

Being a slut of Mom's boyfriend

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To get him stay around my mom, I became his cheap slut.

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It was my nineteenth birthday. A few hours earlier, I was enjoying the party with my friends, and now I was in my room, fucking my mom's boyfriend, John. My panties were on the floor next to me, I was bending over the bed and John was fucking my ass from behind. I wasn't a virgin, but he took my anal virginity. I wasn't kinky but in the past one hour he had turned my ass red by spanking me hard. Earlier he was calling me a slut and now I was screaming and moaning, asking him to fuck me good as I was calling myself a whore. A few hours earlier my mom was at the door welcoming all the guests to my birthday party. John was in the party too and he was standing in a corner of the hall enjoying his drink. I was having a great time talking with my friends, noticing the boys from my class checking out my nice big ass. My mom's friends also came to the party and they couldn't control themselves from checking out my cleavage displayed in my sexy blue dress that Mom bought me last week. The party was going well but suddenly I saw John and Mom talking in the kitchen. They were not actually talking, it was more like John shouting and screaming at Mom. I saw my mom running to her bedroom, hiding her tears. I thought to go to my mom and just hug her, but then I decided not to disturb her and let her spend some time alone. John sat down in the corner enjoying his drink and checking out the huge asses of my friends. I couldn't handle the party alone, the guests were asking about Mom and I was telling them that she wasn't feeling well. Soon guests started leaving and my best friends left too. John was still sitting in the corner, useless. I was in the hall cleaning up everything and John was just staring at me. I thought to talk to him about what happened between him and mom but then I just kept quiet. John was forty years old. He had no permanent job, no house and no money. Mom told me that he sometimes worked as a bartender in a club, sometimes he played guitar in a restaurant and sometimes when he came home with pockets full of money and hands full of gifts then it was obvious that he had won some fight. I never knew why but Mom loved him a lot. I had seen John with many other women in restaurants and coffee shops but I never told my mom about him because I didn't want to hurt her. John was a good-looking guy with short hair, a subtle beard and a masculine body. He was a fighter so he really had a nice hot body. I had seen him shirtless all the time and I would be lying if I said that I didn't find him hot. There were a couple of nights when I fingered my pussy as I thought about John's hot body and wondered about his cock. I had always been a horny girl but I was not a slut. In the past year and a half I had dated three guys

and had sex with all three of them. Because of my blonde hair, slim body, 34D size boobs and big ass, it was easy for me to get any person to fuck me but as I said, I was not a slut. After I finished all the cleaning in the hall, I went to see my mom but she had fallen asleep. The sleeping pills were still there on the nightstand; she had started taking sleeping pills a couple of months ago. I left her room and went to my bedroom. An hour ago I was happy but now I was feeling sad for Mom. I had told mom to leave John but she was so crazy about him that she never listened to a word against him. No matter how badly he treated my mom, she never thought to leave him. I was sitting near the window in my room. Suddenly the door of my room opened without any knock. John was standing there at the door. I didn't invite him into my room but he entered anyway. "Why were you fighting with Mom?" I asked looking at him. "Because she is a crazy woman," he replied, "She never does what I ask her to do. Today, I wanted her to wear something sexy but she was wearing the same old dress." I listened to John to figure out what issue he had with my mom. "I want my woman to look sexy like other women. I want her to make me feel proud. Now she doesn't even let me fuck her, do you understand that? We haven't had sex in the past three weeks," he said moving closer to me. "Your mother is no fun. She just keeps telling me that she loves me, but that is not all. I want something else too," John said letting out his feelings. I felt awkward when he talked about having sex with my mom, that was their personal issue and he shouldn't be talking about this with me. "I have decided that I'm leaving," he said. "What do you mean?" I got up, and asked looking straight into his eyes. "I'm leaving your mom so I will have my life back," he replied. "You can't leave her, she will die without you. She loves you," I said. "Love is not enough for me," he got angry with me. "Why don't you talk to her? You guys can sort it out," I suggested. "I need a woman who can take care of my needs, who can make me happy," he replied. "You can find any woman to take care of your needs behind mom's back. I have seen you with other women and I never told this to my mom. I promise that I won't tell her a word in future too, but please don't leave her," I begged, giving him an idea to fulfill his needs. "I know I can have any woman, but women want money and gifts. They want to go out and have fun. Do you think I can afford all this?" he said and I knew he could never afford taking care of a woman. He didn't have a fixed job and he was a useless person. A woman could let him fuck her because of his good looks but she would never want to be in a relationship with him. "You know what... I don't even have money to go out and fuck a prostitute." I wasn't shocked to see him talking like that. He never respected any woman. "So I have decided to leave your mom and find a new woman. I'm sure my new woman would take care of all my needs," he replied, and I knew he was serious. He wasn't drunk. He would find a woman make her fall in love with him and live on her money. "I'm going to talk to her right now," he said, and turned to leave my room. It took me just a couple of seconds to make a really big decision. "Wait," I said, and he stopped at the door. He was looking at me, waiting for me to tell the reason why I asked him to stop. I was thinking about my decision that I had just made a few seconds ago. I didn't know what I was doing and what would be its consequence but I knew I was going to do it for my mom. "I will take care of your needs," I said and he seemed confused. "What?" he asked. "If Mom can't take care of your needs then I will," I said and I slid the straps of my dress from my shoulders. I was feeling embarrassed but I did it anyways. John stared at my breast. He got what I

meant to say. "Your mom?" he said. "She is sleeping," I replied pulling down my dress a little more. John closed the door, and came near me. I was getting nervous. He smiled looking at me and didn't say a word. He acted like he had always wanted to have me. "I know you are a slut but I had no idea that you could be such a big whore," he whispered standing in front of me. "I'm not a slut, I'm just doing it for my mom," I told him. "I don't care, but if you can take care of my needs then I promise I won't leave your mom," he said, as he touched my shoulder. "I have always seen you like a little slut but because you are the daughter of the woman I'm dating, I couldn't make a move on you. I couldn't do anything more than just stroke my cock on your panties," he said. It was a little shocking for me. I had no idea about what he used to do behind my back. "And now you are giving yourself to me so I will respect your decision," he said as he tried to pull my dress all the way down to my waist, but he couldn't. "The zip," I said slowly and feeling disgusting. "What?" he asked. I turned my back to him, and he pulled down the zip revealing my sexy back. "You have such a nice ass. Every time I saw you walking around in the house in those tight jeans, I wanted to spank your ass. I hope tonight you will fulfill all my wishes," he said, as he grabbed my ass. He again made me turn to face him and pulled the dress to my waist. His hands moved to my big firm boobs. He cupped both boobs with his hands, and felt my nipples. Now I felt excited. "Beautiful boobs," he said. He moved down to my boobs, and sucked on them. I again felt disgusting doing all this but my nipples started getting erect because of the hidden excitement inside me. We were not making love; we were not even having sex like two casual people. It was just me trying to fulfill his needs. He came up, looked at me and then took off his shirt. I saw his fine abs and hot masculine body. As I looked down a little, I noticed a bulge in his pants. I realized that he wasn't just going to stop at him sucking on my tits; things had just started. "Show me how you suck a cock. I'm sure you are not a virgin and you know how to give a nice hot blow-job," he said. "Good that your mom takes sleeping pills so no one can disturb me while I fuck my new slut," I heard him calling me a slut again, as I went down on my knees. "Are you going to do it or not?" he asked when I just sat there on the floor not making a move. I didn't look up at him while slowly undoing his pants. I pulled down the zipper and then pulled down his pants to his knees along with his underwear. His big hard cock popped out in front of me. I knew that he must have a big cock but eight and half inches was a little more than I had expected. It was thick and really hard. That was the moment when I didn't feel disgusted, maybe because my own sex life wasn't good. All the boys I had dated, they were not good at pleasing me. I never cared about cock size but those boys didn't know how to treat a girl. All they had done with me was take me to the back seat of their cars, a little kissing, and then getting me to suck their cocks until they shot their cum in my mouth. They fucked me in one position and never treated me well. John's cock was the biggest I had ever seen. For a moment, I wondered if I could really take it in my pussy or not? "Come on, if you will feel shy then how would you fulfill my needs?" John said. I grabbed his cock, stroked it slowly, but I hadn't looked up at him. "Use both hands," he ordered me. "Don't you know how to please a big cock?" I grabbed his cock with both hands and started stroking it. He must have been looking down at me and enjoying the view of my nice, perky boobs while I was stroking his cock. He managed to get rid of his pants. "Are you just going to stroke it?" he asked. He was waiting for me to suck his cock and I was only

pleasing him with my hands. "Look at me," he ordered, "Open your mouth, and show me how far can you take my cock in your mouth." I looked up at him, still holding his cock. He was smiling. I opened my mouth and his smile got bigger. I took his cock head in my mouth and heard him moaning. For few seconds he closed his eyes, feeling my mouth around his cock. His hands moved to the back of my head and he pushed his big hard cock deeper in my mouth. I pushed him away when he choked me with more than half of his cock pushing deep down my throat. My eyes got wet and I surely looked like a cheap whore with my messed-up lipstick. "You are so good at sucking cock, your mom doesn't even take half of it," he said. I really didn't want to hear a thing about my mom. Once again, I took his cock in my mouth and sucked him good, making him stop talking. He again tried to get it all the way down in my throat and I took it by holding my breath. "Fuck, you do suck like a slut," he said, and made me stand up. He quickly went on his knees and reached for my panties under my dress. He pulled my panties to my knees and then made me sit on the bed. He took off my panties completely and spread my legs. My dress was still hiding my pussy but not for long. He lifted my dress and smiled while looking at my pussy. He touched me between my legs and ran a finger between my wet folds. I controlled my feelings and held my moans. I was turned on by his touch. "You are wet," he said, and I felt embarrassed. How could I get wet? I wasn't doing it for fun or pleasure. I was just trying to make him stay with my mom. I guessed that I was wet because he was fulfilling my desires too. My mind was not enjoying it because of the fact that he was my mom's boyfriend. I never loved him and I was doing it just to get things working between mom and him but my body was responding to his big cock. I was getting wet realizing that and soon his cock was going to be inside my pussy. John spread my legs and licked my pussy. I leaned back a little because I wanted to feel comfortable and enjoy his tongue moving all over my wet pussy. He sucked my pussy for a while but I guessed he never liked eating pussy much. He got up, made me stand and then bent me over the bed. I prepared myself for his cock. As I felt something sticking between my wet folds, I grabbed onto the pillows. "Ah..." I screamed, as he pushed his cock inside my pussy. "It hurts. It's so big," I complained. "Thanks," he took my words as a compliment. He didn't care about how much it would hurt me to take his big cock inside my tight pussy. He kept pushing it deeper in my pussy until he got it all inside my love hole. It was painful. I felt my pussy stretching by his big fat cock. I started to feel better as soon as he started fucking me and after few minutes I kind of enjoyed his cock moving in and out of my pussy. He was fucking me like I had always wanted to get fucked. I was controlling my moans because I didn't want to let him know that I was enjoying his cock in my tight pussy. "Fuck, your pussy is so tight," I heard him saying. "Ah..." I screamed as he spanked my ass. He grabbed my dress, which was still around my waist and fucked me hard. He didn't stop after spanking me once. He kept spanking my ass until it turned red. He stopped for a moment, made me lift my one leg to put it on the bed and then, instead of grabbing my dress again, he grabbed my blonde hair. "I'm going to fuck you so hard, you bitch," he said, and he fucked me more. Now I was moaning. I wasn't asking him to fuck me hard but I wanted him to do so. I wanted him to make me cum more. Now I was enjoying him fucking me, bending me over my bed and I realized that I was also moving my ass back and forth on his cock. "You little whore, you like that?" he said and spanked me more. I wanted to scream, telling

him how much I liked it but I kept quiet, controlling my moans. I realized that I was wrong about him being useless; he was a good fucker. He knew how to fuck a pussy and make it cum again and again. "Oh fuck, your pussy feels so good," he said, "let's see how you take it in your ass." He told me his next wish, and I got shocked. I had never taken a cock in my ass. I had touched my ass hole, and even fingered it a little, but never had a cock or dildo in my ass. "No, not in my ass," I said. "Really? Are you sure?" he said grabbing my blonde hair and making me look at him. I knew I had no choice other than to take his cock inside my ass. I again looked forward, lifted my ass against his hard cock and said, "I have never done this before so..." "Don't worry, I'll be gentle," he said. He lied about being gentle. As he held me by my waist, he touched my asshole with his finger and then pushed his cock in my tight ass. It felt painful. He didn't even give me a minute to breath and relax my muscles. He kept pushing it inside me, and I couldn't do anything much but just hold onto those pillows. He started fucking my ass and after a few minutes I started enjoying it. "Hmm... ah," I started moaning. "You like that, my cheap slut, huh? You like my big cock in your tight ass?" he asked. I kept quiet. I wasn't comfortable in telling him how much I was enjoying fucking with him. Bending over the bed, I was secretly squeezing my boobs too. "Say that you like it," he said spanking my ass again. "Yes, yes I like it," I replied squeezing my legs, as I had another orgasm, "Oh my god, fuck yeah," I moaned "Did you just cum?" he asked, as he slowed down. "Did you enjoy it?" "Yes, please fuck me more," I replied. He spanked me more, he again pulled my hair and fucked me more. He fucked my pussy and ass hard but he still hadn't had enough of his new slut. When he pulled his cock from my ass, I felt a little relaxed but he made me get on my knees. He asked me to hold my boobs together around his cock, he wanted to fuck my tits. I didn't know how many times I had cum but now he was close to cumming. My 34D size boobs were not enough to grab his big fat cock but I managed to please him. After letting him fuck my boobs for a while, I grabbed his cock and started sucking it. This time I showed him how good I was in giving blow-jobs. I sucked him really good, fondled his balls and soon he started moaning louder. "Oh fuck, I'm coming," John said. He grabbed his cock and stroked it. I opened my mouth and as the first stream of cum hit my face, I took his cock in my mouth. He filled my mouth with his cum and I swallowed it all. "You still think you are not a slut?" John asked. "I'm your slut," I replied, as I cleaned the cum off his cock head with my tongue. "Good," he replied. John walked out of my bedroom after putting on his clothes and I sat there near my bed cleaning the cum from my face by my finger and then licking it all. "Hmm... yummy," I said licking the cum off my fingers.