My American Lady - Part 2

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For J - she knows who she is and what she means to me

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And then…

She quietly closed the door between out rooms and I stood, watching as she turned to face me. She moved closer to me and first touched the silver pendant hanging from the front of my dress then lifted it and weighed it in her palm.

‘Is it attached?’

‘Yes, Miss.’

She smiled and turned suddenly away, dropping the pendant. She sat in a small upholstered chair and looked at me as I stood, feeling a little awkward.

‘I want to see those nipples – I have often seen them in your pictures, now I want to see them for real.’

I unbuttoned my dress, slowly, and held it open for her to see me.

‘Good girl. Now, lift the skirt of your dress’

I took the hem and lifted it over the tops of my stockings and up to my waist. Her eyes shone in the light of the low, bedside lamps and she pressed her hand into her lap.

‘Come closer and kneel down.’

I knelt in front of her and she stroked my hair. She reached down and touched the pendant again.

‘Is it attached exactly as I told you it should be?’

‘Yes, it is Miss.’

‘Does it hurt?’

‘No, Miss.’

Her hands touched, rested on my shoulders then stroked their way to my breasts.

‘Tonight we’re going to make love. Tonight our bodies are going to learn about each other. We’re going to explore, taste and love. Tomorrow, well, that’s another thing altogether. OK?’

I nodded.

She stood and allowed her dress to slip off her shoulders and fall to her feet. Beneath it she wore only stockings and suspenders. Her nipples were hard, crowning the breasts that were only slightly larger than mine. They were darker and longer. The hair on her pubis was trimmed and neat. I saw that her lips were swollen and her inner lips protruded slightly. She reached down and cupped my chin, lifting me to my feet. She undid the single button at my waist and pushed the straps off my shoulders and down over my arms, caressing me as she did so. My dress fell as hers had and I stepped out of the pool of fabric. The pendant hung from the waist of my knickers. She took the pendant and released it from the clip and she threw it to the chair.

‘Undo the other clamp.’

I pulled aside the crotch of my knickers and unclipped it, feeling the burning return of blood to my lip. A small moan escaped my lips and she leant to kiss me.

‘A little pain, so very little. So much to learn. Take off your knickers.’

I did so.

I stood straighter and she kissed me again. This time her nipples pressed hard into my skin. She is slightly taller than I and they rubbed over the tops of my breasts as her tongue explored my mouth. She probed into me and her hands stroked my back. I lifted my arms to encircle her but she pushed them back to my sides. One hand went between us and palmed my breast as I tasted her mouth, the other went to my pussy and cupped it. She moaned softly and, leaning back, said, ‘So wet.’

She took my hand and guided it to her treasure, using her finger to press mine between her lips. They opened and folded around my finger.

I smiled, ‘So wet.’

She smiled too and lifted my hand to my mouth, guiding that finger between my lips. I suckled, my eyes locked on hers.

She pulled abruptly away and rolled back the bed covers. She slipped onto the bed and, looking at

me, she said, ‘Go and hang the “do not disturb” sign outside.’ I went to find my dress but she said, ‘just do it.’ So I did. I was as quick as I could be and, so far as I know, unseen. When I locked the door and turned back to her she was grinning.

‘Join me.’

I lay by her side and she leaned over me to kiss me. Her hands explored me, cupping my breasts, rolling my nipples, stroking my flesh. Her fingers entered me as we kissed but all the while my arms were left by my side. Every time I tried to embrace her she prevented me. She found my clitoris and squeezed it between her fingers so it protruded, I could not see but could feel so clearly. My hips lifted involuntarily off the bed but her weight pushed me back down.

Then she rolled onto her back and pulled me over her. She lifted her head and guided my arm behind it. Her hand lifted my free hand to her breast and she pulled my face down to hers, my mouth open and wet for her, as I was everywhere.

I kissed her. I pushed my tongue forward and felt the joy of her teeth parting to let me into her. She sucked it deeper and my right leg, which was between hers, felt the wet of her as I pressed it to her. I licked her ears, her neck, her breasts. I suckled at her nipples, giving each the same attention. I felt her arms running up my back. Her hands pushed my shoulders and I found myself at her navel. I kissed it and tongued it, delighting in her murmur and then I was there, my face warm between her thighs, her hands running through my hair.

I let my tongue touch her and felt a small jolt run through us both. I lapped and tasted and felt those swollen lips swell even further, opening to me as her mouth had. I kissed her then, deeply, letting my tongue invade her, my nose pressing to her hood. I lifted her silk-clad knees onto my shoulders and began to treat her as I had dreamed of treating her. I gave her my face. I used my tongue and my fingers to arouse and intrude. I licked her bum and was rewarded with a squeezing of her fingers in my hair. I pushed my tongue harder and was encouraged by a harder squeeze, like a rider’s knees on her horse as she instructs it to turn. I licked up to her clitoris and felt it harden beneath my tongue. I sucked it and my fingers slid into her beneath my mouth, crossing inside her.

I don’t know how long I worked there. Suddenly, I felt her tighten, not just her pussy but her whole body, and I knew she was rising to her climax. I worked my tongue and fingers faster and deeper and she came, in a way that made her body undulate and lifted her pussy tighter to my face.

I licked her gently down from her orgasm, drinking her wetness, cleaning her.

We lay, breathless and I glowed. Her arousal was mine.

We sat up, a little later, drinking wine and caressing each other absently. Then she unwound the chain from around my waist and studied it. She sucked my nipple and, when it was hard again, she clipped the clamp to it. I bit my lip to suppress the moan. She repeated this with the second nipple and clamp and took the chain and wound it in coils around my neck until it was tidy between my

breasts.

The pain was gentle and warm and she kissed my mouth then reached down to finger me. I came in seconds, falling back against the pile of cushions we had erected.

‘Sleep now, little one. We will wake to a new day and a new adventure, one in which orgasms are asked for and, sometimes, granted.’ She smiled and turned out her light.

She slept almost immediately and I sat beside her, watching her. I covered her. I went to remove the clamps but changed my mind. I touched her but did not rouse her.

I turned out the light and lay in the dark, hearing her soft breathing and wondering precisely what lay in store for me.