

# The Babydoll

By Stoneypoint

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*Older student gets caught masturbating at college. Student runs into teacher on way home and has sex*

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She couldn't get her mind into it as of Friday. She knew why, but nothing she did, like masturbating once again, and earlier that week for that matter and even just before she went on to class, couldn't seem to resolve her issues. She felt "it" when she woke up that morning...that deep seated, deep pitted series of sensations in her stomach which were almost causing her breasts to ache and burn with a wanton desire as well...they began doing it again also. This was a growing desire. Both burned within her and almost all the time too. She wasn't growing furious with it but she knew she didn't have time to deal with it at the moment...or so she thought she didn't at least. She knew it for sure. Classes were calling. But the emotions were starting to persist. She tried but she couldn't do it; pulling herself away from the bed well she couldn't seem to do it as of yet. No, it was not working for her. She had to do it. At least one...more...time she told herself. She had to. She just had to. Oh God...she was telling herself. So there she was. Slowly she was pulling off her clothes and now she was...yes...there...she was now fully undressed. Her boobs. They were crying out for her fingers. Her eyes closed. And her pussy, it was calling out for that thing she so loved. Even without looking, she reached over, and Maggie reached for it and grabbed it up. "Come on Maggie," she said aloud. "Don't let me down. I want this! You want this! So let's do it! Come on...let's do this together Maggie...let's do it now" her pussy was practically aching to say to her. And so, seeing as she knew she had to have it happen again and she knew she had to have those feelings "erupt" inside her again, she took that dildo and Maggie went about moving it around her cunt so that she could fuck her own pussy. And as usual, she did it as quickly and proficiently as she could knowing she had to get to class soon enough. So there she was. In her bed she was naked. With her hands in control of the dildo, she moved it about and had herself crying and screaming out loudly. Yes she was. "Come on! Ohhhhhh God come on...do it Maggie...do it! Cum Maggie cum! Oh God yes, do it! Cum now! Yes now...ohhh yes oh yes ohhh yes! Now Maggie now," she screamed. "That's it Maggie...oh God ohhhhhh fucking God...cum...cum!" And then it started to happen. Yes it finally started to happen. She felt it within her. She felt herself coming wildly. She wanted more of it but as it started to happen, Maggie pulled it out and she dropped the dildo to the bed. Cum oozed out as usual and Maggie felt soooo much better all of a sudden. She let it slide down between her thighs and down to the

mattress. Maggie was breathing harder than usual but it was normal in situations like these. Her breathing eased up and she let her emotions run their course. However, moments later, she knew she had to get going and she took the sheet in her hand, and Maggie dabbed her pussy dry and clean. She said something to herself and jumped out of bed, finally. Smiling, she felt so much better. This one was the first one in three days for her. Maggie, still smiling, rushed to get herself dressed, and as she did she threw in what she thought she needed for class. This young woman loved to do what she'd done all the time. An art student, she needed two years to graduate. But Maggie loved doing what she'd done way, way too often, and situations like these came up way too often she always told herself as she headed out the door. Putting that dildo inside her pussy, she loved how it felt when she moved it around it, and caused herself to cum. Now she felt sooooo much better but she knew she'd be back at it again. For now she felt she could usually get through the day much better. However, it was Friday and Friday's were a little different. She had a full day of classes that day and she always found that she seemed to need a little more motivation to get through the day. She felt something else was necessary and so she reached down and shoved them in her bookbag. She liked it when they were in there. It was, to her, more erotic that she had them with her during a day like this. Stuffed to the gills with almost all books, she carried with her the one pair of panties, and also that black lace babydoll. Putting them up to her nostrils, Maggie couldn't get enough of them. They always aroused her in a manner most younger girls wouldn't understand. She'd been masturbating for years. She erupted and came like most girls couldn't when she masturbated. Maggie was different that way. She'd been with men and she loved being with the right ones...one's who knew how to love and arouse her intimately...but seeing as she hadn't met many all she could do was herself she felt. She threw on her clothes. Her books, all of them were in the bookbag already, but she felt she had to have the panties and babydoll in addition to that. "Oh wait," she said. "Take the dildo too." And so she shoved it along with the babydoll and panties and the books. She rushed out of her place and headed off to class. She had to sit in the back seeing as she got there late and the teacher had just started her lecture. The bag, as heavy as it was, slammed to the floor, and Maggie silently apologized to the professor. Their eyes seemed to meet for some reason but Maggie sat down and took in the lecture. The day went on. Class after class after class or so it felt like that. Boring is what she was telling herself and as a result her mind drifted. All of a sudden, she saw another scene. There was this woman. No it was herself. She was laying in her bed doing something. Oh wait...no stop it she told herself...but she couldn't. Her eyes closed for a moment. Oh God don't do this she said to herself. But it was too late. There she was. She was laying down. And there it was. She was holding it in her hand. As she listened to another boring lecture she could feel it in her hand. Maggie grew a little horny. Time passed as the moments went on but Maggie's mind wasn't in the classroom any longer. Ohhhhhh, I've got to focus. I have to focus she told herself. Her knees started to knock, as if she had to go to the bathroom, but she didn't. She sat there and thought of where she could go. To the bathroom maybe she thought. She closed her eyes. Suddenly, out of nowhere, she started to feel that overwhelming power within her thighs. "Ohhhhhh," she suddenly said out loud and by accident. Any girl in the room knew that sound and it was mostly women of course too but all their heads turned in

her direction. Maggie blushed but did not turn to look at any of the other students faces. Having realized what she said she clammed up even though she felt the need to pacify her physical needs at the moment. Finally, class was dismissed. Without second guessing herself, she picked up her bag, and Maggie walked, swiftly, to the nearest bathroom in the building. She headed straight for it. In the ladies room, she went for the furthest one in the bathroom. She put it down beside her legs, and against the wall, but it was in the way and so she moved it to the other side of her. She undid her shorts and pushed them down. She wanted to pull it out. Ohhhhhh did she ever. It was quiet in there. Nobody had walked in, yet. She pushed down her panties and reached over for the other pair in her bookbag. Mmmmmm, she thought as she ran it along her nostrils, smiling. She breathed in. She closed her eyes too. She exhaled and breathed in again. And then she did it finally. She ran it along her lips a couple times at first and then, without even thinking, she put down the pair of panties on her bookbag, and shoved the dildo up into her pussy. She loved that feeling. She moved it about it, half-smiling as she did. Her eyes closed as she felt it up inside her, and arousing her as she moved it about it, was turning her on more and more, and someone had walked in to the bathroom too. It was her professor. Maggie didn't even realize it. She happened to sit down in the adjoining stall. The professor looked down and over at the bookbag and she happened to notice the pair of panties laying on Maggie's bookbag. Maggie was breathing harder but hadn't heard the professor when she came in and sat down in the adjoining stall. However, the professor was listening in only because it wasn't hard not to. Finally she said to Maggie, almost sure of what Maggie was doing, "Excuse me...is everything alright in there?" Maggie stopped dead in her tracks. She didn't say a word. She looked out. She looked left and right. She felt like she was caught dead in the act of doing what she was doing. She took toilet paper and wrapped her dildo in it. She looked down at her bookbag and saw it. Her babydoll was laying on top of it. She closed her eyes and said something. "Damn...shit...I fucked up." "It's okay you know...all you girls do that...so don't worry. I won't say anything," her teacher told her. The toilet flushed and she walked out. "Fuck," is all Maggie said to herself while she pulled herself together and went out to wash up. She'd taken the bus in but seeing as what happened just moments earlier, she decided to write off class, and instead walk home. It was about a 45 minute walk but it was partially sunny and warm too. She headed home, taking whatever shortcuts she could find, and walking through a neighborhood, a nice one too, towards her apartments. She noticed how the houses were really nice. Moderately sized two story, and well kept up homes, people were out doing lawn work. She watched as she walked this block and that but all of a sudden when she turned the corner of the next block she saw a woman with white cut off sleeves blouse who had that same slim, nice figure, or so she thought, of her teachers. She recognized the hairdo too. She had on shorts along with that blouse with its sleeves cut off and Maggie slowed a little. Nice flower bed, she told herself, but...isn't that my professor? She looked a moment longer. In a very quiet tone of voice she said "It is Dr. Barlow." As she came a little closer she called out to her. "Dr. Barlow?" she said. Dr. Amanda Barlow turned around. She recognized Maggie and turned off the water saying hello to her. Maggie at first walked a couple steps towards her while Dr. Barlow took several steps towards Maggie. "Well hello Maggie," she said in a sweeter then what Maggie expected tone of voice. "How's

your day going?" Maggie said fine and with that said Amanda Barlow carried on the conversation. Maggie instantly liked this woman she only knew as her professor. But there was something odd in the original visitation. Dr. Barlow seemed to recognize something. She seemed to recognize that bookbag Maggie was carrying. In it were those panties possibly she thought. Hmm, now isn't that a bit kinky? Anyway Dr. Barlow went on and invited her in for some conversation. "I can always do the watering a little later on. Care to come inside?" "Ohhh no but thank you," Maggie said and the two of them said goodbye shortly after that but Maggie reconsidered and made a point of walking by the house soon again. She headed home. She went straight to her bathtub and Maggie started the water and went to grab hold of her vibrator this time. It was put to good use. Maggie did it again, having orgasmed, and filling the water around her pussy with cum, and now she knew she had to wash up and clean herself up. It was the weekend. She knew she needed notes from Dr. Barlow's class as well as others and Maggie emailed others for some help. She decided on Sunday to head to the library but once she thought about it she decided to walk instead of taking her car or the bus. There she was again. Dr. Barlow was out watering her flowers. "Hey there Dr. Barlow," she called out. "Hi there Maggie," and asked, "Using this route now?" she said and while wearing a sweet, pleasant smile. Maggie stopped. It just so happened that Amanda Barlow was wearing another one of those cute blouses but it was different. With the sleeves cut off too it was of another earthy tone. And this one appeared to be a little on the tighter side thus providing the public with a better view of Dr. Barlow's physique. Wow, she even has boobs and hips too thought Maggie. And get a look at her legs. "What are you up to today?" asked Amanda. "Ohhh nothing really. I was planning on doing some research on some architectural paintings we learned about," Maggie said. "Is that your major?" asked Amanda. "Yes mam," Maggie replied. "Ohhhhhh please Maggie...out of class call me Amanda, will you? I'd love that." "Okay uhhh Amanda," Maggie said. Hence from that moment on a relationship was forming. "I was an art student at one point but in the middle of my sophomore year I changed it. I still love art...all forms of it. I have all sorts of sculptures you know. Sometime you should come inside and see them." She paused and thought about it and then said "Why not now?" So Maggie agreed and went in to look at the doctor's artwork. It was amazing! All the pieces and paintings she had throughout the first floor had her looking at this woman's art as if she'd never seen anything like it before in her life. Dr. Barlow just watched her glide around the rooms as Maggie studied each piece, complimenting Amanda on most every piece she had in her collection. However, something else seemed to be happening. Maggie felt a connection. Maggie felt something odd was going on at the very same time as she looked at Amanda's collection of art work. She felt a chemistry developing with Dr. Barlow...an affectionate physical chemistry she had never felt with any woman before in any relationship with any woman she'd ever known in her life. How could this be? She was a one man woman she told herself. Never before had she really ever had a relationship with a woman before so how is it could she have a relationship, a physically sexual relationship, if that is what she thought it was, with her teacher? The chemistry, as they talked, and studied the artwork seemed to grow. Maggie felt hot. Maggie felt uncomfortable too. This isn't right. She had put down her bookbag by the door and seeing as she felt hot like she did she almost felt as if she had to sit down. As she looked at

another piece, she closed her eyes and became a little unsteady. "Maggie is everything okay?" asked Dr. Barlow. Maggie didn't hear her at first and Amanda had to ask her again. Maggie finally started to rock a little, saying "Hmmm uhuh yes," but she rocked as if she was about to fall, and Amanda took hold of her elbow and led her to the couch where Maggie sat down. Amanda got her a glass of water and sat down beside her and sat close beside her too. She drank the water. Amanda, sitting beside her closely, studied her a little. She asked her how it was that she was still in college at her age...seeing as she was obviously older than most girls. Maggie told her, once she recovered from whatever it was she was feeling, and with that Maggie said something else. "I have to admit something and I hope you don't misinterpret what I say, okay?" "What's that?" asked Amanda. "Is something going on uhuh...I mean I feel this...this unusual feeling about you, about us," Maggie finally told Amanda. Amanda, smiling, asked her to explain herself. "Like is there a...a romantic feeling about me going on with you? Because I sure feel that way about you," Maggie told her. "Please excuse me if I'm wrong." Amanda looked at the woman. She smiled softly. Then she finally said "No, not at all Maggie, not at all. I like you. I do hope you like me," and as she said it Amanda's eyes looked Maggie over and finished with "Because I do find you physically appealing Maggie. I really do." Their eyes met. Maggie wasn't sure what to say or do. But Amanda helped out the situation. She touched Maggie's hand to start it off. She touched it softly too. "Maggie dear...do you ever get aroused...and there is no way, whatsoever, to get rid of those feelings?" Amanda asked. "Yes," Maggie said. "Like today...today's one of those days to be honest with you." Amanda looked into Maggie's eyes, softly, and as she did she smiled. "Have you ever been kissed by a woman before? I mean lovingly and passionately kissed by a woman?" "No why do you ask?" Maggie said. "May I?" said Amanda and before Maggie could say yes or no Amanda's lips leaned in and kissed Maggie on her lips, softly but for several seconds longer than Maggie expected them to. It was one powerful kiss. It was a soft but energetic like kiss which in one fell swoop swallowed up all of Maggie's desires in one yielding splash and as Amanda kissed her new lover on the lips Maggie felt Amanda's womanly arms wrap around her. Was love grand? Maggie was not sure but that kiss was and she could remain wrapped up in that kiss for as long as the day was. All of a sudden, out of nowhere, Amanda's soft womanly tongue pierced passed Maggie's lips. "Mmmmm" and other garbled sounds emanated from Maggie's mouth. Amanda smiled inside knowing full well that she found a friend with which to make love to. She pulled back as she looked at Maggie's face. Maggie licked her lips gently and had to smile back at Amanda. "I liked that too," said Amanda as she nodded her head. "Care to do it again?" Maggie smiled and nodded her head and the two of them leaned in and their arms wrapped around one another as each engaged in a frantic and furious like kissing spree. That seemed to last forever as one or the other tried taking control but most of it was by Amanda and Maggie did not seem to mind as Amanda's body rolled on to the top of Maggie's as Amanda's knee pushed into Maggie's crotch. Kissing and pulling at one another, Amanda kept pushing that knee of hers up between Maggie's legs, and against her crotch. It was arousing Maggie to no end. Maggie wanted Amanda to reach down and feel it. Maggie wanted Amanda's hand in there and she wanted the hand to fiercely be rubbing her crotch so that she could feel herself getting wetter and wetter as

the seconds ticked off the clock. For a moment, a split second in their kissing spree, they pulled apart, and as their eyes met Maggie cried out for more. "Ohhhhhh my God...don't stop doing that! Just don't! I want it all! I'll do it all with you...please, just do it all to me, and do it all to me now!" A hand instantly felt her up, touching her boobs round and round, and arousing her to the highest point she could feel herself at. In other words, Maggie found that she was pushing up into Amanda's body, and Amanda found that even she was aroused by that as she needed and wanted to reach underneath Maggie's top so that she would feel Maggie's tits. There wasn't any bra. Pure flesh. That's all she felt was pure soft, round, and womanly flesh underneath that top of hers and at that point Amanda stood and took Maggie's hand. They were upstairs in seconds. In Amanda's room both knew what to do at this point but it was Amanda who in seconds took off Maggie's top to see her breasts. Smiling she told Maggie how beautiful they were. They kissed as Amanda felt her up some more. She also caressed her tummy as she kissed Maggie's lips. Their bodies pushed at one another as the two made love and passionately moved towards the nearing step of making full love to the other. The kissing was as heated as anyone might imagine. Amanda's hands held Maggie's cheeks while she kissed her crazily on the lips. Amanda, laying atop of Maggie, stuck out her tongue and provided an additional layer of passion when she licked her lips several times throughout it all. Neither could get enough of it as these two women pushed and danced their bodies against the others. Both sets of hands were holding the other one's body as they moved about Amanda's bed and while they kept on kissing madly. Their bodies and emotions were on fire as the two made, what they considered, wild passionate love making. Before Amanda knew it, Maggie had slid off her top, and before Maggie knew it Amanda undid her own bra. They were a magnificent pair of breasts. Her nipples were sizeable and Maggie knew she had to take a good long look at the nipples. But, despite that, Amanda had to keep on kissing her one true love for however long it would last. Maggie seemed to know how to do this because it was Maggie's lips that were all over Amanda's breasts and tummy, kissing them and arousing Amanda all over. Both pair of shorts came off. Hands were feeling inner thighs as lips continued to kiss lips. However Maggie jumped down and she dove on in. Her tongue slid out and it was all over Amanda's pussy and swiftly turning Amanda on. Amanda was breathing harder then she expected but she focused and watched as Maggie licked her continually. Amanda took over and placed her pussy up against Maggie's. From there, the wanton desire and lust grew tremendously for both the women. Both seemed to know exactly what to do and both did it so naturally as each one pushed against the other. Eyes closed shortly after that as their bodies pushed into the others and each ground their pussy hard so that each one would obtain that orgasm they knew was possible. Murmuring sounds not even Maggie thought possible, Amanda felt herself becoming wetter and even wetter. Her hands took hold of Maggie's body and told her she needed Maggie for so much more as they fucked on another throughout it all. Still grinding one another each grew hornier and as it all occurred both discovered they'd become wetter and even started to orgasm. These moments of making love, if that was what it was, were truly successful, and Maggie knew she'd made a friend for life. They came. It oozed out of their pussies and each one dropped to the bed as they felt the warm cum sliding out of themselves and to the mattress below. "So I've noticed something odd," Amanda

started to say. She smiled as she looked into Maggie's eyes. "Why is it that you carry a babydoll around with you? It was a babydoll I saw sitting on top of your bookbag in the bathroom stall was it not?" Maggie was totally surprised by her question. She looked, with an open mouth, into Amanda's eyes. "Uhhh, you saw that? That was you next to me honestly?" Amanda nodded her head and smiled, quietly, as she did, but then she said as she shrugged her shoulders "Teachers see things...so why is that?" Maggie wasn't sure what to say as the two stared at one another. Finally Maggie said "You want the truth, honestly?" asked Maggie. "Sure, why not," replied Amanda. As Amanda laid beside her, their bodies naked as usual Maggie said "It helps me umm well it helps get horny. I like to use it when I'm masturbating and well...it arouses me. It feels good when I rub it in between my inner thighs and when I'm about to masturbate," Maggie told her. And Amanda smiled as she asked "Like in the bathroom...or wherever?" Did she see that, Maggie asked herself as if surprised that she had to have. Then she said it. "Yes, like in the bathroom or somewhere like that." "Well now...maybe you and I should think about doing something like that together," Amanda told her as a naughty, mischievous smile settled in on her lips. Maggie's face pinched up as if questioning what Amanda exactly meant by that. She knew she'd been caught in the act of masturbating in the building they were in but how she'd been caught was anyone's question. She'd forgotten that her babydoll had been resting on her bookbag at the time but she'd been caught nevertheless. "Okay, if you'd like to," Maggie conceded, not that it was a bad idea. The two, laying close together at first didn't move, but Amanda wore that same naughty like smirk on her face. All of a sudden she decided what to do. "Hold on a moment. Just relax. I'll be right back." She went to her dresser and opened up a drawer and Maggie saw her pull something out. She wasn't sure what it was. Amanda, smiling, walked back to the bed, and as she did she said "Close your eyes, alright. I'm going to do something. Tell me what you think, okay?" She climbed back in bed. Maggie's eyes were closed and Amanda split Maggie's legs apart. Maggie wondered what Amanda was doing. But then she felt it. Amanda was doing it almost perfectly. "Ohhhhhh oh ohhhhhh oh wow...wow...oh God yes," and Maggie took a deep breath as Amanda rubbed the babydoll she had along the tightest lines around Maggie's pussy. Then she went in against it. "Ohhh oh fuck yes! Yes ohhhhhh yes...yes...oh yes," and once she said that her body "erupted." Maggie rose up off the bed, her butt in tow as it did. She cried out again as Amanda slid and rubbed her babydoll along Maggie's pussy. "Oh God...do something...do something! Please oh please do something," and so Amanda did do something. Amanda went down on Maggie and shoved her tongue deep into Maggie's pussy all the while rubbing the babydoll all over the insides of her thighs as she licked Maggie clean and watched her orgasm again. The two lay closely together and as they did Maggie reached around Amanda and pulled her into her body. She looked at her professor and smiled, thanking her for the time she'd spent with her. Amanda kissed Maggie on the forehead. "Nooooo dear...thank you," she said. "This has been my first time in a long, long while. So thank you," and she kissed Maggie again on her forehead. Maggie, not sure what to say, looked into Amanda's eyes. Something was stirring between them. That's for sure. Amanda rolled over onto Maggie's body and before Maggie realized it they were kissing one another everywhere again. Rolling this way and rolling that way, the two of them made love to each other

again that afternoon.