

# A Memorable Moment

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Published on Lush Stories on 07 Dec 2012

*The first of many to cum.*

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/lesbian/a-memorable-moment.aspx>

Anya pushed open the door to Shear Ecstasy, walking up to the front desk of the hair salon.

“Hey, I’m here for a color and cut,” she informed the receptionist, who nodded and disappeared in the back.

Anya sat down with a sigh, debating what she could accomplish with her new internship she had recently finished.

It involved office communications, and she knew in her job hunt, she would most likely start out as the personal slave to a higher power, despite her experience. She thought of her old boss, Natalie, and her cheeks grew ruddy with color.

*That hadn’t gone as planned,* she thought ruefully, feeling her nerve endings tingle at her memories of Natalie. Her boss had used extremely experienced seduction methods, which had put Anya over the edge in more ways than one, including her awakening to girls.

Anya sighed in bemused nostalgia and looked around with interest at how the salon had changed over the few years since she had been out of state. Her interest perked at a young stylist standing in the corner, working on highlights for a client. Anya estimated the woman’s age to be around her own: 23.

Her gaze skimmed over the firm ass, long shapely legs, and a very tan, lithe body. Anya’s nerves began to tingle in sheer anticipation, the fantasy already building of what she might want to do with that lovely distraction in the break room. She shut her eyes however, and shook her head, looking the other way.

She had to be careful while she was here; she had no intention of letting her mom know she had become a beginner lesbian during the time she had spent in New York. She had been forced to

temporarily take up her mother's offer of being roommates, until she either found new friends or got enough money for her own place.

Her musings were interrupted by her stylist, Bree, walking forward with a smile.

She was led to the chair, and spun around, while they started discussing exactly how to change Anya's image.

"I think I want it shorter, more layers, and darker," Anya decided, without a touch of hesitation.

"No, no, no!! You need to amp it up, what about bright red?" Bree argued, with her usual exotic preferences.

Anya continued the amicable bickering, but her eyes caught on to the gaze of the brunette she had seen earlier.

*God, she is beautiful,* Anya thought in shock. The woman already had a stunning body, but her bright green eyes were lit up in a laugh, and her smile was intoxicating. Her deep brown hair was cut just longer than her earlobes, where Anya noticed the endings of an obvious tattoo that went below her shirt.

Anya had never gotten close to having an ego, but she had never had issues with her own looks. She had long bright black hair, sparkling amber eyes, and a smile that had never failed her. She was also proud of her toned stomach and her long legs.

She crossed her legs and linked her fingers together, holding them tightly. She was still wonderfully foreign to this intensely strong attraction to women. It had been such a surprise when the current of lust had swept her up with her previous boss.

However, Natalie had had her own motives in mind when she had taken Anya on as an intern. Anya remembered the 35 year old woman well: beautiful blonde strands, playful mouth, expert lover...

Anya's mind promptly left the conversation after compromising with Bree on a bright auburn. Her thoughts turned to a much darker and promiscuous evening with Natalie, her first experience with a female, and quite possibly the hottest experience she had ever had...

*...Natalie's footsteps echoed in the darkened corridor, heading directly for the office Anya was working in. Anya had been hard at work, finishing up the last touches of a presentation set for tomorrow. She was deterred when she felt a stare, and sat up, feeling her boss's scrutiny.*

*She ignored the suddenly quick dampness beneath her skirt, afraid of its meaning. As she stared at Natalie, she was quickly aware of how late it actually was, and how dark the office had become.*

*"Hello Anya, I didn't realize you'd still be here," her boss said softly, her lips rising in a smile.*

*"Oh...oh..yeah... sorry," Anya stuttered, "I'm sorry it's been taking me so long...but Britney had given me her share of the work...and it's been taking me hours..." she trailed off, realizing she was completely rambling, her cheeks reddening.*

*She took a step back as Natalie's eyes roved over her body.*

*Anya had heard the rumors about her boss being a lesbian, but she hadn't wanted to believe lies. However, it had become more and more evident with each passing day that her boss wasn't interested in Anya's flow charts and beautifully decorated presentations.*

*She had caught Natalie staring at her with an almost predatory glint in her eyes. What Anya didn't appreciate was the reaction her body had towards it. It became her fear come true when she realized she had become the desire of her boss.*

*She didn't know how to handle it. Any other situation and Anya would have bolted, despite the opportunities of this internship. But there was just something about Natalia that kept her there...*

*Shuddering, Anya brought her thoughts to the present. She tried to keep up with Bree's steady stream of conversation, but her thoughts kept dragging back to that first night. Her pussy began to soak instantly, as she remembered how Natalie had seduced her.*

*..."Well....I guess I'm ready to go home," Anya managed to get out, forcing a smile, which quickly disappeared when her boss moved into the room; her proximity was terrifying.*

*"Oh....I'm sorry Anya," Natalie replied. "I actually had something for you to do before you left..I'm sorry to keep you..." she finished, with a sympathetic twist of her head.*

*"It...it's okay Natalie, what do you want me to finish up?" Anya asked her, a foreboding feeling stealing into her body.*

*Natalie moved through the doorway, her blue eyes glinting in...anticipation? Anya was confused, and stood up, awaiting her orders.*

*Natalie smiled. "I believe this, for starters..." Her hand slid up Anya's arm, causing her to jump. Without giving her time to react, she grabbed Anya and pushed her up into the wall, and began kissing her deeply, her lips parting Anya's slowly, creating frightening stirs of pleasure.*

*Gasping, she shoved her boss away.*

*"Wh...what the hell do you think you are doing?" she cried out in shock, her arms covering her shivering body.*

*"I'm just giving you what you have been wanting all these months," her boss replied calmly. Anya looked at her in understanding, and began shaking her head.*

*"No, no, definitely not, you have me pegged wrong, I'm into men," Anya refuted weakly, refusing to let her thoughts roam anywhere else. However, it would seem her boss knew differently.*

*"Just let me show you," Natalie murmured. "You have no idea what you want yet. You just think you know because it's all you've experienced."*

*With that said, she pushed her body back into her young intern's, shoving her back into the wall. Her leg pushed in between Anya's legs, while she focused her energy on kissing her again, intent on getting her to forfeit.*

*Anya's whole body quivered with her reaction. Her boss threw her arms up over her head with one hand, and with the other, began to stroke down her body. Anya tried to fight, but her willpower was steadily decreasing and fast.*

*Natalie's hand came up, her fingers rubbing along Anya's breast, grazing her nipple. Her boss continued to ravage her mouth, her tongue sliding along Anya's lower lip, her leg moving up and down on extremely sensitive skin.*

*Anya's hips bucked naturally, and she could only feel what was happening in a spiral of pleasure and denial. Natalie's expert fingers were working magic on her breasts, turning her nipples hard as a rock, and forcing her pussy to begin dripping in unwanted pleasure....*

*Anya blinked, orienting herself with where she actually was. Her eyes came in focus as she realized she was under the heater with highlighted hair to set. She settled back in, but her eyes became alert, sensing someone's stare.*

*Her body shifted slightly when she realized the extremely attractive stylist had finished with her client,*

and was now sitting at the front desk, eyes roaming her.

Anya gave her a quick smile and an intense perusal of her own, not minding the beautiful distraction in her face. Her panties were getting quite wet with all these fantasies and flirtations, she mused to herself in humor.

Thinking that, she delved back into her thoughts...

*...A yelp escaped Anya's mouth as her eyes widened in surprise. Natalie had ripped her shirt apart at the seams and yanked down her bra. She instinctively tried to cover herself up, but Natalie trapped her hands again, and began to lick her way down to her now open and protruding breasts.*

*Anya tried to shift her body away from her boss's attentions, but Natalie only took her nipple in her mouth and begun to suck it gently. Her body began to shudder in pleasure, unable to do anything but enjoy it.*

*Her mind could no longer grasp thoughts of escaping. Pleasure had overtaken her very soul at this moment and she was far too lost to get it back, especially when Natalie cupped her other breast while drawing her nipple out with her teeth.*

*"I told you this is what you wanted," her boss whispered softly, moving her lips to the other nipple, giving it just as much attention, and laving it to her victim's content.*

*"I...never....knew... it could feel like this..." Anya managed to get out weakly, her voice rising as her boss began licking a purposeful path down her stomach. A laugh came from Natalie.*

*"This is nothing yet darling," she replied, her mouth intent on gently giving attention to the bellybutton ring she delighted in finding. Anya's eyes closed as her boss slowly slid her skirt and underwear off.*

*"Please go easy," she begged, nervous and new to this. Instantly Natalie stopped, and looked up at her young employee.*

*"I would never do anything that would hurt you Anya," she replied with the most serious intensity.*

*Still gazing at her beautiful intern, Natalie moved her tongue to just barely graze Anya's clitoris. She smiled when Anya jumped and moaned at the same time, her juices almost instantly giving way.*

*Moving closer on her knees, Natalie pushed her lips lightly against the delightful young pussy, breathing in the scent of her wonderful sweetness. Then she lightly licked one path from near Anya's*

*asshole all the way to the clit, sending Anya into a full body shudder and a much louder moan.*

*Anya's knees almost gave in, the pleasure unbearably hot and yet so unbelievably good. She couldn't make her boss stop for anything now. Against her own previous reasoning, she began to moan loudly, and her hips unknowingly began to shift underneath her for the best position....*

Anya gasped and came out of her daydream, shaken by Bree's voice.

"Hey girlie, I think you fell asleep," Bree was laughing to her. Anya let herself be led back to her seat, and looked back. Yes. The beautiful stylist was still gazing at her, this time with a very clear invitation in her eyes.

Anya shot her a smile with the promise of later, not because the stylist was on her mind, but because her pussy was becoming drenched with the memories that were coming.

The visions were making her heart pound, and her pussy was throbbing, dying to be released.

"Give me a second," she pleaded with Bree. "I need to use the lady's room."

"Of course!" replied her friend.

Almost racing to the bathroom, Anya locked herself in, positioned herself in the stall, and began to frig herself silly, already swollen and wet from her imagination.

She closed her eyes, but it only brought forth more imagery for her pleasure strained body.

*....Animalistic moans ensued from Anya's throat as Natalie pushed her tongue up against her clitoris, twirling and licking it into her hot and ready mouth. She lapped up the juices, utterly entranced at the taste and sight of her young virgin pussy.*

*Natalie then tentatively pushed the pad of her thumb teasingly against Anya's cunt as she sucked up her clit. Anya's moans reverberated louder, encouraging Natalie to push her thumb all the way in, pumping it in and out slowly, feeling the tension of the pussy walls.*

*Anya's juices fed themselves into the mouth of her promiscuous boss and she moaned at the sweet treat she was receiving.*

*Taking her thumb out, Natalie instinctively pushed her middle and forefinger inside, and began twirling lightly. Anya's hips began to buck as her cunt walls contracted around Natalie's fingers. Her*

*moaning rose to a high keen.*

*Natalie kept sucking her clit, harder, and shoved her fingers deep, the tips moving along her G-spot.*

*Feeling Anya's cunt walls violently shivering, Natalie finally overpowered her young lover into a powerful orgasm, and her eyes brightened in sheer pleasure as she sucked her own fingers, lapping Anya clean...*

Anya moaned lightly and her whole body shook, as she climaxed with her thoughts of her first girl on girl orgasm. Her pussy clenched and her juices were flowing so nicely. She finished up and stood up unsteadily.

She started trying to get herself in order when she heard the lock click and someone walk inside.

"Bree?" she called, her heart still pounding from pleasure.

"Nope," replied a silky voice, "Guess again."

Anya opened the stall door and almost ran into her lovely new stylist friend. Laughing, she put out her hand.

"I'm sorry we haven't had the pleasure of meeting yet, I'm Anya," she smiled.

"I'm Jade, it's a complete pleasure to make your acquaintance," the stranger purred as she pushed Anya right back into the stall, where the lock clicked.

Anya just grinned.

*What mom doesn't know won't kill her,* she mused as she started tearing Jade out of her clothes.