

What Boundaries?

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Published on Lush Stories on 11 Oct 2012

His dad had just caught me with no shirt on.

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/reluctance/what-boundaries.aspx>

My boyfriend, Carl and I had been dating for a few months now. Senior year in high school was really looking up. Our relationship wasn't all sunshine and rainbows for one reason. My boyfriend's dad hated me. Why? Because I wasn't "attractive." I'll give him that though. I didn't have the most beautiful face, and my tangled deep brown hair was nearly always pulled back into a ponytail. My brown skin was darker in some places, and I was a bit pudgy. Carl didn't seem to care, but his dad, his dad was a complete douche about it. The first week he'd tried breaking us up. We didn't really let it faze us. Carl and his dad are a lot alike. Light brown skin, dark curly hair, minimal facial hair, and a medium build. But their personalities differ greatly. Carl is a sweet, nerdy guy. And he likes to befriend anyone who will give him time. His father, however, is a mean, cruel man. If he doesn't like you, it just won't ever happen. He could be attractive, if he wasn't such an asshole. The tale I'd like to tell you took place just last week. I was out with Carl, on a date to the movies. We'd finally gotten around to seeing "The Possession." I was scared shitless, and didn't want to be alone. "Babe, please. Let me stay over. I'm begging you!" I whined. "Elise, my dad isn't gonna like it. He'll freak out." "No he won't. I won't let him. "Please?" I kissed on his neck, trying to weaken his defenses. I could hear him stuttering through telling me no again, so I stroked his thigh, too. "Alright, fine! Just stop, I've gotta be able to walk past my dad without him knowing that you turn me on so much." I giggled and sat back in the passenger seat of his orange, 1970 Mustang. "What are you going to sleep in?" "I'm gonna steal your clothes. Duh." I joked. "I'm kidding. Swing me by my house so I can grab some clothes and other stuff. My mom works the night shift at Stella's tonight." Stella's was the main restaurant in our small town, my mom practically owned the place, but she still worked as the manager there on nights when no one else could. "Okay. Can we, er, take care of business while we're there?" He gestured to the bulge in his jeans. "You stopped too late." "Fine," I laughed. "Geez, control yourself." He drove us over to my place on Cranberry Road. The white house with the cranberry red door. My mom always liked to be ironic. Carl followed me in and shut the door, locking it behind himself. I started up the stairs to go to my room, but Carl had other plans. He pulled me back and shoved me against the door. His brown eyes stared right through me, and he bent to kiss my lips once. I put my arms up around his neck and pressed my body to his. I could feel his manhood against my crotch as he started to grind me. I was really getting into kissing him and was close to yanking my clothes off.

“Ooooooh! I’m telling mom!” My 13year old brother Daniel was standing next to us, I’d assumed he’d come from the office. I pulled away and Carl headed toward the bathroom, defeated and upset that he’d have to take care of himself. I hugged him and kissed his cheek. For 13, he sure is getting tall. I’m 5’6”, and he’s up to my shoulder. “Hey, squirt. I thought you were staying at Randall’s.” “His mom had to take his little sister to their dad’s, and she made him go, too.” “Well, I’m not staying home. I’m going to Carl’s tonight. You gonna be okay till mom gets home?” “I guess. There’s food and I’ll just play COD. When’s she getting home?” “Probably like 11ish. So you got two hours alone. Be good, ‘kay, squirt?” “Alright.” He wandered upstairs. Carl came back, flushed. “Sorry.” He shook his head. “It’s fine. I know how it is to have little brothers around. I’m just lucky that he stays with my mom most of the time.” “Eh, I love him. He just has terrible timing. Come help me pack.” We went into my room and I got my black and white snakeskin overnight bag. “Okay, bring that purple top I like for tomorrow, with those black jeans you wear with it.” I put that in the bag. “To sleep, hmm... bring something really sexy.” I went into my drawer and got out a red, silk, pajama set. It was comfy, but I never wore it, seeing that it was unnecessary. Until now, of course. I got my charger, makeup bag, and a few other cosmetic items. “Okay. I’m ready.” I said as I zipped the bag shut. “Can we go?” He took my bag and my hand and we left my room. I popped into Daniel’s to let him know I was going and kiss his forehead, then we were all set to leave. Once in his car, we were speeding to the other side of town where he lived. “So whatya wanna do when we get there?” “Uhm, dunno. How about a nice, family movie with some popcorn?” “That sounds good.” We finished the movie around midnight, for having to pause it so much when people walked through the living room, making noise. His dad especially. Finally we headed up to his room. I asked if it was okay for me to take a quick shower. He told me I could. “The door doesn’t lock, but no one should walk in, the shower’s kinda loud.” “Okay. May I have a towel and bath cloth?” He got them for me and I padded barefoot to their small bathroom and shut the door. I started the shower and started to strip. Once I’d put my dirty clothes into a plastic bag and laid out my night clothes, I stepped in. The hot water felt amazing on my skin, and I just savored it for a bit before lathering up. I had brought my mango bodywash, because it was Carl’s favorite. It had a nice, subtle essence that he enjoyed. After cleansing my body, I stepped out and wrapped up in my towel, brushing through my hair. I’m sort of backwards. I wear my hair up during the day, and down at night. When my body dried, I removed the towel and pulled on my underwear, a pink, lacey pair of boyshorts. Over top of them, I pulled on the bottoms of my pajama set. The door opened, and Carl’s dad busted in. I turned to face him and screamed. It was too late that it occurred to me that I wasn’t wearing a shirt. My D-cup breasts were on full display. He stared at them. I finally thawed from my frozen state and pulled on the camisole that went with the set, grabbed my things and ran past him to Carl’s room. Carl was knocked out already so I cut off the light and snuggled up to him under the covers. His body was warm. As I lay there, I couldn’t stop thinking about what had happened. His dad had just caught me with no shirt on. If he didn’t like me before, he probably absolutely loathes me now. A small part of me, though, felt proud that I’d stunned him. He stared at me like I was a steak, and he hadn’t eaten in days. I could understand, somewhat. I had just about the same characteristics as his girlfriend, Rhonda. The main difference being that she was slimmer. I laid there. And I could

not sleep. I just kept replaying the scene. I stared at the clock on the cable box as the minutes ticked by slowly. So painfully and excruciatingly slowly. The last time that I'd seen was 3:23 a.m. before my exhaustion finally swallowed my mind. I'd only slept for a few hours. When I woke, the clock read 6:34 a.m. I was baffled. And my throat was bone dry. I quietly, and carefully slipped out of Carl's arms to go downstairs to the kitchen. I heard shuffling upstairs as I got out the jug of water in the fridge. I gulped that down, and went back for more. While I was bent over, getting the jug again, someone slapped my ass. Hard. I yipped and shot up. I'd expected to see Carl behind me. I turned with a sly smile that turned into a horrified, eye-popping scowl. "Mr. Dames!" He was just as surprised as me. "I thought you were Rhonda! What the hell were you doing in my fridge?" "Getting some water, is that not allowed now?" "Why are you in such skimpy clothes? You little whore!" "Whoa, you walk in on me, and slap my ass and you have the nerve to yell at me? I should be slapping you in your face!" "You won't lay a hand on me!" "Whatever." I started to walk away. "Asshole." He grabbed my arm and pulled me back so that our faces were inches apart. "Hey!" "Let me go!" I wriggled, but his grip was really strong and I couldn't break it. "You don't disrespect me in my house you little slut! You got some gall." I continued to struggle when he grabbed my other arm and shook me. He laughed. "You're a little fighter ain't you? Let's see you fight me off." He dragged me and bent me over the kitchen counter. He rubbed my ass and gave it a good hard smack. "Ow! Stop! What are you doing?" He kept me there and I knew I wasn't going to get out of this. He slapped it again. "Mmm, what a fat ass. No wonder Carl likes you, bitch." "Let me go, asshole!" He spanked me again, twice this time. "Watch your mouth, or I'll have to punish you more." He pulled my pants and panties down and I started to panic hardcore. He explored my pussy with a probing finger. "Oh, not a virgin are we? Still really tight though." "I don't see how, your son's destroyed me a bunch." Slap! "What the fuck did I tell you? Shut the hell up!" He jammed two fingers into my pussy and I gave in. I wanted it. I needed to be fucked. But I kept up my struggle, just to keep him pissed at me. "I'm gonna demolish you, slut." "What about Carl? There's a fucking boundary!" This time he punished me by forcing a finger into my ass, I whimpered. "What boundaries, slut. There are none now. I'm gonna fuck you, and you're gonna keep your fucking mouth shut about it. It's either that, or start getting over my son." I really gave then. "Good, shut up. You're going to need that voice." At that, he shoved his cock into me. From what I could feel, he was just the same size as Carl. Just a hair thicker, maybe. I screamed out. He grabbed my sides roughly and slammed into me repeatedly. He was fucking me hard enough that it hurt. "Awh, shit! That's one tight pussy. You like my cock in you, whore? Fucking say it!" "Fuck you!" He slapped my ass and slammed into me even harder than before. "Fuck!" I screamed. "Shut the fuck up! You wanna wake everybody else up? Just shut the fuck up and take this dick you little cumslut." His fast, hard thrusts were slamming me into the counter with so much force that before I knew it, I was knocking stuff over. He pulled out, turned me around and lifted me onto the counter. He went right back to pounding into me. I was in ecstasy and I was nearly at the point of cumming. I gasped, moaned, and groaned as my boyfriend's father took me. He yanked my shirt up and fondled my breasts as he fucked me hard, hitting my g-spot relentlessly. It was clear that that he knew just what he was doing. He had experience, and I was really enjoying having him inside me. His thick shaft was

stretching my pussy out, I could feel it. I could also feel my fast-approaching orgasm coming. I cried out once more and I came. I came hard. He pulled out of me and my juices squirted out of me. He came right back to me, nowhere near done with me. My tired pussy just took the abuse, and I became his ragdoll. When our bodies slapped together, I just moaned, occasionally crying out in a few of the languages that I also spoke. It went from Spanish, to French, to Italian. He was entranced, wondering what was coming out of my mouth. To make it clear, I yelled "Oh shit! Fuck me harder!" That got him going. He sped up, slapped my ass and clamped my thighs so that he could pull me farther down on his massive member. He attacked my young, 17 year old body for an hour, and he began to slow finally. I thought he'd pull out and cum on my stomach, but boy was I wrong. He pulled out, but then he stuffed his cock right into my tight, virgin ass. I cried, but my body felt overjoyed, and that resulted in another orgasm that milked his cum right out of his cock. He fell over me, and panted. When he caught his breath, he looked at me, straight in the eyes. "You tell anyone what just happened, and I will make your life a living hell." I promised.