Part 1 Mary's First

By TLOPAP

Published on Lush Stories on 10 Jun 2012

A surprise first time lesbian encounter

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/first-time/part-1-marys-first.aspx

All Mary Stevens could think about was delivering that proposal to Barton’s senior management. She thought of a threshold moment like this for years. Fantasizing and agonizing over and over. This was it, close this deal and then I make partner, she thought. It was important to the firm as well. She was sure it was a test. Winning meant the global implementation of their software and years of work and millions to the firm.

Focused and not realizing she was the last person sitting in the Wellington Hotel's restaurant, she poured over her work. She used a technique called creative visualization. In her mind's eye she pictured, with detailed exactness how the meeting would transpire. She saw herself delivering her message, and its subsequent reception and acceptance.

A woman approached her and said, “Mary?” She called out again a little louder, “Mary?” Finally Mary snapped back from thoughts and heard a woman say, “MAAAAAAARY is that really you?!” Mary Stevens felt her mouth open and was unable to speak. Insider her brain shouted,”Oh my god it’s Victoria Schmitz”.

"Ah ...ah, yes ... yes it’s me". "Hello Vicki". Mary replied.

Vicki tilts her body, places her left hand on her hip extends her right arm bending her wrist and says, “OOOOH I didn't think you would remember me."

"Are you staying here?" Vicki asked.

"Whaaaat?" Mary blurts out.

"ARE YOU STAYING HERE, at the Wellington” a somewhat annoyed Vicki asks.

Stuttering, Mary replies, "Yyees…yes here ...at the Wellington”.

"OMG me too," says Vicki. Vicki giggles and asks, “What room she asks?

Mary replies,"424”

"OH MY GOD!" Vicki states, her voice getting louder. “I'm in 425. Can you believe it?" Vicki asks Mary, “I'm right across the hall!"

With that information, a stunned Mary Stevens sheepishly replies, "Wow, imagine that."

An exuberant Vicki states, "I know!"

“Let’s get together and catch up.” Vicki cheerfully states.

Mary replies,”You know I have this thing tomorrow and…”

Vicki cutting her off in mid-sentence says “So are you married, I see the ring. How many kids do you have? You know who I ran into last week? Tommy G., can you believe it. He’s so fat now.”

Mary forcefully blurts out, “Vicki….Vicki”. “I’m in the middle of something!”..

“Oh OK” Vicki responds, “We are neighbors; I’ll stop before 10:00.” “I won’t keep you up late.” Vicki reassuringly states. “I Promise."

Mary begins, “Vicki I’d love to and it’s wonderful to….”

Speaking right over Mary, Vicki drones on, “OK I’ll see you a little later.”

As Mary starts to object, Vicki turns and while walking away says,”Oh and you’re not going to believe when I tell you about Tommy G.’s wife…she is such a pig.” Vicki voice then fades away as she walks out of the restaurant.

What just transpired was surreal and Mary was unable to grasp the moment, Mary, speaking aloud says, “Christ what the fuck just has happened?!" Mary continues speaking to herself,” I haven't seen that bitch in 15 years and she shows up here and now and acted like nothing ever happened. How she possibly think I wouldn’t remember.”

Seemingly without control, her thoughts transported her back in time.

Without thinking her mind’s eye kicks in. She sees both as just girls and good friends. She sees

Vicki's strawberry blond hair and silky smooth skin. Vicki has light blue eyes with little freckles over her nose and an illuminating smile. She was tall and lean. Mary thought that Vicki's breasts were perfect. She admired their shape and size. Vicki nerve wore make-up she was wholesome and naturally beautiful. At the time, Mary didn't really not see Vicki's attributes in a sexual way.

Mary remembers Vicki's bubbly energetic personality had an almost hypnotic effect over her. Sometimes Vicki's energy would overwhelm her even overpower her. Mary was certain Vicki no idea about that.

Mary was average in every way. She had auburn hair and bluish green eyes. Mary didn't consider herself beautiful or attractive. In fact, she didn't consider herself at all.

Then one day they are walking to Vicki house to watch TV. Vicki's parents both worked so they sound most of their time together at Vicki's house. Vicki and her rapid firing of questions, asks, "So do you think of boys? Who do you like? Do you think it's OK for a girl to ask boy out? Do you think they would get wrong idea?" Then Vicki asks. "Mary, do you ever think about girls?"

Before Mary could reply Vicki steps toward her, without saying a word gave Mary her first French kiss.

How she got to laying on Vicki's bed with Vicki's her sliding panties off is somewhat blurry. But she vividly recalls Vicki spreading her legs wide open and gently spreading open her pussy. Vicki flicked Mary's clitoris with the tip of her tongue. Vicki started to develop a rhythm of three rapid fire flicks and then a full lick of Mary's wet pussy. Vicki continued licking her pussy up and down and swirling her tongue around Mary's clit. Mary remembered the sensation of Vicki plunging her tongue deep inside her. Mary recalls the sounds and the smell of sex.

Having never experienced anything like this before, the touch of Vicki's tongue and lips on her pussy was so intensely pleasurable she was lost in ecstasy.

Mary recalls arching up her back, pushing her hips and forcing Vicki's face deeper between her legs. This caused Vicki to suck Mary's clit and frantically lap up Mary's warm, wet and inviting pussy.

Vicki curved her middle finger in slid it into Mary's tight cunt. Mary was so wet that Vicki's finger effortlessly slid right in. Vicki started another rhythm of finger fucking and slurping Mary's pussy. Vicki had no inhibitions she became like an animal. Vicki extended her tongue on Mary's swollen clit and furiously shook her head from side to side. Vicki's facial features faded into a blur. This was simultaneous coupled with savagely finger fucking Mary's cunt. Mary thinks of Vicki shouting at her and commanding her to cum for her.

The thought of not really wanting to do this and at the same time realizing that she absolutely loved what Vicki was doing to her pussy sent her over the top. Mary thinks about her load moaning and her shrieks of pleasure. She couldn't believe these sounds were emanating from her mouth.

Together they swam in a sea of passion with Vicki's energy providing the impetus to form an orgasmic tidal wave. Vicki, as if she was a human hurricane, created wave after wave of pleasure, each one building on the next. The end release was an explosion. The giant surge of pleasure washed over Mary and her orgasm came crashing down upon her. Its ripples caused Mary's body to shake and quiver. The intensity of it almost caused her to lose control of her bladder.

For a moment she was swept away. Her body, mind and perhaps even her soul became simply became a single feeling, that of the indescribably blissful joy at the peak of climax. Mary just lay there naked on the bed with her legs still wide open soaked with a mixture of Vicki's saliva and the sweet nectar from her pussy. Her eyes were closed. She felt a momentarily paralyzed.

Now in retrospect, this orgasm was compared to every other one she experienced for the rest of her life. Nothing ever topped it or even came close.

But Mary preferred to only recall the pleasure of the event and purposely excluded the person who provided that pleasure. Oh yes Mary remembered Victoria Schmitz and that Vicki gave her first orgasm.