

**Brushing teeth has brown ending**  
(Brushing my girlfriend's teeth ends in a brown way)

Everyone mentioned or written sexually about in the story is 18 years old or older.

IMPORTANT!

This short story contains tooth brushing as an act of love, growing into a fetish and ends with mild scat.

DO NOT READ further if those things offend you, or you find the categories disliking!

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I had an accident a while ago which reduced my mobility in many ways. The smallest task wasn't so trivial all of a sudden. But stubborn as I am I tried all means to fend for myself just as before, no matter how much my mother pointed out that I should accept the help that was offered to me. And the source of most offerings was both sweet and had a sexy body that'd been my heated blanket on many occasions. My boyfriend was always there and had been so long before accident. We had a really good relationship.

Back to how hard it was to be me when I couldn't show everyone how mobile and self-reliant I were, when practically speaking it was impossible to be – I heard afterwards. So, I had to give in to his aided offers one everyday-task after another.

From the beginning, I was obstinate and deliberately did things harder for him than they should have been. The feet often ended up in the wrong angle in the shoes, and oh what a hassle sweaters and gloves turned out to be for us.

But the days went by and I started to give in to the help that was needed and that he did what he did because he loved me so much.

And things went really well towards the end of the first week. Most of what we did together became natural and neither of us gave any extra thought to it...but there were some things...

Of course I got help with toilet visits. And it didn't feel the least sexual, though maybe it should have, for obvious reasons. He said he felt the same, and showed nothing visible if he thought otherwise. But one thing in the bathroom had become a really sensitive thing for me...and it was the brushing of my teeth.

The first time he helped me wipe after I pooped, I felt sooo ashamed and wanted to die out of embarrassment 'cause of what he just did – So when he quite naturally, right after washing our hands, took my toothbrush and looked at me questioningly, I slapped him. Slapped him pretty hard, and it really hurt...me.

It didn't help that I yelled at him to disappear out of my life and that I never wanted to see him again, ever! Damn I yelled mean things at him as he left.

What, an in several ways damaged majestic proud female bird has to do to get back her ruffled, bruised and puffy-eyed male bird...get him to return to the nest again takes too long to tell, or I don't want to tell...so let's move on instead.

The tooth brushing, yes...was just like all the other everyday chores I got help with, felt helplessness and many times like when I was nagged at as a child, "Have you brushed properly? Show me." But....that....that changed pretty quickly.

I've always liked lips and kisses, deep tongue kisses that last a long time, and to have our mouths so close to each other while he moved the brush around my tongue...it quickly began to turn me on. I often wanted him to do a bit more brushing, really get in there...so nothing was missed. And it didn't make things less sexy that I sat on his lap straddling his legs as we brushed.

Now it had been so long since the accident so I was getting quite mobile. Meaning I took care of most things by myself again. But for several reasons, one of them – sad ruffled bird – meant I told him I enjoyed when he brushed my teeth. And that it still really hurt my arms, so I wanted him to brush me in the evening.

Most times when we brushed we wore underpants and the t-shirts we slept in, sometimes we were naked. This night we were not dressed, i.e. we were naked.

When I entered the bathroom, my caries-hero was already sitting in place, loaded with toothpaste and brush. I wanted to cater his staring eyes, so I walked excessively sexy up to his waiting legs. With a slightly too loud moan, I sat down so wide legged in his lap that he'd seen my tonsils if he was lying on the floor. Then I slowly slid closer to him, leaned my head back and opened wide.

In the middle of the brushing, when his lips were dangerously close to mine, I'd hysterically started kissing him. I went crazy and just had to kiss him. Further in my tongue went and I kissed him so deep I could get my tongue in his mouth. I messed around his hair, licked his lips, and had just gotten a good grip on his tongue with my lips...when I felt a pressing feeling in the back.

Nooo, not now...in the middle of all the sexy...and I was building up to a hot wet finish. Because we were naked, and he too liked it a lot when we kissed, a lively member had joined in this evenings brushing...and pressed like crazy against my most sensitive areas. So there were already strings of my eagerness for more on his legs. And now we were abruptly interrupted. And it was critical, like crazy critical.

– Honey, sorry I cannot hold myself. I have to poop...and now! Right now!

I had to recap several times *how* this could happen so fast, and also like the most obvious thing in the world. But without a second thought, he dropped the toothbrush in the sink; carried me on his hips while he picked up the lid, and sat down again. Pulled his legs wide apart, grabbed my buttocks and really separated them. Then looked at me with a look like, come on...get going.

And get going I did. With my buttocks firmly spread, I had two free hands, so while emptying my bowel between his legs, I held his cheeks and sucked like a leech on his mouth again. I sat like that for either seconds or minutes, don't know.....just sucked harder and harder on his lips, tongue and mouth while it came a little more and yet a little more squeezed out my sticky brown anal.

When I looked up again, I felt I just had to have him in me...and not at all an ordinary cock-in-the-pussy-fuck. No way! It was going to be cock-in-the-filthy-ass-fuck!

With shaky hands, I grabbed his stiff cock and put the tip against my shitty rear entrance. Damn, how dirty and horny I felt as I slowly slid down on him. Felt how my poop became sooo nice lubricant. And before he got all the way in, I rode him head to balls. I wanted to feel my natural butt-lube as much as I could. What a feeling it was and I've never been so turned on as I felt then. I didn't even have time to start pleasing myself to get the extra support I used to need to pass the threshold.....I juuuuuuuust eeeeeeeexploded. The orgasm hit me so hard I grabbed hold of him as I ejaculated female appreciations all over his stomach.

This was not the last brushing we did together, nooooo it was not!