16th Darleen's Love!

By rosebrn

Published on Lush Stories on 01 Jul 2012

She takes our love to another level!

https://www.lushstories.com/stories/lesbian/16th-darleens-love.aspx

The next day as I approached the stores on my rounds I felt apprehensive, as before I parked my bike and went inside to deliver the mail. I was greeted with the usual "good morning," and put down the mail and went and poured myself a cup of tea. Darleen was in her office and hearing me came out also saying "Good morning, how are you." I was scared to look at her, scared something might happen to make the others suspicious about what had happened between us, but she was just matter of fact as normal.

When I got ready to leave I picked up the outgoing mail when she said, "Just a minute I have another letter to go" and went into her office and returned with it. For a brief moment I saw her smile as she handed it to me and embarrassed I placed it with the other mail and left the building.

Placing the mail with the others I noticed the letter she had given me was addressed to me, it made me worried and excited at the same time so I slipped it in my pocket and got on my bike and left. I wanted to look back to see if anyone was watching but managed to steel myself as I rode away.

Back at the mail room I dropped my stuff and ran to the bathroom and going into a cubicle dropped my knickers and sat down for a pee. I admit the letter was all I could think off as I'd rode back and was anxious to find out what was in it.

It was three pages long, and very complimentary telling me how she found me to be very attractive, and how my shyness seemed to enhance my beauty. She said she was delighted to find I was a willing and very talented lover, and how she would like me to become her regular lover, and could arrange for us to meet in a very private location if I was willing.

She went on to tell me she had been a lesbian since her school days, having had a relationship with an older girl. She admitted having had a number of affairs with different women, and had just finished a relationship with her latest lover and was now free to date again.

In the letter she also cautioned me in keeping what had happened to us, acknowledging the fact homosexuality was illegal in the Forces,

I was excited and scared, I wanted more as she had dominated my thoughts and to know she found me to be special heightened my willingness to see her again. The rest of the day seemed to drag on and I could hardly wait till the evening when I could write her a note telling her of my willingness to see her again.

Replying in kind I told her how pleased I was she liked me, and how much I'd also enjoyed her lovemaking, and yes I would be willing to see her again. I told her about my affair with Emma, how it had started but left out some of the more personal details.

The next day I slipped her my note and while I was having tea with her staff, she slipped into her office and read it. Before I left she slipped me another note inviting me to come by the side door that evening around 6:30 PM. The side door was actually double doors used when the vans came to pick up the dirty laundry, and drop off clean. The beauty of it was that even on a moonlit night, the doors were still in shadow.

Leaving, I got my bike and glancing at the door gave just the briefest nod to indicate my acceptance and pedalled off.

The bedding store was in a part of camp not much frequented outside working hours, so at half past six I was able to approach it unobserved. As I neared the side entrance, Corporal Higgins appeared in the doorway, looked around and jerked her head at me to enter. Closing the door behind me, she locked it, then without a word, she took me by the hand and led me behind the counter and down an alleyway between shelves full of blankets, sheets and pillowcases to her office.

We had a cigarette while she waited to make sure no one saw me enter; there were no lights on so it was hard to make each other out in the dim light from outside her window. I was anxious, nervous yet excited and didn't know what to say, so just sat there listening to her make small talk. Finally we stubbed out our cigarettes and she held out her hand and said, "Come" and led me out of her office.

About half way along the length of the room she reached a doorway and led me into the room. It was pitch dark and she struck a match and I saw why, the window was covered by a blanket and she lit a candle that was in an ash tray on a chair. It was obviously a storage room for mattresses and on top of one of them about waist high was a sheet.

She turned to face me, "my dear, you are beautiful," she whispered, caressing my cheek with her open hand. I just gave a breathless little giggle and a smile. She leaned forward and gently kissed me on the lips. "It's all right, my dear," she said softly, "You don't have to do anything. Just relax and let me be good to you. You will let me be good to you, won't you?"

"Oh, yes!" I breathed, and she cupped my face between her hands and kissed me again, more urgently now. Her tongue flickered against my lips and I parted them to allow its entry, and then yielded into her embrace as she thrust it deep into my mouth. She released me, still kissing, and fumbled with my belt, unfastening the buckle, and then undid the buttons on my tunic one by one.

Slipping the tunic over my shoulders, she passed it down my arms, then cast it aside as one arm went around my waist and the other caressed my breast, gently feeling its contours and the hardness of the nipple as it protruded under my shirt.

Breathing heavily now, she untied my tie, unfastened my shirt buttons, pulled the shirt free from the waistband of my skirt and dropped it to accompany my discarded tunic. She was almost panting now, but kept control as she reached behind me, deftly unhooked the ugly service bra, slipped the straps over my shoulders and let it fall to the floor. At last breaking our lips apart, she straightened and feasted her eyes on the full glory of my naked bosom. Wide-eyed, she licked her lips and whispered, "Oh my God!", then again, "Ohhhh, my God!" She traced the roundness of each full, heavy breast with gentle fingers, then cupped and weighed them in her hands. Shaking her head in disbelieving wonder, she sighed again, "Ohhhh, my God!", then bent and fastened her mouth over a hard, pointed nipple, sucking lustily and squeezing the breast with her free hand as she held me close with the other.

I leaned back and closed my eyes, sighing with pleasure at the sensation of her suckling, then stood unresisting as she swiftly unhooked and unzipped my skirt, pushed both it and my ugly service drawers over my hips and allowed them to fall around my ankles. "Lie down, my dear", she whispered, and guided me to the makeshift couch of mattresses and sheet. I did as I was told, lying full length, clad only in girdle and stockings and reaching my arms above my head to emphasise the soft, flowing curves of my body.

Keeping her eyes fixed on the feast of flesh set out before her, she swiftly discarded her own clothing, incidentally showing that the basic functionalities of service underwear were not compulsory for NCOs, to reveal a gorgeously full, mature body. At last growing impatient, she virtually tore off my shoes, stockings and girdle, and then flung herself full length on top of me, clamping her mouth on mine in a kiss now fierce and urgent with desire.

For the first time, I responded by winding my arms around her and opening my legs, thrusting my own tongue into her mouth and writhing it against and around hers. Adjusting her position, she matched her pubic arch against mine and ground them together in a classic dry fuck, jerking and thrusting herself against me. I responded eagerly, lifting my hips and bum to meet her, urging her to greater efforts as the tidal waters rose within me. The slow undressing had done its work in arousing us both, and the mutual pressure on our pubic mounds quickly stimulated us to an almost simultaneous orgasm, culminating in a silent scream of ecstasy into each other's open mouths.

After that first frantic bout we both relaxed, she gently kissing, stroking, caressing, whispering endearments in my ear, nuzzling into my hair and genuinely making love. I just let it happen, feeling her warmth and softness, her agile tongue exploring my willing mouth, the feather like touch of her fingers on my breasts, back, buttocks and then, when my growing arousal became too obvious to ignore, the firmer pressure of her hand on my pussy mound as she rubbed me to another orgasm. I fell into a dreamlike state, drifting from climax to climax under her expert stimulation, not speaking, and just sighing from time to time in the sheer pleasure of it all.

For a few minutes we rested as she lit a cigarette, still holding onto me she shared it with me. In the dim light of the flickering candle light I saw and felt her closeness. Finally stubbing it out, she turned to face me again and laid back. I shifted my body so I could better lean over her and kiss her mouth, gently at first then with increasing pressure as my tongue slipped between her lips.

Now as our tongues duelled with each other, my free hand traced the outline of her jaw and down onto her shoulder. My fingers felt the softness of her skin as they made their way down to feel the softness of her breast. She lifted her shoulder as if to offer it to me to fondle it, I circled it lightly with my fingers not touching her nipple, and I felt her breathing change as soft moans started to escape her mouth. I now kissed her throat then moved my kisses down till my lips found her nipple. I circled it with my tongue a few times then gripped it between my lips hard and began sucking it.

She placed a hand behind my head to encourage me, the sounds of pleasure urging me on to do more. My free hand now continued to explore her back and the roundness of her buttock, down over her thigh then up into the valley between her legs. They opened automatically to my touch, permitting me to run my fingers through her pubic hair before resting for a moment at the wetness of her slit.

My middle two fingers easily slid into her to find her clitoris, she lifted her hip to facilitate me as her moans grew louder, and my thumb pressing down as now with my index finger also included slid them deeper into the depths of her vagina. Slowly I finger fucked her as I sucked her tit, her holding onto my head as I did till with a cry she relaxed, then stiffened as she climaxed. I gave her a moment holding her to let her enjoy the moment.

At length, after God knows how many orgasms, my 'seductress' gave me a final kiss and hug, then suggested it was time for us both to get dressed. We did so in silence, just smiling at each other from time to time, she kissing each breast before I covered them with my bra.

Once we were dressed she asked me to hold the candle and I watched as she took the blanket off the window, folding it neatly she placed it on a pile of other blankets. Returning she pulled the sheet off the mattresses and crumpled it up then tossed it in a bin with other dirty sheets waiting to be sent to the laundry. A quick check of the room to make sure all was in order, and then she led me back down to the front of the store. "You will meet me again, won't you dear?" she enquired.

"Of course" I replied, putting my arms around her and kissing her goodbye then slipped out the door.