

OMG, I Fucked My Best friend's Dad

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I slept with my best friend's dad...

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It was early June. Crystal, my best friend, graduated from college a few days ago. We were 21 and best friends since we were ten. Everyone was throwing a graduation party for Crystal on Friday. I was so proud of Crystal. She called me up the night before, and asked if I could ride with her dad to the party. Her dad's name was Mr. Hopson and he was like a second dad to me. Crystal told me he was kind of uncomfortable showing up alone. He was 55 and most of the people at the party would be in their early twenties.

"Sure, Crystal," I said.

Crystal lived alone, as did I. She had a few friends who were going to be driving her, so she would have a designated driver. Her dad was perfect, because I would also need one. One thing Crystal and I did well together was party hard. We got into all kinds of naughty trouble, but that was a different story.

Friday night came around and I was getting ready for the party. I was wearing a loose red sun dress that came just below my upper thigh, and some sexy heels with lace strings that wrapped around my sexy calves. I looked fucking hot. The door bell rang; it was Mr. Hopson, to pick me up. I grabbed my stuff and off we went.

Mr. Hopson was telling me how proud he was of Crystal and me, how we had grown and done so well for ourselves.

"I remember when you were just a tiny kid," Mr. Hopson said with a chuckle, "Now look, you have grown into a beautiful woman."

We finally arrived at the party and walked into the club. Crystal ran up and gave us both a hug and kiss.

Mr. Hopson went to sit at the bar; Crystal and I went to the shot table. We started hitting our shots,

getting wild and crazy, as we always did. Then we hit the dance floor, partying it up all night. It must have been around 1:30 in the morning and Crystal and I were so smashed. Crystal fell on her drunk ass. I tried helping her up, but I fell over her as well. We lay on the floor laughing our asses off. We were so fucking drunk.

Our friends came to our rescue. It was time to go. This was nothing new for our friends to see. We always drank until we were out. A few friends walked Crystal to one car to take her home. Mr. Hopson and a friend helped me to Mr. Hopson's car. I was placed in the passenger seat. Mr. Hopson thanked the gentleman for helping him.

We drove off down the road. I was in my spiritual drunk party mode. I turned up the stereo and danced to the beats. Mr. Hopson just laughed and watched me for a while. I reclined my seat back, putting my feet up on the dashboard. My legs and lower thighs were exposed to Mr. Hopson. I glanced over and saw Mr. Hopson checking me out.

"Are you checking me out, Mr. Hopson?"

"Not at all," Mr. Hopson replied.

I said in a flirty, laughing way, "You were so checking me out. I caught you, Mr. 'bad boy' Hopson."

Mr. Hopson was blushing so bad. He knew I had caught him. I mean, could I really blame him? He had some hot 21-year-old with her legs up by him. He was only human. My buzz was really getting me in a horny mood. I started rubbing my legs up and down.

"You like my legs, Mr. Hopson?"

"Summer, just sit back and relax. We're almost home," Mr. Hopson replied.

Mr. Hopson was 55, had a full head of grey hair and had been divorced forever. He was a very attractive man for his age, not one I would date. I loved my men young but the alcohol was taking over my stupidity, I guess. I was still laughing and fucking with Mr. Hopson. I pulled up my skirt for a quick second and quickly pulled it back down.

"Mr. Hopson, I bet you liked that."

"Summer, you need to stop now."

"Awww, you don't like me?"

I was playfully pouting, then burst out laughing. I could tell Mr. Hopson was aroused. It was getting fun. We arrived at my apartment. Mr. Hopson helped me in.

"Take me to my room, Mr. Hopson."

We got in my room and he let go of me. "Awesome!" I blurted out. I had a vodka bottle on the nightstand from a few nights ago. I grabbed it and took two full swigs. Mr. Hopson just stood there staring at me. I could see his pants were wet from his pre cum soaking them.

I sat the bottle down and pulled off my sun dress. I was just standing there in my bra, thong and my laced up heels. I walked over and grabbed Mr. Hopson's cock from the outside of his pants.

"Wow is that hard on for me, Mr Hopson?"

I backed away and started laughing some more. I grabbed Mr. Hopson's hand, pulled him to my bed, and had him sit on the corner of it. I walked over, grabbed my vodka bottle and walked right up to him. The midsection of my hot body was right in his view. I took another big swig, some of it started rolling down my chin and down my stomach.

"Mhmm. That is so good, Mr. Hopson."

I turned on my stereo and walked to him. I undid my bra and tossed it to him. I came up and sat in his lap. My back was to him and I started grinding his lap. Mr. Hopson's hands landed on my hips, but I pushed them away.

"No touchy, touchy, touchy, Mr. Hopson."

I turned around and straddled his lap, facing him. My arms were wrapped around his head. I started grinding him harder and harder. I so could feel his hard, throbbing cock against me. I stood up, and grabbed my hot oil. I lay back on the bed, and pulled off my thong. I opened my legs to Mr. Hopson, so he would have a wonderful view. My pussy was soaking wet. I started rubbing it, and rubbing my wetness on my inner thigh area.

My fingers glided so nicely across my wet slit. I poured some hot oil on my pussy and nipples so they would burn. I loved the hot warm sensation. I started masturbating in front of Mr. Hopson. He could not take his eyes off my body, especially my wet pussy, that was all oiled up.

"Take your clothes off, Mr. Hopson," I said.

He instantly did and got on the bed.

"No touching, just watching, Mr. Hopson."

I continued playing with myself for another four or five minutes.

"Mhmm, Mr Hopson. My pussy feels so good and it's so tight."

Poor Mr. Hopson. I was so teasing the fuck out of him. Candy was right in front of him, but he could not have it.

"Go ahead, Mr. Hopson; try a sample."

Boy, did he ever. He wasted no time and dug right into my pussy. I put my arms to the side and spread my legs wide open. I was just laying there enjoying my pussy being licked. He had my pussy spread wide open, was going to town and was digging a few fingers inside me.

Mr. Hopson didn't even ask. He came right up, put my arms over my head and slid his cock right inside me. He started pounding away at my pussy. He was pounding me so hard and fast.

"My god, Summer. I've wanted to fuck you since you were 16 and I'm going to give it to you good."

Mr Hopson gave me a good pounding for about fifteen minutes, then turned me over on my stomach. He grabbed the hot oil, lubed up my ass crack and his cock. With one hand, he gave me a choke hold from behind, and with his other hand he glided his cock in my ass. He buried his cock deep and started giving me hard pumps.

"Summer, your ass feels so good," he moaned out.

"You're so fucking hot, Summer. I want to fuck your ass all night."

Mr. Hopson kept pounding away at my ass, as he had my neck in his hand. He was getting freaky, whispering things in my ear, as he was getting off as he fucked me .

Mr. Hopson asked, " Have you slept with Crystal?"

"Yes, Mr. Hopson; we have had a few encounters."

This got Mr. Hopson more aroused, as he started really pounding me.

"Give me details, please?"

Mr Hopson put me on my back. He slid his cock inside me. He buried his face back into my neck and slowly but firmly was grinding my pussy.

"Summer, please tell me about it while I fuck you," he pleaded.

I started telling him about the time Crystal and I were 16. We messed around, taking turns licking each other. I was giving full details and Mr. Hopson was really getting off on it. I kept telling him about all my encounters with Crystal. All of sudden.

"OHHHH, OHHHH, I'M GONNA FUCKING CUM."

Mr Hopson blew his load right in me until I was full. Suddenly Mr Hopson started going down on me. He was cleaning his own cum out of me. It was so fucking turning me on.

"RIGHT THERE, RIGHT THERE, MR HOPSON, I'M GOING TO ORGASM. "

I did in a fury, with my sweet thighs wrapped around his head until my pussy was done. I got up right away and took a few more swigs from the bottle. I kept my huge buzz going. Before I knew it, we started fucking again. I was getting pounded hard over and over. We must have fucked four or five different times that night, from what I remembered.

I awoke the next afternoon. It was around 1 pm. I sat up with a hang over, holding my fucking head. What the fuck happened, I thought? I had cum dripping down my thigh, cum in my hair, on my face, fuck even all over my back and ass. My pussy was so sore from being hit hard and my poor ass was burning still, from all the hard fucking it took.

I was home alone. Oh, my god. It just occurred to me. I just fucked Crystal's dad. I jumped in the shower and washed and scrubbed. I was so ashamed. This was why Crystal and I always needed chaperones when we were drunk. We did stupid things. I thought I'll keep it a secret, and I hoped Mr. Hopson really enjoyed my young piece of ass. I'm sure he did because my pussy was so sore from being hit hard and my poor ass was burning for a few days from the hard deep thrusting it took.