

Teacher's Lake Fun, Part 2

By Stoneypoint

Published on Lush Stories on 02 Oct 2012



Former female teacher secretly invites black teacher to cottage for private sex sessions

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/interracial/teachers-lake-fun-part-2.aspx>

She felt his arms around her as they kissed. She'd started to scream inside of herself for him to take off her lace dress. She had to have it off. She burned so heavily inside that Janelle was screaming it out madly already. Nothing feels better when you're kissing a man, that you're crazy about, then when you feel your dress rise higher and higher, up past your waist, and up over your shoulders and finally your head. Of course it's a lot better when that man is Darrell too. Janelle was absolutely crazy him. She was absolutely crazy about how this man she always liked, and possibly loved, had he'd done that, as he kissed her madly, and while he used his tongue in her mouth. She burned, crazily, for him. Hormones she possessed seemed to "explore" areas of her body she never knew even existed. She wanted him, badly. She had to have it all more then ever. It was worse then ever as he kept on kissing her and even moving that tongue of his around her. Finally, she felt it. They fell to the bed. Okay, so what if they were only sitting down. He still kissed her. It still felt...Ohhh freaking God, she said to herself as the internal gauge inside of her rose and even rose higher. It felt as if she was...perspiring. No, I'm not doing that but I sure feel like I am. Oh Lord, Darrell...don't stop! Don't ever stop. Ohhhhhh, keep on holding me close. Keep on kissing me like you've been kissing me. And he did. For over an hour or so, that was all that he did. He never felt her up. He never touched that sexy black lace dress. All he did was hold her intimately. All he did was kiss her lips passionately as passion could be defined. She burned. She felt hotter then hot. Love could not be the right word here as he moved his body about her while he somehow continued to kiss her lips. One way or another, all he did was kiss her and kiss her and it seemed he was not ever going to stop kissing her, ever. "Wow...you sure know how to kiss," he said once he pulled away from her. A smile formed on his lips as he looked into her eyes. "I could really do this all day with you. No, I probably could do a lot more," he added as his smile seemed to be at ease on his face. "Me?" she replied. "I think you're the one who really knows how to kiss. God Darrell," she said to the tall, African American man she loved. "You have no idea how...how turned on I am. You have no idea how...how horny I am!" "I am too," he said, smiling. "But we have all day, don't we? We have all day and from what I know we have tomorrow too?" "We do or at least I think we have all day tomorrow," she said softly. "I'd love that." She smiled, while she looked at the most unbelievable lips in the world, and she wondered about them. Are those the...most wonderful lips you've ever kissed in this world? She closed then opened

her eyes, as she smiled, and then said to herself they have to be. No one has ever kissed me like you have Darrell. "You have to be the greatest kisser I've ever known Darrell. Yeah, we'll be here tomorrow. I guarantee we will." With that she scooted back on the bed, prying herself up against the headboard, and seeing as she did so did Darrell. He was practically shoulder to shoulder to her. Now that, to him, was a great position to be in. He looked at her. She looked up at him. She felt comfy. He did too. He took her hand and held it in hers as he looked at it. Janelle had these dainty, cute fingers, and fingernails. He looked at them for a moment. "I love these," he said. "Your fingernails are soooo cute." "Really, they are?" she said. "Ohhhhhh Darrell, you sure know how to say all the right things to me today." "Nahhhh, I think part off all this is that you and I are...well we're a bit horny, aren't we?" he asked, jokingly. "Maybe," she said. With that, she looked at his t-shirt covered chest. She thought about it. So after she did she decided to take it off. She took hold of the bottom of it and he let her take off his t-shirt. She looked at it. Clean and bare and muscular looking, she leaned into his chest, and she started kissing it little by little...especially around his tiny pinkish nipples. She could not seem to stop doing that. "Like them do you?" he said. "I've always liked them," she replied. "Feels like you do," she went on to add and went on to kiss them more and more. She pulled back and began to feel the rest of his upper body. He let her but he did not, in any way, do anything to "upset" the status of her adorable black lace dress. However, he did go on to kiss her although he only kissed, besides her lips, her neck and ears and just above her cleavage, which she loved as he did it. She wanted it off but she wanted him to take it off, not her. They sat there, up against that headboard, and as they sat there fondling each other's body, intimately, one of her legs crossed over his two legs. She felt soooo comfy as her legs rested on his two legs. Her shoulder was against his. It felt right to her. It felt really good to her as well. He leaned over and kissed her shoulder. He kissed it again. He did it again and again. "I love your shoulders," he told her. "Mmmmm," they're soooo soft to me." "Ohhhhhh, you're just saying that. Stop teasing me," she said. "You'll know when I'm teasing you, Janelle. Look at this face. Does it look like I'm teasing you right now?" he said. She looked at him. "No...go on and tell me about the rest of my body, will you?" "When its time...when its time," he said. With that he kissed the back of her neck. "Oooooohh," she uttered. "Oh my Lord...oh ahhhhh," she added. "Darn do you know how to turn a girl on or what honey?" "I hope I can," he replied. With that he repositioned his body. He leaned in, slowly, and Darrell started kissing her foot and he moved north up her legs. She adored how he was able to do that so easily and without much pressure whatsoever. It turned her on. She wanted so much more out of it. She watched him as he kissed her foot, ankle, the back of her calf, and also some of her thigh. She wanted him to spin her over and kiss the back of her thigh and to get kinky with her at that point. He didn't. He only kissed what he kissed. He flipped her back over. She again sat up against the headboard. Both got comfortable again. Again, her legs were perched, romantically, on his, and the two of them almost looked as if they were love birds that time. She took his hand and held it, gently, and as she did she stared at his manly looking chest. She looked up at him and smiled and then said "Sometime, after this weekends over, you and I will have to get together again. We'll have to have a weekend just like this. How's that sound?" He was looking at her body but then said "I think it sounds great." In truth he doubted it. Looking at his chest again, she

placed the flat of her hand on it, and said "I can't tell you just how much I love kissing you. Kissing you Darrell sends...well it sends all sorts of signals, the dirty ones of course, throughout me all over the place." "Hmmm, me too," he told her. "It's easy to get, I don't know, but being here with you turns me on in the biggest way. I bet you didn't know that did you?" That stunned her so she said "Then dear, why haven't you attempted to take this off?" "Because I have the utmost respect for you. I don't and wouldn't want to overstep my boundaries. I love you. I love your body. It's amazing...and then some. I just wouldn't want to uhhh do anything wrong," he told her. "Listen," she came back. "Trust me...if you do, you'll know it. Make love to me!" With that, he pulled her away from the headboard, placed her softly down on the bed, and he kissed her. With that he laid down on top of her and the two began to kiss heartily. She was smiling throughout it. Being able to be "handled" like she was aroused her twofold. Janelle was in heaven. Darrell kissed her absolutely perfectly. She wore a perfect smile on her face as he kissed not only her lips but her neck and ears and around the upper parts of her tits. He was a master of some kind. He knew how to arouse her and make her feel hornier and hornier. He hadn't taken off that "dress" yet but he went the next step down. He pushed it all the way up, past her tits, and once he did he made her as happy as possible. His lips were on them. He went right for her nipples and he either sucked on them, licked them, or Darrell was kissing her nipples or around them at least. Her face was still all smiles. She did not know how to feel but one way she felt was that she was elated. He did not stop kissing her breast, even with her bra pushed up, she had all her clothing on, but he did not take anything off, yet. He kissed in all the right places. But he moved down and he moved down lower. Yes, he did. He moved all the way down, sliding her panties down, and practically off so that he could play around with her pussy. Before she knew it his fingers were in it and they were inside it toying around all over. She was all smiles throughout it, smiling at the delicacy of it all, and as he tinkered around here or there and treating her to the best he could offer her. Finally, he was totally into it all and seeing that he was he took them off. He wore these tighty whities. There was a lump in his crotch. Yes, she saw it. Her eyes couldn't believe how large that lump was so she, on her own, pulled at those tight underwear so she could see what was beneath his underwear. She knew what it was but felt she "had" to see it with her own eyes and once she did she quickly got them off, taking his cock into her hands, and opening her mouth to insert cock. Her tongue was on it, twirling and twirling around it, and as she did it she got hornier and hornier. How horny she got was anyone's answer but she eventually wanted to fuck him badly. "I want you," she soon said. "I want this in me." "I know. We'll get there soon," he said. "I want it in you too. Trust me...I know I do." Finally she went down on it. She placed the sizable monster of a cock into her mouth and she of course sucked him off. She sucked as best she could and finally her panties, dress, and bra all came off. Janelle still looked gorgeous as she prepared herself for a good old fucking by her old friend Darrell. "I do love you. You know that right?" she said. He nodded his head. "I'm ready if you're ready," she went on to add. She climbed up on top of him and took his big black cock and placed it into her pussy. IT went in slowly but it went all the way in either way. In and out and out and back in he went and as it did she felt the enormous pressure, and thrill, that a man's cock can create. He felt like he was the only one, which was good of course, going at her. She felt

like she was giving it back to him with all her might and then some. Still, feeling his thing, as big as it was inside of her and moving all over the place, felt incredibly awesome. She started to scream due to it was one overwhelming feeling cock! Desire easily churned out of her body. Lust filled him more and more. He did not ever want to cum. He wanted to have sex and make love to Janelle, like they were going at it, forever if it was possible, but she came twice. And she came suddenly and almost as if it all happened out of nowhere. She wanted more and he wanted to give her a lot more than she had gotten. "Oh Fucking God honey," she started to say. "I don't...I don't think I have anymore." "That's alright," he told her. "We have all day long, don't we?" "Yes, you're right. We do," she came back. "Here, let me do this then," he said. With that he pulled it out. He held it in his hand. He yanked on it a number of times. And she was flooded with cum from her face to her tits. He came all over the place. And she opened her mouth and took it all in. "I love you," she told him. He smiled and said he loved her too. She said due to his coming all over her like that, that she needed to clean up. She went and turned on the shower and got in. Shortly after, he came up and joined her. In the shower together, she let him hold her as she washed off her body. Back in bed, she thought about it. "Ready for another round?" she asked. "In a little while sweetheart," he told her. It was only 11:30 in the morning. It was still only the morning. She had dried off and she began to get dressed again. He had a towel around him as she just started getting dressed. "Stop! Right there," he said jokingly. She turned around, not thinking. He was staring at her hard. He was looking at her, in a lace black bra and panties. She again looked incredibly sexy to him. "Is there anything you have that doesn't look hotter than hot?" he said. "I mean...whoa, that is unbelievably sexy to put it placidly!" She knew he was teasing her, kind of, but she replied with "Awwww, this old thing?" "Yeah Janelle," he came back. "Keep walking around here with that on...I'll be hornier than ever and I'll be ready in no time. Then can we head to bed again?" "Talk like that will get us there," she said, smiling. And she left her clothes off which allowed him to see her whole body a lot better especially her backside. Her backside showed off her hips a lot, lot better he thought. Everywhere she went his eyes were on her. He decided put on some shorts he had and leave it at that. He didn't wear underwear. He didn't wear a shirt. He didn't wear his sandals. He only wore his shorts. As the day proceeded, they gradually grew closer and closer to each others body. Before she knew it his hands were on her hips. "You're making me horny again," he said. "Really now," she replied. "How horny are you?" "Pretty darn horny," he said. "It's easy with a gorgeous woman like you." He stroked her hips a little. Not hard but not too softly either but his hands stroked her, from the back, and he must have run over those hips a hundred times. It seemed like he loved her hips a lot. Finally, with his hands on her hips, he kissed her at the top of her back. Holding her hips like he was doing he kissed down lower. He kissed down lower and lower again. His lips were just above her ass' crack and he kissed her there and slid his fingers down inside her panties. "Oooooohh, oh stop that Darrell," she said excitably. She spun around. "I turn you on in this, this much?" she asked. Once he said "More than you know," he looked down at his crotch. Then she looked down at his crotch and then up into his face. She looked down again and then said "Really...already?" She smiled from ear to ear. It was a brilliant smile he loved so much. He always loved seeing it. He wasn't expecting it but she reached down and rubbed his crotch

lightly. "Mmmmm, I sure love this when it's like this." "Me too and now that we're together," he said. "Like as in right now...this instant?" she said, now that she was all cleaned up and partially dressed. He looked her body over. "But I'm...I'm dressed." "No you're not," he said as softly as he could. "In truth what are you wearing? Underwear, right?" She looked down at her body. Yes, he was right. She only had on her underwear. And seeing as she was with him, with Darrell, how hard could it be to get horny, and quickly too again? Not very hard, right she told herself. She grabbed hold of his hand, led him to the bedroom, and she took off his shorts first. In addition to looking at his dark and long "masterpiece" hanging down from his crotch she started to feel something she hadn't felt in a little while. Bit by bit she felt it just by looking at it. A tingling here. A tingling there. A desire here. Ohhhhhh and another desire there. It was building up. It was becoming stronger and more noticeable. Oh God yes...God yes Darrell. Oh freaking God yes...I do love your body! I soooo love your body and that cock and...and all of you she told herself. God, you're making me hornier! "Go on honey, touch it again," he said gently. "I'd love it if you would." She heard him but only stared at his thick and long apparatus. She knew she adored and loved it more than ever. Not only that but she loved and celebrated his chest as well, not to ever forget those lips of his. Ohhh his lips, she thought. The man kisses like he's a god. I could kiss him all day...no all day and night forever. He said it again. "Go on...hold it. Touch it will you?" She was mesmerized by its "beauty." It simply hung there doing nothing. She appeared to simply stare at it and all its beauty. Finally, she reached out and held it in her hand while not doing anything at the moment. Janelle loved how it felt. Standing in the bedroom, she automatically dropped to her knees, and while kneeling there she slid her head forward. She licked her lips. She wetted her mouth. He watched as she did. She slipped her tongue out and she began "tickling" his cock's top for a while. Slowly, she got all her mouth on it, and slowly she began sucking his cock off. Once in a while she seemed to somehow kiss his inner thighs too. He liked that so he spread apart his legs for her. But he stopped and backed up to the bed. He sat down and let his cock, and balls, hang out over it. She took hold of him and allowed herself to begin licking his balls. She licked them more and more and even more. He loved that. Eventually, she licked what soon turned out to be a hard, erect cock. She licked his shaft. She tried as best she could and she swallowed the whole damn cock in her mouth. He was fucking horny as ever. He wanted to make love to her but he didn't just want to fuck her. He had to show her how much he loved her first off. He knew that for sure. He turned towards her, looked into her eyes, and mouthed the words "I love you. I love you very much Janelle." Having mouthed those words, he grabbed her, and laid her down. Then he started kissing her body all over as he slowly took off her bra and eventually her panties too. He kissed her everywhere possible or so he thought he did. He even kissed her between her ass' cheeks. He kissed those cheeks and around them too like a million times or so it seemed. As he did kiss her, he remembered to make sure he kissed her on the lips. Tongue came out and tongue made love to her as he kissed her perfectly and passionately. He held her affectionately, she smiled, again, from ear to ear, and again lust filled that bedroom with harmonious desire in both their souls. Before too long, she spread her legs apart, and she let him inside of her. She wanted it. She had to have it. She wanted him and only him. And he carefully and tenderly slipped himself into her devoted pussy to

show her how much he loved her too. He came, inside of her, and she came too even though she knew it was probably wrong that she let him cum inside of her. But making love to Darrell and him coming inside of her that day did not seem to matter because once it was all said and done, she knew she loved him. Later on, as in 6:15, he called her. The two were sitting...no snuggling on the couch. Terry decided to come up and see what was going on with all the new teachers. In her bra and panties and hanging all over him in only that she jumped up off the couch. "You're coming up tonight?" she tried saying as calmly as possible. She listened and then said "So how long before you get here honey?" She listened and then said "An hour? Okay, I'll see you soon." He heard it and stood up. Thankfully he had looked around. Seeing as nothing was really out of place he went back to the bedroom. The bed was a mess and then some. He cleaned it up. He collected all his clothes. He took a pair of his underwear and found her suitcase. He tucked it in it. He found a piece of paper and a pen and wrote "I love you. There's a treat in your suitcase too. Oh and call me soon." He packed his bag, walked out of the room, and went up to her. "Guess you have to put some clothes on huh?" he said and he turned her around and kissed her hard on her lips and walked out, saying goodbye as he did.