

That Tone

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Published on Lush Stories on 22 May 2011

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Some much needed rawness

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"I love the way you make me feel needed," It's quite a statement from someone who doesn't appear to have an emotional bone in his body and I wonder whether it might be as practiced as your technique. As practiced as the condescending tone you add for effect, when you're doing filthy things to me. Still I take it and analyse it. "Did he just call me needy in a round the houses kind of way?" my inner voice asks and then I smile to myself. Where is the bloody on/off button for my brain? "Do you want my cock in your arse?" you ask me and I nod ever so slightly, some might say I'm as stubborn as the tightest arse. "You'd better get sucking then!" you say unbuttoning your flies and presenting your semi hard cock to me. I fall to my knees willingly and wonder silently why I'm drawn to such a selfish lover. "Lover being the wrong word" I hear as an afterthought. You like to have control and even though you don't manipulate my head, you grab a fistful of my hair and keep me straight as I take you to my lips and gently begin sucking you hard. "Good little girl" you say (in that tone) and I'm pleased that you approve. As your cock grows inside my mouth you start to pull my head back onto it, it must be quite some sight I think as I gag and look up at you. "That's enough!" you say, pulling yourself away. Then you add that I'm the best cock-sucker you've ever had because my mouth is small yet I still manage to take you into my throat. It doesn't feel like a compliment. "Are you ready?" you add and I'm not sure I am. "Go and get on all fours and I'll tell you when 'I'm' ready" you tell me and I don't question why you might not be ready right now. So here I am, on all fours, my flimsy dress hitched up over my hips and my lacy white knickers discarded beside me. The rug beneath me is soft on my knees and I congratulate myself for buying a decent one. "Spread those legs a bit more!" you say from behind me somewhere and why is it that I'm totally compelled to do everything you ask? "Now work a finger into that tight arse and get it ready for me" you command and yet again, I oblige you. I feel like a filthy fucking whore and I like it a lot as I work my middle finger around my tightest hole. I bring it back to my mouth and coat it with saliva before I endeavour to push it in. You're watching me from behind and I hear a noise escape you as I ram it right the way in, as hard as I can.

“Stretch it for me” you say in that tone but I swear it’s cracking a little bit. I use both hands now as I put my weight on my chest and open my hole trying to get a finger from each hand inside. Then I feel you close to me as your cock presses into me and you tell me “wider” and that one simple word is instruction enough. My arse isn’t ready for you at all despite my efforts but you push your way in anyway and after the initial violation, it feels fucking awesome. “Oh yeah!” I say as you’re up to the hilt. “You’re the best bit of arse I’ve ever fucked because you’re so tight yet you never complain. You tell me. I don’t smile, I’m still not sure it’s a compliment. You’re slow and deliberate with your cock now, changing the angle to get deeper into me. Watching my tight arse grip you as you slide out before ramming it back in. “Fuck it!!!” I say and I can’t deny that it feels so fucking good. “Patience!” you say, in ‘that’ tone and if I could see the expression on your face, I know it would drive me wild as you’re marvelling the sight of yourself ball deep in me. “How badly do you want it?” you ask. “Please” I’m almost crying now. And then you go to town on my arse. You pull all the way out and when I’m still gaping to the size of your cock, you thrust back into me and cause me to moan incoherently as you violate me time and time again, as you sink into me, each time striving to gain a new reaction, perhaps a complaint. Desperate to cum before you do, I reach my hand beneath me, and frantically rub at my clitoris. It’s already swollen but starved of attention so it welcomes my touch and threatens to burst instantly. I barely have time to scream that I’m cumming but I manage it and every place your cock touches comes alive with my orgasm as you lose control and fill me with your deliciously thick seed. “Oh fuck!” I exclaim as the feelings of euphoria subside and you begin pulling yourself from me. You smile and tell me I’ve been a very good girl. You go to the kitchen and return with glasses and a bottle. “I hope you’re still going to be a good girl after this!” you say handing me a full glass of my favourite. I don’t answer but the voice in my head, the one that tells me not to oblige so much, says “and if I don’t?” In my head I hear your response. “Naughty girls don’t get cock” and it’s in that damn tone again. I smile to myself and wonder whether I really might have finally crossed a line. After a clean up I decide that my pussy needs a royal fucking so I smile sweetly at you and behave the way I’m supposed to. That is until my second glass is empty and the voice in my head, the one that thinks you’re a bit selfish, starts to egg me on. “Ask him when he’s going to give you some good head!” it says and I swear you see it in my eyes like big cartoon letters floating past my eye balls. “And while you’re at it, ask him when he’s going to drill your pussy so badly that you can’t walk properly afterwards!” “For fuck sake, shut up!” I tell myself silently as I look at you and laugh out loud. “What?” you say from behind your glass and I couldn’t possibly tell you that I’m having a conversation with myself. “My pussy is aching for you” I tell you and I swear I see you mentally flick a switch before you speak. “Is it now?” in that darn tone. “Yep!” I say defiantly as I spread my legs and brazenly point to the very part of me that needs attention most. “Right there!” I say as I slip a finger inside myself, my eyes still on yours. “Well since you’ve been so good!” you mock, and then you get up and leave the room. You return carrying one of the pair of badminton racquets from the hallway. Discarding the case, you look at me with a devilishly serious expression and aim the handle right towards my pussy. “Right there, you say?” prodding it and I nod. Slowly you push the square end into me and I moan gratefully as my pussy thanks me silently for the ‘much needed’ penetration. You watch closely as

faster and faster yet still gently so as not to hurt me, you fuck this needy pussy of mine. The rough edges rub my inner walls causing delirious sensations. Then you use your other hand on my awake again clitoris, both of your hands seemingly in sync, your ears and eyes in touch with the 'tell tell' signs as I hold my breath right before I explode and my pussy tries to force out the violator. Muscle spasms so intense that they almost hurt me bring a genuine smile to your face and the voice in my head smugly says, "There's no need to thank me."