Midnight Confession

By DamonX

Published on Lush Stories on 22 Feb 2010

Ashley ties her boyfriend up and then confesses her slutty behavior.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/fetish/midnight-confession.aspx

My eyes popped open as I heard the sound of a key working its way into the lock of my front door. I yawned and rubbed the sleep from my eyes before glancing over at the clock on the wall.

"2:52," I muttered, slightly frustrated.
I had expected Ashley to come home hours ago, and had apparently dozed off while waiting up for her to return. Picking up the remote control, I turned off the television just as the door opened and my girlfriend sauntered in, a smile spread wide across her face.

"Oh, good. You're still up," she said, casting a mischievous gaze my way as she tossed her keys on the kitchen table.

I tried to maintain my disappointed expression as she let her coat fall from her shoulders and made her way towards me. I could tell by the look in her eye and the way she was walking that she had been drinking. I was about to say something when she crawled onto my lap, grabbed my head and shoved her tongue into my mouth.

"Wow!" I exclaimed, wiping my mouth as Ashley finally broke her kiss and pulled back, her eyes locked on mine. "What's got into you?"

She smiled and leaned back in, this time flicking my ear with her tongue.

"Meet me in the bedroom and I'll tell you," she whispered seductively.

With that, she stepped back and walked away leaving me with a blank stare and a rising erection. I watched her cute little ass sway back and forth as she walked into the bedroom. By this time, any feeling of anger I had recently felt was now replaced with an intense sexual desire for my girlfriend. Ashley always got a little crazy in bed when she drank, and it appeared this night was going to be no different. I muttered a silent "thank you" and hopped up from my seat, eager to begin the night's festivities.

After a quick trip to the bathroom, I made my way into the bedroom, pulling my shirt off in the process. As I proceeded through the darkened doorway I froze, my mouth dropping open in astonishment. Ashley had taken it upon herself to strip down to her underwear and was now situated on the bed in a seductively naughty pose. She was on her hands and knees with back arched in order to draw attention to her perfect, curvaceous ass. The lights were off, but a small reading light cast sensual shadows across her waiting and willing body. Ashley definitely knew how to press my buttons and she was doing a very good job of it.

"Well," I said, undoing my pants. "Looks like someone's feeling a little bit frisky."

"You have no fucking idea!" she retorted, looking back over her shoulder, a strand of dirty blonde hair dangling in front of her eyes. "Now get over here!"

I swallowed hard and stepped forward, suddenly feeling a little bit intimidated. Ashley was far from shy when it came to sex, but I had never seen her like this. I made my way forward, my eyes hungrily inspecting her half naked body.

"By the way," she began, wiggling her ass enticingly. "Do you like my new panties?"

"Oh yeah," I said with a lustful gasp, reaching out to touch her little round butt which appeared to be swallowing up her tight fitting black underwear. They weren't exactly skimpy, but were extremely tight fitting, clinging to every curve and exemplifying her pert little cheeks. And to make matters worse (or better) the back portion was made from a sheer, see-through material which only furthered my desire.

Licking my lips, I crawled onto the bed moving closer as I caressed her smooth, flawless skin. I could her hear Ashley let out a subtle moan as she felt my lips touch her soft, supple flesh. I had to restrain my desire as my lips and tongue traced their way over her ass, my hands sliding down to hold her shapely calves firmly against the bed as I continued my exploration.

"Mmmmm," she purred as my mouth passed from her naked flesh onto the sheer, black material of her panties.

The scent emanating from her pussy was stronger than usual, indicating a high level of arousal which only encouraged me further. Finally, unable to restrain myself any longer I buried my face between her cheeks, pressing my mouth and nose into her panties.

"Oh fuck!" Ashley gasped, obviously enjoying the feeling of my hot breath on her most private areas.

Only a thin layer of sheer material now separated my face from her pussy and ass. I began force my mouth into Ashley's backside in a futile attempt to get my tongue inside her as she wriggled with pleasure. My mouth opened and closed as my saliva began to permeate the underwear, soaking through to her asshole. She pushed her hips backwards, engulphing my face in her luscious ass as she continued to purr with arousal, even going so far as to reach back and grab hold of my hair, pulling me into her.

"Wait," Ashley ordered, pushing me back away from her. "I'm the boss tonight!"

With that, she crawled out of reach and turned to face me, a devilish grin appearing across her pretty face. Her ample breasts were rising and falling with every laboured breath, straining against the thin fabric of her black matching bustier.

"Lay down," she commanded, as she moved aside to make room.

I did as I was told, suddenly enticed by my girlfriend's newfound sexual aggressiveness. As I did, Ashley leaned over and reached into her purse.

"Put your arms over your head."

Again, I did as I was told, stretching my arms up above me and accidentally bumping my knuckles against the silver coloured metal rods that comprised the headboard. I heard the 'clinking' sound of metal as Ashley turned back towards me proudly displaying a pair of handcuffs that shimmered in the lamplight as they hung from her finger, swinging back and forth. She smiled and once again her expression was not one of playfulness or joy, but rather one of mischief. It was a look more fitting of a movie villainess than one that would cross the face of my cute little girlfriend. My heart raced as she leaned over and placed the cuffs around my wrists, tightening the cold metal rings almost to the point of discomfort.

"There," she said in a satisfied tone, as she leaned in and gently ran her tongue over my face. "Now you're all mine."

I felt her hot tongue on my neck as she worked her way down my body, kissing and biting. Her breasts were pressed hard against my stomach and I could feel the firmness of her nipples through the thin lacy material, gliding smoothly over my bare skin. As Ashley's soft lips surrounded one of my nipples, I felt her hand drift downwards and work its way into my pants.

"Ooooo," she cooed as she wrapped her warm little hand around my turgid cock. "Does someone

want to come out and play?"

As I was about to answer, she gave my dick a forceful squeeze and bit down hard on my nipple. I flinched and Ashley cast me a lusty stare, indicating that there was more to come. She then continued downwards, kissing and nibbling at my stomach as she withdrew her hand from my pants. I could feel her breath on my skin as she tucked her fingers into my waistband and began to tug them down over my hips.

"There we go," she said contently as my cock sprang free, slapping up against my stomach.

With my pants now around my knees, even the movement in my legs was restricted and Ashley had free reign over my entire body. She looked back up at me as she extended her little pink tongue in a tantalizing manor and gently touched the underside of my dick. I moaned deeply and closed my eyes as I enjoyed the feeling of her soft, wet tongue gliding up my cock.

"Does that feel good baby?" she asked, wrapping her fingers around my dick and enclosing her lips around my swollen head.

"Uh huh," I answered, gazing down at my girlfriend as she slid more of my dick into her mouth. Giving head wasn't one of Ashley's favourite things to do, so I decided to savour every minute.

"You know?" she continued, as she popped my dick from her mouth and ran her tongue down my shaft." I happened to find some of your stories on the computer the other day."

I froze. My erotic story writing was always something that I had kept secret from Ashley. Especially since she was often a recurring character. My stories centered on my fantasies. And my fantasies usually involved her.

"A...and?" I stammered, unsure of how she was going to react.

"Pretty kinky stuff," she said with a smile as she continued running her tongue over my glistening cock. "I had no idea you had such a dirty little mind."

I said nothing as Ashley began to caress my balls, squeezing them gently as she sucked my dick back into her mouth. I suddenly felt very exposed. Mentally and physically.

"So..." Ashley continued as she began to stroke my cock with slow, deliberate movements. "Are those the kinds of things you think about? Me getting fucked by other guys?"

"S...sometimes," I answered cautiously.

"Really?"

"Uh huh."

"Hmmmm," she said before softly returning her soft lips to the engorged head of my cock and sucking gently.

"Why?" I asked, my heart beating a mile a minute. "Did it bother you?"

Ashley bit her lip and looked up at me.

"Oh no. In fact, it really turned me on."

"Really?"

I could feel my cock pulsing as she held it firmly in her grasp.

"Oh yes."

"Even the...really dirty stuff?"

Ashley stopped stroking my dick and stared at me. Once again my heart stopped. My stories usually depicted her doing things far beyond anything we had ever done and I was unsure exactly what she thought of that.

Then, slowly, she crawled back up to my face and kissed me deeply before pulling away once again. She then lowered her mouth to ear and I could feel her hot breath on my skin as she whispered.

"Especially the really dirty stuff."

My cock jumped at Ashley's words and she gave me one more kiss before spinning around and throwing a leg over my body. She was now straddling my chest with her gorgeous ass just inches away from my face and I could feel the heat and moisture from her pussy through the scanty fabric of her panties. I strained my neck and lifted my head in an attempt to get at her luscious backside, but unfortunately she was just out of my reach.

"Is this what you want?" she asked, reaching back and stroking the area between her legs as he

wiggled her ass in an enticing manor.

"Yes!" I gasped, once again straining my neck to get at her.

"You want to lick my pussy?"

"Yes!"

"And my ass?"

"Yes!"

Ashley then tucked a finger into her underwear and slowly pulled her panties aside. Her tantalizing pussy and asshole came into view, glistening with moisture.

"You want this?"

"Yes!" I reiterated, flicking out my tongue in another futile attempt.

"Well you're just going to have to wait," Ashley said with a giggle, letting her panties snap back into place.
I groaned with frustration as my cock throbbed with desire. Ashley arched her back and ran her fingers through her hair, grinding her pussy into my bare chest. I could feel the intense warmth from her wet little hole radiating through her underwear against my naked skin.
“So where did you go tonight?” I asked, curious about the evening’s events that had suddenly turned my girlfriend into teasing seductress.
“Oh,” she said with a sly grin as she looked back at me over her shoulder. “Wouldn’t you like to know?”
“Well, whatever you did...” I began, still amazed by Ashley’s sexy demeanour. “You should do it more often.”
She let out a brief giggle as she placed her hands on my thighs and pushed her body backwards slightly along my torso.
“Oh yeah?” she asked, lowering her breasts down to surround my twitching cock in their warm, embrace. “You like when I act naughty?”
“Uh huh,” was all I could manage to produce as I stared transfixed on her beautiful round ass as it slowly approached my face. The material in the back of her panties was transparent enough so that I could make out the form of her two plump cheeks, separated by an enticing dark valley within which, I knew lay my eventual reward.
“You like when I act dirty?”

“Yes.” I swallowed hard. I could feel her soft breasts sliding down the shaft of my dick as she worked her way into a 69 position on top of me with agonizing slowness.
“You like when I act like a dirty little slut?”
“Oh fuck yes!” I exclaimed with exasperation. Ashley was usually pretty tentative about talking dirty, so when I heard her use the word “slut” in reference to herself, my dick almost exploded.
“Good,” she said softly as she pushed her ass back against my face.
I moaned with satisfaction as I felt the moist fabric press against my hungry lips, and I could finally once again taste my girlfriend’s intoxicating pussy through the sheer fabric of her panties. My lips and tongue worked in futile in an effort to get at her bare flesh, as she lowered her head and I felt her hot breath on my balls. I was waiting for the feel of her warm, wet mouth on my dick but it never came. I tried to use my nose to push her panties aside so that I could get at her, but just as I was beginning to make progress Ashley pulled away again.
“Nooo!” I moaned in disappointment as she climbed off my body. “You’re killing me here!”
Ashley flashed me another teasing smile as she turned to face me. Kneeling at the end of the bed, her eyes narrowed as they transfixed on mine and her sexy smile faded into a serious expression of intense lust. Pushing my legs apart forcefully, she positioned herself on all fours between them, her face just inches away from my aching cock.
“So Damon...” she said softly as her lowered he head to gently kiss my stomach agonizingly close to my dick. “In your stories you always have me fucking other guys. Is that what you want?”
My heart was racing.
“I...I don’t...know,” I stammered as Ashley flicked her little pink tongue out and lightly touched the underside of my balls, making my dick twitch with anticipation.
“Sure you do,” she said in the same soft, monotone voice as she continued to press the issue. “Tell me. Would you like me to fuck other guys?”
I was breathing with heavy, laboured breaths as Ashley’s tongue travelled from my balls up to the underside of my pulsing cock. My mind was racing was I struggled to decide what to say. I had often fantasized about my girlfriend having sex with other men, which is why it was such a common topic in my stories. But would I actually go through with it in real life? I was contemplating that as Ashley began kissing her way my naked torso
“Maybe,” I finally answered.
As I spoke that single word Ashley stopped and looked up into my eyes.
“Uh uh,” she said quietly, shaking her head. “Yes?” She kissed my chest again. “Or no?”
I swallowed hard.
“Y...Yes.”
“Are you sure?” she asked as her lips surrounded one of my nipples.
“Y...Yes.”
Her body was now pressed tightly against mine and I could feel her warmth against my naked skin. I could also feel the growing wetness of her pussy against my leg as she continued to crawl up my body.

“Say it!” She said quietly but bluntly. “Tell me exactly what you want.”
“I...want you to...fuck other guys.”
It was surreal to hear myself say those words out loud. As I spoke them it was as if I had crossed a point of no return. Ashley had kissed her way up my neck and was now staring down into my eyes as she straddled my exposed body.
“Do you want me to be dirty like in your stories?”
“Yes,” I blurted out.
“You want me to be a dirty little slut?”
“Yes.”
“You want me to get fucked and used by other guys?”
“Yes!”
“Good,” she said as she lowered her head and whispered in my ear. “Because I already have.”
I froze.
“W...What?” I stammered.
“You heard me,” she answered bluntly, staring down at me with a penetrating gaze. “I fucked another guy.”
My eyes narrowed and I cocked my head to the side as I studied my girlfriend’s expression. Her face was unyielding as she looked down into my eyes. I was expected her to add a ‘just kidding’ at any time, but she remained resolute, doing nothing to refute her previous statement.
“Are...you...serious?” I asked.
Ashley’s intense gaze remained steadfast as she bit her bottom lip and nodded. My body was filled with a strange mix of jealously, confusion, and sexual excitement.
“W...when? Tonight?”
Ashley bit her lip as she gently shook her head.
“Uh uh,” she said softly, as she leaned down farther, her hair brushing against my face. “Last night.”
My breaths were deep and my pulse was racing as I lay there restrained, trying to process the information that had just been revealed to me.
“Who was it?” I asked, my curiosity growing with every passing second.
“Nobody you know,” she responded calmly, relieving me of my fear that Ashley had slept with one of my friends. “It was a guy I met a club downtown. His name was Mark.”
A moment of silence then followed, as Ashley studied my face in an effort to gauge my reaction.
“H...how was it?” I asked finally, unsure of what to say next.
My girlfriend’s unwavering expression softened and her soft, pink lips curled up into a seductive smile.
“It...was...” she began, her eyes looking upwards as she struggled to find the words. “Very...dirty,”
As that last word left her mouth, a tingling sensation raced through my naked body. I swallowed hard as Ashley reached back to feel the rigidity of my twitching cock.
“Does that...” she began with agonizing slowness as she traced a manicured nail up the underside of my shaft. “...turn you on?”

“Y...yes.”
“Goooooood,” she purred, leaning down and lashing her tongue out across my lips. “Because you’re going to lie here, while I...tell...you...every...dirty...detail.”
My body shivered with aroused anticipation of my girlfriend’s confession. I had never seen her act this way before, and her sexual intensity was overwhelming me as I trembled under her warm, writhing body.
“Well,” she began, casting me a deviously naughty glare, reminiscing as she closed her eyes and ran her hands up her body, cupping her breasts with groping, lustful hands. “It all started when I found your stories on your computer yesterday. I copied them to a file and sent them to my email. ”
My chest heaved under the weight of her warm body as she continued her story.
“Then...I...went home and read them.”
Ashley opened her eyes and looked down into my eyes.
“At first...I was surprised. But after I started reading, I...started to get really turned on.”
“Oh yeah?” I asked, prompting her to continue.
“Yeah,” she confirmed, her eyes flashing with intensity. “It...actually...made me horny as hell.”
I smiled, pleased that my filthy writings had aroused her.
“That’s good,” I said, cautiously choosing my words. “I was a little...unsure of how you would take it.”
“Oh...,” she peeped, slowly grinding her hips as she straddled my body.
“I...took...it...very...very...well.”
I struggled to hold in my excitement as I awaiting the continuance of my girlfriend’s erotic tale.
“And the dirtier the stories were...” she said, leaning over as her honey-blonde hair fell around her face. “...the hornier I got.”
I smiled as my cock throbbed against my bare stomach.
“I sat there for hours, reading and fingering my pussy. I don’t think I’ve ever been so turned on in my entire life. I must have cum three or four times, but I was still horny. So when Kelly called me up and asked if I wanted to go out to a club I jumped at the chance.”
I could feel the warm dampness through my girlfriend’s panties on my bare chest as she sat atop me, enticing me with her excruciating confession. I looked up into her eyes as she spoke, noticing an uncharacteristic intensity flashing in her sparkling blue orbs as she captivated me with her sexual spell. I began to feel truly helpless beneath her.
“I was feeling really sexy,” she continued with agonizingly slow disclosure. “So I dressed up in that slutty little skirt you bought me for my birthday.”
My eyes widened with interest. In hopes of convincing my girl to dress a little sexier, I had purchased her a short little blue skirt. Although she had put it on for me a few times at home, she had never worn it out in public before. Even though she had a great little body, Ashley had never been comfortable dressing provocatively at all, favouring a more conservative look.
“Mmmm,” I moaned. “I bet you looked hot.”
“I did,” she agreed with a smile. “And I wore a little white top. Kelly said I looked like a slutty little school girl.”

I could feel my aching cock pulsing against my stomach as precum was already beginning to leak from my tip. As I was unable to even touch my dick with my hands restrained, I remained lying under her as my heart continued to race.

“So we got to the club and had a few drinks. I was feeling pretty good so we danced for a while. Just as we were leaving the dance floor, this guy grabbed me and pulled me back out there. I was surprised at first, but when I saw how hot he was...I just let him take me with him. I knew Kelly was watching me, but I didn’t care. We started dancing and he was immediately all over me. He was grabbing my ass and kissing my neck. He was just so...confident. I knew right then that I was going to let him fuck me.”

I swallowed hard. My mind was spinning in a confusing mix of jealousy and arousal. I had fantasized about my girlfriend fucking other guys countless times, but now she had done it and I was helpless to object as she revelled in telling me every agonizing detail.

“Kelly got mad and left me at the bar,” she continued, her voice growing more excited with every word. “But I didn’t care. Mark and I got a drink and sat down in a dark corner of the bar. Soon we were making out and he stuck his hand up under my skirt.”

My heart was thumping so loud I could almost hear the beating over the sound of my girlfriend’s soft voice.

“My pussy was soooo wet,” she recounted, rolling her eyes back as if reliving the naughty experience in her mind. “He started fingering me right there in the club...and I just couldn’t take it anymore. So I took him into the bathroom...”

This sudden turn in the story caught me by surprise. Exhibitionism was definitely not something that Ashley had ever been interested in. She had always insisted on maintaining a ‘good girl’ image in public.

“...we went into a stall and I got down on my knees.”

Her voice now took on an apprehensive demeanour as she studied my face closely as if gauging my reaction. Slowly, she lowered her face to mine gazing directly into my eyes as she whispered.

“And I sucked his cock.”

A brief moment of silence followed as Ashley pulled herself further up my body, her hot, moist pussy working its way along my chest leaving a warm, damp trail in its wake.

“Mmmm, you should have seen it Damon,” she cooed as she grabbed the headboard and pulled herself up into a straddling position over my face. “You’re cute little girlfriend on her knees in some dirty bathroom with some strange guy’s dick her pretty little mouth.”

The enticing aroma of her aroused pussy washed over me as I pictured the filthy scene in my mind. Ashley knew how to push my buttons and she was proving to excel at painting the perfect picture in order to tantalize my active imagination. Her stern expression melted away into a playful smile as she looked down me between her legs.

“I felt so dirty...,” she continued as she lowered her pussy down onto my waiting mouth. “His hands were grabbing my head as I sucked him. I was so turned on, I was even playing with my pussy as I sucked his dick.”

My lips closed around her damp mound, sucking at her hot little hole through her panties. I could even taste her arousal through the thin fabric as she slowly rocked her hips into my face. Every word she spoke excited me further and my tongue stabbed at her in desperation. Reaching down, she pulled the crotch of her underwear aside, revealing her glistening wet, blushing lips before pressing them back onto my hungry mouth.

“Mmmm,” she purred, feeling my eager tongue sliding up inside her as she wriggled her body atop my face. “I just wanted his cum in my mouth so fucking bad.”

Again I was surprised at Ashley’s startling revelation. Aside from not being a huge fan of oral sex, she had always shown complete disdain for cum, especially in her mouth. My surprise went unnoticed however, as she braced herself with the headboard and continued grinding her pussy across my face.

“And he did baby,” she said softly. “He grabbed my head and shoved his cock into my mouth and filled it full of his cum. I sucked down every drop like a dirty little cum-sucking whore.”

As her words grew more obscene, my enthusiasm grew as well, eating her dripping wet pussy with voracity as she coated my face with her juices.

“When we walked out of the bathroom, everyone was staring at us. They all knew what I had been doing. I felt like such a naughty slut. And I loved it.”

I gasped for breath as my girlfriend pulled herself off my face, allowing me to breathe once again.

“Are you enjoying my little story?” she asked with a smile as she sat back beside me and removed her panties and bra.

“Yes,” I panted lustfully as I eyed her naked body.

“Good,” she purred with contentment as she crawled on top of me, licking her juices from my lips. “Because I’m only getting started.”

The lust lingering in the air was almost palpable as she bit my bottom lip and pulled away, letting it snap painfully. I was beginning to find it difficult to look into Ashley’s eyes which were growing more intense by the minute as she became fully comfortable in her newfound role.

“So...what happened next?” I asked with peaked interest as she reached down to take hold of my throbbing cock.

“What happened next?” she repeated, casting me a sly, mischievious grin as she positioned my dick to point up at her carefully descending hole. “I told him that if he took me home, he could do whatever he wanted to me.”

With that, Ashley lowered herself down onto my upturned cock, piercing her swollen, dripping lips with my bulbous helmet. I sighed with relief as my finally found myself buried deep within the inviting confines of my girlfriend’s sweltering pussy. She too, appeared pleased as a satisfied smile crossed her face and my length vanished into her hungry hole.

“Mmmm,” she sighed, wiggling her hips with my dick embedded inside her. Are you sure you want me to tell you more? “

“Yes,” I answered promptly.

“You want to hear how some other guy turned your cute little girlfriend into his filthy little whore?”

I just stared in amazement as she cast her gaze back down to my face, her playful smile once more

giving way to a sexually charged visage.
“Because that’s what happened,” she clarified as her hips began to slowly rock back and forth. “He took me home and pulled me into his bedroom, ripped my clothes off and fucked me like a dirty little slut.”
“H...how did he fuck you?” I asked cautiously, as Ashley placed her hands on my chest for leverage.
“First, he put me on my back,” she answered, all too happy to respond to my question. “He spread my legs and fucked me hard. I told him to use me. I told him to degrade me.”
While she spoke, she fingered her clit and the pace of her rhythmic grinding increased dramatically.
“Isn’t that what you wanted?” she asked, her voice growing erratic as she bucked back and forth.
“Isn’t that what you wrote about in your stories? Me getting used? Me getting degraded like a dirty little cunt?”
“Yes,” I gasped, planting my feet on the bed and pushed my hips upwards to drive my cock deeper into her body.
“Oooohhh,” she exclaimed, driving her hips down into mine. “Well he did. He grabbed me by the neck and choked me while he fucked me. It felt so fucking good. And when I was gasping for air, he spit into my mouth. It was so fucking hot.”
I was again surprised, but her filthy confessing was continuing to turn me on as it was her. Gradually, her rhythmic grinding ceased and she began sliding her pussy up and down my cock with forceful, plunging strokes.
“I fucking loved it, Damon. All I wanted was to be his whore. But...It wasn’t dirty enough.”
“Oh no?”
“No,” she said simply, driving her wet hole back onto my throbbing shaft. “I wanted him to use me. I wanted him to do things to me...things that I would be ashamed to tell anyone.”
Her breathing was growing ragged under the exertion of her furious bucking. It was as if Ashley was simply using my body to get herself off. As she increased her pace however, her tight little pussy walls gripped my shaft with each stoke, bringing me dangerously close to orgasm. I closed my eyes and concentrated on withholding my climax which was growing more difficult by the second.
“Open your eyes,” Ashley ordered, her hips rocking to and fro on top of me. “I want you to see my face. I want you to look into my eyes when I tell you what a dirty whore I was last night.”
My eyes shot open and she smiled with shrewd satisfaction and leaned over to bring her tits brushing against my bare chest.
“Do you know what he did?” she asked, her voice dripping with villainous sexuality. “He handcuffed me to his bed just like I’ve done to you.”
I held my breath and clenched every muscle in my lower body, knowing that if I relented in the least, I would be spilling my seed into my girlfriend and our little fuck session would come to an end.
“Mmmm, can you picture that baby?” she asked, not even expecting a response. “Your sweet little Ashley handcuffed to some strange guy’s bed.”
I was trying not to picture it, as I knew any further mental stimulation would send me over the edge.
“Then he crawled up my body and straddled my face. His cock was wet from fucking my pussy and

he grabbed my hair. He said ‘open your mouth slut.’ I obeyed him and he shoved his big wet dick right into my mouth. I wasn’t even sucking him. He was fucking my face. He was using my mouth like it was a cunt.”
“Oh my god,” I gasped as the image of my girlfriend being face-fucked crept into my resistant mind.
“He made me choke on it,” she continued without relenting. “Then he pulled it out and slapped me in the face with it. He slapped me in the face like I was a dirty slut...and I loved it.”
As if sensing my impending orgasm, Ashley slowed her furious grinding and reached back to give my swollen balls a gentle squeeze.
“Am I turning you on?” she asked, squeezing harder and causing me to shift uncomfortably.
“Fuck yes,” I exclaimed through clenched teeth as she played with my sensitive sac.
“Are you going to cum soon?”
“Maybe...” I answered cautiously as she resumed her gentle gyrations.
“That’s okay,” she assured, increasing her pace as she leaned down to me and flicked her tongue across my lips. “I want you to. I want you to cum as you picture me and Mark in your mind. I want you to think about how I looked, cuffed to his bed as he put his balls in my mouth.”
Faster and faster she went, her small sweaty body sliding up and down mine as she repeatedly pushed her hungry pussy back onto my pulsing pole.
“Mmmm, I loved sucking his balls. I loved having him over me, making me do anything he wanted. “
I swallowed with a deep gulp as she bit her bottom lip and stared into my eyes with a captivating intensity as she continued to shamelessly recount her slutty behaviour.
“But then he made me do something really dirty.”
I froze, desperately torn between my hesitation and the ever pressing promise of self gratification. Ashley’s hips continued their unrelenting gyrations as if trying to coax the cum from my swollen, aching balls as her hand clutched my hair with unrestrained ecstasy. I could feel her warm breath in my ear as she hissed her filthy words.
“He made me lick his ass.”
A second later, my hips bucked upwards with long-awaited fury as my balls tensed, sending a copious amount of creamy, hot cum spilling into my girlfriend’s waiting pussy. Ashley purred with delight as she felt my cock pulse with each beat of my heart, her hungry hole taking every last drop as her body continued to writhe on top of my wilting pole.
“Ooooh,” she exclaimed, wiggling her way off my dick. “I thought that might turn you on.”
I immediately felt my arousal plummet as the pre-orgasmic intensity subsided. Ashley however, seemed to only be getting started, as her eyes remained a lustful picture of sexual voracity. She studied my expression as she lifted her dripping wet pussy off me and a warm trickle of cum leaked down her blushing lips and dripped onto my stomach. I was expecting her to un-cuff me, but instead she just flashed me a smile and began dragging herself back up my heaving torso.
“Is that dirty enough for you?” she asked as she moved towards my head, my cum leaking from her insatiable hole and leaving a sticky, glistening trail up my stomach and chest.
“Uh huh.”

“You should have seen it,” she continued, grabbing the head board and pulling herself up off my lying body. “His balls were pressed against my face as I tongued his asshole. He called me a good little whore and told me all the things he was going to do to me. When he told me he was going to fuck my ass, I got even more excited and began licking his ass like the filthy little slut I am. “
My girlfriend’s unrelenting stream of verbal depravity struck me deeply and I felt the blood begin to rush back to my flaccid cock.
“Did he...?” I stammered as I stared up at Ashley, perched directly over my bewildered face. “Did he...fuck your ass?”
“Oh yes,” she replied, switching around to present me with her cute little round ass.
I stared up into my girlfriend’s butt as it hovered precariously above my face. Slipping two fingers into her sopping wet pussy, she reached around to slide them gingerly over the opening of her tightly closed hole, coating the tiny pink ring with slick juices.
“He fucked...this...tight...little...asshole.”
With each word she spoke, Ashley pushed a segment of her slender finger into her tightly gripping hole as I watched with growing arousal.
“Do you want to hear about it?” she asked, sawing her slick, glistening digit in and out of her clenching ass.
“Yes,” I gasped truthfully. “I want to hear how fucking dirty you were.”
“Mmmm, okay,” she purred, slipping her finger out as the tiny ring closed back up right before my eyes. “I want you to lick my ass while I tell you.”
With that, she lowered her ass right down onto my panting mouth, her pert little cheeks nestling down comfortably around my face.
“Oh, fuck yeah,” she sighed, pressing her asshole against my lips feeling my wet little tongue sliding out to tease her tiny star. “Just like that. Like my asshole just like I licked Mark’s ass last night.”
I moaned into her ass as she once again brought up the obscene act. Encouraged by my audible appreciation, she continued.
“He made me do it just like this,” she said softly, slowly grinding her hole against my lips. “He sat right down on my fucking face. He reached back and grabbed my hair, forcing my tongue into his ass.”
As she spoke, Ashley acted out the depraved scene, reaching back to clutch my hair in her tiny hand as she prompted me to increase my efforts.
“Yessss,” she hissed. “Stick your tongue right up my ass. That’s it. That’s just how I did it last night. Oh my god Damon! I felt so fucking slutty. I was such a filthy fucking whore! I loved it. He was calling me names as I tongue-fucked his butt. But every time he did, it just turned me on more.”
“What did he call you?’ I asked in between thrusts of my hot, wet tongue.
“He called me his slut. His dirty little ass licking whore! And I was. I was his dirty little ass licker! Can you picture it? Can you picture me with my little pink tongue shoved into some guy’s asshole while he calls me a dirty fucking slut?”
“Yes!” I huffed, gasping for air as I pulled my mouth from my girlfriend’s insatiable anus.
“I bet you can,” she added, reaching down to lift my dick off of my stomach. “I can see you’re hard

again already.”
Seeing my restored erection, Ashley scrambled down my body, eager to get my meat back inside her. Her pussy was still drenched in fluids, both hers and mine, and slid easily back onto my upturned pole. Her back was now to me and she seemed to lose herself in the moment as she settled into position with my cock snugly embedded inside her petite, writhing body.
“So what did you do next?” I asked, urging my girl to continue her erotic confession as she rode me with a renewed sexual vigour.
“He uncuffed me and put me on my hands and knees,” she said, looking back over her shoulder as her hips gyrated with frantic, rhythmic movements. “And he fucked me from behind.”
Her fingers slipped down the underside of my half-buried shaft as she rocked back against me.
“I was on my hands and knees like a dirty little whore. He slammed his cock in and out of my slutty little cunt. He grabbed my hair and slapped my ass.”
“Did you like that,” I asked as she reached back and pulled her cheeks apart, treating me to a enticing view of her winking asshole which was still wet from my earlier tongue-lashing.
“I fucking loved it! He treated me like nasty little whore! I was begging him to fuck me! I was begging him to degrade me!”
Ashley started massaging her asshole as she continued gyrating around my pulsing cock.
“He even shoved his fingers up my ass,” she moaned on cue, sliding her middle finger easily into her tiny little butthole.
I could feel her wiggling finger against my shaft as she rose and fell with increasing enthusiasm.
“It felt so good. Soon I was begging him to fuck my ass!”
I could feel my cum dribbling out of her pussy as she fucked me, trickling down over my balls which soon grew wet from the leaking fluids.
“He pulled his finger out of my ass and shoved it into my mouth, making me suck it as he took his dick out of my slutty little pussy. “
As she spoke, Ashley slipped her finger from her own ass and placed it between her lips, sucking gently as she turned her head enough to give me a view.
“Then he told me to spread my ass like the dirty little anal whore I was,” she continued, showing me by re-enacting the lewd act with her hands pulling her cheeks apart in a shameless display. “And he slid his big fat cock right into my tight little asshole.”
Her frantic pace began to slow as my eyes fixed on her little puckered opening, winking with desire.
“Do you want your cock in my ass?” she asked absently. “Do you want to feel what Mark felt last night?”
“Yes,” I blurted out emphatically. “I want my dick inside your slutty little ass.”
“Ooooh,” she said as she lifted her pussy up my impaled rod. “Someone’s getting a little excited again.”
My face flushed red as Ashley gripped my swollen cock head in her gentle hand as she shifted her body forwards to line it up with her tantalizing little star. Cautiously she descended, sitting back to press her hole against my bulging tip. I watched with avid interest as the spongy flesh of my head

expanded under the pressure before popping past her tight muscular ring and beginning its depraved journey into the depths of my girlfriend's eager asshole.
"Oh yea," she sighed, tossing her head back blissfully as her stretched ass slowly slid down the length of my wet shaft.
As her fleshy little ass cheeks came to rest on my hips, she relaxed slightly as her body acclimatized to the sensation of having my throbbing cock buried firmly inside her.
"Does that feel good?" she asked, cautiously tilting her hips back and forth as her ass moved minimally around my ensconced pole. "Do you like the way my asshole feels?"
"Fuck yes," I answered, prompting her increase her gentle motions.
"Mmmm, Mark liked it too. He told me it was the hottest, tightest little hole he had ever fucked."
I couldn't see, but I could tell by the way her arm was moving that her hand was fast at work on her clit as her movements gradually became more bold and vigorous.
"He told me that he owned my ass. He told me that I was his dirty little ass-whore. He just grabbed me by the hair and fucked me harder and harder."
"Did he cum in your ass?" I asked, as I watched Ashley's tiny hole rise and fall around my shimmering cock.
"No," she answered in a panting, lustful moan. "He grabbed me by the hair, pulled his dick out of my ass and came all over my face!"
Ashley pushed down, sinking my shaft deep into her hole as her body began to twitch.
"You should have seen me Damon," she gasped. "Your girlfriend's pretty little face covered in cum."
"Oh you dirty fucking slut!" I exclaimed, growing more excited by the second.
"Yesssss!" she hissed as her body began to convulse with pleasure. "I am a dirty fucking slut! I want your fucking cum in my ass!"
Her panting gasps turned into an intense shriek as pushed down hard on my dick. As the violent orgasm shook her writhing body, her asshole clenched forcefully around my sheathed pole sending shivers of pleasure shooting down to my toes. Seeing my girlfriend in the throes of an elated, anal orgasm sent my pulse running and my body contorted as well.
"Fuckkkkkk," I growled as I felt my cock expand and blast Ashley's insides with a furious spray of hot cum.
Feeling my dick erupt inside her, she moaned passionately as she wiggled her ass around my spurting cock before tossing her head back in exasperated relief. I could hear her breathing heavily as she sat here for a few lingering moments before leaning forward and allowing my slippery cock to ease its way out of her cum-filled asshole. As it slipped free, her clenching ring pulsed and a lewd stream of creamy white jism followed, pouring down onto my naked stomach.
"Oh my God," she exclaimed, crawling off of my tired body. "That was intense."
As my girlfriend grabbed her panties and began to straighten up, I remained cuffed to the bed as my mind wandered in retrospection as I tried to process what had just taken place. As if forgetting all about me, Ashley got up and headed for the door, grabbing a clean towel from the shelf on my wall.
"Hey, wait a minute," I said as she started out the door. "So all this happened last night?"

“Uh huh,” she said nonchalantly as she tossed the towel over her shoulder.
“So...then where were you earlier tonight?”
“Oh, wouldn’t you like to know,” she muttered deviously, flashing me a sexy smile before turning and walking out the door.
The End