Return to the House of Lush (part 1)

By eiffel2007

Published on Lush Stories on 21 Dec 2012

Dreams come true at the House of Lush - Lush incarnate, but this time on a grand scale

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/return-to-the-house-of-lush-part-1.aspx

As I drove up the cedarlined gravel driveway I could scarce believe that the House of Lush was to be hosted in such sumptuous surroundings. For generations Grangely Manor had been the seat of the Earls of Allerton, but the financial crash had destroyed the finances of the 15 th Earl and he'd had no choice but to sell the estate to an American multinational.

The 17 th century stately home was scheduled for renovation in a matter of weeks, which left a window of opportunity for us. One of our number was able to obtain the keys for the East Wing, and for one night only, Grangely Manor would be the House of Lush. It was to be the most ambitious House ever. More rooms, more guests, more going on.

I parked the side of the house close to the servants' quarters and walked round to the front of the house. I climbed the few steps up to the front door and before I could knock the doors swung inwards. I was greeted by a woman, about 40 years old, curvacious and very sexy.

“Hello Dylan.” She leaned towards me.

“Hello again.” I kissed her on each cheek.

“You will find Heather in Rumplations.” She smiled, and closed the door behind me.

The entrance hall had a marble floor and in front of me was a grand staircase. There was little else of the original décor left. The natural light coming through the windows was fading, and candles began to shed their soft glow on the oak bannisters. At the top of the stairs, the door to the West Wing was marked with a no entry sign. However, from the other side of the landing I could hear voices.

I went through the door to the East Wing and the first room I came across was the cloak room. I wasn't quite ready to throw myself into the House experience, so I walked past until I came to a door marked Rumplations Honky Tonk Bar. I smiled, took a deep breath and opened the door.

On normal nights the House doesn't usually hit its stride until around midnight. But this night was different. On the far side of the room Heather was replenishing a table of finger food.

“Can I give you a hand?”

“Dylan!” she exclaimed, launching herself towards me and throwing her arms around me. A massive kiss was planted on my lips as a big dumb grin spread across my face.

“It's so good to see you Heather. It's been way too long”

I felt tears welling up in my eyes. Don't cry you daft git, I said to myself.

“It has Dylan.” She kissed me again. “Meet me in fifteen minutes. Last room on the left, just before the back stairs”.

With that she went back to the food, a quick look over her shoulder and a smile were my parting gift. I took a glass of wine from the makeshift bar and headed back to the cloak room. I exchanged my clothes for a soft fleecy bath robe and a pair of flip flops. In the House of Lush, ease of access is the order of the day.

Even stripped of its ornaments and paintings Grangley was a special place. You could almost smell the history. The oldest part of the building dated to the restoration of the monarchy in 1660. The first Earl having been rewarded for his part in returning the throne to Charles II.. The majority of the building dated from the apex of the family's fortunes during the Regency period of the late 18 th century. Grangely had seen debauchery in its time. If it could talk, I wondered what the building would think of the House of Lush.

As I walked along the corridor I saw a room marked *The Ladies of Lush*. That one was not for me. The House of Lush allows fantasies to run riot, as long as you respect the boundaries of other people's choices. That room was off limits to men, no matter how much we might like to see inside.

The Lush Lounge adjoined *Rumplations.* The lounge is a general chat and chill out room. Sure, people meet there and attractions develop, but more overt sexual activity is forbidden. There was a relaxed vibe about the room. The people in there were drinking, chatting and laughing. It was a reminder to me that the House of Lush isn't really about sex, it's about people. People who like sex admittedly. But it's about people who want to find people like them.

The next room was intriguing. It was called *The Lush Creche*. I knew that there were going to be new rooms, but a creche was the last thing I expected. I opened the door a crack and it all made sense.

The babies were adult babies being supervised by a rather strict looking nanny. I didn't linger too long, opting to leave them in peace.

I knew what to expect from the *Lush Picture Gallery*. I had experienced this room during my first ever experience at the House of Lush. At Grangely it was bigger and better. An array of flat screen TVs were dotted around the room. The light from the screens being the only source of illumination in the room, allowing couples and threesomes to enjoy themselves on sumptuous couches. I looked to my left and saw a curvy blond woman on a guy's lap in the reverse cowgirl position. She leant forward, bracing herself on back of the couch in front and slowly raised and lowered her hips. I watched as she slid down the length of the man's cock, taking him fully inside her. Then I saw her raise her hips and reveal his cock once more, glistening with her juices.

For the first time that evening I felt my cock stirring. I reached my hand inside my gown, my eyes fixed on the blond, and that point between he legs where her cunt devoured his cock. I gripped my cock, my thumb rubbing its head and I began to wank myself slowly, oblivious to everything else. There were other couples fucking and sucking in the room, but I was fixated on the site in front of me. It wasn't that I wanted her, I just felt myself being sucked into the House atmosphere.

I felt two arms wrap around me, a hand slipped inside my gown and prised my hand from my cock.

“Now now my dear. I don't want you getting steamed up too soon.”

I turned around to see Heather beaming at me, her hand still clasping my rigid cock. I moved close to her.

“So where was that room again?”

With a glint in her eye she took my hand in hers and led me along the corridor. At the end of the corridor was a door to the back stairs, leading down into servants' quarters. It had a sign on it saying *The Basement.*Just before, was another room with a *reserved* sign on it. Heather flipped it round so that it said *occupied*.

The room we stepped into was large and airy. A king sized bed was one of the few pieces of furniture in an otherwise sparse room. Heather took me to the window and we looked out over the moonlit landscaped gardens.

“This room is called The Prince's Room.”

I shot a questioning glance at Heather.

“While he was Prince of Wales the future Edward VII used this room as a discreet location to meet his mistresses. A King has fucked in this room. Can you believe it? You and me in a royal fuck nest.”

I place my hands on Heather's waist and leaned in for a kiss long in the anticipation. I held Heather close to me as our tongues entwined.

Heather pulled away and motioned towards the bed. We walked silently to the bed. Heather slipped her robe off to reveal her beautiful womanly body. Fulsome breasts, wonderful curves and a pussy that was so so smooth. Her long hair cascaded over her shoulders as she slipped between the sheets, pulling the covers aside to invite me in.

My robe fell to the floor and I climbed onto the bed. I pulled Heather on top of me and covered us both in the duvet. My arms around her, we kissed again .

“I've missed the touch of your hands on my skin Dylan.”

In truth I was feeling much the same. The feel of her lips on mine, her breasts squashed to my chest, tummy to tummy. Our legs wriggling again each other.

“I've been thinking of nothing else for weeks Heather.”

As we kissed Heather ran her fingers through my hair. Occasionally tugging at it. It felt so good to be under her. Skin on skin, warm flesh against warm flesh.

“Pull me close Dylan. I want to soak up your delicious warmth.”

I pulled her to me, our bodies inseparable. We lay there kissing, feeling the delicious friction of our bodies shifting against each other. As my thigh moved between her legs I could feel the first traces of wetness.

“I want to be beneath you Dylan.”

I rolled over once more. Lying on top of her. Pressing my body down on hers.

“Mmm perfect.” She smiled.

My tongue forced its way into her mouth. Our legs entwined. Our fingers interlinked. I felt Heather spread her legs open for me. My cock couldn't help reacting, stiffening rapidly.

“You are mine!”

I pressed my cock against her body. Rubbing it against the slick wetness between her legs. Holding her hands tight. Heather let out a stifled moan in response, pushing her hips upwards and pressing against me. I kissed her neck and her collar bone. I was so incredibly turned on, as was Heather who was betrayed by her damp pussy and stiff nipples.

My cock rested against her clitoris. Heather could feel the warmth of my tip gently rocking back and forth against it. Teasing it out.

“Oh that feels so fucking good, don't stop.“

I rubbed my cock more forcibly against her, loving the motion of our bodies together. Heather rocked her hips beneath me creating a sublime friction between our bodies.

“Yes.” Heather softly whispered in my ear. “I want you my Dylan!”

I could feel the pent up lust bubbling within me, desperate to be released

“I want you too my Heather. You and only you.”

I rubbed my cock along her pussy, covering it in her wetness. Heather gripped hold of my shoulders, pressing up against me.

“I want your cock Dylan.”

My mouth forced her head down into the pillow as I kissed Heather hard and passionately. My cock sliding along her pussy and finding her entrance. I held it there exerting a gentle pressure on her tight little hole. Beneath me, Heather's breathing quickened. The rim of her cunt feeling hot around the tip of my cock.

Ever so slowly I eased my cock inwards. I wanted every nerve ending in Heather's pussy to feel each millimetre of my cock passing by. As my cock stretched her open, my legs eased Heather's legs further apart. I slid myself all the way inside, and revelled in the fleeting moments of being gripped by her cunt.

“Be still. I just want to feel you in me for a moment.”

The only movement between us was my tongue on her lips. Then after a tantalising pause Heather started rocking her hips. Just tiny little movements at first, making my cock slide in and out gently. As Heather's movements gathered pace I started to move my hips. Forcing myself deeper inside her.

“Yes Dylan.”

I pulled my cock back to her tight threshold again. Not entirely out of her. Her cunt tight around the head of my cock.

Heather's leg wrapped around me. Her feet moving to the small of my back, pulling me back into her. I rocked back and forth, so she could feel the ridge at the bottom of the head moving in and out. Then after those small subtle movements I thrust myself inside her. A long deep thrust, followed by more of the same and a building intensity.

“Oh god that feels so gooood.”

I felt Heather squeeze her cunt around my cock. My hands moved to her breasts. Squeezing them as I thrust hard and deep once again. I kissed her lips, her cheeks, her neck, as my rough thrusts ploughed deeper and deeper. I pinched and pulled at her nipples as I fucked her. Heather's right hand slid down her body and she began rolling her fingers around her clit. Slowly at first, and then more franticly as I thrust my cock harder and faster inside her. Then without warning I pulled my cock out, all glistening with Heather's juices. I rubbed the head of my cock over her clit, smearing it with her juices.

I plunged my cock deep inside Heather once again with renewed vigour. Deeper, harder, and harder.

“Oh God!”

Heather's eyes were fixed on my cock entering her cunt. Watching it leave her cunt and then spear her afresh. Again and again. I leaned in and kissed her neck at the point where it meets the shoulder, biting down on it a little.

“Yes, yes that's good.”

I felt Heather's fingernails digging into my back. I love everything about this woman. I didn't care about the nail marks. My cock slid in once more, and I revelled in the mind-blowing sensation of being inside her. I could feel her shifting under me, knowing that meant something was building inside her. I picked up the pace further, going faster and faster. Panting and groaning together as we fucked.

“I love you so much Heather.”

“I love you my Dylan. I want you to cum with me...inside me. I'm close.”

Another massive thrust, causing Heather to gasp.

“I want to fill your cunt with my cum.”

“Yes, yes. I want to walk around the House all night with your cum inside me.”

Out of the corner of my eye I spied a door ajar, and it gave me an idea.

I pulled out of Heather, took her hands and pulled her to her feet. We ran like giggling school kids towards the open door and into the en-suite shower. I set the shower running and turned Heather around, bracing her hands against the tiles. Heather wiggled her bum at me. With the water cascading over our bodies I spread her legs apart. I squeezed some shower gel onto my hands, wrapped my arms around Heather's deliciously curvaceous body and and massaged the gel into her breasts, as I slid my cock into her from behind.

“Oh I love it...” she gasped, “You're so good Dylan.”

Heather arched her back, pushing herself back towards me as my soapy hands slid over her body. I thrust my cock upwards and in, pushing Heather onto tip toes.

“Yes yes that's good!”

By now the water was beautifully warm and up to full pressure. Rivulets running down Heather's back, between her cheeks and onto my cock as it slid inside her. I reached down and rubbed her clit as I fucked her hard. So very hard, again and again. Our hot wet bodies joined together. I could sense my cock and my fingers bringing Heather pleasure, perhaps almost too much pleasure. The involuntary sounds coming from Heather's mouth firing my ardour up yet further.

I wanted to fill Heather with my cum and for her to cum around my cock. I thrust harder and harder. Trying to avoid slipping, our bodies melded together.

“Give it to me,” she begged.

I felt her cunt contract and squeeze around my cock as her orgasm swept over her. I pulled her back away from the wall into the full stream of the shower. One hand on her clit, the other around her

gripping her shoulder and pulling her body against mine.

“Oh god Dylan.”

As her orgasm continued to flow through her in ways I thrust so hard I almost lifted her off her feet. I was so close now.

“Cum for me Dylan!” Her tone was almost desperate.

On the third of three massive thrusts Heather felt a shower inside her, every bit as warm and as engulfing as the shower on the outside. Three or four more big thrusts, each injecting more hot sticky cum inside my beloved.

“Oh god I feel it...” Heather stopped mid sentence as the feel of my cum inside her set off a second orgasm ripped throughout her body.

I massaged her tits and rubbed her clit, continuing to slide my cock in and out of her dripping pussy as her second orgasm subsided. Then I eased off the intensity of the thrusts. Relaxing my grip a little, rubbing her hyper-sensitive clit more gently. I kissed her neck and nibbled her ear lobe.

Heather pulled herself off me, my cock sliding free. She turned around, wrapping her arms around me and kissed me.

I slid my still rigid cock back inside her as we embraced.

“I love you Heather.”

“I love you too.”

Heather held me tightly, clinging to my wet body. I felt for the shower controls, switching it off without stopping kissing her or breaking the gaze of her beautiful eyes. After what seems like forever we pause. My cock leaving her pussy, its rigidity now a glorious memory.

I took a warm towel from the radiator and then lovingly dried her body. I kissed Heather wherever I dried her. Her legs, pussy, clit, tummy, bum, breasts and finally her lips. I wrapped the towel around her, and then after roughly towelling myself we walked hand in hand back to the bedroom.

We lay in each other's arms for about half an hour. Touching, kissing and caressing each other. We talked about many things, and though we talk through Lush every day we never came close to

running out of things to say to each other.

We were disturbed by a knock at the door. The door opened and a man I recognised as Steve popped his head round.

“Hi Heather, hi Dylan. Sorry guys but Dylan, you are needed in the Basement.” His tone was apologetic but matter-of-fact.

The only area of the House of Lush that is chaperoned is the Basement. Trusted male attendees take a turn ensuring that everyone stays safe, and that boundaries are not crossed. None of us want something to go wrong and for attention to be drawn to the House. So we self police. It was my turn and I had to go.

Heather could see the pain in my eyes.

“What time do you get free?”

“All being well, about 3am.”

“I will be here waiting for you.”

She planted a kiss on my lips. We both got up and put our robes on and left the room. One last embrace and a long loving kiss, and then Heather headed left down the corridor and I went through the door to the basement.

I had no idea of where this night would lead me. Of how my boundaries would be pushed. But all of that is for part 2 of this story.