

# Emma's Confessions - Afternoon delight

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This is the natural sequel to Confessions of a College Slut. You might want to read that first, if you haven't already done so. Meeting up with my friend Emma and learning of her naughty secret had whetted my appetite. I have to admit, I did get a bit gooey when she told me and I got even wetter when I wrote it up. So, with the impetus on my side, I phoned Emma a couple of days later to see if the story ended there or not. "Hi Emms it's me." "Hi Danny, how are you?" "I'm all good thank you. I so loved that story, Emma." "Actually, I half expected you to be in touch." "You did?" "Yes. You're wondering if me and Mr Longman got it on again, aren't you?" "Well, actually - yes!" Emma giggled down the phone. "So come on Emma baby. Spill the beans!" "OK, well it was like this..." I snuggled into the corner of my sofa and listened to the next part of Emma's sexy tale. This is what happened... A week had passed since Mr Longman had fucked Emma after geography during the lunch break. It was still warm for the time of year and Emma was walking home. She was wearing a short black skirt and black hold ups. As she passed the red post box two streets from her house, a car pulled along side. It was an old, open top sports car and was being driven by no other than her geography tutor. "Hi Emma, can I give you a lift?" "Oh hi Sir, thanks but I only live down there." "Oh, OK that's all right then." "I didn't say I wouldn't like a ride in your car though!" Added Emma. "Oh well that's easy to arrange. Jump in," said the tutor. Emma opened the passenger door, sat in the bucket seat and belted up. The leather upholstery felt good against her bare thighs. There was something about the lines of the old car, which impressed Emma and made Mr Longman seem even more attractive. She ran her index finger along the walnut dashboard and looked at the geography tutor as he changed gear. Emma smiled at him and stroked the gear lever suggestively. Mr Longman put his foot down as they hit the boulevard, which headed north out of town. "Where do you want to go?" He asked. "Do you live alone Sir?" Asked Emma, the wind rushing through her hair. "I do." "Maybe we could have a drive and go back to yours." Mr Longman smiled and drove around the perimeter of an old gravel pit and then back onto the main road. The engine roared like a big cat and Emma felt special. She had never been in a car like this, with its throbbing eight cylinders. The spoke wheels were like ones she had seen in her Dad's car magazines. After a few minutes they turned into a street with big gardens and went up hill a short way and Mr Longman pulled up. He looked down at Emma's legs and licked

his lips. Emma knew what effect the white of her legs had on men like Mr Longman, wedged between her skirt and her hold ups. "Hmmm that was fantastic Mr Longman. These old cars turn me on," said Emma. "You're a little tease!" said the tutor. "What do you mean Sir?" said Emma, playing with the hem of her skirt. Mr Longman shook his head and took Emma up his garden path, looking around a little furtively, in case a neighbour noticed his companion. "Do you want a drink or something?" asked Mr Longman, as Emma looked around his little kitchen inquisitively. "Just a glass of water please." "There you go. What do you think to my kitchen. All my own DIY," said Mr Longman. "Hmmm...nice towel rail," observed Emma, lowering her eyes. "Towel rail? Oh yes!" Mr Longman smiled, clutching his aching groin. Emma sipped her water as the tutor hung up his jacket in the hall. As he returned, Emma began to unbutton her white top. It was a short-sleeved hockey top, that buttoned down far enough to reveal her cleavage. Mr Longman stopped in his tracks and gazed at Emma. Emma watched him, enjoying the effect that her behaviour had. Mr Longman put his hand on her leg and slid her skirt upwards, until he could see her white panties. Emma's nipples became immediately erect as she guided his hand further, until his fingers were on her gusset. "What do you want to do to me today, Sir?" asked Emma, sexily. "I want to taste your pussy, Emma and then fuck you hard." "Hmmm... I bet you are good at eating pussy, Sir." "Oh Emma, you'll get me locked up, but it's worth it you little slut!" Mr Longman put his right hand inside Emma's top and squeezed her little boobs, making them pop up, above her bra. "Let me take my top off Sir." Emma pulled her white hockey top over her head, which made her hair messy. Mr Longman took a deep breath as he ran his hands through her hair and then bent down and kissed her cheeky cleavage. He bit her boobs gently and then pulling her bra up, closed his lips around her bullet-stiff nipples. A sharp tingle of pleasure ran down Emma's tummy and her pussy became instantly wetter. "Perch yourself on the stool Emma," instructed the tutor. Emma did as she was asked and put one hand on his spice rack to steady herself as she opened her legs. Mr Longman dropped to his knees and looked Emma in the eyes and then kissed her soft thighs, which made her shiver. A little more love juice trickled from her teenage pussy. Emma closed her eyes and braced herself as her tutor pulled her sodden panty gusset to one side. At first he rubbed his nose between her swollen labia and then she heard a low moan as he ran his tongue along the length of her moist crack. "Oh Emma, you're so fucking wet! Your pussy is amazing!" "Hmmm... I know Sir. Hmmm...lick me Sir," whimpered Emma. The tutor rubbed his slightly stubbly chin against her creamy thighs and then delved his tongue as deep as it would go, until he could feel the shiny entrance of her vagina. "Ooooooo...oh fuck!" cried Emma. He undid his stone-washed jeans as he lapped hungrily at Emma's juicy snatch. Her inner lips were pink and wet inviting his tongue further, to taste her lovely nectar. Emma could actually hear the wet sloshing of his tongue lapping up her pussy juice. His technique was exquisitely perfect, making her body glow and tremble with ecstasy. She was getting close to an amazing orgasm and unlike last time, there was no need to hold back. As Mr Longman ate his student's pussy, his nose nudged her clitoris and Emma's body jolted. Sensing the closeness of her orgasm and the sheer sensitivity of her little button, Mr Longman flicked her with his tongue. Emma half yelped, half squealed with pleasure. He did it again, but this time rolled his tongue round and round her clit. "Aaaaahhh...ooooohhh...Sir...aaaah fuck!"

“Oh Emma, you little fucking slut... is that good!” “Oh Sir...make me cum!” He was now alternately licking and sucking her clitoris and waves of pleasure were running through her young body as the milky cum trickled onto his lips. “Oooh...ooh...oh fuck! FUCK!!! Aaaaaah Mr Longman...aaaaaaaaah yes!” Emma’s bum cheeks writhed on the stool and her legs jerked as she came in her tutor’s mouth. He could feel the heat of her pussy and the intensity of her orgasm, as he gripped her thighs. Emma's eyes were closed and she was sucking on her fingers, savouring every moment of her orgasm. Mr Longman stood up. Emma took a sip of water and looked at his cock, which throbbed with his arousal. His jeans were a loose pile on the floor and his half unbuttoned shirt revealed the row of dark hairs on his stomach. Emma’s pussy now ached for his cock. She had come from the stimulation of her clitoris but that just made her want him more. She wanted to feel his hardness drive into her again, like he had the week before. The tutor held her slim waist and turned Emma round, so that her hands were flat against his washing machine. Mr Longman lifted up her skirt and pulled her cum-soaked panties to one side. He wanted to fuck her with her panties on this time. He slipped his seven inches into her wet cunt and they both let out a long gasp of pleasure. He enjoyed the extra tightness of the cotton pressing on his dick as he savoured the heat of her pussy. Mr Longman was turned on beyond reason now. His cock was on fire with his longing for her tight young body. His hands cupped her boobs as he drove his shaft in and out, in and out. This time he was having his fill and wouldn’t stop until he came. He stroked her soft legs with one hand, feeling the black top of her hold ups. His other hand squeezed her boobs, teasing her nipples. Mr Longman’s cock was now fully engorged and he fucked her hard, making her body tremble and judder. Emma gripped the worktop and spread her arms forwards allowing him to go deeper, to fuck her harder. Mr Longman took long deep breaths as the burning of his pre-orgasm filled his cock. Emma was whimpering, her hand knocking a cup flying and sending a tea caddy rolling into the sink as her tutor gave her a few final firm thrusts. “Aaaaaahhhh.....ooooohh... Mr Longman! I’m coming! I’M COMING!!” “Yes EMMA!!! Oh yes...oh Emma...Emma!” Emma’s body shook with the final throes of ecstasy and then her tutor’s dick exploded in her, shooting load after creamy load deep inside her pussy. For a while they remained joined as his cock continued to throb, pumping the last bits of his seed out. Emma leant forward with her head next to her arm. It was the best sex she had ever had. “Wow!” said Mr Longman, at last. “Hee hee,” giggled Emma, brightly, straightening her panties. “I think you better take me home now Mr Longman. Thank you for the extra tuition. It was very beneficial.” Mr Longman dressed quickly and picked up his car keys. He rubbed his chin thoughtfully. Emma was certainly making the grade.