The tainting of the May blossom

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A 17 year old girl falls for her sexy geography tutor

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One or two people have said I should write a longer story, so here it is. I've been working on this for a while and took the opportunity of the holiday to finish it off. It's particularly aimed at the girls, but hope my male readers enjoy it too

Judy always walked to school. It was the first day of May and it was her birthday. Being seventeen was such a land mark and yet she so wanted to be eighteen. She knew it was only a matter of time before her fake ID got her busted and properly grounded. She had had umpteen arguments with her Mum about parties and late nights. Many was the night she had cried herself to sleep, hating her Mum. As if the changes in her body weren't enough, she was now full of angst and rebellion. Being seventeen was better than being sixteen, but she was still treated like a juvenile delinquent sometimes. It seemed like nothing she did was good enough for her Mum. Her Dad kept out of it, he didn't understand women he said. It was hard for him, though he never really showed it. He had lost his little girl years ago and was avoiding the moment when she brought her first boy home. Except Judy wasn't really thinking about boys.

Judy paused at the end of the next street to wait for her friend, who was just coming down the hill from her house. She too had opted to stay into the sixth form as an alternative to college. It had the advantage of familiarity and Judy was happy because Sammy was there.

"Hey Judy! Happy Birthday baby!"

"Hey Sammy! Thank you!"

"You see who's coming to the Arena in November?!" Asked Samantha.

"No?"

"Only Rihanna!"

“Ah fuck! Seriously?!

“I know.”

“How much are the tickets?”

“I don’t know, a lot probably.”

“What you got for first lesson today?” Asked Judy.

“English. How about you?”

“Geography. We’ve got a new tutor apparently.”

“Oh. Male or female?”

“I don’t know.”

"Hope he or she is nice for you."

"Ha ha me too!"

The two girls continued their chat and then parted with a big hug at the gates, before heading to their respective tutorials.

Samantha was Judy’s best friend. They had been close since primary school and shared each other’s secrets. Samantha had a strict Mother also and at least they had missed Kayleigh’s house party together. Not that it made up for it, but it was better than being the odd one out. Samantha had already had a boyfriend, but she was single again. She wasn’t as developed as Judy but was more outgoing and gregarious. Judy didn’t feel ready for any sort of relationship yet. She wasn’t quite like her other friends in that respect. She didn’t turn to mush when David Beckham came on. Brad Pitt was OK, but nothing special. However, the first time she had seen Jessie K in a cat suit had sent shivers down her spine and made her feel odd. Judy hadn’t dwelt on the notion of sexuality. People fancied other people and that was it really. The first time she touched herself listening to 'Price Tag' with her eyes closed, she assumed it was normal. *She* was normal so it had to be normal. She imagined being alone in Jessie’s dressing room with a back stage pass. Then Jessie invited her to stay when all the roadies had gone. Judy had caught her eye among the crowd. Out of all the girls at the gig, it was Judy’s eyes that had caught hers. Now it was her lips that she wanted to taste. Judy wanted to see Jessie K naked. Her imagination was good. It was vivid.

Judy wanted the sexy singer to slip out of her cat suit, so she could see those beautiful cherry red nipples. She wanted to taste the wine on her lips as she squeezed her breasts. It made Judy tingle and feel yummy and sexy. She would give herself up for Jessie K. but she knew it was just a pipe dream. Pop stars didn't have sex with their fans. But it didn't stop her from creating the image in her mind. She thought Jessie would have a nice neat bush. She would have been waiting for her all through the gig. When all the other fans - the ones with passes had gone, it was just the two of them. Jessie would invite her to open the bottle of Champagne on her dressing table and then pour it down her front. Judy imagined the frothing wine soaking her wet through. She would help Jessie out of her suit. First her perfect, soft breasts; then her toned stomach. Finally her cat suit peeled off, revealing her beautiful little triangle. Those gorgeous dark hairs, her pubes drenched by the champagne and her pussy lips pink and moist from her own arousal. Now Jessie K would make love to her special fan.

Judy's fingers rolled around her sensitive little button as their lips met. They kissed like Judy imagined they would kiss. Soft, hungry, wet kisses. Their breathing urgent. Jessie clasping her hands in hers as they kissed. Then Judy undoing her buttons showing herself to her idol. Her breasts, untouched. Perfect. Her nipples candy pink - succulent. Wanting to be touched by those manicured finger nails; kissed by those red lips. Judy's fingers entering herself now, pushing further, feeling her own moisture drip along her knuckles as her body quivered, fighting the pleasure. Holding back for Jessie to take her with her mouth. Pulling her skirt down, biting her mound through her panties. Her fingers rubbing through the cotton, soaking up her juices…tasting.. Licking her fingers.

Judy's body shuddered and her breathing became shallow as she moaned with her orgasm, covering her mouth just in case her Mum heard.

Judy was prone to day dreaming but her unusual intellect and knowledge for her subjects made up for it. She absorbed facts like a sponge.

Judy sat at the front of the class, as she always did. A guy called Alex looked at her and smiled. Alex had the hots for Judy but she wasn't interested. He was a nice guy, but he didn't do anything for her. There was the normal chatter among the rest of the class, but stopped abruptly by the appearance of the tutor. Judy followed her with her eyes as she entered the room. She was a young teacher. Not more than 25 with middle length brown hair, which was tied in a loose pony tail. She was wearing a light beige dress with a pattern of magenta roses.

"Wow you're beautiful," said Judy, quietly enough not to be overheard.

"Good morning C22, I'm Nathalie Weston, you're new Geography tutor for the rest of term, while

Miss Flaw is on maternity leave. I‘m OK with you calling me Nathalie, but Miss Weston will do too.”

Judy watched Nathalie’s lips as she spoke. She was wonderful. She looked clever but kind and thoughtful too. Judy’s gaze followed every contour of Nathalie’s body as she stood in front of the white board. The way the dress hugged her hips and her shapely bum was fantastic. Judy could see she had decent boobs too, if a little smaller than her own. Judy was fascinated by breasts. She had an overwhelming desire to fondle another girl’s breasts. Her own had developed so much in the last 12 months and her bi curious side had developed with them.

Judy took hardly anything in that Nathalie said during the lesson. Her voice was so silky. If she had been asked a question during the tutorial, she wouldn’t have known what to say. She caught something about Bangladesh and water level controls in flood plains. But the first tutorial of the morning was mainly a blur. None of the other tutors were as nice as Miss Weston. Miss Birdseye the Art teacher was kind of hot, but only in an ‘in your face’ kind of way. Her skirts were too short and she was probably the source of many a teenage boy’s wank. No, Miss Weston had class. Her sexuality was understated but none the less intense. At least it was to Judy.

At the end of Geography, the students filed out, but as Judy was about to leave she looked back at the teacher, who had noticed her in the lesson and called her back.

“Ummm…before you go. Sorry, I haven’t learnt all your names yet.”

“It’s Judy, Miss Weston.”

“Is everything OK Judy, you looked a little distracted before.”

“No, I’m fine.”

“Well, I know I’m new but if you need to talk about anything…”

“No really, I’m fine… it’s just.”

“Yes?”

Nathalie looked at Judy. Her eyes were a beautiful shade of hazel green. Her brown hair had little strands of blonde running through it. Judy wanted to run her hands through Nathalie’s hair. She wanted to feel Nathalie’s soft cheek against her own.

“I had better go, I have double English in ten minutes.”

“OK Judy, see you later.”

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Judy met up with Samantha at lunch time and they ate their lunch together on the grass.

“What’s the new tutor like?” Asked Samantha.

“Yeah, she’s OK.”

“*Judy*?” Said Sammy naughtily.

“What?” Said Judy coyly.

“Is she hot!”

“Not really… well she might be.”

“What’s her name?”

“Miss Weston. She’s a young teacher. A lot younger than my Mum anyway.”

Samantha bit into her brunch bar and looked at Judy knowingly. She knew Judy too well.

“Do you think you’ll go to see Rihanna?” Asked Samantha.

“I might do, probably. Is Jessie K coming to the Arena too?”

“I don’t know… .”

“I’d go to see Jessie K.”

“Yes, do you think she’s really bisexual?”

“Who!”

“Jessie K, who do you think?!”

“Yes of course SHE IS!”

“Ha ha OK!!!”

Judy pursed her lips and Sammy took a photo of them pretending to kiss.

“Facebook!”

“Yes!” Agreed Judy.

That night and every night for a whole week, Judy thought about Nathalie before she went to sleep. Masturbating helped her to sleep. They were alone again after class. Nathalie had locked the door. She was wearing one of those old fashioned lace up tops and looked into Judy’s eyes as she began to undo the bodice. Judy could feel the tingling in her pussy as Nathalie showed her the lacy bra that she was wearing. Her beautiful, juicy nipples were showing through the lingerie. Then Nathalie took Judy’s hand, guiding it inside her top, stroking her flesh. Judy’s fingers go round and round her clitoris, her pussy oozing as Nathalie undoes more of her dress. Her panties are made of the same fine lacy material. Her brown pubes are flattened underneath. Judy stroked the front of her gusset. Nathalie’s pussy lips are so beautiful, so rosy perfect like the lips on her face. Judy moans as her fingers enter her own pussy, fingering herself as her lips meet Nathalie’s. They kiss so softly. It means so much, her body is melting with desire, her pussy burning. She needs Nathalie to touch her now, to touch her breasts as she touches the teacher’s beautiful boobs. Kissing, pinching nipples, stroking, drooling, sucking. Judy’s pussy is so hot as her fingers go in and out, her clitoris so big and aroused. She cums amazingly, not even bothering to cover her mouth, she just has a wild orgasm, moaning and shivering.

The Friday of the same week. May blossom is out everywhere and the sun makes everything glow. Samantha had gone on holiday and Judy has to walk to school alone. Her exams were only four weeks away. Geography was one of the subjects she was due to pass. How could she concentrate any more? Her next tutorial in Geography was not until the following week. Somehow she had to pretend that Nathalie was just like one of the other teachers.

Arriving at school, Judy had to pass the staff car park on the way to her first tutorial of the day. As she walked along the path, adjacent to the gym, the driver's door of a little yellow car opened. It was Nathalie. She was wearing a short coral-coloured skirt and a white blouse with little pearl buttons.

“Hi Judy!”

“Oh hi Miss… ooh whoops!”

As she stood up, Nathalie dropped the sheaf of papers, which she was carrying in a green folder. The top one, Judy noticed had a cover, marked ‘Field trip arrangements.’ Judy knelt down to her help pick them up. As she did so, she couldn’t help but see right up Miss Weston’s skirt. Her legs were so toned and Judy got the briefest flash of white pantie crotch. Nathalie looked at Judy’s long brown hair, which was shining in the sunlight.

“I wish I had hair like you, Judy.”

“You’ve got lovely hair Miss Weston. In fact *you’re* just lovely.”

“Awww Judy!”

Judy’s face blushed and for a moment she didn’t know where to look.

“I’m sorry, I have to go or I’ll be late.”

“OK Judy, I was going to ask you…”

Nathalie’s voice tailed off as Judy rushed into school. Nathalie smiled to herself. Judy was so polite and charming.

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On the Monday, Judy had double geography in the morning. Just the one session with her new teacher all week. When she arrived, Nathalie was talking to Mr Coleman the sports teacher. Judy didn’t like the way he kept looking at her, his eyes constantly flicking down to her breasts. She also didn’t like the lovely smile Nathalie gave him as he left, her eye lashes fluttering.

‘You fucking dick! You can fuck off!’ Thought Judy, as the class settled down.

It was a warm day and Nathalie was wearing a light summery dress, not to short, but short enough, so that her lovely legs were distracting Judy, constantly.

‘Oh no don’t perch on the edge of the desk like that!’

Judy tried to listen to Miss Weston; tried to take in the various permeabilities of sedimentary and limestone rock. But her eyes just kept focusing on her legs and on that slight bump in the front of her skirt, where her pussy mound was hidden. When she did look at Nathalie’s face, she just gazed into her eyes. Judy couldn’t help it and she thought Nathalie had noticed, when she moved to sit in the

window. As she walked across, the sun shone through her dress. Everyone could see her wonderful outline.

‘Oh you beautiful darling. Miss Weston… I so want you.’

Judy could feel the dampness in her panties. She looked round and everyone was listening intently to the teacher. No one noticed as she slipped a hand under the desk and touched herself. Judy almost murmured with delight as her finger tips brushed her pussy lips. The gusset was wet and her labia were swollen. If she had been alone with Miss Weston, she could have happily fingered herself to orgasm listening to the tutor’s wonderful voice. She had to make do with a crafty rub.

“So next week, we’re spending a day in the field, near Taunton. I need a letter of consent from your parents. It‘s two weeks to your exam and this will come in useful I hope.”

Judy shook her head, she must have missed the last twenty minutes of the lesson, but heard the part about a field trip. At the end of the lesson, like the time before, Judy was kept back.

“Judy, I was going to ask you on Friday, but you were gone like a flash!”

“Ask me what Miss Weston?”

“I need to do a risk assessment for the trip. I was going to ask you if you would like to accompany me.”

“Oh fu…I mean oh yes! Definitely!”

“Will it be OK with your Mum and Dad?”

“Yes, yes no problem!”

“Good.”

“Why me though?”

“Because your bright and intelligent. You scored ninety percent on the test last week.”

“Wow did I!”

“Yes. Ummm… Judy. You know last week, at the car park.”

“Yes Miss.”

“When you said I was lovely… did you mean as in a great teacher?”

“Does it matter what I meant?”

“No, no… I just wasn’t sure.”

Judy looked into Nathalie’s eyes and Nathalie saw the way her student’s light brown eyes had become dewy and searching.

“Is there something you want to say to me Judy?”

Judy was trembling. Her whole body was quivering with a combination of nerves and sexual tension.

“I think you’re more than lovely Miss.”

“Oh Judy, don’t say that.”

“I can’t help it Miss Weston. I love you.”

“Judy!” Oh Judy!”

“I won’t come on the trip, if you don’t want me to,” said Judy, tears beginning to roll down her cheeks.

“Oh Judy! I never expected this.”

Nathalie handed Judy a tissue from the little box on her desk.

“I’m stupid Miss, aren’t I!”

“No, you aren’t Judy! But you know the rules about teachers and students.”

Judy stood there and just began to sob, partly from her inner anguish and feelings of rejection and also the immense embarrassment.

“Oh Judy, come here!”

Nathalie took Judy in her arms and hugged her.

“Shhhh… don’t cry so much Judy. I wouldn’t have anyone else come on the trip with me, if you still want to that is.”

“Hmmm… I do still want to come… yes.”

“Are you OK Judy, I feel terrible seeing you like this.”

“Yes, I’ll be fine, thank you.”

Judy didn’t feel real for the rest of the day. She hadn’t meant to let her feelings out in the way she had. Being alone with Nathalie and with her hormones coursing through her body how they were, it just happened. Never the less, Judy was cursing herself. It hadn’t meant to happen like that. She had wanted to chose her moment. Now she was in an impossible position. She was dreading being alone with Nathalie in one way because she was afraid of her own emotions. She would either blurt something out and embarrass herself again or go into a huge sulk and make herself look stupid.

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Sunday was the day of the trip. Judy was pleased to be doing something with school and not have to wear her uniform. She was dropped off at the main entrance and gave her Mum a kiss before she drove off. Judy had put on her jeggings, a pink T shirt and chunky pullover for the day. She looked and felt so much more grown up in normal clothes. Her uniform didn’t quite fit for a start and had been bought when she was sixteen. She had gone from a C to a D cup in that time. She had also put on five pounds and her blazer wouldn’t button up, even if she had wanted it to. Her Mum said it wasn’t worth buying a new uniform for the sake of two terms at school. Nathalie’s yellow car was already parked up and Judy waited for less than a minute when Nathalie appeared in her hoodie and tight faded jeans. It looked very threatening in the direction they were heading and the summer-like weather of the previous week had been replaced with gloomy skies and overnight rain. The last twenty four hours had seen a deluge in the south west and Nathalie had kept her fingers crossed that it stayed west of Plymouth.

“Hi Judy, you look different.”

“Ah, OK Miss. Good.”

“You can call me Nathalie if you wish, you know.”

“All right then. I will - Nathalie. How are you?”

“I’m fine thank you for asking. Are you ready then, jump in,” said Nathalie throwing her rucksack into the boot.

Judy and Nathalie talked about life and holidays and normal stuff as they drove to the site on the border with Somerset. The normal teacher - student barrier felt like it had gone for Judy. She felt more equal, like two girls just chatting and getting along. Judy didn’t feel half as weird as she had expected. She was coping and just enjoying the day. At the site she followed Nathalie as she made notes and took a few photographs with her pocket camera. It had warmed up and then after an hour began to spot with rain. The girls had left their warmer, thicker tops in the car and in just their T shirts, the rain came down heavier, until they were forced to rush back to the car park. Judy had run back quickly and giggled in the warm rain, waiting for Nathalie to get near enough for her remote to unlock the doors. By this time, Judy’s T shirt was quite wet and was clinging to her body, showing up her ample boobs. Nathalie’s was similarly damp, but less obviously wet, being white.

“You can’t sit in a wet shirt Judy, we better swap them for our dry tops.”

Nathalie pulled her T shirt off quite openly without regard for any formality, which surprised Judy. The young student watched as Nathalie sat in her bra, unrolling her hooded top. Judy thought her boobs looked bigger than she had imagined and was suddenly feeling uncomfortable. She had done well so far.

“Come on Judy, put your jumper on!”

Judy smiled and pulled her own T shirt over her head. Nathalie watched, finding her eyes drawn to Judy’s red, lacy bra and the squidgy love jugs that were quivering within.

“You were on the front row when they handed boobs out darling!” Joked Nathalie, attempting to ease the situation.

“Oh ha ha, I guess so!”

Judy looked at Nathalie. Her eyes were so bright and her face radiated a kindness that made Judy feel warm and safe.

“I’ve enjoyed it today Nathalie,” said Judy. “Shame about the rain.”

“I know, I was hoping to have a bit of a walk, but look at it!”

The rain was now coming down in bucket loads and was accompanied by loud claps of thunder and blinding bolts of lightning.

“I’ve not seen rain this heavy since I went to America,” reflected Judy.

“Yes, this is torrential. I’ll take a different route back, I don’t like the big roads in these conditions.”

The minor roads north were holding standing water and the fields were beginning to turn into little swimming pools. A river, which they had crossed further east on the way down had now burst its banks and had blocked the traffic. The police were out in four wheel drives, turning people back.

“Well, so much for that theory!” Said Nathalie.

“Ah this is mental!” Exclaimed Judy, who was actually excited by the whole thing. The day was turning into a bit of an adventure for her. Nathalie stopped to consult her atlas.

“We can try a different route, but then there’s another river and that normally floods too.”

The latest information on the radio indicated it was getting worse if anything, further north. Nathalie needed to make a decision. She wasn’t about to take even the slightest risk with a student in her care.

“Judy, I think you’re going to have to ring your Mum.”

“Why what are we doing?”

“Everywhere’s blocked. I think we need to go south and find somewhere to stay overnight, and hope it brightens up tomorrow.”

“Oh yeah, no problem.”

Judy let her Mum know she was OK and Nathalie drove to the next small town, which was outside the flood zone on slightly higher ground. It was 3pm and looked like the rain had already passed the area. Nathalie had phoned ahead to make sure they had a room at the place she knew. It was a restaurant with a little motel on the edge of town opposite a big superstore.

Judy looked at the hedgerows along the perimeters of the car park. It looked like they had been strafed, the blossom of the cherry trees and hawthorn strewn all over the paths, owing to the sheer

force of the rain. The news on Nathalie's car radio talked of a month's worth of rain falling in just six hours in parts of North Somerset.

"They're a bit full with it being a bank holiday tomorrow, so they've just got a double room left," said Nathalie.

Judy felt her stomach flutter and her heart beat quicken.. The idea of spending a night in the same bed as Nathalie was lovely in one way, but then she wondered how she would manage. It would be torture. The beautiful, warm body of her tutor next to her but not being able to touch her! Judy began to feel like she did when she was drunk. Her head was spinning.

"A double bed, yes fine!"

Nathalie smiled and they went through the door of the motel to check in.

Judy stood back while Nathalie discussed the arrangements and breakfast times etc. Judy looked around furtively as if the reception guy somehow knew she was Nathalie's student and had drawn his own conclusions. There was a lift but they walked the one floor to the rooms. The corridor was softly lit and Nathalie let them into the room and switched the light on. Judy saw the neatly made double bed and gulped. It was only just a double bed.

"It will do for one night won't it," said Nathalie brightly.

"It's warm in here," said Judy.

"Yeah, I think they've turned the heating up with that cold spell. I think it's this knob at the end," said Nathalie, crouching at the end of the radiator.

Nathalie turned and looked at her young student who had sat at the end of the bed. Nathalie looked at her long brown hair, which was all down her back and over her shoulders, clinging as it did to her fluffy sweater.

"Why don't you take your top off if you're warm?" Said Nathalie.

"I've only got my bra - my T shirt got wet remember."

"That's OK, we're girls. Take it off and I'll brush your hair."

"You'll brush my hair?"

“Yes Judy, it’s so beautiful. Having your hair brushed is so soothing, don’t you think?”

“I do, yes,” said Judy, trembling slightly.

Judy put her arms up and Nathalie took hold of her cuffs and pulled off the thick woollen sweater. Judy looked up at her tutor shyly as she walked around and sat on the bed behind her. She held thick strands of Judy’s hair and began to brush it out, until the dampness of the morning was replaced by its normal healthy sheen. Judy sighed as she felt the gentle tugging on her scalp and the relaxing sensation of the brush filaments running through her hair.

“Hmmm… that’s so nice Nathalie! I could let you brush my hair forever.”

“I could brush it forever darling.”

Judy sat with a contented smile on her face and then a look of pleasure spread across her face as shivers of delight ran through her body. Nathalie was still brushing her hair but her lips were planting gentle kisses on Judy’s shoulder. At first Judy assumed it was just her manner or some soothing technique. But when Nathalie’s lips began to caress her neck, she knew it was intended to give pleasure. Judy put one hand on her shoulder and her fingers were met by Nathalie’s. She turned and looked into Nathalie’s eyes. Her beautiful hazel green irises were like little gems. Judy was breathing deeply through her nose and her body was begging to be loved by her tutor.

Nathalie rubbed the handle of the brush against Judy’s face.

“You’re such a pretty girl, Judy.”

“You’re so beautiful Nathalie.”

Nathalie pulled her hoodie off and sat by Judy’s side on the bed. She looked into her student‘s eyes. They were so close now, Nathalie could feel Judy‘s breath on her own lips. She rubbed her nose on Judy‘s and both girls giggled. Nathalie stroked Judy‘s face and kissed it tenderly. Judy wanted to kiss her tutor so much, her brown eyes willing Nathalie to do it. Once their lips met there would be no going back. Nathalie was contemplating Judy’s amazing young body.

"Your lips are so kissable Nathalie,"

"Do you think so Judy?"

"I know so and I can't bear being this close to you and not kiss you."

"Then you had better kiss me, hadn't you," said Nathalie.

Judy sighed and then closed her eyes as their lips met. It was a kiss that she would always remember. It made her pussy tingle and her tummy do a little somersault. Nathalie’s mouth was so moist, so yielding to Judy’s tongue. There was no tentative peck, just a full on, passionate kiss. As they kissed both girls were breathing harder and harder, until Nathalie was sucking Judy’s tongue. Before she knew what was happening Judy was biting Nathalie’s bottom lip as her tutor touched her breasts through her red bra.

They lay back on the bed and Nathalie put an index finger between Judy’s cleavage. Nathalie stood up and unbuttoned her jeans as Judy removed her bra. Her boobs were full, but with the pertness of youth. Her nipples were big and so pink, her areola goose bumped with the delicious anticipation of Nathalie’s lips. Nathalie rolled her tongue along her bottom lip as she eased her jeans down. Judy stared at her white panties, which had tiny blue flowers on them. Her mount of Venus looked glorious and Judy stroked her with her finger tips, exploring the contour's of her tutor's pussy. Nathalie’s panty crotch was caught inside her pussy lips, which were warm and sticky. Judy sat up on the bed and she closed her eyes as she rubbed her nose on the front of Nathalie's crotch breathing in her sweet, sexy bouquet.

Judy stood up and rolled down her jeggings. Her own panties were more than sticky. They were soaked with her love juice and she wanted to have Nathalie’s lips there too. In a few more moments both girls were completely nude and knelt facing each other on the bed. Their hands were free to explore - Judy running her fingers between Nathalie’s bum crack and stroking inside her thighs. Nathalie cupped Judy’s breasts in her hands as she bit her neck. Then they kissed again, their boobs pressed together, nipple to nipple. The two girls were touching as they kissed. Caressing buttocks, stroking pussy. Kissing, nibbling.

Judy lay back on the pillows, which they had stacked up and Judy sat astride her tutor’s waist. One at a time Nathalie kissed the younger girl's breasts. At the same time her fingers slid backwards and forwards between her juicy, inflamed pussy lips. Judy moaned. There was no need to muffle her cries of pleasure as her tutor’s fingers entered her. She lay her hands flat against the wall as Nathalie sucked her candy pink nipples, fucking her with her fingers. She lost herself to the moment, crying out, giving herself to Nathalie and having the best orgasm of her life.

Judy nestled in front of Nathalie and they kissed deeply; eagerly. Their tongues were intertwined with such passion, until the saliva of one girl slipped into the other’s mouth. Nathalie’s pussy was now as wet as Judy’s. Judy had never licked or been licked but it felt so natural that she should taste her

tutor’s sweet scent box. For a minute lay they face to face, kissing and cuddling and then Nathalie sat up and turned round, swinging her leg over. Judy adjusted herself, putting her left foot on her other calf. In a few short seconds both girls were mouth to pussy. Judy sniffed and licked and tasted. She loved it. She loved the sweet potpourri . The beautiful gooey love was like sticky honey. Something to be lapped up, played with and swallowed. The pure velvet of Nathalie’s vagina wasn’t quite like anything else. It was perfect.

She was enjoying giving so much, but was savouring the receiving too. She realized Nathalie was moaning in pleasure and like her moaning with the joy of eating pussy. Judy found the cute little nodule of Nathalie’s clitoris, and found she could pleasure it with her nose as her tongue dipped into her vagina. As Judy rolled her tongue up and down the length of Nathalie’s pussy she drew long moans of ecstasy from her tutor’s mouth. Knowing how she was pleasuring the older woman made Judy even more turned on and knew that her second orgasm was inevitable. Her climax when it came was breath taking and awesome. Both girls came a few seconds apart, Judy still shivering and gasping as Nathalie went into her own juddering, convulsive orgasm; her cries filling the room.

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"What time it?" Asked Judy, opening her eyes. It was dark outside.

"Eight o'clock."

"Oh have I been asleep?"

"Yes, I've been sitting here looking at you."

"Nathalie?"

"Yes darling?"

"Today, does it... I mean I suppose it has to be a one off."

"I should say yes. I should say I've been stupid. My career at stake and all that."

"I know.. I'm not going to say anything. I love you too much."

"You don't love me Judy."

"I do!"

"No, you think you do, but you don't."

"It's love to me."

"You're seventeen Judy. You'll meet other people and fall in love. I can't hurt you. I'm just being honest. But..."

"But what?" Asked Judy, slightly crestfallen.

Nathalie cuddled up to Judy and stroked her breasts.

"You're fucking hot Judy! That's what but! Kiss me again darling."