Arkansas rain

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Published on Lush Stories on 18 Sep 2011

daughter of an Arkansas farm owner falls in love with a farmhand

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/interracial/arkansas-rain.aspx

Marie had known James for almost a year. There are folks in this small suburban town in Arkansas who gave her the look, because she treated James same as she would with any of the young white males around. James was black. Marie was the daughter of an upright, white, and church going family who ran the farm in rural Arkansas. That did not bother her. She did not care for all their snide whisperings or her own parents' unspoken disapproval.

James had come into her life when her daddy took him into employment. James was a sight to behold, standing almost 6 feet 4 with rippling muscles and light ebony complexion. He reminded her of a young Cassius Clay. At first, Marie did not see him any different than other employees on the farm. But James was different from the rest. He was always clean and fresh looking, even when he was covered with sweat when loading the bales of hay onto the trucks. He did not speak unnecessarily unless spoken to, not like most of the farmhands who usually steal a sly look at Marie whenever she was around them.

As months went by, she got to notice James and was taken by his quiet demeanor. He was always very polite, and addressed Marie as 'ma'am' during conversation. She chided him and told him to call her by name. Marie never harbored any racial divide as many in this parts still do. Discrimination still ran deep but in subtle forms.

She was in her senior year and frequently visited home during semester breaks. Marie had a boyfriend, Ron, at university. They were an item and he had spent time on the farm occasionally. Like any young couple they had engaged in close sexual proximity, but never going all the way. It happened once in the privacy of his dormitory. After engaging in heavy petting, in the throes of foreplay, he had unbuttoned her blouse and slipped off my bra. Ron was the only male who ever kissed and sucked her firm coned shaped breasts. He had managed to strip off her panties.

When she felt the head of his penis at the entrance of her still virgin vagina, she panicked and stopped him from going further. Both were not on any birth control and she had the presence of mind to realize she could end up being impregnated. Marie knew that Ron was devastated. She too,

needed fulfillment. Looking up at him as he knelt before her, his solid penis raging, she pulled him close.

Marie was not naïve. Among her girlfriends, they had talked and laughed about making out. And she had seen those adult magazines.

She stared at Ron's pulsating penis and saw the liquid dripping out. Ron moved closer and his hand was on her pubic hair. His fingers rubbed her protruding clit. The sensation was so good. Just as she had seen in those girlie magazines, Marie opened her lips and closed onto his penis. It was a shock to her system when Ron groaned and erupted. It was also her first time taking a man's ejaculation in her mouth. Ron's cum tasted terrible as he kept spurting onto her tongue. She gagged and his baby making cream seeped out of her mouth. She spluttered and pushed him away.

All sensations of pleasure diminished and she rushed to the bathroom to spit out his nauseous male seed. She kept gurgling down the tap water to wash away what Ron had deposited in her mouth. She looked in the mirror and saw streaks of his cum splattered on her cheeks and forehead. She felt disgusted. When she came out, Ron was still kneeling on the mattress and looking at with unabated desire. She quickly dressed and left his room.

Since that day, their relationship cooled. Although he tried to be close to her, she dread what had happened between them. She did not want to go through it again. Ron gradually had a new girlfriend but Marie and him still remained friends.

The experience with Ron put her off having close relationships with boys. Ever since knowing James, she felt save with him. Marie knew he would never take advantage of her. Her parents noticed that Ron did not come around lately. Marie did not seem to have any boyfriends and sometimes such conversation came up during her visits home. She told them she wanted to concentrate on her studies until graduation.

Marie was Mr and Mrs Armstrong only child. The farm was quite a huge spread and the main house stood on a hillock. The workers quarters were about half a mile down the road.

On that late November evening, her parents left for her father's brother funeral and would be away for 4 days. She received her dad's telephone call over the weekend to inform her of the sad news. Marie consoled him and said that she would be home on the evening train, the day they were leaving. The foreman would be running the daily chores while she would look after the house.

When she arrived at the train station, Marie saw that James was waiting for her in the pickup.

“Sorry to hear about your uncle,” James said, as he loaded her luggage.

“Uncle Sam was not well for awhile now, cancer is so unpredictable,” Marie replied.

“Anyway, thanks for meeting me,” she smiled at him.

As he drove for home, the twilight sky was flashing with intermittent lightning in the bleak Arkansas night.

“It’s going to rain,” James said. “Bad weather is predicted for the week.”

They moved along the almost deserted highway in silence.

Marie turned slightly to look at James. In the fading light, she saw the silhouette of this big, light ebony skinned and handsome young man. She had come to know and liked him. He never turned to look at her and she had the comforting feeling of being completely save sitting beside him. A flash of light brightens the sky followed by a burst of deafening thunder. Instinctively she reached out and held his arm. Another roar followed and she dipped her head against his upper arm.

“It’s ok, that’s only thunder,” he said quietly.

Marie had never touched a black man before. Strangely, her heart was pounding rapidly. She wanted to release his arm but something in her made her hold on. She had heard people saying that blacks emit unpleasant body odor but James smelt manly and sweet. Marie did not know what came over her. Her hand reached out and touched the back of his neck.

James stiffened momentarily.

“Please don’t,” he said softly.

“Is it because I am white, or is it because I am my father’s daughter?” Marie replied, as she gently stroked the hair at the back of his neck.

Not in her wildest imagination did she ever imagine she had the nerve of doing that.

“No,” he said. “I worship the ground you walk on. You treat me no different from another human being. And I respect your parents,” he ended.

His words only filled her with what she had felt all this while whenever around him. It hit her with such

force that she reached up and kissed his cheek.

“Dammit, don’t do that Marie, please,” he said, pulling his head away from her.

Marie was hurt and confused. She moved to the far end of the seat. Unable to control herself, she started to cry, humiliated by James reaction.

The sky opened and the rain beat down. The weather turned horrendous and James had to concentrate on the road until they reached the sanctuary of the porch of the house. Not a word was spoken between them. In her cluttered mind, Jean had slipped into deep slumber and did not wake up when James switched off the ignition.

The porch light was on as he had left it before leaving for the station. The big house was empty as the maid too had gone with her parents for the funeral.

James gave a sigh and turned to the young woman asleep beside him. For the first time, he really took a good look at Marie. Her wavy and long auburn hair fell softly covering part of her face. His heart missed a beat. She looked so beautiful and vulnerable. He had not noticed that before. The top button of her silk shirt was opened and he could see part of the pale swell of her breasts. He closed up her shirt and got out of the pickup.

He opened the front door of the house. When he came back to the pickup, Marie had awoken.

“We’re home, sleepy head,” he said, smiling.

Jean shook her head. The rain was lashing down.

She looked around and images of what transpired earlier came flashing back. She blushed and felt ashamed.

James behaved as though nothing had occurred as he took her luggage into the house. She walked in and switched on the light.

“This house is too big for you to stay alone,” he said. “I worry about the storm.” he continued.

Just as he finished speaking, a clap of thunder rang out and the lights were off.

‘Take a rest. I’ll see to the problem,” James told Marie.

She took a deep breath and sat on the sofa. How could she face him? She felt terrible for making an utter fool of herself. She was thankful that he acted as though nothing out of the ordinary had occurred.

“The mains were hit by lightning,” he said as he came towards her. “There’s not much we can do but wait for the contractors to replace the main fuse tomorrow.”

“It’s so dark,” she said softly, almost to herself.

“Don’t worry, I’ll go find some oil lamps, knowing situations like this could happen anytime I’m sure there must be some around,” he said.

“I’ll go get the torchlight from the pickup,” he assured her.

After a while James came back with two lighted oil lamps.

“These are all I can find, at least they are better than nothing,” he said. “Take one for your room. I’ll hang this in the hall.” he added.

“This storm looks like it will go on the whole night. You lock the door. I’ll be outside,” he told her and started to walk out the main door.

“James,” she called out to him.

“You don’t mean to say that you are sleeping outside on the patio. No, I’ll not allow you to do that. You sleep in the guest room. Otherwise, I will also sleep outside,” she said.

“I mean….” he tried to convince her.

“You mean it’s not right for you spend the night with me under the same roof? Who gave you that right?” she replied.

She took charge.

“I’ll get ready the guest room and I can get you daddy’s pyjamas,” Marie said with finality.

James stood still and heaved a sigh. No use fighting or reasoning when she is all worked up. The lady’s got quite a mean streak. She’s a good woman.

“The room is ready,” Marie said when she walked towards him. “And not to worry, dad’s pyjamas will fit you, although it is a bit larger,” she said with a nice laughter.

“Would you like anything, I making a cup of hot chocolate,” she said.

“Emm, no thanks anyway,” he replied and he headed for the guestroom.

Marie soaked herself in the bathtub. It was a long day. She put on a thin cotton baby doll nightdress, wearing only silk panties, without the constricting presence of a bra. She sat on her bed and brushed her hair. She could hear the pattering of raindrops on the roof. The wind was almost howling through the acres of farmland.

She got into bed and tried to read. Her concentration wavered. Sometimes she followed the storyline and then her mind went back to the man in the guestroom. She wondered what he was thinking about. It almost became an obsession to be near him. The night was getting colder and Marie felt intense loneliness and a need for the comfort of being with James.

She looked at the time and it showed 11.37pm. She had been lying and tossing for two hours.

She stood up and walked softly out of her room. The house was pitch dark except for the lighted oil lamp in the hall. Marie picked up the lamp and stood outside the guestroom. She opened the door. Marie suppressed a cry by putting the palm of her hand against her mouth. James was standing by the open window, looking into the night. He was shirtless and wearing only his boxers.

“God, what is it Marie,” he said, coming towards her.

“Here, give me the lamp. Girl, you are shaking,” he said taking her by the hand and leading her to the sofa.

He placed the lamp on the table and took the chair opposite her. In the flickering light, James took in the vision of the woman sitting in front of him. The sight took his breath away. He saw the nightdress only covered her upper body. Her legs were bare, her hips flared out and her thighs exposed. Even in the subdued light he could see the contours of her full breasts and the darkened nipples through the thin cotton. He tried not to focus on her but her pale white body was a magnet he could not tear his eyes away from.

“Let me put on a shirt,” he said, standing up.

“You don’t have to, James,” Marie said. “I am here because I want to be with you.”

He stood still and watched as Marie got up and walked towards him.

She stood before him. The top of her head only reached his chin.

James watched as Marie lifted the nightdress over her head and drops it onto the floor. She slipped off her panties. James could not believe what was happening. She stood naked before the farmhand, her stunning nudeness for his eyes to feast. Her breasts full and firm, nipples hardened and extended in the coolness of autumn rain. Flesh white like alabaster. He looked down and caught the soft down fur between the vee of her thighs, the color of her hair. She closed the distance between them and her arms encircled his waist. She rested her head against his broad chest.

The feel of her warm nakedness pressed against him send waves of unreleased male desire to his very core. The sudden swelling and hardening of his penis made an imprint against her belly.

Marie’s childlike plea made him want to shield her from the ugliness of the world, if ever this moment became public.

“Hold me, my love,” she said.

He tenderly touched her skin. He caressed her shoulders and stroked her hair.

James bent down and lifted her like a child in his arms. His penis taut and raging. Marie put her arms around his neck. He raised her higher and they kissed.

With their mouth clamped together, James carried her to the bed. He placed her in the middle and sat beside her. He just wanted to take in every inch of her beauty. He never had a white woman before.

He noticed there were tears in her eyes.

“Just hold me,” she said.

James slowly turned her sideways. He removed his boxers and lay to spoon her. His right arm was around her chest and his left cradled her head. His body flat against her back. He kissed the back of her head and neck, down to her shoulders.

The hardness of his penis lay between the softness of her inner thighs. She smelt of lavender and the pureness of springtime. Unable to stop himself, he gently moved his penis against the clamping soft flesh of her inner thighs.

It was all too much and too soon for James. His intoxicated mind could not control the release of his sperm as it shot out from his heavy testicles to wet Marie's thighs and buttocks, dribbling down onto the bedspread.

He took deep breaths of air. He felt ashamed of losing control and soiling her body.

"Sorry, I tried," he said.

"I did that to you?" she interjected.

"I'll change the sheets," he said.

"We'll send it to the cleaners tomorrow, I'll get some towels to place over it," she told him.

She got up and went to her room for the towels. She quickly got into her bathroom and her hands touched the sticky fluid that James had smeared between her thighs and buttocks. Her pulse quickened when she raised her fingers up to smell it. It did not smell offensive as she had expected, like the time she was with Ron. She took a wet face towel and cleaned herself. She thought about it. To taste, but she did not.

Meanwhile, James had also washed up and sat waiting for her. He had put on his boxers.

There is to be more Chapters to this story ifthere are positive response. I admit that myfirst contribution was a rushed job. Thanks for reading.