The beautician

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Published on Lush Stories on 22 Sep 2007

When the client beautician relationship crosses the line.

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Hi I am Sarah, I am a 35 year old housewife from south West London.

I have always been a feminine girl and put on lippy just to go to the shops.. I keep myself in good shape by visitng the local gym at least three times a week. I also like to have a regular bikini wax - it makes me feel like a woman again.

I go to a little place nearby. I just phone up the day before, they are great.

It used to be a different beautician each time, but I had a spate of seeing the same girl which was nice. We got to know one another and chatted nine to the dozen. Her name was Collette. She was French and came over here to live with her English boyfriend.

She was so sweet and always remembered my name and was so pleased to see me each time. I got to look forward to seeing her.

I would think about her during my day, wondering what sort of life she had over here. I would think about how she would feel about living in England and then when I saw her ask the things I had been wondering about.

At our sessions we would be chatting about our partners, this that and the other while she would be working on my intimate parts.

When I came home I would go upstairs and examine her handiwork. I would look at my sculpured fanny and think how wonderful it looked. and how Collette had done such a wonderful job.

Then one day I went in to the beautician and Collette seemed really excited. So enthusiastic and full of life. I mentioned I noticed something and she said she was going freelance and would be working from home or visit clients in their home. I think she felt a bit bad about pinching her employers business but I wished her well and wondered if she might like to carry on performing her magic on

me. She seemed surprised that I had used those words I think and looked a little embarrassed. But she gave me her mobile and said to ring.

About a month later I wondered about calling her. For some reason I put it off for a few days. I felt nervous about phoning her for some reason. But eventually I called.

"Hi, Collette, remember me, it's Sarah". "Ah Sarah how are you." It was as if she seemed to expect me to call as a friend, as if I was making a social arrangement. I almost felt embarrassed to ask her to wax me. Collette seemed like a friend and making a business transaction didn't seem quite right. But anyway she arranged to come round the following day.

I am a lady of leisure so she came round to my home at 11:30 the next day. I made her a cappuccino and asked her to come up to my bedroom.

It was funny I didn't want to push her so we sat and just seemed to chat and sip our coffee for ages. Eventually she mentioned the waxing and I said oh yes of course, sorry for keeping you. She said it was a pleasure. I gushed with joy on hearing her say that. She was so lovely.

Anyway, I was waxed and as we were done about lunchtime I said I would make up a lunch for her.

This carried on for about 3 months. I would always be purring after she left. Then one day she texted me about something that happened to her with another client. It was funny. From there we started to text each other about our day.

It crept up on my without realising I suppose but I felt a warm buzz every time I so much as thought of Collette. I thought about asking if she fancied going out for a drink sometime. But something seemed to fill me with dread whenever I was about to phone her. But it made me feel so silly not phoning her. So eventually I plucked up the courage and asked her if she fancied meeting up some time for a drink or meal.

The first time we went out for a drink I dressed really casually - I didn't want to overdo it. But she wore a really lovely summer dress. I felt really bad so next time we went out I wore a really sexy black number and she was in jeans. We both laughed about this. I said I loved dressing up and whenever we went out from that point we would try out our new clothes.

My husband laughed about it. He got used to seeing me go out in an evening and joked, ah your meeting Collette again.

One evening Collette wore the skimpiest, flimsy little top and a little black skirt. She looked ravishing. I

kept on going on about her legs. At the end of the evening we were just about to get into her car and I stared at her body and just blurted out, you are so lovely Collette. What had I said, I instantly flushed. You make me purr Sarah, she said. You are the most beatiful woman I know.

That night I couldn't sleep. I couldn't get Collette out of my mind. I tossed and turned but couldn't get to sleep.

The next morning I felt wierd. something was up. I felt different. Over the next few days it dawned on me. I had feelings for Collette.

At first I was tormented. I had never had feelings for another woman before. How did this happen? I thought.

A week later it was time for my waxing. I felt tormented. How could I call her now. It took me five days to build up enough courage to call.

Hi Collette, its me, Sarah, I said rather croakily. Sarah she exclaimed thank god you called, I wondered where you had got to, haven't heard from you in ages. She must have forgotten we met just a week ago. I have been thinking about you lots. Anyway she was coming round the next day.

What did this mean. Wow, did she feel the same way.

The bell rang, I jumped with a start. Hi Collette, come in, I said. Sarah. Sarah. All she could seem to get out of her mouth was Sarah.

We went up to my bedroom. I sensed she was really nervous. Actually I wasn't much different myself. She just stood there, her hands were shaking.

You poor love I said. I know. I am going through the same thing. I walked up to her and held her hand in mine. Her breathing rose rapidly, as did mine. We stared at each other, for what seemed like an eternity. eventually I said Collette, and embraced her. We looked in each others eyes, god my heart ewas racing. Collette moved in, a we started kissing. It was joyous. We were all over each other. I had never been kissed like this before. It was deep, intense, really really passionate.

We gradually undressed each other. We got on the bed together, we kissed for an age. It felt wonderful. I started talking, Collette, I said. She put a finger to my lips, Sarah, it is ok. She said, "I have never done this before" and sank down ... down... down.

She very slowly ran her tongue all the way up my fanny with a little nudge on the hood of my clitoris.

Then she would stop for a moment. then do it again. Sometimes she did it straight up, sometimes teasingly.

After getting used to the rhythm of this I started bucking. I wanted to push my clit hard against her tongue. But when I bucked really hard she would just stop and look me in the eye. I would be on the edge - just wanting her to touch me again. Then when I had subsided she would start again.

God it felt so good. I was bucking, rocking, I was in heaven. Waves of joy filled me. It felt like nothing I had ever experienced before.

She kept me in a state of divine bliss for a long long time. really really wonderful.

I went down on Collette. I didn't know what I was doing but making someone you really have feelings for happy is just instinctive to me.

Its been 3 months now since we first made love. We meet up pretty much every day now. I don't know what will happen between us but I am just enjoying each day as it comes now. But Collette is my baby and I won't let anything take her away from me.