

# ALL OF ME

A black and white close-up photograph of a person's back and shoulder, covered in water droplets, set against a dark background. The lighting highlights the texture of the skin and the individual droplets, creating a sense of freshness and intimacy.

Harper Bliss

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HARPER BLISS

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## ALL OF ME

SEX WITH LAILA was always dirty, but when she whispered in my ear mid-fuck that she'd be wanting my ass next, my pussy clutched itself around her hand so hard I expected her knuckles to come out bruised. I rode out my climax, my fingers lost in her raven-black hair as colours collided in my brain, my muscles flexing to the rhythm of her last strokes inside of me. Then she surprised me again by turning me over on my stomach, my backside bare and, seemingly, all hers. I'd gathered she meant next time she fucked me. I just hadn't presumed that to happen so quickly.

Laila was in charge in the bedroom and in the kitchen, the two rooms of our flat where I was merely required to serve, to not take any initiative. I was a sous-chef at best in both places, but my pleasure always came first. I was well-fed and satisfied, living on a diet of expertly spiced dishes and my girlfriend's delicious golden-brown fingers buried in my cunt at regular intervals. So far, she'd only teasingly ventured in the direction of my ass.

She covered my naked body with hers, her soft flesh moulding into mine.

"Your ass is mine tonight," she hissed into my ear, while spreading my legs with her knee. I wondered what she meant with 'mine'.

Would she just lick it, finger it maybe, or rely on other objects? Or all of that combined? I knew better than to ask. In the bedroom, Laila did all the talking.

When she pushed herself away from my ear, her taut nipples grazed the skin of my back. They swirled patterns along my spine until they reached my ass cheeks. As Laila guided one nipple along my crack, and despite the slamming orgasm she'd just delivered, I felt myself go moist again. This was more than sex. This was breaking boundaries.

I gasped as she parted my cheeks and allowed her nipple to explore a little further. I imagined how the caramel of her skin—and the dark chocolate of her nipple—contrasted with the creamy whiteness of my behind. The gentle probing of her stiff bud was enough to make my asshole pucker with anticipation and, first time or not, to grant her unlimited access to the uncharted territory that my ass represented. Not that she would ever ask. Laila appropriated things. She took them because, within the dynamic of our sex life, they simply belonged to her. Our affair was not complicated. She fucked me and I came.

Her long hair tickled my back and, regardless of not being able to see her, I could easily imagine the smirk edged around her mouth. I'd witnessed it enough, usually with a few of Laila's fingers sunk into me, to know its details by heart. Two fine lines bracketing her lips on the right as they curled up. Intensity burning in her eyes as she got off on my pleasure—and how I always, so easily, acquiesced.

She slipped one hand between my legs, under my pelvis, and found my clit, still a little sensitive from the previous round. Her nipple gently probed my crack while she circled a finger around my clit. Once, twice, just enough to make it perk up and want more, before retreating and focusing on my back door again. Laila was an ex-

pert at driving me crazy and, thus, at making me want things I never even knew existed before I met her—like a fist in my cunt and metal clamps on my nipples.

The room smelled of orgasms had and climaxes still to be bestowed. A heady perfume of anticipation blending with dirty delight.

On the way back up from teasing my clit, she coated her finger with juices dripping from my cunt. She traced a line from my pussy to my asshole and replaced her nipple with a wet fingertip. After dark, I always felt as if all of me belonged to Laila, no exceptions. That she could do whatever she wanted. Possess me, cuff me, whip me. This sensation multiplied by a hundred when she circled the meaty part of her finger along my most delicate passage. If Laila would ever ask me to marry her, this would be how she'd do it. By claiming me as hers, completely.

She entered slowly, letting my body adjust to the newness of what she was doing. My clit throbbed and my muscles tensed as the tip slipped in, invasive but welcome at the same time. I had no reference point for this, no prior experience to measure these sensations against. My asshole sucked at her finger as she pried deeper. I could hear her pant as she worked me with controlled excitement, which was pretty much the essence of Laila.

Before going deeper, she pulled out and started the circular motion again, drawing perfect circles around my rim. Laila knew me so well, as if she could read my body. She knew I'd be wanting more soon. I always wanted more of her.

This time, she pushed her finger in and out, just far enough to have me gasp for air every time she penetrated, stretching my asshole. No doubt preparing it for what was to come.

“I knew you’d like this,” she said, her voice dropping into that low register reserved for kinky activities. “You’re all mine now, babe.” As if I wasn’t already. “Mine,” she repeated, and widened me further by adding another finger.

I yelped, unprepared for the filling sensation, the thickness of two fingers I could easily take in my cunt—four or a fist were most common—surprising me from the back. But I took it like the good girl she knew I was.

Juices leaked from my pussy, bathing my clit in wetness. I wanted to reach out and rub it, to add to the pleasure I was experiencing from behind, but I was afraid to move. With two fingers, Laila had me pinned down, at her mercy beneath her. The only way she wanted me.

She explored me further, twisting her fingers every time she stroked me inside. Bright white stars popped up on the back of my eye-lids as I buried my head into the pillow. Surely, I couldn’t climax just by having her fingers in my ass. Either way, I was certain Laila wouldn’t let me. She was nowhere near done with me.

Stroking turned into thrusting while I felt her hair dance on my ass cheeks. I pictured the white globes of my butt being parted by her fingers, her brooding brown eyes staring down at me there. No one had ever seen me the way Laila had and I was fairly certain no one ever would.

Her hair slipped down my hips as she lowered herself and planted a tender kiss at the top of my crack. It stood in stark contrast to the way she was handling my asshole, ravaging it with her fingers at an increasingly merciless pace. If my hands had been anywhere near my clit, it would have been more than enough to propel me into another star-shattering orgasm.



She trailed a path of moist kisses along my butt cheek and, when reaching the top of its curve, bit into my flesh. Another shock ripped through my body, tightening my muscles and leaving me breathless. My pussy pulsed like crazy, roaring for attention, screaming for release.

I panted into the pillow as she withdrew her fingers, leaving my ass wanting more.

“On all fours,” she commanded and sparks coursed through my blood as I exposed my pussy to the musky air of our bedroom. I settled on my hands and knees and, looking back through my arms, searched for her eyes. I found darkness, pure sexual desire mixed with the will to possess. To have and to give.

She reached for the bedside table where we kept all our toys—her toys—and watched how, from beneath handcuffs and blindfolds, she unearthed a dildo. Not the biggest one she owned, but not the smallest one either.

My throat went dry at the sight of it. Two fingers seemed nothing compared to the hot pink silicone cock she was about to negotiate into my virgin ass. Luckily, she grabbed a bottle of lube on her way back to my rear, on her way back to deflowering me once and for all.

She squirted a generous amount of lube onto the toy, not caring that half of it spilled onto the sheets and her knees. I watched her bring the dildo to my ass and closed my eyes. I had no other option than to submit to darkness. She rubbed the cock along my crack, spreading the lube around. My muscles cramped when I felt the tip at my rim, not probing just yet, just familiarising itself, as if saying a polite hello before raiding me.

I braced myself for impact, but, instead of easing it gently into my ass, Laila rammed it into my soaking wet pussy first, coaxing a loud cry from my throat. My cunt reacted instantly, clamping itself

around the slick shaft of the toy, sucking it in. My clit stood to attention, but Laila was much too clever to attend to it. I wasn't at the edge yet, wasn't ready to beg for release. And she hadn't fucked my ass yet.

She kept slamming the cock into me and I bucked down hard, my thigh muscles straining to catch as much of it as possible. When my groans betrayed my level of excitement, she retracted and dragged the tip up to my crack.

I exhaled and tried to relax, my body trapped in a frenzy of lust and sweltering desire. I wanted it now. Wanted her to invade my ass. Wanted her to take all of me. She put a hot hand on my butt cheek while she positioned the dildo. It was warm and slick with my juices, ready to slip in. My asshole automatically widened at its touch, bidding it a warm welcome.

The head disappeared inside me easily, my body parting for Laila, and I heard her gasp with wonder. She must have been soaking wet, her juices leaking onto the fancy silk sheets she brought back after her last visit to Morocco. The dildo filled me to the brim as she pushed it deeper. Never in my life had I felt so owned, so enslaved to one person, so at her will.

As she started sliding the toy in and out of me with slow steady movements, my asshole relaxed, contracting and expanding around the girth of the dildo. A simmering fire stirred in my belly, setting off explosions in my blood. The stars on my eye-lids returned and this time they blazed brightly, absorbing me. My head spun through nothingness and everything as my body gave itself up to this new intrusion—as I surrendered.

"Touch yourself," Laila groaned, her voice nothing more than tones of pure lust, syllables strung together by passion. Her command surprised me, but I guessed that, in subjecting me to her will

in the way she was doing—a way she had never explored before but must have fantasised about a lot—she had amazed herself as well.

I let myself slip onto my shoulders, pushing my ass up higher, and shifted my weight to one side. My fingers couldn't reach my engorged clit fast enough. My cunt flexed around nothing while I tended to the aching bud between my legs. Laila manoeuvred the dildo with more determination inside of me, out and in again, relentlessly driving me to new heights, taking more of me. I felt her free hand shake on my butt cheek as I trembled towards orgasm.

Galaxies collapsed in the darkness in front of my eyes, giving way to torrents of colour. I saw the brightest pink, the same colour as the dildo Laila was fucking me with. I saw myself, willing, loving it, shattering into rainbows as heat catapulted through me.

Feverishly, I worked my clit, rubbing it back and forth with my finger. The sensation of being filled to the brim, paired with the direct stimulation of my clit, was like bursting into heaven.

“Come on, baby,” Laila's hoarse voice moaned. “Come for me now.” She knew I was waiting for her to let me. I always did. The muscles around my asshole started contracting of their own volition, pulsing electric sparks of pleasure through my bones. I found that perfect spot on my clit, the one that is always the most sensitive, and stroked myself to an obliterating climax. I came then, for Laila, filled with her love for me, and a hot pink dildo.

Carefully, she withdrew the toy and, drained of everything, I collapsed onto the bed. My entire body throbbed and I knew, in that moment, there was nothing I wouldn't do for her—at least not in the two designated rooms of our house where she was the boss of me.

She poured her hot body over me, covering my sweat-soaked back with her chest, her limbs caressing every bit of my skin they

could touch. As much as I loved the climax, the purely physical bit, this part, the magical aftermath, was always the best.

“I love you,” she said, her voice back to normal. Her mouth was buried in my hair, her breath barely reaching my ear. I knew I didn’t have to say it back. I’d just shown my love for her.

Her nipples, rigid as marbles, poked into my shoulder muscles. “Next time,” she continued. “I think I’ll strap on.” She slithered her body up my back until her lips found my ear. “I think you’re ready for double penetration.” She bit my ear lobe before relaxing her muscles, her body going soft on top of me. I could hardly wait.

That was the first time my girlfriend claimed my ass and took all of me. I’ve yielded ever since.

THE END

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Harper Bliss is a best-selling lesbian romance author. Among her most-loved books are the highly dramatic French Kissing and the often thought-provoking Pink Bean series.

Harper lived in Hong Kong for 7 years, travelled the world for a bit, and has now settled in Brussels (Belgium) with her wife and photogenic cat, Dolly Purrton.

Together with her wife, she hosts a weekly podcast called Harper Bliss & Her Mrs.

Harper loves hearing from readers and you can reach her at the email address below.

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