**The Boutique**

***DESCRIPTION:***

When I began writing this story, I intended it as a one-off, but as it progressed, I became increasingly aware of the potential for another chapter or two. Anyone who thinks I should write a follow-up (or not), sound off and let me know.

The Boutique

Sharon Ralston straightened the sweaters on their hangers, making sure they hung evenly and in alignment with each other. She was moving slowly along the racks, tidying a little here, picking off a loose thread there, while keeping an eye out for customers. The boutique was fairly quiet at the moment, with only a few customers browsing through the items on display.

***BODY:***

Sharon had been working in the little boutique, called The Fabric of Temptation (a name that Sharon secretly thought was just a little corny), for almost four weeks now. She’d applied for a number of jobs for the summer vacation, wanting to make some more money than the allowance her parents gave her. Being a minor at 16, Sharon didn’t qualify for full pay, but what she made was still more money than she’d ever had before. Some of it she would save for later, like her parents wanted her to, but some she would use to spruce up her wardrobe for when school would start again in August. All through the previous year Sharon had been acutely aware of not being nearly so stylish as some of the other girls in her class, especially snooty Mallory Hampstead and her crowd. With some new clothes from the boutique, and maybe a little help from Monica, Sharon was looking forward to the coming school year with gloating anticipation.

Peeking over a rack of blouses, Sharon looked at Monica, who was busy seeing to a couple of customers on the other side of the room. At the sight of the owner of The Fabric of Temptation, Sharon couldn’t help but sigh with envy.

Monica Leland was a tall, well-built brunette in what Sharon guessed to be her late twenties. She was everything Sharon, at an insecure 16 years of age, wanted to be. She had an absolutely unerring sense of style, and always dressed in not what *was* the latest fashion, but what was soon to *become* the latest fashion. Whatever she put on, it looked perfect on her. The woman moved with a grace Sharon only felt emphasised her own teenage coltishness, was never lost for words in any company, and radiated confidence and sophistication; in short, she was everything teenage girls aren’t. Furthermore, she had a fantastic body, with long legs, large round breasts, a flat belly and a tight, round arse. When Sharon had asked her where she worked out, Monica had waved her hand self-depreciatingly and said that it was ‘just some exercise routines I go through at home’.

Next to Monica, Sharon was gloomily convinced she looked pale and insignificant, pretty much like she’d felt all through last year of school. Sharon was 170 centimetres tall against Monica’s nearly 180; she had shoulder-length blonde hair that kept its boring, straight shape no matter what she did with it; a pale, slightly unhealthy complexion like many teenagers, with pale blue eyes, thin lips and a straight nose. Her body still wasn’t fully grown; she felt her bum was too large (although, in all fairness, an unbiased observer would have thought it very nice indeed), with skinny legs, a bit of puppy fat on her belly she just couldn’t get rid of, and breasts that had just barely grown large enough to warrant a B-cup.

The first week after Monica had hired her for the summer, Sharon had been too shy to even speak with her employer. As they grew on each other, though, she had gradually begun to talk with her about things not related to work, and to her surprise found the older woman to be charming and very pleasant, never talking down to her or being condescending, even when Sharon felt she’d displayed her ignorance on any given subject for everyone to see. She’d begun tentatively to ask Monica’s advice on make-up, clothes and the like, and the stately brunette had immediately taken her under her wing. Monica had told her what colours to wear and which ones to avoid, what type of clothes emphasised her strong features and concealed her weak ones, and what tones of make-up to wear and how to properly apply them. As a result, Sharon not only looked better, but was feeling a lot more confident as well.

Sensing that Monica was about to make a sale, Sharon wandered over to the cash register and was waiting when the customers, two women in their late twenties, brought their garments over. While Sharon rang up the sale and folded the clothes neatly, Monica moved in on another browsing customer with a friendly smile.

The last couple of hours before closing time were quite uneventful, and soon the last customer disappeared and the two women began the daily routine of closing up. Sharon removed the cash drawer from the till and brought it into the back room, while Monica pulled down the steel mesh that covered the windows.

When Monica came into the back room, Sharon had just finished counting the cash in the drawer and was getting ready to lock it up in the safe when she saw that Monica was carrying a package wrapped in silk paper and grinning happily at her.

“What is it?” Sharon asked, nonplussed.

“It’s just a little something I’ve put aside for you,” Monica replied, still grinning. She thrust out the package towards Sharon. “Go ahead, open it.”

Sharon took the package. The flimsy silk paper wrapping crackled under her touch. The package was light and soft. Casting a sideways glance at Monica, she carefully untied the string and peeled back the paper. When she saw what was inside, she gasped. Carefully she lifted out the top garment, a red long-sleeved top made from some light, fluffy material. Underneath was a long skirt in a slightly lighter shade of red, made from what appeared to be pure silk. Sharon’s hands trembled slightly; she knew immediately that she had never owned anything this expensive in her life.

“Do you like it?” Monica asked, a smug smile on her lips.

“It’s beautiful!” Sharon whispered reverently.

“I put those aside specially for you,” explained Monica. “With your hair hanging loose and a touch of the right make-up, it should be perfect.”

Sharon just stared in awe at the clothes. Then she put the garment back down. “I… I can’t accept this,” she said. ”I mean, they must have cost more than I’ve earned since I began here. It’s too much.”

Monica waved her hand dismissively, brushing Sharon’s objections aside. “Nonsense,” she snorted. “You’ve more than earned it. You put in full days here, six days a week, and I only pay you half of what I’d have to pay someone two years older. From where I’m standing, this is a bonus. And a well-earned bonus, at that.”

“I don’t know what to say,” said Sharon weakly.

Monica shrugged. “You don’t have to say anything.” She smiled again. “But if you think I’m letting you leave here before you’ve tried those on, you must be mad. Go ahead, put them on and prove me right.”

Sharon grinned with delight and began pulling her sweater over her head. For a moment she almost hesitated, feeling a little embarrassed by stripping down to her underwear in front of the stylish Monica, but the desire to try her new outfit on triumphed easily over embarrassment. With her sweater gone, she unbuttoned her jeans and peeled them down over her hips and thighs. Monica, smiling wordlessly, handed her first the skirt, and as soon as Sharon had pulled it on, the top.

Tugging at the hem of her top, Sharon turned to the full-size mirror on the wall next to the couch and regarded herself critically. Even her innate teenage self-depreciation failed to find anything wrong with how she looked. The skirt fit snugly over her hips, tapering towards her ankles and thus showing her curvy bum and hips and slender legs to their best advantage. The top had a loose neckline, exposing her slender neck and emphasising the soft femininity of her throat. It fit loosely over her breasts, the soft fluffy material making them look a little bigger than they really were. The top was short, exposing a wide strip of her belly, and Sharon self-consciously tried to pull it further down.

“Stop doing that,” Monica admonished her. The tall brunette stepped up behind Sharon, reaching around her waist and gently slapping away her fingers. “Stand with your arms straight out to the sides.” Sharon did as instructed, and the hem slipped up a little farther, showing even more midriff. With deft, delicate fingers Monica straightened the hem, her warm fingers brushing against Sharon’s soft belly. Satisfied, she crouched down behind her, tugging and twisting her skirt to make it fit just so, then smoothing it over her hips and thighs as she rose again. When Monica’s hands moved around and slid over the front of her hips and thighs, Sharon felt mildly uncomfortable being touched so intimately by another woman, but the brisk, businesslike manner Monica displayed put her mind at ease, and she stood still and let the older woman do her thing.

The brunette’s graceful hands moved up to Sharon’s neck, adjusting the neckline a little, her fingers brushing the teenager’s throat. “Maybe a necklace here,” Monica mused behind her. “A thin gold chain, I think, with a small red stone to match the outfit.” She gathered Sharon’s hair in her hands and spread it out over her shoulders, fluffing it up a little. “Of course, if you really want to make an impact,” she went on, “you should get your hair done, you know, rough it up a little, and maybe some darker highlights. Give you more contrast.” She rested her hands on Sharon’s shoulders, their eyes meeting in the mirror.

“Thank you so much,” said Sharon. “It’s the loveliest clothes I’ve ever owned.”

“You’re very welcome,” said Monica gravely. “Just promise me you’ll wear it to school, upstage those girls you told me about.”

Sharon imagined with dark glee the look on Mallory’s face when she showed up looking like this. The thought made her feel warm inside. “What brand is it?” she asked Monica, anticipating the question she’d be getting. “I didn’t see any labels.”

“Of course not,” replied Monica. “Quality pieces like these don’t have labels. Anyone who matters will recognise it when they see it; those who don’t, aren’t anyone you’d care to impress anyway.”

Sharon took a long, last look at herself in the mirror, twisting around to get a look at herself from any angle she could. Then, temporarily satisfied, she carefully began to take off her new clothes. She folded them neatly, first the top, then the skirt, and put them back in the silk paper. She was just reaching for her jeans when she noticed that Monica was eyeing her speculatively.

“What is it?” she asked, feeling a faint blush spread across her cheeks at being scrutinised so closely. And for another reason as well, something she couldn’t quite identify.

“I think we need to accessorise a little,” said Monica. “Some nice lingerie, I believe.”

Sharon blushed even more, this time from embarrassment. She was wearing a very ordinary pair of cotton panties, and the only bra she had right now that fit her growing breasts properly, and as a result, was somewhat grey from having been washed over and over again. Monica, she was sure, would ever have been caught dead in something like this.

“Oh no, I can’t… It’s too much already…” Sharon began, but Monica took her hand and pulled her towards the door to the showroom, ignoring the fact that she was only in her underwear.

“Nonsense,” she said firmly. “If you’re getting dressed up, we’re going to do it right. And that means lingerie to match.” Ignoring Sharon’s feeble protestations, she led the way insistently, and Sharon had no choice but to follow meekly or be dragged bodily through the door.

In the boutique, now dark but for the light from the rear office and what little light spilled through the mesh covering the windows, Monica headed straight for the corner where the lingerie was displayed. Once there, she began rummaging swiftly through the racks, considering and discarding sets of lingerie with astonishing speed. Finally, she appeared to settle on a pale rose-coloured bra-and-panties combination that she held up against Sharon and nodded in satisfaction.

“Yes, I believe this will do nicely,” she muttered mostly to herself. She thrust the flimsy garments at Sharon. “Go on, let’s go in and try these on.”

Sharon, clutching the lingerie in her hands, was rapidly herded across the floor and back inside the back room. Monica manoeuvred her in front of the mirror and gestured almost impatiently at her. “All right, try them on,” she encouraged her.

“I can’t try them on,” Sharon objected. “What if they don’t fit? We can’t sell them afterwards.”

Monica gave her a look that was half amused and half exasperated. “Of course they’ll fit,” she said. “I picked them, didn’t I? Now let’s see how you look.”

Blushing bright crimson, Sharon reached up behind her back and unhooked her bra, sliding it off her shoulders and down her arms. She was feeling quite uncomfortable getting naked in front of Monica, but the fear of being perceived as an immature child was greater than any embarrassment, so she choked it down and proceeded to slide her panties down her legs. When she looked up, she saw Monica looking at her in the mirror, and she instinctively tried to cover herself with her arms without appearing obvious about it.

“You don’t have to hide like that,” came Monica’s soothing voice from behind her. “You have a lovely body.” Sharon blushed even more; she was beginning to worry that she’d burst a blood vessel in her face soon. If anyone else, like her mother, had said anything like that, she would have howled with embarrassment and run from the room. Coming from Monica, however, it made her feel pleasantly warm inside. Mothers and girlfriends were supposed to say things like that, so their opinions didn’t count; when Monica said it, it carried real weight. Making a conscious effort to act naturally, Sharon picked up the panties and unhooked them from the hanger.

The lingerie Monica had picked for her was feather-light, flimsy things with a swirling floral pattern. Only now, when holding it in her hands, did Sharon notice that the areas between the patterns were so thin as to be virtually transparent. There was fine lace along the hem of both the panties and the bra. Holding it delicately, afraid to tear the flimsy material, Sharon pulled the panties on and up her legs. “Here, I’ll get that for you,” said Monica as Sharon slipped on the bra. The brunette’s fingers deftly snapped the clasp shut behind Sharon’s back.

“You look fantastic,” Monica stated with conviction as she looked at Sharon in the mirror. “I’d say you could snag any bloke you wanted, looking like this.”

Sharon made a face. “Thanks, but no thanks.”

“Why, you’re not interested in boys?”

Sharon shrugged. “I guess I am, it’s just that they’re so… silly.”

“Silly how?” Monica inquired.

“You know, they’re nice enough when they’re alone, but when their friends are around, they get all obnoxious. And whenever there’s a party or something, they get all drunk and start groping.” She vividly recalled the last party she’d been at, where George, a boy in her class she rather liked, had got completely pissed, tried to feel her tits, been noisily sick in a potted plant and passed out on the floor. She shuddered with remembered revulsion.

“If it’s any consolation, they do improve with age,” Monica assured her.

“Really?”

“Well, most of them do, anyway,” she amended. “Some, unfortunately, remain at that level the rest of their lives.” She gave Sharon’s shoulders a little squeeze. “But it’s not like you’re in a hurry. And you do look fabulous; I really mean it.”

“Thanks,” Sharon said demurely. She pulled a little on the bra, more to have anything to occupy herself with than because it fit poorly. Somehow it managed to lift her breasts without appearing to do so, making them look bigger, something Sharon rather liked. The semi-transparent material was quite daring, she thought, with the strategically placed floral pattern just barely concealing her nipples. The panties were high-cut, subtly giving the impression of her legs being longer, while fitting snugly over her bum.

“Will you stop fussing already,” Monica laughed. “There’s not much you can do to improve on this, you know.” She reached around Sharon’s waist and gently brushed away her hands. She straightened the bra straps where Sharon’s fussing had left them askew; then her hands moved to the cups, tugging and adjusting slightly. Sharon was suddenly very aware of the other woman’s close proximity, the feeling of her arms around her waist and her own almost-nakedness. *God, it’s hot in here,* she thought; *Monica must have cranked up the thermostat earlier.* Monica cupped the underside of her breasts, pushing them up while adjusting the bra. The other woman’s hands on her breasts made Sharon’s stomach tighten.

In an attempt to gracefully escape the awkward situation, Sharon turned sideways, pretending to look at herself critically in the mirror. Monica’s hands dropped from her breasts, and she eased back half a step. Sharon was acutely aware that her face was flushed, but Monica seemed as cool and collected as always.

“My bum is too fat,” she complained, ceasing on the first thought that entered her mind, and pulled at the seat of her panties.

“It is nothing of the sort,” said Monica, and Sharon was surprised to hear a note of indignation in her voice. “I know women who’d kill for these.” She patted one of Sharon’s firm buttocks, in the process brushing away her hand again. She pulled a little on the panties, putting them straight again, and the feeling of her warm hands brushing her bum made Sharon’s mouth go dry. Monica’s hands went around her hips, straightening the waistline of her panties, then around to the front, doing the same. Sharon swallowed dryly, feeling her stomach flutter nervously. *This must be what animals feel like when they’re caught in the headlights of a car,* some calm corner of her mind reflected.

Monica finished making adjustments to Sharon’s lingerie, and for a moment they both stood there, perfectly still, as if frozen in time. Then Monica slid her hands tentatively up Sharon’s belly. There was nothing businesslike in her touch now; this was a caress loaded with erotic significance. Sharon’s mind was in turmoil. She knew that she could break the moment and end this if she moved, twisted away from Monica, and part of her wanted to do that. But there was another part of her that kept whispering in her mind: *Don’t you want to know what will happen if you don’t move?* And since not moving was, after all, the easier way, Sharon stood still as Monica’s warm hands moved over her body.

Her left hand rubbing lightly in circles on Sharon’s belly, Monica moved her right hand up to Sharon’s breasts. For a moments Sharon could feel her hesitating, perhaps waiting for her to say or do something to stop her. When she didn’t, the hand resumed moving, reaching across her body to cup her left breast. Sharon’s heart was racing, and she gave an involuntary little gasp as the other woman’s hand squeezed her breast gently. She could feel the heat of her hand right through the flimsy bra, and her nipple responded by stiffening. Monica tightened her arms, pulling Sharon to her, and the 16-year old could feel the older woman’s breasts press against her back and her hips press against her bum.

Sharon’s breath was becoming more rapid, her heart galloping madly. Looking to her left, she could see in the mirror how their bodies fitted together, soft flesh and curves pressing against each other. Monica’s head dipped down, and the wet warmth of her mouth touched the side of Sharon’s neck, soft lips teasing sensuously, seeking the spot where her pulse beat rapidly. Goosebumps were standing out all over Sharon’s body, and she leaned a little farther back, deeper into Monica’s embrace, and closed her eyes, surrendering control of the situation to the older woman.

Monica was now cupping both Sharon’s breasts in her hands, her mouth kissing and sucking gently up and down along the side of her neck. She placed a finger under the girl’s jaw, turning her face towards her until she could kiss her. To Sharon, the sensation of the brunette’s lips on her own was electrifying. Her experience with kissing was limited to some nervous experimentation with boys at parties, where both they and her was at least slightly inebriated; this was something else entirely. Monica’s lips brushed hers lightly once, then again, and again, lingering a little longer each time. The fourth time their lips met, Sharon tilted her head even further back and opened her mouth for Monica. The older woman’s tongue slipped inside her mouth, not clumsy like the boys Sharon had kissed, but with purpose and experience.

With their lips locked together, Monica took the blonde girl by her shoulders and turned her around until they were facing each other. Sharon’s arms went, a little hesitantly, around her neck, while she put her around the girl’s waist, her hands seeking out and finding the clasp to her bra. She pulled away from the blonde long enough for them to catch their breath; her hands ready to slide the lacy garment from Sharon’s shoulders. Their eyes met.

“Do you want to do this?” Monica asked.

Sharon, not trusting her voice, merely nodded. She was relieved, and just a little proud, to notice that Monica’s breath was as rapid as her own.

Licking her lips, Monica slipped the straps of the bra down Sharon’s arms, tossing it onto the coffee table. She reached for Sharon’s breasts, letting them fill her hands, and Sharon pressed against the other woman’s touch. Monica’s thumbs were rubbing her nipples in tiny circles, and she could feel her pussy growing damp in her sexy panties. With their eyes locked together, Monica leaned down, stuck out her tongue and teasingly licked Sharon’s left nipple. Sharon stared in hypnotised awe; she couldn’t have torn her eyes away if a gun had gone off in the next room. Monica smiled knowingly up at her, then closed her lips around the stiff little nipple and sucked. The combination of her warm wet mouth and the suction made Sharon’s knees tremble.

When Monica lifted her head from her breast, Sharon could see the pink outline of her lipstick around her nipple. Brushing her lips against hers, Monica pushed her gently backwards towards the couch. When Sharon felt it touch the back of her legs, she sank down on it, Monica dropping gracefully to her knees in front of her. The brunette put her hands on Sharon’s knees and looked her in the eye.

“Have you ever had anyone kiss your pussy?” she asked, a little hoarsely.

Sharon’s eyes widened in amazement. “No,” she managed in a whisper.

“Would you like me to?” Monica asked, leaning forward so that her long hair brushed over Sharon’s thighs.

As if disconnected from her own body, Sharon felt her head bob up and down as she nodded. “Yes,” she said in a thin voice.

Monica just smiled. Sliding her palms from the girl’s knees and up along her thighs, she reached her panties and hooked two fingers under the waistline. Sharon was still looking a little dazed, and she had to tug on her panties before the girl got the picture and raised her hips off the couch. Monica rolled the pale red panties down the blonde’s legs, taking her time and savouring the feeling of soft girl-flesh under her hands. She pulled it off and placed her hands back on Sharon’s knees. She smiled hungrily at the girl, then pushed her knees slowly apart.

Sharon let her legs be spread wide apart without offering any resistance. She watched, somewhat disbelieving, as Monica leaned down and placed a kiss on her thigh just above her knee. Then the brunette began kissing her way up her legs, alternating between them both, her lips trailing wetly along the sensitive insides of her thighs. She moved steadily upwards, her long hair tickling the pale skin. Her hands went around Sharon’s hips, pulling her a little further out to the edge of the couch. Then her warm lips were almost there, just centimetres away from the pale blonde hair of Sharon’s pussy. The brunette’s head was now obscuring her vision, but she could feel how her mouth was moving closer and closer to her pussy.

Suddenly the reality of the situation flooded back to her. It was like snapping out of a pleasant but frightening dream. *My boss is about to kiss my pussy,* flashed through her mind. *We shouldn’t be doing this!* And then: *Does this mean I’m gay?* She brought her hands down to Monica’s head, meaning to push her away. And then she froze, as something firm and wet caressed her pussy lips. *Oh my God, that’s her tongue I’m feeling!* her mind screamed. Her body, though, was responding to what was happening, but not in the manner Sharon had intended. Her hips lifted from the couch, pressing against Monica’s seeking mouth. Again the tongue licked her pussy, this time probing between her moist pussy lips. Sharon gasped for breath and sank back down on the couch, her hands now pressing Monica’s head to her pussy instead of pushing it away.

Sharon was finding it quite impossible to lie still under Monica’s ministrations. She was grinding her hips against the kneeling woman’s face, wiggling her butt deeper into the couch, touching her stomach, her breasts, stroking Monica’s hair. It was the most incredible sensation she’d ever experienced in her sixteen years; she almost couldn’t believe anything could feel this good. Sure, she’d been masturbating since she was twelve, and gave herself a self-induced orgasm at least two or three times a week, but her own fingers didn’t come close to making her feel like Monica’s mouth and tongue did. Now the brunette had given up on teasing her pussy lips and instead sealed her lips around Sharon’s clit, sucking gently while tickling it relentlessly with her tongue. That firm, slippery tongue rubbing back and forth over her swollen clit was driving Sharon wild with lust, and she could feel her orgasm approach faster than she’d ever been able to bring it forth on her own.

After maybe five minutes of metronome-regular stimulation of her clit, Sharon couldn’t take any more. With a loud intake of breath and a violent spasm she clamped her thighs around Monica’s head, grinding and bucking as if she was riding a wild horse, soaking the brunette’s face with her fresh teenage juices. She didn’t make a sound as she came, not so much as a whimper; just ragged, heavy breathing that came in uneven gasps. Monica didn’t try to break free of the vicelike grip Sharon’s thighs had on her head, but simply used her hands on the girl’s belly to keep her from thrashing about too violently, keeping her mouth stuck to Sharon’s pussy as if it was glued there. She’d noticed the blonde girl’s impending orgasm and had taken a deep breath just before she came, so now she was simply riding off the storm.

When Sharon’s thighs relaxed their death-grip on Monica’s head, the lovely brunette began trailing wet kisses up Sharon’s belly, all the way from her pussy to her tits. Monica found the soft belly with its hints of subdermal puppy fat and the soft, not yet fully grown breasts more exciting than any cover-girl-perfect body she’d ever seen. She looked into Sharon’s still-dazed eyes, their faces so close they could feel each other’s warm breath.

“Mmmm, I think you liked that,” Monica teased in a sultry voice.

Sharon, still panting like she’d run a marathon, just nodded, a small sated smile on her lips. “Oh,” she sighed, obviously looking for words. Not finding any that did the situation justice, she smiled some more and sighed contently again.

Monica climbed onto the couch next to Sharon, twisting sideways to face her, one leg drawn up under her. She licked her lips, tasting the girl’s juices, and Sharon moistened her own lips in an unconscious reflex. Bending down, Monica picked up Sharon’s discarded panties from the floor, and with a wicked smile and teasing eyes, she used them to carefully wipe the blonde’s juices from her face before leaning in to kiss her. Sharon could only stare in wide-eyed amazement at the other woman’s lewd behaviour, the sheer naughtiness of the act sending a delicious little tingle down her spine. When Monica’s lips sought hers, she returned it with great fervour and enthusiasm. *I’m tasting the mouth that just ate my pussy,* she thought, but instead of revolting her the idea made her pussy tingle wetly again.

Sitting up, Monica took hold of her sweater and pulled it over her head in one motion, shaking free her long hair. Underneath she was wearing a lacy black bra, looking like a C-cup and barely covering the lower half of her breasts. Monica put her arms around Sharon, clasping her hands behind her neck and thrusting her breasts towards her. The blonde teen needed no prompting, but bent down and placed a tentative kiss on one swelling globe. She cupped the large tits in her hands, placing soft little kisses on the warm skin. The globes felt strangely firm under her fingers, and it took her a moment to catch on.

“Are they…” she began, not quite knowing how to put it delicately.

“Fake?” Monica smiled. “Yes, I had them done nearly two years ago. Don’t you like them?”

“I think they’re gorgeous,” said Sharon sincerely. Like many other teenage girls not perfectly satisfied with their bodies, she’d seen a number of programmes on plastic surgery on the telly, and knew what a pair of enhanced tits looked like. Monica’s were so well done there was no way to tell unless you touched them; not too large so as to strain the skin, but perfectly round and scaled exactly to the size of her body, looking completely natural.

Monica reached behind her and undid the clasp of her bra, letting it drop. Sharon stared at her naked breasts in awe and envy, cupping them in her hands and squeezing, licking her lips. When Monica leaned back on the sofa, resting on her elbows, Sharon followed and leaned over her. With only a second’s hesitation, she bowed her head and closed her lips around one erect nipple.

The nipple felt big and rubbery in her mouth, and Sharon sucked it gently, rubbing it with her tongue and getting used to the texture and sensation. She let it pop out of her mouth, looking for a moments at the dark knob glistening with her saliva, before moving her mouth onto its twin. She sucked on this one for a while as well, alternating between the nipples and kissing and sucking on the soft skin of Monica’s breasts.

Pushing gently on her shoulders, Monica made her take her mouth off her breasts and sit up. Looking intently into Sharon’s eyes, she slid her hands down her stomach to the button fly of her designer jeans. There was something in her eyes, a hesitation of sorts, that Sharon couldn’t quite place; it seemed out of place in the confident older woman. Slowly, but apparently more due to hesitation than to tease, Monica popped the top button of her fly. The movements of Monica’s fingers as they undid button after button had a hypnotic effect on Sharon, who couldn’t tear her eyes away.

“Do you want to stop now?” asked Monica in a low voice.

Sharon just shook her head, her eyes still on Monica’s fingers as they unbuttoned her pants. The thought of touching and perhaps even tasting another woman’s pussy was a little intimidating, but at the same time it was the most exciting thing she’d ever experienced.

“Are you sure about this?” Monica persisted.

“Yes, I’m sure,” replied Sharon, finally lifting her gaze to Monica’s face. She was a little puzzled; all of a sudden, Monica seemed nervous and uncertain, nothing at all like the self-confident woman who’d seduced Sharon only minutes earlier. “Take off your clothes,” Sharon whispered.

Monica froze for a moment, staring at Sharon as if trying to read her mind through her head, then took a deep breath and yanked her jeans down over her thighs. Sharon’s eyes widened, and she gasped is shock and surprise.

Poking up over the waistband of Monica’s lacy black panties was the head and top half of the shaft of an semi-erect, hairless cock. Much too big to be contained by the tiny panties, it was lying flat against Monica’s belly, pointing up at her breasts. Sharon couldn’t help but stare in utter amazement, her mind fighting to convince itself that she was actually seeing what she thought she was seeing.

Finally able to tear her eyes from the cock, Sharon looked up and met Monica’s gaze. She opened her mouth to speak, but something stopped her. She suddenly understood why Monica had seemed so apprehensive about taking her clothes off, and now she saw that same apprehension, several times stronger, in the brunette’s eyes. It was perfectly clear to her that Monica was terrified. Terrified that Sharon would scream, of run away, or say something that would make her feel like a freak. And with an insight that would have been a credit to a much older and wiser woman, Sharon clamped her mouth shut and choked off what she’d been going to say. Looking back down at the hard cock poking pout of Monica’s panties, Sharon hooked a finger under the waistband and pulled it down, completely exposing the smooth erection, and slipped her right hand under the shaft, closing her warm hand around it and squeezing gently.

The cock didn’t feel anything at all like what she’d expected. Actually, she wasn’t really sure what she’d expected, but this wasn’t it. It was warm and dry and thick in her hand, feeling soft and yet firm at the same time. She moved her hand along the shaft, pulling the foreskin back, then moved her hand up again, watching the thin skin slide over the head.

Sharon looked up into Monica’s eyes again and smiled. “It’s… I don’t know, real, isn’t it?” she asked, tripping a little over her own tongue.

Monica nodded. “Yes, it’s real,” she whispered back, her voice uneven.

“Does it work, you know, get all hard and everything?”

Monica just nodded this time, her eyes still wary.

“Wow,” was all Sharon could think to say. She noticed that Monica was still as tense as a wound-up spring, and knew she would have to do something to show that she wasn’t freaked out by this. Moving deliberately fast, so she wouldn’t have time to think about it, she steeled herself and ducked down towards Monica’s groin. She just had time to register the surprise on Monica’s face before her hair fell in front of her eyes and hid her face under a blonde veil as she lowered her mouth onto the cock in her hand.

Sharon was holding her breath, hoping it wouldn’t taste awful but determined not to show it if it did. Much to her pleasant surprise, it didn’t taste like much at all. There was a faint musky smell, but the shaft itself merely tasted like warm skin, much the same as Monica’s breasts had when she’d sucked on them. Feeling emboldened by this pleasant surprise, Sharon began sucking on the head of Monica’s cock while keeping a firm grip around the shaft. She felt a twinge of satisfaction when Monica groaned and thrust her hips upwards.

When she took her mouth off the cock, Sharon discretely smacked her lips, trying to notice any taste whatsoever, but there was only a faint salty tinge, not at all unpleasant. Straightening, her eyes met Monica’s, and she smiled. “You taste good,” she whispered, privately a little shocked at how daring she sounded. It felt really good, though, to see how the tension eased out of Monica’s stiff shoulders and a relieved smile flicked across her lovely features.

“You’re not going to run away screaming then?” asked Monica in a bantering voice, but with an underlying tone of seriousness.

In reply Sharon smiled as wickedly as she knew how and bent down again, sticking out her tongue as far as it went and licking all along the underside of Monica’s cock, all the while staring the brunette straight in the eye. The slutty effect she’d been aiming for was a little spoiled, though, by the fact that as soon as she began straightening back up she broke into a tittering fit. Apparently it was contagious, and seconds later the two of them were giggling like a couple of 13-year olds at their first slumber party.

When they regained some semblance of control over themselves, the atmosphere in the room was noticeably lighter. The two women smiled warmly at each other, and Sharon scooted down along Monica’s outstretched legs, pulling her jeans off her. “Let’s get these off, they’re in the way,” she smirked. She pulled them down to Monica’s ankles, and the brunette kicked her long legs, sending the jeans flying across the room, something that triggered another fit of giggles. Sharon eased herself back up until she was straddling Monica’s knees, staring down at the cock protruding from her flimsy panties. It was a powerfully erotic image, the stiff cock, the very symbol of masculinity, peeking out from under the frilly, ultra-feminine underwear. She rubbed the shaft through the panties with the palm of her hand. “That is so sexy,” she breathed.

“Why, thank you,” Monica purred, pressing her hips up against the caressing hand.

“Did I do it right when I sucked you?” Sharon asked, a little anxiously.

“You did great,” Monica assured her. “It felt wonderful.” She smiled up at the blonde. “In fact, I wouldn’t mind if you did it again,” she hinted.

“I can do that,” Sharon smiled shyly. She was beginning to feel a little embarrassed about her own behaviour now that the first shock had faded, but was trying hard not to show it. She pulled Monica’s panties down her legs and dropped them on the floor. Sliding her hands up Monica’s legs, she reached her cock and took it in both her hands. Monica spread her legs wide, smiling encouragingly at her.

Sharon regarded the stiff cock in her hands. It was, she reflected maybe 5 inches or so long, and thick enough that she could only just get her thumb and forefinger to meet around it. She’d watched a couple of porno movies with girlfriends over the last few years, and while they’d been giggling like crazy, they’d all been wondering if guys really had cocks that big, and if they would be expected to do all the strange things they saw on screen. The thought of an eight-inch cock taking her virginity had, in truth, been more than a little intimidating; Monica’s five inches, on the other hand, seemed just perfect for the job. She stroked the erect member experimentally, imagining how it would feel inside her, getting used to the shape and size of it in her hand.

“You’re looking at it like you’ve never seen a cock before,” remarked Monica, her smile removing any perceived sting from the words.

“I haven’t,” replied Sharon, then hastily added, “not in real life, anyway, just in the movies.”

“Disappointed?” teased Monica.

“No,” answered Sharon truthfully. “I think it’s really sexy.” She bent down and took it in her mouth, sucking carefully while taking it as deep as she could, seeing how much of it she could get into her mouth. Monica groaned with pleasure, and Sharon kept nodding her head up and down in her lap, enjoying the feeling of the soft skin sliding over her tongue and past her lips. The she raised her head again, studying the glistening shaft closely.

“Can you come?” she asked of Monica. “I mean, with stuff coming out of your cock and everything?”

“Ejaculate, you mean? Yes, I can,” Monica nodded. She sat up on the couch and pulled Sharon to her, kissing her softly on the lips. Sharon opened her mouth and returned the kiss, and for a while neither of them spoke, absorbed in exploring each other’s mouth with their tongues. When they broke the kiss, Monica whispered softly, her lips still brushing Sharon’s: “Have you ever had a cock inside you?”

“No,” Sharon whispered back.

“Do you want to try?”

The feeling in Sharon’s stomach was much the same as when you’re on a roller coaster and the wagons are teetering on top of the very first incline, about to go over and begin the ride. “Yes,” she said hoarsely.

Monica pushed the sixteen-year old back on the couch, leg spread wide apart. She caressed the insides of her thighs, seeing the swollen red pussy gaping at her through the blonde pussy hair, matted with glistening juices. Her thumbs stroked the insides of Sharon’s thighs, making the girl wiggle her hips in anticipation. Monica reached down and stroked her cock with one hand while placing her other hand palm-down on Sharon’s belly, her thumb rubbing her clit. No one who’d ever seen an aroused woman could have any doubt that the blonde girl lying in front of her was as ready as she’d ever be.

Supporting herself on one arm, Monica lowered herself down on top of Sharon, one hand guiding her throbbing cock towards the waiting pussy. Her breasts were in the way so she couldn’t look down between them, but she guided her cock by feel and experience. She felt the head touch the soft, wet folds of Sharon’s virgin pussy, and paused for a moment, her cock poised just outside the dripping wet hole. The two women looked at each other, not speaking; then Sharon cupped Monica’s face in her hands and kissed her on the lips. As their tongues met, Monica lowered herself onto Sharon, her cock penetrating the girl and sinking into her exquisitely tight pussy. There was no resistance of any sort; Sharon might have been a virgin, but her hymen must have broken some time in the past. This suited Monica just fine; the last thing she wanted was for their first time together (and she hoped that there would be more times like this) to be painful for her lover.

Sharon felt, for the first time in her life, a hard cock pushing its way between her soft pussy lips and into her warm, wet insides. She arched her back under Monica’s weight, pushing her arse up to take in as much of her lover as possible. Monica’s brown hair was cascading onto her face and neck, their lips glued wetly together. Her breasts were flattened against Monica’s, the older woman’s stiff nipples poking into the soft flesh of her own smaller tits. She wrapped her arms tightly around the woman on top of her, pressing her body against hers, grunting into her mouth and thrusting her hips up against hers.

When Monica pulled her cock out of her pussy, Sharon gave a little squeal of resentment and tried to pull her back down. The brunette didn’t withdraw completely, but thrust back down again, filling Sharon’s pussy again and making her groan with pleasure. Again she pulled out only to plunge back in, then again, and again. Sharon stopped struggling to hold her inside of her and instead began working with her, moving her hips to meet every thrust, and the two lovers fell into a slow, delicious rhythm as old as life itself.

Waves of pleasure rolled through Sharon. She had her arms and legs wrapped around Monica, her face buried in the hollow of her neck. Her hands roamed up and down the brunette’s back, caressing her neck, tracing her spine down to her bottom. She grabbed her buttocks with both hands, squeezing hard, digging her fingers into the firm flesh and feeling the muscles contract and relax as the transsexual woman pumped her cock in and out of her pussy. She had never been so excited in her life. *If mum and dad could see me now, they’d freak,* she thought with wicked satisfaction. *Their sweet little girl, fucked like a slut by a woman with a cock.* She suppressed a naughty giggle.

Monica raised herself up on her arms, staring affectionately down on the teenager under her. Sharon’s eyes were wide, her face twisted with lust. The girl grabbed Monica’s tits and lifted her head, sucking greedily on a hard nipple. Monica threw her head back and groaned, knowing that she wouldn’t be able to hold on much longer. It had been a very long time since she’d had sex, and she felt as though she was ready to burst. Suddenly a thought struck her.

“Sharon, are you on the pill, or using anything?” she said hoarsely.

Sharon murmured something inaudible, her mouth stuffed with Monica’s breast. She pulled away and looked up on her lover with glazed eyes. “I don’t care,” she panted. “Just fuck me!”

*Shit,* Monica thought. “I’m not getting you pregnant,” she hissed through clenched teeth.

“Just please don’t stop,” Sharon moaned. “I’m so close!”

Monica could feel the girl’s pussy begin to contract around her cock. She knew she should pull out, but she couldn’t muster the willpower to do so. Under her Sharon was beginning to make guttural grunting noises deep in her throat, tossing her head from side to side on the couch. Monica felt the come rise in her shaft, her balls tightening.

With a muted cry, Sharon climaxed under Monica’s body, convulsing so hard that the shemale had to grab hold of the couch so as not to be thrown off her. The sixteen-year old threw her arms around Monica, pressing her to her so hard one would think she wanted to melt into her. With a supreme effort of will, Monica pulled her cock out of the constricting pussy, ignoring Sharon’s protesting cry. Her cock was squeezed between their grinding bellies, and with a groan Monica came, her cock jerking as it shot jet after jet of sticky come, coating their bellies.

They remained like that for some time afterwards, their pulse slowing and their breath becoming less ragged. Finally Sharon spoke.

“Why did you take it out?” she pouted.

“Because it’s bad form getting the hired help knocked up,” Monica quipped.

“Oh,” Sharon reflected. Momentarily she pictured the scene, her introducing her parents to their grandchild’s ‘father’, and she couldn’t help but laughing. *Bugger, would they ever loose it,* she thought.

“What’s so funny?” Monica asked, lowering her head to kiss Sharon’s shoulder.

“Just thi… thinking what my pa… parents would say,” Sharon snickered, wiping away a tear of mirth.

Monica grinned back at her, then got up to her feet. She wiped at her come-smeared belly with a finger, then went over to the small kitchenette in the corner and tore some sheets from the kitchen roll. Sharon regarded her own stomach curiously, rubbing a finger through the sperm that coated it. She raised her finger to her nose and sniffed it. She wasn’t sure if she liked the smell, but knowing what it was gave it an erotic allure nonetheless. She stuck out her tongue and tentatively licked her finger; it didn’t taste anything like how it smelled, didn’t taste like much at all, really. Monica finished wiping her own belly clean and came over to the couch with some paper towels in her hand. Sitting down on the edge, she gently and meticulously wiped Sharon clean. The two of them shared a warm kiss, then Monica tore herself free and got to her feet.

“We’d better get going, or your parents will think you’ve gotten mugged on the way home,” she said.

“I guess,” Sharon sighed and reluctantly got up, reaching for her panties. The two of them got dressed in silence, occasionally glancing at each other and smiling. They went around the room, tidying up a little and wrapping up Sharon’s new clothes. Then they switched off the lights and moved into the shop, heading for the door.

Just by the counter Sharon turned to Monica and put her arms around her neck, pressing her body against hers. “I want to do this again,” she murmured against Monica’s throat.

“Me too,” Monica replied honestly. “Why don’t we come in a little early tomorrow, and we could open a little late?” she suggested.

“Mmmm, I’d love that,” purred Sharon, “but I didn’t mean tomorrow, I meant right now.” She slipped a hand between their bodies, rubbing Monica’s crotch. Suddenly a thought struck her. “That is, if you… you know, want to do it again…” she trailed off, not sure how to phrase it. She took a deep breath and plunged ahead. “Does it get hard again this fast?” she blurted out.

Monica shrugged, smiling wickedly. “With a little… assistance, it might,” she teased.

Sharon squealed happily and dropped to her knees, her fingers already fumbling with the buttons on Monica’s jeans. She all but tore them open, reaching inside for Monica’s cock. When she pulled it out, barely visible in the darkened room, it was significantly smaller and quite limp, but Sharon took it in her mouth without hesitation, sucking eagerly and tugging at it with her lips. She could feel Monica’s hands on her head as the cock swelled and grew in her mouth. It was an intensely sensual feeling, making Sharon’s already wet pussy literally drip in her panties. In no time at all the clean-shaven cock stood to rigid attention in front of her face.

Monica pulled her to her feet. “Turn around,” she whispered, and Sharon did, supporting herself on the counter with both hands as Monica pushed her shoulders down, making her bend forward with her arse towards the tall brunette. Monica’s hands went around her waist, opening her jeans; Sharon’s stomach clenched in anticipation as she felt a couple of fingers slip inside her panties, probing the wet folds of her pussy. In one motion, Monica yanked her jeans and panties down to the middle of her thighs, then stepped in close behind her. Her warm hand resting on Sharon’s proffered arse, Monica guided the head of her cock to the inviting opening she’s just pulled out of a few minutes earlier. Teasing, she rubbed her cock up and down along the wet slit, making the blonde girl moan and wiggle her hips impatiently. Then, almost brutally, she drove her hips forward, slamming her cock into Sharon’s pussy. The force of it pushed Sharon against the counter, but she merely grunted and pushed her arse back against Monica.

Both hands on Sharon’s hips, Monica began fucking her with hard, fast strokes. When Sharon made no objections, but rather began meeting her thrusts, Monica increased the pace a little, and for a while the only sounds in the room was the slapping of flesh on flesh and the grunts of the two women.

Sharon relished the sensation of Monica’s cock moving in and out of her pussy. The different angle put pressure on different spots inside her than before, and since she couldn’t spread her legs because of the jeans around her thighs, her clit was rubbed between her pussy lips with every thrust. Monica’s hands slipped under her sweater, sliding up along her belly until they reached her tits. Monica pulled the bra up over Sharon’s breasts and cupped them in her hands, squeezing and kneading, pinching the small nipples. The barely developed breasts were just big enough to fill her hands. Sharon craned her neck, trying to see her lover in the dark.

“Fuck my pussy,” Sharon moaned, feeling emboldened by the dark, as if it made it easier to talk dirty. “Fuck me hard.”

Monica was pistoning her cock in and out of the girl, clutching her tits in her hands. “You like this, don’t you,” she panted. “You’re a little slut, do you know that?”

“Yes, I’m a slut,” Sharon whimpered agreement. “I’m a dirty little slut, and I want you to fuck me before I go home to mummy and daddy.” The words seemed to fuel her passion, and she felt her orgasm tantalisingly close.

Monica grunted, surprised at the girl’s boldness. She could tell from her breathing that Sharon was getting close to coming, but this time she knew she’d be able to hold off her own climax until Sharon came. She pinched harder on the blonde’s nipples, pumping her cock even faster.

Another minute or so went by, and Sharon felt herself climb slowly towards release. Finally she reached the top, and toppled over. Her body shook, and her pussy clenched hard around Monica’s cock. Just as she was coming down from her peak, she heard Monica gasp behind her, and again that delicious cock was pulled out of her pussy. Seconds later Sharon felt a warm, sticky substance splash over her bum, Monica’s cock sliding back and forth in the crack of her arse. She clenched her buttocks, trying to hold it between them, but the shaft was wet and slippery.

Once they’d regained their breath, Monica gave Sharon’s arse a light slap. “Just stand still,” she said. “I’ll get something to wipe you clean.”

“You better,” pouted Sharon. “I’m a mess, and it’s all your fault.”

Monica disappeared back inside the back room, and Sharon stood there, bent over the counter in the dark, feeling Monica’s come trickle slowly down the crack of her arse, pooling around her anus and dripping down along her pussy lips. She bit her lip and smiled to herself, wishing she could see what it looked like from behind her.

Moments later Monica emerged with some paper and wiped the come off her lover’s bum, planting a soft kiss on either buttock when she was done.

“We’re going to run out of kitchen rolls this way,” Sharon lamented jokingly as she straightened up and pulled up her panties and jeans.

“Don’t worry,” Monica promised. “I’ll pick up some condoms on my way home tonight.” Sharon craned her neck, and Monica bowed her head to kiss her lips.

“Oh, and by the way,” the blonde girl said. “I’m going to need an hour or so off tomorrow.”

“What for?” Monica wondered.

“To see the doctor, dummy,” Sharon teased. “I’ll need a prescription; I’m going on the pill as of tomorrow.” Monica’s eyes widened, then she grinned appreciatively.

The two women exited the shop, Sharon waiting on the sidewalk as Monica pulled down the security bars behind the door and locked it down, then closed and locked the door.

“I’ll see you tomorrow morning then,” the brunette said. “Half an hour early?”

“Okay,” Sharon replied with a grin. “Don’t forget the condoms.” With a wave to each other, the two of them headed off in opposite directions, both looking forward to the next morning.

The End