Dot's Bar and Grill

By mysreader

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Being in the right place at the right time

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Dot's my mother, however to the best of my knowledge the words 'mom' or 'mother' have not crossed my lips in several years. The name Dot however, has always been spoken with much love and respect, which she deserves.

Dot's Bar & Grill, that’s where I grew up. When Dot inherited the bar from my grandfather she used it as a great excuse to get rid of my deadbeat dad. He wasn’t going to live out in the country running a bar 24/7.

Granddad renamed it Dot's after the birth of his daughter in 1955. Wasn’t a big deal, just a little black paint above “Bar & Grill”.

Dot's is in Southeast Missouri and sits between two small towns about 15 miles in each direction. We have the same clientele night after night. Farmers, ranchers, construction, road crews and railroad crews etc. Dot figured out right quick she had to grow the business in some way. She brought in a band on the weekends and set up dart and pool tournaments. Dot's attractions put us on the map, bringing in people from several states.

Mom turned Dot’s into the place to go for all your “needs".

Not many girls get to grow up in a bar. I’ve heard every dirty joke and I’ve witnessed life at its happiest and its worst. I knew who was sleeping with who and who was impotent. I knew who the real dads were to kids I went to school with. I knew who the sluts were 30 years ago and now sit on the front row of church every Sunday.

I always identified myself with Gretchen Wilson although Dot said I was prettier. We look about the same to me. Dot is definitely the looker in this familiar however. She never leaves our small loft apartment over the bar, without her makeup and hair in place. Dot is all woman, even with her trademark cigarette always lit and dangling from her mouth. Men ogle her continually. Dot’s confidence and experience can handle any situation.

There wasn’t much to do living above a bar out in the country. I remember that when I was 16 it seemed normal for me to wake up in the middle of the night hearing my mother getting fucked with some strange man saying her name. I’ve heard every variation imaginable.

“Suck it, Dot”, “Roll over, Dot”, “Sweet Jesus I’m cumming, Dot”, “I’m sorry, Dot”, “Did you cum, Dot?”, “Can I cum on your face, Dot?” “Your pussy's so fuckin' wet, Dot”, “Can I fuck your ass, Dot?”

Oh well, you get the point. I knew more about sex than any teacher in school did.

I always took consolation in the fact that none of them would ever become my new “daddy.” Dot let me know at an early age they were just friends and wouldn’t be staying around long. However every Thursday and Friday night after the bar shut down, Dot got her “freak on.”

Dot never had “guests” any other night of the week. She tried to preserve some normality for me.

That doesn’t mean Dot didn’t get any though. I have walked into the storage room too many times to count with Dot getting fucked or giving a blow job. I remember once when I was 16 I found her blowing a guy in the storage room and I stood there until she looked up and I asked if she could pass me a mustard jar.

Dot and I don't have any secrets, we are the only family we have and are quite close. Two women living together causes that. We enjoy each others' company, always looking for something funny and in a bar there is a laugh just around the corner at any given time.

Dot put me on the pill at 16, however I didn’t have any need for them until my senior year when I finally got a boyfriend. As Dot didn’t care, we screwed our brains out in my bedroom for my entire 18th year of life. Other than that I have only had 1 other guy and that was my 1st year of college.

Dot once told me her “MAN” rules.

1. She never slept with any of them until they had hit on her 3 times. The first time they are just drunk and horny. The second time they are drunk and horny. But the third time they are either gonna be drunk, horny and aggressive or just drunk and horny. She figured if the third time and they aren’t mad or being asses for being told no then they were probably nice guys.

2. They had to be able to carry on a conversation for at least 5 minutes.

3. Never keep one around longer than 3 months.

So… that’s my life. Driving home from college today, I figured in my head Dot's man count, it comes to an estimated 116 men that I know about. I have never considered her a slut, however I guess she is one.

I was supposed to go home Friday afternoon as usual, but I decided to skip Friday classes for a change and headed out Thursday. I was looking forward to getting back, home is where the heart is. It’s no secret I want to help Dot run the bar, but she insisted I go to college.

I’ll never forget going in that apartment door and yelling, “Hey, Dot!” Our apartment is small and her bedroom door is immediately visible from the front door entrance. I saw her back to me in her bedroom and when she turned around there was a definite new experience.

Dot had her cigarette hanging out of her mouth as she looked at me. My eyes were drawn to the big black cock she was wearing. It was probably a foot long and 3” in diameter. Dot had a t-shirt on and was bare assed under that strap-on.

“What the hell, Dot! What the fuck's that!" I yelled slamming the door and taking five steps through the living room into her bedroom.

“Watch your language, Margie, (that’s me) I can still whip your ass,” she said smiling at me.

“Seriously, what is that?” I said.

“Oh, Chester bought it. He wants me to do him in the ass tonight.”

“Mom, that’s sick, he’s got to go.”

“Yeah that's what I was thinking, but figured I would give it a try,” she said looking at me and grinning. She started shaking it back and forth at me and we both started cracking up laughing.

I don’t know what possessed me but I dropped to my knees and grabbed it and started acting all stupid rubbing it on my face and licking all over it. I started moaning, “Oh, Chester, you have such a nice cock.” I was really putting on a show as Dot stood there laughing at me.

The more Dot laughed, the more encouragement she was giving me and I just kept it up, jacking it off and kissing all over it. I would look up at her and try to look real horny. Her face was red from laughing so hard.

I started sucking the tip of that cock, giving a real sloppy blow job and moaning appreciatively like it was a rib eye steak or something.

I finally fell back on my elbows as we both tried to catch our breath. About the time Dot was calming down, I pulled my sundress up over my panties and started in again.

“God, Chester, fuck me with that big cock of yours,” I said and turned my head, putting the back of my hand over my forehead like Vivian Leigh in “Gone With The Wind.”

Dot finally decided to get in on the act and she started stroking her cock and talked around her cigarette in a gruff voice, “Spread those legs little girl, Chester’s got you some candy.”

Dot jumped down between my legs on her forearms with her cigarette in my face. I am used to that though.

“I’m gonna give you a ride on the midnight express,” she mumbled to me and exaggeratedly ground that big black cock against my panty clad pussy. I was moaning like a whore for her and grabbed her shoulders, pulling on her like she was riding me.

I could feel that cock rubbing on my panties as Mom dramatically thrust over and over, all the while grunting like a dirty old man fucking me.

We were both laughing a little but trying to stay in character.

“Oh, Chester, it just won’t fit. I’m too small and tight! Please don’t’ rip me open!” I yelled.

“Sshh little girl, Chester’s got the magic in him,” Dot whispered out in her best man voice. Dot then took her hand and went under my knee, pulling my left leg up opening my stance. She was doing it for the show but when she did, that cock was given a bullseye and it wasn’t missing. My hole was being poked and prodded repeatedly. My panties were being pushed up in me.

My right leg naturally came up and we kept up the banter trying to outdo each other in the shock department.Dot was wiggling her hips a little causing that cock tip to massage me continually.

“Chester's got the “star shit” baby. Makes you see “stars” and yell “Oh Shit!” Dot said laughing.

I was having a hard time concentrating at this point and the commentary ceased to flow out of my potty mouth.What was flowing was my pussy juice.I didn’t really remember doing it, but my fingers went to my crotch and pulled my thin panties to the side.Dot later said she didn’t even know what had

happened. She was too busy putting on the act until she looked down at my face and saw the look.

“The look of a woman getting filled with cock look,” she said.

Once I pulled my panties to the side and the next time Dot thrust her hips, mine instinctively adjusted for proper alignment. Chester’s cock went up me about 3 or 4 inches. I remember thinking 'please don’t pull out' and I put my hand on her side and pulled her hip toward me. That’s when Dot looked at me and our eyes met. My hand was on her hips and I didn’t say anything just pulled her down forcing that giant cock into me. I remember clearly that once Dot was buried in me, she released my leg and placed her forearms on the floor by my head and adjusted them as she moved slowly, getting into position like my boyfriend used to do.

She eventually just hovered over me not knowing what exactly to do, until I pulled on her hip again giving her direction and she finally actively participated, thrusting into me sending that cock home.

Looking at Dot, she held perfectly still looking at me with that big cock filling me up. I finally pushed a little on her side as my hips pushed of their own volition searching for satisfaction.

Once she got up her nerve I could feel Dot move her hips and she started withdrawing slowing pulling my pussy lips taut as that cock slowly and surely exited. Dot’s courage gathered steam as she impaled me again and began repeating this satisfying sin. I could feel that cock becoming lubricated and it shortly was coursing through me. My pussy was being pulled and stretched like nothing I had ever felt before.

I just lay there with my legs high and wide getting fucked and loving it. I put my arms around her and hugged her tight trying to bury it in as far as possible.

I wish I could tell you she pumped me with long strokes for hours, but on this day I felt my orgasm rising as I was pinned to the floor. I felt like one of those bugs pinned to a board in biology class.

When my orgasm started, I just humped Dot's cock like I had my boyfriend's. Dot put her hands on top of my head and held me firm, preventing me from humping out from under her. At the peak of my orgasm, I could really feel Dot’s last thrusts as the reality of the situation sank in and she gave me what I needed, burying that cock in to the hilt and grinding on my clit as my pelvis pushed up, searching for the satisfaction so desperately needed.

I was finally spent and lay back down on the floor. Dot just stayed there not moving. Still impaling me.

“Wow,” Dot said looking down at me through her cigarette smoke. “I didn’t see that coming, babe.”

“Me either,” I said pushing her a little off me. “That’s embarrassing.”

We both looked at each other and started giggling and then laughed our asses off again.

Friday morning Dot came out of her room alone. “Where’s Chester?” I asked her.

“He went home last night. He couldn’t handle my big cock,“ she said laughing.

“Seriously?”

“Yeah he begged me to stop, saying it hurt too much. I asked him to leave.”

“Chester took his toy and went home huh?” I responded.

“He didn’t take his toy. He didn’t ask for it and I didn’t offer it,” Mom said smiling at me through a smoke ring.