Lil Whore - One

She could feel his fingers pushing aside her short skirt. Intent on the

band of her knickers. She had bought a bunch of sexy little knickers with

him in mind.

Every Saturday morning, she would get up, bathe and dress in some sexy

little tennis outfit. Wearing something so short entirely on purpose. For

weeks now they made it a regular date. She would leave her apartment at

10:00 am and so would he. It took a few weeks of figuring out but he knew

when to be there, now. Standing, waiting for the elevator they said

nothing to one another. They would both enter, facing front and he would

move behind her. His fingers caressing her ass before pushing aside her

knickers to finger her deeply while they descended.

The very first time he did it, she was shocked. Annoyed. She had moved

away and given him a dirty look. He just smiled at her. She was angry

that someone as old, if not older than her father was so dirty. The second

time he touched her ass she jumped, trying to move away. He whispered in

her ear "Don't move Lil Whore, I'll make you feel good". Curious and

horny, she didn't move. He quickly forced aside her crotch and was

fingering her. He was right, it did feel good. It felt dirty and wrong,

too. But the good outweighed the bad and she found herself pushing back on

his fingers, leaning forward a bit. She did enjoy it.

That's what started their ritual every Saturday morning. He carried a

walking stick with him sometimes and she found herself wondering what it

would feel like to have him push the sterling silver knob up inside of her.

Her clit became swollen at the thought of him using it on her.

As the elevator neared the ground floor, he withdrew his hand. She felt

a cool rush of air before the band of her knickers slid over her swollen

lips. She wanted more. Sighing softly, she said it. "I want more". He

smiled and when the door opened to the lobby, he pushed their floor again.

The doors slid shut and she pushed her ass up against him. She didn't care

if anyone else got on the elevator. He smacked her thighs softly and

whispered for her to be patient. She was breathing heavily, now. All she

could think about was his hands. They way his fingers invaded her, filled

her. She wanted him to fuck her. She didn't care how old he was or if it

was right or wrong. She wanted nothing more than his hard cock.

Following him to the door of his apartment. Her heart hadn't stopped

racing. He unlocked the door and pushed it open. She walked in to an

ordinary looking home with nice rather old fashioned furniture. He shut

the door behind him and locked it. Taking her hand, he lead her to the

couch and she sat down. He sat down next to her and placing his hand on

her stomach, pushed her back. As she leaned back, her skirt rose up her

thighs and exposed her knickers.

"They're all wet, such a slut you are", he said running his fingertips

over her knickers. She arched her back, moaning. She wanted him to finger

her and hard. She wanted nothing more than to have something inside of

her. He played with her cunt through the fabric of her knickers. She was so

wet. He could feel her hard little clit straining against the fabric. He

wanted more, too. He pushed his hands up over her thin hips and grasped

her knickers, pulling them down to her knees. Her cunt was exposed to him.

The curls of her hair were wet with pussy juice. He pulled at the hair and

said "this will have to go".

She felt herself heating up, blushing. She tried to close her thighs

but he smacked them hard with his walking stick. She winced. "Oh no, my

dear," he stated. His voice was flat and cold. "You will keep your

whorish legs open for me. You are going to be shaved clean of that ugly

hair, first". She felt humiliated beyond words. He tugged the knickers off

of her. Pulling her down a bit, her legs spread open wide. He smiled down

at her. "Such a sweet cunt", he thought to himself. His cock was hard.

He wanted to fuck her right there but he also wanted to turn her into a

little cum whore, too. "Nothing is prettier than a shaved cunt on a pretty

little whore", he told her. She blushed harder but didn't close her legs.

This told him all he needed to know about her. She would protest, cry, beg

not to be treated so terribly but she wouldn't stop him either. Such plans

he had for her.

He left her there, sitting on the couch. Her legs splayed open and her

cunt totally exposed to the room. He found her in the same position when

he came back with a fresh razor, towels and a bowl of hot water. He spread

one of the towels on the floor and told her to lie down on it. She did,

she even pulled up her skirt for him. He thought to himself that she was

so fresh and ripe. He looked down on her, legs spread wide open. Kneeling

between her legs, he started to work. Lathering her up with the shave

cream. She squirmed as it hit her inner lips and started burning a bit.

He laughed, gathering up some of the cream and fingering it into her pussy.

She bit her lips as it burned inside of her, his fingers working it in and

out. Cream covering his hand as he pushed so far inside of her. She

fucked his hand back through the pain. She liked the feeling of it. She

didn't care about anything else as he worked his hand deeply inside of her.

He withdrew his hand suddenly. He didn't want her to cum. Not yet. He

pushed her thighs open and started shaving. It was a long process, which

he knew bothered her but he didn't care. A clean cunt is what he wanted

and he'd shave her himself to keep it how he wanted. Wiping and rinsing

all the hair away, she was left exposed to him completely. Her bare pink

little cunt all soft and raw for him to enjoy. To him she was nothing but

a fuck toy and he'd treat her as such. She amused him and that's all that

mattered to him. He pushed her back and unzipped his pants. His large,

hard cock pushing against his underwear. He wanted to take her in one

thrust. He knew she was tender and raw from the shaving. That his own

hair would torment her. He didn't care. Holding her down with one hand,

he drew his cock out and pushed it against her cunt lips. They felt

incredibly soft and wet after the shaving. He forced himself inside of her

with a loud grunt and a strong thrust of his hips.

The effect was amazing and she arched her back to greet him. He buried

his cock up to the balls so fast she let out a gasp of air. She was tight,

hot and wet for him. He thrust into her again and again, pushing as deep

and hard as he could. He didn't care about her pleasure. Just his own.

He fucked her like the cheap whore that she was. Or would be by the time

he was done with her.

She took it well, moaning and fucking him back. Her shoulder length

blond hair spread out on his expensive carpet. He fucked her leaning in to

bite her shoulder while he pinched her left nipple hard. The pain made her

moan harder and squirm. He bit her, thrusting deep inside of her pussy.

He could feel his orgasm starting and squeezed her round tit hard. Tugging

and twisting it. He knew it caused her pain and didn't care. All he cared

about was his own orgasm. She cried out from the pain and he loved it. He

loved making her cry as he fucked her. Pulling her left nipple as hard as

he could, he came inside of her. Hot, thick cum filling her up and

smearing down his cock as he thrust a few last times.

When he was done, he grabbed her by the hair and pushed her face towards

his cock. She was honestly crying now. Crying hard and he laughed at her.

"Suck me clean, whore", his voice made no mistake. A tone of pure command,

she obeyed him. She put her mouth on his cock, sucking and licking his

cum. Her cunt juice mingled with his thick cum. It made her cunt tingle to

do this. She had never done anything like this before. The taste of his

cock and her cum really turned her on. She started to lick him, washing

his cock and balls with her tongue. He grunted in pleasure at how eager a

whore she was being. He wondered if she would continue to be so eager or

if he'd have to use pain to train her to do everything he wanted. His cock

had become sensitive and he pushed her head away. He tossed his walking

stick on the floor beside her.

"You can use that to finish the job, I'm going to shower. When you hear

the water turn off you better be there, whore". With that he got up and

walked away. She heard the shower turn on and picked up the walking stick.

Without even thinking much about it, she pushed the sterling silver head

against her cunt lips and pushed it inside. She fucked herself with her

left hand while rubbing her clit with her right. She didn't care if he

might be watching. She fucked herself hard, imagining it was him. She

wondered what she had come to. Why and how she could act like such a slut?

She stopped dwelling on it as her on orgasm built up. She wanted to cum

all over this walking stick. She fucked herself harder than she ever had

with a plain old dildo. Pinching and rubbing her clit, she let go. Her

stomach shook from the force of her orgasm. She bit her lower lip to keep

from crying out. It felt incredible. A type of freedom to just let go.

She heard the shower slowing and pulling the stick out, ran to the

sounds of him getting out of the shower.

"Too slow, little whore", he looked at her. "Now you have to say you

are sorry. Come apologize." He grabbed her by her hair and forced her to

her knees. She cried out at the jolt. She didn't know what he would do.

She thought she was on time. Confused she looked up at him. His cock was

hard again. He rubbed the tip on her face. She opened her mouth for him.

"Good whore, but you have to say you are sorry for being tardy", he

turned around and presented his ass to her. His right hand was stroking

his cock. He leaned forward, left hand on the wall and spread his legs.

"Lick my ass until I cum", he commanded. She started to get up. His

reaction was swift. He moved much faster than she thought possible. The

back of his hand sent her into the cupboards. He slapped her again, dazing

her.

"You know what to do. If you choose not to do it, you will feel pain",

he looked down at her. "You are nothing but a whore who will fuck a

stranger. Fuck even a stranger's walking stick. Say it. Tell me what you

are and then lick my ass like a good whore." He smiled, tapping her bruised

cheek with his fingers.

"I'm a whore," she said softly. She started to cry again but she also

felt a thrill shoot through her. She got back up on her knees. She would

do what he wanted. He turned again, spreading his legs wide and playing

with his cock that was getting soft. He was annoyed that his cock was soft

and she made him loose it. She would pay for it later, he thought.

She leaned in and started licking his ass cheeks as he stroked. He

grunted out his instructions for her. To lick his hole. To poke it with

her tongue. He knew she was hesitating and told her it was safe, he had

just showered. He kept stroking feeling the pink softness of her tongue

against his ass. The feeling was incredible and she found she loved doing

it. She loved the noises he made. How he had such pleasure at her

tonguing him. She pushed farther. The tip of her tongue fucking the tight

bud of his ass ever so slightly. Her lips pushing against him as she

licked and fucked for his pleasure. Her own hand sneaking down to play

with her clit while she did it.

He looked down and could just make out her playing with her own cunt.

He loved that she was so into this and knew it wouldn't be long before he'd

want to cum. Her mouth felt like satin against his ass. He pushed further

against her, whispering for her to lick him. She started stroking her

tongue up and down his little bud and that was enough for him. He turned

around just in time to cum all over her pretty face. She had cum in her

hair, on her eyes. Dripping from her nose and lips. He grabbed her hair

and rubbed his cock against her. Rubbing the cum in with his balls. She

responded by licking as best she could.

Such a good lil whore he thought. He leaned down to kiss her forehead.

"You can go home, now", he said.

She went home covered with cum. Too bad she lived so close, he thought.

He would have loved to see her walk home with a face covered with cum.

"Tomorrow is another day," he chuckled.