

# Awakening of Alexis - part 1

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*My wife and I explore black on white sexuality.*

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The Awakening of Alexis - Part 1 I can't say that I really regret anything that's happened. Step by step it's been unbelievably exciting. Let me explain what happened. I am in my late forties and Alexis, my wife of some 18 years, is the same age. She is tall, fairly slim, with brown eyes and hair, smallish breasts, and with lots of light brown pubic hair. Our sex life has been drab to say the least and as our sex has dropped off, I've tried to find new ways to excite her. I have never been adulterous and, to my knowledge, nor has she, although there have been times when she's disappeared for hours on end, seen movies 'by herself', that sort of thing, but rarely. She hasn't been interested in adult films, or 'devices' like dildos or vibrators, or much of anything else, but some hints about her past (before we married) gave me some ideas for trying to spice things up. She grew up in Africa and apparently had numerous 'encounters' with other men before meeting me. Like meeting them in hotels, taking road trips with lots of sex, that sort of thing. She also was a teacher at a school for colored boys and she told me several times how exciting that was, what a 'gas' it was, etc., but without giving any details. Some years ago, I also found in her papers a couple of books or booklets about race relations with passages relating to large private parts, women desiring 'primitive' sexual excitement, and similar things, underlined or circled, presumably by her. I have tried to discuss sexual things with her and pleaded with her to tell me her fantasies and interests, and what turns her on. Each time she just got impatient with me, or angry, or changed the subject. She denied having any fantasies or special interests. I have my own fantasies of course, plenty of them, but I've always been embarrassed by them and kept them from her (not that she's asked, she hasn't). Most of my sexual thoughts involve interracial sex, mainly black men with white women, and a lot of the time I transpose Alexis for the women in these thoughts. It turns me on tremendously to imagine her in these situations and encounters. I admit to feeling ashamed about it. I guess because of the taboos, the upbringings in which whites and blacks were kept apart - especially sexually - and also the racial exploitation aspect. These were the reasons why this side of my imagination always was kept apart from our real-life marriage. But the urges, the desires, just kept building and building. Sometimes it was just intoxicating, I mean thinking about her and being part of these fantasies. And by that I mean seeing her being pleased like never before by dark-skinned men with large penises, with huge staying power, with tremendous semen loads. Seeing her enjoying it during prolonged lovemaking sessions

with these men, orgasming, and all that, just dominated so many of my private thoughts. Anyway, I finally got up the gumption to really talk to her. I begged her to share some fantasies with me, and as usual she denied she had any. I then started telling her about my own. We were sitting together on the couch and I watched her reactions carefully. Just releasing these things to her and watching her listening, turned me on immensely, my cock hardening, and my mouth and throat going dry. As I described black men with white women in various sexual activities, she listened to this in a 'tolerant' kind of way like it was the most normal thing in the world. I went on to say that I really liked seeing interracial black on white films. Her listening to all this without getting upset, encouraged me to even say that my biggest turn on was for HER to be in these situations and with myself watching and stroking myself. That didn't seem to bother her, although her expression changed a bit and she asked 'you mean this as a fantasy, and NOT the real thing, right?' I said yes, and she said that she didn't have a problem with it then. I talked some more about the interracial films and asked her if she minded if I discussed them. She said no, and encouraged me to describe them. I discussed a couple of films in some detail and she admitted that my describing them was turning her on but that she didn't want to actually view any of the films. She talked about the thing of men being visually excitable when women usually aren't. But after some prodding she relented a bit and said that she would be willing to see some films with me but would leave it to me to select them. THAT excited me tremendously, as well as our conversation, because it was a huge new 'beginning' of sorts in our sex life. That evening I went through my collection and picked out 'Behind the Green Door', the Marilyn Chambers flick where she is kidnapped by devotees of a sex club and forced into a group sexual encounter after being ravished by a black man. I was very pleased and also more than a bit surprised when Alexis agreed to view the film with me. I got everything ready in our bedroom upstairs - towels, pillows, vaseline, and got the film ready in the VCR. I was almost shaking with excitement when Alexis finally came upstairs. We got undressed and stretched out on the bed. I persuaded her to position herself with a good view of the tv and in such a way that I could have access to her body while she watched the film. She was cooperative in everything, which turned me on all the more. I started up the film and after a few minutes started stroking her thighs, in time working my way to stroking around her vagina. She was watching the woman on the screen first being sexually serviced by numerous white women and then being laid down for more cunnilingus by them, when a door opened and the black actor appeared. The music changed to a kind of hypnotic beat as he moved and swayed to it, he being topless and wearing short trousers with a big hole cut in them for his penis and testicles to be exposed. They swayed as he moved and I could see Alexis observing every detail. At his point I took some vaseline and starting stroking it onto her clitoris and her pubic lips. She took some vaseline too and lubricated my cock and began slowly stroking it. The screen showed the black man licking and sucking at the white woman's pubic area, working her clitoris and getting his tongue deep into her vagina. Alexis took in every detail of this too and was clearly becoming aroused. At one point she moved my hand away from her vagina. I asked her if anything was wrong. She said 'no, I just don't want to come too soon.' I asked her if she liked the film. She replied 'I must be enjoying it, I nearly came just now.' Once the best parts of the film ended, I entered her and we fucked for a short

while before we both had strong orgasms. She said that was only the second time in her life that she had seen a pornographic film. Apparently the first time had involved a similar kind of flick, of a black man having lustful intercourse with a white woman and, coincidentally, with the same kind of hypnotic beat and a 'taboo' sort of atmosphere. But, it was hard getting details out of her on that film, as if it were something she just didn't want to talk about or 'couldn't remember'. We had a few lovemaking sessions after that where she didn't want to see any more films, but didn't mind me describing them verbally to her as we stroked each other and made love. The talk seemed to arouse her a great deal and she said that she visualized the details in her mind and admitted that it did turn her on. She insisted though that the interracial part was irrelevant to her, but I didn't believe her - especially since this quickly became a staple of our lovemaking. I knew that persuading her to go all the way into meeting my fantasy desires was just a complete non-starter - at least at this stage - but I also knew that if I took things step by tentative step then at least the door would be kept open so to speak. So, after a while I talked to her about dildos and vibrators and asked her if she'd like to try them, or at least let me use them on her when we made love. She was resistant at first, even seemed shocked and seemed to totally rule out such devices, but at my persistence she gradually gave way, insisting though that if we used a dildo that it be WHITE and not BLACK. I said ok and I went out and bought one. It was a rather large rubbery thing, milky white, long and kind of floppy and with a large testicles portion. We used it that night, she allowing me to lubricate her and then gradually insert it while talking about films and other things. The 'other things' usually involved my fantasies of taking her to a motel or a sex club and watching her by made love to by various well-hung black men. These things too, did not seem to bother her at all, and in fact appeared to turn her on - although, as usual, she said or pretended that the interracial side meant nothing to her. This first dildo I used with her, was about 10 inches long and maybe 4-5 inches in girth. I inserted it very carefully and modestly at first, taking the time for her to get used to it. She eventually 'took' the whole thing full length and once used to it's size and the pace of my thrusting it in and out, she very much and very clearly enjoyed the experience. I varied things by occasionally taking it out of her vagina and then entering her myself, which she liked, then putting the dildo back in. She was also willing to thrust the dildo in and out of herself with one hand while masturbating her clitoris with the other, while I watched and stroked myself. Another nice thing we did was that I would voluptuously thrust it in and out of her while she masturbated herself with one hand and with the other hand she would stroke my penis. Every now and then I would have her put more vaseline on my penis, or insert more into her vagina or onto her clitoral area. It was fantastically erotic. I got her to the point where she was ready to come; she was willing to come with the dildo itself. I thrust it in and out faster and deeper while she fingered herself, and she came hard. I then gently removed the dildo, entered her myself, and after a short while I ejaculated in her. Another new high was that she would sometimes come twice, or even a third time. This had never happened before. In the past, it was always her coming one time and that was it. She was coming once with the dildo rapidly thrusting, then a second time with me thrusting in and out of her afterwards, and on some occasions after I pulled out she would gently stroke herself to a third climax. These were new highs in our lovemaking. I had high hopes that things were really turning

around in that part of our lives. I was feeling happier, and feeling more love for her, and a kind of gratitude. I could finally share my fantasies with her, and try new and exciting things. Above all, she was enjoying all this just as much as I was, even if she didn't want to admit it. Her excitement during lovemaking and her strong orgasms were proof of that. I think she knew that sooner or later I would want to take things further. Sure enough, I picked up another dildo, but this one was pitch black and a bit bigger than the other. It even came with a special pouch designed like soft velvety tiger skin. She didn't seem to mind! this after the earlier 'as long as it is WHITE' insistence. I can't begin to describe how erotic it was, how a turn on, to see this large and long black dildo going in and out of my wife's vagina. She ENJOYED it, I could see that. I would slide it in and out, or she would, all the while she would masturbate her clitoris while feeling it go in and out of her. At one point her natural vaginal lubrication actually turned white - something I had read about indicating the woman's tremendous turn on. Again I varied things by alternating the huge dildo, with my own penis. I would enter her and her vagina - somewhat stretched from having accomodated the dildo - felt unbelievably erotically 'loose', very warm, and very wet. After some thrusting I would pull out and then quickly thrust the large black dildo full length into her again, her hand furiously rubbing her clitoris as I did so. What I especially enjoyed was watching her come with the dildo, which she did not mind at all, and I picked up the thrusting pace. As she came close to coming her hips were lifting up and moving to match each movement of the black dildo. She had a powerful orgasm and gave a deep sigh afterwards. I also saw her hand gently masturbating herself a short while later, and I entered her with my penis. I just started thrusting away, taking my own pleasure, and her hand quickened, bringing her to that second or third orgasm. This became more and more the norm, and I knew that it had to be due to the black dildo and/or the interracial fantasies that I would orally relate to her as we made love and as I worked the dildo in and out of her. The next day when she came home from work, she right away came over to my desk and started talking about the night before. She said she was VERY turned on and just couldn't stop thinking about it all day. I suggested that we repeat things that evening and she readily agreed. After many pleasurable, exciting nights of this I just wanted to take things a bit further. I became more insistent about the fantasies and emphasized more and more my wish to see HER in these roles. I had her visualize the scenery, the events, the mutual lust, her lovemaking and fucking with these black men of my imagination, and I could see her becoming more 'open' to the idea and most easily visualizing her part of these fantasies. But, she would still occasionally want to confirm that these were fantasies and that I 'didn't really' want her to do these things. I said 'of course' but I know that she knew I was not being wholly honest. But at any rate, she was clearly getting into it all and enjoying it as much as I did. To add some new spice, some new fantasy (?) element, I asked her what she thought about the idea of a third person - a REAL person, not someone imaginary - taking part in our lovemaking, perhaps an escort or a prostitute. I started out by suggesting a woman, who would be prepared to service both of us and allow us whatever we desired with her. I also broached the possibility of that person being a man, he being there to service Alexis in any and every way, he and I taking turns with her. I didn't mention race, but I think she knew what I probably had in mind. What surprised me is that she wasn't outraged or irritated and she didn't just automatically rule the

idea out. Instead, she gave a 'I don't know...' and 'I'd need to think about it...' kind of response. As was to be expected, I hopefully interpreted that as a 'yes', even if only futuristic, and my mind started spinning new ideas and plans. It certainly didn't dampen our lovemaking. While making love with her, I continued orally transmitting to her ideas and scenarios of this third person, what he or she did to her, her own sexual activity with this person, and so forth. She responded the way I liked, with sexual excitement, a hotter and wetter vagina, more voluptuous fingering of her clitoris, etc. She was clearly visualizing the scenarios I put to her and it was equally obvious that she liked what I was talking about. The moans and the orgasms made that abundantly clear. It was time to take it to the next level...