

# 67th Back to School! How Emma Influenced Me

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Back at University I was happy to see Jennifer again and she made me glad she wanted to see me again. The first evening when we could be alone, we went out to a cafe and had Tea and chatted just enjoying each others company. We went for a walk after and found a nice deep doorway, where we could kiss and jill one another, ending up rubbing our clits together and enjoying the sensations as a result. I couldn't help comparing her to Emma, except for Emma and I jilling one another on her piano stool, all our love making had been lying down. Emma had always taken the initiative to begin our lovemaking sessions, and then coax me into doing the same to her. Although she was much older and a much bigger woman than Jennifer, in many ways I preferred her love making. Derek hadn't changed much, said he was glad to see me and asked how my holiday went, and couldn't wait to get his cock into me. His shagging seemed to be different for some reason, and although I still enjoyed the feeling of his cock going in and out of me I couldn't climax. Whether it was because he didn't take the time to prepare me with foreplay, or I'd lost interest I'm not sure. He was still a nice date in many ways, so I were still quite happy to date him. I wrote Emma as soon as I got back, thanking her for making my holiday much more pleasant. I admitted to enjoying her loving me. Soon I received one from her, telling me how much she loved me and how both 'Robbie and Soosie' missed me. I smiled to myself and had warm feelings, it reminded me of how she had introduced her 'Robbie' into our love making. She also reminded me to tell her in my letters about my relationships with Derek, emphasising "all the little details." Emma came down to visit me around the end of February. I made the excuse to my friends that my 'Aunt' was coming to visit, and I think we were both ripe for some good loving. She arrived in her car on the Friday evening, and booked a room in one of the better hotels in the city. We arranged to meet the next morning in the restaurant to have breakfast, then after we went up to her room. (There was a problem in those days being seen going to someones room late a night, so for her neice to be seen going up to my 'Aunts' room' was not so bad). Within minutes we were both naked and tasting each others honey, she was very randy as we sucked and fucked each other, our pussy's dripping wet from the excitement. We did it all, oral, finger fucking and she gave me a good strap-on fucking. The orgasms poured out of both of us and it made me realise how much I'd missed her, it was relentless till after a couple of hours we both rested and took a nap. After passing the afternoon together we took a bath, then got dressed and she took me out to a really nice restaurant for dinner, where we took our time dining and washed it down with a nice wine. After

around 10 PM she drove me to where I was staying, (couldn't spend the night with her as that would have caused too many questions). Sunday morning I hurried to her hotel and again we met for breakfast, then returned to her room for more sex till around 1 PM when she had to check out. Afterwards, we took a drive out of the city up into the highlands for most of the afternoon. She asked me how I'd feel about her coming down to visit more often, she said she would find a place where we could spend the nights together. I said I'd like that, and agreed we'd have to be very careful, she was still very concerned about 'discretion' and that was to be expected. As this was the edge of the highlands known as the 'Trossachs', there were a few places that catered to visitors. There was one place that was like a very rustic row of cabins that catered to tourists, very much like the modern Motels although I don't remember it being called a Motel. About a month before the school year ended I found a job as a waitress, part time at first then full time once school was over so stayed in Glasgow. Both Derek and Jennifer Graduated and we promised to write and keep in touch with each other, Derek I never heard from again, and Jennifer's letters petered out after a few weeks. I was soon dating again, and the shagging wasn't as much fun as it had been. I was writing to Emma regularly and telling her more and more about the more personal side of my life. She seemed to be so understanding, and she said she would come and visit me once her school year was over. Emma's letters to me were now getting bolder as she liked to remind me of our 'sexcapades' in them, and continually asking me for the details of my dates. I found in writing to her it was easier to say things I would have difficulty saying to her face, and in a small way it gave me a thrill to be able to do that too. In her letters she also began telling me about her 'dreams', where in her dreams it was always me who took the initiative and started the sex. Beginning at first by rubbing her through her clothes, then exposing her paps for me to please myself with them. Then pulling down or taking off her bloomers to get at her pussy, forcing her to kiss me and to pleasure me however I wanted it. She made it sound like in her dreams she didn't have much choice but to comply, as I could make her do whatever I wanted. This was the beginning me being introduced to her 'kinky' or perverted interests. Usually in her dreams it would begin with me attacking her from behind, like when she was bent over for some reason making the bed or whatever. and I would grab her hips and press my torso into her bum, and rub myself against her before pulling up her skirt to fondle her through her bloomers. She gave the details how my hand would take hold of her vulva from behind, give it a squeeze before I'd caress it with my fingers. I'd rub my hand over it from her belly, over her clit pressing the material of her bloomers into her crevice and up the crack of her arse. I would repeat this rubbing her till she had her cum, before pulling them down to give me access to her bare pussy then 'do' her again. In her dreams she would struggle and cry out as I 'forced' my attentions on her, and admitting to letting me have my way with her excited her too. Of course this was nonsense, as I was much too introverted to do anything like that to her. It had always been her who would do those things to me, then insisting I do to her whatever she did to me. There were other scenarios too, like I would take hold of her ankles and hold her legs up in the air for her as I would 'make' her give herself a rub. Then again through her bloomers at first, and on to exposing herself till she had two or three cums then I'd let them down. Another was similar where she'd hold her legs behind her knees to pull them back against her

breasts, and it would be me rubbing her pussy this time. She would describe exactly what she was wearing, where we were and what we were doing as well as the sex part. Sometimes I would be rough with her she said, other times gentle as a lamb and we would make beautiful love together. In time I would visualise myself doing what she suggested in her letters, and often after reading them would actually fantasise I could do what she suggested. The thought would excite me and I would masturbate, reliving in my mind what was in her letters. Needless to say I never thought what she suggested would ever happen, but in a way I was convincing myself I could actually do it. The mind is a powerful tool, and I suppose some would call this brain washing. In the ten months or so since I'd left home I had changed quite a bit, coming out of my shell more and more with my freedom. Dressing better in more modern clothes, using makeup, wearing high heels and of course indulging in sex whenever I wanted. So I started to believe I could do the things Emma suggested. I was excited to get the letter telling me when she would be coming for a visit one weekend, arriving on the Friday evening. I wrote back telling her I was looking forward to her visit of course, but that I had to work till 8 PM that Friday. But I could swap shifts with another waitress to have the Saturday off. Sunday was a normal day off for me anyway, so that would give us the weekend together. She wrote back telling me she would book a cabin, at that motel just north of the city so we could be together. She arrived at the restaurant just after 7 PM, so she could have supper while waiting for me. Another waitress served her, and I was excited just seeing her there. She looked more feminine than I was used to, wearing a shirt waist type dress with buttons down the front showing some cleavage. More make up than I'd seen on her before, and a double string necklace with matching ear rings. She smiled when we made eye contact, I was looking forward to being with her again. I had convinced myself that I could do what she had been hinting at in her dreams, but now I wasn't so sure, butterflies were doing a number in my stomach at the thought of it. She waited till my shift was over and we left together, on the way to her car she took my arm giving it a squeeze, and said how much she was looking forward to us being together again. My bravado had almost gone out the window, so when she suggested going for a drink first I felt relieved. We found a nice pub that had their usual Friday night crowd, a mixture of all ages but mostly the younger crowd so we were not out of place completely. It was a good crowd, someone was thumping away on a piano, and there was some songsters in the crowd making for quite a jolly evening. I had whisky and lemonade, stronger than I'd normally drink but felt the need for some 'dutch courage'. We left around 10 PM (Closing time there in those days), I was feeling good as we left and once outside took her arm as we walked to her car. When we got to the motel there was no problem. I was till worried about being seen, but as I said she had stopped on the way down to check in and get the key. Once inside we hung up our coats, Emma checked the drapes to make sure all the windows were well covered, then turned to greet me and give me a nice big kiss. Turning she went to place her handbag on the bedside table and it fell over, in trying to catch it only made it worse as a lot of the contents spilled out onto the floor. Bending over to retrieve them, all I saw was her arse as she had bent over and not bending her knees very much. It looked like she was waving it in front of me, (which I'm sure she was). So if there ever was a time to do it this was it. I went up to her and grabbed her by her waist and ground my torso into her behind. Acting startled she stopped what she

was doing, and placed a hand on the bed to support herself. My hand found it's way between her legs to fondle her crotch, jJust like she told me in her dream. There was no real resistance, I lifted her dress up over her hips to expose her bloomer covered bum. Now she kind of groaned and lifted her head to look at me, pushing her legs apart to give my hand better access to her vulva. I was excited, I'd never though I'd actually have the courage to do this even though she had hinted enough in her letters to me. Now I really got into it as she wriggled her arse in time to my thrusts, the crotch of her bloomers was wet. She gave that groan that I was used to that announced her orgasm and felt her stiffen for a few moments before she relaxed again. Now I was so randy I wanted more, so pulling down her bloomers to expose her arse was a pleasure. Emma took a moment to get on the bed on her knees, bending down to let me continue stroking her. Her pussy was so wet and slippery I felt I had to do more, dropping to my knees behind her to better facilitate what I was doing to her. Her knees were apart, her derriere looked awesome, her cunt open and pulsing as if begging for penetration. The folds of her labia's seemed larger than before, my fingers slipped in and out of her pussy with no trouble. She was moaning quite audibly now, her juices running down over my fingers and hand as I rubbed her till again with a cry had another orgasm. I felt her relax as she enjoyed the feelings I had induced in her, and I was glad to take the opportunity to catch my breath too. I was into the excitement too by this time feeling as randy as hell, and got her to turn onto her back and I pull her bloomers off her legs altogether. I unbuttoned her dress and pushed her bra up to free up her tits, and she held them one in each hand in a silent gesture presenting them to me. I stood up and looking at her lying like that, and stripped down to my garter and stockings and got on top of her. She was smiling at me as I pressed my clit to hers and began to hump her, she held me by my hair as I arched my back to really press my pussy against hers, it wasn't long before I exploded with a delightful climax, and collapsed along side her. Once rested, Emma got up and removed her clothes completely, now naked she climbed back onto the bed and 'walked' with her hands and knees on either side of me. She had that smile on her face, her eyes shining as she slowly crawled her way back up to me, her big boobs swinging with the movement of her body to entice me. I took take them in my hands as she settled on top of me, her mouth found mine. Pressing her tongue into my mouth as deep as she could get it. Her body settled onto mine felt so soft, not as heavy as one would think considering her ample size. She was whispering to me, things like telling me that 'Soosie' loved me more that ever, and wanted to love me more often. The lovemaking continued well into the wee hours, my shyness forgotten as we took turns pleasuring each other the sounds of our lovemaking filling the cabin. We finally slept together until mid morning the next day, where I woke up refreshed. I lay there thinking about what had happened, thrilled I was able to do what I did to start things off, amazed at how much I had enjoyed it. I slipped out of bed quietly and went and had a pee, returning Emma was on her side, one arm around the pillow as if she was hugging it. I got back into bed and lifted the covers off her and leaning over gently took one of her tits in my hand and kissed her on her cheek. She stirred and turned to face me, lifting a hand to touch my face and smiling, her happiness showing and I kissed her. She went to have her pee and started to run the water into the bath for us. We bathed each other taking our sweet time, we discussed what we were going to do for the day, and

agreed to go have some breakfast then go shopping.