

Little Richard Gives Way

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Mary decides she's ready to take the next step

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Tim pulled the garage door shut, and slowly washed the grease from his fingers. Wheel bearings and axle seals were dirty work, but the hand cleaner did its job. "All done?" He smiled as he heard Mary's voice echo down the hallway. "I sure am. Your mustang's ready for another 100K." "I think we'll need a minivan before that long." Tim laughed. They had talked about children. He supposed the moment was approaching. But not yet. "Let me get my shower." "Go ahead. I'll be in the bedroom reading." The hot water felt good on his skin, soap washing away the grease. He looked at his fingernails, black with grease. It took days to get them clean after working inside the bowels of a car. But he liked that kind of work, it gave him a feeling that he controlled the car, could make it go. And it sure saved a lot of money, which would be better spent on the house and minivan required of a future soccer mom. That thought filled his mind as he showered. Family. Children. But no minivan. Mustangs were better. Mustangs were so much more Mary. The hot soapy water felt good on his skin, and he felt clean, but strong, as if the blackness hiding under his nails contained some tiny bit of manliness. Tim dried and slipped on his robe before heading to their bedroom to dress. He caught his breath as he walked in. Mary lay face down on the bed, clad only in a white camisole top, reading glasses and a smile. Her back was arched slightly, and her full, round bottom tilted upward toward him, almost as if in invitation. "Hey sailor," she cooed. Her eyes lingered on his groin, still hidden beneath the bath towel. She licked her lips and gave a bit of wiggle. Mary was proof positive that sex did not end after marriage. Tim let the towel fall from his waist. The sunlight fell on her skin, shiny and fair. Her back curved and his eyes traced the little depression that marked her spine. He knelt by their bed and leaned over, to trace the back of his fingers on Mary's chin. She closed her eyes and leaned against him. "I've missed you," she whispered, even though he had only gone out long enough to do the car. He leaned forward and kissed the back of her neck, right beneath her soft auburn hair. Mary sighed softly at the touch of his lips. "I love it when you kiss me there." "I love kissing you everywhere," he whispered. "Everywhere?" she teased. "Everywhere." To prove it he extended his tongue and slowly began to inch his way down her spine. Mary cooed and laid her head upon the pillow. Her skin tasted slightly of salt. Her breaths were slow and rhythmic and her back swayed with each breath. Mary assumed her passive role, receiving, savoring the touch of his tongue, and the fingers inside her thighs. There was a dimple at the small of her back, and a tiny freckle he could never resist kissing,

and conveniently close to the swell of her bottom. A kiss, and then a circular lick at a time, he worked his way downward until his tongue practically fell into her crack. Tim noticed that she'd left one compartment of their bedside stand open. Normally, it held their individual books, and perhaps some notes from work. His science fiction novel was there, right where he left it. To its right stood 'Little Richard' and a bottle of lubricant. Mary had planned this. She liked to hint, never direct about what she wanted, still almost always clear. She arranged scenes with the care of a Hollywood set designer. The camisole top, the face down pose, her look back at him, all designed to draw his attention to her backside. 'Little Richard' was simply the final clue. 'He' was black silicone, shaped like a very small cock, and curved up from flat base, and Mary liked 'his company'. Which did not bother Tim at all. Sweet Mary, the girl he took home to Mom and Dad, liked a little something up her ass. It gave her a naughty edge, so delightfully wrong, a nasty secret for him alone. And a possibility as well that soon 'Little Richard' wouldn't be enough for her, that she'd want more than a toy, but himself. He liked the idea, had dreamed of it from the moment he noticed her round bottom. The fact that getting there might take some time did not bother Tim at all. After all, they had a lifetime. "Feeling kinky sailor?" Mary wiggled her bottom at him, and he could see her grinning like the cat from the pillow. The sheets crinkled beneath him as he parted her cheeks with his thumbs. He extended his tongue and tried to traced around her little pink rosebud. Mary sighed in her quiet way and arched her back toward him. Her rosebud was clean, and moistened under his tongue. She had always liked being touched back there. He had learned that early, kneeling between her legs for the first time, touching her while he licked. One touch became two, two more a circling finger followed by a probing tongue. Then a fingertip. Until that day came when they were in the 'toy store' together when the clerk showed them 'Little Richard', who stood in waiting just a few feet away. He was thankful there hadn't been any speed traps on that drive home. She cooed softly, and her breathing fell into a slow rhythm, syncopated with her rolling hips. Mary could never remain still under pleasure. Always her hips rolled and thrust, gently at first, slowly, but never stationary, responding to the tongue pressed against her bottom. He slipped two fingers between her legs. "I've been dreaming of this all morning." Mary's voice was smooth, warm as a church organ. "We were in such a hurry last night that you barely touched my backside. It felt neglected." Tim lifted his lips from her crack. "You should have said something." "Oh, no. You gave me just what I needed then. Today is different." She gave a start as his fingers touched her labia. Mary had large lips, spread open like a dried peach only there was nothing dry about her. She moaned loudly his middle and index finger slid inside her. She was slick already and her hips rolled as he rubbed behind her pubic bone. "Sometimes," she whispered, "a girl just has to be fucked." Tim sucked on her anus, and then pushed his tongue hard against it, trying to force his tongue inside. Mary dropped her hands down to her top, and he knew what she was doing, playing with her nipples, pulling them harder than he'd dared imagine possible until he'd come to know her. And as he thought about it perhaps it was time for his girl to get fucked. He pulled back from her bottom, and slipped his fingers from her sex. Mary's head lay flat upon the pillow, her mouth open, eyes closed. Tim unscrewed the lid from the bottom of lubricant. It was clear liquid, and oily. He let it drip down upon her crack, cool against his fingers as he worked it around her rosebud.

“Richard,” she whispered. ‘Give him to me.’ Tim laid a line of lubricant upon the toy’s black head, and spread it along its curving length. Mary’s ass glistened from the oil. She dropped her hands down to pull apart her cheeks. “Put him in me,” she whispered. Tim pressed Richard’s little back head against her anus, and almost upon command it dilated around the small round head. Richard slid in easily, so very different from how it had been on his first day home. He slid in like a sword entering its scabbard, not a hint of resistance. Tim let him rest for a second, allowing her time to accommodate. She gave a wiggle, signaling him to move Richard, to let him do what all cocks want to do. To fuck. He fucked her slowly at first, and she pushed back to meet Little Richard's every thrust. With each stroke Mary cried a little high pitched squeak, eyes closed, fingers pulling her long nipples. He could hear the bedsprings beneath them, for she pushed back hard against the toy, craving it. His fingers glistened with her juices, and he could feel her pussy pulsing around his fingers. “Sometimes,” Mary whispered, “Sometimes.” “Sometimes what?” “Sometimes I wish you had three cocks, so I could take you everywhere at once.” “You want three men?” “No, I want three of you.” Tim laughed. “So I’m not enough for you.” “You’re more than enough.” She reached back and closed her fingers over his, taking control of Richard, The pressure of her fingers told him what to do, how fast, how slow, and how deep. Today she wanted deep and slow. She pushed his hand away. Richard still clenched in her bottom, she rolled up to a kneeling position. Smooth lips slid over his, and she pushed her tongue deep into his mouth. Her hand wrapped around his cock. Her touch was hungry, hurried so unlike the gentle way she usually began her caresses. “I think today’s the day,” she whispered between kisses to his ear. “The day for what?” he whispered slowly moving Richard inside her. “The day your fantasies get fulfilled.” “My fantasies? Is that what this is about?” “No sweetheart. It’s about my ass full of your dick. Unless you’re scared.” “Do I look scared? Mary kissed him softly, then licked the end of his nose. “Shut up and fuck me.” She squeezed his cock gently then reached for the lubricant, poured a pool in her left hand, then dripped it down over his cock. It felt cool and smooth, her fingertips gliding over the thin pink skin. “Do you want to get on top? You’d have more control.” Mary shook her head, and lay back on the bed, knees spread and pulled back, her shiny pink sex framed in light brown curls. Tim knelt before her, to kiss her pink lips, to drink of her. Her hips moved at the kiss, the lips winked as he probed at her tongue. He heard her cry out, breaths mounting and then her hands in his hair, pushing him away firmly. “No,” she whispered. “I don’t want to come. Not yet. I want to come all over your dick.” Her hands caught on his beard and pulled him forward for the softest of kisses. “Richard isn’t enough for me anymore.” Mary pulled her legs back, almost to her chest. Raising her rump in offering, Richard’s wide base still inside her. She reached down and slid him out, then winked at Tim. “I want a m-a-a-a-n.” He pressed against her, fingers taking aim at her backside. But his eyes never left hers, watching, waiting for a sign. She smiled, that nasty smile he remembered from the very first night they made love. First the nasty smile, then a catch to her breath and mouth to a little ‘O’ as his cock pushed against her, then gritting teeth as her backside relaxed and his head slid inside. “Wait a minute. God, you’re so big.” Tim caught his own breath, watching her face, watching her head swing from side to side, then waited for her to reach down and wrap her fingers around his ass, fingertips pulsing. She pushed and the barriers fell down, and he seemed to glide

inside her inch by sweet inch until he was buried all the way inside her. Mary's head fell back and she kept her eyes closed. "God, you're so big inside me." "Does it hurt?" "Yes. No. Hurt isn't the right word. It feels too good to be pain. I feel, stuffed, sort of only, it'd different. And I like it. I feel so utterly slutty." "You're no slut." "Oh, yes I am. Only a slut would take her man's big cock all the way up her bottom. Only a slut would revel in something so nasty. Only a slut would lie in bed all morning dreaming about this moment. Only a slut like me would beg her man to fuck her ass. And Baby, I'm about to beg." Tim pulled back, until he was almost outside her. Mary whimpered and pushed against him. He pushed back in, thrusting gently at first. Mary pushed back even harder. They found a time, and as he fucked her Tim watched her, She kept her eyes closed mostly. Her breasts swayed with each thrust. Sometimes she gripped the pillow. Sometimes she smiled, then she'd grimace, Then she'd blow kisses at him, and mouth dirty words, too quietly to easily hear. He felt her fingers on her bottom, and her thighs, pulling them back, trying to open herself more for him. He felt her hips slam against him. And she felt the sweet pressure of her backside around him, squeezing him at the mouth, enveloping him deeper in. It took just a hint, a touch of his thumb on her clitoris to set her off. Mary never screamed when she came, but fell silent, the only evidence the long sigh from her lips and the convulsions that seemed to shake her entire body. He felt every spasm through her clenching ass. Then she fell languid as the big contractions gave way to tiny aftershocks. Tim pushed all the way inside her then paused. Mary's orgasms were violent and it took some time for her to recover. She'd close her eyes and smile, trying to hold on to the sensations. He loved watching her afterward, and held himself still, deep inside her ass. Then her eyes opened wide and she looked at him. "Hey, sailor, it's your turn." "Shall I?" "You keep that big dick right where it is. But add a bit more lube, I'm starting to dry out. I'm just really getting comfortable now. I can take a lot more back there. A lot more." Then she winked, and reached for the tube. He slipped out and her ass remained dilated into a little 'O'. The liquid chilled his cock, a fine counterpoint to the heat of her body. And as her backdoor began to close he pressed again against it, and as if by magic it opened wide to receive him. Mary smiled at him again, that nasty Cheshire grin back, full of intent and orneriness. She extended one finger and he leaned over her, as she curled up for a brief kiss.. She licked his upper lip as the kiss broke. Then lay back on the pillow as her hips began to pump. His hips pumped with hers, picking up speed the certainty of a locomotive. Her head flopped around the pillow, and she began to whimper. Tim felt the sweat dripping down his body. Felt his own breathing, as it all became too much, As if from a distance Mary began to beg, asking for more, asking for his cock. Asking him to fuck her harder. Crying out for him to fuck her hard. Then she asked him for his come. And with a cry of utter joy he shot it into her.