearest of the two bunks. It was raised off the floor as if a top bunk, but where a lower bunk would be was a desk and high-backed office chair.

Ripping the blankets and sheets from the bed, she took them to the laundry room and tossed the whole lot into one of the industrial-sized washers. While they washed, she went back down to her car and began the arduous task of carrying everything in. By 8:22 she was completely moved in and unpacked. With no classes for another week, she spent the next day buying books and a few staple foods to stock the small fridge the college provided.

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Ella Hargrove arrived on campus four days before the start of term. When she opened the door to room 404 she was somewhat surprised to see Tiffany lying on one of the beds. “What’s up? I’m Ella.”

“I’m Tiffany. Hope you don’t mind I claimed this bunk.”

“No problem. I’d rather be away from the door anyways. Once the semester starts the halls are going to get loud. You a nursing major as well?”

“Psychology.”

“Just don’t go trying to psychoanalyze me and we’ll get along fine,” Ella smiled. “Can I ask you a personal question?”

“Sure,” Tiffany replied.

“I like to get this out of the way as soon as possible in case there are any problems so please don’t take any offense. Are you bisexual or lesbian at all?”

“No.”

“Do you have any problems with lesbians or bisexuals?”

“Not really.”

“Are you going to have any problems sharing a room with a bisexual?”

“Nope.”

“Good. Then we’re off to a fantastic start. Just so you know, I’m bisexual. I promise I won’t go hitting on you though unless you want me to. I wouldn’t mind if you did. You’re pretty cute,” she added with a wink.

“Thanks. So are you,” Tiffany returned the compliment. Ella reminded her of a young Salma Hayek with her long black hair, dark brown eyes, and hourglass figure complete with large breasts and firm, round behind.

“I’ll try to warn you ahead of time if there’s going to be any hanky-panky, but I make no guarantees.”

“Thanks,” Tiffany smiled “I appreciate it.”

“We’re going to be stuck together so it’s the least I can do,” Ella replied. “I’d rather be in close quarters with a friend than an enemy if you know what I mean. Another thing, I like to wear as few clothes as possible. Do you mind if I’m on ly in my panties?”

“I don’t mind. This is your home too,” Tiffany replied.

“You sure you’re not into girls?” Ella giggled. “Just teasing.” She pulled her shirt off and tossed it in the corner under her bunk. Next came her pants and finally her bra. “Aahhh, that is soooo much better. I hate wearing clothes.”

“If I had your body I’d hate it too,” Tiffany said.

“Don’t beat yourself up. I’m sure you’ve got a fine body. And you’re cute to boot.”

“Thanks,” Tiffany blushed “but your body is a hell of a lot sexier than mine.”

“Why don’t you let me be the judge of that? Come on, get out of bed so I can see you.” Tiffany jumped out of the bunk and stood nervously as her roommate checked her out. “You’re out of your damn mind,” Ella said. “You have a smoking hot bod.”

“Thanks,” Tiffany replied, blushing a little deeper.

“Let’s see it then. I can’t really judge how great your body is if you’ve got clothes on now can I?”

“Y-you want me to strip?”

“Only down to your panties like me. Don’t tell me you’ve never been naked in front of another woman before.”

“Not a complete stranger,”

“We’re not *complete* strangers,” Ella replied. “Strangers don’t know each other’s names, or live together. Come on, it’s not going to kill you. You’re the one that wanted to compare bodies, so let’s compare.” Tiffany pulled her tee shirt over her head and laid it on the bed. Her pants followed and that’s where she stopped. “Bra too,” Ella said. “We’ve got to make this as fair as possible, right?” Reluctantly, Tiffany removed her bra as well. “Yep, just as I thought, you’re sexy as hell!”

“Thanks,” Tiffany said nervously.

“Really, babe, you’re selling yourself short if you don’t think you’re pretty or sexy. Just look at you. Nice curves,” she said running a finger lightly down Tiffany’s right side. “Ample, firm breasts and a tight ass to die for. What’s not to like? Would you be offended if I kissed you right now?”

“I..y-you w-want to...oh god,” Tiffany gasped, unsure of what to do. She stood there looking like a deer caught in headlights as Ella moved in closer and wrapped an arm around her waist.

“I’m going to kiss you now,” Ella warned. “If you don’t want me to kiss those sexy lips you better pull away now.” Tiffany stood there continuing to mimic the deer as Elle tilted her head slightly to the right as she moved in for the kiss. “Last warning, I really am going to kiss you if you don’t move,” Ella said.

When Ella’s lips pressed against hers, Tiffany’s knees went weak, but she did not break the embrace. When their lips parted and their tongues met, she still did not move away. Her body was frozen as her mind struggled with conflicting emotions. On the one hand she was practically naked being kissed for the first time by a woman; and on the other, the sensation send jolts of excitement and pleasure down from her brain straight to her loins.

Ella broke the kiss, but did not stop. She kissed Tiffany on the chin and neck as she moved her way down to her roommate’s hard nipples. Taking the right nipple into her mouth, she began sucking it, swirling her tongue around the areola.

“P-please,” Tiffany moaned, her mind a jumble of confused thoughts. “Aahhh, w-what are you doing?” she gasped when Ella bit her nipple. It wasn’t a hard bite, in fact it felt incredible, but it took the stunned freshman by surprise.

“I’m going to kiss my way down your body,” Ella replied, giving Tiffany’s nipple one last playful nibble before continuing to kiss her way down her belly. “Mmmm, you really turn me on, you know that.”

“But...I...why are you...Oohhh,” she moaned as Ella’s lips pressed against the thin materials of her panties over her clit.

“You can stop me any time,” Ella said giving Tiffany’s pussy another kiss. “All you have to do it take a step back. Fair warning though, in three seconds I’m pulling your panties down and my tongue is going into your pussy. One...” she reached up and hooked her finger into the waistband of Tiffany’s panties. “Two...” She gave Tiffany’s pussy another hard kiss. She felt her roommate’s body tremble. “Three...”

Ella slowly pulled Tiffany’s panties down and helped lift each foot so that she could step out of them. “If you don’t want me to lick your pussy you had better move,” Ella warned as she leaned in. “I’m seriously going to do it.”

“I...I don’t...p-please...” Tiffany stammered, looking down at her sexy roommate. The pleasure center of her brain was winning out over the more rational portion and she stood there frozen as Ella’s lips pressed against her bare pussy. “Uuhhhnnnn!” she moaned when Ella’s tongue extended and licked along her clit.

“You like that? You like my tongue in your pussy?” Ella purred. “You taste amazing, you know. I could lick you for hours and hours. Shame my toys aren’t unpacked. I’d love to fuck you with a strap-on! Alright, I’m going to lick you again. Any time you want me to stop just back away.”

Tiffany remained standing in that spot for eight glorious minutes while Ella’s skilled tongue licked her to orgasm. Her knees buckled and down she went, landing on her ass on the floor panting like a dog on a hot summer day. “Oh my fucking god!” she gasped. “That...that was...WOW!”

“Did you like it?” Ella grinned?

“I don’t know why I let you do that to me! I’ve never even kissed another woman let alone let one eat me out! What in the fuck was I thinking?” Tiffany exclaimed.

“Probably how great it felt to just let go and enjoy the moment,” Ella replied. “I gave you fair warning what I was doing and you let me continue.”

“I’m not mad,” Tiffany said. “I’m more shocked and confused. Fucking hell, that felt good! WOW!”

“We can do it anytime you want,” Ella smiled. “And whenever you’re ready you can lick me back.”

“I...I don’t know if I can do that,” Tiffany blushed.

“And I bet you never thought you’d ever let another woman kiss and lick you either.”

“Fair enough. Can you toss me my panties please?”

“Sure,” Ella said reaching back to grab Tiffany’s panties from the floor. “So tell me honestly, will you let me do that again?”

“Honestly, I don’t know. I need some time to think about it and come to terms with it,” Tiffany said pulling her panties back on. “But seriously though, that was fucking amazing. I’ve never been licked like that in my life.”

“I aim to please,” Ella grinned.