Away, Naked Loved

By Jane_Awsum

Published on Lush Stories on 06 Mar 2012

The final instalment of my summer AWAY series.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-stories/away-naked-loved-1.aspx

My hands were gripping the rails of the headboard, my knees and elbows braced for the sting of another hard slap on my ass. My face was buried in the pillow with my ass high in the air for Darren, my new lover. He ran his hand over my round bottom, soothing the redness from the vigorous spanking he just delivered. I turned my head to look at the image of us in the mirror: me prostrate with the hanging globe of my nearest breast partially visible behind my upper arm, I arched my back like a cat tucking my bottom. Darren was kneeling at my far side from the mirror with the large fingers of one hand wrapped over the back of my neck to grip my shoulder, the other hand massaging and gripping the soft flesh of my bottom.

When Darren caught me looking at the image of us in the wall mirror he gave my ass another hard slap. “Vanity Jane, really?” he said and spanked me again.

I didn’t flinch. I swayed my back deeply, pushing my ass up even more prominently, a yoga cow, then I arched my back up again into a yoga cat before I swayed my back to offer my ass up again giving it a little wiggle for good measure. Darren laughed, a deep and satisfied chuckle, before finally sliding first one finger then two of them along my cleft and into me. It felt oh so good. Finally the desire of my pussy, tortured to new heights, was getting some reward. I wanted his cock but his fingers were at least something. I couldn’t help looking over at the mirror again.

“You liked being the center of attention today didn’t you Jane,” Darren said as he repeatedly plunged his fingers into my pussy.

It was vanity I guess. I liked the look of us together, me from the side, for once at peace with my nude body, thin and strong, my tits round. Darren on his knees next to me, towering over my position as dark and sleek as a panther, his pectoral muscles gleaming in the single bedside lamp. I wished my body wasn’t blocking my view of his pelvis. I would have liked to see his cock wiggle when he smacked my bottom.

I've never enjoyed physical bondage. It might be because I am so susceptible to bondage of my heart. My first husband, my high school sweetheart, had my heart bound from the age of 16. Like many first loves I suppose, he was one of the bad boys. Looking back he was worse than bad. He took me for granted and he cheated on me. Still the bonds were strong. The more I forgave him the more pleasure he took in my abuse and degradation just as if I were bound in sisal rope and begging for pain. But I was young and in love and the bounds he had on my heart, painful as they were, grew stronger all through our engagement and brief marriage. His grip on me did not end until years after his motorcycle accident shortly before our first wedding anniversary.

In my widowhood, there had been a series of men that seduced me. Each was exciting at first but there was no real connection and no satisfaction. Then there was George, my husband now, a handsome man; smart and funny. George didn't so much take control of my heart as place it in suspended animation, insulating it from being taken control of by anyone else. Surely the sexual adventures we shared were our attempts to fill the remaining void. Somehow though, the bit of emptiness that remained was unquenchable.

These thoughts were far from my mind as I sat on the floor the evening of my first full day at Darren's house with my legs folded under me. We sipped champagne as Darren and I traded stories. We had sex so frequently during that day it was almost continuous. We had grown comfortable with each other's company. I think we both felt we were done for the day. He sat back in the middle of the couch and as he talked my hand, whichever one was not busy holding my champagne glass, would be touching his leg or knee.

I had started off curled up next to him on the couch, but before the bottle was half gone I slipped without much awareness onto the floor. It was a better angle. I liked looking at him when he spoke and I enjoyed the way he looked at me. Still, the thought crossed my mind that I had moved into a very submissive position, making me wonder if my heart was submitting in a way that it had not since I was very young.

Each time our conversation lulled and Darren just looked at me or pushed my hair back with his fingers my heart responded. I wanted him to pull me closer with a command to suck his cock to hardness again, to lick his balls. The thought occurred that I would have rimmed him if he asked me. I wanted to give him pleasure any way I could, I haven't wanted to please a man so much in a long time. He had my heart, now I wanted him to take command of my body. For a while longer we just kept talking. We drank the entire bottle of Champagne before I reached up and slid my fingers beneath his cock and felt the limp weight in my hand while running my thumb over the end of it. My mouth moistened.

"Tell me about your lovers," Darren said, ignoring the attention I was giving his soft mass. I had

already told him about George and a straight storybook version of our relationship. I hadn't mentioned James or any other men I had been fucking. Nor did I tell him I had any lovers. I froze at his question.

"How did you become so sexual, is what I meant," he said.

"I don't know, I'm Italian…I read Cosmo…I don't know, am I sexual?" I said coyly yet sincerely.

"Molto sessuale," he said casually with a perfect accent and a deep gentle laugh. "OK, when did you first swallow a man's come?"

"My very first time, I was very young, I didn't know what else to do."

"You seem to like it."

"Yes, I usually do, not always, but usually." I added, "You taste good."

"So I'm right, you don't do it just for the pleasure of the man?"

"I like to give you pleasure, I want to give you pleasure very much, but yes, I like it for me too." I said growing embarrassed, "Can we talk about something else?"

"Why isn't George with you?" Darren asked. After a long silence, I finally began to tell him the story of our affair with James and Mary. I had his interest so I included many of the graphic details of my first encounter with James in their laundry room during that first party. Before I was even halfway through the story his cock grew ready. I casually began stroking it. Before I confessed I was in Florida alone to take a break, I was on my knees working my mouth up and down over the end of the dark shaft as my hands slid up and down the length. Every now and then I picked up the story where I left off, the casual glide of my hand up and down his glistening pole continuous.

The sight of his cock was so beautiful, so majestic it almost moved me to tears. Precum formed at the tip prompting me to again lick it and slide my mouth over it for a while before returning again to details of swinging with Mary and James. I kept him hard for well over an hour and I must admit my own level of sexual readiness grew tremendously high. I ended my narrative by telling him about James licking my creamed pussy after sex. How naughty and open and sexy it made me feel. For fear of quelling his excitement I didn't tell him the cream pie James had been licking was of George's come. A couple of times I thought I had Darren close to erupting as I aggressively worked his cock with my lips and hand before backing off in time to keep him from delivering. He seemed to like being teased for so long.

Finally, telling him to be rougher with me, I straddled him and lowered myself onto his pole, that initial impalement always the most wonderful of sensations. I rode him slowly at first, lifting myself up and down in such a large gallop that twice, as I picked up speed, he fell out. Then I got into a tighter rhythm and he held his open palms where my breasts would brush lightly against them as I moved. My nipples grew almost painfully erect and sensitive. He moved his hands beneath my arms and pulled me closer and soon my tits were brushing over his face his open mouth ready to catch one of my erect nipples, my rocking hips pressed tight against him. When he managed to catch hold of a nipple he would give it a hard suck before letting go. I wanted him to be rougher.

When he slid his hands up my back and gripped my hair in both hands he began to boldly meet my canter with his thrusting hips while pulling painfully on my hair. His cock length was a perfect fit: just meeting my cervix and filling me up without the pain James gave me. My orgasm was steep and fierce completely blocking the pain of having my head pulled back by my hair. When it passed he relaxed his grip. I could still feel his cock throbbing inside me, my surrounding muscles in spasms, the slick wetness of his release a welcome relief.

After a brief struggle against gravity Darren was able to stand while holding me impaled. He turned and lowered me onto the couch with my shoulders and head propped on the pillows against the arm. He pumped me again with three or four powerful strokes. When he slid out of me he covered my opening with his large hand and brought his softening cock to my lips. I licked it clean of our juices.

“How does it taste?” he asked in genuine curiosity.

“Hmmmmm,” I hummed with my lips still gently around his cock head.

He drew his hand upward dragging his finger along the cleft of my pussy, dipping it deeply as it went. I watched as he brought his finger covered in cream to his lips for a taste. After testing it with his tongue, he put it in his mouth and pulled it out clean. He repeated the process, just as cautiously the second time as the first. Then he broke out into that radiant smile of his and saying, “This is something new for me,” went to his knees and lowered his face between my legs.

I tried to resist, always feeling dirty down there after sex, but he insisted. I gave in. I didn’t orgasm but it felt good. It felt soothing. I felt loved.

The next morning I woke up before dawn. A cooler breeze entered the house and chilled me in my nakedness. The sheet had moved off of me in sleep. Darren was still asleep, his legs covered by the sheet that came up high enough to cover half of his morning erection barely visible in the weak grey predawn light.

I smiled and got up to go into the bathroom to pee. I rinsed my mouth with Darren's mouthwash and peeked back into the bedroom. Darren was still asleep. I stepped into the shower and let the warm water cleanse my body. When I returned I slid carefully onto the bed and slid my lips over my sleeping man's impressive dark erection. I wondered if he was dreaming of me. I was able to work it pretty deep into my mouth before Darren woke up. I felt his abs tighten against the side of my face as he curled his upper body to place a kiss on my butt cheek.

"Hmmm, you smell nice." He said and he pulled my leg toward him then over him until I was above him in a 69 position. I was so intent on trying to work my throat open with the end of his cock that I could barely feel his tongue on my pussy. When his tongue pressed against my anus however it got my full attention.

He passed his tongue over it a few times, then pushed it like a soft probe. On the third attempt his tongue pushed beyond the tight ring before it contracted tighter and squeezed him out. He pushed again and the ring opened for him before clamping down again. The third time made me moan loudly and I fell away onto him, my face down near his knees.

"The only hole I haven't fucked." He said.

"No." I said.

"You'll like it." He said.

"No, it'll hurt too much." I knew I wanted to hold something back, to not be completely easy.

It was that evening I was on my knees and elbows with my hands gripping the rails of the headboard. I didn't drink so much that I didn't know what I was doing. We had a great day. We had taken a long break from sex since just after lunch. Darren had called out for an assortment of Japanese rolls. I was taking his cock doggy style and deep when the delivery boy pulled into the drive. Coitus interruptous. Darren had me answer the door in my apron. I turned away carrying the large foil tray to the kitchen while Darren paid. "The look on that poor boy's face when he saw your naked backside was worth every cent," Darren said laughing, before snatching a piece of rainbow roll with his fingers.

We warmed saki and ate the rolls. Finally putting down my chopsticks I told Darren he had me. I was his pleasure slut. I enjoyed being with him so much I told him I wanted him to take his pleasure with me, whatever he wanted, to take me completely. He slid his hand along my face into my hair. "I know," he said.

Guided by his hand in my hair I slipped off my chair onto my knees and slipped my mouth over his

already erect cock and worked him with my lips and tongue and hands for a long time before he came in my mouth for his first orgasm of the day. My submission to him was more complete than to any man ever before, even to my first husband. This time it was based on trust. The rest was up to him.

We went out that afternoon for the first time in two days. He put on his swimsuit and a t-shirt and gave me the apron to wear. We got into his car in the garage and drove down the island to swimsuit and lingerie shop I've been to before. He opened my car door and hustled me in. Fortunately there were no customers and the two shop girls had waited on me often before. "This damsel is in distress after loosing her suit swimming in the gulf today." Darren announced as he untied the apron and lifted it off over my head. "Do you have something nice for her?" I crossed my arms over my chest.

The girls were almost beside themselves with excitement, dressing me right out there in the open shop with this handsome black man looking on in his own revealing suit. I noticed them checking him out at every opportunity. Their third attempt was a coral thong and a skimpy string top with triangles so small they merely pushed in my nipples and cut into the soft flesh of my breasts. The same coral colored string top with fabric enough to support my tits proved very flattering and I beamed at Darren. "And do you have a matching beach dress so that I might take this beautiful woman somewhere nice for a drink," he said making the girls titter before they began looking through the racks.

There was a doorway into another room filled with sex toys, lotions, fuck-wedge-pillows and a whole wall of bondage. I had been in there before. Apparently Darren had too.

Darren pointed to a neck collar with a chain. "Perhaps I should get you one of these," he said.

"No need, don't you see the one I'm already wearing one?" I replied.

It was after the lingerie store in my very sheer light coral cover over my very small suit, after stopping at the popular beach bar on the way back to Darren's house, after a plate of nachos and a shared pitcher of margarita's that I found myself on my hands and knees being punished for my vanity.

"Yes I liked being the center of attention in the bar!" I admitted practically in tears as he pulled my hair and fingered fucked me from behind.

"And did you like it being obvious to everyone that you were a black man's whore?" Darren growled into my ear as he slid his fingers around my neck. "A scarred nigger's slut?"

"Yes, yes, I wanted them to know." I said. "I was proud didn't it show?"

"Oh yes, you're a good whore, a beautiful slut, my classy concubine." He said, moving behind me

trailing a string of kisses along my back from my shoulder to my ass. He got between my legs, spreading them apart and licked me. Oh god how he licked me, slowly yet forcefully, his tongue not missing a spot on my pussy or anus. He seemed to grow hungrier and hungrier for me. He pushed two fingers back into my vagina. The pads of his fingers curled down against my g-spot. I've read somewhere g-spots don't really exist but he was definitely hitting something nice. My good spot. In a slow steady rhythm he dragged his fingers across it, about once every second. Pawing down against the front of my channel the way a bull paws the ground. He didn't stop when he pressed his tongue against my rear pucker again. For a long time he kept pawing and licking, pawing and licking. Nor did he stop his fingers in their steady beat when he replaced his tongue on my ass with the thumb of his other hand. I swayed my back and pushed back welcoming the intrusion of his thumb. In spite of my earlier objection we both knew he would soon be fucking me there. With that thought and his fingers and thumb working me my strongest orgasm began.

Sometimes I think an orgasm is like a drug. Sometimes I think it's a drug overdose, the ecstasy so powerful that my body gets lost and spins away from my mind. Every fiber, every muscle, every tendon seems to strain against the other. This one showed no signs of stopping, not with him pawing my pussy that way, not for a long time. His thumb pressed into my ass began feeling good, oh so good.

My grip on the headboard rails hadn't changed. Sometimes I was on my elbows, the next moment my arms were straight as I pushed back, my orgasm a demon in possession of me. I went prone, seeking comfort with my elbows bent and my head near my hands on the rails, but his fingers continued and I pushed up again. I was never finger fucked like that, yet I wanted more and it became obvious.

Darren slowly withdrew his fingers and my body began to reclaim itself. Then his cock slid into place, so good, so welcome, so much better. I couldn't believe what this man was doing to me. A moment later I was fucking him back as hard as he was fucking me. I don't know if it was a second orgasm or a continuation of the colossal first one, but my body got lost again focusing on the sensations of my muscles around his cock.

I had briefly forgotten his thumb in my ass but my focus returned when he began forcing his other one beside it creating a curious discomfort at first before my focus returned to the piston of his cock stroking deeply. A few moments later I could feel his thumbs pulling at me again, stretching me further, kneading the ring of my rear opening. It felt oddly good. The thought that I truly am a slut crossed my mind. Picked up on the beach. Whatever. When another wave of my orgasm washed through me I fell forward again, prone. Darren released me completely and I immediately regretted the emptiness. I knew I was ready.

Darren reached over and took the bottle of lube from the nightstand. He spread it all over my ass. He pushed a finger into my pucker and held it there. It felt so good. He leaned over and whispered forcefully into my ear. “Now are you ready for me to fuck that pretty little ass?”

I gyrated my ass around the finger he held in it, fucking against it. “I want to hear you say it!” he growled.

“Yes, yes, fuck my ass.” I said softly.

“Beg for it and I will let you watch in the mirror.”

“No” I said, wanting to tease him back.

Slowly he pulled his finger back, nearly all the way out before pushing it hard back into my ass deeper than before. “Beg for it if you want to watch my cock, feel my cock, slide into your ass.”

“No, I said smiling to myself. He kept up the slow finger fucking of my ass and it felt so good now.

“Beg for it or I’ll lock myself in another room and beat myself off.” He growled trying to keep laughter from his voice.

I finally gave in, “OK yes, fuck my ass Darren!” my plea muffled by the mattress then lifting my head, “Please I want to feel your cock in my ass.” It felt good to beg, “Go ahead, use me and abuse me, go ahead, I want to watch you fuck my ass with that big black dick!”

“Ok, Ok, if I must,” he said grinning. He straightened up, grabbed my hips firmly and pulled me back up onto all fours. With my hands still gripping the rails of the headboard I watched him in the mirror spread lube the length of his shaft. He smacked it against my bottom once, then pointed the head downward, the view both exciting and frightening. Just as I felt it touch my opening I said, “Slowly.”

“I’ll try,” He replied and began to push it in. Pain, more than I expected, caused me to grip the rails tighter and droop my head, the ring of my anus feeling wrenched open, feeling his cock continuing to slide into me slowly. The worst was over. A little more pain came when the widening base of his cock opened me a bit further as he pushed all in, but then we remained still allowing me to adjust.

I looked over at him in the mirror again. “My god that feels good,” he said.

“Yeah,” I said, adjusting to him inside me there, “Go on, fuck me.”

He fucked me slowly at first but steady like a machine, very gradually increasing his speed. I watched in the mirror as long as I could, hoping for him to come soon. We could both see his long cock slide in and out of me. There was no longer any pain, it felt so good. It was good seeing it and feeling it together. A couple of times he pulled all the way out to rub lube on his cock again. The void it left was like torture before he put it back. When he did there was no pain at all anymore just the indescribable sensation of him sliding in. Each time he did I pushed back harder against his thrusts. I looked at us in the mirror and for a long time it seemed we were in perfect sync, then I lost it to an orgasm the shook my whole body. I had never come from anal sex alone before.

The next time he pulled out I flipped over onto my back. I tucked my elbows inside my knees and pulled my legs back to my shoulders. My anus felt confused, unable to close. I smiled at Darren as he spread more lube on his shaft. “Ready for more?” he said.

“More,” I said. He looked so strong, his body coated with sweat, his muscles pumped, his cock swollen hard and polished with lube. Sliding it into my ass again, he felt as strong as he looked. I felt strong too, looking up at him, admiring his body, feeling his strength, matching his strength. A worthy slut for my strong black man, I felt so good I wanted to cry.

“Come on, Darren, come on,” I urged him on trying to get hold of my emotions, “Let it go, come in my ass.” He pumped me harder. “Yeah that’s it, fuck me harder.”

“You are unbelievable, Jane. So fucking beautiful. So fucking hot.” He growled just before he began to pump his hot seed into me.

The weight of Darren’s body was a comfort on top of mine, heaving together, bathed in sweat. I whispered in his ear to stay in me as long as possible. It was almost a minute later before my muscles involuntarily contracted forcing him to slide out.

Later, after showering and settling back into bed, Darren told me that even though I’m married to George, even though he’s married to his job with the government (I still don’t know what he does.) and even though we both know we can’t be together he said he’s fallen in love with me.

“And you will have my heart forever,” I said.

Darren and I spent the next two days professing and sharing our love before he had to leave for Washington. I returned home after my parents arrived for the winter and haven’t heard from Darren since. My sex life grew lackluster. Unwilling to swing with strangers, my enthusiasm for even James diminished. I often let the three of them, George, Mary and James, have time together. I did let Mary play with me more, but soon she grew bored with my unsatisfying responses. I almost told her about

Darren, but restrained myself.

Suddenly, yesterday morning my world brightened with a text to my cell phone. “Back in the States. On the beach all of April.”

I just finished booking my parents flight back for early in April. As usual I will remain behind to close down their house. I wonder how long I will stay this summer.