Good Girls Don't Do This Sort of Thing

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Every day is a sexual torture...

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"*Do you want it*?"

His hands sliding up the back of my skirt, he bends me over the kitchen counter. The dinner dishes are completely forgotten.

"*Do you want it*?" this time he's more insistent.

I hate it when he makes me beg. He makes me feel so filthy for asking.

"Underwear? Really? You know that won't stop me." he questions me before dropping my damp panties to the floor.

Every night, he'll tease me. Prod me into asking. My self-control has gotten quite strong but after a week, I'll crack. Then I'll beg. He denies himself the pleasure too.

He can't believe his luck in finding a girl like me, that enjoys it as much as he does. I'mhis sordid filthywet dream in the flesh.

"*Do you want it*?" this time he runs his thumb over my asshole, sending shivers down my spine.

A thrust into my wet and wanting pussy. He pulls out abruptly. Spreading my cheeks, his tongue goes to work lubing upmy ass. His fingers probing, massaging and teasing my dirtiest secret.

"*Good girls don'tdo this sort of thing*." I whispered.

He told me once I was his lady in the streets and a freak in the sheets. The guilt I carried was learned from a good catholic upbringing. I shouldn't like this sort of thing. *But I did...*

"*Do you want it*?" this time he's muffled. Blowing a steady breath across my saliva soaked backdoor.

The gooseflesh rises and I moan. I'm ready to ignite.

"*Please*..." I moan. But unable to bring myself to ask yet.

"Please what? What do you want? Ask me. I'll do it if you ask." he smiles wickedly, but immediately stops his ministrations.

I'm ashamed to admit it. In a small voice I reply, "Please... in my ass. Stretch me open.Make me scream. I want to feel you cum deep in me. Just fuck me, PLEASE!"

He walks me to the bedroom, removing clothing as we go. Climbing onto the bed, he positions me on all fours. A flick of his wrist and he pours cool lube on mywanting asshole. Spreading it with his fingers as farin as he can go.

The knowing smile on his face. The slap of his hand on my ass. And then finally his cock nudging my tender rosebud. The lube on his cock head helps him slide in with a pop.The full feeling when he sinks further. The sharp pain that eases into pleasure as I get used to him back there. It hurts so good.

We both moan. I know he wants it too. He gets off on making me beg. The undeniable surge of lust as my pleasure grows.

Slow and steady as the wave builds. Moving faster. His hips slapping against my ass. I can feel his heavy balls hit my hand as I play with my soaking pussy. Two fingers dipping and sliding in and out of my hole.As I strum my clitand withhim pounding my ass, I succumb to a massive orgasm.

I can't breath, the waves of pleasure rock me. He continues to fuck me. Pulling my hips back onto him. Spearing me over and over. I meet his thrusts, pushing myself back on his delicious hard cock. I want it deeper. I want to feel him cum.

Each thrust I can feel him shiver and twitch. I know he's close. His hips buck, plunging his hard cockinto my ass one last time, I feel him release.

"Ahhhhh Angel. Fucccckkkk!" he growls loudly. His head thrown back, his strokes getting shorter as he cums hard. I feel each twitch and pulse deep in my ass. His movements becoming easier as his spunk drips from my creamed asshole. Mingling with my pussy juices as it flows down my inner thighs.

He continues thrusting til we finally collapse. He pulls me into his arms as we go to sleep, totally

exhausted.

His cock still buried in my ass. I smile to myself. I have a feelingI won't needthe alarm clock in the morning.