

Filthy Compliance

By smiler77

Published on Lush Stories on 25 Apr 2010

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A Raw one.

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“You filthy little cunt” You say and a small part of my mind considers whether I actually like being called a cunt or whether it’s just the tone you’re using to talk down to me. I say down because I’m actually on my knees below you, I’m following orders like a good little girl would. I’m tempted to defy you, it’s my rebellious streak but I like the image of the good little girl and so do you. “Do you know what I’m going to do to you?” you ask me in a voice that intimidates me and makes me ache in places you’re keen to meet. “No” I say shaking my head slowly and gently biting my nip nervously, but really I have an idea what you’re capable of and the nerves are very real and arousing me more than you’d know. Under my dress my white knickers are developing a moist area where my juices are bleeding through the soft cotton. I want to knead my own breasts and moan wantonly but I can see that you like obedience; you thrive on it. “First you’re going to show me what you can do with that mouth of yours” you tell me, and involuntarily I lick my lips forgetting myself for a second. “You’ll like that won’t you!” you exclaim, and I whisper the word yes timidly. In my head I’m thinking that I wanted to say “no” just to see the look on your face but of course I’m complying. You’re introducing your smooth hard cock to my face now and I’m anticipating it when you tell me to put my hands behind my back. I smile and obey you. “Now suck it you filthy little slut!” you tell me as you develop a nonchalant pose and begin your silent scrutiny. I start gently on the tip, your cock tries to move away from me but I want it and I’m keeping it. My lips have a firm hold now as I take more of you into my small warm mouth. My lips grip you tightly as I suck my way to the tip and then take all of you straight into my throat. “Good little girl” you praise as I push past the gagging, my eyes watering and my hands itching to clasp your buttocks in an effort to gain purchase. I start to fuck you with my throat now, I want to show you what I can do, I want to show you that I can mouth fuck like no other. “That’s enough” you tell me because I suspect that you want the control back and you risked losing it. I obey you of course but it feels incomplete and it shows on my face as I look up at you. “Don’t worry, you’re a very good cock sucker, you’re a bit too good” you tell me and I wonder what it means but I think I know. “Get on

all fours!" you order me and instantly I'm excited. "Now spread em" you say tapping on my legs as you kneel behind me on the cold wooden floor. You raise my dress up so that it sits around my waist and your fingers grope the crotch of my knickers. "My oh my" you say with a little humour in your voice. "I think we'd better get you out of those wet knickers" you say, pushing my legs together, sliding them down. You screw them up into a ball and shove them into my mouth it makes me feel wild and fresh juices threaten to drip from my bare pussy. I can't speak but I want to, instead I settle for incoherent little moans, the tone of which tell you all you need to know. Your fingers aren't tentative at all they find the slick path into me without pausing to acknowledge the feel of it. They reach my depths within seconds, encouraged by the muffled moans that grow in volume and have risen in pitch the harder you thrust. My eyes are closed as I enjoy the violation. I imagine that there is a camera on the wall recording us, capturing me in this state, I imagine someone watching, wishing that they were in the room, wishing it were their fingers abusing me, pleasing me. You strive to take this to a new level now, you add more fingers I have no idea how many. You start to stretch me my voice indicates that you're overwhelming me. "Hush little girl", you say to me but I can't and really I think you like inducing a reaction, you like that you're stretching me, that I'm trying to inch away from you for a moments mercy. Your fingers contradict, they move faster despite your soothing words they rub the insides of me frantically, urgently seeking what they came for. "Piss for me," you tell me, and the fact that it's not a question but an order puts pressure on me. I'm not sure I can. I consider it for a second and the thought of it the image it conjures in my mind is enough to encourage me. I concentrate hard and your fingers they're experts they pause because you know it's needed. I try to piss with your fingers inside me but it won't happen. "I can't!" I try to tell you ruefully through the fabric that is still rammed into my mouth and your patience is admirable. "Try harder", you say gently and the liberation is awesome as I finally let go and piss all over your hand; all over the floor beneath me, the warmth of it, the pure filth factor making it the ultimate in really letting go with someone. "You dirty little bitch" you hiss at me as piss continues to pour from me. "I'm going to punish you for that" you say and it tips me over the edge as your fingers become frenzied and their efforts bring about an orgasm; one that is so intense you feel me contracting around your soaked fingers. If I could see your face I would know that you were pleased with the results, they boost your ego tremendously. You're fumbling around behind me as I recover and before long you're removing my knickers from my mouth and producing a glass dildo. "Suck it", you tell me and I instantly oblige whilst making a noise that indicates my pleasure at the request. You want to see how far I can take it into my throat but it's not as easy as your cock, it's much harder and it's bent slightly. Still I try my best and when I have coated it with my saliva you proceed with your original plan. "Do you know where this is going?" you ask me and I shake my head from side to side, still on all fours I'm growing tired. "I'll show you", you say returning your attention to my rear end. I feel the rounded tip of the dildo pressing against my tight arse and I brace myself as you strive to penetrate me with it. I make a conscious effort to try and relax myself because I've never been a fan of pain especially. I feel it push pass the tight muscles that resent it and into the part of me that welcomes it. "Oh fuck yes" I say raising my arse a little so you can go to work on me. My head falls forward in resignation as you fuck my tight hole until I relax

around it, making it a perfect fit. You remove it entirely and force it back into me with one smooth motion, enjoying the reaction from me that now indicates only pleasure. 'Not much of a punishment' I think to myself as you continue your efforts whilst watching closely as my arse grips it gratefully. You remove it now and bring it to my mouth, I don't need telling, I open willingly and suck it hungrily, the filth aspect appealing to the part of my mind you admire most. "You're pure fucking filth!" you conclude as I look up at you with big adoring eyes, the innocence in them now long gone. Your cock wants to play now and you're behind me again now except this time it's your own member that you're pushing into me. It's bigger and warmer I note as you moan when you reach the depths. "Fuck it" I tell you because I know that hearing me beg for your cock will please you. "Fuck your what?" you ask me. "Fuck my arse" I tell you enjoying the conversation as much as the physical sensation. "I think you're forgetting something?" you tell me with a question in the tone. I rack my brain quickly for the answer and answer you, "Please fuck my arse sir" It's enough for you and you go to town on my arse now, fucking it savagely, enjoying the fact that I'm such a willing bag of orifices. "You want filling up?" you ask me and yes of course I do. I want my arse dripping afterwards with your frothy seed. It doesn't take long because I start to beg and the sound of it is drawing the copious amounts you have to offer from your now solid balls. You ram your fingers into my mouth now and touch the back of my throat, making me gag and spill saliva, adding to the mess that is all around us. When you start to groan and endeavour to push farther into me I know it's beginning. "Give it to me" I scream and you do. You give me every ounce of it, until you're dry and we collapse in the puddle of piss below us. We clean the mess up and have a drink. To an onlooker we'd look like we were the conventional couple, you light my cigarette and pass it to me. I smile sweetly at you and for a second we could almost forget. "Let's go to bed" you say and we make our way up the stairs. You watch my round arse before you as we ascend; you take pleasure in knowing that it's still full of your gift. "I know what you're thinking" I tell you and I'm right of course, you hate it that I know you so well. I jump in the shower and soap myself all over until I feel clean again. You appear from behind the shower curtain and ask me if I still have an arse full of you. My response is just a smile but you know what it means, you know me too. "Bend over", you say, and instantly I know what you're going to ask of me. "Squeeze it out" you tell me and I wonder where the filth will end. Of course I comply, I'm good like that. I bend over and allow the water to pour over the back of my head, then I squeeze your cum out of me gradually and you watch closely until it is washed away. We meet in the bedroom. "You'll always be dirty!" you respond with a smile when I tell you that I'm clean. I climb into bed beside you, my hair damp and straggly. I much prefer the smell of dove soap to that of urine and we embrace each other, the comfort of bed a welcome one after the cold floor. I feel your hard cock against me. You climb onto me and my pussy finally gets the awesome sensation of your journey into me. "Fuck me hard" I tell you and I deserve it, you think, so you push back my legs and give it to me the way you know I like it. You look into my big brown eyes as you pound me with reserved energy supplies. Still I beg for it harder and still you find more as you set about bruising me, your pelvis thrusting into me, the smacking sounds as bone meets flesh. I can't take anymore now but I asked for it so I'm going to get it and accept it like the good little girl that started this. "Please" I whimper and neither of us is sure

anymore whether I'm begging for more or mercy. It doesn't matter because the end is near it's inevitable. My orgasm takes me by surprise all the same it's induced because I'm thinking filthy thoughts we haven't shared yet. "I'm coming" I cry because I'm scared you might change what you're doing and prematurely end this pleasure that presents itself as a wild animal cry and not such an attractive one at that. You don't stop you increase your speed until your own equally grand eruption paralyses you and you achieve the objective you set yourself. I whimper beside you now; I've adopted the foetal position and you wrap your arms around my truly fucked body and cuddle me until we fall asleep and until we wake.