

True Love at the Beauty Salon

How it Began

Paul works with me at the beauty salon. Out of the fourteen or so hairdressers, he is the only one that is not a homosexual. He owns the place, actually, a really nice two-floor setup in downtown Manhattan. Paul drives a BMW M3 Convertible and is married to his second wife, a gorgeous city lawyer who picks him up every day after six o'clock. Paul's work station is right next to the reception desk, where he can easily chat-up the rich old ladies who represent about 90% of the clientele while they wait to be attended.

Elvira works at the reception desk. She is the only other girl there, besides me. I'm not exactly a professional hairstylist yet, but I plan to be some day. Right now I do a little bit of everything, although mostly washing and shampooing clients before one of the stylists takes over. My name is Jane. I'm nineteen years old and, believe it or not, still a virgin. Ever since I started having serious sexual thoughts several years ago, I've always imagined it would be with a mature, experienced and successful man like Paul. He has been eyeing me lately. I can see him looking at me through his mirror.

Taking it a Step Further

Paul has been treating me so nice lately. He greets me every morning with a kiss and a smile that makes my knees weak. I can tell that he wants me by how his eyes stay focused on mine long after we stop talking. Also, lately he has grown accustomed to letting his hand slide down my back and brushing the back of his hand against my ass cheeks. At first it shocked me and I acted surprised, but when I saw his smile and his eyes gleaming at me like that, all I could do was smile back at him. Elvira obviously does not like the way Paul has been flirting with me these last few days. She has completely stopped talking to me. Working behind the reception desk and handling all of the store's clients and business means that she spends a lot of time with Paul, and more importantly, that he trusts her.

But don't get me wrong. Elvira is a lesbian and her relationship with Paul is strictly professional. My guess is that she feels insulted because Paul is now paying more attention to me than he ever did to her. Tough cookies! I have not given Paul any indication that I don't like his constant and noticeable flirting. He is the boss, after all, and I can't be rude to him. Does he sense that I'm a virgin? Is it that obvious? I have not told anyone who works here (in fact, many of my own personal friends don't know it), yet sometimes I feel like others can sense it just by looking at me.

The Unpreventable Finally Happens

It finally happened. There was nothing I could do to stop it, and I did not really want to stop it. Yes, I know Paul is a married man. But it does not matter because I don't love him that way. It was simply something that I wanted to do because I was so very turned on by Paul and everything about him. His face, his body, his exquisite taste in clothes, his ability to smooth talk even the most hateful old bitches, his success, and even the way he smells. I admired him so much... and for the first time I found a man sexually arousing.

There is a huge basement with a kitchen where all the employees go to eat and take cigarette breaks. It is usually empty during work hours. Paul has his office right next to the kitchen: a small room with a desk, bathroom and television set. Nothing special, but it was enough for him to fuck me so hard that I had to bite my lips to keep from screaming. We did it on the desk and then on the chair. It hurt a little at first, but by the time I was riding him on the chair the pain had almost completely gone away and I was engulfed in pleasure.

Word Starts To Spread

Elvira hates me. From the minute I walk through the door in the morning I can feel the tension rise. It's not only her, either, it's also comes from many of the other employees. If there is one thing I have learned at this job is that gay men can be very spiteful, even more so than women. They think I'm a slut, I know it. But how could they have found out? Paul and I only did it once, and I'm sure nobody saw us. What will happen now? Will I lose my job? I don't really care about that; I just can't stand the constant looks of malice... and jealousy?

It happened again. I intentionally took my cigarette break when I knew nobody was downstairs, hoping to maybe get a chance to talk to Paul. Paul waited 5 minutes, and then came downstairs after me. He was in no mood for talking. He grabbed me by the wrist, pulled me into his office and locked the door shut. He turned me around and pulled down my pants. Last time we had sex in his office he hadn't fucked me from behind. Now I know why men and women love this position so much! He pulled my hair and grabbed me by the hips, pulling my waist down against his crotch, over and over again until he came. Afterwards he didn't speak a word; he just pulled up his trousers and headed for the bathroom in the office. As for me, I used the employee's bathroom in the kitchen, but as I was going in two hairdressers were coming down the stairs and saw me with my pants dangling from my hips. How embarrassing!

Me, the Home Wrecker

I finally met Paul's wife and it was under very awkward circumstances. Being the naïve young girl that I am, I imagined Paul had several mistresses and that his wife was, if anything, indifferent to the fact that he sleeps around. I was wrong. I suspect Elvira told his wife about his fling with me, because when I left work one day there she was, standing next to Paul's BMW, waiting for me. I tried to act as if I didn't see

her and keep walking on my way, but she stopped me in mid-stride and suggested we have a cup of coffee. It was a very uncomfortable conversation where she did most of the talking. She told me about her family and how I was tearing it apart. She was furious but also came close to tears; she pleaded me not to keep sleeping with him.

The next day I tried talking to Paul but he was always busy. It seemed like his wife had given him an earful and he was now avoiding me like the plague. Elvira, however, kept staring at me throughout the entire day. But she no longer seemed angry. In fact, she looked quite pleased with herself, the bitch! I don't know if I will ever understand why she hates me so much. I would like to continue working here, but if things continue to go like this for me I will have to start looking for something else. Between my lust for Paul, my hatred for Elvira and the condemnatory stares of my gay co-workers, I don't think I can take it much longer.

The Peace Treaty

I was determined to keep my job and work in a peaceful atmosphere, so much in fact that I had come up with the perfect idea to help smooth things out between Paul, Elvira and me. If this plan worked out there would be no more hard feelings between us and. I waited for Paul to go down to his office, which he always does about an hour before lunch. I then went over to the reception desk and told Elvira that Paul needed help with something downstairs, that she was needed immediately in his office. I gave them about five minutes then headed down there myself.

When I opened the door to his office, they were both staring at me, dumbfounded. Elvira opened her mouth to say something but I quickly walked up to her and pressed my lips against hers. I kissed her ardently, with more passion than I had ever kissed any man before in my life. I let my hands ride down her body and grabbed her juicy ass. Paul was staring with a wild look on his face, and out of the corner of my eye I could see that his hand was on his crotch, grabbing his growing cock. I let go of Elvira for a minute and got down on my knees. Slowly, I unbuckled Paul's belt and pulled down his pants. Behind me, Elvira was getting undressed; she had on a very sexy lingerie outfit that looked amazing on her. While I was sucking Paul's dick, Elvira sat on the desk and started playing with her pussy. When I knew he was hard enough I stood up, turned around and bent over, sticking my face right between Elvira's legs and pressing my ass against Paul's hard cock. He fucked me hard from behind and I ate Elvira's pussy like it was my last meal. I could hear both her and Paul moaning like mad.

Months have gone by and that memory still lingers in my mind like it had happened only yesterday. We never did anything like that again, and to be honest, I don't think I want to have another lesbian experience any time soon. Threesomes, however, are another story. Elvira and I are not exactly friends, but at least the animosity is gone. As for Paul, he is busy running the beauty salon and if he does any fucking around, he does it far away from his business, which is probably wise of him. I see him staring at me from time to time, with that provocative look he used on me months ago, but unlike before, I never stare back.

