



So,

Tell Me What I Ate

Yesterday

ALEX KILROY

SO, TELL ME WHAT I ATE YESTERDAY

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ALEX KILROY

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WARNING

1. I like you, please like me back..

About the Author

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Alan Kemp is an emerging author of scat/toilet based erotica. This is Alan's first book. Follow him on Amazon and find him on Facebook for free goodies!

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WARNING

Please **do not** read this story if you have issue with any of the following:

- An aversion to foot fetish play.
- The licking and sucking of assholes
- Toilet play, in every way you can imagine.

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*For all my fellow shit eating, fart smelling, toe sucking aficionados.. Keep
on keepin' on.*

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“A gentlemen in public, and a slave everywhere else.”

— MICHELLE URLAUB

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I LIKE YOU, PLEASE LIKE ME BACK..



I'm Clark Brent, I'm nineteen years old and an A-Level student at Southend-on-sea College in Essex, England. I was one of those students coasting his way through his education, paying attention to everything except his assignments. Each day posed a new challenge: how to get through the day without falling into total apathy.

Sometimes things were being done during the course of a semester that made the time more fun to get through, that gave you things to occupy your mind. For one it may have been practical jokes, another skipped class to have extra long breaks. With me it was two things.

I often bunked class to play pingpong (table tennis).

The rest of my day was occupied by thinking about – or basically worshipping in my mind – a girl whom 'd fallen head over heels for.

Her name is Louise Lannington, she was the same age as me, about 5'9 and had long red hair and the brightest blue eyes. So hot.

The reason I was so interested in her, was because Louise would often look for eye contact and would let it be known she was interested in me. The

thought of such an incredibly good looking, and popular, girl being interested in me made my heart beat faster.

Nevertheless I thought she was merely being flirtatious, and didn't really want anything more but to wrap me around her little finger, just for fun. The eye contact, the attracting of attention and flirting lasted for a long time, without specific results. I seemed more like a sort of hidden game between us than anything else, although from my part it was incredible shyness. The mere thought of being involved with this girl had the effect of virtually turning me into a puddle.

Until the fateful day arrived.

Two years later we ended up being in the same class. Despite this fact we didn't have any real contact. She had her circle of friends, I had mine. And although we were now in the same class, the secret, silent form of our contact continued.

But on one morning in May, not long before the end of the school year, she and I ended up being the first ones of our class to arrive at school.

I was sitting in the smoking space of the cafeteria, although I didn't smoke. Outside of myself there was nobody else in the cafeteria. At a certain point I saw Louise walking in and noticing me being the first and only there, she sat across from me.

"Don't you just hate starting school this early?" she said (it was 7:50 am).

"Totally. That rooster out there just stopped crowing," I responded dryly, trying to make a joke to lighten the mood. It didn't come out as good as I'd hoped, but she laughed anyway.

"And then we'll get Mr's Wayne, West and Jordan (teachers) in a row for the first five hours. It's enough to level a horse," I continued, feeling a bit more confident.

Louise laughed again. I felt I was on my way of conquering her. Well, that was the thought going through my head at the time anyway.

“Yeah, before I can pay attention in class I really need to wake up first. My mind will probably drift off the way it is now,” she said and I agreed with her.

“Oh, what the fuck do I care? I’m going home and come back in a few hours; I only have a few minutes to walk home anyway.

“Yeah, you have it easy that way. Me, I have to take the bus and it’ll take half an hour,” I responded. “So going home is basically useless for me, unless I’d stay home.”

“Well, then why not come with me, or do you want to stay here?” she asked spontaneously.

I didn’t know what I was hearing. The girl I have had a crush on for years was inviting me to go with her to her place.

“Do you have tea?” I asked, trying to seem a little less eager.

“Coffee, tea, milk, I have it all,” she said enticingly. We got up and walked out of the building.



We noticed a classmate coming around the street corner and to avoid talk, we quickly went across the street and took a path along a small lake. This was a detour that would only take an extra three minutes. While we were on our way to her apartment, we made small talk. We ultimately arrived at her apartment and she opened the door.

“Sit down,” she asked as she went to the kitchen through the living room. She had a real sweet apartment, decorated nicely, something I felt you could leave to women without worry. I inhaled the scent in the room, realising every second that I was in the living room of the girl I had the hots for for years. I imagined her doing all kinds of things in this room; everyday things. And here I was, in that very same room. Louise was making coffee in the kitchen, and before it was ready she came and sat next to me on the couch for a few minutes to talk.

I asked her if she lived alone, since it seemed unlikely to me that she'd be able to afford such a nice place, her being at college and all.

She told me she had been living her ex-boyfriend until recently. They had ended the relationship but were still living together, in friendship. At least until she made enough money on her own to find her own place.

He was usually working anyway, owning his own painting company. And when he wasn't working, he was usually spending time with his new girlfriend.

Tea time.

Louise walked to the kitchen and I watched her as she did. She was wearing jeans and a light blue sweater. Furthermore she was wearing brown pumps with a gold coloured rectangular buckle on top of the instep. I noticed she was also wearing flesh coloured nylon stockings. She looked delicious to me in every fibre of her being.

"Milk and sugar?" she asked and looked back, seeing in a flash that I was ogling her well shaped body.

"Yes, please. One spoon," I said hoping she wouldn't mention noticing me look. With a grin Louise walked into the kitchen.

"So what have you been doing with your girlfriend this past weekend?" she asked from the kitchen.

My heart was starting to pound harder and faster. Why would she ask that?

"I mean, have you gone out, like dancing or to a movie?" she asked immediately. Apparently she herself was a bit surprised by how her question had come out.

"Not much. To be honest I haven't seen her the last nineteen years," I tried clarifying that I'd never had a girlfriend up to then. "Well, if you haven't seen her in nineteen years, I don't think she is coming back any time soon," she joked.

She came from the kitchen with two cups of tea in her hands and a slight, naughty grin on her face. She put the cups on the table, and sat down next to me. “So she won’t mind you checking out other chicks,” she hinted at me staring at her a minute earlier. My heart was pounding in my chest.

“I don’t mind you looking at me, Clark. I actually like it, so you don’t have to worry me turning you in for sexual harassment or something like that; that’s for sanctimonious frigid twats with dry cunts.”

You could cut the silence with a knife. She meant the last remark as merely a joke of sorts, but I was happily surprised by the word “cunts” coming out of her mouth.

She looked at me as she sat next to me with a cup of coffee in her hands. I looked at my coffee, having a hard time making direct, silent eye contact with someone I have yet to feel comfortable with.

Suddenly she said: “So I’m sitting right next to a real virgin.”

“Indeed, so you’d better watch it, I might lose control and start groping you,” I tried breaking the tension, and realising immediately that was I said was hardly sufficient in doing so. Louise, on her part, was determined.

I had a hard time swallowing. I knew where this was probably heading. My first time, and with someone I had a fancied the pants off of.

“How about this weather, huh?” I said trying to distract and only sounding stupid.

“I don’t care if it’s pouring. We were talking about something else. Don’t tell me you don’t want me; I’ve caught you staring at me for years now.

You may be nervous and shy, but I’m sure you had no such problems in your dreams and fantasies when you were doing it with me.” “I guess not,” I admitted.

“I knew it,” the lovely blonde whispered, “and who knows what kind of things you’ve been doing with me in your fantasies. And you weren’t nervous then either, were you? You were shameless then, weren’t you? So

now you know I can make your fantasies come true, and that I want to do so. So there is no reason for you to feel shy now.”

“But this is different. When those fantasies were done, I could go on knowing that I was the only one knowing about them. I was in control of the whole situation.

It would be different in real life,” I explained. “Then we’ll be in control together,” Louise responded. “You can share it with me; you can trust me with that. We’ll share a nice time; nobody has to know; nobody has seen us leave the school building together, and even if they did who cares? I have no reason to hide anything, including having done anything with you. I would never be ashamed admitting having had sex with you. We can let go completely and nobody knows, except you and me.

Think about it; I have to share control with you too. For all you know I may have something to lose myself. I know you as well as you know me.”

“You have to trust me,” she said and started stroking my upper leg, upward, after which she kissed my cheek.

Her lips were moist. I bent my head towards her a bit and kissed her on the lips. She had the softest, wet lips and the pressure of our lips against each other released more wetness.

Less and less restraint held me captive. My hand slid over the curves behind her sweater, where her as of yet hidden nipples betrayed her arousal. Louise and I necked passionately and her tongue forced its way into my mouth, as her hand was now rubbing over my crotch. She too now had to feel my arousal.

Her hot breath coursed into my mouth, and I felt her velvet tongue slid over and across mine.

“That’s it,” she confirmed, after which she pressed her open mouth over mine.

Our caressing tongues made me feel hotter with every second. As Louise did, my hand was not sliding up and down over her crotch.

She was noticeably getting hornier, as I could gather from the motion she was making with her loins against my hand. Meanwhile my pants felt more and more constrictive.

Together we kept necking and french kissing. Her wet lips slid across mine, her saliva mixed with mine, and her tongue was invasive; everywhere.

“Shouldn’t we finish our coffee” she asked, curious at my eagerness for our current activities.

“Fuck the tea” I said and Louise grinned. She had me where she wanted me.

“Yeah, fuck ME!” she replied.

I didn’t need to be told twice. “As you wish,” I quickly replied.

I lifted her up in my arms and carried her to her bedrooms at her directions. Having arrived there, I threw her onto the bed. She must have had some hot nights in this room.

When she landed on the bed she bounced up and down about three times. I kicked off my shoes and kicked them into the corner.

Louise leaned back on the bed on her elbows. I took her black pumps off and my mouth watered as I looked at her beautiful feet. My preference for feet was a fetishistic perversion I had acquired during my teenage years during masturbation sessions. Exactly how, and at what point it started I still don’t know.

Looking at Louise’s feet I saw two beautifully shaped feet packaged in flesh coloured nylon knee stockings, the seam running over the underside of her toes. And what toes they were.

As if made by God. Her big toes were long and wide. Full and round. My mouth watered at the thought of nibbling on her sexy feet.

I held her feet up, pushed my face against her soles and inhaled the scent of clean nylon. I then proceeded to passionately drag the flat of my tongue

along the full length of her nylon clad soles, from her heels to the tops of her toes. Louise had a delicious smile on her face and as she moaned and giggled simultaneously, she lay back onto the bed. It was at this point that I could see the real size and shape of her tits. I looked back at her feet and noticed her curling her toes inward again and again. The sight of this made me shiver. I pressed the soles of her feet against my crotch and used my fingers to rub over hers. Despite still wearing her jeans, I could feel the warmth of her lap and the thought of a moist, thickly haired, open vagina was flashing through my head.

I pulled open her zipper and saw parts of her white, cotton panties, and pulled her pants from her ass, down her legs and off.

I again rubbed my fingertips over her crotch and felt not only the warmth but also that she was soaking wet. My middle finger casually slid down her crotch, and I felt the crease of her cunt behind the material of her panties. I then slid my fingers down along her legs.

She had beautiful tanned legs. Nicely shaped upper legs.

I took in the sight of her legs before me, from her tanned thighs, her knees, and underneath those, the bands of her knee high nylons. My cock erected and rose as I started massaging her feet. Louise was starting to breathe faster, and I wondered if anybody had ever given her feet this much attention. The thought of opening up an untapped reserve of foot fetish within her was great to me.

This was a dream come true. Having a crush on such a stunner, her being interested in me, coupled with mutual interest in sexual fetishes? One in a million, and it happened.

Onto the fruity dish. I wanted to see her peach and pulled her panties down her legs. My instinct hadn't betrayed me. I saw a delicious looking, red slit, framed by the dark flaps that were her inner labia, thick outer labia, and surrounded by a dark brown, thickly haired bush of pubic hair. Her bush was covering her whole crotch and looked like a dark triangle. On the other end her pubic hair ran into the crack of her ass, undoubtedly up to and possibly surrounding her asshole.

Looking at it, I wanted to lick this fuck hole clean, eat it out, suck it dry, but decided to wait until she was so hot that the juices would run out by themselves.

I zipped open my jeans, pulled them off, and then proceeded to take my jockeys off as well. All I was wearing now were my socks and sweater.

Louise had lust in her bright blue eyes as she ogled my left-to-right bouncing, semi-erect cock. She then told me to lie back on the bed.

She pulled her sweater off over her head and then she undid her bra. She had beautifully shaped, medium sized tits with lovely, big nipples, erect from excitement. She bent forward and to my astonishment I saw her drag her tongue, very slowly, over the soles of my feet from heel to toes, while I was still wearing my socks. Swiftly she removed my socks and repeated this. Wild with lust she started sucking my big toes. Did she happen to have the exact same fetishist tendencies I did? It seemed like it, because her mouth was ravenous on my toes. Her wet lips were wrapped tightly around my toes and I felt her warm saliva slid over them. She groaned as she did this, and I could feel the tremor of her voice on my toes as they were in her mouth.

Meanwhile she used her fingertips to caress underside of my dick, over my ball sack, and then in between my ass cheeks. I thought I'd died and gone to heaven when she pried a finger deeply between my buttocks and started massaging my anus with a fingertip.

'What a great feeling to have a girl's finger playing with your asshole,' I thought to myself.

After a while she stopped messing around with my asshole and lay on top of me in reverse position, with most people commonly known as the 60 position. As I felt her breasts press into my stomach, I looked straight into her hungry and hotly fragrant red trench right above my face. I quivered with lust as I inhaled the hot, horny scent coming from her pleasure cave. I couldn't wait any longer and dragged the flat of my tongue through her hot slit. The sticky, salty juices tasted deliciously and I then opted to stuff as much of my tongue into her cunt as I could. I licked through her crease,

lapping out the warm syrup. The brown pubic hair tickled my nose, and her juice ran along my cheeks and chin. I forced the lower portion of my face in between her fat outer labia and sucked on her sodden valley, as Louise pushed her pussy back into me.

Meanwhile she was wetting my hole scrotum with her tongue, and sucked my cock wildly, moaning and twisting her head. Her head then started bobbing wildly and her long brown hair whipped after it. Her warm, wet lips were wrapped tightly around my pole and her tongue slid all over it inside her mouth. I felt her warm fingers around my rod which she jerked as she sucked it at the same time. This continued for minutes, and she had a trick she did on certain moments to stop me from shooting my load.

As I licked and sucked Louise's vagina clean, my nose accidentally touched her anus. In the state of arousal I was in at that moment I didn't let anything stop me. The idea popping into my head seemed really perverse to me at the time, but as I mentioned, no taboo or perversion was stopping me then, and I had long passed any shame I had felt. I just wanted to devour this girl from head to toe.

So I pulled open her ample butt cheeks as she was blowing me fast and deep, her spit running down my balls and into the crack of my ass. Wildly I slid my tongue upward through her humid, odorous ass crack, until I reached her pulsating, brown asshole. With all the force I could muster I then shoved my tongue up her ass. As she slobbered all over my cock, and the juice ran from her cunt down my neck, I tasted and enjoyed her shithole. I ate her butthole and screwed my tongue into it.

I then pushed a finger slowly into her anus, making Louise yelp. I fucked it in and out and felt her sphincter milk it. Narrow and extremely hot, her ass pipe clenched my finger.

I pulled my finger out and started licking it like an ice cream. The musty anal scent and slightly bitter taste aroused me to no end.

Suddenly she stuck a finger in MY anus, making a jolt of pain course through my ass for a short period. I felt her finger slid deeper into my hole and Louise giggled.

“That should teach you to stick your finger up my butt without lubrication. Now you know what it feels like.”

And as she proceeded to finger my asshole slowly, she returned to slurping on my prick.

My dick shined in the light from the excess spit, when she lowered her face deeper and started licking into the crack of my ass. I felt her deliciously soft and wet tongue slither over my brown star and then how she tried fucking it with her tongue. Her head increased speed in its bobbing and bit by bit she penetrated deeper into my ass cave as groans came from the pit of her throat.

At some point I could feel a drop of saliva run down the crack of my ass. She stopped mouthing my anus and returned to sucking my dick like a goddess. Her head swiftly went up and down on my crotch and the tight lips around my shaft felt like velvet as they slid up and down my prick with great suction, and her tongue tickled my asshole inside her mouth. I again buried my face in her juicy, warm snatch as she deliberately drooled excessively over my cock. Meanwhile we massaged each other's assholes, and now and then slid a finger inside. Finally she turned around and closed an open mouth around mine, forcing most of her tongue inside and playing wildly with mine. I could taste my own ass on her tongue and she could taste hers on mine. We frenched wild and fast, passing to each other the taste of our assholes.

We didn't swallow so our saliva would flow freely and mix. Her spit ran into my mouth and from the corners of my mouth down my cheeks. I literally drank her; in this particular case her warm saliva, and it only made me feel closer to her in sexual intimacy. I had no idea if all of this was the result of catching up for years of distant longing, or if the two of us had simply found out a mutual passion for being dirty, and subsequently reveling in it, knowing that we now can.

She slid upward and this way I could easily slide my tongue along her nipples, before sucking her tits into my mouth. I could feel her moist pubes tickle my navel. From around her hips I pushed the head of my cock between her wet labia; she crouched and lowered herself until my cock had

disappeared into her warm trench to the root, and my nut sack was pressed against her asshole. Her long, blonde hair tickled as it slid over my chest while she milked my shaft with the muscles of her cunt.

Moaning, Louise started slowly bouncing up and down and tightened her cuntal muscles with every lift of her ass, milking my prick this way. Whenever her body sat its full weight on my hips, her butt would press my scrotum against my thighs, and to avoid discomfort, I spread my legs a little wider.

Louise was becoming wetter and wetter, enabling my fuck rod to slip in and out of her hot hairy twat with increasing ease. Louise licked her lips, and then she licked mine. I felt the heat rise to my head and I decided it was time for another position, also giving me time to let the boiling jizz in my balls cool down for a few seconds. Louise climbed from my thoroughly cunt-wet cock and lay on her back. I climbed between her legs and teased her by rubbing the underside of my shaft through her sodden slit and over her swollen clit. She squirmed from my teasing and with one swift movement of her lower body my stick slid straight into her passion flower. She folded her legs over my shoulders and hooked her feet behind my head. I could hear the sounds of scraping nylon from her feet rubbing against each other right behind my ears, and a jolt ran through my crotch.

Louise noticed this and started rubbing her stocking clad toes along my neck and the back of my head. I rose up with my torso to have a better view of her, and I noticed her obvious pleasure.

Her legs were in the air and as I slowly fucked her I held her feet in my hands, simultaneously massaging her toes, after which I started licking every part of her nylon clad feet like an ice cream. I ripped the nylon on one of her feet apart and stuck her big toe in my mouth after I had thoroughly licked it wet. Like never before I sucked on the ever inwardly curling toe until my spit was running down the wrinkled sole of her foot. As I continues fucking Louise, I virtually sucked the juice out of her toes.

After running my tongue in between her toes as well, and sucking on her pink heel, my cock slipped out of her warm cave, making my cock slip through her butt crack and along her asshole. Immediately she took her feet

from my hands and turned around on all fours. She begged me to fuck her from behind, probably to turn me on. Who was I not to comply?

I bent forward, pulled her lovely buns apart, and pressed my nose tightly against her pooper, deeply inhaling what had become to me, the intoxicating odour of a girl's ass. I subsequently lapped across her twitching shithole a few times.

I teased her by - again - rubbing my rod through her fuck slit a couple of times, and against her clit. Louise bent forward a bit, until the head of my cock was at her entrance, and then bounced her ass back against my loins. Her buttocks loudly smacked against my hips as my fuck stick shot all the way inside to her womb. Louise groaned loudly and hornily.

With my hand I held her butt cheeks apart and with my right thumb I massaged her pucker, as the bed started creaking. While my cock hammered in and out of her sucking hole, I brought my thumb and index finger together and let a glob of saliva fall onto them. I then used this to smear over her pulsating asshole until it glistened in the light. I then slowly sank my middle finger all the way into her anus.

Louise moved her lower legs to the inside, putting her feet on my calves.

Surrounded by an aroma of vaginal and anal odors, and accompanied by the lewd squelching of a wet, hard fucking, I jacked off her shit box with two fingers as my hard rod pistoned in and out of her warm, pink fuck slit, and my balls were slapping loudly against her swollen clit and her hairy mound. I retracted my cock from her boiling, red cunt and noticed about three slimy threads of vaginal juice hanging between the purple head of my cock and the gaping opening of her snatch.

I conveniently used this small web of cunt slime, moving my shaft up to right over her buttocks after which the gooey strands got stuck in the crack of her ass, from her cunt opening to well above her asshole near her tailbone. I used this thick, sticky cunt sauce to lube up her shitter and the rest of her ass crack, and settled my cock helmet against her rectum.

I then slowly slid into Louise's butt hole to the balls.

Never before had I felt such a hot and tight feeling on my dick. Her ass was snugger than I had ever made my hands feel. Louise's pubic hair tickled my balls every time I penetrated into her ass caverns with my steel hard prick. I grabbed her tits as they swung underneath her and I was enjoying the feeling of her soft, large butt pillows bashing back against my hips. Louise squeezed her shithole rhythmically around my member, and I understood suddenly what it must be like to be one of her turds. As I told her this she almost squeezed my cock off at the root from laughing so hard. With her body wracking from the laughter, her arms gave way to the weight of me on her back, and together we fell forward, my cock still stuck inside her clenching hole.

As we chuckled from what in hindsight was a really strange remark to make, our tongues caressed.

Caught in the moment, an idea popped into my head. I asked her if she happened to have a can of whipped cream in the house; a house, by the way, which was now thoroughly permeated with a funky fuck fragrance. She did have a can of whipped cream; in the refrigerator. With a sucking noise my cock came from her swollen, gaping anal ring, and with a hard, wagging dick I stood up and left for the kitchen. I got the cold can of whipped cream out of the fridge and walked back to the bedroom, where Louise was now laying on her back with legs spread and knees bent, finger fucking her cunt and shithole. The sheet had a large moist spot from our combined, leaked fluids right underneath her ass cheeks.

It was clear that it wouldn't be long before our hot number would come to an end; I was amazed I lasted this long with her. But she did help me out with that by squeezing the base of my cock whenever I seemed to reach the edge.

I raised her left foot which was still encased in a nylon stocking, and sprayed the whole nylon clad sole of her foot full of cream.

Louise watched in amazement as I licked all of the whipped cream off of the nylon, until all there was left was the soaked nylon sticking wetly to the wrinkled sole of her foot.

The arousal made her curl her toes inward. Now I gave the right foot - the one ripped free from the nylon - the same treatment. The sole of this foot too, I sprayed full, licking and sucking it clean.

God, how I loved licking her feet; the whipped cream only made it better. All that was missing was a cherry on the tip of her big toe, for me to slurp into my mouth.

I used my thumb and index finger to spread her toes and sprayed the space between them full of cream. I also sprayed her big toe and the ball of her foot full of the desert. I admired this work of art for a few seconds. Then I clamped my mouth over the ball of her foot and sucked the cream into my mouth. I proceeded to do the same with her heel.

Finally I licked the cream from her big toe and licked the cream from between her toes.

I then told her to spread her legs and raise her knees. Louise let out a little squeal of joy as I sprayed ice cold whipped cream onto her swollen pucker. Loving every minute of it I licked her ass clean. We turned over and Louise crouched over my face, facing my feet.

Again, I sucked the newly sprayed cream from her delicious brown star.

Louise clearly started reaching the boiling point as I sucked load after load of cream from her butt hole, as could be noticed from her motions and the filthy language she started spewing. Phrases like “Fuck my nasty, horny pucker with your wet tongue”, and “Suck the shit from my asshole” came from her mouth. I certainly wanted to meet her halfway and pulled her butt cheeks open. I then closed my mouth around her wrinkled anus and sucked my mouth tightly to it.

I forced my face deeply in between her odorous globes and penetrated her rectum with my tongue, actually creating a small vacuum between my mouth and her asshole, and making my mouth plop as I retracted it from her succulent brown ass cleft. As I continued mouthing her butt she fingered herself to an orgasm. Her cuntal fluids streamed over my face as she came to a screaming climax and almost literally sat on my face. If the near-full

weight of her body wouldn't hurt my face, I would have loved to have her sit fully on it because those warm, soft cheeks of her ass felt wonderful against my cheeks. I came from underneath her and made clear it was my turn.

With a content look in her eyes and a wide smile on her face she told me to lie on my back.

Louise massaged my feet for some time before she finally grabbed the can of whipped cream, and sprayed both soles of my feet full. With a hot expression on her face she started licking my feet clean. She sprayed the soles of my feet full for a second time, but this time she used it to rub the cream all over, and into my feet and toes, before licking them clean again and paying extra attention to my toes.

Sucking and licking she sprayed a large amount between my toes, after which she licked between my toes as in slow motion. She allowed a thick drop of spit to descend from her tongue onto the tips of my toes and smeared it all over them.

Her tongue slid over the heel of my right foot, then across the sole of my foot and across the ball, and finally along my big toe until the tip of her tongue tickled underneath my toenail. She slurped my big toe completely into her mouth and sucked it hard as her tongue played with it inside her mouth. I felt spit slide from the sole of my uplifted foot down my leg, until it finally reached my butt and slid into my hairy cleft. I wet my finger with it and used it to smear my anus, after which I shoved my whole finger up my bung.

I pulled my finger from my ass, and Louise immediately grabbed my hand and sucked the finger into her mouth.

Then I spread my legs and pulled up my knees. Louise grabbed the can of whipped cream and sprayed my ass cleft full of it, from near my tailbone all the way up to underneath my balls, and an extra amount on my wrinkled pucker. The cold of it gave me goose bumps all over. As I kept my cheeks spread Louise licked all of the cream from the crack of my ass, sucking it inside with loud slurps. Her licking tongue slowly slid through my ass

crevice, around my anus to leave the desert for last, and finally across my taint.

Then she enthusiastically burrowed her face between my ass cheeks and drove her tongue up my shitter, sucking the whipped cream out at the same time. She closed her right hand around my prick and slowly started jerking me off.

As the tempo of her jerking hand increased she sucked on my brown, puckered asshole with all of her might. Louise sprayed yet another load of whipped cream onto my shithole and smeared it all over my opening. This served as lubrication when she suddenly inserted her index and middle finger up my butt. More and more rapidly she jerked my cock as her fingers wildly jacked my shithole. She did this with ease as she lubricated her fingers by licking them as they sawed in and out of my anus. I felt my head was about to explode as Louise kept simultaneously jerking my cock and finger fucking my fart box.

When she added a third finger to my shit chute I had finally reached the limit. My cock started pumping jizz like oil under the rhythm of her masturbating hand as her fingers were entrenched deeply in my ass, and I started shooting cum like a fountain.

Louise let her tongue fly fast along my squirting cock head and then took my helmet into her mouth. I felt a cramp coming in my foot from curling it under the tension, while she caught all of my semen with the roof of her mouth. Again and again she swallowed my spunk, her three fingers motionless but still deep in my butt cave. An eternity seemed to have passed when my cock finally stopped squirting, and I relaxed with panting breath, my cock slowly and with jerks descending against my thighs. Louise came lying next to me, and we decided not to go back to school for the rest of the day. After sleeping for a few hours, and sharing a shower, it was time for me to go home. But we wanted to keep a reminder of each other, so we could think back to what we did today and how hot it was. And so we decided to give it all another perverted conclusion. Louise had my boxers and would be wearing them the rest of the day. I got her still soaked panties and a pair of flesh coloured, knee high nylons stockings which I wore until

the end of the day. We didn't have any kind of thing for cross dressing; it was purely meant as a means to arouse each other by wearing intimate reminders from each other. A kind of statement that we turned out to be a perfect sexual match.

And so, dead tired and satisfied, I went home by public transportation.

How funny would it have been if people knew I had girls panties and nylons on, and the taste of shit in my mouth...

"Delicious." I thought, as I merrily made my way.



End



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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Alex Kilroy is an emerging author of scat/toilet slave/femdom/humiliation based erotica. This is Alex's second book. Check out his first one;

[Open Wide Boy, It's Coming!](#)

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