

# True Colours

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*Fiona finally sees her boyfriends for what he is.*

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/anal/true-colours.aspx>

I always overlooked Carl's faults because it was easier that way. Ever since I'd been a child, I'd hated arguing and even more, I hated confrontations. My parents got divorced when I was twelve which, in my opinion, was twelve years too late. All my memories of them together were of shouting and screaming and of petty arguments, with each of them hurling accusations at each other. I never wanted to be like that.

When I thought Carl was cheating on me, I tried to make excuses for him. I would tell myself that he must have a good reason for lying, and that the girl my friends saw him with must have been some family member which he forgot to tell me about. At twenty two, he was four years older than me and I always thought he was the perfect guy. And he was, for the first couple of months we were together. But then as much as I tried to deny it, he changed. Maybe he got bored of me, or maybe he just liked the thrill he got from being with other girls but he became a totally different person.

I never quite realised it though. I liked to think of him as the sweet boyfriend who always took me out on Friday nights, who helped me do up my flat and who brought me lemonade when I was ill. He could be so thoughtful and so kind but he had his dark side too, the side I rarely saw. I didn't even know it existed until that rainy Friday night.

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It was Carl's birthday and we went out to the newest, hottest nightclub that had just opened in the city centre. The queue stretched around the entire side of the building but luckily for us, one of the bouncers was Carl's older brother and he let us straight in, despite the protests of the waiting crowd. Inside it was brilliant.

The lighting was dim, the walls were painted dark, and the furnishings were a deep red. I could just about smell the fresh paint but it was quickly being diffused out by the scent of perfumes and alcohol. On the walls at the sides there were places to sit and there was an impressive bar, with equally impressive bartenders who looked like they would probably be better off working in the fashion industry.

The music was deafening. It made it feel like everything in the place was vibrating but it was definitely the right mood for a night of dancing. The lights whirled and I caught a glimpse of Carl's smile as we made our way to the dance floor. I was happy that he was happy. It was his birthday and I knew he loved this kind of scene. We danced for a while as the dance floor filled up and then some of Carl's friends showed up too. I made a quick trip to the ladies room but ended up waiting for ages in the queue. When I finally got in it was surprisingly clean, but then again, the night was still young.

I decided to get a quick margarita at the bar. Carl had already drunk some of his infamous cocktails before we'd even got out of the house, but I was still in need of the heady buzz that seemed to have occupied him. He'd been in a brilliant mood all night, laughing at almost everything, just soaking up all the fun and excitement. As I waited to be served at the bar, I turned around to seek him out. My eyes swept across the crowd of clubbers and then as I sought him out, my heart plummeted. The smile dropped from my face. He was dancing with another girl, and not in the fun drunken way, but in an intensely sexy way.

They were gazing into each others eyes and as I watched in numb horror, his hands slid down her back to squeeze her ass. Then they kissed. The sound of the thumping music drained away and as much as it hurt me, I could only stare. The whirling lights lit the scene up in front of me, and the two of them flashed in and out of my vision, green, blue, red, white, yellow. Right in front of me, Carl's true colours were revealed. I couldn't believe he was doing this while I was here. Their mouths parted but their bodies were still pressed tightly together and I turned away, not wanting or needing to watch anymore.

The volume gradually came back to me, though my mind was still numb with shock. The evidence lay there, plain and clear, but I didn't want to accept it. I wanted the old Carl back and it was hard for me to realise that he was gone, never to be seen again. In a daze, I picked up the margarita that had been set down before me, and drank it, letting the cool liquid slip into my body. I wanted to get drunk and forget that this night had ever happened, or better still, forget that Carl had ever even existed.

"Drinking alone?"

I was snapped out of my thoughts by one of the bartenders in front of me. He was tall with dark hair and he was dressed in a black shirt and jeans which seemed to be the casual uniform that all the

guys behind the bar had on.

He took my now-empty glass away and replaced it with a cocktail.

“My speciality,” he said with a wink. “It’ll cheer you right up.”

I sighed. “What makes you think I need cheering up?”

He grinned, and I saw the flash of perfect white teeth. “I’m observant like that.”

“Oh.” I took a small sip of the drink and then a somewhat larger one. It was delicious.

“See?” He smiled a little smugly. “I knew you’d like it.”

I smiled before glancing over my shoulder back to where Carl had been. He was still dancing but with another girl now, and in an equally sexy way. I couldn’t help but laugh at his audacity. He really was something.

“What’s funny?” The bartender asked with a frown.

“That’s my boyfriend.” I jerked my head in Carl’s direction.

“What, the guy with the indecent girl?”

I giggled. “*He’s* the indecent one. I just didn’t realise it until tonight.”

“So why are you laughing? Surely you should be beating him up or something. A slap at the very least?”

I laughed again, though briefly considering the idea. “He’s not worth it. And besides, why waste my time on him when there are so many other guys here?”

“You got that right. Why should he have all the fun?”

“I know, right?”

He glanced at his watch. “I get a break in five minutes.”

I frowned at him. “Why would you tell me that?”

He grinned. “Just in case you were interested.”

He winked at me and moved away to serve a group of guys. I watched him with a half-smile. I didn't hook up with strangers – like, ever. And besides, he looked like the kind of guy who could be cute and smooth on the outside, but a total asshole on the inside. But then again, how could I analyse him? I'd spent the last year thinking Carl was my perfect boyfriend and he'd ended up being the biggest asshole of them all. Maybe the hotshot bartender was a good idea after all.

I shook out my long brown hair and made my way back to the dance floor, studiously avoiding Carl. I wondered briefly how I should end it with him. I didn't want to fight – I just wanted it to be over. Maybe a text would do the trick. I'd always thought ending a relationship like that was cold but then again, he didn't deserve much better.

I tried to forget him and let the music and alcohol take over me as I joined the crowd of dancers. I wasn't dancing alone for long though because a couple of minutes later, I felt two hands on my hips and I turned around to see the bartender behind me. The music played on and we danced together, our bodies pressed close. The lights illuminated his face and I couldn't resist reaching up on my tiptoes and kissing him on the cheek. He smelt divine and he looked even better up close.

My mouth moved to his ear. “What's your name?”

“Ross,” he murmured, and I felt the warmth of his breath against my skin. I closed my eyes for a second, savouring the feel and then he asked, “What's yours?”

“Fiona.”

He smiled. “You're a great dancer, Fiona.”

His hands moved down to squeeze my ass and I let them wander, not caring what anyone else thought. He began a slow exploration of my body, running his hands down from my shoulders along the length of my back and down to the tops of my thighs. I was wearing a short silver dress and his fingers moved along the hem of it, tickling the backs of my legs. I think he was waiting for me to push his hands away but in that moment I didn't want to. After all the confusion I'd already had that night, Ross was the only thing I felt certain of.

His hand found its way under my dress, trailing up the small amount of leg it covered. I could feel his fingertips right there against the soft fabric of my panties. His touch was more than welcome but I didn't want to put on a show for the rest of the clubbers so I reluctantly pushed his hand away. He

took this as a cue to spin me around and then his mouth was moving roughly across my neck, his hands cupping my firm tits.

I could feel the bulge in his pants pressing against my ass and the realisation that he wanted me – that this sexy man really wanted me – sent heat to all the right parts of my body. I knew instinctively that I was getting wet and a second later Ross knew too because his hand slipped under my skirt again, this time pushing my panties aside and stroking my wet slit. I couldn't believe I had a stranger's hand touching me there, making me feel so good, and so, so turned on. His finger pushed inside my tight hole and I gasped, my eyes closing as he slid it in and out.

Then his other hand slipped down the back of my panties and I felt his middle finger sliding between my ass cheeks. The feeling of it there was so alien but it felt so brilliantly bad that I couldn't help enjoying it. I'd never had anyone touch me there, despite all Carl's attempts, but Ross' finger pushed against my untried hole, working its way in slowly. I clenched around it as he pushed it up to the knuckle, wondering whether I really was prepared to follow up on any of this.

“Ross, please.”

“What?” He continued fingering my asshole. “You know you want it.”

“Can we at least go somewhere else?”

I felt his warm breath against my ear as he laughed. “I thought you'd never ask.”

He grabbed my hand and escorted me across the club. At first I thought we were going to the toilets but then he went past, to a locked door marked 'STAFF ONLY'. He let us in, locked the door behind him and then guided me through what looked like an office and into an adjoining bathroom. He'd barely shut the door behind us before he was bending me over and placing my hands on the sink. He pulled my panties down and then he was pushing my legs apart as his tongue dove between my folds.

I gasped and held on to the counter as he flicked the tip of his tongue over my swollen clit, before burrowing it down to press inside my dripping hole. I stared at my reflection hazily in the mirror as he fucked me expertly with his tongue. His hands gripped my ass cheeks and then I felt him pulling them apart to reveal my anus.

“Ross...”

He ignored me, and I felt his tongue sweep across my exposed knot making me shiver with pleasure.

I never knew the thought of anal sex could have turned me on so much. My cheeks were flushed with excitement and my hair was a mess but all I could concentrate on was Ross' expert tongue as he licked and sucked my ass and pussy alternately.

I could feel the familiar tingle of my orgasm but before it happened, Ross stood up and spun me around to kiss me. I could taste myself on his lips and that just made me even wetter. My hand moved furtively between our bodies to stroke the hardness in his pants.

"Take it out," he whispered and I tugged at his belt and zipper, pushing his jeans down and letting his cock spring free. It was just as impressive as the rest of him and I sank to my knees, kissing the tip of it before closing my mouth around the hard length. He let out a strained breath between his teeth and I gazed up at him submissively, loving his reaction to my efforts. His hands tangled in my hair and he slipped his cock in and out a couple of times before he pulled it from my mouth completely.

I figured he was saving himself for later and my thoughts were soon confirmed. As I straightened up, he pulled me flush against the length of his hard, lean body and kissed me passionately. His hands went around me to push up my dress and then he cupped my ass, lifting me to sit on the countertop. He bunched my dress up around my waist and pushed my legs apart, revealing my soaking pussy to his hungry eyes.

His hands pulled me to the edge of the sink and then he wrapped one hand around his hard cock, guiding it into my pussy. I gasped as he entered me, pushing in all the way before slowly withdrawing, only to slide back in. My fingers linked around the back of his neck as we kissed, his hands gripping firmly onto my thighs. Our bodies moved together in a passionate dance, so much more sensual than I'd had a chance to experience on the dance floor. His hips alternately flexed and relaxed, sending him deep into my hot tunnel and his mouth moved to my ear, whispering dirty things that would have made me blush in any other situation.

"You fucking love this, don't you?" he hissed, one hand moving up to grip a fistful of my silky hair.

"Yes," I breathed, not wanting to deny what was so obvious.

"You want me to fuck you harder?" he asked, and he reached between us to rub my clit, making me moan out loud. "You want me to pound this tight little cunt?"

"Oh god, yes!" I gasped, and his hands moved to grip my waist as he slammed his rigid cock into my pussy as deep as it would go. His dark green eyes gazed deep into mine as he fucked me hard and fast, seemingly spurred on by my moans of pleasure. I could feel myself on the edge of orgasm for the second time that night but before I had a chance, he pulled straight out of me, leaving me gasping

in disbelief.

“Do you know what I want to do now?” Ross asked with a grin.

But before I could guess, he lifted my legs higher, forcing me to lean back more, exposing the tight virginal knot of my asshole.

“Oh my god,” I moaned as the head of his dick brushed against it. “I’ve never done this before.”

He smiled. “Never? You’ve never been fucked in this tight little ass?”

“No.”

A grin broke across his face. “Tonight’s your lucky night.”

His fingers plunged into my freshly-fucked pussy, spreading the juices across my tight star and smearing them back and forth. I moaned with tense expectation, feeling so exposed and vulnerable as I waited for him to finish his preparations.

“Tell me how much you want it,” he demanded softly. “Tell me how much you want me to fuck this tight little ass.”

“So much!” I moaned, fingering my clit as he lined up for entry. “I want you to fuck it hard until you cum inside me!”

“You want me to cum in your ass?” he asked with a lascivious grin.

“Uh-huh,” I breathed, “Cum in it and fill me with your cum and make me your dirty slut!”

He groaned at my lewd words and then the head of his cock pressed against my resistant opening. He slowly worked his hard cock into my virgin ass, breathing hard all the while.

“So fucking tight,” he grunted. “I don’t know how long I can take this.”

I just surrendered to the feeling, trying not to gasp at the pain of being split apart in such a crude way. Finally I felt myself relax around his cock and he seemed to realise this too, as he began sliding in and out at an easy pace, his eyes searching my face for a reaction. When he realised I’d begun to enjoy it, he began to move faster, slamming deep into my ass, stretching it as wide as he liked.

“Oh fuck,” he moaned, and I could see the sheen of sweat covering his face as he pounded my ass hard. “This looks so fucking hot!”

He was gazing down between my legs, to my exposed, dripping pussy, and to his cock which was drilling my tight asshole. I reached down to rub my clit, trying to imagine what it must look like.

“Here,” I grabbed my tiny purse which I’d discarded beside us on the countertop. Fumbling through coins and keys, I pulled out my phone and handed it to him, flicking to the video option. “I want to see what it looks like.”

He took the phone off me and started recording his dick fucking my ass, making sure he got a good couple of minutes of lewd action before he let the camera record my open-mouthed expression. I moaned out loud as he slammed deep into my ass over and over again, making my body shake at each thrust. I could feel the sweat all over me and I rubbed harder at my swollen clit, chasing the release.

“Oh fuck!” I moaned, biting down hard on my lip as I tried to contain myself.

“Don’t hold back,” Ross gasped, “I want to hear you!”

My fingers slicked back and forth furiously, teasing my hot little clit as he fucked my ass with a relentless rhythm, still filming the filthy encounter.

“Oh fuck, I’m cumming!” I screamed as the orgasm racked my body, making me break out in a fresh sweat. “Oh fuck!”

I clenched hard around Ross’ cock, writhing on the countertop as he emptied his balls deep inside my sore ass. I could feel my muscles milking the cum from his dick as he swore at the top of his voice before finally pulling out, leaving my ass wide open for a fraction of a second. He slumped down on top of me, finally satisfied.

“Oh god,” I moaned, as the aftershocks still washed over me. “That was fucking amazing...”

After a minute Ross straightened up, putting his clothes back in place. “Here,” he handed me my phone, “A nice little souvenir for you, right?”

“Uh-huh.” I smiled at him as I hopped off the sink and pulled my dress down over my ass, trying to smooth my hair down.

Ross reached down and picked up my panties, shoving them into his jeans pocket. "And that's my souvenir." He said with a grin.

Before I could protest, he winked at me and then he was going out of the bathroom. I hurried after him as he walked back through the office and unlocked the door, holding it open for me. The club music pulsed through the open door and I was suddenly reminded of the guy I'd come here with in the first place; Carl.

Inspiration struck me. I walked past Ross with a smile and moved through the crowd of clubbers and outside into the cool night air. It had stopped raining by this time and the city air was fresh and clean to my senses. My high heels clicked along the damp pavements as I climbed into one of the many cabs across the road.

Once safely in the back seat, I pulled my phone out, finding the video file that had just been made. Attaching it to a message, I typed out the text quickly, hitting the send button before I had a chance to change my mind. I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN – EVER. The message beeped from my phone to Carl's. I leaned back against the dirty leather seat of the cab and smiled to myself. I didn't feel bad - not for one second. Carl got what he deserved and I? I got the best sex I'd ever had. And without a boyfriend tying me down, I had a feeling there was lots more to come.