

Allyson, my sultry little aussie devil

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This is based on my fantasy, partly informed by a moment of role play I'd shared with a friend here

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/taboo/allyson-my-sultry-little-aussie-devil.aspx>

“Really?” she asks me with a curious smile.

“That’s what some psychological studies have suggested”, I reply.

A psychoanalytical suggestion that men are attracted to the female’s butt because it stands for the breasts seems to intrigue Allyson, my 19 years old Australian student. She is one of the most lively and vivacious girls amongst the 31 odds students from Italy, France, Chile, Argentina, US, India, Iran, Japan, Korea and Australia who are in the international graduate exchange programme of the university where I work.

And curious and inquisitive as she is, Allyson continues, “I thought it’s a straight forward fact that men are interested in butt because it reminds them of the sexual act.”

“Reminds of the sexual act, what do you mean by that? I ask.

Tossing her blonde hair backward, and adjusting the stray hairs that fall over her eyes with her slender fingers, she continues as a matter of fact, “I mean, it is something that reminds men of the female genital.”

“What you are saying is an obvious truth;but beneath that obvious, we must try to explore the dynamics that drive the interest. As psychoanalytical theories have suggested, the initial erotic investment is not on the genital but on the mouth. Remember, the first erogenous stimulation comes with the sucking activity of the child, and the original pleasure is therefore associated with the breasts. The latter erotic interest in the butt implicates a re-investment of this early libidinal energy associated with the breasts to the butt”. She listens to my explication and seems to ponder over it for a while.

Then she continues,

“But irrespective of their interest in the butt, most men are still obsessed with the female breasts, the first thing they normally see in a girl is her breasts; studies have confirmed this fact.”

“Does that contradict what I have said? I pose her.

“Well, I don’t know. But most men continue to be obsessed with the breasts, yet they are also drawn to the female’s butt; doesn’t this make their interest in female’s butt relatively independent of their interest in the breasts”, she continues.

“I don’t say that men cannot or do not have an interest in the butt per se. Or that their interest in the butt will make their interest in the breasts anything less. All that I am saying is that the interest in the female’s butt amongst men involves a re-investment of the libidinal energy that was once associated

with the breasts; in a sense, the butt reminds them of the breasts and...”

Before I complete the sentence, Allyson interrupts, “Butt reminds of the breasts, because the breasts and the butt have structural similarities?”

“Structural similarities, as in?” I asks.

“You know, what I mean, the cheeks of the butt, the breasts and the cleavage...?”, shaking her head and lifting and moving her two hands in front of her chest, the palms mimicking the shapes, she says, and then suddenly noticing the way her hands mimic the shapes, she laughs.

“Oh that way!” Nodding my head with a teasing smile, I say. And she continues to laugh.

There is something about the way Allyson laughs; it exudes a mixture of feminine charm, sensuality and innocence, something that often stirs a strange feeling in me whenever she does that.

“Well, it does in some sense but for the butt to have the erotic value, it must be invested with the affective *memory* of the breasts”, I say with an air of academic seriousness; perhaps the tenor of this remark suggests a subconscious attempt to counter something that is brewing up inside me, something that has been stirred by her act of mimicking and laughter...

But that word “memory” seems to have taken me deeper into the inner recess of my mind, disrupting the smoothness of the informal discussion, albeit marked by technical vocabulary on human sexuality, between me and Allyson.

Images of her perky tits (she later on said, 34C) with those pink areola and puffy nipples flash in my mind in quick succession; her initial expression of surprise that turned into a naughty and flirtatious look, the sparkling eyes, the freshness of the body of a young woman with her free flowing blonde hair that synchronized with the soothing breeze of the Indian Ocean— all come one after another. The memory of that evening, while we were in Bali (Indonesia), seems as fresh and real here in Melbourne as well. That evening in Bali, Allyson along with Sneha (an Indian student) and Kana (a Japanese student) had gone to the beach near the hotel where we had been put up for a week. That they would drink and enjoy was understandable. But that I would encounter a topless Allyson as I took a stroll along the beach, enjoying the breeze of the Indian Ocean on the Balinese coast, was something that I had never thought of, even in my wildest fantasy. But as it happened, it was a moment that had initiated a tussle in me, a struggle between the desire of a man and conscience of a professor that was to trouble me for a long time to come...

“Hello Sir, hello...Prof. Brandon?” I heard her voice, and I say, “Yeh, it’s ok, you don’t have to feel bad about this. I am ok with it.”

“Hello Sir!”

I not only hear the voice but also feel that someone is touching me. Of course, it is Allyson! For a while, I have wandered into a moment of the recent past. And as I return to my present, I find Allyson standing next to me, literally trying to bring me back to the present. She has been with me since 9:00

in the evening; she has come to my room after her dinner to discuss the presentation that she has to give tomorrow. Since then, enjoying the red wine, we have been having this informal discussion on the cultural variation in erotic investment on anatomical parts. This is not the first time that we have had such informal discussions over a cup of coffee or a glass of wine. In fact, I share a good rapport with all the students, and beyond the formal class or seminars or lectures, I and my students are more like friends. May be this is because I am still young at heart; as such I happen to be the youngest amongst the four faculty members who are travelling with the students. For the girl students, they relate with me with a certain sense of ease perhaps because I also happen to be the only one amongst the faculty who is single! (Of course, there is Dr. Rita who is also “single” in the sense that she is separated, but not legally divorced, from her husband). Over the last two months that we have been travelling together as a part of the six-month long field trip to explore the cultural moorings of human sexuality and relationship in the Americas, Asia and Australasia regions, my relationship with the students has grown in depth and maturity. However, one boy and three girls, including Allyson, particularly have become quite close to me. They would often spend time with me, sharing drinks and chatting with me on many issues that are not necessarily confined to their study or academic matters. This evening has been one of those moments too, except for the fact that all these while I have been transported back to the memories of the sensual stirrings of the Balinese beach so overwhelmingly while talking to Allyson...

“What do you mean by you don’t have to feel bad about this?” she asks.

“Sorry?” I say, trying to bring back myself to the present.

“You said, I don’t have to feel bad about it and that you are ok with it. What is it about? I don’t understand?” Allyson persists.

“Oh did I say that? Now?” I ask in disbelief.

“Ya, you said that”, she says and again continues, “In fact, you were talking about the affective memory of breasts. Then suddenly you went quiet and just as I tried to draw your attention, calling out hello sir, hello Prof. Brandon, hello sir, suddenly you said I don’t have to feel bad about, God knows what?”

(It seems that I have actually re-enacted the conversation that I had with her then in Bali right here in my hotel room in Melbourne, a city which serves as our third field site. More particularly, I seem to have said the same sentence that I had said to her then as I tried to make things less awkward for both us when she, only in her thong, toppled over me at the beach that evening in Bali)

“Oh! Sorry Allyson, I was thinking about something.” Saying this, I manage a smile that conveys my sense of embarrassment. And as she walks across and sits on the opposite sofa again, she says with a mischievous smile, “Oh I see! Some memories!?”

I look at her but say no words; I just smile back. And I notice in her mischievous expression, a naughtiness of a feminine seduction. Just as I sense this strange vibe, I begin to notice how fresh and beautiful she looks, even in her casual denim shorts and white top.

She takes a sip of the red wine from her glass, and looks at me and says, "So you mean, the earlier experience determines the present even in this case?"

"Even in this case!? Eerr...ya, that's what the theory says." I respond while simultaneously I wonder as to what she means by "even in this case". This thought gets further intrigued by what follows.

"Memory from the past comes back to the present; I mean...the re-investment of the breasts on the butt." She says as she gets up and walks towards the mini-bar.

By this time, I have become more driven by what I see rather than what I hear. I can't help but notice the tight and rounded butt that is accentuated by her denim shorts, her well-form thighs, and the smoothness of her soft skin. She bends to take the wine bottle, and in the process the lower portion of her top pulls up a little, exposing her white feminine flesh around the waist. As if the rounded butt and skin show is not enough, as she kneels down further, and I see the red lines of her thong and the lurking view of the upper part of the cleavage of her butt! With the displays of the feminine forms, playing hide and seek in front of me, I couldn't help but feel the lusty storm that has been gradually building up inside me.

She turns around and asks, "Would you like to have more?"

"Yes, I would, if you are willing! ...err...I mean...err... if you are willing to give me company to finish the bottle." I nearly stammer as I reply.

Obviously, I was getting hornier with every passing moment, and rather than the wine, I am thinking of taking her from behind like a dog in rutting season. 'Dirty' sexual thoughts are gradually getting the better of my sense of morality and responsibility as a teacher.

Hell! Am I losing my sense? Just as this thought strikes me, Allyson answers,

"Sure sir! If you can spare and empty all the intoxicating juices of yours all on me!", shaking the bottle, she says, and then she looks at me over her shoulder, a look that only a woman can give to a man to make his sense of control over his life precarious!

That Australian accent which still asserts itself despite her stay in the US for the last 5/6 years, and the words "intoxicating juices", "empty on me", though seemingly addressing the wine in the bottle, un-unnervingly and invitingly knock at my lusty heart and fertile mind.

"You can have it, if you want to", I say without clearly sensing what I mean by what I say.

"Are you sure, you don't need it?" she asks.

"No...ya...I need it...no," I stammer just as my hardness throbs underneath my shorts.

What am I saying? I seem to ask as I struggle to take charge of a situation which is gradually turning

into something more than a student and teacher sharing an evening, informally discussing something that pertains to academic issues. And in that losing struggle, I didn't even notice that Allyson has already returned to the sofa. Neither am I aware of the fact that my hardness can barely be hidden underneath my shorts by now.

"You need it or not? Should I pour some for you? She asserts and looks at the wine-glass in my hand. As I follow the direction of her eyes and trace it to the glass in my hand, which rests on my right thigh as I sit on the sofa, I notice the awkwardly bulging hardness underneath my shorts. Then, I look up straight into her eyes.

She looks at me. God! Did she notice it? Is she looking at it!

I immediately change my sitting posture, and then look straight into her eyes again.

This time our eyes meet. She takes a sip and shakes her head to put her sparkling blonde hair in order, her slender fingers take care of those remaining unruly hair. Her movement accentuates the bust-line, seductively caged by the white top that she is wearing. She quietly sits and looks at me again, a look that seems to suggest a struggle inside her, a sort of what next or to be or not to be... Or am I reading too much?

The silence gets broken as she says, "Sir, let me pour some wine for you."

I instinctively give her the glass; she bends to get the glass from across the centre table. I can almost smell her womanhood, the freshness of a young, desirable woman. Beneath the top, my fertile mind can see her tits as she bends and then gets up. As she pours the wine, she asks me, "Sir, may I ask you a personal question?"

"Sure Allyson"

"Do you get attracted to women's breasts or butt?"

I smile and say, "Well both".

We both laugh.

"Tell me seriously", flashing her eyelids and with a seductive smile, she insists.

"I am serious, I love both", I say in a tone that is perceptively flirtatious.

She smiles; then giving me a rather serious look, she says,

"Ok sir, when you see me, which one do you notice more, my breasts or butt?"

Strange as it may sound otherwise, I am not surprised by her rather daring and direct question.

"Well, truly speaking, I have only seen your breasts!", I say, looking straight into her eyes.

She breaks into a laughter, which comes to me more like a signal of a woman in heat than one who is amused by my observation. Her laughter sparks off the desire in me all the more.

In between the laughter, she mutters, “crazy, crazy”...

And in a strange sense, as she laughs and mutters those words, I begin to see Allyson as a woman rather than a student.

Suddenly, holding back her laughter, Allyson says, “Ok, I've got it!”

And biting her lips, she continues,

“But do you think that you will remember my breasts if you see my butt? Or will you think only of my butt?”

The tone of her voice speaks of a dare to me as much as to herself, a dare to go ahead and taste something forbidden, an act to release a pent up desire that must be unleashed. And the conversation between us no longer carry those technically deprived expressions and the pulsating and sweaty union between two bodies become more than a theoretical possibility as I retort back, “How can I say that Allyson, when I haven't seen your butt at all!”

She takes the wine from her glass, not a sip but empties it in one go. And just as I look at her and take a sip of the wine myself, she says, “ok, if that's the case”...

She gets up right in front of me, standing across the centre table that separates us, and turns around, unzips her denim shorts and slides it down! There it is, right in front of me: her tight and rounded ass in milky white skin and the red thong and its strip running in between those pair of her shapely butt cheeks, precariously covering the mound of heaven in the lower valley of those cheeks!!

She turns her head and looks over her shoulder towards me and asks, “Now that you see them, what do you say?”

“Beautiful!” I manage to mutter.

“That's all?” She pulls up her shorts and sits down.

“Tell me, do you like what you saw?”, looking straight into my eyes, she asks.

“You asking me? I am losing my sense, I love it. In fact, I am desperate to feel them!”

She gives me a triumphant smile;

“You can feel them if you want to!”

Saying this, she gives me a naughty smile and closes her mouth with the lower lips going underneath her upper lips.

“You serious Allyson?”

“Yep!” She says looking at me with a wild expression.

I finish my wine at one go, and move around the centre table. She also gets up in the meantime. We stand, facing each other; I hold her waist and pull her towards me. Her supple body bangs against my hard body. Both of us breathe heavily against each other and the beat of our hearts are palpable as we embrace each other in a passion for a while. And then I kiss her mouth like a man who has been parched with desire for years. I push my tongue inside her mouth; she responds with an equal, if not more, passion. My right hand cups her left tit over her white top and fondles and squeezes them.

She lets out a sultry moan. I kiss her neck. Then I kiss her cheeks and mouth again while my hands roam over her body, feeling the softness of her fleshy mounds of womanhood.

As she tries to remove my shirt, I do it myself and in the meantime she also removes her white top, exposing her red lacy bra, protectively covering her perky tits. We hold each other kissing and caressing.

“Allyson, I want to feel your ass.”

Without saying a word, she turns around and pushes her tight denim shorts. Her tight ass with rounded butt cheeks split by the thin line of her red thong stares at me.

God! She is so beautiful!

As I feel her butt, I slap it hard!

“Ouch!” She lets out a teasing cry.

She bends, making her butt to protrude towards me. I bend and kiss and lick the cheeks of her butt.

“Love this, ummmm...love it...your shapely butt Allyson!”

“You got me wet already with your touch and words oh...Brandon...err...ahhh...I mean...sir you make me so wet now!”

I rub my crotch against her wiggling butt.

“It’s ok, you can call me Brandon. Allyson, my baby...ummm...you make me so hard and ready. I wanna be your dog, could you be my bitch?” I say as lusty passion runs high.

“Oh yes, Oh yes! I think my brain too is going primitive from me being so fucking horny and wet now.”

Hearing her sultry voice, her seductive whispers and mutters, I say,

“Oh baby, that makes me feel all the more wilder!”

“Your body is driving me crazy!” She responds to my mutterings and moves.

“If I touch my hard pleasure rod, it would burst.”

“Why don't you let it burst right here on me”, she says, thrusting her butt closer to my crotch.

“Oh baby, don't make me get desperate for you, for your love and lust!”

“Maybe you should get desperate!” She retorts back in her sultry voice.

“Baby, I feel like going deep inside you and burst!”

“Mmm...I always loved explosions. Baby you have gotten me so wet!”

Not able to hold it any longer, I remove my shorts. I hold my hard and fat cock, throbbing with lusty expectation. Allyson removes her red thong and bends, resting her hands on the hand rest of the sofa. I can see her face, partly covered by her blonde hair, on the mirror of my hotel room.

Spreading the cheeks of her butt, I adjust my hardness.

“Baby, bend a little more.”

She follows my instruction. She bends, making her upper body almost parallel in line to the sofa.

I see the fleshy pink lips of her womanhood, just below the asshole.

No, I want to take her pussy. I say to myself as I adjust the red hot knob of my cock against her vaginal opening. The red hot knob touches her labia, and this intimate kiss of the genitals sends an electrifying wave through the entire body; she too shivers and lets out an expectant moan. Then the red hot knob of my throbbing cock forces itself inside Allyson's wet pussy, spreading the labia, it goes deep inside her womanhood. As the head of my hard and fat cock disappears into Allyson's wet pussy, the rest of the pleasure rod also seeks to follow its trail into her wet and heavenly hole. And I feel the soft and intimate sensation of her hot wetness.

“Oooh yes...ummm ohhh God!” She lets out a sigh of pleasure and of being complete as my hard and

fat cock fills up her moist and endearing void of womanhood.

The shaft with the veins on its thin membrane, rubs against her rugged vaginal wall. The friction, the wet and hot sensation, the meeting of the hardness and the softness, of the man and the woman, the heavenly union, promises the pulsating pleasure and a shattering explosion.

As I thrust my cock in and out of the young pussy of Allyson, my 19 years old student. She moans, "Oh Fuck! My Oh my...God...oh yes...oh mmm...ummm...ahh yes...oh yes... fuck me!!"

"Ummm aahhh Allyson...ummm oh baby it's so...sooo good umm ahhh ...ummm Allyson...my baby...you like it baby", I ask as I start moving quicker, thrusting my hard and fat cock in and out of her sweet and hot pussy.

"Oh yes I do, I love it so much. Oh yes baby, fuck me long and hard with your huge cock!"

"I've been dreaming of this for a long time since I saw you in Bali. Those soft and perky tits have been haunting me for a long time!", I say as I thrust my cock deep inside the pussy of my sweet 19 yrs old Allyson.

"You devil...you!" She cries out in excitement.

I unhook her bra and cup her tits from behind as I increase the speed of the thrusting.

"Uummmmmm baby, take it, take it!" I say by synchronizing this expression with each hard thrust that I give her.

"Oh yes! Mmmm fuck me harder!" The sultry voice pleads.

Hardness of a 35 years old cock massages the deepest realm, the inner world of a 19 years old as I thrust harder and faster.

"Oh God...umm aahh feels so good...do it...do me hard Brandon...ummm!"

"Uummmmmm aahhh!" I sigh and moan in pleasure.

And as the pleasure starts mounting with each thrusting, the hard cock pounding her pussy, with each thrust my crotch hitting the cheeks of her shapely and rounded soft fleshy butt, I ask,

"Uummmmm baby...Allyson...baby...do you like your Brandon's cock baby?"

“YES I DO!!! Fuck me hard..harder...mmm!” She cries out.

As I fuck her, I slap the left cheek of her butt.

“Oh ouch!Yes baby do it...oh yes!”

With my cock pulsating inside her throbbing pussy, I pull her blonde hair with the right hand and the left hand presses just above her butt as she now almost lie on the hand rest of the sofa in ninety degree. I see Allyson biting her lips and her tits rocking wildly on the mirror as I pound her mercilessly from behind with all the forces of male aggression.

“Ahh ahhh umm aahhgg!” I moan in pleasure.

“Oh baby you're so good at this! Oh...Fuck me HARDER!!”

(SLOUSH SLOUSH SLOUSH) I can hear the SOUND in between as the air escapes her heavenly cave as my cock enters her wetness (SLOUSH SLOUSH SLOUSH)

“Uummmm aahhgga aahhaaggg...I love it...umm Ally..so...n... ummm fuck you baby...ummm!!”
I keep pounding her mercilessly with all my manhood vigour.

“Oh fuck! Oh yes Brandon...fuck your little 19 year old slut!”

She screams in excitement and hearing that I thrust my cock harder and faster, massaging her pussy!
Nay! I am ravaging a young pussy!

“Ohh Allyson...umm aahhgg umm ahhh ummm...!!” (BAM! WHAM! BAM! WHAM! BAM! WHAM! BAM!
BAM!) I pound her harder like a possessed animal.

“Oh fuck I'm gonna cum!!! Oh fuck I'm gonna cum!!!” She cries out.

“Oh yes cum baby...cum my slutty baby...cum!” I say as I fuck her like a wild dog.

“Oh my God I'm gonna cum...Oh fuck I'm gonna cum!!!” She screams.

“Oh I'm gonna cum too baby!!” I grumble, “Oh baby...oh Ally...s..o..n..oh Go..d...I am gonna explode!”

“Oh fuck oh fuck...I want to feel your seed explode deep inside of me!” Allyson says as she continues to moans in pleasure.

Holding her waist with both hands, I start pounding her harder and faster, pulling her against me, synchronizing the pull with each thrust. I increase the pace of the thrusting, giving her short and hard thrusting (BAM! WHAM! BAM! WHAM! BAM! WHAM! BAM! BAM!)

“Ooooh yes...oh yes...God..oh God...fuck oh my!” She screams

“Oh my God I’m gonna cum...Oh fuck I’m gonna cum!!!”

“Oh yes cum baby...cum my slutty baby!”

I can feel the tension on her body, as I can feel the tightening vaginal walls around my hard and fat cock deep inside her, rubbing against her inner womanhood.

“Oh fuck I’m gonna cum!!! Oh fuck I’m gonna cum!!!”

“Oh fuck I’m gonna cum!!! Oh fuck I’m gonna cum!!!”

“Oh yes cum baby...cum my slutty baby!”

“Oh fuck I’m gonna cum!!! Oh fuck I’m gonna cum!!!”

“Oh Fuck oh fuck!” I also shout as I feel that I am going to burst inside her.

“Oh fuck I’m cumming!!! I’m cumming!!! Oh God...cumming...!!!” She screams and cries out just as “oh fuckk...ohhh ahhh ummm fu...ck...” I shout as I shoot my hot seeds into the 19 years old pussy of my student Allyson.

Amidst the screams and cries, she also cums, something that I can feel through the tightening convulsion of her vaginal wall, pulsating around my cock and squeezing the liquids of passion out of my manhood, emptying the juices of desire into her young womb, the deep and mysterious cavity of her womanhood.

Then, we collapse on the sofa with my cock still embedded inside her pussy and throbbing. As I lie on top of her back, the sweat and smell of sex is palpable. I kiss her back and get up and sit on the sofa.

Allyson also gets up and sits on the sofa in all her nakedness. She looks at me with a sweet and satisfied smile.

“Sir, you made me crazy! It was...oh my God, you are so good, I have never felt this way before!” She says as she runs her hands over her tits and thighs.

“You too are good Allyson! You blew me up today! I thought I was going to die!” I say with a smile.

"I can't believe that a man of your age could be better than boys of my age!" She says with a satisfied smile.

Do I feel good to hear it? I don't know. But I know it for sure that it has been one of, if not the, best fuck that I have ever had, and that she is one of the hottest girls that I have ever tasted in my life so far.

With a smile I look at her and reply, "Older you get, more experience you have, and experience counts in such matter too; but then if one hasn't been young, how will experience be there in the first place!"

"Aha! For a moment I've forgotten that you are an intellectual!" She says with a naughty smile and continues,

"So how was the re-investment of the last month's affective memory of the breasts on the butt of today?"

"You little devil!" saying this I laugh and throw the cushion at her.

She giggles, something that conveys her charming and sultry persona, and she picks up another cushion from her sofa and throws at me, and says,

"Anyway, tomorrow's presentation will be enriched by lived experience; I am ready for it!!" she says teasingly.

And I look at her with a strange feeling that I can't give a name. Do I begin to feel like a man while being a teacher to Allyson, my sultry little Aussie devil!?