

The Rest of the Masterful Weekend Getaway

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George makes confessions.

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“Get your suit on, let’s go for a swim.” Going out for dinner was definitely what I needed to straighten out my head or maybe George just fucked with it more. Hours ago I was just about ready to ask him to take me back home and that he not contact me again. The roller coaster ride I was on with him had me frightened one moment, floating in ecstasy the next moment, and then blissfully happy the next moment. At that particular moment when he told me to put on my suit, I couldn’t have agreed to comply with his suggestion. Or was it a command? I would have been more than happy to walk around town and watch the buskers play music, swallow swords, and juggle, but coming back to the cottage turned out to be the best idea of all. It was just before sunset and the relative absence of boats and jet skis calmed the warm water in the shallow bay like the world’s largest soaking tub with the greatest view in the world. The sky had rich jewel tones of magenta, orange and lapis with a tangerine sun dipping into the liquid horizon to the west. A bright white almost full moon was creeping up on the horizon to the east through a glass-like blanket of midnight blue. George and I walked out in the water to about waist deep. He bent his knees, pulled me onto his lap, and caressed my arms and shoulders as we bobbed in the water. “This is my favorite time of day,” he said. “Not just the sunset, but the colors that linger after the sun sets for about another half hour or so.” It was gorgeous. All this time I never really paid attention to post-sunsets. I told him I always was of the mindset that once the sun set that the show was over and it was time to walk away from the beach, a window or wherever. “I’m not surprised to hear you say that,” he said, letting his arms slip around my torso. “Sometimes true beauty lurks in the places you never expect to find them – in the time signature of a song, in the noises you think of as peace and quiet, in the touch of a place on your body that you never expected to be pleasurable.” One of George’s hands slipped down to the back of my ankle and slowly slipped up the back of my calf to the back of my knee where his touch drifted away in the gentle lulling of the water. I let out a sigh and fell more comfortably in his lap. He switched arms, holding me around my torso with the opposite arm so he could run his other hand up the back of my opposite leg. Instead of letting his fingertips pull away from the back of my knee, they crept up the side of my thigh, massaging it gently. “There are many things I want to uncover for you to see and experience,” he said, slipping the bottom of my bathing suit off. I started to lose track of what he was saying as the

warm water lapped against pussy, swelling from nothing but the water touching it. I wasn't even aware of the top of my bathing suit coming away from me to allow the water to lap at my nipples and the roundness of my breasts. He held onto me just enough to let me float safely in the water under the darkening sky. I felt almost mindless except to hear him say, "There are many things I want to do to you and for you. There are many places I want to take you." "Why me?" I asked in a voice just a touch above a whisper. His lips softly pecked up the back of my neck, along the back of my scalp, and then to my earlobe. I felt him sit on the sandy bottom of the bay. His hands wandered all over the parts of my body that were covered underwater. "Because I've never met a woman who is as much as a perfect fit for me as you," he whispered low in my ear. "Because there will never be another man who will adore you, appreciate you, and care for you in the way you need." He pulled my legs around to face him. Our eyes locked together as did our arms around each other's shoulders. "Please tell me you agree," he said. I brought my face in closer to his to kiss him. He slipped my hips toward him and onto his cock. We connected together like a single vessel rocking about in the shallow water, quietly and fluidly with the grace of a canoe or a rowboat on the still water, slowly paddled by two taking a single journey to some place both beautiful and nowhere in particular. Our arms wrapped around each other trying to find their ways to hold onto and explore each other's bodies and sensations suspended in the buoyancy of the water and the slow strokes that connected us. I could feel myself clamping around his shaft as it grew wider, longer and stronger inside of me. Every single of the tiniest ridges of bumps of my slippery inner walls felt more pronounced and sent an amplified tingle all over my body from the inside out against his every stroke as he plunged as deeply as he could. I wanted to burst yet I wanted to hold onto the way he kept himself full and solid inside of me for as long as possible. As I started to quiver, he wrapped his meaty arms around to hold onto me tighter. The strength of his arms was binding yet the support of the water keeping me afloat felt like a caress. Once I started to hear his low and continuous growling moans, I couldn't help but to force myself on him with a strength and might I never knew I had. I arched back, trying to find a way to take all his cock inside of me. Our cries were loud and primal. They didn't sound like us. They didn't sound human or animal. I could feel him coming close to the cusp of climax, shuddering and convulsing as if his feelings, thoughts and sensations had taken over my body and mind. We both struggled to hold onto that state of being for as long as we could until I heard his loud, guttural scream sound off a quick warning cry every muscle of his body collapse as he let a hot stream of cream shoot inside of me and fill me. He begged me to hold him. I wasn't sure if I could. I felt as if my own body had atrophied and turned into jelly that would dissolve in the warm lake water. As I did my best to hold onto his seemingly weightless yet sturdy frame in the water, he buried his head into my chest and fought to catch his breath and hold back his sobs. It was a tender moment I did not expect to be called upon to control as we bobbed in the wake of our waves. I stroked the top of his head and rocked him back and forth, soothing and consoling him. He pulled his head up to look at me. There was something in the way he gazed at me that was uncharacteristically vulnerable. I felt it down to the very core of my being. "What I said this morning about the one thing that I would disclose about my self-control ..." he started to say. He stopped as if to find words that were difficult to say. He took in a

breath and continued. "I've been fighting to retain my self-control since the moment you threatened to walk out on me the first time you saw me at the coffee shop," he said. "You have no idea how badly I wanted to rip your clothes off, pin you down on that couch, and ravage you like an animal. I wanted to make you, this gorgeous and defiant woman, feel every ounce of my desire for you. All I could think about was making you scream until I felt as dizzy as you in front of all of those people right then and there." We both smiled and laughed. I didn't want to tell him that was the farthest thing from my mind at that time. My first impression of him was that he was a refined and handsomely sexy but arrogant prick. I thought he was creepy in the way he approached me in the book store without letting me see him, yet there was something about his presence that pulled me in like a vortex. "In the time I've been getting to know you, you've blown away any preconceptions that I've had about the way you could let me take you into some very daring territory," he continued. "And like I said, being able to do that takes a lot of self-control. For as dark and kinky as I am, I'm very old school about completing the act – fucking, intercourse, making love." Once again, he held me captive in a long and staring gaze. "I can only do that with a woman I love," he said, breaking the silence. "What just happened was the most awesome lovemaking I've ever experienced. And right now, I'm admitting to myself and to you that I'm falling in love with you." I hadn't quite processed the amount of pleasure and emotion I was feeling from the best lovemaking I had ever experienced in my life. It confused me just as much as when he inflicted so much pain and humiliation that also felt like the best kind of pleasure and excitement I could ever imagine. But was it love? Love has to start somewhere, but in my past, I've never been able to identify ground zero. This was something I had to think about, and he seemed to be understanding that I couldn't reply in kind. All of the sudden, George lifted me out of the water, spun me around, and threw me up into the air. Right before I hit the water, I screamed, "My suit!" All this time I had the most incredibly beautiful sexual experience of my life that I had completely forgotten that my bathing suit was long gone. I came up from under the water and George was laughing. "Can you imagine who's going to find them?" he said, between bursts of laughter. "Just your luck some horny teenage boy sprouting his first pubes is going to pick it up, take it home, and jack off to it every night for the next year." I stood up, placed my hands on my hips, and yelled at him, "You sick fuck! How dare you bring a teenaged kid into a conversation like this?" He started smirking at my shock and rage, paused, and said, "Because you're so fucking hot when you get indignant." I smacked at the water, aiming the spray at his face. "That would call for another spanking. Maybe two," he said. I smacked at the water again. "Hmm ... so maybe spanking isn't enough of a threat," he said, manically. He got up, carried me onto the dock, sat me on the planks, and said, "Wait here." As he walked away, I could see that he was carrying his trunks and had the strings of the top of my suit dragging along as he stepped onto the sand. "Bastard!" I thought. He didn't leave me for long. When he came back, he had a folding lounge chair, two towels, a bottle of wine, and, of course, rope. He took a seat in the chair, spread his legs open, patted the mesh web between his legs, and said, "Come, sit." We drank out of the bottle and he began to tell a story. "Years ago I was that kid, I came out to fish off this dock early one morning before everyone else got up, I saw a this bathing suit top caught in the weeds over there. I wasn't supposed to go in the water with no one else around, but I

did anyway. I picked up the top and squeezed the water out of the fabric. I wondered if it could have belonged to cute girl about my age. I wondered if her breasts were round ... like yours. I wondered if her areolas were large and light pink or if they were compact and dark pink ... like yours. I wondered if she had nipples got hard and poked out just like the way yours are right now." I looked down at my nipples. They were hard and pointing straight out. They were begging to be toyed with between his fingers. They were begging to be pinched. "I wondered if the top covered her breasts completely or if they left enough exposed on the sides to be seen," he continued. "I wondered how her breasts would feel if I cupped each of them in my hands. "Then I wondered if the bottom of this suit was nearby, and if she did take it off what the color of her soft, curly hairs was. Was it blonde and soft or dark and wiry. I wondered if she was with a boy she let him touch her, finger her, or if she let him go all the way with her." He leaned over the side of the chair and picked up the top of my suit. He rubbed fabric of my suit between his thumb and fingers as he took a sip of the wine from the bottle before passing it to me. My legs began to shift back and forth trying to fight off the tingling of the folds covered by my bare slit. "I sat outside just like this as the sun was coming over the lake, pulled down my shorts, and started rubbing myself with the top of the bathing suit," he said. "I wanted to rub myself with the top of the bathing suit forever. It felt so much better than my bare hand, but I knew I had to act quickly. I didn't want anyone to catch me like this and I desperately had to shoot a load or I thought I would be paralyzed and in pain forever." He got quiet. And then I felt him bring a piece of rope over my chest just under my breasts and slid it back and forth as he continued his story. "And then I noticed the ropes that attached the boat to the dock," he said. "I imagined what it would have been like if I found this girl naked and looking for her suit. I thought about how she might look if I brought her up here and tied her to the post just to look at her beautiful body in the early morning light with no one else around. Just me and her and not a sound except the water that was just barely rocking the boat and the birds off in the distance." "I would love to be that girl," I said. "I would like that, too," he said. "But I think you had more than enough of the really kinky stuff for one day. " "But it's not fair that you're teasing me with the rope," I protested quietly. "Teasing you, am I?" he asked slyly. "OK, I'll stop." He flung the rope off my skin and just let it dangle from the side of the chair. I tried grabbing it out of his hand, but he kept it out of my reach. "Not funny, George!" I shouted. He held onto me tight, arms pinned across my body securely, with one arm while he whirled the rope off to the side and up in the air with his free hand. His laugh grew more wicked and wild. "I thought you were enjoying the gentler and kinder side of me," he said. "I was, I am," I protested, still trying to break free from his grasp to grab the rope. "My holding you back like this, skin-to-skin, my body holding down yours isn't an acceptable substitute?" he asked. He turned me over just enough to plant a long, lush kiss on my lips to silence and subdue me against the feel of the warmth of his body. I felt the rope again. This time the cut end of it barely drifted off and on my skin in random tracings. The stirring of my insides felt like a rudder that made my body slither slowly like a sheet of silk against his. Then I felt it wrap around my wrists with George tightening it securely. He folded my towel and placed it on the deck of the dock in front on the lounge chair. "My kitten, I want you to assume the position," he said, looking seriously in my eyes. "What I mean by that is to kneel before me." I obeyed his order, feeling quiet, serene,

humbled and yet turned on. He took a seat back in the lounge chair, and said, "I'd like to continue telling you my story. "Before that morning, the only pictures I had ever seen of women tied in rope were women who looked like they were being violated," he said. "Seeing women tied up in rope excited me but the violent imagery didn't. I had always been a romantic kind of guy, even as a kid. When I used to watch 'The Rocky and Bullwinkle Show,' I wanted to be Snidley Whiplash tying up Nell Fenwick and Dudley Do-Right saving her all at the same time. I chuckled. I thought that was cute, but George asked that I remain silent, listen and pay attention. "That morning, I could see that imaginary girl as looking beautiful, ethereal and gorgeous naked and tied to the post with the glow of the early morning sun on her skin as you do right now in the moonlight," he continued. "I sat back in a chair on the deck just like this, stroking my cock with the top of bathing suit." Like his words, George had the top of my suit wrapped around his cock, rubbing it and stroking it up and down. "It was by far the most incredible masturbatory moment of my life," he said. "I held onto that bathing suit top for about a year and tried to go back to that day on the dock by jerking myself off with that bathing suit top in my hand every chance I could — every time I looked at bondage pictures, every time I thought about a cute girl at school, every time I thought about that morning on the dock. George took another swig at the bottle, offered me some, still with the top of my bathing suit in his hand leisurely caressing his cock. "Now I have a gorgeous woman—a real woman — kneeling and bound at my feet, making this night more beautiful than I could have ever imagined," he said. George slid to the edge of the chair, kissed me on the forehead, lifted me up, and untied the rope around my wrists. "Let's go in, my love," he said. "It's late and we should get some sleep."