

Angel Slut: Chapter One

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A good girl who wants to be bad leaves home for what she needs.

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ANGEL SLUT Chapter One Sisyphus I knew what I wanted and I was going to get it. That's why I moved to Boston. I had to get away from my small red-neck hometown in Maine where everyone knew me as the good girl who always did what was expected. Now I was going to let loose, dress the way I fantasized and let the sex-starved woman I was hiding inside of me out. There was no turning back. In school I hated my shyness and wished I had the courage to be like the girls who wore tight jeans or short skirts with tight t-shirts and had guys all over them. At lunch I heard their conversations of how they fucked so and so and liked giving blow jobs in the back seats of cars after school. I liked listening and could feel myself getting hot, but I just sat quietly wishing I had the nerve to dress differently, flirt and have a guy take me for a ride and fuck me--a word I couldn't even say. "Loosen up," my friend Sally would say. "Molly, you've got nice big boobs and a great body but you cover it up in those baggy sweat shirts and long stupid looking skirts. Loosen up or you're going to be an old maid. You need a make over." I listened and nodded, knowing she was right but didn't know what to do. Sally wore tank tops and tiny skirts or hip hugging tight jeans and I would look at her wishing I had the nerve to dress like she did or the other girls but knew if I did, everyone would look at me like I was crazy. The thought terrified me and I imagined them smirking or laughing, saying, "Hey, Molly! What's with you trying to be sexy?" The thought of the boys looking at me like they looked at the other girls frightened me, even though that's what I really wanted. I wanted to be sexy and hot and to do what they all talked about at lunch. I felt trapped inside my shyness, the image I had created as the good girl who was perfect--the perfect student, perfect daughter who went to church and sang in the choir--miss prim and proper, that was me and there was no escape. It was mom who made me dress like I did because she didn't want the same thing to happen to me that happened to her--get knocked up. She got real religious and said to me, "Jesus made you to be a good girl. You're our angel." Dad just drank beer when he came home and rarely went to church with us. I don't think I ever saw them hug. After graduation, I worked at the Ace Hardware store in town. I could handle the transaction conversation, answer questions but even then I rarely looked at the person I was helping. Most of the customers were fishermen or carpenters and it was just ringing them up or putting things on their account, but a couple of them flirted with me saying things like, "Come on smile, cutie," or they would see my name tag on my shirt and say, "Hey Molly, wanna go for a ride after work," and I would feel

my face get red, my throat tighten and I'd look away. When they'd leave, I always wished I could have said, "Yeah, I'd like that," but that was impossible. College was out of the question and though I was at the top of my class and could have gotten a scholarship, no one in my family ever went to college. My mom never graduated high school because she had me and my dad was a fisherman with his own lobster boat. None of the girls that I went to school with went to college either. They all got jobs at the fish packing co-op or cleaned houses for the summer people or waited tables, got married and had their babies. I saw them getting heavier. They looked old and tired even though they were all in their early twenties. I'd see them at Dottie's Diner in town Saturday mornings or in the afternoon having coffee and gossiping. They had their babies either in carriages or on their laps. When I sat with them once in awhile all they did was complain about their stupid husbands and how they're always broke and too tired to fuck. "Life sucks," they'd say. I always liked to read and got hooked on these romance novels with glossy covers showing men with bare chests kissing these long haired women with their tits hanging out. I'd read them at night and the hot sex scenes would get me so turned on I'd get wet and masturbate, imagining getting ravished by a man, visualizing all the positions I read about. I was obsessed with these books and was getting more and more frustrated by the emptiness of my life. One day when I was over Sally's house she told me about this internet site she found where she could chat with guys and have on-line sex. She told me about this guy she meets late at night when her husband is asleep and it's like nothing she ever experienced. She said I should check it out. I had a computer that I got when I was in high school but only used it for school work and some shopping. That night I went to the site and got a password and there I was seeing all these weird sexy names. I was nervous but I made up a name--Angel Slut, surprising myself that I had the nerve to call myself that. But that's what I was. Like my mom said, I was an angel but I knew I didn't want to be. I wanted to be a sexy slut like one of the wild characters in a book I read. My new name excited me. It took awhile to get used to the site. I would get a message from someone and at first it scared the hell out of me, but as I got used to it, I found I could say things I would never say in real life. I remember the first time I chatted with a guy named Lusty Lover. We started writing and after he asked me to describe myself and he described himself, I told him I had long brown hair, blue eyes and a thin body which was true. When he asked about my tits, I blushed but wrote I have big tits--which is also true. But when he asked me what I was wearing I looked down at my loose fitting t-shirt and baggy sweats and I told him I was wearing a white satin thong and a tight tank top. Then he'd ask, "What are you looking for on this site?" Suddenly, I took on this other voice and decided to tease him. "What do you think I'm looking for?" "You want someone to get you hot and turn you on." "And you? What are you looking for?" "Same thing you are. I want to find someone who likes rough fucking." "Is that what you like?" I wrote, unable to believe what I was reading and writing. "Yeah, don't you?" "Maybe, it all depends," I wrote and could feel myself getting wet and squirming on my chair. "What does it depend on?" "How horny I am." "Are you horny now?" "Yes. Very." "You want a big hard cock filling your cunt, don't you?" "Yes!" I wrote, stunned by what I read. No one had ever talked to me like that. I pulled down my sweats and panties, lifting myself off the chair, sliding them over my ass, got them down, kicking them away. I spread my legs apart, laying back in the chair and

cupped my pussy. God, I was hot. Then he wrote, "My cock is so hard now. I want to fuck you." "You do, do you?" I typed then moved my hand back to my wet pussy rubbing myself harder. "Yeah, you want this big hard cock fucking you, don't you?" In my mind I visualized his big cock moving in and out of my pussy faster and faster, my legs wide apart. His words got me so hot I couldn't stand it and I suddenly started moving my fingers in and out of my pussy. "You want a good hard fuck, don't you," he wrote. "Yeah, I want your cock! I want you to fuck me!" I wrote then quickly put my fingers back in my pussy, moving them in and out. I was so turned on. Writing "Fuck me" excited me and I wanted to shout the words out loud, my imagination seeing and feeling what was happening. "Yeah, give me your fucking pussy, you slut!" His dirty talking pushed me over the edge and I started typing in capital letters words I had never said before and felt I was shouting at him. "TAKE ME! TAKE ME! GIVE ME YOUR BIG COCK! FUCK ME! FUCK ME!" I wrote back, then quickly put two fingers in my pussy moving them in and out faster and harder getting closer and closer. "I'M CUMING I'M CUMING! FUCK ME!" he wrote back, also in capital letters and I could almost hear him yelling. I stopped writing, leaning back in my chair, fucking myself faster and faster with two fingers, "OH YES, YES! OH BABY, FUCK ME!" I shouted at the ceiling with my legs spread apart, my fingers going in and out faster and harder then somehow I stopped to type, "GIVE ME YOUR COCK YOU FUCKING BASTARD!" "TAKE MY COCK! TAKE IT YOU FUCKING SLUT!" flashed on the screen. "FUCK ME HARDER! HARDER! HARDER!" I wrote as fast as I could then fell back on the chair, my legs wide apart, my fingers going faster and harder, another finger rubbing my clit. Suddenly I lifted my ass off the chair, convulsing in a huge orgasm, OH MYGOD! OH FUCK!" I screamed at the top of my lungs, glad no one was home. I collapsed against the back of the chair, gasping for air, my head spinning then opened my eyes looking at the screen. "Ohhhhh, baby that was so hot," I managed to write with trembling fingers, panting and shaking from my orgasm. "Yes it was hot. You're amazing." "Wow." I wrote, still breathing heavily. "Do you want to meet here again?" "Sure," I wrote. "Come here tomorrow night at nine." "Okay, nine tomorrow." And suddenly he was gone. I stared at the computer screen thrilled and confused at the same time. I loved screaming. I loved his dirty talk. I wanted more. It was the most exciting thing I had ever experienced, but I knew it wasn't real. I mean it was real and not real at the same time. After I shut down the computer, wiped my fingers with some tissues, pulled up my sweats, I looked at myself in the mirror at my loose fitting t-shirt and baggy sweats. It was then that I knew I had to get away from this town and find the freedom to shed the skin of miss prim and proper and let the sex-starved me out. In bed that night I fantasized an apartment in Boston and dressing in sexy clothes, meeting guys in bars, cafes, or at work and having wild sex with no strings attached. I didn't want to end up getting old and not experiencing what I read about in my romance novels. I didn't want to end up like the other girls I knew. I wanted to fuck and feel in real life what I had felt on the internet. The thought made me horny and I imagined a guy taking me to his apartment, pressing me against the door, ripping my clothes off of me, throwing me down on his bed and fucking me. I got really turned on and finger fucked myself again, screaming fuck me at my imaginary lover, my whole body shaking as I exploded in a huge orgasm before falling asleep. So here I am in Boston, a city about five hours from where I grew up--a stranger, alone, hoping I would have my fantasies come true. I

had savings from my job and though I surprised everyone when I suddenly left town, I didn't care. I found a small furnished studio apartment on Craig's List, packed my bags, got Sally to drive me to the bus. She was the only one who knew my secret reason for leaving our town and promised not to tell anyone. "Make sure you take your birth control pills and be careful who you let fuck you," she said again as we stood by the bus. I didn't say anything when she said that but nodded. I thought about her words as I looked in the mirror, looking at myself in the new clothes I had just bought. Tonight would be my first adventure. Even though I was still a virgin, I wanted to be seductive and if I hooked up with a guy I would cross that bridge when I came to it. I was more than ready. I had gone shopping that afternoon at Victoria's Secret, a store I read about in a magazine. I wondered how I should dress. What would lure a man to make his move? I was excited and frightened at the same time. Would I chicken out? Would my shyness take over? Hopefully, what I wore would give me the courage to be Angel Slut like I was on the internet. I had a credit card which until now I hardly used. I was in heaven and got a white silky thong and a matching push up bra, a tiny black mini-skirt that was really tight and came half way down my thighs. I had long legs that were well toned from my being on the soccer team in high school. I also bought a pair of stone washed hip hugger jeans that were a size smaller than I would normally wear and they really showed off my ass when I tried them on at the store. I bought three tight fitting tank tops and a silky white blouse that was cut to show off my breasts when I wore the push up bra. I tried on a really slinky red dress that clung to my body and barely covered my tits but would buy that at another time. I spent two hundred and fifty dollars and even splurged on some perfume the girl at the counter said really worked on luring men. I saw a pair of knee high boots that I knew would look great, but they would have to wait until I got a job. I did have a pair of high heels that I had to buy for a wedding last year and I knew they would go well with the tight black mini skirt. Standing in front of the mirror, I decided to try on the jeans again to see how they looked with the black tank top. I squirmed into them and took a breath as I zipped and managed to get the button closed. I liked how they clung to my round ass and pressed into my pussy. They were skin tight and made me feel really sexy. I removed my bra before slipping the tank top over my head. It was tight but felt great on my tits. I could see my nipples and was surprised at how much cleavage showed. The tank top came down to just above my navel. I rubbed my tits through the soft material and felt my nipples getting hard as I moved my hands gently at first and then squeezed harder feeling myself getting aroused. Just then a knock at the door startled me. I could not imagine who would be knocking. I glanced at myself in the mirror, glancing at my ass and my tits barely contained by the tank top as I turned to answer the door. I looked really hot. When I opened the door I saw a man, his dark long hair had flecks of grey. He had on a denim shirt with the sleeves rolled up over his elbows. I noticed a tattoo of an anchor just under the rolled edge of his sleeve. "Sorry to disturb you. I'm the maintenance man and came to fix the dripping spigot in the kitchen sink." "Oh yes the dripping faucet," I said, looking at him, noticing his blue eyes and how his denim shirt was opened revealing a little of his hairy chest. "God, he looked sexy," I thought. I noticed him glance at my tits then quickly back at my eyes. "This shouldn't take long," he said as he walked past me, carrying a tool box and I noticed how snug his jeans were on his ass. I followed him to the small kitchen area. He put the tool

box on the floor, turned on the faucet to let the water run and turned it off watching the water drip. "Probably just needs a washer," he said, smiling at me. Again I could feel his eyes looking up and down my body. Though I was feeling shy and awkward at first, I knew I looked good in the tight jeans and tank top and liked how he was looking at me, though it was just a glance. I never had a man look at me like that because I never looked sexy before, but I was getting turned on--really turned on. "By the way, my name's Jesse," he said as he kneeled down and opened his tool box. "I'm Molly," I answered. "Nice meeting you, Molly," he said, smiling at me then looked away and reached under the sink to turn the water off. "So what brings you to our fair city?" he asked, standing up and unscrewed the faucet handle, his back to me. "I just wanted to try the big city after growing up in a small town in Maine," I said. "It's so boring there." "You're looking for excitement, aren't you?" he asked, turning to face me, smiling; our eyes meeting. "Yes," I answered, liking how he looked into my eyes. "You shouldn't have any trouble finding what you're looking for," he said, moving his eyes up and down my body, "a sexy looking girl, like you," he added then turned back to removing the faucet handle. I didn't know how to respond to what he just said, but I liked it and could tell there was an attraction. I couldn't believe I had just arrived in Boston, moved into this tiny apartment and here I was with this sexy man flirting with me. I was getting aroused but didn't know what to do about it. I only knew I was getting really turned on. "So any ideas where I can find the kind of excitement I'm looking for?" I asked surprised to hear those words coming from my mouth. I had never spoken to a man like that, but somehow feeling sexy in what I was wearing and liking how he looked at me gave me the courage to push the envelop, break out of my shell and be the new me. "Depends on what kind of excitement you're looking for," he answered, turning from his work. He smiled, his blue eyes looking intensely into my eyes. "You know what kind of excitement I'm looking for," I said, looking into his eyes, smiling, flirting, but inside I was trembling, my mind spinning with surprise that I said that and felt the sexual tension rising. "Yes, I know exactly what you're looking for," he said, nodding, smiling slyly. Our eyes met, fixed on each other then he turned away and continued working. He didn't say anything. I looked at his ass in his snug jeans as he leaned over the sink, replacing the washer. I was getting hornier by the minute. I couldn't stand the silence and didn't know where this was heading, but I knew where I wanted it to go. I watched him working, silently, wanting to say something that would peak his interest in me. While working, he turned to look at me, smiled, our eyes meeting, lingering, but still he didn't say a word, then got down on one knee, reaching under the sink, turning on the water then stood up, tried the faucet handle and nodded, seeing it was no longer dripping. He still hadn't said a word then turned to me, glancing up and down my body. His smiling eyes told me he liked what he saw. He then bent down and put his screw driver and wrench back in his tool box. The silence was driving me insane. He continued looking at me, a slight teasing smile on his lips. My wet pussy was aching. His silence, his smile, his eyes looking into mine was driving me wild. My nipples were hard, his deep blue eyes seducing me, taking me over the edge. He stood up and leaned back against the sink, his eyes fixed on mine then moved to my crotch, the seam of my tight jeans pressing into my pussy. When he did that, I looked at his crotch, noticing a big bulge in his tight jeans. He saw me looking at his crotch, his smile filled with knowing. I couldn't take my eyes off his cock straining his

jeans. I swallowed, watching him slowly walk towards me, our eyes meeting. It was all I could do not to back up as he got closer. I felt my heart thumping and wasn't sure if I was breathing when suddenly, he reached out and grabbed my ass, pulling me against him, thrusting his hard cock hard against my pussy and started grinding, forcing me to grind back. I had never had anything like that happen to me and I just wanted him to take me. "I'm going to give you what you're looking for," he said, looking into my eyes then smashed his lips against mine, kissing me hard, his fierce tongue opening my mouth. We were kissing madly, our tongues swirling in each others' mouths. I was dizzy as our tongues wrestled, our mouths wide open, devouring each other. I had never kissed a man like that before and was feeling things I had never felt. I could not believe what was happening to me. He then pushed and slammed me hard against the wall, gripping my ass, pulling me against him, grinding his cock harder into my pussy, nudging my legs wide apart then arching me so that my jean covered pussy was completely exposed to his hard grinding humping thrusts. "You want a good hard fuck, don't you?" he said looking into my eyes as he continued humping me, fucking me through the crotch of my tight jeans. "That's what you're looking for," he added, then quickly took my mouth with another fierce kiss. "Yeah, I want you to fuck me!" I said, pulling my mouth from his, gasping for air. It felt great to say "fuck me!" out loud and I said it again, looking into his eyes. "Yeah I want a good hard fuck!" I had never spoken to a man like that except on the internet. He moved his hard cock up and down my pussy, grinding into me, my legs wide apart and I pushed myself as hard as I could, grinding back against the stiff pole in his jeans. He was driving me crazy. I grabbed his ass as he held mine and we were humping each other, madly fucking through our jeans. Suddenly, he grabbed the straps of my tank top and roughly pulled it down, my tits spilling out then he palmed them roughly arousing me even more. He then sucked one of my nipples, taking it in his mouth, devouring it, while his other hand crushed my other tit, our humping getting harder and harder, almost violent. Suddenly, falling to the kitchen floor, he rolled on his back pulling me on top, my legs straddling him, my pussy grinding against his hard cock while he sucked my nipple, making loud guttural sounds, almost swallowing my tit. He lifted his ass off the floor, thrusting his cock against me, forcing me to come down hard causing sensations on my pussy I had never experienced. We were both out of our minds as we rocked harder against each other. My jeans were so tight on my ass I thought they'd split as I rode him like he was a bucking bronco. The seam of my jeans pressed into my pussy, rubbing my clit. My tits hung out over my tank top, bouncing all over the place, my hair flailing. I could not believe this was happening to me on my first day in the city. Suddenly, he flipped me on my back got up on his knees and started taking off my jeans, pulling at the waistband, fumbling with the button and zipper until I took over, lifting my ass, squirming out of them, watching him unzipping his jeans. He then grabbed the legs of my jeans, pulling them over my feet then flipped them over his shoulder. He pulled his jeans down just over his ass and I saw his hard big cock standing straight out over my dripping pussy. Suddenly I knew I had to tell him I was a virgin. I didn't know how his cock would ever fit into my pussy and the fear of being hurt or scaring him away swept through me. "I'm a virgin," I said, looking up at him and at his cock. "Thought so," he said, smiling. "You did?" "Call it intuition. I had a feeling you've never been laid." "Really!" "Yes, I know innocence when I see it." He paused. "Don't worry,

Molly, it will hurt at first but you will be fine,” he said, looking down at me. His eyes suddenly looked tender and his smile looked kind. “And I had a vasectomy,” he added. “Just relax.” He then lowered his head to my pussy, lifting my legs over his shoulders started licking me, slowly and lightly at first then harder, moving his tongue up and down, licking and lapping my wet pussy, making soft guttural moans that got louder as his tongue went deeper and faster causing my head to thrash from side to side. He then found my clit and his licking tongue caused me to jolt and shudder. I was on the verge of exploding. I couldn’t believe the sounds coming from my mouth. “Oh, oh, yes, yes, oh my god that’s so good, oh, I can’t stand it.” Suddenly, I was about to cum. “Oh my god, I’m cumming, I’m cumming,” I screamed and suddenly exploded in what felt like a bolt of electricity roaring through every inch of my trembling body. Jesse was relentless as his mouth continued to ravish my pussy his tongue darting it in and out, sucking and licking my clit sending another huge orgasm ripping through me. He then got on his knees between my legs and moved the tip of his cock up and down my dripping pussy lips. He was being gentle but forceful at the same time as he moved forward slowly pushing the head of his cock just inside, entering gently, at first, opening my tight pussy, going a little deeper with each thrust. I could not believe how good it felt then suddenly he stopped, holding his cock just above my aching pussy then pushed his way deeper, thrusting his cock against the barrier of my hymen. He let his cock stay still a second, giving me time to get to use to the size of his cock then pushed a little harder trying to penetrate then quickly reared back and thrust harder causing me to scream with pain as he broke through my thin membrane. “Oh my God! You’re so big! ” I screamed out in exquisite pain as his cock went deeper into my pussy after breaking through the thin skin. “Oh Molly, you are so tight. It feels so good!” “Oh my god, I like this. I like it. Do it! Keep going! Don’t stop! Oh yes, it’s so good. Oh please, please, please.” I had never experienced anything so intense, so thrilling. I was being fucked, no longer a virgin and was surprised how vocal I was. I couldn’t get enough. “I want more,” I shouted. He pulled out and suddenly thrust deep into me, opening me even more with his hard cock causing me to scream louder, “Oh my god! Fuck me harder! Harder! Harder!” It was painful at first but I loved it and wanted more. He pulled out again and thrust his cock deep into me then started going faster and harder, pulling out and thrusting over and over again, faster and faster and suddenly he yelled, “I’m cumming. Oh Molly. Give me your pussy! Fuck me Fuck me! Fuck me!” My pussy gripped his hard cock as he thrust deep and hard and I felt his hot cumshooting into my pussy causing me to orgasm again, both of us screaming our heads off, filling the room with our loud voices as we both exploded in huge orgasms. Jesse gave one final thrust and then collapsed on me. I could not budge but loved the weight of him on me, the warmth of his cum in me, both of us gasping for air, as we lay on the kitchen floor, completely spent. His cock was still in my pussy as I wrapped my arms and legs around him, loving the warmth and sensation of feeling so full, wanting to keep him in me. I wanted this to last forever. After a few minutes he lifted his head from my shoulder and looked into my eyes. I could not believe how blue and warm they were. He just looked at me and then smiled. “Are you okay? I was pretty rough on you for your first time.” “Yes. I’m fine,” I answered. “I loved it.” “Listen, I live down stairs in the basement in a small apartment, that’s the gig I have here, fixing things in exchange for a place to stay.” As he spoke, he swiveled his hips slightly causing his

cock to move slowly in my pussy. I was getting turned on again and closed my eyes at the tingles he was causing. "Come down later and I'll give you more of what you're looking for," he said, smiling. "Oh, yeah," I answered, playfully, challenging him with a teasing smile. "Wear something sexy like you want to seduce me and you'll have all that you can handle. I will drive you crazy," he added. Swiveling his hips slowly, his deflated cock in my pussy, his words tantalizing me, I wanted more and he knew it, but he slowly pulled out and got on his knees, looking down at me. He stood up, his cock hanging limply between his legs, fascinating me. I still felt the painful sensation of my cherry being taken and the intensity of my orgasm. I noticed a small trickle of blood on my thigh but felt happy. He pulled on his jeans and kneeled down next to me on the floor, his twinkling blue eyes looking into mine. He leaned over and kissed me, lightly. "See you at seven," he said, reaching for his tool box and then stood up. He smiled and then left, closing the door quietly, leaving me lying on the kitchen floor. I shook my head from side to side unable to believe what had happened. My first day away from home and suddenly I am on the kitchen floor being fucked, losing my virginity to a man I just met. I thought about Jesse and loved how rough he was with me and also how gentle. He was perfect. I could not believe my luck. The thought of going to his basement apartment wearing sexy clothes, being seductive got me wet again. What was happening? Where was I heading? (to be continued)