



Pimpin' Mom

Part One

C. Allen

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By C. Allen

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It was early Monday morning and Charles was getting ready to leave for the workweek. We live in Los Angeles and about three months ago Charles got a new client that requires him to work out of the San Francisco office for a few months. So every Monday morning he catches a shuttle flight to SF, and catches a flight home Friday night after work. It was nice at first. I mean, we've been married for twenty-two years. We were both twenty years old when we got married, that's when I got pregnant with Sam, we were both still in college. Sam is twenty-one now and a junior in college, out of the house and living in the dorm, even though it's only a fifteen-minute drive from home. I guess he wants his space from mom and dad, like any twenty-one year olds. So having the house to myself during the week was a welcome change, lately though, I have been getting a little bored.

Charles finished his coffee, grabbed his bag and headed for the door. "See you Friday night," he said and gave me a deep kiss while his hand reached around to my butt and gave it a squeeze and light pat. "I'll be waiting," I teased, as he moved his hand to my breast for one last squeeze before he left. Even after all these years we were still hot for each other and he still gropes me like a teenager. I like that he's still hot for my body. I take good care of myself, eat right and work out every day.

I watched through the door as Charles drove away. Looking at the clock, I saw it was eight-thirty, so I still had an hour before my trainer got here and my brutal Monday morning workout would begin, so I finished my coffee and read a little before my shower. Lately I've been reading a lot of erotica, One of the nice things about an empty house is if I get worked up from the book I can masturbate any where in the house without fear of being interrupted. I've been making great use of this fact recently, I don't think I ever masturbated this often at any time in my life, but with Charles gone all week I get so horny.

After about twenty minutes of reading with my hand between my legs I finished myself off and got in the shower before getting dressed for my workout. Today I was feeling flirty and naughty, I have never cheated on Charles and that's not what I had in mind today, but I was all turned on

from my book so I chose a pair of spandex workout shorts and a little sports bra top, I don't usually wear such tiny workout clothes, but I felt like teasing a little today. Looking at myself in the mirror I was happy with the way my body looked at forty-two. My ass still looked great and Billy, my trainer, had built my hamstrings nicely so and my legs were rockin'. Genetics graced me with smallish breasts that are still perky at this age. Not bad, I thought as I tied my hair back then put on my sneakers and went back down stairs.

I heard Billy's car pull into the driveway and a moment later he was knocking at the door. "Come in," I yelled as I walked into the living room. Billy opened the door and came in. He is a good-looking man, completely buff with a cute smile and we've always had a playful flirty thing between us. "Good morning Julia, are you ready to work hard?" He said as we walked into the den. "Not really but lets do it anyway," I said, leading the way.

When I turned around to say something to him I caught him staring at my butt. Embarrassed, he tried to cover. “You look great these days, these workouts are making a big difference in your glutes.” I smiled, “Really, do you think so?” I teased as he kept looking at my ass.

As we went through the initial stretching, I noticed Billy was gently rubbing my skin as he held me in various stretch positions. When I could, I leaned in closer to him, brushing my face against his arm as he held me in position. I was getting pretty warmed up by the time we got to my legs. I was on my back and he was on one knee pushing my legs back one at a time to stretch my hamstrings. He started leaning in more and more till his face was inches from my crotch and his breathing was deep. “Are you okay?” I asked as he had one of my legs behind my head and he was leaning on my hamstring with his head right next to my pussy. “Yeah, it’s just that you look so hot,” he said as his hand slid down the back of my leg stopping right before my pussy, I felt a tingle. “Thanks to you” I said, as I wiggled my hips a little. He checked himself and switched to stretch my other leg in the same manner. This time as he slid his hand down my leg he didn’t stop and his hand landed right against my pussy for just a moment before he moved it. The feeling of someone’s hand on my pussy turned me on fast, it had been a while since Charles and I had sex and I flinched at Billy’s touch. Next he stood me up to stretch my back. My legs spread wide as he supported my torso and bent me over at the hips. The first time he had a hand on my back and one on my abdomen. The second time, he bent me forward and his hand slipped to my tit. I pushed into it. His other hand slid down my back to cup my ass as he straightened me up again. We looked at each other and I kissed him. I didn’t expect to have that happen but in the moment he had me all turned on and I just went with the feeling. As we kissed I opened my mouth for his tongue as he settled us down on the rug. The kissing went on as his hand slid under my bra top and he pushed it up so both tits were exposed. His mouth went right to my left nipple and as he sucked it, I reached down and felt his hard dick in his loose workout pants, I started squeezing it a little before I slipped my hand under his waist band and started stroking his warm thick cock. When he paused long enough to pull my shorts down and get rid of my top, I pulled down his pants to free the only other cock I’ve touched since I met Charles. It

was big and thick and touching it lit me on fire. I knew it was wrong, but at that moment I didn't care, I was too horny and way past the stopping point. Soon I was on my back and Billy was gently opening my legs. I looked down at him as he lowered his face between my legs and began to lick my inner thighs and all around my pussy, I opened wider for him as I watched him. Slowly he worked his way further up my inner thighs and ran his tongue through the place where my thigh meets my pussy. When his tongue touched my outer lips it was electric, I started to gyrate my hips as his tongue went deeper into my folds and pressed inside me then up to my clit, flicking it with the tip of his tongue till I was shuddering with orgasm. "Oh my god, shit, shit, shit, yessss," I screamed as I came from his skilled tongue.

He didn't wait for me to catch my breath before he moved up over me, his hips forcing my legs wider and his rock hard cock was pressing into me. "Ohhhhhh, fuckkkkkk" he grunted as he pushed his shaft deep into my soaking wet pussy, thrusting faster and faster, my legs were behind my head as he fucked me. After a few minutes he pulled out and easily flipped my little body over on my knees, spread my ass with both hands and took my pussy from behind, pumping me so hard my whole body moved with each thrust. When I turned my head toward the full-length mirror to watch his hard body fucking me, I caught a glimpse of someone standing in the doorway. It was Sam. I hadn't heard him come in and now he was standing there watching his mother get fucked by her trainer. As soon as he knew I had seen him he disappeared from the doorway and before I could do anything Billy was cumming in me. "Shit, did you see that," I said. "Sam was just standing there in the doorway watching us." "Fuck, I didn't see him," Billy said as he climbed off of me and I hurried to put my clothes back on and went into the living room looking for Sam. By the time I got there I saw his car driving away. Billy had gotten dressed and was now standing beside me looking out the window as Sam's car turned the corner and was gone. "Shit, I can't believe it. The one time I cheat on his father and he catches me. You'd better go," I said to Billy. "I've got to find Sam and talk to him." Billy gathered up his stuff and left and I sat down at the kitchen table to try and think of what to do. I was sure Sam would tell his father and probably never talk to me again.

I took a shower to clean myself... outside anyway. There was no way I could clean myself inside. I had done a terrible thing to my marriage, all because I couldn't resist my carnal thoughts. What kind of a woman lets another man move on her so easily? I felt so dirty no matter how many times I washed my body. When I finished my shower I pulled on some jeans and a top. Looking at myself in the mirror, I started sobbing uncontrollably. I had no idea what to do. I knew I had just fucked my son up and no doubt my marriage as well.

The text alert on my phone went off and I picked it up to see it was a text from Sam. It said 'I will be home after class, around four o'clock. We have to talk!' I typed 'Okay, see you then. I'm so sorry!' and hit send.

I spent the whole day curled up on the couch crying. I heard Sam's car pull into the driveway right on time. I tried to wipe my tears and clean my face up a little but I was a mess. Sam came in the living room door and I was sitting on the couch, as soon as I saw him I burst into tears again. "I'm so sorry baby, I've never done anything like that before I love your father very much. It's just that he's been away so much lately and..." I couldn't stop talking I just kept sobbing out more words of apology. "Mom, stop. It's okay, I know how it must be for you with dad gone all week." I stopped breathing for a moment and looked up at him as he took my hand and sat on the couch next to me and I rested my head on his shoulder. "I'm so sorry," I said again.

“Mom, you’re a young beautiful woman who is alone too much, I get it.”
“You do?” I asked not believing what I was hearing. “I didn’t mean for anything to happen, he was stretching me out and one thing led to another and I was weak,” I said. “And horny,” said my son. “It would be really bad if dad knew,” he went on. I sat silently not knowing what he was going to say next. “Should I tell him?” he asked. “No, please don’t, he doesn’t need to know. It was a stupid mistake, it will never happen again,” I said.

“You know how I make my money right?” He asked. I looked at him somewhat disgusted about it, “yeah, you sell some weed and blow around campus.” “It’s gotten a lot bigger than that, I’m selling all over town now,” he said. “Great, just what a mother wants to hear, my son is moving up in the drug dealing business,” I said with disdain. “Well, anyway,” Sam went on, “I know a guy who would pay good money for a date with you,”
“What, a date, what are you talking about?” I asked, truly confused. “You go to his place and have sex with him, I get paid and dad doesn’t have to know about any of this.” “Are you kidding me, you want me to have sex with a stranger for money?” I asked, not believing what I was hearing. “Yes, unless you want me to tell dad about you fucking your trainer. I’m sure he’ll want a divorce and since you’re the adulterer, you won’t get a thing in the settlement.” I was outraged, “I could never do something like that, and who do you think your talking to? I’m your mother!” I yelled at him. “Yeah, my forty-two year old WHORE mother who I just caught, getting fucked by her twenty-five year old trainer in my father’s house.” My son yelled back at me. I looked at him. He softened, “come on he’s a nice guy with money and you’re bored and horny,” he said. “How old is he?” I asked. “About thirty,” said Sam. “I’ll even give you half the money,” he said. “I don’t want money, I just want this whole thing to go away,” I said. “It will mom, just do this for me and it will all go away,” Sam said. “Just this once?” I asked. “Yea, just this once, said Sam. “Okay, just this once,” I said finally. “Great, I’ll set it up and text you the info,” he said. “I gotta get going.” He stood up, gave me a kiss on the forehead, said ‘I love you’ and left me sitting there in the living room as if it had been a normal visit. As I heard his car drive away, I felt a touch of excitement in my belly.

The next morning my text alert sounded causing my heart to skip a beat with anticipation, it was Sam's text, it read; 'Go to Peter's house tonight at 8,' then it listed the address. 'He will give you an envelope for me and, I will be by the house tomorrow to collect it from you. Wear something sexy tonight.' I just stared at the words on the screen. I can't believe this is happening, I thought, my son was actually blackmailing me for my indiscretion. The more I stared at the words my son had texted me the more I started to feel turned on and a little dirty, my heart was racing with excitement in spite of myself. I slipped my hand into my panties and felt how wet my pussy was. There was no denying this was turning me on. I slipped a finger inside myself as I thought about what I would wear on my date. *Shameless!*

I finished everything else I had to do that day and went up stairs to pick out my outfit for the evening before I got in the shower. I selected the little black dress my husband had bought me a few months ago, paired it with a black bra and panty set. I didn't have a garter or stockings because pantyhose were so much easier to wear. I didn't want to give this guy the wrong idea about me. I'm a good wife who made one huge mistake in a moment of weakness and was now paying the price for it. But that was the extent of it. I'm not some whore turning tricks with strangers. Funny, as I was thinking those thoughts I knew in the back of my mind that no matter how I justified it, I was a whore, at least for tonight. I fought that feeling and decided to wear pantyhose over my panties, with some modest four-inch pumps.

When I got out of the shower I sat down at my vanity to blow my hair out and apply my make-up in my usual subtle style. A little foundation, minimal dark eye shadow, mascara and I chose a blood red lipstick. Looking in the mirror when I was finished I was pleased with how I looked, classy, not whorish. (I chose a bra and panty set, then carefully pulled on my pantyhose and slipped into my dress and heels. Seeing myself in the full-length mirror, the thought of what was to come tonight was starting to change my mood, I started feeling sexy and horny. Resigned to the fact that this was going to happen, I started to feel free. I glanced up at the clock and realized I had to get moving if I was going to arrive at Peter's house on time.

I pulled up in front of Peter's house about ten minutes early. My heart was jumping out of my chest now, I was so nervous, I sat in my car trying to calm down. It was all I could do to not just drive away and let Sam tell his dad about the hook up with my trainer. After sitting there for a few minutes I knew that would ruin my marriage and that I had no choice but to go through with this. I checked my makeup in the rearview mirror, straightened my dress so my cleavage looked good, opened the car door, walked up to the front door and rang the bell.

It was a weird feeling not knowing the man who would soon open the door, but knowing that I was going to have sex with him. *There was that tingle in*

my pussy again. The door opened and there he was. “Hi I’m, *shit I never thought about what to call myself. Nikki, is what I came up with on the spot,* Sam told me to stop by,” I said. “Yes hi, I’m Peter, come in,” he said. He was a good looking young man about the same age as my son, with a fit muscular body that looked great in his tight jeans and tee shirt. “Thanks,” I said as I walked into his house. “Right this way,” he said as he led me into the dimly lit living room. There was a bottle of wine and two glasses on the table and some soft music playing on the stereo. “Before we go any further, this is for Sam,” he said, handing me an envelope which I could tell was full of cash, I put it in my purse as he poured us both some wine.

As we sipped our wine he put his hand on my hip and ran it around to my ass pulling my body up against his and kissed me deep. I felt a flush run through my body as this stranger pulled my body against his, the force of his hand as he squeezed my ass, was so rude, but it turned me on.

He was so young and hard bodied I felt myself getting wet as he groped my ass without permission, I opened my mouth to accept his tongue. When he finally broke the kiss he let go of me and pushed me to the center of the room and he sat down on the couch. "Dance for me," he said. "What, no I don't want to do that, I can't dance very well," I said, trying to hide my embarrassment. "Dance for me whore," he said a little more forcefully. I started to move my hips to the music, gently at first, but the look in his eyes as he watched me was so hot, it felt like he wanted me for lunch. Charles hasn't looked at me like that since we were kids, the desire in his eyes made me loosen up some. I took another sip of wine and straddled his thigh as I drank. He reached up and caressed my breast, I pressed it into his hand. I don't know what came over me, but I was super turned on and feeling less and less inhibited. I slipped of his thigh and stepped back a little to give myself some room to move. I started to move more sensually, pulling my dress up and flashing him my panties, as I danced for him he leaned back on the couch, opened his pants, took out his cock and started stroking it. His cock was bigger than Charles' and I suddenly craved pulling on it. I danced my way over to him and turned my back to him, he took the hint and unzipped my dress, when the zipper was all the way down I held the dress up as I stood and faced him slowly letting the dress fall to the floor, leaving me in my bra, panties and pantyhose. "mmm, very beautiful, take off your bra," he said. I reached around and undid the clasp and let the straps slip off my shoulders and then lowered the bra exposing my tits to this young man and feeling like a young woman again, my pussy was soaking wet and my nipples were rock hard when the bra fell off. "Come here, whore," he said, I slipped over to his lap. "These have got to go," and he ripped my pantyhose to shreds and slipped his hand into my panties and started rubbing my clit. "Ohhhh" was all that came out of my mouth as he pushed a finger inside me. I reached for that hard virile cock and stroked it toward my face, staring at the tip as it got closer and closer to my mouth. "This is so bad, we shouldn't be doing this, I'm old enough to be your mother," I said in his ear as he added a second finger. He said, "Suck my cock you whore," and he pushed my head down onto his thick cock. I feigned resistance, "no, no, I can't." "Suck it," he said, I obediently took his cock in my mouth and started to lick the tip and run my tongue along the under side of this beautiful shaft. "Your mouth looks so nasty stretched around my

cock bitch, take more,” he said, and he began to face fuck me faster and deeper. I have always loved sucking cock and this young hard thick cock was driving me wild. After a while his pumps were deep into my throat, and my face was against his hard stomach. He held my head in this position till my eyes were watering and I couldn’t hold my breath any longer, and struggled for a gasp of air. When he let go of my head his cock slid out of my throat, covered in thick saliva that was hanging off my chin as I took a huge gasp of air before he pushed my head back onto his cock. He had me by the hair and was pulling my head up and down on his shaft, *I feel like such a whore*. When he was finished, he pulled my head off his cock one more time and looked into my eyes as he pushed me onto the floor on my back ripping my panties and what was left of my pantyhose off. When they were gone, he opened my legs by the knees and buried his face in my hairless pussy. He was a master.

His tongue explored my soft outer lips and he smoothly worked it in deeper, flat tonguing my hole as he licked up to my clit. “Oh shittttttt,” was all I said as he kept going, my clit was super sensitive to his tongue and as he licked and sucked it, I came twice, squealing like a school girl. “Such a dirty girl, your husband doesn’t know what a little whore his wife is, does he?” He went on as he spread my legs and pressed the tip of his cock against my pussy. “Are you going to tell him you like taking young guy’s big cocks when he’s not around?” He asked as he pushed that massive piece of meat deep in my soaking wet pussy. It filled me so much it took my breath away for a moment before I could answer. “This pussy is all yours baby” I said as he fucked me. “He can’t fuck me like you do. You’re my man.” *God, I even sound like a whore.* I whispered in his ear as he lay on top of me thrusting his shaft into me over and over. *I could get used to this.* I spread my legs wider and drew my knees back so his cock went balls deep each time. He was fucking me like a wild beast. It had been a while since Charles had this much lust and passion. I lay there, moaning, taking every blissful thrust of his hips deep into my womb. After a long while, he stopped and turned me over. “Stick up your ass and spread you legs, whore,” was his command, which I followed instantly so he could mount me like a dog and shove his cock back into my pussy from behind. In this position I could feel his balls slapping my clit with every thrust. Once he had his rhythm going he pushed my legs together tightly around his cock and straddled my ass, fucking me in frenzy only a young man can achieve. It wasn’t long in this position before he started grunting louder and using longer harder thrusts as he came inside me. *Oh my god, I’ll never be the same.* We were both so sweaty and out of breath he left his cock in me and laid on my back, supporting some of his weight with his arms, while he composed himself, kissing my neck and shoulders, then he withdrew and sat up. “You’re a very naughty mommy,” he said as he started to spank me. *What the fuck, this is so twisted.* I lay there on my belly as he slapped my ass. “Stick your ass up whore and take your spanking like the bad girl you are,” he said. I pulled my knees up under me a little and presented my ass. He continued spanking my bare ass, alternating between cheeks, spanking me really hard. As my ass started to burn I began squirming to escape his smacks but he was relentless, holding me down with his arm across my back as he went on spanking. My protests turned to whimpering as he

continued. After a long while, he stopped and turned me over. “A dirty whore needs to be punished. I want you to think of me every time you sit down and feel your sore ass.” I didn’t say a word, I just looked up at him stunned, feeling the warmth and stinging I was feeling in my ass had turned me on in spite of my self. I had never been spanked before and I was surprised how horny it had made me. I opened my legs as his hand explored my pussy. “You’re soaking wet again, I think you’re a nasty slut who likes to be punished,” he said. “No one has ever done that to me before,” I said. “You can’t say that anymore, bitch,” was his reply. It was humiliating being called all these filthy names, but as the night went on being degraded had begun to feed my lust. I could tell he got off on spanking me because his cock was already hard again.

He pulled me down to my knees on the floor and stuffed that beautiful young hard cock in my mouth again and started to face fuck me in a frenzy that soon ended with his second orgasm of the night shooting down my throat as he held my face against his flat stomach, his cock down my throat. He grunted and thrust into my mouth and as he came, then he looked down at me. "Put your clothes on and get out bitch," he said, when he was finished. It's time for you to go," he said dismissively, while pulling his cock out of my mouth and reaching for his pants.

Shocked by the whole night and more than a little confused by how much the whole thing turned me on, I began to get dressed. He had ripped my panties and hose to shreds so I was forced to drive home with no panties under my dress, my ass hurt when I sat down in the drivers seat and I could feel his cum slowly drip out of me onto the leather. Once home, and out of the car, I could feel the back of my dress was wet with his cum and his cum had formed a big wet spot on the seat. I couldn't help my self, I leaned in and put my face to the leather seat and sniffed the wet spot. *What am I doing, what was happening to me?* I took a deep sniff and embraced the smell of his cum mixed with my own feminine scent. *Wow, what a night!*

When I got in the house I ran upstairs and took off my dress to look at my ass in the mirror. It was still bright red and warm and tender to the touch. I couldn't take my eyes off of it, and as I gently touched my ass with one hand, my other hand went to my pussy and I made myself cum again almost instantly. Then I took a shower and got into bed for the night.

The next morning I woke feeling great after the best night's sleep I've had in a long while. I can only assume the three orgasms I had last night had something to do with that.

I was sitting in the kitchen wearing only my robe, having some coffee, my sore ass a constant reminder of last night's forbidden adventure, when I heard Sam's car pull in the driveway. I quickly grabbed some leggings and a top from the clean laundry and pulled them on before Sam got inside. "How was last night?" he asked. I was embarrassed about how much I enjoyed it so I just said, "it was okay. Peter is a nice guy." "Do you have

something for me?" he asked. "Yes," I said with some shame as I reached in my purse for the envelope Peter had given me, and handed it to my son. Sam opened it and fanned through the cash inside. I was surprised to see how much money was in there. He pulled five hundred dollar bills out of the envelope and put them on the table in front of me. "That's your whore's cut," my son said to me. I looked at the money in front of me and felt dirty, and hearing my son call me a whore sent a horny hot flash through my body. It was then I began to realize I liked this naughty feeling.

"What are you doing tonight mom?" "Nothing, do you want to come by for dinner?" I asked. "No, a friend of mine is having a small party tonight and I want you to go." *There it was again, that adrenalin rush, that tingle between my legs.*

“What did you say?” I asked, not believing what he was saying to me. “You said it would only be that one time.” “Yeah, well I changed my mind, I want you to go to this party tonight, or I’m telling dad about everything!” He put a piece of paper on the table with the name and address. “Sam, what are you doing, this is crazy, I’m your mother,” I said. “And a good whore from what Peter tells me,” he said. *Peter told him I was good.....* “That was supposed to be it, once and it was over,” I said to him. “You liked doing it, go ahead try and deny it, you like it, don’t you mom?” I squirmed in my seat. “I can see your nipples getting hard just talking about it,” he said. I crossed my arms over my breasts embarrassed that he noticed. I hadn’t had time to put on a bra when he got there and the tee shirt I had thrown on was not hiding anything. “It was fun, like I said, Peter is a nice guy, but...” He cut me off, “Just go to the party and have fun, you know you want to. Scott will have an envelope for you when you get there,” with that he turned and headed for the door. “I gotta get to class, I’ll see you tomorrow, love you mom,” and he was out the door. I looked down at the money and the address on the table, shocked and trembling with excitement at the same time.

While I was shocked by what Sam was making me do, I was also more turned on by it than I wanted to admit to my son. The feeling of having casual sex with strangers so taboo yet it was intoxicating to me. I secretly was excited to have another ‘date.’

I went upstairs to look through my clothes for something to wear. I didn’t have anything sexy enough for the evening so I decided to do a little shopping. First stop was a trendy little store I drive by all the time that sells club clothes to twenty-somethings. Every thing in the store was short and tight. I found a little black dress that was much shorter and more lo cut than anything I usually wear, It was clearly intended for some hot little twenty two year old, but it looked sexy on me in the dressing room mirror. The hem was at my mid to upper thigh, if I bent over at all in this dress you could see my panties. The top was cut in a deep V, it provided flashes of my perky tits when I moved in a certain way. Next I found a sexy little thong and garter set and some black stockings. I could tell Peter didn’t think much of my pantyhose last night by the way he ripped them to shreds

when he saw them. *I'm not going to make that mistake again.* Next, to the shoe department, the pumps I have are all too modest, I needed a sexy pair of sky hi heels. They had a lot to choose from. I tried on several pair, some stripper platform heels, which I really liked because they looked so slutty and were actually easier to walk in than some of the other hi heels I tried on. But I fell in love with a pair of bright red closed toe 6" heel thin sole fetish heels. The minute I put them on I knew they were the ones. They made my posture so straight and made my legs and ass look great. The heels were so hi I was basically standing on the balls of my feet. I paid for my stuff and hurried home to get ready. On the way home I felt a thrilling anticipation of what was to come, and all the thinking about it and shopping for a slutty little outfit that I knew my husband would never even see, but later that night strange men would be peeling it off me, made me so horny

I squirmed in the drivers seat and couldn't resist putting my hand down my leggings and finger myself. *What was happening to me?*

By the time I got home I was so horny and wet I couldn't stop thinking about tonight and what was in store for me. A party would mean more than one man, the thought of that was driving me wild. I had never been with more than one man before and thinking about it while playing with myself in the car made me so wet that when I got upstairs and looked at myself in the mirror there was noticeable wet spot in the crotch of my leggings and I could smell the musky scent of my own sex.

I peeled off my clothes and jumped in the shower before getting dressed for the party. Freshly showered and sitting at my vanity rapped in a towel, I started to do my hair and makeup. I brushed my hair back into a tight ponytail and looked at myself in the mirror. *You are a whore, look like one.* I started to apply my makeup, I wanted to look slutty and sexy, so I did my makeup in a heavier look than I usually do. Plenty of foundation and blush with very dark eye shadow, false lashes, eyeliner and heavy mascara. I pencil-lined my lips and finished the look with bright red lipstick. When I was done I dropped my towel and stared at myself topless in the mirror. The makeup treatment had the desired effect, I looked like a painted up slut and was so turned on, my nipples were hard again. My new secret was so taboo and filthy that if Charles ever caught wind of it he would surely divorce me, but the thrill of getting more strange cock tonight made it worth the risk. Not to mention that if I didn't go through with it my son would tell his father about it anyway.

Time to get dressed. I had decided in the store that I wouldn't wear a bra with this dress, so I slipped into my garter and carefully pulled on and carefully smoothed each stocking before fastening it to the garter. Then I pulled on the sexy little thong over the garter. Something I learned from watching porn, this way your panties can come off, leaving the pretty garter and stockings in place. The front of the thong barely covered my sex and the thin band disappeared in my ass crack, leaving no panty line under my skintight dress. Lastly I took my beautiful new red heels out of their box and slipped them on over my black nylon covered feet and stood up to see

myself in the full-length mirror. The look was hot, I looked sexy as hell in this tight black mini dress and these beautiful, sky hi heels. The dress' neckline was cut lo, below my tits, and you could plainly see I wasn't wearing a bra. When I walked you could see my stocking tops peeking out from under the hem of my dress and my tits flashing just a little as the dress moved. When I sat the dress rode up high enough to see the garter straps and my bare upper thigh above my stockings. *Filthy whore*. I glanced at the clock and saw it was time to leave.

Walking in those heels took some getting used to and I was taking small steps to keep steady. The fact that I had to hold the rail and be very careful stepping in these shoes, combined with the sexy feeling of my dress hugging my hips and sliding on my ass as I walked down the stairs made me feel like a shameless slut and I was going with the feeling.

By the time I got to the living room I was a little more steady on my feet so I practiced walking around the house for a few minutes to get make sure it looked easy when I walked into the party. *Whores know how to walk in heels.* When I was satisfied, I got in the car and headed for the address Sam had given me.

When I pulled into the long driveway leading up a small hill to a beautiful huge house that was fully lit up, two big security guys immediately stopped me. “Can I help you miss?” Said one man as he leered in the driver’s side window at me. At that moment I realized that Sam never gave me his friends name, so I said, “Sam told me to come by tonight.” This seemed to be exactly what he expected me to say. “Drive right on up to the house, the valet there will park your car.” He paused a moment looking at me like I was a piece of meat, then he continued, “Maybe you can stop by and see me before you leave tonight darling,” *He knows exactly why I’m here.* “We’ll see, sweetie, maybe I will,” I said and I drove up to the house. *There’s that tingle again,* That encounter got my juices flowing, how presumptuous of that guy, but I couldn’t deny that being leered at like that really got me hot. *Am I really considering fucking the security guy?* When I arrived at valet station the valet opened my door. “Good evening Miss,” he said as I got out. “Good evening,” I replied and headed for the front door.

I rang the bell and a moment later the door opened and there stood a hot young slut, she was topless, wearing only panties, stockings and heels. “Hi, I’m Brit, come in” she said. “Sam asked me to come by tonight,” was all I could think of to say as I took in the crowded party full of people in various stages of undress. “I know, that’s why we’re all here baby,” she said. I snapped my head around to look her in the face. “Sam sent you?” I asked, shocked. “He sent all five of us,” she said. “That guy there,” pointing to a man ho was talking to some slut, “See him for your money,” she said, and she started to walk away. “Wait a minute, Do all you girls work with Sam?” I asked. “Yea, he gets us all gigs,” looking me over, she smiled approvingly and said, “I didn’t know they had any cougars in the stable. “Go get your money before you start partying,” and as she walked away I watched her cute little ass wiggle. *Hot for women now?* Yes I’m definitely attracted to that pretty young thing, I thought as I walked over to the

moneyman. “Hi, I’m, Nikki,” I said, “Sam asked me to come by tonight and that beautiful slut over there,” I pointed to her, “said to see you about getting paid.” “Hi Nikki,” he reached in his jacket pocket for my envelope, “have a good time and make my guests happy,” he said as he handed it to me. “Thanks,” I said and turned to walk away when he slapped my ass, I turned back to him. “That’s a tight ass for a cougar,” he said. “Thank you darling.” This time I made sure to wiggle my ass for him as I walked away toward the bar.

The place was full of people, there were several beautiful young whores mingling with the guys and some girls. Looking around I saw Brit, on her knees blowing two guys who were sitting on the couch in front of her. I couldn’t believe my son Sam was now a full on pimp as well as a drug dealer. I watched her suck those two cocks, you could tell she loved it, she was lost in all that hard meat.

“Hi, I’m Billy, “ I heard someone say, I looked toward the voice to see it belonged to a hot, well-built guy, in his twenties. I smiled at him, “Hi Billy, I’m Nikki,” I said as I leaned into him pressing my tits against his chest. “I need a drink, can you help?” I said, flirting with him. He called the bartender over, “could I get a scotch and soda, please?” I asked. “Same for me,” Billy said. “Coming up,” the bartender answered. “You’re very beautiful,” Billy said as he put his arm around me and let his hand slip down to my ass. “Thank you, honey, you’re pretty cute yourself,” I said as my hand brushed the front of his pants, this young man was already hard. Yum. *I remember when Charles got hard that easily.*

The bartender returned with our drinks and Billy suggested we go sit on the patio, took me by the hand and led me through the crowd to a couch out on the patio, where we sat down. I sat right up against him as we chatted and sipped our drinks. He couldn’t keep his eyes off of me. It was like he was deciding on a purchase or something. I soaked in his adoration, *all these young men being hot for me lately makes me so horny.* I crossed my legs so my dress would ride up and expose my stocking top as we chatted. He put his hand on my thigh and fiddled with the top of my stocking and slowly let his hand move further up my thigh and under my dress until I felt his fingers touch my pussy. We looked at each other when that happened and he leaned in for a kiss while his hand slipped inside my dress and squeezed my tit. After a few minutes of making out I cooed in his ear “Lets find a place to be alone.” He said, “I like it right here” and he pushed me back in the corner of the couch, spread my legs and pulled my thong aside so he could look at my pussy. I gave him a dirty grin as I drew my knees back and lifted my hi heels in the air for him. “Like what you see?” He leaned in and started to give me head, I spread even wider as he buried his face in my pussy. I threw my head back in a daze from the delicate touch of his tongue as it explored my folds and clit. I opened my eyes to see people all around us seeming not to notice, then another guy stood above my head, he reached down with both hands, squeezed my tits and pulled my dress off my shoulders so they were fully exposed as Billy licked me up and down, working his tongue like a dart into my so eager hole. I was writhing in lust from the attention of these two young studs, who were all over me. Then Billy stood up and took his pants off, exposing his long thick semi hard

cock. The men adjusted their positions and Billy started slapping my face with his impressive shaft. I opened my mouth and he pushed it in, suddenly the delicate touch he used with his tongue was replaced by a rough face fucking with a cock so long that after about three pumps he pushed deep into my throat, I have always loved the fullness of cock in my throat, Charles' cock isn't big enough to get down deep, so it's been a while since I had it like this. The other guy removed his pants too and was kneeling on the couch in position to fuck me when I felt the tip of his cock sliding up and down on my wet slit. God, this was all driving me wild. I was sucking this long cock wet and sloppy while this other guy was now holding my ankles in the air and fucking me with everything he had.

With my head turned sucking Billy's cock so I couldn't see who it was, but suddenly there was another pair of hands on me, then a second cock in my face to suck. I started alternating between the two when whoever the guy was fucking me came and pulled out. Billy and his friend never stopped fucking me, so I never saw the next guy who stuck his cock in me. My head was reeling in a cloudy carnal lust, I was just a vessel, a set of holes to fill and that fact was transforming me, as guy after guy came inside me, only to be replaced by someone new. I came three times, lost in my newly found shameless lust. All the while Billy had his cock in my mouth. He held his orgasm for a long time before he stiffened and shot down my throat, so much that it was spilling out of my mouth as he pulled out and let his tag team buddy have my mouth, soon he pulled out and sprayed his cum all over my face.

Someone flipped me over on my belly to straddle a guy lying on his back. As I got my leg over him and guided his cock into my pussy someone pushed me down from behind and I could feel another cock tip teasing my ass, I couldn't see who it was, but I didn't care, I just wanted him to push it in me. I leaned over as far as I could and he found his way in. I began moaning from the back of my throat as he pushed his cock up my ass. I had never had two at once before, and it was ecstasy. I was so full as they alternated their strokes, driving me out of my mind. I was lost in a head spinning lust that came over me as they filled both my holes and other men gathered around with their cocks out, some slapping me in the face with their shaft. I reached out with both hands, each found a hard cock instantly to stroke. Another slipped into my hungry mouth. *Holy shit, this is heaven.* I sucked and licked the underside of the fat cock in my mouth and it wasn't long before this young man couldn't take it any more and when he shot his warm cum in my mouth I swallowed every drop, looking up at him I licked my lips and smiled. The two studs that were so expertly fucking my pussy and ass began to buck harder under me and I knew they were about to explode, first it was the guy under me, in my pussy who came, thrusting so hard he nearly knocked me off him, then his friend pushed me down by the back of the head and started deeper and faster thrusts up my ass until he too came, filling me with his warm cum. I kept stroking the cocks I had in my hands until they both covered my face with their glistening cum. As each

guy finished he wandered off into the party leaving me laying on this couch alone, my face covered with cum and more dripping out of my pussy and ass. *I'm a whore, there's no need to pretend to be interested in me after you've cum.* As I lay there I knew I l was a cheap well-fucked whore, but nobody cared, including me. There were five other whores here tonight all in similar condition as I was in and it was all just part of the party, nothing unusual or shameful about it. I felt my inhibitions melt away.

As I lay there blissed out, Brit, the whore who greeted me at the door when I first arrived, walked over and sat on the couch next to me. "I saw you over here getting gangbanged, that was pretty intense, how are you doing, you okay?"

“Yeah, I’m great, I have never had sex like that before, it was delicious,” I answered. “Never? How long have you been hooking?” She asked. “Not long, I’m not really a hooker,” she looked at me, “still in denial huh, from what I just watched you do, I can tell you, you’re a whore baby, like the rest of us,” she said, looking around the room. “How do you know Sam?” I asked her. “I met Sam at a sex party in a frat house a while back,” she said. “I was broke and some of the frat brothers said they would pay me if I came to their party and played with them. That was the first time I had sex for money. Sam was there and we got to talking and he told me he could help me make some real money if I was willing to hook. I needed the cash so I said yes, and he started sending me on dates. I didn’t meet his partner until a few weeks later.” “His partner? I didn’t know he had a partner,” I said. “Yeah, he’s an older guy named Charles,” said Brit. My head snapped around to make eye contact with her. “Charles, are you sure that’s his name?” I asked, my head reeling as the thought of my husband, Sam’s father, pimping young women ran through my head. “Yeah, that’s his name, he’s hot for a middle aged guy, got a nice cock and knows how to use it,” she said with some desire in her voice. “You’ve had sex with him?” I asked, trying to hide my shock. “Yeah, a bunch of times, we have a standing date on Friday afternoons, I like him,” she said. “Do you know him?” she asked. “No, I’ve only met Sam,” I lied while I tried to compose myself. *My husband has been fucking this little whore every week while I sit at home, like a fool waiting for him!* Brit went on, “He’s married but say’s he’s not into his wife any more.” I was shocked but did my best to not show it. “How do you know Sam,” she asked. *There it was, the question I didn’t have a good answer for so I just said it,* “he’s my son.” Brit’s eyes widened and her mouth fell open before breaking into a big devilish grin. “You’re kidding me,” she said. “I wish I was,” I said. “What the fuck, what is going on with all that?” She asked still smiling from ear to ear, and then she asked quietly, “do you guys have sex?” “No, of course not, he caught me cheating on his dad and decided to blackmail me with it. He got me to go on a date with a friend of his and then he kept holding it over my head and now here I am at a party getting gangbanged by a bunch of twenty-somethings.” “Holy shit, that’s crazy.” Said Brit, as I watched her brain working it over behind her eyes. “You must like it or you wouldn’t keep doing it, plus I saw you with those guys earlier, you were definitely into it,” she said.

“Yeah, this is only my second time, I have to admit it’s exciting, I’ve never had sex with strangers before. Brit leaned into my ear and whispered, “yeah? Well, you seem to be a natural,” I turned my face to hers and she kissed me deeply. My first taste of a woman’s tongue lit me on fire as she gently slipped her tongue into my mouth. As I returned the kiss, I could feel my nipples harden and my pussy flood. She gently pushed me onto my back and slid onto the floor opening my legs. I watched this beautiful young woman’s face as she started licking my inner thighs working her way up to my pussy, opening my legs wider with both hands as her tongue found my already wet slit. She was driving me wild with her slow sensuous licking and sucking of my labia and clit, alternating between pressing her tongue into my pussy and licking my clit, increasing in intensity until she had me writhing on that couch, feeling my orgasm coming on I lifted my legs in the air to give her better access to my wonton pussy.

She had me so close to coming when she pushed my hips up and ran her sweet tongue down my crack to my ass and began to suck my asshole while her fingers rubbed my clit in exactly the way I like. When I felt her warm tongue dart into my ass I came hard, bucking my hips against her face as she licked and sucked until my orgasm had run through me fully leaving me out of breath and giggling from this sweet young thing's tender touch.

"Wow, that was fantastic," I managed to say between heavy breathes as she kneeled between my legs, her smiling face glistening covered with my juices, looking up at me. "I'm glad you enjoyed it," she said in an oh so sexy voice, I reached down and pulled her up to me and hugged her tight.

As we lay there in that embrace, my eyes began to focus again and I saw two big muscular shirtless guys standing next to us drinking their beers and watching. "Hi," I said with a smile as I continued hugging Brit, who turned to see who I was talking to. She smiled at the guys, sticking her ass up for them. "Got something for us?" she flirted. Both guys put their beers down and dropped their pants. Once naked one guy pulled Brit off of me and positioned her with her knees on the floor and her face on the couch between my legs. She teased him a little, holding her legs together and squirming around as he tried to mount her. The more she pretended to resist the more aggressive he got, forcing her knees apart with his legs and holding her torso in place with his forearm, he stuck his cock in her. She was looking right in my eyes as he penetrated her. I watched her eyes roll back as the force of his thrust pushed her into my crotch. The other guy was standing over me stroking his cock, I turned my head to face him and opened my mouth for his thick shaft. He started brutally face fucking me right from the start, with more and more saliva draining out of my mouth the longer his cock pumped my face. Brit managed to bury her face in my pussy as she got fucked, with each thrust from her man I felt her pointed tongue dart into me. The four of us found a rhythm and as I sucked the thick cock stretching my mouth I looked up at his beautiful young, muscular body, I started running my hands all over his torso and ass as I sucked and licked his hard cock. First to cum was Brit, then her man filled her pussy with his seed and finally my man unloaded into my mouth and withdrew his still hard prick as I licked his cum from my lips. The guys didn't say much

to us after they came. They just pulled their pants back on, grabbed their beers and moved on. “That makes me feel dirty,” I said to Brit. “What does?” “When they just walk away afterward like that, as if I wasn’t worth speaking to. “You’re not worth speaking too, we’re whores, willing wet holes for them to fuck.” She said, “It turns me on, it’s my alter ego, a shameless hungry whore, no apologies.” “It’s all new to me,” I said. “You need to either find a way to get into it totally while you’re here or stop doing it completely or it will wreck you. I know who I am, and part of me is a cock loving shameless slut,” she said. “I know you’re right, and I am enjoying all the attention, but I feel so humiliated by my son and pissed off at my husband, I don’t know what to do,” I said. “Husband?” I could see it dawning on her, “Charles?” she asked. “Yeah, he’s my husband,” I said, embarrassed by the whole thing.

“Oh my god, I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean, I mean, I don’t know what to say... I knew he was married but I didn’t think I would ever meet, let alone like his wife.” She was genuinely upset. “I’m not mad at you, you’re very sweet, if it wasn’t you it would be some other slut,” I said, making her smile awkwardly.

“What are you going to do?” she asked. “I’m so pissed at Charles I don’t know what to do,” I said. “At least now you have a way out of the blackmail situation with Sam, he can’t make you do this anymore,” said Brit, thinking it over with me. “But I’m kinda into it now, I love all the sex and I feel free and anonymous when I’m working,” I said. “There it is,” said Brit, “you’re inner whore coming out, there’s something forbidden and dirty about taking money to have sex with strangers, and you’re beginning to like it, aren’t you?” I grinned at her in spite of myself, “yeah, I do, I can’t stop thinking about it, I’m wet all the time,” I admitted, “I don’t want to stop now, I’m just starting to loose my inhibitions and really enjoy it.

“Tomorrow’s Friday, is Charles coming to see you?” I asked Brit. “Yeah, he usually gets to my place about four o’clock, why, what are you thinking?” “I want to show my husband what his wife looks like as a whore. What if he found me having filthy sex with a couple of young guys in your bed?” Brit’s eyes widened and I went on, “we can take the power back from him and Sam, and I want to fuck them up, those snakes.” You know Charles is part of the drug business too, Sam usually comes by on Friday’s to meet with his dad and split up the week’s cash” said Brit. The two of us sat thinking about it for a moment. “Lets take their business,” I said. “We’ll keep all of the money you and I make and on top of that, we’ll make them give us half the money they make on the other girls, or we tell them we’ll go to the cops and tell them about the drug business.” Thinking about it, I said, “all these years I thought I knew him. I can’t believe this, he pretended to be so concerned about Sam when we found out he was dealing on campus. He was lying to me the whole time, but that does means we have strong leverage on both of them,” I said, trying to resign myself to fact that my husband was not the man I thought he was, that instead, he was drug dealing pimp. Thinking the plan over, Brit said, “this is so wicked, I had no idea you were this vindictive.” “What kind of a son turns his mother

out?” I asked, “and what kind of husband sells drugs and runs a stable of whores, and who has a little slut on the side for himself,” I teased Brit with a grin, “he probably already knows what Sam has done to me. They’re terrible people, why shouldn’t you and I keep the money and have some fun.” I looked at Brit, “you can still fuck Charles if you want, I don’t care anymore,” I said. Brit wasn’t listening, she said, “I know the perfect guys to invite, they are both twenty two but they look sixteen.” “That’s filthy, I’ll have them both inside me when you and Charles come into the bedroom, lets see how he likes the sight of his wife getting reamed by two very young men,” I said.

The next day after my shower I sat and did my make up, applying it a little heavier and more dramatic than usual, painted my lips with a deep red lipstick and slipped into a little black mini dress, stockings with a garter and some black open toe platform heels, lately I haven’t been wearing underwear and today was no different.

Looking at myself in the mirror I did final touch ups to my lipstick, and happy with my sexy new look I headed to Brit's apartment.

When I got there it was about three o'clock, Brit answered the door dressed like an underage truck stop whore. She was wearing too much blush and mascara with her pink lipstick, and her hair was tied in two pigtails. She had on a tiny wife beater crop top tee shirt that was so short it barely covered the bottom of her full and perky twenty two year old tits, and without a bra the thin fabric revealed the shape of those perfect breasts, with her nipples protruding nicely, with that she had on a very short pair of denim cut off shorts, exposing the bottom of her pretty little ass cheeks. The shorts were unbuttoned and the tiny three-inch zipper was down, you could plainly see she wasn't wearing panties either. Her already long legs looked even longer in those tiny shorts and the thick platform stripper heels she was wearing.

"Hi, well, that's a cute look for you," I said looking her over feeling desire come over me as I ran my hand over her ass. "Charles texted me before he got on the plane telling me what to be wearing when he got here," she said. "Does he always do that?" I asked. "A lot of the time he does, I have to tell you, your husband is a freak. You wouldn't believe the twisted stuff he likes." "Really, he's pretty tame at home," I said. "That's why he keeps a little slut like me on the side to play with," she teased me back with the same grin I had given her earlier. "Slut," I said laughing, "when do your friends get here?" "They should be here any minute," she said looking me over. "You look sexy as hell today, the boys are going to love their slutty cougar bitch," she lifted my dress to peek at my ass and pussy. "This going to be fun," she said and I felt her finger gently tracing my wet slit from the bottom to the top and briefly touch my clit, sending a shudder through my body, as we kissed.

The doorbell rang, interrupting our kiss, "that's them," she said, heading for the door. When she opened the door two men came in and greeted her with deep kisses and gratuitous ass grabs, Brit didn't seem to mind, she went up on her tiptoes to present her ass as she kissed them both. *She is a sexy little thing that's for sure.* When they were done she turned to me and said.

“This is my friend Nikki,” I smiled and said hello to the guys, who didn’t look at all sixteen. In fact they were both clearly in their late twenties, both carrying backpacks and wearing tight tee shirts, I could see they had beautiful buff young bodies. They were both looking me over like a piece of meat, I was getting used to that and it actually turns me on, I could feel my body temperature rise and my nipples harden as their eyes roamed my body. Then Brit said. “Why don’t you all go in the bedroom and get to know each other, I’ll be there in a minute.” “These guys don’t look sixteen,” I whispered to Brit. “I forgot to tell you, those guys couldn’t make it today, so I called my friend Daniel. I don’t even know his friend’s name, but he’s hot, right?” she giggled, looking over at him.

I opened the bedroom door and walked in, making sure to wiggle my ass for Daniel and his friend as they followed me. As soon as I heard the door close behind us I felt a hand on my ass.

I stopped walking and let him get a good feel, he added a second hand and was pulling my cheeks apart. It felt so dirty, I melted into him as he sat down on the bed, put me over his lap, pulled my dress up over my ass and gave me a spanking. I squealed and kicked my feet a little at first but as he began to spank me harder and harder, I started to struggle for real, "Okay, that's enough of that for now," I pleaded. I was trying to climb off his lap, when his friend pulled me up by my hair and stared into my eyes and said, "shut up whore, you don't say when it's enough, we do." Then to Daniel he said, "What do you think?" "She's pretty and has a nice hard body, she's a prime cougar, should be a good earner, I wonder if she her ass is tight." "I know her pussy, is soaking wet," Daniel said, as he withdrew the three fingers he was exploring my pussy with as they were speaking, and held them up to see my glistening juices forming a web between his fingers, then he offered them to me to lick clean. I ran my tongue between his sticky fingers and sucked each finger like a tiny cock, they both just stared watching, mesmerized.

When he was satisfied with my work he pushed me to my knees and opened his pants, taking out his massive cock, it was the biggest I've ever seen. It was so close to my face I could smell his musty sex as he stroked it. I watched it getting harder and harder till it was rock hard and at least seven inches. I had slid my knees apart and was fingering myself as he pointed it at my mouth, looking up at him I opened my mouth and he slowly let it slide into my mouth, I swallowed and helped it in with my tongue, never touching it with my hands. When I gagged he withdrew little just for a moment, then pushed it in further, until I gagged again, he kept this up till his whole cock was in my throat. My face was flat against his rock hard stomach and he held it there with both hands, I could feel his shaft filling my throat, I swallowed as much as I could to constrict my throat for him. When my eyes started watering and it was clear I needed a breath he released my head to come off his shaft and take a gasp of air. Then he repeated the process. I had never sucked cock like this before, it wasn't a face fucking, it felt more like I was being fisted, slow and deep. My hand was playing with my pussy and clit this whole time and soon wave after wave of orgasm poured over me as he held his shaft in my throat. Suddenly I felt his cock spasming in my throat, I looked up at him and watched him

cum as he slid his cock in and out of my mouth. His load was huge and warm and I could feel each spurt in my throat. When he was done he pulled out dragging a lot of saliva and cum with his cock and smeared it on my face. He looked over at his friend who was now naked and stroking his own impressive cock, “she is a nasty cock sucker, did you see this bitch take my whole dick down her throat?” “Yeah, let’s see how she likes it in the ass, then we’ll decide if she’s worth it,” said his friend. *What did he just say?*

Daniel lifted me up and dropped me on the bed and said, “Up on your knees and show us your ass.” “Wait, what is he talking about?” I asked referring to the “worth it” comment. “Don’t worry about it bitch, show us your ass,” he said as he pulled my hips up so I was on my knees with my ass facing the door, it was the perfect position for when Brit brings Charles in, he will be staring at a stranger with his cock up his wife’s ass.

Just as Daniel got me in position, his friend spit on my asshole and I felt him get on the bed behind me pressing the tip of his cock press against my upturned ass, then slowly he filled my ass, the feeling of his hot cock in my ass was driving me wild and I started to ride it when I heard the doorbell ring.

I could hear the apartment door open and Brit's voice welcoming what sounded like two people inside. Then there it was, clear as a bell, Charles' voice, telling Brit that she looked like a nasty little girl. I could hear Brit giggle and then silence, I assumed they were kissing, or more, I couldn't tell, my focus was on the big fat prick thrusting up my ass. It felt so good, each thrust all the way in, my hand was busy on my clit and he was starting to thrust faster and faster. I watched Daniel move around and stand in my face. I opened my mouth and he stuffed it full of his already hard again, twenty two year old cock. I was on fire, taking all the cock that I could get, in my hungry holes. I wanted the depraved pleasure of showing Charles what he and Sam turned me into, before Brit and I crush them.

As the guys were fucking me I could hear Brit's voice getting closer to the bedroom door. I turned up my ass and bucked my hips to get every inch of that cock in my ass and stuffed as much of Daniel's member down my throat as I could when I heard the bedroom door open. To my surprise, there was no outburst from Charles, and Brit didn't say anything. Then Charles said, "well Daniel, what do you think, was Brit right, is she a hot cougar ass or not?" *What the fuck did he just say about his wife?* I couldn't believe my ears, Daniel shot his second big load of the day in my mouth right at that moment, and as his breathing slowed he said, "yeah, you were right she a hot bitch all right. His friend started grunting and filled my ass with hot cum. My head was spinning, *what was happening?* I was so far along that I came too and fell flat on the bed as Daniel's friend pulled out of my ass, stood and pulled up his pants as I lay on the bed completely confused and still out of breath.

As soon as what's his name was off me I spun over to see Charles and Sam standing there. Brit was hanging off my husband like a teenage trailer slut. "What the fuck, Brit?" I yelled at her. "You didn't really expect me to burn

my sugar daddy did you Nikki?" she sneered. "Daddy has always been good to me, did I do good daddy?" she asked him like a little girl. "You were perfect baby girl," said Charles as he pulled her closer and squeezed her ass like it was his property, which apparently it was. Charles took out a wad of cash and peeled off five hundred dollar bills and gave them to Brit. "Thank you daddy," she said, looking straight at me as she took the cash. Sam was standing right next to his father, he had just watched his mother getting DP'd and he just stood there looking at me like I was merchandise, I scurried to find something to cover up with but the guys had taken everything off the bed and I had no choice but to be exposed to my husband, his whore and my son. The shock of all this made me forget momentarily about the two other guys still in the room until Daniel spoke. "Why don't you want her anymore," he asked. Charles answered, "She's just extra baggage to me," without the slightest hint of love or caring in his voice.

I couldn't believe what I was hearing; he didn't give a shit about me anymore. Daniel said, "All right ten thousand for the cougar, as agreed," and he unzipped his backpack and pulled out stacks of cash and handed them to Sam. I looked at Charles who was groping his little bimbo who was fully playing the little girl role for him, no doubt at his request, happily spread her legs for him as he slipped his hand into those tiny shorts she was wearing.

Daniel and his friend couldn't help noticing this interplay. *That little bitch knows how to give men what they want,* it was like they were watching a sex show or something. Daniel and his friend exchanged a look, and then Daniel said, "how much for the young slut?" Charles didn't think twice before he said, "Well, this one," he held her out and spun her around putting her on display, "this one is very young and ripe, she has a lot of good years still in her, she will earn you a lot, let's say, twenty thousand." Brit freaked out, "What, what the fuck, you're going to sell me to another pimp? I'm your little girl, you know I will do anything for you daddy," she pleaded, completely shocked by the betrayal. Charles ignored her, which only made her more incensed and violent, Sam held her back as Charles conducted his business. Daniel gave his friend a little nod and his friend took out more cash from one of the backpacks and piled it on the bedside table.

"Find something to cover the cougar in, Daniel said, "The young one can travel as she is." His friend looked around the floor for my dress and forced me into it, as I kicked and screamed at Charles at the top of my lungs hoping someone would hear and come to my rescue. "How dare you, this is crazy, you can't do this to me, leave me alone, let me go." He ignored me completely and turned to Sam and said, "have a new young whore sent over to the house tonight." Daniel and his friend dragged Brit and me out of the apartment downstairs into the garage and into a waiting black van. Once inside the van he hog-tied us both and put hoods over our heads. A moment later I heard the doors slam closed and the van started moving toward my future.

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