

Nia's Home

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Nia is rewarded for a hard days work

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/nias-home.aspx>

I heard the door knob wiggle and turn. "Ah, she's home!"

I got up to greet Nia and saw the drain of the day etched in her eyes and slumped on her shoulders. Nia has been working a lot this week while trying to open a few deals, close a few and keep the office going...all at the same time. And doing it almost single-handed. It was truly unfair how the responsibility fell to her but that is the nature of her job. And she loved it, really. She was loyal to her boss and he was loyal to her. The price of all that loyalty was long days and occasional weeks like this one. And this evening, there she stood with a zombie expression on her face. She let her handbag drop from shoulder with a loud report that didn't faze Nia at all. Without a word I helped her with her coat and accompanied her to the living room.

"Can I get you some wine, baby?"

She nodded and flopped on the couch while I hustled the wine. Nia has candles all around the living room and while she slumped back on the couch I set out to light each one, closed the living room curtains and returned to Nia. I lifted one of her legs and slipped the shoe off and did the same to the other.

"Today was..."

"Shhht!" I whispered, raising a finger to her lips. "Put it behind you baby. You're home now. Just kick back and relax."

Nia didn't argue.

She laid back and let me knead the ache out of one foot. Her head was laid back on the couch as she soaked up the attention being massaged into her. Occasionally, Nia raised her head to sip the wine and then returned to her surrendered state of exhaustion. Gently, I set her foot down and then turned my attention to the other. A moan escaped from Nia's throat as her muscles began to relax and

become putty in my hands. I worked the massage to her ankles and then calves, rubbing out the tension, rotating the ankle, extending and retracting each leg and then rubbing to her thighs just above the knee. Nia parted her legs slightly, allowing me access but I stopped at mid-thigh.

I took a swig of wine before setting both of our glasses on the end table and then sat at Nia's waist. Again, Nia wanted to say something but, once again, I intervened, laying a polite finger on her lip. From there my fingers danced over her cheek; feather-like strokes on her skin that soothed and caused Nia to close her eyes. I ran my fingers up and down her temples, over her eyebrows, across her forehead and then down and under her chin. Nia slunk down on the couch, inviting me to lie next to her with a pat of her hand. With my leg between her legs I lay there, continuing with my fingertip therapy...running so lightly now across her beautiful lips.

Nia, with an arm around me, grabbed one of my butt cheeks and squeezed when I lowered my face to hers, lingering just above her lips but not kissing. She opened her eyes and found me ready to enter her soul as I contently stared into her brown eyes and breathed in her fragrance. I began to unbutton her blouse and brought my fingertip therapy to her abs and mid-riff, lightly dancing across her skin. My lips brushed hers and I began to employ my tongue with the same light-touch, painting and tasting her luscious lips with feather-light strokes.

More moans rolled from Nia's throat and a shiver shook her body as I noticed her skin was swept with goose-flesh. She again grabbed my butt cheek and held on while I found the front clasp to her bra and gave it a twist, freeing her breasts from captivity. One bra cup fell to the couch and I peeled the other back, exposing her beautiful humps. She squeezed her eyes shut and inhaled sharply when my fingers found her nipple, giving it a brush that brought it to a stiff, agitated state. My hand teased her breast from the nape of her neck to the underside, from one side to the other causing Nia to slide more squarely on her back so the other breast could receive the same attention. I sat up to make room and now used both hands on her body, her neck and her face. Nia has the sexiest and most sensitive neck that loves attention and I leaned forward with my tongue, licking from her collar bone to just behind her ear.

I kissed my way back to her breast and brushed a nipple with my tongue before blowing cool air onto the moistened surface, again causing her body to shiver and her breathing to intensify. My left hand snuck down Nia's body and came to rest on her vulva. Nia responded with an involuntarily jerk of her hips while my hand closed firmly down on her pussy. Simultaneously, I lowered my lips onto hers, offering Nia my tongue as she searched for mine with hers. Nia put her arm around my shoulder, pulling me deeper into her mouth while parting her legs, giving me total access. I rubbed her pussy, feeling the heat I was creating through her underwear and skirt. Nia began to writhe and moan, rocking her hips to the rhythm of my rub.

I pushed myself up and reached under the skirt for her panties. Nia lifted her hips and I slid them down her legs discarding the wisp of cloth on the floor. I found a nipple and suckled it like a baby would with lots of lip. My hand danced on her legs, the finger-tip therapy causing more goose-flesh to sweep across her skin. I danced my fingers up her thigh and she lifted her hips to my hand...giving me her pussy and her wet excitement. With the fleshy part of my social finger I found her clitoris and returned to the fingertip therapy, lightly teasing Nia's clit while I suckled her tit and enjoyed the return of, this time, a sweet tension that I felt in her body. I lifted my head from her breast and laid it on her cheek, breathing into her ear and listening to her heavy breathed response.

Nia grabbed the couch with one hand and held me close with the other as I administered the teasing graze, barely touching her but working the moment up and down her clitoris like a bow across a tightly strung violin. With every moment that passed the tension in Nia grew. She lifted and rolled her hips to my touch, indicating she wanted more but I refused while teasing her pleasure.

Again, I found her lips and kissed Nia. This time, her tongue was not as responsive. Her concentration was entirely focused on the building of tension in her loins. Nia held me close and I alternated between kissing her sultry lips, suckling her sensitive neck and staring intently into her beautiful brown eyes while I stroked the wetness between her legs.

Her concentration became focused as her body was suspended in an intense sexual paralysis. Nia's legs were quivering like an electrical current and the current traveled to her abdomen, her shoulders, her arms and her neck. I heard her moans become involuntary. Her hips shook with a quaking-like shutter and I saw Nia's eyes rolled back in her head. The squeezing of her breath told me she was about to go over the top so, quickly, I positioned myself between her legs and sucked her clitoris into my mouth while I rolled my tongue into her pussy. I flipped her clit and labia around my tongue and sucked on it like I was sucking a little cock, my lips locked on her sex. I reached up to hold onto Nia's breasts, pinching and tenderly pulling just behind each nipple. Nia's nostrils began to flare while I enjoyed the frenzied panic that comes from one whom is about to cum.

And then she pushed it out.

Her orgasm exploded into my mouth like an erupting volcano. Nia grabbed my head and held it to her pussy tightly while grinding a deep guttural moan that transform into a breathless scream. Alternating between her pussy and her clit I worked her orgasm to a well orchestrated crescendo and she flooded my mouth with her cum.

"OH MY GAWD! MY GAWD! DON'T STOP!" she screamed. "DON'T. Don't...urggghhh! FUCK! FUCK! Oh, my gawd."

The orgasm passed through and slowly subsided as Nia held onto every bit of ecstasy that waved through her body.

I sucked and licked and lapped until the sensation was overly sensitive for Nia and she pushed me away. I lifted my head to blow lightly on her pussy and watch as she throbbed in the breathless throes of her post orgasmic bliss.

Nia reached down and pulled me on top of her, holding me tightly and finding my mouth with a deep kiss. She pushed her tongue into my mouth and moaned with a demand. We lay there in the passionate throes of post love-making bliss. Lips kissing, arms embracing and energy subsiding.

“How do you taste, baby?”

“Mmmm...sweet,” she replied.

“Sweet as a peach, baby. You just hang here.” I pushed myself up. “Dinner will only take a couple of minutes to warm up.”

“Mmmm...no,” she said, pulling me back down. “You just lay here with me for a few minutes.”

Yeah...dinner can wait.