

Forbidden - Part 1

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Please note that this is purely fictional. Enjoy lovelies xoxo. I sighed as I looked at my watch, one hour until my shift ends. I couldn't wait. A couple of my friends and I were going out tonight. They were eagerly waiting in the back booth of the restaurant I worked at, already ordering drinks. I was designated driver of course, but I didn't mind. I wasn't a big fan of alcohol anyway. "Hey, Sasha," one of my coworkers said, she had her hands full and was looking really stressed. "Someone just walked in, can you take their order? I got my hands full." "Sure," I replied a little too happily. I just wanted time to go faster so I could get dressed up. It'd been a while since I'd gone out. I was a full time student and was also holding down a full time job. I didn't have any time or any money, so it was always great whenever I could get out and stop neglecting my social life. Grabbing a menu, I walked over to the girl who had just walked in, she had already taken a seat in the booth next to where my friends were. "Welcome," I said, "how are you today?" She looked up at me and I almost choked. It's not because of how attractive she was, it was because I somehow knew her... but I couldn't remember how. She was twenty years old, a year older than me. At least I knew that much. This woman was beautiful. No- she was stunning. A goddess. With her long black hair that cascaded down her shoulders, dark olive skin and the most gorgeous eyes I'd ever seen. She was Latino, so her body was curvy in ways that made me feel like less of a woman. Her breasts were a lot bigger than mine, and I instantly felt smaller in her presence. I don't know how but this woman held all the power as she gazed at me through long thick lashes. "Hello, Sasha," she said in a confident tone. I put the menu down on her table, trying not to make a fool of myself. Words were trapped in my throat, and I could barely speak. Her perfume was overwhelming me almost as much as her gaze. I was a closeted lesbian; I didn't want anyone knowing who I truly was. My friends probably would ditch me if they knew that I liked women. Taking a deep breath, I tried to compose myself. "W-what would you like?" My fingers were shaking as I held the pen next to the notepad I used for taking customers' orders. I did my best to hide it but I wasn't fooling anyone. She smiled and put her hand on the menu, black fingernails caressing the paper gently. I tried to keep my thoughts from imagining those fingers on me. I was growing warm and damp; the annoying turned on feeling was keeping me from maintaining my professional façade. "I want a lot of things. But right now, maybe just a glass of water?" "C-coming right up." I quickly moved away from the table and went out back to collect her order. The chefs paid no attention to me. My reflection was caught in the shiny steel refrigerator. I was blushing like mad, and sweating slightly. A sudden sense of dread filled me as I walked back to her table with her glass

of water; her eyes were glued to me as I approached her. I was so nervous and shaking so much I spilled some water on her arm. "I am so sorry!" I said, using my apron to try and dry off her leather jacket. She was still staring at me, I couldn't meet her eyes. "Oh," she replied, "Now you've made me wet." I giggled nervously, trying to keep my mind from the gutter. "I'm really sorry. Tell you what, appetizers are on me?" She smiled again, which made her even more beautiful. I could barely stand I was shaking so much. "I love your accent," She purred. "Where are you from again?" "Australia." She was about to say something, but she was cut off by one of my friends. "Hey Sasha!" I stopped trying to dry off the goddess in front of me and I looked over, "What?" "Who is your friend?" "Oh this is um..." I didn't know her name, but she knew mine. How did we know each other? "Kat," she shouted back at my friend, giving her a warm smile. I was grateful that her eyes were finally off me. "Do you wanna come over here for some drinks?" Oh god. I didn't want my friends to see what I was like near her. They would know instantly that I was crushing hard on her. And then it hit me. That's how I knew her. I was at a party a few weeks back. I had gotten pretty drunk. I remember feeling really sick, Kat held my hair back while I emptied the contents of my stomach and felt sorry for myself. We didn't do anything, I knew that much. But I had confessed some things to her. Oh god what did I say? "Sure!" Kat stood up, her eyes on me again. "You get off work soon, don't you?" I just nodded, not trusting myself to speak. "Great!" While my friends introduced themselves and kept Kat occupied, I did my best to keep myself busy until knockoff time. When my shift was finally over, I took off my apron and ditched most of my work clothes. My friends were still at the back of the room, in the booth. And so was Kat. I gulped, and took a deep breath. I can do this. It would only take us a few minutes to say our goodbyes and leave. Hopefully then I wouldn't see Kat again. I didn't like these feelings I had for her. "Hey guys," I said, putting my hands in my pockets. "Ready to go?" Jade, my other attractive friend had just gulped down a shot, slamming the glass on the table and laughing. A few of the guys high fived. "After this competition! The boys don't think I can beat them." I rolled my eyes. Jade would win, she was like a fish. She could drink anyone under the table and still be able to walk in a straight line. "Would you like a seat?" Kat said, her eyes were on me again. "It looks like they might be a while." "Uh, okay." I went to sit next to Kat, but she had other plans. She stood up and offered me the window side of the booth. It was night time, so there weren't many people walking on the pavement outside the window. "Thanks." I slid in the booth, trying to leave as much of a gap as I could between us. Again Kat had other plans as she closed the gap and sat right next to me. So close our legs were touching. I was instantly aroused and blushing heavily. I could feel myself getting wet again; I tried my best to focus on other things. After all, a woman this beautiful would never be a lesbian, let alone into someone like me.... right? My girl friends Jade, Chloe and Grace were all downing shots, the guys; Mick, John and Dave were cheering them on. I'd known these people since primary school, we were really good friends. I also knew that if any of them found out I was a lesbian, they wouldn't want anything to do with me ever again. Kat turned to me, a dangerous smile on her lips. "So, Sasha. Do you remember me?" I smiled back, feeling really uncomfortably wet and warm. "You were at that party, right?" She nodded, "You were pretty out of it." "I'm so sorry, I'm such a lightweight. One drink and I'm gone! Thanks for being there for me too." "Anytime." We were silent for a little while, before I

could feel Kat's gaze on me again. "Do you remember what you told me?" My mouth went dry and I went into panic mode. Oh god. "I hope it wasn't anything bad. Alcohol makes me say things, stupid things; they're not even true most of the time. I'm sorry if I said something silly." She laughed quietly, putting her hand on my thigh. I stiffened. Her hand was soft and warm. I was certain that if she moved it a little more to the right she would be able to feel just how turned on I was right now. I shook my head a little, who was I kidding? Kat was gorgeous; she could have any man she wanted whenever she wanted. Why would she like someone like me? She probably didn't even mean to put her hand there. But as seconds went into minutes, her hand still didn't move. I decided to break the silence, fearing I was going to burst considering how turned on I was. "Do you live around here?" "Down the block, in the apartments. Second floor. I usually come in here to eat, but I never see you around." "I have really weird shifts." She moved her hand up and I sucked in a breath. My friends weren't paying any attention to me, rather downing shots one after the other. The guys were still being loud and cheering them on. I was grateful they weren't watching me. They probably would have seen how red I was, and could probably see where Kat's hand was. "Do you remember what you said to me, at the party?" She repeated, keeping her voice low. "I don't remember much," I stammered. "Like I said, I'm a lightweight. I don't even remember getting home that night." She moved her hand further up my skirt. I instantly regretted changing out of my work uniform now. I also regretted wearing a thong. I never usually do, but the skirt I was wearing required one. "You told me some of the things you like..." Her fingers brushed against my clit, making me even more wet and turned on than before. I was breathing deeply now. Not sure what to do. There was no escaping this booth, Kat was blocking the way and the table was too small for me to crawl under. I suddenly felt very helpless and exposed. But that just seemed to turn me on even more though. "You told me that you like to sometimes come to work without panties on, because it turns you on..." She started rubbing, I had to bite my tongue to keep from moaning loudly. "You also said that you like girls... You said you liked me." "Oh god," I whispered. I wasn't sure if it was in response to her comment or what she was doing to me. A bit of both, perhaps. Kat was rubbing faster now; I tried to fight her off. I tried to bat away her arm with my hand, but she wouldn't budge. If anything it made her go faster than before. I covered my mouth with my hands, trying my hardest not to draw attention to myself. I didn't need my friends to see this. Luckily they still weren't paying attention to me. "You said that you had a secret. Do you remember what that secret was?" I shook my head quickly, closing my eyes. Her fingers just felt so good, I couldn't resist. "You told me you like to be humiliated; it turned you on just thinking about it." Kat stopped rubbing, and I wasn't sure if I was relieved or not. On one hand I wanted her to keep going, I was getting close to an orgasm, but then again I didn't want to do it in front of my friends. I just sighed in relief and took my hands off my mouth. "What do you want from me?" I gasped quietly, meeting her eyes for the first time since she started touching me. Regretfully she didn't take her hand off my clit, and just knowing her hand was there made me so wet. She leaned in close to me, "I want to see you cum." She said quietly. "I want to see you cum in front of your friends. In front of everyone here in this restaurant." I froze again, "Please..." I couldn't finish the sentence, and I wasn't even sure if I was going to tell her stop or beg her to keep going. She smiled devilishly, "Please what?" "P-please..."

don't stop." Suddenly she pushed my thong aside and started rubbing my clit again, in circular motions. "Oh god." I whispered and bit my lip. She inserted one finger into my wet pussy and rubbed my clit with her thumb. Her slow pace was driving me mad, and I was soon close to a powerful orgasm. "Oh god, please stop." I covered my mouth with my hands again, fearing I was going to moan loudly. Kat ignored me, pumping her fingers inside me. She picked up the pace, knowing how close I was. "Don't fight it," she whispered her face just centimetres from mine. I didn't know how my friend didn't see what was going on, but I was thanking whatever god was out there that they wouldn't. "Give in." Kat Demanded quietly. "Cum for me, Sasha. Cum for me." I was almost there, the pressure had built up so much, and my juices were flowing freely onto her hand and my panties, and probably the seat too. I fought the orgasm I was about to have, I knew that when I came I would probably do it loudly and I didn't want people to see what was going on. I didn't want anyone to know. Kat giggled deviously, "The way I see it, you have two options." I tightened my hands on my mouth as a small moan escaped my throat. "You can either cum and let all of your friends see what we're doing..." Her fingers pumped faster, her thumb rubbing my clit so fast it was taking all of my strength to not cum right now. "Or you can kiss me so nobody sees it, but then your friends will finally know who you really are." She giggled again, "It's up to you." I didn't have time to think, my orgasm was just seconds away. I needed release badly, I had to cum. I didn't know what to do, I was so turned on, and so scared of what was about to happen I wasn't thinking straight. I dropped my hands and my lips met hers messily. Now my friends were paying attention to me. The guys stopped cheering on the girls, and cheered me on instead. I closed my eyes as Kat's tongue darted around my mouth eagerly. She tasted sweet, and her lips were so soft. I'm not going to lie; I really enjoyed her kissing me. Even if it was my first kiss. Kat rubbed my clit faster and I squeezed my eyes shut as I came hard. I balled my fists to keep from moving in any way that would let my friends realise what Kat was doing to me under the table. My orgasm was hard and powerful, it reached the tips of my fingers and my toes, wave after wave gushed over me, and the whole time Kat kissed me deeply. When it finally ended, I broke the kiss, my mouth gaping and I was panting. My friends were all staring at me in shock, except for the boys who just high fived each other. "Sasha..." Jade said, "What the fuck?!" I didn't know what to do. Kat finally removed her fingers from inside me. I was so embarrassed and humiliated I stood up and climbed onto the chair, managing to step over Kat (who probably got a good look of my panties too), and ran as fast as I could to the bathroom. As soon as the door shut I broke down into tears. What the fuck just happened? Why did Kat just do that to me? ...But I enjoyed it. I didn't care that I enjoyed it, I cared that my friends just saw me kiss another girl and I had never been more humiliated in my entire life. I turned the tap on to wet my face, trying to compose myself. I had accepted the fact that I probably wasn't going out tonight, and I probably just lost the only friends I'd ever had. All I wanted to do was go home and curl up into a ball under my blankets and hide from my shame. But then... if I was so humiliated and ashamed, why the fuck was I still so incredibly horny? I wet my face again, closing my eyes tightly, hoping that I'd wake up from some nightmare. It didn't work of course. As I dried my face with a hand towel, I felt someone watching me and I looked up. It was Kat. Somehow she had entered the bathroom without me realising it. She just stood at the door, her arms

folded and a satisfied smile on her face. ...Something told me she wasn't quite done with me yet.
Please let me know what you think! Part two coming soon :) xo