

LEIGH ELLWOOD



## *Also by Leigh Ellwood*

In the Dareville series...

*Truth or Dare*  
*The Dares That Bind*  
*Dare Me*  
*Daring Young Man*  
*Double Dare*  
*Dare to Dream*  
*Daringly Delicious*  
*A Winter's Dare*  
*Don't Dare the Reaper*  
*Where Angels Dare to Tread*

Also available...

*Long Awaited Friend*  
*Jilted*  
*Surveillance*

and many more...

# *Share*

A Sapphic short by

LEIGH ELLWOOD

**Share** copyright 2009 by Leigh Ellwood

All rights reserved under the International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

This is a work of fiction. Names, places, characters and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to any actual persons, living or dead, organizations, events or locales is entirely coincidental.

**DLP**  
**BOOKS**

[www.DLPBooks.com](http://www.DLPBooks.com)

Virginia Beach, VA  
Cover art © 2009 Kathryn Lively

First DLP Edition – November, 2009  
Printed in the United States of America

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Warning: the unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in prison and a fine of \$250,000.

“Damn it.”

Marissa spotted her roommate’s car in its numbered slot right as she pulled into her apartment complex. Next to that, the visitor’s space assigned to their building was occupied by a familiar blue pickup truck. Nell and her current boyfriend—Cole, Chris, Clyde...who could keep track of the revolving door installed in Nell’s bedroom—were home. Given the cramped condition of their shared living space, Marissa knew she would probably be afforded little privacy to relieve the sexual tension building up inside her.

She applied the parking brake of her Toyota a bit roughly, and caught herself caressing the tip of the shaft in a suggestive manner. She had to get some satisfaction soon, she was going insane. She only hoped the little toy she kept in her bedside stand would do the trick. Maybe, too, Nell and Cole—yes, that was his name—had finished their alleged nude acrobatic workout and were on their way out somewhere, leaving her alone.

If they had opted for a night in, Marissa decided to just hole up in her bedroom. She’d use their cries of release as an inspirational soundtrack to see her over the edge. Whatever worked.

She entered the foyer and slung her books and purse on the already cluttered coffee table in the empty living room. She noted the muted television broadcasting a raucous afternoon talk show, and no activity in the galley kitchen. Darkness shrouded the stout hallway leading to the bedrooms Nell and Marissa used.

A sliver of natural light, however, leaked from the slightly open door of Nell’s bedroom—logical process of elimination told Marissa where to find her friend. Padding softly closer, she caught sight of the edge of Nell’s bed and saw two bare, feminine legs sliding against each other as though relishing a lover’s caress. Ecstatic moaning augmented the image, and Marissa moved on, unwilling to announce her presence.

She headed straight for her own room, unbuttoning her blouse as she went, and closed the door behind her. Flats, knee

high nylons, slacks, underwear, and bra quickly slid to the carpet and Marissa took to her bed on all fours, arching her back upward in a mock yoga position to work away a sudden ache.

As she bent forward and reached for the drawer of her nightstand she caught her reflection in the full-length mirror before her bed, and smiled. Constant yoga practice and her recently acquired vegetarian diet had been kind to her, and she was pleased to see the difference it made in her body. Her skin looked taut and tanned, and the muscles in her arms and legs also appeared well defined. Her shoulder length titian hair tumbled down her neck and shoulders, and she blew away several strands from her face to better see herself.

On an impulse, she shifted her body so that she could better see her bent backside in the reflection. She reached one hand underneath her and spread apart her pussy lips with two fingers, then stroked the folds and the edge of her moistened core before dipping one finger deep inside her.

How she would have loved presenting herself this way for...for, well, anybody at this point. She couldn't remember her last date, much less her last lay.

With an ungraceful bounce on her ass, Marissa returned to the nightstand and fished out her new toy, a translucent blue dolphin attached to a wire and remote control device. Marissa had purchased it at a party hosted by one of her fellow Master's Degree candidates—"a Tupperware party for the horny," the event had been referred to her. Marissa recalled her initial embarrassment on seeing the selection of goods for purchase, but a few glasses of wine had given her the courage to make the discreet purchase, one she had not since regretted.

She checked the batteries, then propped a pillow against her headboard and leaned back, spreading her legs until her pussy lips parted on their own. In the mirror's reflection, she looked every bit the hungry porn starlet, and licked her lips for effect.

"Come on, baby," she cooed to the now vibrating dolphin as she settled it on her clit. "Give mama some love."

A ripple of pleasure tore through her the instant the dolphin's nose touched her nub. Marissa arched her neck and inhaled deeply, relishing the sensation. Holding the toy to her clit, she maneuvered it around so the vibrations could massage

the rest of her pussy, and the tail her slick opening. She watched her reflection caress a breast with her free hand, rolling her nipple between her forefinger and thumb. It would have felt nicer to have a tongue lave that nipple, to have a nice set of teeth bite down on it. Marissa would have done it herself, but her breasts were too small to allow her to do that.

*Be nice to have a huge cock slamming inside me, too*, she thought with a touch of regret. She considered the many suitable candidates who floated on the periphery of her existence. Glenn, the gorgeous jock who sat next to her in Statistics, and Ryan, her fellow barista who worked the weekend shifts with her at the Jittery Bean...

Or Nell, leaning against her open doorjamb, arms folded and naked, with a shit-eating grin on her face.

*Nell!*

Marissa let out a surprised shriek. The dolphin slipped from her throbbing clit and landed between her thighs, still whirring and poking her skin. She reached for her spare pillow and tried to cover as much of herself as possible.

“What the fuck are you doing? Don’t you knock?” she cried, trying to sound angry. However, her current state of arousal, however, tempered her voice somewhat. The sight of Nell cupping her own breast, kneading a thick nipple, held Marissa’s attention briefly before the two young women connected and Marissa saw the desire aflame in her roommate’s eyes.

The distraction provided enough fuel to set the course of her lust in a new direction. Marissa thought back to a week ago, when she’d joked to a female co-worker that the temptation to turn lesbian out of desperation increased. Now, she almost laughed at how the situation presented itself.

“Just admiring the view,” Nell said finally, “and thinking maybe you’d like some company. I didn’t hear you come in, but I heard you about to come.”

Marissa flushed. “I thought you were with Cole.”

“Who?”

She sighed. Nell was a law student at her college, and had been her roommate for two years. Marissa was aware of Nell’s sexual proclivities—Cole was, or had been, the latest in a long

string of conquests since she and Nell took up residence together—but never before had the brunette exhibited an interest in women.

Marissa, being so horny and so flustered now, could not decide whether or not to be shocked or further aroused.

Nell flounced into the bedroom, her dark hair splayed around her shoulders, her large breasts buoyant with each step around the bed to Marissa's side. Marissa took in her roommate's rounded hips and bare pussy, which Nell was eager to display in her wide-legged recline. Their skin touched; Marissa's body quivered in response.

"What are you doing?" Marissa was surprised to hear the amusement in her voice. She wanted to be upset. She had come so close to orgasm before being interrupted, but seeing Nell looking so inviting and delicious did much to dissipate her anger.

"Teaching you to share," Nell said with a pout, and plucked the buzzing dolphin from Marissa's thigh. She leaned closer until her lips were nearly touching Marissa's, and dared a caress across Marissa's bosom with the vibrating device, causing an ecstatic moan to erupt from Marissa's lips. "Weren't you ever taught to take turns with your toys?" she added, and applied the dolphin to her own clit.

Marissa opened her mouth to protest, yet managed only a strangled gasp. What was the deal with her friend? Had the prospect of another term of poring through briefs and court transcripts caused her to snap? She thought back to spying on Nell earlier, the sounds of sex vibrating from her room. Surely she didn't leave Cole behind to stew while she got off here.

Or, maybe Cole watched a hiding place.

Marissa turned her head toward the hall, looking for a face wedged between the door and the jamb. Finding only darkness, she allowed Nell to capture her attention again as light kisses rained down on her shoulder and arm.

With her left hand pinning the dolphin in place, Nell's right crossed over and roamed Marissa's body, kneading first her shoulder, then her breasts, and finally trailing down her abdomen to play with her pussy. Ripples of delight washed over Marissa as Nell rubbed her clit in a circular motion with her thumb while thrusting one finger into her soaking core. Unconsciously her



pussy contracted, causing Nell to ooh and ahh with the added friction.

Nobody had ever touched her in such a way, aside from herself, and never would she have expected a woman to do so. Her delight surprised her, and she closed her eyes to savor the sensation.

Then came the feather touch of her roommate's long, black hair against her thighs. Marissa opened her eyes to see Nell had released her touch, and moved to change position. She continued to press the dolphin against her own clit, and used her free hand to pry between Marissa's knees.

*Holy crap.* Was Nell going to...?

"Uh..." Marissa began.

"Relax," Nell shushed her, then cast a wicked smile before dipping down to Marissa's mound. Stroking one finger up her folds, she laved Marissa's pussy with her tongue. Marissa felt a blast of white fire shoot down her legs, curling her toes, and she arched herself upward to allow Nell better access.

"Um, that's nice," Nell purred, and lowered for another taste.

Nobody had even eaten her pussy before, either. Sure, she knew it happened, but the few lovers Marissa notched on her bedpost had been more interested in actual fucking than foreplay. What Nell did to her now felt so damn good, and Marissa nearly cried to think of what she'd missed all this time.

What amazed her even more was that Nell appeared to be rather good at eating pussy, leaving her to wonder if Nell had had previous experience.

"Oh, God, that feels great," she moaned, reaching down to rake her fingers through Nell's hair, holding her close to prolong the sensation. She lifted her head to see better, and Nell obliged by pivoting a bit for better show.

Nell swirled her tongue around Marissa's clitoral hood and tapped at the bud, then delved low to attend to her inner labia before repeating the cycle. The first tingle of orgasm sparked low in Marissa's pelvis and she sighed, bucking her hips up a bit to urge Nell to quicken her oral pace.

"Mmm." Nell rode the wave, moving as Marissa did, and to Marissa's disappoint lingered upward for air. "That is so good,

but if you keep that up I'll come."

"And that's a bad thing?" Marissa said with a smirk. Her own climax close to realization, she silently willed Nell back on her pussy, and whimpered when Nell instead straightened and detached the dolphin.

"Only when you do it alone. Hold still for a sec."

Nell bent over again and blew on Marissa's slickened pussy lips, fanning the flames. She reached down to finish the job but Nell slapped her hand away.

"Patience," Nell warned, and covered Marissa's mound with her palm. Marissa compensated for the denial of release by pressing her breasts together and twisting her nipples. She enjoyed her roommate's reaction.

"You're so beautiful," Nell said, and bore a knee into the mattress space between Marissa's legs. The bed sagged a bit as Nell balanced her lithe frame on the edge, straddling Marissa so that hips hovered over Marissa's pussy.

"Remember what I said about sharing," she said, and carefully replaced her palm with the dolphin. She applied the vibrating, curved head to Marissa's clit, pointing the bottlenose part upward. Marissa thought to correct Nell for placing the vibe upside down, but realized what her friend intended.

Slowly, her hands bracing the mattress at either side of Marissa's head, Nell touched down on the dolphin with her pussy. Marissa detected the pressure of the small plastic object on her clit, and delighted in the surge of sexual energy building between them. Nell's entire body seemed to quake with her connection—her long hair hung down like a curtain, slightly obscuring the blissful expression on her pert face. Nell bit her lip and closed her eyes, as if lost in her own pleasure.

Marissa longed to join her, to share more than just a sex toy. Surely Nell had those same feelings, too. Why else barge in on her?

Careful not to shift the dolphin, Marissa eased her upper body higher, raising herself by elbows then hands, until she came within kissing distance of Nell. Those luscious, large breasts shook slightly and Marissa captured one nipple between her lips, enjoying the delighted moan rumbling in Nell's throat.

"Yes," Nell hissed, sucking in a breath. She thrust lightly,

reaching down to adjust the dolphin. “Harder, please. The other one, too.”

Marissa complied. Her pussy throbbed and pulsed as she nipped at Nell’s breasts. Her roommate thrashed her head back, making actual liplock impossible unless Marissa sat up completely. Of course, that meant displacing the dolphin and delaying orgasm, soon in coming.

She released Nell and nearly cried, “Almost there.”

“Me, too.” Nell’s voice cracked. “Oh, God!”

The vibration on her engorged clit increased to a dizzying speed, nearly numbing it as the climax rocked Marissa to the core. She cried out, bucking her thighs against Nell’s as her roommate followed her over the edge.

“Shit, that feels so good!” Nell cried, and pushed hard.

Marissa could not hear her, however. She was too busy floating to the ceiling, through the roof, into a vacuum. Sweat beaded the valley between her breasts and her legs quivered, and with one satisfied exhale she let the world turn black, relishing the aftershock of her pleasure and fading quickly into sleep.

\* \* \* \*

She awoke the next morning, naked and tangled in her covers, to the smell of hazelnut coffee and buttermilk batter. Sitting up with a start, Marissa squeezed her eyes shut and willed away a bout of dizziness before finally crawling out of bed and slipping on her robe.

Why did she feel so exhausted? Seemed she had gotten more than her fair share of sleep for a Friday night.

Seemed she had gotten more than her fair share of other things, too.

As she cinched her robe she glanced between her bare legs, where a bit of post-coital moisture was still evident. Slowly the memory of the previous night resurfaced to mind. Holy shit, that actually happened. Marissa felt her body numb as she stumbled out of her room.

She found Nell in the kitchen, alert and humming in a pair of jogging pants and a tee shirt, bent over a steaming griddle. Her hair was gathered in a ponytail with a thick, terrycloth band.

Marissa surmised the girl had risen early and went for her morning run, though she hardly looked flushed from the effort.

In fact, considering last night's activity, Nell looked to have energy to spare, whereas Marissa felt as if she could barely walk. Perhaps being constantly sexually active allowed for more pep in a person. Marissa decided she could certainly use some more of both.

"Morning, sunshine," Nell sang, and twirled a spatula toward the stove. "I got coffee and plates set in the dining room."

Marissa snuffled back a laugh. The "dining room" was actually the living room, and the long, short-legged coffee table was their dining space. She cast a glance back to see that Nell had cleared away everything that had previously cluttered it. Two place settings awaited her.

Quietly she reached into the refrigerator for the orange juice, then over her head into a cupboard for glasses. Nell joined her momentarily on the couch with a platter of dollar-sized pancakes, which she divided equally between their smaller plates. The entire scene seemed so surreal to Marissa, amazed with how Nell could go about the morning as though their shared orgasms had been routine.

They ate in silence for a few moments—words failed Marissa throughout the meal—until Nell spoke around a mouthful of pancake.

"Mari," she began, her voice contrite, "about last night..."

She paused. Marissa looked at her roommate and noticed the blush across the bridge of Nell's nose, spreading to her cheeks. Eventually they were going to have to discuss it, better to get it over with now, Marissa surmised.

"Nell, don't worry about it. What we did was wild, and not something I'd normally do, but I'm not sorry it happened," she said. "In fact, after the week I had, with mid-terms and papers due, I kinda needed something like that." She smiled, pleased to see Nell relax. "You don't have to worry that I'm going tell Cole or anything like that."

Nell frowned. "Why would I be bothered if you told Cole?"

"Well," Marissa said, her heart beating faster, "you're seeing him, aren't you?"

"Not for a few weeks now. Where've you been?"

Marissa thought a moment. Had her studies forced her so deeply into a world of textbooks and research that she couldn't see what went on in her own apartment? "Damn, where *have* I been?" She laughed. "I'm sorry, I guess I've had a nutty *month*, or else I'd have known that. But," she pointed a fork, speared with pancake, toward the hall, "I swore I heard you with somebody when I came home yesterday."

"Oh." Nell turned back, then faced Marissa again, blushing. "What did you hear?"

"Sex sounds." Marissa shrugged. "So I assumed—"

Nell's laughter interrupted her. "Yes, yes you did," she said. "Wasn't me, though. That would have been the online girl porn loop I'd downloaded."

"I see. But, I saw Cole's truck outside, parked where he normally does. Did."

"Really? Cole doesn't know anybody else in the complex."

"Are you sure," Marissa asked. "I swore that was his Dodge Ram."

"Cole drives a Chevy."

"Oh." Man, she really had been out of it.

They resumed eating, then Nell added, "I'm kind of glad it happened, too. Yesterday." She looked down at her empty plate. "I've been trying to figure out for months how to tell you that I'm bi."

Marissa managed to swallow her bite before she could choke. "Really?" she squeaked, and quenched the ache in her throat with the juice. "Most people would just come out and say it, but I guess with you studying to be lawyer you were more interested in presenting the evidence."

Nell playfully slapped Marissa's shoulder, and the two laughed. "I'm trying to be serious here," Nell said when they finally calmed. "I wasn't sure how you would react to something like that if I told you...especially since I like you," she finished in a lower voice. "And since I haven't been with many girls because of that."

Marissa finished eating and waited.

"And what we did...is only half of what I'd like to do with you."

Marissa smiled, imagining all sorts of wild scenarios with

her roommate—bigger toys, longer orgasms, more opportunities. Yet, she reminded herself that Nell admitted to a bisexual nature—eventually, she figured, her roommate would want a man.

Come to think of it, she would, too. She loved Nell's talented tongue, but it didn't necessarily diminish her desire for a nice, thick cock.

"Well, I like to believe I've reacted well to all the guys you've brought home after we moved in together." Marissa shrugged and glanced over to see Nell clearing the table, her mouth a straight line. Marissa's heart sank; she had not intended for her words to sound so condescending. Yes, Nell had a very active sex life, but Marissa had never judged her for it. She followed Nell into the kitchen and tried to reassure her, and Nell relaxed her with a friendly grin.

"I know what you meant, don't worry about it. I guess I should have been more sensitive to how you feel about that."

"Nell, it doesn't bother me at all," Marissa said. She watched Nell stack the dirty dishes in the sink and run the faucet over them. A thick stream of water from the hot tap threaded and dissolved congealed puddles of pancake syrup, and steam slowly filled the tiny area. "What you do in your room is your business, not mine. We've been over this. If you want to bring a guy home, do it."

"Even now?" Nell asked. "After what we—?"

"Did I say I didn't want to fool around again?" Marissa quirked up an eyebrow. Just looking at Nell, and the soft, dark outline of her nipples against her t-shirt, set her body to thrumming. Instinctively she inhaled and stretched her arms backward, pulling the large vee of her robe front apart. Nell licked her lips, watching Marissa expose more of her bare breasts.

"You still like men, and so do I. If either of us are lucky to land one, we might as well take advantage of it," Marissa said. "I can be understanding about it if you can. In that instance, I'm willing to share."

Nell nodded. "Okay. You know, I think you'd make a better lawyer than me. You have the negotiation skills down."

"Just you wait, though," Marissa added with a wry smile,

“if you want to bring home a girl...forget it.”

Nell’s face twisted with mischief. “Not even to join us? To *share*?”

Marissa laughed. The offer was tempting, and as her gaze panned her roommate’s body, there came the brief thought of what it would be like to enjoy Nell in a threesome, to watch another woman—or man—press against Nell’s nude body, tease her erect nipples, lap at her pussy, and bring her to a window-shattering orgasm.

Maybe. Maybe later. One new experience at a time.

“What’s so funny?” Nell wanted to know.

“Nothing,” Marissa sighed.

Nell clucked and squeezed the sponge dry before setting it on the lip of the sink. She sauntered closer to Marissa and pulled apart the bow fastening the robe. The flaps fell away to reveal Marissa’s smooth, pale skin.

“Nothing, bull.” Nell eased her hands around Marissa’s waist and cupped her bare ass. She ground her thigh into Marissa’s pussy, igniting a fire low in her belly. “You got it bad for me.”

“I do.” Marissa’s body tingled, and she reciprocated with a gentle nip at the corner of Nell’s mouth that soon turned into a sensual kiss. Tongues mated and twirled in a slow dance that paused time and simmered Marissa’s blood.

She had it bad, yes.

Could she ever get rid of it?

No, and that suited her fine.

## *About the Author*

**Leigh Ellwood** writes spicy romances and sassy mysteries. She is the creator of the award-winning Dareville series for Phaze Books, as well as numerous shorts for other small publishers. Readers are invited to visit her website for more information on Leigh's books.

<http://www.leighellwood.com>

<http://leighwantsfood.blogspot.com>

<http://www.facebook.com/leighellwood>

<http://twitter.com/LeighEllwood>