

In Germany

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You have the perfect hair color-the color is a hue between magenta and blood red. Your black leather jacket looks great on you. I see you as a very handsome woman. Usually I don't get turned on by masculine figures, but you are an exception. I met you on a trip. It was a student exchange program. You were the mom of my exchange student. The student himself looked like a sissy. I understood why it was like this, because your son smoothed down your own manliness. He brought balance in your family life with his feminine features. Your son Mark didn't talk to me much. He was a distant figure to me. You were much more talkative. I like talkative people. That's why I decided to spend time with you whenever possible. Actually, this reason wasn't the true one. I made it up, so that I wouldn't have to tell anyone how badly I wanted to bang you. I knew I would be in Germany only for seven days, so I didn't have much time to bring my idea to life. I didn't even know if I'd succeed, but I had to try. Your son, you, and I slept in separate rooms. This made it hard to try to seduce you. I had a thought about pretending that I was going to the toilet at night, passing Mark's room, and going not into the toilet, but into your room to try to seduce you in this fashion. I almost did it on my fifth night in Germany, being afraid that time was running out. But when I opened the door to your room, it made a terrible creaking. Mark and you woke up. You asked me why I was trying to get into your room. It was a very awkward situation, but I managed to make up something that saved me. I told you I felt ill, and coughed. You went to the kitchen and brought me some tablets which were meant to make me feel better. Oh, how gorgeous you looked in your nightgown with your robust legs uncovered! I took the tablets, just for the sake of my own stupidity. The next morning when we woke up you suggested that I stay home with you so that my illness didn't get worse, because of the cold weather outside. I almost jumped in excitement but I tried not to show any drastic emotions in my facial expression. I told you I'd stay home. Mark went away to take part in the activities of the exchange program. We were alone. Completely alone! I couldn't believe it. But I was afraid that you might reject me when I approached you full of lust. Nevertheless, I couldn't resist the lust that had overwhelmed me. I felt desperate but I knew how I could draw your attention to me. I took the tablets that were supposed to cure my illness and pretended I had choked with them. At first you performed abdominal thrusts on me, but it didn't help. I fell on the floor, pretending to be out of breath. Then you attempted to give me a rescue breath. It was the moment I was waiting for. I slid my tongue in your mouth, still afraid of your reaction. You withdrew from me, saying, "You nasty bastard! What are you up to?" I saw you smiling, as if you liked what I did, so I decided to tell you everything about my lust towards you. At one point,

you just put a finger across my mouth to hush me. Then you kissed me with a great passion. We made out on the same place, where I pretended to be choked-on the floor of the living room, which was covered with a carpet. I squirted a huge load all over the place, while we were making out. When Mark came home, you told him I threw up on the carpet, as a result of drugs manifesting side-effects in my body. I pretended to be ill, just to get a good fuck, for the rest of the time I spent in Germany.