

One Last Time

By dirty_chop

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I needed one last time...

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I'd really had enough. After almost two years of dating, dealing with headaches and frustration, trying make being a couple work, this was finally the last straw. Jen and I had been trying to make our relationship work for much longer then it had worked on it's own, but when she stood in my room and sobbingly confessed that she'd had sex with my roommate while I was at 200 miles away visiting my parents over a holiday weekend, I was certainly done trying. "Please Justin," she sobbed. "It was so wrong of me to do. Please don't do this!" "What am I supposed to do? I mean seriously, Jen? We've had problems, I know. We've both been in the wrong about how things have been handled. But you fucked my roommate, and best friend! So now not only do I have an ex-girlfriend, but an ex-bestfriend too. Get your shit, and get out of my room." I wanted to hate her. Actually, I did hate her. Him too. But something about her tears streaming down her cheeks was still tugging at my heartstrings. She was a good-looking girl, no doubt. 5'6" and about 130 pounds with small, per tits, long legs, and an ass that was probably a little too big for her body, but didn't sag an inch. Her reddish-brown hair hung just past her shoulders and banded with her tanned skin, contrasting the tiny white tank top she was wearing that incidentally, I'd bought her. "I'm serious Jen. And I'm trying to be as nice about this as I can. But I want you to leave now." I stood to face her, and put my hand on her hip to guide her to my door. But instead of leaving, she closed it, and put her back to it in a defiant refusal to go. "Please don't make me. I'm so sorry," she pleaded. I finally lost my temper and slammed the heel of my hand into the wall next to the door leaving a small hole. Cheap housing. "Fine! Tell me something to make me understand why," I yelled. "Tell me why, off all the people you could've screwed around with and in all the places, you picked my roommate, in my apartment? Tell me you were really hammered. Tell me he forced you. Tell me you were mad at me and wanted to hurt me. Make me understand, Jen." "No...none of that," she whimpered through sobs. "I was just lonely, and bored while you were gone. That's all." Lonely and bored. How lonely and bored could you get in 48 hours? Well, it wasn't the dramatic and world-altering answer I was looking for, but I guess at least she was honest...not that it mattered at this point. I wanted her out. Him too, if I had a choice about the whole thing. Who wouldn't? But I processed it all, for a split second thinking about trying to work through it. But was being amazing and uninhibited in the bedroom worth dealing with this. I decided it wasn't, and again told her to go. "Please, Justin. I'll do whatever you want," she whispered through sobs and tears

apparently trying to sound sexy. "Please, let me make it up to you," she continued, as she pressed her mouth to my neck and slid one hand down to my crotch. The tears against my skin gave an interesting sensation, and no matter how mad I was, the heat of her mouth on my neck and her hand massaging my dick through my shorts got me rock-hard almost right away. She felt me growing harder in her hand, and sensed an opportunity sliding the straps of her tanktop down, and revealing her flawless tits, that didn't have do much as a tanline on them. Then she slid my hands up her body, leaving them to rest on her chest and instinctively play with her nipples. I was mad. Madder than I can remember being. I was hurt, betrayed, and all of a sudden, I was realizing that I was also really, really horny. Her lips found mine for a passionate kiss, with her tongue pressing into my mouth, and my hands flew to her shorts, unbuttoning them and throwing them to the floor. Then they found their way under her ass and I found myself picking her up out of her shorts, and kicking her flip flops off as I lifted and she wrapped her legs around me. All she was wearing now was a tiny thong that exposed her whole, sweet ass, and only barely covered her always bald pussy. That was still too much as far as I was concerned. I turned a bit and half layed, half dropped her on my bed still mad at the situation, and mad at myself for what felt like giving in. I wrapped my hands around the front of her panties and pulled, the material giving way and came apart in my hand, and there she lay, naked, wet, tears subsiding, excited for the moment, and a little afraid of what might happen next. I dropped my shorts, and getting on her hands and knees she scrambled to the edge of the bed to take my dick in her mouth while I took off the rest of my clothes. She sucked and licked all that was worth. Where was all this ambition every other time we had sex? I licked two fingers and reached over to start to finger her while she sucked. She moaned in pleasure and choked a bit, causing her teeth to scratch me a bit. I immediately pulled my fingers out and brought my hand down on her ass leaving a white-hot red mark and causing her to wince in pain. But she got the message, and paid more attention to what she was doing as she took me into her throat. Then she took my dick in her hands and continued to stoke it as she took her time to gently lick each of my balls, one at a time. I took her by the hair and sharply said "I can't see you as anything but a whore. You know that?" "Yes, I do," she whimpered. "Fuck me! Please. Fuck me anyway you want. Please, I'm so sorry for this." "What are you? If you want this, you will tell me what you are." "I'm...I'm a whore," she said quietly. The gravity of the situation had finally set in on her. "Good. Get on your back." She lay back on my bed, and I pushed her legs apart, kneeling between them and without warning, shoved eight, rock hard inches of cock into her, causing her to moan half in delight and half in shock. I ran my hands down her legs, and putting a hand behind each knee, held her knees back nearly to her chest and began to fuck her. There was nothing sacred or special about it. There was no lovemaking here. I pounded harder and deeper, releasing one leg to make her lick my fingers to rub her clit. Then I released the other leg and cupped one breast in each hand. She held her legs in the same position on her own, the well-pedicured toes on each of her sexy feet teasing my nipples. With no warning, I stopped and pulled out to her frustration. She whined she was about to cum, but this wasn't for her. This was for me. With that, I turned onto my back, telling her to get on. She took my cock in her hand, now slick with her juices, and guided it back into her pussy. She looked down at me, and with no prompting, brought

her hand to her mouth, licking her residual cum from it. Well that was new. It was new, and hot, and turned me on, until I had a horrible realization. "Did you do that for him, whore? Did he teach you that," the anger clear in my voice. No answer. "Tell me where that came from, Jen," I growled as my hand smacked her squarely on the ass again. "Well, umm...he didn't make me do it," she stammered. All the time we'd spent in bed, she'd even considered something like that with me. As if I wasn't mad enough. I sat up as she rode me, taking me as deep as she could inside her. I took one of her nipples in my mouth and sucked, harder and tighter than I knew I should have. Her breath caught in discomfort, and she grabbed me by the hair in an attempt to get me to let go, which only made me want to suck harder. In the meantime, while one hand was around her back holding her to me, my other hand reached under her ass as I lubricated my hand in her cum. Then I reached up, and pressed my middle finger against her tightened button. "Wait...hold on...I...oohhhhhh," she cooed as it slid into her ass a knuckle deep. Then two knuckles, then three. The harder I fingered into her ass, the harder she rode me, which was really the point. "Come on Jen! Give me that pussy. Fuck me harder. Fuck me!" "I'm gonna cum," she yelled so loud I'm sure three neighbors heard it. And with that, I thrust my dick in her as deeply as I could, and three knuckles deep into her, vibrated my finger a bit as an explosive orgasm ripped through her body, soaking my cock, my sheets, and my bed. Greedy bitch. I playfully threw her to one side, and thought spent and shaking a bit, I managed to get her up to her hands and knees. Getting behind her, I rubbed my hand between her legs, and once again lubricated myself in her cum. Then pressing her head down into my pillows and pulling her ass into the air, I lined up and pressed the head of my dick right against her asshole. "Hold on, wait a second," she started to protest. We'd had anal sex only once before. She wasn't really that into it, and all things considered, neither was I. The attraction was doing something wrong. The idea that she would let me after a long time waiting was enough for me. Once we'd finished, I never really cared whether or not we did it again. Once was really enough for me...until now. "Relax. It'll be better for both of us," I breathed into her ear. I wanted to slam into her for all I was worth, but I didn't have it in me to do that to her even as mad as I was. Besides, I figured that could end very badly for me too. So I eased into her, slower than I wanted, but faster than she was ready for, until my dick was buried in her ass to my balls. She was whining and moaning, half in protest, half in enjoyment, when I started pumping. Her ass cinched around my cock with each press, and I knew I probably wouldn't last very much longer, not that I really cared at this point, as I reached around to finger her soaking wet pussy. "Rub my balls," I ordered as I approached my orgasm. "I'm gonna cum, whore. Tell me where you want it." "Oh God, so am I," she yelled. "I'm gonna cum from you fucking me in the ass!" It was such a simple and mundane statement. So obvious. But it threw me right over the edge. I pulled out with an audible pop, and felt my body start to jerk as I fought the urge as best I could. I grabbed her by the hair, and jerked her head around to face me as I pumped my dick in my right hand. She opened her mouth as if she was going to protest and rope after rope of thick, hot, white cum erupted from me, splattering all over her face. I can't remember ever cumming so hard in my entire life. I felt, good, spent, and starting to feel oddly vindicated. "I'm gonna miss that tight little ass," I snarled as she sat there grinning, thinking she'd salvaged our relationship. "What?!", she pouted as the grin left her face.

“Now get the fuck out,” I barked releasing her hair at last. Now I felt vindicated.