

It wasn't really that hard to do. All Miranda needed was to push all the guys buttons in the right way and he'd buckle just like that, like a snap of the fingers. Most guys would, unless they were gay or something. They should have started hiring gay dudes to check IDs instead of straights, specifically because of girls like her.

The cock in her mouth was smaller than she liked, but stiff enough for her to really get a good suction on. It jumped in her mouth and the guy came down from his high panting like the dog he was. She licked her lips and smacked them. Miranda had lured the guy into her clutches and given him a blowie behind his car.

"So how old am I?" she asked him while she put his dick back in his pants and zipped him up.

"Older than my momma, if you wanna be." he panted. Good, she thought.

He was one of two guys that always checked ID and she'd been sucking off the other guy for weeks. Both men were in the palms of her hands with how they couldn't seem to stay away from her mouth. Talent like hers never went to waste when she had a itch for a beer and a badass. Bars like the one she was now free to enter and explore always had some hot guys that met all kinds of looks

For a girl like her she loved being flirted with all these hardass and bad boys. It was mostly a biker bar, but working joe types would also show up in their old pickups or work trucks. They were all the best. She couldn't find guys like these at school. They were pussies by comparison.

The bartender wasn't in on her little deal with the two bouncer boys, but he made the mistake of trusting the two guys enough to not bother checking anyone's ID at the bar. Besides, with tits like the ones she had no one ever suspected she wasn't of age.

She took a seat at the bar wearing a beige skirt that stopped mid-thigh and matching white button down blouse she picked out specifically because it was a size too small. Her buttons were all straining to contain her chest. She didn't look like a highschool, but more like somebody's nice little secretary at a office building. She pulled her small wallet from between her tits, making a faux gesture to show ID, and the bartender shook his head that he didn't need it. He asked what she'd have. She told him her favorite beer and he nodded and went to get her one.

Miranda was already feeling the collective gazes of several men on her by the time she was washing down the bouncer's cum with a gulp of beer. She didn't know how to sip alcohol so she was halfway through her bottle

before the first guy bought her a freebie. The bartender sat it on the counter for her and nodded to her that it was from the gentleman across the room. She turned to spot the guy, and gave him a sweet thank you. Sweeter than she actually was. Miranda only looked sweet, but most of the guys probably knew that already. She was a dirty bitch at heart.

Another guy entered the bar. She didn't see it so much as hear it. The front door needed a squirt of WD40 and you could hear it. Miranda wasn't one to gawk at the door so she continued to sit and drink. She was on her second beer. She remembered seeing old westerns where the saloon would sometimes have a mirror on wall behind the bartender so that cowboys could see people walk in before they turn to shoot. She didn't know if that was real, but it would have been nice if this modern biker's bar had a mirror. It'd have let her spot a stud a lot sooner and get her laid faster.

Minutes went by and then she finally hear someone step up behind her to take a neighboring seat. Miranda didn't pass the stranger any kind of glance, but noted that the bartender had noticed the man. He nodded to the stranger and fetched what resulted in two beers. One for her and one for the stranger. She finally, having receiving a freshly gifted beer, turned her head to the right to see whom was being so generous.

It was the guy that had walked in minutes before. He was a new face, too. Miranda didn't recognise him, and she would never have forgotten this guy. He was older than her by a lot. Could have been old enough to be her dad, so maybe mid to late 30's? He was a komodo dragon, just like her, and he was very manly. A hard working lizard by the looks of it.

She didn't hide the fact she was looking him up, and he didn't seem to mind as he drank his own beer in polite silence. He and her had the same skin color, a warm brown shade. But on him of course it was wrapped about a masculine physique that told her he wasn't a biker, but a blue collar man. He had the strength visible in his arms, legs, and that rather nice barrel chest. He had the body she liked in older men. She was ok with skinny guys if they were jocks fucking her behind the bleachers, but with real men she wanted real bodies. A man's body.

"Thank you for the beer." She told him. He smiled and nodded curtly to her. She tucked her knees together under the countertop and kept on watching him while the two of them drank in relative silence. Yeah, she thought, he was fit enough to be a good fuck. Good masculine body, hardly any fat. She noticed he might have had a slight beer belly, but that was fine if he had more than enough muscle and cock to make up for it. She wasn't a snob when it came to men, at least not like that. Her checklist didn't include perfection, as perfection was boring. Any bitch can daydream about Chad Fitt with her fingers spelunking down her cunt. Miranda much preferred being the slut getting an honest dick in her folds instead.

"You're welcome, darlin'. Didn't look like anyone was paying you any attention. Didn't seem right." he told her. He had a gravelly deep voice. He had green eyes, too. They were nice. Still looked young even if the rest of him looked older. And she knew he was lying through his teeth. She had at least seven sets of eyes watching her from different points in the bar, but she'd let him off the hook for lying to her since he was trying to be polite.

"Well, I'm glad someone did. I was surprised when I stopped by to get a drink and no one bothered to say even as much as a hello." she said. He smiled at her, and she watched him look her up and down. His eyes followed the curve of her back to her ass and down her legs then back up her front to the swell of her tits. He settled his look over her eyes, hazel to his emeralds.

"Well, darlin', are you easy?" He asked her. Was she easy? Miranda smiled at him and leaned forward until her tit pressed against the wooden countertop.

"Depends on the guy." She told him. Miranda was flexing her toes in her loafers. He was eyeing her up really good and she was willing to give this stud a 'yes' if he wanted it. He lifted his drink and tipped it back to polish it off before sliding off the edge of the stool.

"I'm going to my truck." He told her. The man fetched his wallet out of his back pocket and produced a handful of five dollar bills and put them on the counter. "There's mine and her tab, keep."

Miranda saw the bartender spot the cash and jerk a nod before returning to the glass he was polishing. At a moment's loss she wondered if she should, then suddenly she noticed the guy walking away! She hopped off her own stool and left the bar to catch up with the guy. "Does your truck have a back seat?"

"Yep, darlin'." He told her and wrapped a strong arm around her shoulders to hold her at his side. He was taller than her and it made her feel small by comparison. She loved it! "That red beaut' over there." He said as soon as he'd led through the threshold of the bar. Miranda didn't pay any attention to the two bouncers, they weren't her priority, and neither was she theirs.

He pointed with his free hand, now holding his keys, to a deep red pickup with an extended cab. She thought it was a Ford, but she wasn't sharp enough with vehicles to tell them apart at 7pm on a Friday. It was too dark to see much more than the shade of red and the shape. She let him

key the lock and offered to let her climb up into the driver's seat. She took the offer and stepped up and scooted into the seat. He tapped her thigh for her to keep on scootin'.

"I ain't fucking ya right in the front lot. Scoot." He said, and she grinned. She shifted across the seat until she was in the passenger's seat. His truck smelled like cigarettes, and she could see he made frequent use of the little built in ashtray set in the dash. There were stray cigarette butts in the passenger floorboard with little burn holes in most of the upholstery.

Miranda preferred drinking to smoking, but she didn't mind a man that smelled a little, or a lot, of tobacco. It was all good to her so long as she had fun with him, and as the guy started up his truck, letting that engine (sounded like a diesel) roar up before mellowing out, she leaned over until she was shoulder to shoulder with him. "So what's your name, mister?"

"Call me 'John'." He told her as they pulled out of the parking lot. She wondered if that was his real name with the way he said it. She put her cheek to his shoulder and rubbed her face against him.

"My name is Mir-an-da." She enunciated for him slowly in a sexy little way. Her left hand was migrating to his right thigh to stroke him through his jeans. He had a stroke feeling body on him. She was feeling herself getting hot already!

"I bet it is, honey. You ever treat a man to a favor while riding shotgun?" He asked her. John patted her on the hand while he used his left hand and knee to steer.

"Not sure what you mean." She asked him. Miranda felt like she knew what he was asking, but why not make him ask a little more?

"You're gonna suck my dick, darlin', while I take us to the motel." He told her and pulled her hand from his thigh over to his crotch. She didn't hesitate to unzip him. Riding dangerously without a seatbelt made it too easy to lean over and drop her head into his lap.

She found his dick to be a nice lumpy piece of meat. It was a soft and squishy thing that still managed to fill her mouth neatly like a big bite from a bread roll when she enveloped it with her lips. John popped the driver seat back several inches from the steering wheel and she found herself suddenly with much more room to work.

With a stiffening cock in her mouth she couldn't help but let her poor habit of drooling get the better of her. She slurped over his half erect shaft and let her spit shine him up nice until he was as glossy as a waxed and polished sport's car. "About another couple minutes, darlin'."

She heard him, but didn't stop. Miranda was happy to bob on him until he was stiff as steel, which was soon approaching. Her mouth was starting to struggle in its effort to keep him between her teeth. He was so big!

It'd been forever since she'd had a big fat cock in her face. Most of her boys were average, but John was packing so much! She could still feel him swelling up, but she was already forced to back up on her effort. Half his dick was out her mouth and she was struggle to make more fit! She was clenching her pussy just thinking about what that was going to feel like going between her pussy lips!

By the time she felt the truck rock its way over a set of speed bumps she was resorting to licking and sucking at the tip of a very hard, very angrily hot, cock. She'd been forced to give up on trying to give him the full 'Miranda' experience. She just couldn't fit that much meat in her throat without gagging. She'd never been with a real man before, she was now discovering!

"Alright, shove me back in my pants, honey." He told her and she complied. It was actually a lot easier said than done, but she managed to squeeze his fat pecker down so it ran down his pant leg. God, she thought it looked hot like that. Fat delicious sausage log wrapped up in a denim condom.

He pushed open his door, and she had to hurry to climb out of her side. "Lock it, darlin'." He called to her before she could shut the door. She fumbled with the door until she found the button and pushed it. She shut the door and came around to slip her arm around John's as he locked up the truck. Together they walked, John guiding her along, to a room he presumably already had.

"You from out of town?" She asked him.

"Mhm. Come through here once every blue moon." John told her. He took her up the stairwell and they walked along the concrete walkway lining the front of the second floor. Each door, she noticed, was beaten up and old with dingy metal numbers nailed under a peephole. He stopped them in front of room #25 and keyed the door open.

It was a old grungy room! The decor looked like it was built in the 50's or 60's and hadn't ever been changed. She bet there was even a blue

toilet in the bathroom. Miranda was trying to inspect the room with her eyes, but John had plans of his own. He turned to face her and wrapped his arms around her middle. They kissed, and it was a good one. She wondered how many women he'd kissed in his life, and how many he'd fucked.

She was about to find out, and her knees clapped together with a burning heat glowing between her thighs as the older man's hands found their way to her ass. He didn't waste any time to find the hem of her skirt. Pulling it up her ass she felt him take two firm handfuls of her cheeks. Miranda had a pair of calloused manly hands on her sweet and soft rump and a fat log grinding into her crotch.

"Finish sucking my dick, darlin'." He told her, and lifted his hands up to her shoulders to push her down. Miranda dropped to her knees and finished scooting her skirt all the way up her thighs until it encircled her waist. With her skirt out of the way she could easy squat and drip pussy juice all over the decades old carpet. It didn't bother her if the floor would get dirty. Places like these usually got their fair share of sluts and 'Johns' in the first year of business.

He was still hard when she got him freed from his pants. For fun and playfulness she slapped herself on the cheek with his cock. Looking up at him she started her blowjob up again. He was smiling down at her and she felt his hand run its fingers through her hair. She kept her gaze upward, dutifully, as she bobbed on the very end of his cock and twirled her tongue around his tip. It was all she could manage without risking a gag. All the guys she'd been with hated that.

John took her head into both his hands and she enjoyed the stroking he gave her scalp. His coarse fingers were delightful against her soft skin as those digits ran back and forth through her hair. She'd taken great care to wash her hair beforehand, and his hands glided through it like a knife through silk. He pushed her head down a little and Miranda choked in surprise.

His dick bumped into the back of her throat and she stared up at him while she winced. He was smiling down at her with one corner of his mouth cocked up for a smirk. Miranda would have pouted or called him out, but she grabbed onto the waistband of his jeans instead and shut her eyes. She tried to swallow around his big prick, but it was a struggle. John kept applying pressure to her head, but she fought against it to bob on his cock, Miranda heard him groan with pleasure up above her, and that told her she was doing just fine.

"Sure do have a tight mouth, honey." She heard him say. Miranda slurped back on his dick and went down again on her own until she felt his blunt head bump right back into the back of her throat. She gagged by accident

and tried to pull back, but his hands held her tight and shoved her back down. Tap went the dick against the back of her throat and Miranda gagged hard a second time.

She tapped at his belly with her palm, but he ignored it. Opening her eyes she saw him looking down at her with a wider smirk. He mouthed the words down at her 'All of it'. Miranda was in shock. There was no way she could do that! She shook her head on his cock at him, and he barked a laugh. "You'll learn to, darlin'."

With that she felt him pull her harder into his crotch. The blunt head in the back of her mouth felt like a boulder now, a firm, yet squishy, thing threatening to choke her. She pushed against him, but she couldn't get her head to break free of his now ironclad grip. Every time she gagged it felt like the cock in her mouth was slipping further back. Her poor uvula was being crushed by a huge dick and she was literal inches away from being choked on the biggest dick she ever did suck! Miranda felt his fingers lace themselves together behind her head.

The pressure grew, and the sensation expanded. A cock bigger than she'd ever expected to see stick out from a man's torso was opening up the top of her throat and she was shedding tears from the stress and struggle of having so much meat crammed between her lips. She pleaded with him with her eyes to stop, but that future vanished before her eyes when he shut his own and exhaled.

She felt it as it happened. Her throat finally stretched the rest of the way and gave in. In a sudden sloppy motion his length slid quickly down her throat and she choked harder than she knew she could. Her throat expanded to accept the meaty girth being fed into it, and her nose was then suddenly pressed shut by the soft padding of John's working class stomach. She couldn't breathe! She slapped his thighs and stomach, and he pulled back half his prick. She felt a brief rush of air slip passed his prick, but then the cock came rushing back. This time it went deeper with her nose being crushed against John's stomach with his heavy weight nuts pressing against her chin.

She couldn't do anything as he pulled back and started fucking her mouth. Miranda had never done this kind of sex before! She could barely breathe, and she could scarcely even gag with that much cock opening her up wide. John gave her a constant hard pumping that she'd only have guessed a cunt could have handled. It took two firm handholds on his waistband to help her through the abuse.

After a few solid minutes of John battering her throat with his cock, and her slowly feeling faint from the lack of reliable air, he finally pulled his cock completely free of her mouth. She gasped and coughed up a

mouthful of spit and probably precum before looking back up at him with watery eyes. His dick was positively coated in her spit.

"Ever do that before, darlin'?" He asked her. He was massaging her head with his hands and messing up her hair. Miranda shook her head and panted. "Didn't think so. You young sluts never have any real experience."

He reached down and grabbed her by the upper arms and hauled her to her feet. She wanted to slap him, now that she was recovering, but before she could even think of an insult to hurl at him he shoved her hard and off she went until the backs of her knees caught the bed and knocked her on her back over the mattress.

"You asshole!" She cried, but he was already over her, and shoving his mouth over hers for a kiss. He kneed her legs apart and crawled between her thighs. She felt a rough hand tug her thong to the side and slip two thick fingers into her cunt. She punched him in the arm and he laughed into her mouth before breaking the kiss.

He grabbed a handful of her hair and slipped a third finger up into her pussy to probe at her cunt. Digits curling up he quickly, shockingly, found her button that most guys took days of sex to finally figure out where it was. She arched her back and cried out. His fingertips were rubbing against her gspot firm and rough and she was squirming in an effort to get away from the aggressive attention her pussy was now getting.

"You got any condoms on you, darlin'?" He asked her. She eyed him, rapidly thought, and questioned herself if she really wanted this. Did she? Miranda hesitated, but...

"Y-yes!" She told him. Miranda scrambled with her hands to fish between her tits for her wallet. It was a struggle trying to pull out the single condom she kept on her person from the tight confines of her petite little wallet. John plucked his fingers from her cunt and she could finally sag into the mattress and relax. Her pussy was already so soaked and he was on the verge of making her cum just with his fingers!

John took the condom from her hand as soon as she'd plucked it from her wallet. He eyes the little silver square and chuckled. "Darlin', do you think this little thing is going to fit on me?"

It took her a moment to consider what he meant. Oh. Oh! No, he was too big, she had the wrong size! That was when she felt his blunt tip press at her lips. She couldn't let him!



"Hey, wait! Not without," John shut her up with another kiss and Miranda was pressed harder into the mattress with her legs hanging off the side. Again she struggled against the brute she'd went home with, her arms shoving at his broad, strong, chest futilely as she felt his tip open her up. He was so huge! Miranda knew she couldn't let him do this!

Each inch slid into her easily. She'd tried. Miranda's arms failed to shove him away. Her soaked passage was lubed up so much that even with all his impressive girth he was gliding right in. She was trying to tell him to stop, but all she got out to him was a muffled noise from behind the forced kiss. John's tongue was busy teaching her how kiss while his cock crammed more of its girthy inches into her. It didn't even hurt really. She just felt like she was being force fed the world's biggest tampon. It pushed at her insides until her inner walls were pulled completely tight. Had her cunt been a pair of knuckles they'd surely have been white from being so taut.

John let go of her mouth and bit playfully at her neck.

"J-John, please!" She finally shouted. He laughed hard and rammed his cock up in her. She gasped and went silent when his cock bottomed out in her with an inch or more of meat to spare. He took advantage of her shocked silence to pulled back and thrust again, beginning a rhythm she was sure he wasn't planning on stopping. "Please, wait!"

He grabbed her blouse and pulled at one side until the buttons broke. Her tits spilled free and he pulled one heavy tit to his mouth and he started sucking.

"You, you can't!" She pleaded with him, but his piston of a dick didn't quit. He was so huge she could actually feel the bulging veins on his shaft rub inside her. One big angry vein sat right on top of his cock and it was slipping over her gspot repeatedly. She had no idea a cock could be this big! Her struggle to push off him grew weaker as he worked the inside of her pussy with his meat and fed hungrily on her fat teenage breast. Her bust was a meal in and of itself, and John was hungrily sucking and slurping at the plump nipple he'd found. Both her tits were plump and full, bigger than any other bitch in her class. She was stacked and it felt great to rub it into all those other girl's faces, but it didn't feel anywhere as good as the sensation of John's face rubbing itself into her tit meat at that moment.

Miranda knew he needed to stop, she wasn't safe. They needed to use a condom, but he wouldn't quit hitching his hips up into her. She felt like he was hollowing her out and her pussy was quivering around his pole against her better judgement. She couldn't even hold back her panting and

moaning as she gave up on pushing at him and instead clutched tightly at his shirt.

Her head fell back against the bed and her legs spread further and further until she pulled them up onto the bed. John started to really pummel her cunt harder with the extra room she'd given him. Miranda's cunt was starting to twitch as she felt the pressure in her groin build. She couldn't stop it. It was coming faster. She didn't want it to, but she wanted it to. That fat cock in her, it was attacking her insides so much, touching her so fucking deep! His fat blunt tip was pressing and massaging her cervix, and it didn't hurt. It felt so fucking good!

Miranda felt her cunt clamp down on the thick invader and her pussy hosed it down with slick juice. She jerked spastically underneath him and shouted and howled out as her orgasm made her thrash and twitch. John kept fucking her all the way through her lengthy climax. He wouldn't let her rest, and his thrusts only served to drag out her orgasm far longer than it otherwise would have. She couldn't even begin to see straight after her body finally sagged limply onto the mattress.

She could barely hear John chuckle over her as he lifted off her prone body and slipped his prick out of her abused cunny. Her head, wobbling on a jelly-like neck, rolled to the side and she watched him. Her chest heaved steadily as she recovered and soaked up the afterglow. John was undoing his shirt and pulling it off his shoulders. He was so fucking hot. John was a man. Nothing like the young guys she'd blow and screw behind the gym or in the boy's room gloryhole. No, he was a man that had muscle, had meat. The sight of him kicking off his pants was heavenly.

John grabbed her waist and slid his fingers along the waistband of her skirt until he found the clasp at the front, and popped it loose. She did nothing to stop him from tugging her skirt off and ditching it on the dirty floor with the rest of his apparel. Miranda started to try to remove her blouse, but he had to crawl back over her to help her work the garment off her arms. Then she was naked, save her thong. The little white item was left alone, still tugged to the side of her slightly agape cunt. She could feel it cooling under the bedroom's AC. Her juices had soaked the tiny piece of fabric to the bone.

"You've got a tight little cunt, darlin'." He told her and leaned down to kiss at her collar bone. She moaned for him as his kisses traveled further and further down her body until his lips were at the top of her thong. She leaned up, and watched between the valley of her breasts to see him take her thong between his teeth. Hooking his thumbs under the straps of her thong he tugged it down her legs, which she had to shut to let him pull the item off her legs.

He guided the thong down her curvaceous young legs until he could drop them to the floor, then he took her by the knees and draped both legs over his shoulders before diving down to kiss her pussy. Again she found herself sagging back to the bed, a whorish moan escaping her lips as an experienced older man invaded her used cunt with his tongue and kiss her in ways she'd never been kissed. Her toes stretched, her eyes fluttered, all while new sensations invaded her yet again. Long gone was her anger and fear at him for being such a brute. She'd already cum so hard and he was working her up to a second go with his handsome mouth.

"John..." She said with exhaled as she felt his tongue dive inside her and explore. This is wonderful, she thought as he fucked her cunt with his experienced digit. He thrashed it about inside her before plucking it free to give attention to her clit. He sucked on it, licked, and she yelped when he nibbled it. Grabbing at the bed she let him own her pussy.

He pulled his lips off her and drug his tongue over her inner thigh. John stood up and took her by the legs and pulled her down until her tail hung off the very edge of the bed. He pushed her thighs up until she was doing the splits and Miranda heard him slurp like he was about to spit. A hot shot of spit pegged her asshole and she jumped. She looked down at him as he eyed her exposed cunt and pucker like they were prizes he'd won. John leaned in and for the first time in her life she felt a man kiss her ass, literally.

"John!" She said, reaching down at him, but he glared back up at her and she quit, feeling her heart skip. He licked her asshole and she shivered and fell back helpless with her hands returning up her chest to cradle her tits as the older man began to maul and make out with her virgin pucker. She'd never done this before! Were all older men like this? Dirty filthy men that did everything you could read about in a Playboy?

"Damn fine buffet." She heard him mutter as he kept going to town on her fragile entrance. She shuddered under his attentions whilst burning red at the same time. Most of her guys didn't even like eating pussy, forget bringing up a rimjob!

John stopped, and stood up. His cock was proudly jutting out from crotch and she was left burning hot for it. Miranda wanted that tool crammed back in her, even though she shouldnt be, and as if he'd read her mind he reach out with a strong hand and started stroking himself.

"You, you can let me suck it again." She told him, thinking he was going to hose her belly down. She wanted it back inside her! It didn't matter where. Her thoughts were swimming with affection and burning lust. How could she not want to nurse this man's cock dry after he'd gotten her off so good?

"Nah, got other plans, darlin'." He told her. "Roll over on your belly."

She obeyed and flipped herself over and made sure to keep her knees on the bed. Her legs were spread lewd and wide and Miranda hiked her ass up and lifted her tail off to the side. Her thoughts were now far away from him not wearing a condom, and she felt the blunt cockhead brush at her sex once again and tease her.

A thick thumb pushed at her pucker and slipped inside. She muffled her own shout and clung to the bed. What was he doing? Her heart pounded as she drifted her thoughts over to what she was afraid he'd try to do. He was so big! Would it even fit?

Miranda panted against the sheets as she could no longer feel the cock at her pussy and the thumb vanished from her anus. It was gently replaced by the much larger presence of John's cock.

"John." She whimpered, but did not fight him.

"Just don't clench, darlin'. Loosen up." He told her. She heard him prepare to spit and then he did. Her asshole got to the deposit of fresh lube and he pushed in. Miranda bit down on the bed as he spared her no mercy as he crammed his beastly rod up her backside. He fed her slow inches as she squeaked and shouted into the bed. He was so huge!

She was clutching fistfuls of the bedding as her virgin asshole was taken. Miranda had never done anal before! The pain was almost the only thing she could feel, and it was like he was squeezing her insides tight. It didn't feel like there was any room left in her for anything else!

John leaned over her, and put his hand on the back of her head. "You keep bitin' down on the bed now, darlin'. You just let ole John teach you how a real slut takes a dick." He grunted down at her as he pushed another inch into her.

His thrusts were slow and difficult. Her body was clenching and pushing at the foreign invader against her will, but he wasn't muscling through her defenses like they were nothing. If not for the bedding lodged between her teeth she'd have been crying out from his brutish, but mercifully short, thrusts. He wasn't fucking her like he did her pussy. The pain wasn't as acute, but it felt like she was bloated and needed to use the bathroom.

Everything felt wrong and foreign. Her backside wasn't suppose to do this! How, how did the girls on the internet do this? She felt his nuts brush against her pussy and she knew then he was almost completely in her. He was fucking her little asshole, and she couldn't believe it.

For the first time in minutes she managed to relax her anus and he pumped into her more easily than before. Relaxing made the pain lessen, and John grunted his satisfaction as he rocked his hips into her again and again with a steady motion.

"Atta girl, you're doin' just fine for a virgin." He praised her, and she found herself smiling at it. Miranda focused hard on the cock spearing into her butt and tried her best to stay relaxed and loose. Little by little her instinct to clench and push faded and was replaced with a silent mantra of keeping herself wide open. The mental image that filled her mind was John's fat cock plunging and plugged her asshole with hard thrusts that made her scream and cum like the teenage slut she was proving herself to be.

Just like in the pornos, Miranda wanted to get fucked hard, even if it was her ass and not her pussy. John was going to finally cum in her, and it'd be up her ass! She remembered he was barebacking her, and that, that was great! He could use her ass as much as he liked! She could be safe that way and not have to worry.

"You're ass is tight as hell, darlin'." He grunted over her and the hand on her head grabbed a fistful of hair and she felt him put his other hand over her lower back and push. She was pinned under him with all his muscular weight holding her down as his hips slapped into hers with hard and fast pace. He was starting to pound her, but she wasn't quite sure when it had happened. He'd been slowly increasing his lovemaking until she had realized how intense he was getting.

The entire bed was creaking and rocking as he ass fucked her and she finally spit out the bedding. Her drool had soaked through and left a huge wet spot on the mattress.

"John!" She shouted his name and he bucked his hips up into her in reply.

"You like getting it in the ass now, don'cha?" He grunted down at her.

"Uh huh!" She told him. It was starting to feel good now that she was relaxing herself and letting him pump her full of all his thick meaty inches. She wanted him to cum in her, too! "Cum in me!"

"I'll do more than that, darlin'." He said and pulled her head back until it hurt. John started fucking her as hard his legs and hips would allow. She was forced to arch her back to lessen the tension on her hair. John was bending her backwards like a horseshoe with his hand now over her ass and yanking at her hair. Her tits were shaking and swinging on her chest and he rutted her with clenched teeth.

She could hear him snorting and grunting louder and louder as he abused her hard and fast. Miranda was fucking loving it! "Fuck me!" She shouted and squealed as she felt herself start to cum again. She was, she going to cum from an ass fuck! What kind of slutty girl was she? Miranda was panting, and she couldn't stop, with her cunt winking below her stretched asshole. She saw an explosion of stars as her pussy clamped tight around a cock that wasn't there and a sluice of slick cunt juice spilt over the bed from her climax. There was no way to tell the difference between her orgasmic shuddering and the shaking her body was being put through by the merciless gut punches John was giving her ass with his cock.

"You want it, slut?" He asked her with a hard snarl.

"Y-eah! Yes!" She screamed. Drool coated her chin and dribbled over the bed as she shouted his name, "John! Fuck me, please, John!"

She screamed as he tugged harder on her hair, but her cunt was still spasming and she shook for him again as her arms fell limp under her as he lifted her by the hair until she was upright on her knees with John barking and snarling behind her as his cock jumped repeatedly inside her.

The pulling on her hair was just an afterthought as she focused on the curious sensation being buried firmly in her ass. John had broken in her virgin hole and now she was trying to wrap her head around the hot sensation welling up in her as his cock throbbed and twitched like a body being electrocuted. John was cumming in her.

"J-John!" She shouted and pulled her arms up to grab her fat tits. She cradled them in her arms and groped her nipples roughly as her entire world centered on the feel of the older man's prick spitting its load into her with a violent force that left her actually counting each and every jet of fresh seed pelting her guts and painting them sticky and white. She couldn't imagine how much his balls were draining in her, it felt like so much more than her normal guys!

The hand on her hair let go and he shoved her onto the bed. His cock was yanked from her and a hot rope of cum landed over her ass, then followed quickly by another. "Fuck you've got the best ass I've had in months." She took his compliment with an exhausted smile and discovered she couldn't move her legs anymore. All she could do is lay there with

everything below the waist feeling limp as a wet sock. Miranda couldn't even clench her asshole. It felt like he broke her asshole so good it didn't work anymore.

"Damn, you've a fine ass, darlin'." He told her again and walked over to the bedside table where he had a package of cigarettes. He lit one up and sat down on the edge of the bed. "Now, you tell me when you can shut that asshole of yours and we'll decide what to do with you next, you hear?"

She nodded and continued to lay there in a wet soggy puddle of her own cunt spit and her drool. Miranda kept trying to clench her ass, but all she managed at first was to make it wink. After several minutes of recovery she finally felt she was back to normal, but very loose, and maybe she'll be sore later, but she wasn't... Miranda didn't think he'd actually broken her asshole that bad.

John had puffed through one cigarette and disposed of the butt in the asstray. She watched him stand again and put his hands on his lower back to lean and pop his spine a few times.

"You young sluts have it easy. Letting old men like me do all the fucking work." He looked over at her and she rolled over onto her side to expose her tits to him. She felt a trickle of cum run down her thigh and asscheeks. Whatever he'd pumped into her was not going to stay there. Not after the abuse he'd put her pucker through.

"You good, darlin'? Or you need another minute?" He said as he lit up another cigarette. She shook her head. "Then make your legs work and I'll let you scrub my dick down. Unless you want to learn how to do ass to mouth."

She thought about that suggestion, and managed to pull herself to the edge of the bed. It took a lot of effort, but she managed to stand on weak legs. Her curvy busty body wasn't helping her with all its extra womanly weight. John stepped over and grabbed her under the arm and helped her to the bathroom while dragging on his cigarette.

He deposited her on the toilet seat, where she could feel herself drooling cum from her asshole. Miranda saw a wet trail of it on the floor where they'd walked, and knew it was running down her legs even then. John turned on the hot water tapped his cigarette off in the sink before leaving it balanced on the edge of the basin.

She watched him turn on the water and it felt good to listen to the water roar and run into the tub. It made her imagine what it'd be like to be under the shower head with all that water soaking her to the bone. They

sat silently, her leaking cum over the toilet seat, and John seated on the edge of the tub as he held his hand under the water until was hot enough to his liking.

"Up." He told her, and he stood. She wobbled and managed to stand, and he helped her into the shower. She wondered if he was going to fuck her again. He joined her and tugged the curtain over and pulled up on the lever. Hot water pelted them both and she flinched then from the sudden heat. He pressed his chest into hers and kissed her, as if to answer her unspoken question. He wasn't hard anymore, but his fat lump of flesh was pressed against her crotch.

Miranda pawed at his chest as they made out and she felt him fumble around with a hand behind her, then she felt him shove a bar of soap into her hand.

"Scrub my dick clean." He told her and she lowered her hands and found his dick. She worked up a lather with her hands and started stroking him from tip to base and even grabbed his balls. Everything she wanted in her or slapping against her she cleaned patiently with firm strokes and gropes.

John wrapped an arm around around her back and kissed at her cheek and then nibbled her ear as she worked. His free hand grabbed a handful of ass and she started to feel him swelling up in her hands again. His big dick was as clean as she could get it, but that wasn't going to stop her from continuing. Miranda wasn't going to quit until she had him hard as a rock again so he could shove it right back in her. She didn't even care if he wanted her asshole again, she just wanted more of this man. Miranda was completely drunk on this stranger, a real working man that knew how to fuck her and make her feel like the hottest little slut in town.

"You love my dick, don't yah, darlin'?" He whispered into her ear.

"I do." She told him and kissed him on the collar bone and at his neck. John licked at her ear.

The hand on her ass slipped lower and she felt him finger at her tender asshole. One digit slipped inside and she gasped when he tugged her pucker open and held it there. Miranda flinched and shivered as she felt a new batch of cum bubble up and drip drool down her thighs.

"You want me to fuck you again?" He asked her, and she panted with her snout underneath his chin. She kissed him over his adam's apple.



"Yes!" She gasped again as he tugged her asshole open more. She could feel the cum running down her legs as she couldn't keep it in her anymore. The flood gate that held John's load at bay was wide open and she shuddered as she felt it drain from her slowly.

"My dick. Your cunt." He growled into her ear and she obeyed by wiping off the soap suds with a hand and pressing his stiff head against her folds. He rocked his hips and she felt him push inside her. She moaned for them both as his shaft went right up into her until she was standing on her tip toes. John was so tall, and he pushed her back tight to the shower wall and dropped the hand behind her back to her ass to bounce her up. Feet dangling inches from the shower floor she was impaled again on John's cock. "Mine."

"Yours!" Miranda agreed submissively. He held her in place by pushing against her with his hips and he took the soap from her hand. He kissed her then, and taught her a new use for a bar of soap when she felt him reach behind her and press it up her asshole. She squeaked into his mouth as her lodge it deep inside her until only the very end remain outside. She panicked and worried about it going all the way.

"Keep it there, darlin'. Your dirty asshole needs a good wash." He told her and grabbed her waist and started bouncing her on his cock with the shower wall squeaking like old plastic behind her back.

"John!" She shouted, but it was likely no one could hear them much over the roar of the shower. He kept bouncing her as he stared at her tits as they shook and slung water in all directions as he bucked her up against the wall with every thrust.

The bar of soap was teasing her with the threat up slipping right up in her backside, and she desperate clenched around it to stop the threat from coming true. Miranda couldn't let a bar of soap go up her ass! "John, the soap!"

"Shut it." He said and put his mouth other hers. Shoving her against the wall she couldn't think about anything but the cock hammering her cunt and the bar of soap slipping within the walls of her asshole. She moaned and shouted into his mouth as he fucked her. It felt so good, but the soap! It was slipping! Miranda writhed and squirmed against him as her pussy was fed every inch he had.

She tried to reach for the bar of soap on her own, but it was too slippery and her fingers couldn't grab ahold of it. It slipped deeper and she squealed into his mouth when she felt two of his knuckles pinch her clit. Lightning rushed up her spine and she clawed at her asscheeks to spread them wide as she bounced and dropped onto John's fat pillar. Fall

out! Fall out! She squealed again as her cunt clenched and clamped over John's cock.

He fucked her into another orgasm. She was cumming again, again, with a bar of soap up her ass! Miranda squealed again and John broke the kiss.

"Ah! Ahh!" She screamed her climax. Her orgasm was running hot through her veins as he pressed her harder against the wall until they both could hear something in the sheetrock behind the cheap plastic crack. "John! John! God!"

The bar of soap slipped down slightly and Miranda pulled her asscheeks wider still until it hurt, but the opposite only occurred. She'd opened her asshole and the soap slipped up and popped up inside her. The hard slippery bar lodged itself deep with the sticky load John and pumped up into her and she scream even louder as John merciless pounded her right into the plastic of the shower wall with the sheet rock behind it finally cracking and breaking audibly, right up until he jerked his cock from her, angrily erect.

"John!" She shouted and clawed at him as he let her fall to her knees. His cock slapped her face and he grabbed her by the back of the head and shoved his dick into her mouth. Groping at his thighs the hot water pelted over her face and she could taste the soap still clinging to his prick. He thrust once and she gagged, but the cock was swallowed to its base nonetheless.

She pawed at his thighs and was sitting uncomfortably on her tail. She choked on him, and he pulled back enough to really ram it back home into her throat. John repeated the motion, and she had one brief moment to suck in a half lung of steamy air before he crammed his entire length into her mouth and pressed her back into the shower.

Miranda could feel it. His cock went rigid for a brief second, then it jumped. It was on the second jump she felt the shaft swell in her throat before ejecting another hot load straight down into her gullet. She gagged and held her breath as he continued to pump his load down into her. She could hear him grunting and snarling over her from above even with the hot water roaring overhead and pelting her from above.

It took him too long to finish and she flailed and slapped wet hands against his legs as the bathroom went from a pearly, dingy, white to solid black as she finally was choked out with a pair of stiff throbbing nuts against her chin, and a bar of soap lodged deep up her asshole.

For John, the hot shower had felt good and it had helped to relax all the right muscles, and stiffen one very important one. The first shower was more about fucking, but the second one he'd taken was all about relaxing. Hard to relax too much though when you've got a slut out cold in the other room waiting for you. He tossed the towel over curtain rod and stepped back out in the main room. The slut was still out like a light over on the bed. He found his pants and fished out another cigarette from his back pocket. It was his last one. He spit into the trash can and lit it.

"You sure are a good fuck, darlin'." He said aloud to her before taking a slow drag. He walked around and picked up the ashtray from the nightstand and sat it over on the bed next to her. Puffing at his cigarette he rolled the slut over until she was on her back. John crawled over, pressed his stiffy against her slit. He hilted himself up in her easily. Even though she was unconscious she still felt tight. He tapped his cigarette over on the ashtray.

He started fucking her again, slow and easy. This whore sure was worth the risk. Didn't bother him none if she was passed out, either. Her cunt was still a cunt, and his dick wouldn't know the difference between a bitch awake or asleep. He got himself through several strokes in her before stopping to tap his cigarette in the tray. He wedged it in between the spokes on the tray so her could use both hands on the girl real quick.

Something about this slut was really getting him riled up. He hilted himself to the balls several times and let his nuts drain. Exhaled a cloud of smoke over her and let his dick throb for several seconds. He didn't have to wait long to cum if he wasn't trying to stop it. If there was one thing a lady could count on was his timing, he had that down pat. When he needed to blow he could blow.

When she and him were still fucking in the shower stall she'd passed out on his dick. He'd fucked her little throat a little too long. Gave him a bit of a scare when she fell over limp like that, but she kept breathing just fine. He'd given her a passable toweling then tossed her over on the bed so he could give himself a proper rinse. John had even been generous enough to retrieve the bar of soap from the slut's ass before he took off to shower. Couldn't wash yourself up without a bar of soap after all, John knew.

He wondered how young this slut was. Couldn't be too old a girl if she was this dumb of a whore. John snorted and picked his cigarette back up. Clearly this girl didn't have a daddy worth a damn, nor a mom neither. Any daughter of his that acted this way would have gotten a red raw ass from day one.

John slipped himself out and hopped off the bed. His dick dripped a few extra stains onto the old and worn carpeting. Like a gentleman, he could be one of those from time to time if he cared enough to be, he picked up the slut's outfit and gave it a toss into one of the chairs. He found her wallet.

"Huh." He puffed out a small cloud of smoke. Looked like her ID said she was 21. John pressed his thumb against it through the window and slid the license out the side of the wallet. He chuckled. A real license ain't made of laminated paper, is it? The print looked real enough at least. It'd be enough to get passed a lazy bouncer or security guard.

So, she was younger, like he'd thought earlier. John didn't know how young. Bars need you to be 21. She could have been 20 and 11 months for all he knew. But, he gave her a look over. Saw his spunk drooling out her cunt as she snoozed. Girl was worn out. He pushed the card back into her wallet and looked at the name. He recognised the surname.

There was a bitch he used to fuck, way way back when he was a regular around these parts. She was a lizard, like himself and the slut lying over on the bed. He felt there was a resemblance between the two women. He took his last good drag on the cigarette before stepping over to the ash tray to put it out.

"16 maybe." He speculated out loud. Had it really been 16 or so years since John'd last fucked ole Marsha? John speculated on it a lil more, and yeah, might just have been. After he went and put a bun in her oven he'd decided to skip town and look for greener pastures two states over. He wasn't prepared to put up with the old ball and chain back then, or ever. Not to her at least. Good whores seldom make good wives, which was an assessment built from his wealth of experience of fucking more than one wife that wasn't his own.

This bitch though on the bed? Definitely a whore like her mother. John picked up the ashtray and sat it back on the nightstand. He figured if this slut ever got married she'd turn around and lift her tail to whatever man had a dick stiff enough to fuck her. Like her mother.

He crawled back onto the bed and gave the girl a kiss. She didn't reciprocate of course. Slut kept on snoozing like a 5 year old in the back seat of a car. Moving down to one of her tits he enveloped one fat nipple with his lips. If this girl really was his bastard, then he had to hand it to him and Marsha. They made a smoking hot bitch together. Didn't bother him none if he knocked her up, either. He had a new job starting up in Oklahoma, and tomorrow morning he'd be long gone. Doubted he'd ever see this girl again.

John made it a point to fuck another load into her cunt. Something about fucking what might have been his own bastard daughter had him turned on enough to make sure she missed her next period. Wouldn't be his problem if she did.