

My Dad's New Girlfriend

My heart stopped when his phone rang, but that did not stop him from rubbing the sensitive area between my cheeks. I wished he wouldn't answer it, but I knew he loved to tease me and to make my heart race with the possibility of him finding out the truth.

"Hey man, how's it going?" He said as he placed his phone on speaker and set it on my lower back. I looked at the screen and saw his smiling picture and his name in bold white letters.

"Nothing much Dad just wanted to call and check-in," his son - my husband said as my father-in-law sank his finger into my hole. I squirmed against the bed as my cock throbbed in the weirdest combination of fear and lust.

"Just eating lunch. So let me know if I am being too loud," he said as he leaned between my parted cheeks and took a single long-wet lick between my cheeks. His tongue swirled around my hole and dug inside me before he brought it towards the phone. "What are you up to? Where's Kyle at? Don't you two usually spend the Friday's together?"

"Well Kyle had to run into work, so I'm just home alone right now."

"Oh, he working late again?" his father asked as he stared at me. My cheeks turned a shade of red as he talked so openly about my lie, enjoying the way that it made him feel empowered and shameful. The humiliation was so much - but fuck was the sex worth it.

I would have never thought I would be doing this, cheating on my husband with his father. I hated the fucker. He was mean. He was dirty. He was a leech on society, lazing around the house most days and only going to the construction site when he needed money for beer or cigars. But it was that same masculine energy that made me come back night after night, begging for him to fuck my hole while he treated me like a bitch. Most of the time he even ignored me while I worshipped him. I sucked his cock while he guzzled down a beer or licked his pits clean so he wouldn't shower - not that he was planning on it anyway.

One day I hated him, and the next - I was begging for him to fuck me harder while his son slept in the next room. We had only stayed with him for a short time when he moved back to the city, but it was long enough for us to be left alone and for his cock to find its way into my mouth.

It was one of the first nights that we moved in with him, while Kyle wasn't at home. His father stumbled into his small house and fell onto the couch. He grumbled something about a bitch ditching him for someone younger, and I gave several half heart replies. He grunted about his cock needing a

bitch to suck and he dropped his pants and ordered me to suck him off. I couldn't believe what was happening, I shouted no but he came closer to me, shaking his thick hairy cock at me.

God, it was so thick and uncut. His bush was unkept like the rest of his body and the smell of sweat slapped me in the face even though I sat across the room. My better judgment said for me to go to the guest room and lock the door, but my cock bulged and throbbed at the thought of sucking my fathers-in-law's cock. I barely parted my lips and he pushed his cock into my mouth and skull fucked me until he unloaded all over my face. Afterward, he collapsed on the couch and I went to the room and jerked off with his load still fresh on my face and the taste of his sweaty cock on my tongue.

I didn't expect him to remember it the next morning, hoped was more like it. But as soon as Kyle left for work the next morning, he fell into his usual chair with a beer in one hand, a cigar in the other and he ordered me to suck his cock again. I took less urging the second time and by the time Kyle returned home, my hole was stretched so far that I leaked his cum into the back of my pants.

That night and the following nights I slept beside my husband with his father's load in my hole. While I continued to pursue sex with his father the sex life between my husband and me withered and died. But I no longer wanted his soft hands on me, or his gentle kisses on my lips. I wanted his father's heavy body over me, and his sloppy tongue fucks. I had tried to fuck my husband several times, but whenever I tried, I just couldn't do it. I no longer found him attractive or interesting in bed.

"Yeah, he seems to be working a lot lately. His boss seems to be riding him hard," Kyle said grumpily on the other side of the phone.

"Oh is he now?" My father-in-law asked as he lined his cock up with my hole. I gripped the blankets tightly as I felt his head passed the outer ring of my hole and sink into my body.

"Ooo," I groaned a little too loud as my body accepted his massive cock into my still tight hole.

"Oh, that's just Charlie. She's just watching tv," Kyle's father said, talking about his fake girlfriend.

Me. That who I was to Kyle. I was Charlie, the bimbo girlfriend of his father. I was the girl who loved to fuck and blow his father. I was the bitch who loved taking him raw and getting eaten out. When I was here, I wasn't a man, I was a girl named Charlie.

"Oh, HI CHARLIE!" Kyle shouted into the phone. "When am I gonna get to meet her?"

"Whenever she stays off my dick long enough for me to put on pants and take her out to dinner," he joked as he pushed his hairy bush into my plump - recently shaved - ass.

"God Dad! Really!" Kyle shouted into the phone. "Can we not!"

“What? I can't help it if you old man's got a fat cock.” He punctuated his sentence with a hard jab into my ass. Another yelp escaped my lips, but luckily, I pushed it into the blankets.

“God you're gross dad,” Kyle said into the phone. “Anyways! It seems like you're busy. So I'll just talk to you later. BYE CHARLIE!” He shouted into the phone before he hung up on his dad.

“Fucking brat,” he grunted as he carelessly tossed his phone to the other side.

“Be nice,” I gasped as he jabbed me with his cock once again.

“Shut up bitch. I didn't ask your opinion.” He leaned onto my body. His heavy gut laid on my back as his hips quickened their pace, thrusting repeatedly into my pussy.

With Kyle, I had never bottomed, with any other guy I had never bottomed before. But with Gordon, he pretended as if my cock didn't even exist. He called me his bitch, his girlfriend, my hole was his pussy. Before I would sneak over, I would slip into female panties, or underwear while I drove over here. Clothing was purchased by him. The times it would be all three of us at dinner Gordon would rave about how tight “Charlie's” pussy was or how much she loved to give him head. Kyle would always roll his eyes to whatever his father said about his mysterious girlfriend while my cock would throb beneath the table.

“You like this cock bitch?” He teased as he pulled his cock fully from my hole, making me feel empty as it gaped.

“Yes, daddy!” I groaned. “Please fuck me. Fuck me hard like a bad girl!” I begged and he answered with a hard thrust of his cock into my hole.

“I bet you would like being my wife instead of my faggot son's husband. You want me to wife you up? You wanna be my slut. Suck my cock all day long, have my load leaking through those lacey thongs all night long. You want that life bitch?” He asked as his thrusts grew faster and quicker. The life he painted was twisted and wrong. I loved his son, my life, the safety he offered but I could feel myself wanting it less and less as time went on.

“Yes!” I blurted out as my cock rubbed against his coarse blanket, moving closer to orgasm.

“Fuck yeah!” He grunted as he wrapped his arms around my torso and humped my ass until I felt his cock tense up within my hole and unleash a flood of cum into my body. I squeezed my cheeks around his cock, milking the droplets until he pushed away from me. I rolled over and my hard cock bounced around, eager for its chance to cum.

“When you move in, we are locking that fucker up. My baby girl will only need to ever worry about my dick,” he said as he leaned forward and gave a sloppy kiss. “I'm getting a beer. You can figure out what you want to tell Kyle about leaving him.”

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It broke my heart to break up with Kyle. It was unexpected and it was quick. It was a conversation in the afternoon and by the evening, I had a suitcase and a collection of my belongings in the back of my vehicle. My heart ached for what I had done to him, how I had betrayed him and ruined everything we had created together. But even as tears ran down my face, my cock throbbed with the excitement of the weekend to come. The time I would spend with my soon to be Ex-Father in law, and the horrific, yet erotic way of life I would lead as his girlfriend. The ideas scared me, but I couldn't deny that my cock leaked into the panties that Dan had bought me just days prior.

Life became a weird combination of humiliation and eroticism when I arrived at Dan's door. He called me into his small house, and I found him in his usual chair. His cock was hard and dripping over his hand. A cigar was planted between two thin lips that gave the most wicked of grins. My knees went weak at the sight of him and the manly stench of musk and tobacco of his house - of my new house.

"Bout damn time," he grunted. "My bitch of a son called me crying an hour ago. What needed to pull over and have a good cry before you moved in?"

"Fuck off!" I said as I was unnaturally drawn to him. I sniffed the air. His stench was so powerful and masculine. He waved his dick back and forth, dripping cum onto his stained blue jeans. I bit my bottom lip, holding in the further curses and moans of lust, and walked towards his beer can cock. Falling to my knees, I crawled the remainder of the living room before I pressed my face into his musky crotch. His coarse pubic hairs scratched my lips, and I took a deep whiff of his stench.

"That's what I thought bitch," Dan grunted as he took a heavy hit of his cigar. He gripped a handful of my hair and lifted my head. He grinned his crooked yellow grin and blew his lung full of smoke into my face. I responded with fits of coughing as my lungs begged for clean air. Dan laughed at my weakness and held my head firmly between his legs. "We're gonna have to get rid of that cough. If yah gonna liver here. Yeah, gonna need to get used to that. We will start you with a few cigars a day, work your way up to the six that I smoke."

"But - But I don't smoke," I stuttered.

"Yah do not bitch. Now enough talking. This cock has been hard since my son told me you left him. Now open up that throat pussy for your new man."

And obediently I opened my mouth and let him slide his slimy, smelly, hairy cock into my mouth and I loved every second of it. The cock unloaded into my throat as Dan said what my new life would entail, most of what he said disgusted me but every bit of it also excited me to unknown depths.

Days turned to weeks as my life was pulled into the wormhole that was Dan. The moment he unloaded his load into my throat, Dan held me tightly around his cock as it softened and then unleashed a torrent of piss. The unexpected mouth of piss exploded onto Dan's lap and he punched me in the face. I fell to the floor as his cock continued to unleash its load onto my body.

I slept in those piss-covered clothes on the floor like an animal that night and woke up to him kicking me in the side.

"Breakfast bitch," He grumbled. I stared up at his morning wood as it poked up from underneath his heavy strong gut. He walked over my and squatted his furry cheeks in my face and unloaded a fart directly into my dry mouth.

FBBBBBBRRRRRTTTTTTTT

"MMMMPH!" I squealed between his heavy ass cheeks as his smell filtered into my stomach. The rotten taste made my eyes water. When he lifted, I gasped for fresh air, and he laughed.

"Better get used to those too bitch. I'm a fucking gassy man." He walked over to his chair with his morning wood bouncing like bait on a fishhook. I licked my lips, tasting his hole, and wanted to replace it with the taste of his cock. He leaned back into his chair and his cock hung lazily between his legs. I crawled partially towards him, and he pressed his size thirteen foot into my face. I sniffed the sole and groaned into the smell. "Breakfast first. Cock later. And feet from the way you groaned like a little bitch."

I rolled from the floor, licking my lips as the taste of his sweaty foot and ass mixed over my tastebuds. I walked into the kitchen with my piss-stained clothes and a cock that begged for an orgasm.

Every morning started the same, a swift kick, a nasty punch, a quick push off the bed that I had made up of discarded blankets and pillows. My first week with Dan was spent cleaning, washing, and worshipping Dan's body. His laundry was done, his meals were fresh, and his body was cleaner than I had ever seen it. I worshipped every inch of him with my tongue finding tastes and flavors that I never knew existed. His pits were sweatier than I could have ever imagined after spent a long day in the sun on the Jobsite. His cock was musky every night, no matter how much I sucked and cleaned it. His cheeks were a mass of hair and smell, that clearly showed that he did not care that I would spend hours with my lips pressed against his shitty hole.

The clothes I brought were quickly thrown into a trashcan after the first night and set on fire, so there was no chance of me wearing anything that was not given to me by Dan. The selection was sparse, old pairs of briefs that were stained with shit, sweat, piss, and cum or pairs of girly panties. The choice of what I was to wear was dependent on Dan's mood. Somedays he wanted a house bitch in a bright pair

of lacy underwear who would serve him, and act as a bench for his feet. While other days, he would want a pig who would clean his asshole until I passed out from exhaustion or a lack of oxygen. Every moment was a new kind of Hell, and I had only lived with Dan for a week.

He had forced me to start smoking his cigars, drinking his beer, worsening my hygiene. I was being shaped into a younger, raunchier version of him, one that would be used solely by him. By that first Friday I felt I could see the beginning of yellowness in my white teeth. My chest hair was sprouting and began to cover the softness that was overrunning my body from the lack of exercise. My breath was constantly horrible, due to my lack of brushing. Just a molecule of it could get me hard, and the stains that covered my face was so humiliating when I went out and were the center of my jerk sessions when Dan would fall asleep late at night.

I could only imagine what it would be like, in a month, a year, in five years. How far would I fall? Would I even recognize myself? Would I even want to be myself anymore? Or would I just be lost within Dan's whims?