

# 15th I Meet Darleen!

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*Corporal Higgins Love for Me!*

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As much as I'd worried about Emma and her kinkiness when we were together, I had wanted to get away from her mostly because of my worry that we would be found out. It was mostly out of fear that our perversions would get back to my mother. Now a few months had gone by with no real plans to see her again, at least not until I would be going home on leave. I found I was thinking of her and our relationship more and more. Of course in her weekly letters she kept reminding me of the times we were together, how satisfying they had been for both of us, and at that I had to agree.

The most time Ray and I spent together would be on Saturdays when we would go for a few drinks, and on occasion the odd time he would take me to the pictures. Other than that it was usually just a short time we would meet in the canteen, and after go for a walk and have a quickie. When he was working nights and he would take me for a drive in his vehicle, I didn't mind so much as I quite enjoyed having him mount me from behind as I was bent over the seat. I loved the feeling of his cock sliding in and out of me, but the frustration was he would usually cum too quick for me to have an orgasm. Sometimes I would reach down with one hand and Jill myself as he fucked me, and could orgasm that way, other than that it was usually disappointing.

Other times in his Land Rover I did enjoy giving him blow jobs, I'd get him to slide his trousers down to give me full access to his balls as well as his cock, and loved to tease him with my mouth and tongue. I was learning to relax my throat to take more and more of it into my mouth, and with time found I could 'deep throat' him. I still didn't care for the taste of his cum, finding it too salty and bitter for my taste and I would swallow it quickly.

In the bath tub when I'd masturbate my thoughts would turn to Emma and the things we would do together, there was no comparison between them. With Emma we could make it last for hours pleasing each other over and over again, giving each other at least two or three orgasms.

Whereas with Ray except for Saturday's when we might do it twice, or on occasion three times it was more like a quickie each time. Yes, occasionally I did compare him to Alan and realized how much better Alan was at lovemaking. I was obviously tiring of Ray and started to think about finding

someone else.

One Saturday I went into town by myself early to do some shopping, and as I often did on those occasions went into a pub for a drink to wait for the bus back to camp. I went up to the bar and ordered my drink, turning around to go sit at a table heard a voice call out, "Rosalyn."

Looking around I was surprised to see Corporal Higgins, she was sitting with another woman from work. She invited me to join them and as I sat down said hello to them both. I referred to her by her rank as I usually did, but this time she told me to call her by her name, 'Darleen' saying we didn't need to be too formal when in our civvies.

It was the first time I saw her in civilian clothes, in fact it was also the first time I saw her on a weekend. I was pleased as I liked her as I've said before, and pleased she invited me to join them. She was wearing a pink two piece suit with a pleated skirt, a cashmere sweater and pink high heeled shoes. Her legs were encased in a pair of flesh collared nylons that made them look more attractive than the regulation stockings we wore with our uniforms. With her jewellery and make up she looked quite different and very feminine. She asked what was I doing in town, I told her and she informed me she had a car and could give me a lift back to camp. When she got up to go to the toilet and walked away from us I couldn't help looking at her legs from behind, her high heels made her hips sway and I noticed how the seams of her stockings disappeared up under the hem of her skirt, triggering some naughty thoughts in my head.

Her car was one of those small cars, a Morris Mini and as she dropped me off asked what I was doing that evening, and I told her I was going dancing with Ray. Smiling at me she said, well have a good time and thanking her got out of the car.

That evening with Ray it was our usual few drinks, then off to the dance hall. While we were dancing my thoughts turned to Darleen, I knew it wasn't normal to think about another woman like that, but there was quite a contrast in her appearance. At work I only saw her in uniform when she seldom wore much make-up and no jewellery, regulation stockings and flat heeled shoes, almost a soft butch look whereas dressed she looked so much different.

Of course it wasn't the first time I looked at another woman and found them to be attractive, there was Julia in training, but at first she hadn't been as friendly to me as Darleen was being. This was also the first time I saw her on a weekend when she normally went up to London, I assumed to see her family or a boyfriend. My instincts were picking up the vibes she was putting off, and I found I couldn't put her out of my mind.

I had a couple of shags with Ray after, first one before we got on the bus, and another after we got off

and he walked me back to my barracks. As usual I had taken my knickers off in the dance hall to accommodate him. As he fondled me before penetrating me I wondered what it would be like to feel Darleen's hands on me, to taste her kisses, the faint smell of her perfume as she pressed her body against mine. It added a small amount of pleasure to our love making that night.

The canteen on the camp was open at lunch time, and after lunch we often went there to have a cup of Tea and read the Sunday newspapers. Corporals had their own section there but there was nothing to stop them coming into our section if they wanted to sit with friends who were not of the same rank. So that morning I was particularly pleased to see Darleen come in, and after getting herself a cup of Tea came over to join us. She was in civilian clothes again, only a different dress from the night before and her heels again. Soon the others left and there was only the two of us left chatting.

She asked how my date went and I just said, "Fine" and let it go at that. I recall telling her that Ray was going to teach me to drive but only had a couple of feeble attempts so far.

Darleen laughed at that saying something like, "He's just using that as an excuse to keep you around for a shag, to get into your knickers when he feels like it."

I felt stupid at this and looked away, Darleen leaned over and put a hand on my arm and said, "I'm sorry I didn't mean to sound awful, just you're so nice and quiet it seems like he's taking advantage of you."

I wasn't that naive, I was beginning to feel she was coming on to me and quite frankly I liked it, as I'm sure I was developing a crush on her. I was so shy and introverted I couldn't bring myself to let her know my feelings, after all homosexuality was a crime in the military, so one had to be extremely careful.

There was no rush to leave so we just sat and chatted, then she asked me if I'd like to go for a drive after, I just nodded my head in acceptance. We arranged to meet at where her car was parked and went back to my barracks to freshen up, and put on a nice dress and get my coat and left.

She was waiting for me then I got in her car, we left and she asked if there was anywhere in particular I like to go. She was wearing a short coat over her dress and it was open, and her dress was riding high on her legs so she was showing a generous amount of thigh. I found that to be enticing and occasionally glanced down at her knees, watching her as she drove. I was conscious of her glancing over at me from time to time, as well as we chatted.

We stopped at a Tea Room in the country, and spent a pleasant hour sipping Tea and nibbling on

pastries. Just really enjoying each other's company. We stopped at a pub later and had a couple of drinks before heading back to camp for supper; it was a very pleasant afternoon. When I went to get out of her car she placed a hand on mine holding it and giving it a squeeze saying how she had enjoyed our afternoon together, and would I like to do it again sometimes. I was too shy to say anything and gave her my reply by just looking at her for a moment, and giving her a timid smile then turned and got out of the car.

I now felt sure she was making a pass at me and I felt frightened, I thought of her all evening and was excited and in a way hoped I was not wrong in my feelings. Still there was the possibility I was making the wrong assumption, and worried wondering how I should handle it.

On the following Wednesday after we had our morning Tea, she walked me to the door. Then quietly whispering to me, asked if I wanted to go to the pictures with her that evening. I didn't look at her or around I just nodded my head and she said, "Good, meet you at 6 at my car."

After work I had a quick meal in the mess, then got changed into civvies and hurried to meet her by her car. The thought of what others might think did cross my mind, but told myself we were just going to the pictures and that was all, lots of girls did that together. I quickly realized it was only my guilty conscious acting up, as there was no way others could suspect what might happen. She was wearing the same pink two piece suit she had worn the previous Saturday when we first met, only under the jacket she was wearing a cream colored blouse with large buttons. With the collar outside the jacket and open at her throat, down to her cleavage. It was hard not to stare.

The first house as it was known in those days had started, but it was mostly ads and a short feature so we were in time for the main picture. Being a Tuesday there was not many other people there so she led me to our seats, there was with no one on either side us or behind us, giving us a measure of privacy in the darkened theatre. We took our coats off and folded them over our laps, and settled down to watch the screen.

As the picture played out the lights from the camera over our heads, would go from being quite bright to various shades of darkness. We were sitting so close I felt her press her thigh against mine, then her hand crept under our coats to find my hand and hold it. I glanced at her out of the corner of my eyes and in the flickering lights from the projector, saw she was looking at me and smiling. I didn't react just looked ahead at the screen, and felt her squeeze my hand and caress the back of it with her thumb.

I probably squeezed hers in return, and she moved them over to rest on her thigh, I felt the strap of her garter belt under my hand, as she pressed it against her thigh. There was now no doubt about it, this was definite sexual advances she was making, all kind of thoughts rushed through my head. I

closed my eyes for a while and concentrated on what I should do, break it off or let it continue?

My body was reacting to what little stimuli she was giving me, I felt a tingling in my tummy that transmitted down to between my legs. I crossed them and squeezed them together, feeling my pleasure and knew I couldn't refuse her. I was too shy and introverted to say or do anything, so just sat there enjoying what little attention she was giving me.

For me the picture seemed to go on forever that night, in a way I didn't want it to end as I felt so anxious, but at the same time wanted it to be over with so we could leave. After the picture ended, we made a trip to the bathroom to relieve ourselves, took a moment to check our makeup and we finally left the theatre.

In the car she started the engine then placed a hand on my knee and said, "You've been with a woman before?"

I didn't answer, just looked ahead out the windshield, she gave me a moment as if waiting for answer then said; "I thought so." She moved her hand onto the gear shift lever, and putting the car in gear and took off.

She took a back road to camp that twisted and turned, and after a bit pulled off the road amongst some trees, parked and switched the lights off. We sat in the pitch black of the night, I couldn't look at her now as I knew for sure what she wanted. I had mixed feelings of excitement and fear, my heart was pounding. She was talking to me softly, almost a whisper telling me she liked me. Always had from when we first met, and how she prayed I would like her too.

Not answering I just let her talk, she placed a hand on my knee lightly. Not moving it just enough to let me feel it, her other hand came round my shoulders to caress my neck and chin. Her touch was light, soft as her fingers worked their magic on my skin. I couldn't have stopped her if I'd wanted to, the moment had arrived, the moment I'd been secretly waiting for but wouldn't admit to myself.

I felt a slight pressure of her hand pull my head towards her; I smelt her perfume then her breath as she moved to kiss me, first on my cheek then my lips. Now with increasing pressure until I felt her tongue probe my lips, I opened them to accommodate her as she pushed it deep into my mouth. It was like flood gates had been opened, I couldn't help myself as I sucked on her tongue and kissed her back.

With increasing urgency we French kissed as her hand crept up my thigh, I opened my legs to accommodate her searching fingers. They crept over my stocking onto bare thigh, then to my crotch. I felt her lightly caress me through my knickers, just stroking me up and down. I was wet as I held her

head and shoulders; urgently kissing her back I felt her slip a finger under the elastic so her forefinger rubbed my pussy lips. I broke off our kissing for a moment and let out a small moan, she got the rest of her hand under the elastic and I felt her tugging, and lifting my hips for a moment she pulled my knickers down below my knees.

My exposure like that welcomed her searching fingers to explore my cunt, in between kisses she was whispering to me telling me how she loved me and did I love her? "Yes yes" I managed to say as her fingers slid in and out of my cunt, her thumb caressing my clitoris till with an audible gasp I exploded with a beautiful orgasm. At that moment she stopped moving her hand and gripped my pussy, her fingers buried deep inside me till the magnitude of the moment quieted.

Bringing her hand up to my face, I could smell my juices on her fingers for a moment before they found my mouth. I took her hand in mine and sucked her fingers tasting myself, she was cooing to me is the only way I can describe the sounds she was making. Taking my hand in hers she brought it to her breasts, she tilted her seat back as I leaned over and kissed her mouth. I pushed her jacket off her shoulders, and she cooperated by slipping her arms out of the sleeves.

I undid the buttons of her blouse, the large buttons making it easy. Her whiteness was like a faint glow in the darkness, leaning over her I kissed her shoulders, running my tongue down and around her beautiful globes of flesh held up by a half bra. It didn't take much to push down on it to free her tits altogether, now they were mine to explore and enjoy.

Between my hand and mouth, I kissed and caressed those beautiful mounds of flesh that could give so much pleasure. I was rewarded with her moans as I circled her nipples, sometimes brushing against them to tease her. Emma's training of me was now paying off, as I knew just how to caress and tease to give her such delightful moments of intensity. Her moaning increased till I felt her convulse. That was a particularly pleasing moment for me, knowing my skill at caressing her tits like that could bring her all the way without touching her below her waist.

Finally I moved my hand down; I felt the smoothness of her stocking clad thighs as I caressed them from the back of her knees to her garter straps, finally moving on to the bare flesh of her thigh. She had no knickers on to inhibit the movement of her legs, she pushed them wide open for me to explore her pussy. She was wet; my fingers slid in with ease as I explored the depths of her cunt. Her labia's felt rubbery and slippery from her juices, and I proceeded to finger fuck her giving her another delightful orgasm.

After we sat up and lit cigarettes, we puffed on them for a few minutes before she said, "we better go it's getting late."

I was in no hurry as I had given no thought to the time, but suddenly realized she was right. She adjusted her clothes as I struggled to pull my knickers back up, and then when she was ready started the car and drove us back to camp.

I knew she watched me till I disappeared inside my barracks, then heard her car drive away. Thank goodness the lights were out, as I tip toed to my bed space to get ready for bed. I hung my dress up in my locker and got into my PJ's then climbed into bed, with nothing but pleasant thoughts going through my head I soon fell asleep.