

# Bare Music Part 2

By Hasabrain2

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*A potrait of love*

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Note: To fully appreciate this part 2, please read part 1 first. I went to the gallery to pick up Jennifer up for our date. She had Bare Music prominently displayed. She paid me a great compliment by pricing it three times as much as any similar sized painting. Jennifer and I had a wonderful dinner, but I had to call the evening short as I had a rare Saturday morning meeting to attend. Over the next few months, Jennifer and I dated regularly. She helped me decorate my woefully under-decorated apartment and helped me get out of my women-are-awful slump. Heather never joined us again in the bedroom, but sometimes the three of us would have dinner together. Over time, however, my relationship with Jennifer waned. About the time my relationship with Jennifer was winding down, my company was asked to audit the books of the local school district. Government audits are the easiest to do, no taxes, no profits, no depreciation to worry about. Any one of our junior accountants could have handled it, but for the sake of appearances, my company sent me, a senior accountant. An older woman greeted me at the receptionist's desk. She ushered me into the comptroller's office. She explained that Mrs. Mitchell, the comptroller, was away for a few days taking her daughter back to Berkeley, but would be back before my audit was completed. The older woman, savvier with a computer than one would expect for her age, explained the school's auditing system and how I could get any ledger I needed. I sat down at Laura Mitchell's desk and began to work. I soon noticed a framed photo of young women wearing a Berkeley sweatshirt – obviously Laura Mitchell's daughter. If the mother was like the daughter, mom was a "looker" herself. My audit was scheduled to last a whole week, but in less than two days, I had concluded that the school district's finance were in proper shape. I met Laura Mitchell on the third day. She was dressed in simple business attire. She was shorter than I had imagined, but her breasts were larger. Yes, she was a looker. After introductions, she asked if everything was in order. I replied that I found one discrepancy. She looked absolutely horrified. It was as if I was about to call the police and have her arrested for embezzlement. I explained that I saw that some checks were written with the name, Laura Mitchell, but other checks were with the name Laura Giovanni. She explained that Mitchell was her maiden name, Giovanni was the name of her late husband. I asked if her husband was related to Frank Giovanni. Frank Giovanni was the first firefighter to die in the line of duty in our area --- ever. His death was front page news for days. Laura said, "Frank Giovanni was my husband." I said I was

sorry. Laura placed her hand on my arm and said, "It's alright, let's just get back to work." My cold accountant brain went back to work. From my audit, I knew, that as the school district's comptroller Laura was making 70 grand , plus she received her late husband's firefighter's pension, even with a kid at Berkeley, Laura was doing alright. We made a date for a working brown bag lunch on Friday to go over the audit. During our lunch date I asked her on a real date. That date went well and I asked out again. During that date, she asked playfully, "Oh, Mr. Accountant, is this our second or third date?" I replied, "Hmm, let's call the brown bag lunch a half a date, rounding to nearest whole number, this is our second date." I didn't have to ask the significance a "third date." I knew she was ready to have sex. Completely confident I read her right, I booked a room in Monterey. I picked her up at five. I was dressed in my usual casual business attire. She wore a simple skirt and blouse. As we drove up the coast, Laura asked where we eating. I said we were going to a seafood place I knew in Monterey. She was momentarily startled, but then put her hand on my leg and said, "I like seafood." The dinner was delicious. We had some wine, but not too much. Laura didn't blink when I drove into the Hyatt instead of driving down back down the coast . She did remark that she didn't even have a suitcase. We found our room. Once inside we began kissing. We just kissed for the longest time --- no need to rush things. Finally, I held from behind and began unbuttoning the buttons of her blouse. After removing the blouse, I teased her nipples through her pink bra. I kissed her neck. She kissed me back and helped me out of shirt. We embraced. Her tits, engulfed in that pink bra, pressed against my bare chest. I unclasped her bra. Her tits sag just a little, a remarkable fact given their size and age. I sat on a chair and Laura straddled me. I teased those nipples with both my tongue and fingers. From time to time, Laura teased my manly nipples. Her breath began to quicken. I leaned her over to the end of the bed and promptly pulled down her skirt. She had on a pink thong I kissed her inner legs, then teased her pussy through her panties. Laura began to moan. It had been a year since Frank's death and, I assumed, a year without sex. My teasing was unleashing a year of frustration. Not wanting anymore teasing, she pulled off her panties. I began to tease her orally when I heard, "No, I want you." Which was quickly followed by, "Don't stop." I tongued her clit. I purposely didn't use a finger to tease. I didn't use a finger, because I didn't want anything to loosen her up. She would be so tight! It didn't take long for Laura to have an intense orgasm on my face. There were no further preliminaries. I dropped my pants and my underwear and pushed my dick into her womanly entrance. She was not as tight as I would have expected, probably because she had kept a dildo busy this past year. We quickly got a rhythm going. When I make love, I like to hear the woman. Silence makes me worry that the woman is uncomfortable. But Laura' was anything but silent. As she went through her second orgasm, her voice found a guttural, wanton tone I had never heard from her before. That was too much for me and I unloaded. It had been weeks since Jennifer and I had sex. I came exceptionally hard and long. We made love again in the morning, this time with Laura on top. It felt so good to be inside her. But not only was my dick happy, my eyes were happy. I was looking at the most beautiful woman in the world. Oh, her face had a few lines, but I felt this incredible feeling of peace along with my manly excitement. After a long and leisurely pace Laura needed to finish. She quickened her pace on my manhood. Her moans became louder and louder, but not nearly as loud as

last night's screams. I came inside again. I did not worry about getting her pregnant. On our last date she had confided she had her tubes tied. Her sharing this information further confirmed to me that she wanted, as the younger generation says, "to take our relationship to the next level." After making love, we laid naked in bed for a good while. When it came time to get dressed, Laura didn't want to put on the same "date clothes" she had worn when we had left. I had anticipated this and packed a pair of jeans that were too small for me and as well as an old college t-shirt. I even packed a spare toothbrush. Laura said I was so thoughtful, not just about the clothes and toothbrush, but just about everything else. She started to speak. The first word out of her mouth was, "I" but she caught herself. I finished her thought and said, "I love you too." Months went by, very enjoyable months. I was with her Laura almost every weekend. When her daughter came home from college, I would still visit, but, to set a good example, would not spend the night. I would ask Anne about college classes. We got into some involved discussions about philosophy, quantum mechanics, and even art. I had actually ignored Heather's big tits long enough to learn something. One Saturday morning, forgetting that she had plans, I drove over to Laura's . She was rushing out the door with Anne. Anne needed to pick up her car at the garage. Getting Anne's car was one of many errands Laura had that morning. I volunteered to take Anne. Laura was most grateful. This gave me the chance I had been looking for. I wanted Anne alone. On the drive over to the garage, I told Anne that I wanted to propose to her mother. I wanted to get down one knee with a ring, but I wanted it to be the right ring. After dad passed away, mom gave me the ring dad gave to her. I wanted to use Mom's ring to propose, but I knew some women didn't like the idea of "recycled" jewelry. Would her mother want a ring that was my mother's or would she want her own ring? Anne wasn't sure what her mother would want. However, she speculated a "recycled" ring would be fine if it mattered to me. When we got to the garage, I paid for Anne's repair. To which she replied, "Thanks . . . .Dad." I liked the sound of that. Having nothing better to do, I went to the office. I began reviewing the books of one of the local unions. It made me think about Laura's pension. I had completely forgotten that, if Laura married me, she would lose her widow's pension. I quickly texted Anne to forget what I said. Her mother couldn't lose her pension because I loved her. Anne did not reply back. From the office I went to the gym. At the gym, it was not uncommon to see a few guys and the very occasional gal dressed in shorts and a city firefighter t-shirts. Several years ago, in an audit by my firm, it was discovered that some firefighters had been underpaid in their overtime. However, the records were too imprecise to say who was owed what. So to make things right all the firefighters got a free membership to gym. It has been part of their contract ever since. Today, for some unknown reason, several firefighters were working out. I finished my workout and went back to the locker room. Most of the firefighters finished about the same time as I did and they were in a talkative mood. Apparently, a male and female firefighter was getting married and instead of separate stag and bachelorette parties, there was going to be one huge party at a ritzy hotel. Sex was on these guys' minds. One guy said he was going to bang "Sue". His buddy said he didn't have a chance. Sue was a "size queen". She didn't fuck anyone with less than an eight inch dick. The first firefighter, who was already nearly dressed, said his "hose" was plenty long. A couple of other guys jested that their "hose" was available to finish the job - just in

case the first firefighter opened “his valve” too soon. The sexual banter continued. Then a young firefighter, with choirboy looks, said, “Captain, what do you make of this crap?” The Captain replied, “At a Christmas party a couple of years back, Sue was going on and on about black guys. How the motion of ocean is important, but how it was better to sail with a black yacht than a white dingy and so on. Well ole’ Frank got tired of her talk. He pulled his pants right in front of her and showed her his enormous dick. I gave him a three day suspension on the spot. A week later Sue pleaded with me to take the suspension off Frank’s record. She said he was the best lay she ever had. As long as your equipment is the right size, Sue’s equal opportunity.” That night, when Laura and I made love, she was on top. She rocked gently back and forth. She looked happy, like the-first-cup-of-coffee in the morning happy, but not the impassioned, I’m-having-cheesecake-for-dessert happy. She was content. I was good at making her “content” but she no longer screamed with lust when made love. She also never commented on how deep I felt in her. Feeling inadequate I came meekly and much too soon. Laura asked, “What’s wrong?” I told her about what I heard in the locker room. She replied, “Yea, Frank was a big dick. One week after Anne turned eighteen, he crawled into bed with her. He claimed he was just tired and didn’t know what he was doing, but he didn’t seem one bit tired to me I threw him out of the house that night.” Laura went on, “Anne told me you paid for her car repair. That car repair was more than all the child support I ever received from her father. You’re the bigger man than either of my two husbands. If your father was half the man you are, I’m sure he bought your mother a very nice ring. Marry me John. Marry me.” We kissed and I felt asleep happier than I had ever been. As the wedding approached, I went by the gallery. It was the least I owed Jennifer. She wasn’t there but Heather was. She greeted with a big hug. After we separated, I commented that I didn’t see Bare Music. She explained they had sold it to another gallery. I told Heather I was getting married. Saying it was from both of them, Heather gave me a congratulatory hug. Heather’s big tits pressed against my chest once more. I realized that this was probably the last time I would feel really big tits against my chest, but I was OK with that. At the wedding, Laura and I had just the right number of people not too large, not too small. Mom somehow found the strength to attend and she was thrilled Dad’s ring was being put to good use. She was also thrilled to finally have a grandchild, even if the grandchild was twenty-two year old Anne who was now living on her own. Laura and I honeymooned in one of those all inclusive resorts. After we settled in our room we went to the pool. There was a mix of people. Some were in their twenties, most in their thirties, but still plenty Laura and mine’s age. After a few moments, I asked Laura, “Do you know what I’m thinking?” Laura replied, “That you wish you were twenty-five again, so you could try to get that woman in the red thong in bed?” I hadn’t noticed the woman in the red thong any more than I noticed the few guys in Speedos. No, I told her that I was thinking she was the only woman over the age of thirty-five wearing a bikini. With that, she exclaimed, “make love to me John.” We went back to our room. She gave me a big hug. Her bikini top pressed against my bare chest. I have no desire to dress up as a woman, or anything silly like that, but I find it incredibly erotica when a woman’s bra or bikini top presses against my bare chest. As we kissed, I let her press her bikini top into my chest for several minutes. Still, as good as the fabric of her material, Laura felt better. I took her top off and we kissed again. Her bare tits now pressed against my chest.

After kissing her the longest time, I turn her around so her ass was against the growing bulge in my pants. I reached down into her bikini bottoms. She was wetter than a nineteen year watching her first porno. I teased her clit and then got my finger good and wet. I then had her lick her juices off my finger. Having a woman taste her own juices is another one of those things I find exceptionally erotic. She turned around again, pulled down my swimsuit, sat on the side of the bed. My dick led the way as I walked the short distance over to the bed. Laura knows how I like to get head, not too much licking, just in and out sucking. She stood up and kissed me as my dick found the crease between her legs. We stood together naked for a few moments, then I laid her on the bed and pulled off her bikini bottoms. I knelt down on the floor and teased her pussy with my finger. Her hips bucked at the slightest touch of her clit. Now for the part she really liked my fingers in her pussy and my tongue on her clit. Slurping away I got her pussy juices all over my lips. Her paced quicken. My tongue lapped harder on her clit as my finger stood guard inside her pussy. She took over now. She made love to my tongue and my fingers. Yes faster and faster until she had a violent orgasm on my face. I lay on top of her and kissed her on the lips. Again one of those things I find highly erotic – a woman licking her own juices off her man. I wanted so much to stuff my hard dick into her. I wanted her to have my man juice, but the night was still young. I would try something different. I entered her pussy alright, but after several strokes, like a teenager without a condom I pulled out. It made her crazy. Laura was momentarily confused. Then, I positioned her into a 69. Now she would be sucking her juices off my dick, again something I find very erotica. Now, while I enjoy 69 like everyone, in that position I never get the urge to cum. I can go on for quite awhile perfectly content with the sucking action I'm getting and the lapping action I am giving. Laura however moved from content to impassioned. She gobbled my cock, but what she really wanted was my tongue. My tongue teased her clit, lapped her pussy, and teased her clit some more. I kept her on the edge for the longest time. As she went over the edge, my dick popped out of her mouth and she moaned deeply. With her satisfaction obtained, she crawled off of me and laid back on the bed. With her legs akimbo, she remarked playfully "your turn." I obliged. I stuffed my dick into my bride. She wanted it long and hard and that's what I gave her. When I did cum, I spurted like a twenty-year old. We made love many more times that week. Between long hours in the sheets we also did some sightseeing and snorkeling. We flew back home happier than either of us had ever been. As Anne had moved out of the house before the wedding, it was just Laura and I at home. Our happiness only increased the next year when Anne got married. I was thrilled to walk my "daughter" down the aisle. I also liked her new husband a lot. He treated Anne right, he was well-read, and like his father-in-law loved baseball. Laura and I were enjoying the good life. We were in love like a couple of kids out of college, but with two well-paying jobs we didn't have the money worries of a young couple. Yes, life was good, very good. Over several weekends, Laura re-decorated Anne's room. One day I came home to find Bare Music hanging on the wall of what had been Anne's room. Laura explained she bought it because the man in the picture looked like me. I agreed there was resemblance, but said nothing else. One night I caught Laura looking at Bare Music . She was just standing in front of it teasing her nipples. She didn't notice me. I just watched as she played with herself. After awhile she stuffed her hand and down her skirt. My dick became rock hard.

She had her eyes glued on the portrait as her hand quickened its pace. I ignored the feeling of jealousy, of her masturbating to the image of “not me” and just enjoyed the show. Laura’s womanly scent started to fill the room, then the phone rang. I was going to ignore it, but Laura stopped. I went to answer the phone, and told the caller “no, I don’t need new cable service.” The mood ruined Laura and spent the night watching one of those chick flicks she likes. I wanted to spend doing something she enjoyed because tax season was fast-approaching. Tax season for accountants, even senior accountants like myself, is hell. From March 1 to April 15, it is work, work, work. That year was no different. On the last Friday before the April 15<sup>th</sup> deadline, for the third time that week, I left the office after eight p.m., grabbed a burrito at Taco Bell and went home. Laura was not home. She left a note, “Knew you would be late. Went to see Taylor. Be back by nine.” It was almost nine already. Taylor? Who’s Taylor? There was a Dr. Taylor Washington on the school board. At least, I thought his first name was Taylor. He was the lone African-American on the school board. He was also a former quarterback at Rice University or was it Clemson? He was no token appointee either; he was a good looking dude with a PhD from Princeton. She didn’t mean him or did she? Exhausted from work, I turned on the TV and promptly fell asleep. I awoke to the eleven o’clock news. Laura was still not home. I began to worry. The last couple of times we made love, I was rather selfish. (Tax season will do that to a man). Was Taylor now giving her some attention I could not? When Laura and I made love she seemed to enjoy herself, but I began to recall that while she groaned, she did not talk much during sex. She never made comments like, “ohh you feel so big inside me” or “your cock looks so nice .” Out of bed she might say, “nice suit” or “great tie” but never anything about my cock. I guess Frank’s big dick had spoiled her. Yes, that was it! Her second husband had spoiled her. Regular size was fine, but having once having had “jumbo” package, she craved it again. I imagined her on all fours backing up onto Taylor’s extra large cock . I imagined her screaming , “I haven’t been filled like this for years.” Or maybe she liked being on top. Taking her time, savoring every inch. Face it, if a guy has more inches, there is more for the woman to savor. How many more inches did Taylor have? Ironically, the bigger I thought he might the less upset I was. If Taylor was just a big cock to her, then she didn’t love him, and it was just about sex. In the bedroom, how could I truly compete with Mr. Big? I read somewhere that for women big cocks are like flying first class. Once you have flown first class, you think about it every time you fly coach. You may still enjoy your flying coach, but still, as you sit in coach, you can’t help but recall how much bigger and better the seats in first class were. Could I be the “bigger man” and accept her wanting the size of first class?” I thought about that hard. I had my dignity. I couldn’t share my wife with another man. Could I? No, I didn’t think so. But didn’t I want Laura to be happy? Yes, but. Then suddenly I thought about Anne. Anne was now pregnant. I was looking forward to being a grandfather. If I left Laura, I would not in be in Anne or the baby’s life. I didn’t want to lose Laura, to say nothing of losing the title of “dad” and “grandpa”. If letting Laura, from time-to-time, savor Dr. Taylor Washington’s big black dick meant keeping her, Anne, and a grandson in my life, it was a deal I was willing to accept. Still it hurt. A lot. I decided to do something I had done in years and certainly not during tax season. I decided to get drunk. Just as I began to open a bottle of wine I got a call from the hospital. There had been an accident. I drove right over. Laura was

conscious, but the doctors made it clear there was little hope. An airbag is next useless when an eighteen wheeler runs a red light into the side of a Honda. Laura motioned me close to her lips, and asked, "Who was she?" Who was she? Since marrying Laura, I hadn't so much as looked at another woman. Laura persisted, "who was the artist? I know those dimples on the ass in Bare Music are yours." I told her everything, well not everything,-- even the best of marriages have a few secrets. I explained that after my first marriage, I was through with dating and women. However, Heather and Jennifer gave me my confidence back . It was with the renewed confidence they gave me, I was free to find her, the love of my life. Laura told me that she loved me and I said an "I love you" back. I sat with her silently for hours. About five in the morning, I went to get a couple of coffee, by the time I came back Laura had died. I think she wanted to spare me the pain of watching her go. I cried that morning like I hadn't cried since being a little boy. A few days later, I got a call from the Highway Patrol. They were still holding a bag of Laura's possessions. The clerk explained there was no rush, whenever I wanted I could come by station and get my wife's things. As I was restless at home, I drove right over. In Laura's purse, was her makeup, wallet, receipts from the grocery store, an unopened packet of Kleenex, and, of course, her cell phone. Right there in the parking lot of the Highway Patrol, I checked the cell phone record. Yes, Taylor was listed. As much as I hated doing so, I had to call. But what was I to say? Thank Dr. Taylor Washington for giving my wife the best sex of her life right before she died? Trembling I dialed. A young woman answered. As soon as I introduced myself , she began to apologize. She was Taylor! Her boyfriend had proposed to her, but she wasn't sure he was "the one." She knew Laura was happy in her marriage and wanted her "motherly" advice. Taylor blamed herself for Laura's death. She babbled away that if she hadn't asked Laura to come over, if she hadn't been more confident about her feelings, if she hadn't invited Laura over, Laura would still be alive. I told she had nothing to feel guilty about and I began to cry for the second time that week. A few months later Anne had a baby boy. I decided to let Anne and her husband have the house I had inherited from her mother. She and her growing family needed it more than I did. However, I had to get rid of Bare Music before they moved in. After some thought, I shipped it to the conductor of the San Francisco symphony and told him the whole story, well not the whole story. He sent back a thank you note and said anytime I wanted I could have a couple of box seats. My son-in-law and I go to a couple of Dodger games a year. He insists on paying. I let him. After all, I did give him a house. My new place needs some decoration. I'm not quite ready to move pass Laura, but when I am, I know an art gallery in town that's pretty good.