

The Small Hours

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Rachel has a night (and early morning) to remember

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I order Joe to change the disc right this minute. I've stood an hour of his tuneless techno music and I can take no more. "Put something on that has at least a hint of a melody, this is driving me nuts." He throws me an indignant stare, before his eyes go back to the road. "Forgot to bring any other discs, you'll have to find something on the radio instead." I glance skywards and tut, before doing battle with the radio, eventually finding some chill out radio station. I feel the need to be soothed, so leave it be. It's only been on a minute before Joe delivers his eloquent opinion. "What's this shit? I'll be asleep at the wheel if you leave that on." We both turn at the same time and glare into each other's eyes before bursting into mutual laughter. I could happily slap him sometimes, but I do love Joe dearly and am so happy to have him in my life. Six months we have been together now, against all odds and to our friends amazement. He's a loud club loving extrovert, where as I prefer a night at home in front of the television. We are heading for his parents house deep in the countryside having been summoned by his parents last week. They are obviously curious to see if this city girl is good enough for their youngest son. I am conscious of making a good impression from the start, but it's going to be a long couple of days. After several more arguments over music, we eventually arrive at his parent's house which if I'm quite honest, does not live up to the impression given to me by Joe. It's nothing grand by any means, just a nondescript family home. We make our way up the pathway and Joe presses the brass knocker against the door twice. I can feel my heart beating faster as I hear heavy footsteps approaching from the other side. Joe must sense my tension, as he gently touches my cheek and smiles. "Relax, they aren't monsters. You'll get on just fine." The heavy door swings open and his father's face looms into view. I'm not joking when I say it's a carbon copy of how Joe will look when he's fifty. The same gleaming blue eyes and mischievous smile. Father and Son embrace for a moment before his Father turns his attention to me. "You must be the much anticipated Rachel? Joe is punching way above his weight I can see." He leans towards me and almost crushes my ribs with his hug. "So lovely to meet you, Mr. Burton." "Oh please, let's not stand on ceremony. Call me Tom." His steely blue eyes seem to fix on mine for a moment longer than comfortable before he ushers us inside. We are soon in the lounge and I'm introduced to Joe's Mother, Alison. She seems positively timid compared to her husband, barely saying a word unless spoken to first. I always find small talk difficult, and this is no exception. Tom breaks the ice, joking that he hoped I had a strong stomach,

and that I'd need one if I was to endure his wife's cooking. We all laugh, except for Alison, who seems to have lost her tongue. The meal was an awkward affair, stilted and uncomfortable. I tried to answer all the questions fired at me, mainly from Tom and very occasionally from his timid wife. The food was as bad as Tom had said it would be, but I had to force myself to eat a fair amount of it, so as not to upset Alison. I'm delighted when we can leave the table and retire to the sitting room. With the addition of alcohol the rest of the evening goes a little better, and I start to relax, talking more freely and taking more control of conversations, particularly with Tom. I notice quite frequently that his eyes stray from my face, down over to my legs and breasts. He makes no secret of it either, his gaze lingering for several seconds. Joe is really getting stuck into the brandy, pouring himself large measures and drinking them neat, he also seems to now be relaxed and enjoying himself. I think he was more nervous than I was about me meeting his parents. In fact the only person not having a good time is Alison, she rarely speaks, and when she does she is talked over by Tom. Eventually after about another hour, she rises from her seat and tells us she has a terrible headache and is going up to bed. She leaves the room, cutting a very forlorn figure. "You'll have to excuse my wife, Rachel. She hasn't been herself lately. Lot of things on her mind, poor thing." I tell Tom I quite understand, and that it's perfectly fine. The three of us carry on drinking into the small hours, and enjoy a laugh over some of the old family photographs and amateur videos. Joe is hysterical over some of the footage, laughing more than I've ever seen before. The drink clearly now kicking in. After a poor start, the evening has been very enjoyable, and Tom is clearly at home as the host, cracking jokes and making me feel at ease. All good things have to end though, and Joe takes my hand and leads me to his bedroom, which is on the same floor as the sitting room. Just as well, as Joe is steaming drunk, and probably wouldn't make the stairs. We bid his Father goodnight, leaving him alone with his brandy, and his thoughts. Joe's room doesn't look like it's been redecorated since he was a teenager, all dark and moody looking, not at all seductive. Not that much will go on in that direction, Joe is absolutely steaming drunk and barely capable of removing his clothes, let alone getting an erection. Much as I adore Joe, he's no great shakes in the lovemaking department. It's a shame as he has a decent sized cock, but he doesn't know how to use it. I always have to take the lead and coax him into trying anything new. It took me ages to persuade him to even fuck me doggy style or eat me out. I slip out of my dress and underwear and into my new silk nightie, hoping it might cajole Joe into action, sadly he doesn't even notice, already in bed and asleep. Disheartened, I slip in beside him and turn the lamp off. Despite having a few drinks I'm not tired at all, and increasingly in the mood for sex. I'm sure if I try I can get Joe awake and aroused. My hand gently strokes the length of his cock through his boxer shorts and I feel him almost immediately swell a little. I work on him for a few minutes feeling him get semi erect. I kiss down his body and pull the shorts down and slowly lick the length of his dick, making it jut and pulse. I'm really in the mood to give Joe some mind blowing head. Before I can go any further I feel Joe's hands in my hair, gently pulling me off his penis. "Rachel, stop it please. I'm really not in the mood, I just want to sleep. We'll have sex in the morning." Well that told me didn't it? Whoever heard of a man declining a blow-job? I know we are in his parents house, but the walls seem pretty thick and solid here. Shell shocked, I turn to face away from

the already snoring Joe and throw my head down onto the pillow, and sigh heavily. Oh well, sleep it is then. Sleep however doesn't want to play ball and I just lie awake listening to Joe's bellowing snores for an hour or so. Some night this is. I decide to go and fix myself a hot milk, to see if that will help me sleep, or failing that a large brandy, unless Tom has polished it all off. I slip out of bed quietly, without waking Joe, and make my way through to the sitting room which leads onto the kitchen. It's one of those slow motion moments, the room is in darkness except for the glow of the television screen, which illuminates a naked from the waist down Tom, furiously wanking his engorged cock. I look to the screen and see it's showing an old porn film of two heavily mustached men fucking an older lady with a very hairy pussy. We both stare at each other, not sure of who is more embarrassed. Despite my shock I cannot seem to avert my gaze from his delicious looking penis. His eyes are glued to my breasts, clinging to the tight nightie. Eventually his hands do go down to cover his modesty. "What are you doing Tom?" I whisper. "Well I would have thought that was quite obvious, Rachel. I'm having a wank. I get precious little relief from Alison anymore, and I wasn't expecting you to be up and about. I would have thought you and Joe would be at it like bunnies." The film carries on playing in the background, culminating in a two man facial for the lucky lady, her features covered in thick come. Tom now decides to switch it off. "No Tom, Joe has had too much brandy. He can't even raise a smile." "What! He must be mad. If I was his age I'd be banging a little hottie like you all night." "Yeah well, I was really in the mood for it as well tonight, so it's his loss." Our eyes meet and there is a moment of realisation. We both want the same thing. I know he fancies me, he has been eyeing me up all night. If I'm honest I am attracted to him too, I've always liked older men, and his penis looks nice and thick. I haven't had sex for over a week and need my fix. Surely I can't be about to do this? "I can tell you're in the mood, Rachel. You've been eyeing me up all night." "I think you'll find that it's the other way around. Your eyes have barely left my tits." His steely eyes bore into me as he moves his hands away from his crotch, exposing his delicious looking schlong. His gaze doesn't leave mine as he slowly begins to stroke himself back and forth. "Maybe I have been eyeing you up, I can't deny. But I know you want my cock badly right about now, it's written all over your face." I feel my skin flush. He's right. I want it so much. Actually craving it. He gets to his feet and walks slowly towards me, unbuttoning his shirt and discarding it as he stands inches from me, completely naked. For a man of his age he is in great shape, taut and muscular, but it's his penis that steals the show. Easily nine inches long and as thick as my wrist. "On your knees and suck it. I know that's what you want." "But what about your wife?" "Oh she'll be off in a valium fuelled stupor by now. Won't hear a thing. Now come on, we're wasting time." Tom takes another step closer and is right in front of me. I take a deep breath and know I'm going to hate myself in the morning, but I can't resist him. I take one look at his face and smile before dropping to my knees and taking a look at his beautiful cock close up, then pulling back his foreskin and licking gently around his glans. Tom lets a low moan escape as I open my mouth wide and engulf as much as I can of him. I want so much just to cram it all in, but it's just too thick and long. I elect to go for speed rather than depth, my head moving back and forth as I devour his shaft with gusto. Tom's hands grip my hair tightly and he pushes more of himself into my mouth, almost choking me in the process. I've never I sucked anything bigger in my life and probably

never will again. I'm just getting into my rhythm when he stops and pulls his meat out of my mouth, a trail of saliva arcs from my lip to his tip. "Your cock sucking is pretty good, well very good. But I want to have that little pussy of yours. Get that nightie off and get on all fours on the sofa. I'm going to fuck you senseless." He's not quite so charming now is he? But I don't care, and sometimes it's nice to be ordered around. I do as he asks, and in the blink of an eye I am on his sofa, stark naked with my head down, ass up in the air, giving myself to him. "Come on Tom, I want you in my pussy right now. Do me, fuck me." "In a moment. When I decide..." He comes towards me and runs his big hands along my inner thighs, making me gasp. His fingers are soon brushing against my pussy before he opens me up and inserts his middle finger deep inside me. I'm wet, gloriously wet and his finger slides in with ease, soon covered in my juice. He quickly adds a second thick finger and I'm starting to moan as they squelch about inside me. The thumb of his other hand finds my clit and flashes across it quickly. Tom's fingers are pushing deep inside me, and I push back to try and take as much of them as I can. This along with his skilled work on my clit soon has me delirious and my heart is pounding. I never normally come very quickly but I feel on the edge within just a few minutes. "Uhhh fuck that is so good, Tom." "I knew you'd be a dirty slut the moment I set eyes on you, Rachel. Tell me what you are." "I'm a dirty slut, Tom." His finger work is so good, and maybe the dirtiness of the situation gets the better of me, but I climax hard and fast. The feeling is so intense, I've never felt so amazing in my life. I don't get any time to dwell as I feel Tom's dick nudging inside me. Although he is big, I'm so wet that he slides in easily. His girth fills me, and it feels delightful. "I'm going to fuck your pussy hard and fast young lady." "Mmmm fine by me, old man." He doesn't seem to like the old man comment too much. "I'll show you who's an old man. I'll fuck you harder than anyone ever has. Including that drip of a son of mine." He's good to his word too, fucking me with real power, really stretching my pussy. His hands grip my tiny waist as he pounds me deep and hard. I can hear my slippery pussy squelch as he works me. He then decides to rub my little clit again and I'm soon close to orgasm again. "Ohh fuck yes, Tom. I'm gonna cum again." This seems to make him fuck me even harder, and it feels like I'm taking most of that monster cock. I've never felt so satisfied in my life as another orgasm rips through me. I barely have any strength left and my body is shaking, and it feels like explosions going off right through me. Tom's breathing becomes short and I feel his cock harden inside me, I know he's about to come. I feel one last thrust before he pulls out and covers my ass in jets of thick gooeey cream. He couldn't have climaxed in weeks as it just keeps coming. Finally after six huge spurts he is spent, collapsing on top of me, exhausted. It takes a few minutes for us both to come back down to earth and digest what we have done. We grin at each other in silence for a while before he goes to his shirt pocket and pulls out a cotton handkerchief. Slowly, Tom opens it out and gently cleans up his huge load off my body. "Can't have you going back to Joe like that can I?" I smile sweetly at him, enjoying his chivalry. "Let me clean you up now Tom. I want to suck your cock dry." I kneel between his legs and take his softening tool between my lips and methodically devour every last droplet of sperm. By the time I am finished his penis is beginning to stir into a semi erect state. I really want him to fuck me again, and tell him as much. Tom strokes my hair slowly and tells me he wants me too. It's just too risky. "Tell Joe it's about time he saw his old friends and took them for a beer or seven. I'll

take Alison to see her Aunt. We could have an amazing afternoon sex session, undisturbed tomorrow. How does that sound?" I tell him it sounds like bliss. And that was it, Tom gave me a lingering kiss on the lips, before re-dressing and departing for his bedroom, hopefully his wife slept all through that. After taking a moment to compose myself I crept back to Joe's room, fully expecting to wake him. I shouldn't have worried, he was still in the position I left him in, but the snoring has gone up a notch in volume. I creep gingerly back in beside him and lie down, he's none the wiser and I've got away with it. One thing is for sure, I'm still buzzing and there is no way I can sleep. I replay the events over in my mind and although my pussy is sore, I cannot resist fingering myself to another orgasm as I think of Tom's cock and the hope that we get another chance to make love. I must have eventually dropped off to sleep, for how long I'm not sure, but I'm awoken by the feel of Joe's fingers on my nipples, and his erect penis pressing against my back. His lips press against my neck and kiss me softly. "Morning gorgeous. I think it's time we made up for last night." I cringe, knowing Joe's touch, and more importantly Joe's dick won't ever be good enough again. "Not now, Joe. I'm not in the mood."