

Baby Cum Dump (MFg(baby), prost, intr, ped)

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Summary: A prostitute with a stomach virus helps one of her regular customers get off, into her 19-month old daughter.

Carl had been in a lot of fucked-up sexual situations in his 35 years, but this one really “took the cake.” He had gone to his usual Wednesday night “appointment:” the suite at the back of the motel by the freeway, where Chantalle not only offered sex for money, but also lived.

While the 22 year old black girl was far from the best looking hooker in the area, Chantalle charged a bit less than the other “non-crack-whores.” She kept herself clean and presentable, but more importantly offered something none of the others did (if only to her regular customers). For an extra \$20, she’d ride bareback: let her customers fuck her without a condom! Carl was happy to give her \$100 to slip his bare prick into the damp recesses of her cunt, thrust in and out of her 22 year old body, before dumping his load inside her.

When Chantalle told Carl she had a stomach virus and had been vomiting so he’d have to wait ‘til their next “appointment” the following week, to fuck her; he was more than slightly dismayed. Carl told her he wasn’t going to leave with a hard-on. Chantalle aimed to please, so she offered to jerk Carl off, instead of their usual bareback fuck. He suggested that since she was only going to be giving him a hand-job the price should be significantly lower than the usual \$100.

Chantalle knew Carl was right: he was getting a lesser service, so it should cost less; but she needed the money. Booze, cigarettes, rent, food, diapers...none of them cost any less just because she was sick.

Trying to be a decent guy Carl said he didn’t want to make a mess and asked what he’d be shooting his spunk into. He was hoping she’d wrap a pair of her panties around the head of his dick and let him shoot into them...

After thinking for a moment, Chantalle told Carl she knew the perfect thing for Carl, but it would cost \$150. Carl was understandably upset: he was getting a lesser service for more money, and began to protest...

Chantalle put her slender black index finger to Carl’s lips to silence him, before explaining that she was going to jerk him off into her daughter’s pussy. Carl wasn’t sure what to think: having been one of her regulars for nearly five years, he knew she had been pregnant a while back, but... When Chantalle asked if that would be okay with him, Carl nodded “yes.”

She disappeared into the other room then, a few minutes later, returned with her 19 month old daughter, Imani. Chantalle laid Imani on her back on the table and removed the baby’s diaper,

eased her towards the edge of the table so her butt was on it, while her little legs (still chubby with baby-fat) were hanging over the side.

A Completely stunned Carl let Chantalle lead him over to the table, remove his semi-erect white cock from his pants... “Spit on my baby’s pussy,” she ordered. Carl obeyed, spitting a bit of his saliva into Imani’s baby cunt. Chantalle held her right hand out, palm-side up, and told Carl to spit on her hand; once again he obeyed.

Using her left hand, Chantalle gently eased the tip of Carl’s white-adult-dick between Imani’s tiny 19-month old pussy lips. Once she was satisfied that his dick was in the right place, lined up with her baby girl’s miniature love-tunnel, Chantalle wrapped the spit covered fingers of her right hand around the shaft of Carl’s dick.

She began slowly stroking his dick, moving her spit lubricated right hand up and down the length of Carl’s dick, gently twisting as she went.

Carl stood there not moving a muscle. He tilted his head down, to see the act of extreme obscenity which he was a part of. The hand-job Chantalle was giving him felt great, as did the sensation at the tip of his dick; where it was nestled between Imani’s baby-sized pussy lips. However, actually seeing Chantalle stroking his rigid ivory-colored dick with her ebony fingers, with the crown of it spread Imani’s 19-month old slit was, without a doubt, the most erotic AND fucked-up thing he had ever seen or experienced.

The extremely fucked-up nature of the situation was making it all the more erotic for Carl, who had been buying sex since his twelfth birthday...of course, that girl was older than him...

Suddenly, without warning, Carl’s ass-cheeks tightened in his pants; his hairy, low-hanging, sperm-filled balls drew-up; as his 35 year old prostate began emptying. “Now” was all he could manage to say as the cum surged up the little shaft on the underside of his ivory—colored adult dick. Chantalle knew from his comment, and from her experiences with him, that Carl was cumming. She continued stroking his dick, maintaining the same motion and rhythm, all the way through his orgasm.

As Carl’s thick, greasy, sperm-filled adult cum shot out of his dick into the waiting pre-pubescent virgin hole, which was Imani’s 19-month old cunt, she began making “mewing” noises. Spurt after spurt, Carl’s dick continued shooting...one, two, three big spurts. It just kept coming; four, five.

The tiny one-and-a-half inch deep hole that was Imani’s im-mature little pussy was now completely full of Carl’s white adult spunk, and he was still shooting. With his sixth spurt of cum, the seal between the bottom of Carl’s dick head and Imani’s little hole had given way: his cum was being forced out of her. Spurt number seven caused Carl’s hot, thick, greasy, white spunk to begin running down Imani’s baby ass-crack.

Carl had never shot so much cum in a single orgasm in his entire life, and it just kept coming...eight, nine, ten... As the eleventh spurt surged out of his dick, the pool of spooge which

had gathered on the table-top around Imani's tiny butt had expanded so much that it was beginning to drip off the edge of the table. And still his orgasm continued...

Twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen...Chantalle's arm was beginning to get tired. Despite the fact that she had been having sex on a nearly daily, sometimes a few times a day, basis for the past six years; she had never seen, or felt, a guy shoot so much cum. She was, however, a good hooker, and knew that if she stopped stroking Carl's dick before he finished, she ran the risk of losing him as a regular customer: so she kept up her pace...

Carl couldn't believe his dick was still shooting cum: actually he couldn't believe he had so much in him. And yet it kept coming...sixteen, seventeen, eighteen. The nineteenth felt significantly smaller than those that preceded it. There was no twentieth.

Chantalle could feel his dick stop spurting in her hand, but continued to stroke it: making sure she had gotten every last drop of Carl's precious sperm-laden white cum, not only out of his dick, but up into her baby girl's tiny pussy. A few seconds later, as Chantalle squeezed the last drop of hot, thick, greasy cum from it, Carl's ivory-colored dick began to deflate.

"Wahhhh," was all Carl could groan: never having been so physically exhausted by a single orgasm. Barely able to stand upright, Carl was on the verge of fainting. Luckily for him, Chantalle noticed his lack of physical equilibrium. She half pulled, half carried him to the sofa, where he flopped down.

Laying on his side on the sofa, his now fully-flaccid dick still sticking out through the fly of his pants, Carl's vision was blurry as he tried to catch his breath. A few minutes later Carl's vision returned to normal. He laid there, on the sofa, still trying to catch his breath, watching Chantalle.

First she put the clean diaper she had previously taken off of Imani, back on: letting it absorb all the cum which was coating the baby girl's tiny ass and crotch, as well as any which might leak out of her baby pussy. Once Imani was re-diapered, Chantalle set about cleaning up the cum on the table-top, then the floor.

Carl had finally caught his breath as Chantalle was tossing the last cum-soaked paper-towels into the trash can, "I really didn't want to make a mess, sorry." Carl said, "Let me give you a little extra to make up for it..."

Chantalle smiled, "It's alright," while extra money sounded good, "no need for extra, just be sure to come back next week..." she continued in a teasingly seductive tone, knowing Carl would be back.