

Emma Watson II - The Mad House

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A mystery drive with Emma Watson leads to the mad house

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It had been over a month since that day on the boat yet it felt like a lifetime ago. It was more like some crazy dream now than it ever was as some of the finer details of what happened began to slip into the abyss of my memory as more recent events were pushed to the front. Summer was giving way to autumn and the sky was looking greyer and threatening with each passing day. Me, Rory and the guys had achieved quite a good summer of fishing having used the boat more than we had in any previous summer. The result was an old diesel engine desperately needing a servicing, something Rory had put off time and time again. We decided to carry out the basic maintenance needed on a Saturday but a family emergency meant Rory couldn't go down as planned. Being the loyal friend that I am, and because I didn't have anything else to do, I told him I would go down and do the work on my own. It was a depressing prospect to mess about with an old engine on my own. I guess the real reason I did it was out of guilt over what happened when his sister stayed at my place a few weeks ago. Although no one had found out about it I still had the heavy heart and had been overcompensating with my generosity; buying the first round at the pub, offering to be the designated driver and now servicing his boat's engine. I walked along the wharf with my tools and a can of fresh oil. I wore my thick bomber jacket to keep out the cold chill swooping in from the channel and a pair of leather gloves that I always covered my hands with when doing this kind of thing. I had cut my hands too many times trying to loosen stiff bolts and spark plugs in the past to ever do anything with a car or boat without them again. As I walked towards the boat I took a moment to stare out at the island which stood as a reminder of that day and laughed as I thought how absurd it sounded that I had spent an incredible afternoon on the boat with Emma Watson of all people. Having reached the boat I threw my tools in followed by the oil before I clambered up the side and nearly slipping as I landed on the floor which had been made wet from rain the night before. What an unceremonious start I thought to myself. "Shouldn't you ask for permission to come aboard first?" called out a voice from the wheelhouse. Surprised, I turned around and saw someone sitting in the wheelhouse on the swivel chair placed in front of the helm. It was her! She sat with her arm leaning on the back of the chair looking back at me. I almost didn't recognize her at first. She wore a bulky grey hooded sweatshirt that disguised her form and her hair was tucked up into a black baseball cap but it was definitely Emma. "I guess I could say the same about you," I replied standing there as I started to calm down

from the shock of finding her sitting there. "Technically you are trespassing." "Are you going to call the Police?" she asked dryly and with almost no emotion on her cold face. As I looked at her I wondered if she was actually challenging me to call them or was just joking with me using her acting talent to throw me off. Either way I caved in. "No," I said as a question suddenly sprung to mind. "Wait a minute! How did you know I was here today?" "What makes you think I came here to see you?" she asked in response stunning me off with the directness she had in her voice. As I stuttered trying to find an answer the right side of her lip curled into a cheeky smile. "I spoke to the woman in the cafe. Viola I think her name is? She said you're usually here every other Saturday because that's when you have the weekend off." "I think me and Viola are going to have to have a little chat about giving out my personal details," I quipped although in this instance I didn't mind so much. "So why did you come down here? You want to go around the island again?" I put it across as a joke while secretly I was curious to know what the answer would be. "Not today," she said as her grin grew in length. "Ah, I know what it is. You're thinking of bringing out a new fragrance and the one you have gone for is Eau de Mackerel. Is that it?" She kept her infectious smile as she slowly shook her head from side to side. She got up off the chair and started to climb out of the boat and back onto the wharf. "Where're you going?" I asked thinking I had crossed some sort of line. Standing on the wharf she looked back at me and uttered, "Come and find out for yourself." Again her voice was dry and lacking any emotion that might give away what she had planned. I suspected that the person standing before me was not really Emma Watson but some character she was playing although for what purpose I couldn't tell. "Well?" "Now hang on a minute," I protested playfully. "You might be a famous movie star but aside from the other week I don't really know you. You could be a serial killer for all I know." I chuckled at my little joke expecting her to join in but instead she said, "I might be." She looked on wanting to see the effects her words would have. I didn't know how to respond however and when she saw this she again grinned making me feel a little foolish. "So are you coming?" Again, I caved in. "Alright, let's go." I clambered back out of the boat and joined her on the wharf. We stood just a few inches from each other and I could smell the hint of perfume emanating from her neck. It was alluring and intoxicating as it consumed my nostrils. Standing that close to her again refreshed my memory over the last time we had met. I started to remember the soft touch of her delicate skin against mine and her taste as we kissed. "So, are you going to tell me where we are going?" She answered by turning around and starting to walk back across the wharf. I knew I was being played with and I liked it while at the same time felt quite apprehensive over the mystery to it all. People think that they know celebrities because they see them in movies or in interviews on TV but the truth is the person you see on the screen is not the real person. It's all a front because for celebrities they are the product that they are trying to sell. Although I knew this it didn't deter me even as I realized that if she had been some random woman off the street I would never have gone with her. I followed her into the car park adjacent to the harbour. We walked upto a blue Toyota Prius that she opened with the remote control on her keys before she climbed into the driver's seat. I was a little disappointed not to see the Bentley she had been driving the last time I saw her. I got into the passenger seat and put my seatbelt on while she started the engine. She backed the car out of the car park and started to drive us away

from the harbour. Within fifteen minutes we were on the motorway heading west although I was still no wiser about where we were going. With no radio or CD playing and only the low hum of the engine providing background noise it was an uncomfortable ride to say the least. She said nothing for most of the journey except when I asked the odd question after I could take the silence no longer. It was a good twenty minutes before we left the motorway and started driving through a series of narrow country lanes. I had a rough idea where we were but I couldn't be sure. It was an odd experience for me being so on edge with someone like her. At the time was twenty five years old and was six foot three inches with quite a broad frame while she was a petite young twenty year old woman who on TV looked quite harmless and yet she exerted this air of control over me. She had done it last time and she knew she could do it again. Suddenly we veered off another country lane and started driving up an alleyway formed by rows of Ash trees on either side of a gravel road. The car's tires trundled and slipped on the rocky surface as it made its way to the top where a large set of rusty old gates stopped our progress. Behind the gates was a large run down old manor house. I didn't know much about my manor houses having grown up in a council house but I figured it must have been about two or three hundred years old. She put the handbrake on and asked, "Will you open the gates please?" I didn't say anything. Instead I just got out of the car and walked up to the rusty old iron gates. There was no lock on them and so I pulled the bar across and started to push them open. They creaked and moaned as I pushed them wide enough apart for her to drive the Toyota through. As she passed me she leaned out of the window and said, "You better close them behind us. We don't want anyone to know we are here." She drove on by and parked the car up by the side of the house out of view of anyone looking up from the country lane at the bottom of the alleyway of Ash trees. I began to push the gates closed again and as I pulled the bolt back across I felt a small drop of rain land on the side of my nose. I looked up at the clouds overhead from where the raindrop had fallen. They were low and heavy looking like a thick blue and grey duvet had been rolled out over the heavens. A second drop landed on my jacket followed by a third and a fourth in quick succession. She was already out for the car and walking towards the front door of the house. Wanting to beat the impending downpour I rushed up to the doorway where she was standing waiting for me. We stood in the archway that protruded outwards from the door providing a protective overhang as the rain began to fall quite heavily. "So where are we?" I asked. "This used to be called Saint Abbott's," she explained. "It was a mental institution. Welcome to the mad house." "What?" I gasped as the house suddenly took on a creepier appearance now that I was aware of this fact. Without any prior warning she suddenly leaned up and kissed me softly on the lips. I was quite stunned by the speed at which she had made her move but I took it as an open invitation to return the compliment. I leaned in to kiss her back but she threw her left hand upto my lips sealing them shut with her index finger. "Not out here," she whispered with a sly grin before she pushed open the old wooden door and disappeared inside. Apprehensive of the old place I nevertheless followed her inside. The rain was now lashing against the walls and windows of the house causing a continuous echo of what sounded like 'white noise' echoing through the vast empty building. Having walked inside I found that we were standing inside a large atrium that reached up to the roof of the house where an immense glass dome allowed the light

from outside to shine in. There were three floors each of which had a balcony looking over into the atrium and were connected by two sets of winding stairs on either side of the house. Considering it was abandoned the inside was quite clean being free of rubbish and debris. Emma took my right hand and guided me towards the stairs on the right. "Come on, this way!" As we ascended the staircase I couldn't help but feel like I was being watched and my heart beat seemed to increase exponentially as a result. She led me up to the third floor where there was a corridor stretching to the back of the building. There were rooms on either side of the corridor identified by the rows of doors along the wall each of which was open except for one. That was the one she took me to. She stopped before opening it and turned to face me. "I'm going to give you a choice," she said. "If you want to we can go back to the car and I will drive you back to the harbour and we could leave it there." "Or?" I asked. "Or we could stay here and..." She opened the door to the closed room. To my surprise it had a bed inside with clean sheets neatly folded into hospital corners. On a short table next to the bed was a small candle that sat in a protective casing waiting to be lit so that it could provide us with light since the room itself had only a small dirt stained window for illumination. She had clearly planned this. For me it was no question and she knew it. She stepped inside the room and waited by the door for me to walk in before closing it behind us. With the door closed she turned around and leaned with her back up against it. I walked towards her and reached in for a kiss. This time she didn't refuse and our lips met in a firm but tender fashion. She was as I remembered her from that day out on the boat. I placed my hands on her hips and pushed the baggy hooded sweatshirt in until I could feel the shape of her body underneath the thick fabric. For her part she reached up and put her arms over my shoulders as we kissed. The movement of our heads attached via our lips caused her baseball cap to fall off and her hair fell rather untidily down to the side. As our kissing went on we both became breathless with excitement. Her arms began to droop down from my shoulders and along my arms. As her hands passed my elbows I lifted my arms up and took hold of her wrists before pinning them above her head against the door. I looked into her eyes as I gently restrained her and she gasped with erotic anticipation. I leaned down and kissed the right side of her neck while holding her arms apart. In response she tilted her head to the side to allow me greater access to kiss upto the bottom of her ear before I gently bit into her skin. Again she gasped as the barrier between pleasure and mild pain blurred into one electric experience. I stepped away from her and let go of her hands which dropped lazily to her side. She walked up towards me and started to push me back towards the bed. As the backs of my legs reached the bed's metal frame she began to unzip my bomber jacket which she ripped from my torso once she was done. Weaving my arms out, she deposited it on the floor leaving me standing there in my white t-shirt and grey combats. She reached down to the bottom of her hooded sweatshirt and I watched as she lifted it up over her head before she threw it down next to my jacket. She now stood in front of me with just a pair of black denim trousers and a pink satin bra with frills along the top. That was a look I had always found sexy but to see her like this was mind blowing. She continued to push me back until my legs gave way against the bed and I fell down onto it. She continued to advance forwards, climbing on top of me as I lay there in awe of her beauty. With one leg either side of me she rubbed her lower half over my groin causing my cock to swell with

excitement. I reached across and placed my hands on her swaying hips before they began to explore her upper body reaching up further and further until they arrived at the smooth fabric of her bra. Once there she took hold of my hands and guided them onto her breasts showing me how she wanted me to touch them. She used my hands to rub and squeeze them in a series of quick and firm gropes that caused her to sigh in delight. It was not long before she let go of my hands feeling confident enough for me to go it alone so to speak. Her nipples were now positively solid and poking through the satin like little bullets. I was so transfixed by keeping the rhythm on her breasts that I failed to notice her reaching around her back. There was a sharp clicking sound and suddenly the satin bra was no longer tight around her breasts but was hanging loose in my hands. I started to retract my hands and watched as she let it fall from her chest to reveal her breasts in their naked glory. Like my jacket and her sweatshirt the bra found itself being tossed on the floor as I reached back up to explore her now totally exposed upper body. My heart seemed to skip a beat as I cupped her breasts once more and began to experience her milky white flesh that was almost as soft and smooth as the satin they had been resting in. The direct contact clearly suited her more as she responded to my touch with a more audible approval. My increasingly swelling cock was now desperate for every millimeter of available space in my trousers which was made all the more difficult by her being on top of me. I took her by the right arm and guided her off me and onto the bed. She clambered up the mattress until her head was on the pillow and her legs were outstretched down towards the bottom of the bed. Still sitting next to her I reached down for the top button of her jeans and undid it before running down the zip. Loosened up I reached inside them and caught hold of the top of them as well as her knickers and began to pull them down forgetting that she was wearing shoes. Noticing my obvious mistake she began to kick her shoes off before I pulled her trousers and her knickers down and away from her body. Laying there in just a pair of white cotton socks she had a body that Aphrodite would have been driven mad with envy over. She raised her right arm up over her head as I leaned down and kissed her tummy. This was the first in a series of kisses I placed on her stomach each lower than the last as I made my way down towards her warm and perfectly waxed pussy. Leaning over her I reached down and pulled the lips of her pussy apart allowing me to reach in with my tongue and taste the sweetness of her clit. As my tongue lapped up the swollen crop of flesh I felt her hand come down hard on my back as she subconsciously reached out for anything to grab hold of as she became enthralled in the sensation. I continued to run my tongue over her clit as it became glazed over. While I was busy with it I could hear her breathing getting deeper and faster. Her chest was rising higher and higher pushing against me as I leaned over her. Even though my tongue was starting to ache I continued on unabated as her legs began to tense up and open and close as if of their own accord. Her body was now starting to wriggle as she became overwhelmed by lust. Her breathing was starting to reach a peak and when I realized she was only moments away from her climax I thrust my middle finger from my right hand inside her as I pushed down even harder on her clit with my tongue. "Oh God!" she cried out as her head tilted forwards and her face screwed up while the orgasm took hold of her body. I stopped what I was doing to look up at her. She began to rock back and fore as she tried to expel the sudden rush of energy that filled her from head to toe. As the climax began to subside she

seemed to fall back down onto the mattress, her body in the midst of trying to recover. I looked down at her face and saw her eyelids were starting to lower. I knew she was fighting the urge to fall asleep and that if I wanted anything out of this I needed to act fast. I began to get undressed and once I was done I cuddled up close beside her on the mattress. As our skin touched she instinctively leaned over and threw her arm across my chest. For some reason it was then that I noticed just how dark it had gone. The rain was still lashing against the outside of the manor house and I expected to hear the rumble of thunder at any minute. I looked over at the candle in its protective case and saw that hidden behind it was a small cigarette lighter. I took the candle out of the case and lit it with the lighter before putting it back in. For such a small light source it was amazing just how effective the glow was having on the room. With a bit more light I looked back down at Emma whose head had now found its way onto my shoulder. I reached down with my right hand and started to massage my cock as I nudged her back awake. She seemed to snap awake again before I started to guide her head down towards my erection with my left hand. She angled her whole upper body down towards my waist before taking over from my own hand. Having watched her do this I lay my head back as she gently stroked it from the tip down to the base causing it to leak from the top in excited anticipation. It was clear that she was still trying to find the strength within her to carry on but I didn't mind. I was quite a patient man as long as I wasn't kept waiting too long. After close to a minute I felt her lips starting to touch the end of my cock which sent a shudder up my body. She moved her lips further down my shaft allowing them to mould themselves to the shape and diameter of my manhood. The further down she went the greater the sensation as her tongue rubbed against the top half. I felt my body become energized with anticipation as she slowly retracted her mouth before repeating the motion again producing a similar result. I felt my eyes rolling into the back of my head as her mouth worked on me. As she would reach the top of my cock she would poke her tongue out and push it down onto the very tip of it which made my head fill with fireworks. I ran my hand through her hair as she continued to work on me. Her movements were becoming faster and faster and just like how she showed me how she wanted me to touch her so too did I show her how I wanted her to suck me off. I placed my hand on the back of her head and guided her movements so that she moved at the speed that produced the best result for me. Once I had found it my hand began to affectionately stroke her head as she continued rise and fall on my cock. A minute or so went by and I could feel myself positively tingling with pleasure from her actions. I could have let her carry on like this until I finished but that didn't seem right somehow. I wanted more. I had become greedy with lust and I intended to get more than my share out of this. I moved my hand around to her jaw and gently put pressure on it to instruct her to stop. My stiff cock seemed to pop out of her mouth as she looked up at me for confirmation of what I wanted. I held out my hands and waved her towards me. She started to get up and as she scrambled onto all fours she proceeded to crawl over me until she was on top. As she sat there for a moment my cock pressed up against her pussy, the shaft rubbing her clit as it rested there. We were both so wet from having had contact with each other that when she kneeled upwards and guided my cock towards her hole it slid inside her with ease. As I watched my cock disappear inside her she started to sway her hips backwards and forwards forcing my cock against the inside of her vagina.

This action served to reinvigorate her and it was clear that she was getting a surge of adrenalin as she suddenly kneeled upwards letting my cock slide back out again before going back down. Having left her pussy my cock forced its way back in again causing her to gasp and shudder. This became the pattern for how we would start; she would kneel as high as she could so that she was off my cock and thus I would have to enter her again as she came down. I certainly wasn't complaining about it. It felt amazing. It became counter productive however as the more she did it the easier I could slip back in and so she settled in to less higher strides keeping the very end of my cock inside her as she got into her rhythm. We clasped our hands together and she pushed down on me using me for support. As I watched her on top of me the light from the flickering candle danced endlessly changing shadows on her smooth skin. It was an explosion of colour and light mixed with the beauty of her shape and it kept me staring at her almost hypnotized by the spectacle playing out before me. Soon her head began to flop from side to side as her mind became numb from the euphoria of the whole event. She leaned back further as she continued to ride my cock freeing up my hands to reach out and touch her. Once again my hands reached out and took hold of the bare flesh of her breasts and I began to massage and squeeze them in perfect symmetry. As my thumbs began to rub over her nipples I felt her tensing up once more. Her whole body was preparing itself for another burst of ecstasy as she started to reach her second climax. It came in a sudden and loud outburst. Her head flung back with her mouth open unsure if she wanted to breathe or scream through it. I felt her pussy clamping down on my cock as she continued to push down on it each stride getting stronger and stronger. Her whole body was now sensitive to even the slightest touch and so I decided to take advantage of this. I ran the fingers of my right hand down her front and all the way to her pussy. While she rode my cock my thumb began circling her clit in firm, fast circles. She was now almost out of control as she began to ride me faster and harder. My cock began to feel like a powder keg desperate to go off. I could feel the surge of pressure building up in it rising to the top until finally... She gasped heavily one last time as she felt another surge of adrenalin rip through her body causing her to smile and giggle in delight. I was desperately trying to catch my breath as I started to come down. My heart beat on the inside of my ribcage like it was a blacksmith's hammer. Both our bodies were now drenched in a cold sweat but that didn't bother either of us as she collapsed down on top of me and we cuddled once more. The release that came from the whole experience was so intense that for those few minutes immediately afterwards I didn't have a care in the world. I just lay there with her relishing in it. I don't know what time I nodded off to sleep. It was early the next morning when I awoke. I looked around and found that I was alone. She had gone. Sitting up I saw that my mobile phone was on the floor and someone had started writing a message on it. I picked it up and read what it said. I DID OFFER TO TAKE YOU BACK BUT YOU CHOSE TO STAY. X "Oh that's great!" I grumbled as I sat there naked on the end of the bed trying to figure out how I was going to get home. "That girl has a wicked sense of humour!"