

Karate Lessons and More

by JLNicky

Disclaimer: Do not read at work AND realize that some people are so narrow minded they are unable to see the beauty and magic of love wherever it exists whether it is between to women or not.

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Lisa mentally checked her stance, tightening and relaxing different muscles as she waited. Visibly frozen in one crucial moment of the karate drill she felt the waves of tension rising in her body from the locked stance she held. Her small 5'2 frame seemed to be rooted in the move allowing her instructor to evaluate the technique in detail. She held her right arm to the side with her face turned away from the thrusting point of her hand. Her legs stood slightly bent, angled for balance and movement in any direction. Her green eyes tracked the taller instructors angular face, trying to measure the assessing grey eyed gaze of the older woman. Standing in front of six other students the instructor paced around, minutely corrected the angle of Lisa's arm. The 5'10 athletic build of the instructor seemed to tower over the smaller woman. A graceful dance-like step turned the taller women to face the students.

"This is the proper stance during the phase two step," her deep voice informed the on-looking students.

"See how her arm is angled and hand is positioned?" she said, running a long finger across the bend of Lisa's arm and holding the younger woman's hand in her cupped palm.

Lisa stopped breathing for that moment and valiantly tried to think of anything gross or disgusting available to ignore the sudden rush of sensation her instructor's touch brought forth.

Cold Spaghetti' Lisa pictured in her mind. Topped with cold red sauce'

she added desperately to the vision, as her instructor moved around to Lisa's other side and continued teaching.

"Note the bend of the legs here and here," she tapped Lisa's knee and inner thigh region lightly. "The spread of the legs allows for manoeuvrability for action."

'A spinach salad with little onions and blue cheese dressing' Lisa pictured vainly, hoping that her thoughts were not written on her face. *She hated spinach and blue cheese. Of course Onions were the kiss of dea...* Her thoughts abruptly crashed against a vivid image of kissing Ms. Sashe. Trying some instant breathing techniques she felt her thigh muscles tremble. Fatigue was not the cause.

Unfortunately, her body wasn't listening to her mental scream of 'down girl'. Her thoughts seemed to join into the rebellion as they traitorously wandered once again to the image of her instructor stepping out of the gym shower naked, holding a towel in one hand and a hair brush in the other.

Realizing nasty food wasn't working, Lisa fought her mind down another path, rationalizing the earlier incident. After all, it was normal and understandable, they both trained in the gym, people were bound to need showers, her teacher worked hard, why not Ms. Sashe?

Ms. Stacy Sashe, Lisa thought in her head over and over, too late realizing her mistake as she saw, once again, the fit body stepping out of the shower in slow motion replay. The steam had been flowing upward from the heated water behind the older woman, drops of water coalescing on her smooth skin, slowly sliding downward over her gorgeous athletic form toward a small patch of dark hair nestled between her legs, her taunt nipples resting gloriously on her perfect breasts.

"Don't be too generous with your stance. If you widen your legs too much you'll allow a weakness of balance for the sake of guarding yourself," the firm sound of Ms. SACHE's voice broke Lisa's reverie, reminding her where she stood.

"Notice the arm across the breast line protecting her stomach?" the teacher spoke, clinically, repositioned the hand angle slightly and

accidentally touching Lisa's right breast through her sweat filled tank top.

Lisa broke her stance immediately as her nipples hardened with excitement.

"Sorry Ms. Sashe, muscle cramp," Lisa faked the cramp panic surging through her. She grabbed her right upper arm and beginning a slight massage, thus covering the telltale signs of aroused nipples. Her instructor looked at Lisa in concern and reached up to begin massaging the young woman's upper arm.

Without releasing the injured arm she dismissed the class for the day.

"Practice each movement again and again until you think it's perfect and then do it all over." She remarked with a grin as she massaged Lisa's arm. Lisa loosely held her elbow and looked down at the hands touching her, not able to glance upward to meet the older woman's gaze.

"Are you OK?" Ms. Sashe asked with concern, pushing her thumbs in an upward direction over the contracted muscle. Lisa nodded mutely, feeling to aware of the taller woman's closeness to speak. She spent a moment revelling in the warmth of those magnificent hands touching her skin. Her mind became cloudy with wave of arousal. Her instructor continued the massage until Lisa pulled away.

"It'll be fine. It's just a small cramp. I'd better just let it work its way out naturally," she said, stepping away from the other woman's hands. Stacy regarded Lisa's tense demeanour and said nothing. Lisa risked a quick glance and found the older woman's grey eyes locked on her.

"I'll be fine. Gonna do some stretches and work out the kink," she wavered, desperately wanting to break the hold those steel eyes had on her.

Ms. Sashe merely tilted her head to the side and watched Lisa silently.

Lisa quickly walked over to her gym bag and grabbed a water bottle, shakily uncapping the top to take a swallow. Her back to her instructor, she calmed somewhat, until she realized Ms. Sashe had moved up nearby. Suddenly the cap wouldn't screw back onto the bottle no matter

how she tried. Long thin fingers reached over and gently took the bottle and cap from her. Lisa's gaze followed numbly as she watched patient hands recap the lid to the bottle and hold it firmly.

"What's wrong Lisa?" Stacy asked, calmly. "Is there something I should know about?" Ms. Sashe held the bottle out to Lisa who reached out to accept it. Lisa looked up to see concern and something else in the woman's gaze. Was it just wishful thinking, or for just a moment did those eyes hold a spark of heat? She looked down at the bottle in her hands quickly.

"Nothing is wrong. J-just a cramp, that's all!" Lisa stammered.

Her instructor watched her intently for a moment, then suddenly turned to grab the bag at Lisa's feet. Picking it up she turned toward the door and said, "Come on, follow me." Lisa watched guardedly and hesitated.

"Come on girl" Ms. Sashe prodded, nodding her head toward the foyer to the gym. "I've got the perfect solution to your problem!" She turned back to the door and headed toward the gym rooms. Lisa quickly followed, rushing her steps to catch up. Ms. Sashe walked silently as she lead Lisa toward the gym rooms. She made a turn down one of the hallways. Lisa, lost in thought, followed blindly until she suddenly realized where they were.

She stopped walking half way down the hall. Ms. Sashe realized Lisa had stopped and turned in question.

"I don't think I really need a massage. My arm is feeling fine and my next class is in one hour. I don't think I have time for a massage", she balked, as her instructor opened up a door to one of the massage rooms.

"Don't argue! The rooms are empty and I have time. I don't think you should be cramping up during a 3-minute stance pose. Come on and get a free massage. Shouldn't take but 15 minutes. You're as tense as a caged animal."

Her tall form disappeared into the room from Lisa's view. Lisa wiped a sudden sheen of sweat from her forehead, desperately looking for a way to decline.

Oh God, she wants to give me a massage. Lisa felt her hands tremble with the idea. *Those incredibly long, talented hands sliding over her sweat damp skin.* Lisa steadied herself against the nearby door jam. Her knees became suddenly weak.

Unable to think of anything else but a fantasy much less an excuse that wouldn't sound rude, Lisa took the last few steps into the room and stopped, watching the older woman prepping the room. Standing near the door she watched as the arm muscles in her instructor's body flex and shifted as she pulled a clean sheet onto a small Gurney bed. The bright yellow stripe running down the side of her black spandex tights rippled with each bend of those thighs carved from granite. Her quick once-over was taking liberties and putting together another mental picture of the instructor and the instant deluge between her legs made it hard to stand.

"Are you ready?" Ms Sashe asked looking up at Lisa who had leaned back against the door. Lisa took a deep breath and blew it out loudly. Walking into the room she saw her bag nearby and tossed the water bottle into it. Looking over at the grey eyes focused on her she shrugged, uncertain.

"I've never had a massage before. What do I need to do?" She asked looking at the massage table with the strange headrest. Ms. Sashe patted the tabletop covered in clean white sheets and said, "Hop up!" Lisa walked over to the table and timidly slid onto the surface. "Relax a little and lay down on your stomach." Ms. Sashe directed after a moment. "Put your face into the headrest and try to empty your muscles of tension. Lisa did as told and thought to herself *'the tension is only going to increase'*.

Immediately her blonde sweaty lock of hair was lifted and gently placed off her shoulders. Lisa's sweat drenched tank top was pushed upward as those strong hands ran up the exact center of her back firmly. Lisa groaned as the pressure and tension she held was pressed upon.

"Poor baby", Ms. Sashe murmured. "You should have come to me sooner. Your muscles are a wreck!" Lisa closed her eyes in the intense pleasure of feelings.

"When you work out daily you have to use the facilities we offer here. Your body will appreciate it...so would I", she softly murmured the last part. Lisa tensed in response.

"Relax honey!" Ms. Sashe said, with a trace of a chuckle in her tone.

Lisa tried to relax and screamed silently at her body to obey her commands.

"I saw you working out yesterday. Your body looked beautiful." The older woman mentioned calmly as she spread her fingers to massage down the length of a spandex covered leg. It was like sliding on silk. Her hand deftly worked the muscles of the thigh and calf, pausing to remove the slippers Lisa used to walk around the gym in. Ms. Sashe's eyes noticed the latex pants Lisa wore fit like a second skin and her muscles appeared to appreciate being shown off. Lisa groaned as her foot was massaged. She also groaned to the after workout memory of the shower room.

"I wanted to talk to you after your workout to see if you'd teach a class next week but you took off too quickly." The instructor paused. "Anything wrong?"

Lisa managed a grunt of denial.

"Well I saw you start for the showers when I was coming out and you just sort of ...turned back around and left." Her hands ran upward along the other leg and headed for her thigh. "You looked as if you'd seen a ghost."

Lisa held her breath and pictured the cold spaghetti once again.

"I hope it wasn't something I did?" Ms. Sashe's warm voice prodded gently with her questions and hands. Lisa felt the fingers on her skin spread along her inner thigh and suddenly couldn't stand the closeness of where the hand was located. She abruptly pushed upward and swung her legs off the edge of the table taking deep gulps of air. Ms. Sashe waited, watching silently.

Lisa looked anywhere but at the silent woman standing nearby. She mentally waited for the right moment when she knew she wouldn't have a

high squeaking voice to speak with. "Lisa?" The older woman started to say, then fell silent again. Lisa glanced over at her then looked away quickly. Shaking her head she thought she felt her brains sloshing around. The beat of her heart was pounding so loud they could both hear it. Sitting on the edge of the table her hands grasped the sheet tightly and one by one she made her fingers relax.

"Lisa your body is an incredible instrument. You have to treat it right through." The clinical voice returned to cautioned her. "Let me finish the massage and you'll feel better. Trust me." She stated warmly. Lisa shook her head slowly side to side.

Taking a deep breath she gave a fake half-grin and jumped down off the table. "I'll get a massage after my next class. I'll ask Bob to give me one. I am just not able to sit still right now." Lisa heard her own husky voice and it startled her. She quickly grabbed her gym bag and slippers, heading for the door.

"Lisa?" Ms. Sashe's voice held a strange note in it. Lisa paused hand on the doorknob. She hesitated just a second longer.

"Is it because I'm the one giving you the massage, sweetheart?" The endearment took her breath away with the rightness of how warmly it was given. She looked back into the deep grey eyes staring at her and recognized a twin hunger reflected in her own. The grey had deepened as their eyes locked together. A strong desire ran through Lisa grazing her entire body with a swift heat. Her hand dropped from the doorknob and clutched spasmodically at her gym bag. She watched as her instructor walked over to her and gently took the items from her hands. Dropping the bag gently on the floor beside them the older woman covered Lisa's hand with her own and slowly coaxed the fingers to relax. She intertwined hers with Lisa's as they stood gazing into each other's eyes.

Lisa drew instant courage from depth of those grey eyes. With her free hand she reached up and traced the other woman's cheek with a finger.

"Stacy?" Lisa questioned her right to say that hesitantly. Stacy smiled with satisfaction. Lisa smiled back.

"Your gorgeous." Stacy murmured in a husky voice filled with arousal.

Lisa let out a deep breath she didn't even realize she was holding. Her eyes drifted down to stare fascinated at a rapidly beating pulse point at Stacy's neckline. She leaned forward slowly and inhaled Stacy's scent. Without thought she touched her lips to the pulse beat and kissed it gently. She felt Stacy's body react instantly as a low moan was released from above. Feeling more secure by the moment she reached out and licked the salt from her skin in the same spot. A strangled hiss let her know she was doing something right. A strong hand reached up and tangled its fingers in her damp hair. She pressed forward and brought their bodies together. She moaned or was it Stacy.

They sought each other's lips. As they touched together the spark of hunger erupted. Stacy's larger form guided them, locking their frames together tighter and tighter. The touch of one tongue against another had them both growling from the excitement. The stimulation of sweat and heat being generated was intensified as skin touched skin. Stacy pushed Lisa's shorter frame back up against the door and began to devour her mouth. Lisa attempted to reel Stacy closer. The hunger was fed as needs and wants were pressed together in the moment.

Stacy reached down and slid her hands across the tank top Lisa wore. She felt the nipples beneath already hardened with excitement. She lost her breath time and time again as Lisa's tangled her hands in her hair only to release and run up and down her back, then around to touch her breasts.

Lisa wanted to consume Stacy and she wanted to feel every second of it. Stacy's mouth left hers to begin kissing her body. Stacy's mouth traveled over eyes, lips, and cheeks, downward to her neck. A light bite on an earlobe sent shivers through Lisa. She gasped out loud. Stacy gasped back as fingers pinched her nipples lightly.

Their tongues met again as Stacy came back to taste the ambrosia. Lisa let her hands reach around and cup the firm butt in her palms. She pulled her closer grinding their lower halves together urgently. Stacy's head rolled back with the feelings. Lisa leapt at the chance and grazed her teeth and tongue along the exposed neck. Latching onto the vivid pulse she bathed it with her tongue. Stacy reached up and held Lisa's head as she moaned delirious.

Taking advantage Lisa drew the edges of the T-shirt Stacy wore

upward. Stacy shook with the arousal flowing through her body. She began to help with a vengeance when she realized what was happening. Lisa took one look at the bright yellow sports bra that lay beneath and grabbed the edges immediately to get to her goal. Stacy removed the bra without hesitation and watched with hooded grey eyes as Lisa reached out a hand to glide up her skin cupping her breast.

Firm breasts surrounded by toned muscles were viewed with awe from the dark green eyes. Stacy knew her body was in good shape and was pleased to see the admiration Lisa showed. Lisa's eye's met her own briefly as a quick tongue flickered out to lick over dry lips. Stacy watched the tongue with a focused gaze. Leaning down slightly she cupped the right breast in her hand and guided the ridged nipple into her lips wet lips. A slight sucking motion and her teeth grazing over the tip, she pleased Stacy. A ragged moan and clenching hands were the response from above. Stacy arched her chest forward for more. Sucking inward Lisa felt the trembles run through Stacy's body. Humming with delight Lisa moved to cover the other breast with the same attention. Stacy jumped and stiffened again with the additional assault.

"I can't stand much longer, my love." Stacy's husky aroused voice growled from above. Lisa acknowledged this with releasing the nipple and covering them both with her hands.

"How bout a massage?" Lisa smiled seductively up at Stacy. Stacy looked down at her and knew the massage ploy had been turned around. Nodding slowly she gave Lisa the chance to direct this arrangement.

Lisa pulled Stacy over to the table and pushed her back up to the table edge. Grabbing her own tank top she ripped it off and let Stacy get her own visual. Lisa's younger body was in the best shape of her life. Flexing arm muscles and cut abs were stared at in fascination. Lisa gave no warning as she swept forward and pressed their naked chests together. Their breasts brushed exquisitely. They both began to pant with the renewed rush of blood in their veins. Lisa's hands made a quick movement and Stacy felt her spandex being removed. Practically ripping them downward and off Lisa knelt breathing hot air at the apex of Stacy's legs. Stacy felt her knees tremble. Lisa looked upward to the widened gaze of the grey eyes above. Standing slowly she licked up the beautiful body before her Lisa motioned for Stacy to get up on the edge

of the table. Stacy couldn't move. Lisa gave her a brief rough kiss and murmured 'please'. Managing with weak limbs she got up on the edge of the table. Lisa stepped between her legs. It was impossible to hide the wetness glistening in the dark damp curls below. Lisa's gaze was drawn downward. Stacy watched as hands were slid over her thighs slowly. They pressed outward to guide Stacy's legs wider. Lisa lowered her head toward her goal and urged Stacy to lean back.

Stacy felt the first touch of Lisa's tongue against her nether lips and fell backward to raise her hips higher. The heavy press of her lovers hands on top of her thighs negated the action. A slight whine came from Stacy's throat. Lisa chuckled with an evil laugh.

Another slow lick of the velvet tongue cause Stacy to moan and writhe with passion. Her level of tolerance was fast diminishing as Lisa began a steady rhythm across the bundle of nerves between her legs. The pressure began to increase as Lisa's felt her own loss of control, her body flaring into lust. The hands she had rested on thighs moved upward to part the lips she drank from. Backing off slightly she flicked her tongue rapidly across the pulsing button and felt the body beneath hers buck upward. Holding on tight she new the moment wasn't going to last. She drew the inflamed bundle into her lips and sucked repeatedly. Stacy let out a choked cry as her hands grasped for Lisa's head to hold it immovable. Her body stiffened instantly and all of the leg muscles below Lisa's body tensed. Lisa gently but firmly continued sucking as Stacy felt wave after wave of an orgasm pierce through her body. Her grunts matched the pulsing of her blood as she twitched to the rhythm. Lisa felt the hands in her hair tighten almost painfully as she slowly brought her lover back down off of a pinnacle of pleasure. Stacy's hands fell limp across the massage table and her body collapsed. Lisa ran her tongue gently through the lips and around the now sensitive nub she wanted to continue kissing. She felt each gentle twitch Stacy's body made. A soft hand tangled itself into her hair to attempt to pull her upward. She rose to greet the dark grey eyes and noticed a hint of purple in their depths.

"I am going to love you like you've never been shown." Stacy commented with a serious gaze. Lisa's smile grew as she watched Stacy's body recovering from it's state of bliss. "Why don't we take this back to my house and you can show me there?" Lisa's eye's grew dangerously close to blazing with the fire that was captured in their

depths. Stacy nodded and reached out to pull Lisa's mouth within range.

"We will start with lesson one...hmmmm? She ran her tongue over Lisa's wet lips. "Progress from there?" Lisa nodded agreement and pressed forward to receive the kiss she wanted. Stacy met her half way.

The End