



The Boyfriend

by Caesar(92)

My name is Louise Smithyrs, and I'm the wife of a wonderful but busy man. I am also the mother of Samantha, Sam for short, a eighteen year-old rebellious teenager. For three months Sam has been seeing this boy, an eighteen year-old grade eleven student, who I believe is a bad influence on my daughter. As evidence; she has begun to get bad grades, skipping school, began smoking, swearing... I could go on for a long time, all because of this boy Joel.

I have always been known for my sweet, calm disposition. So when Sam brought this boy home for supper, the first time her father and I met him, I was prepared for the worst, yet planned to act civil. Even if I thought my only daughter was sleeping with this delinquent. After several arguments, which left the whole house feeling nervous and uneasy, I finally agreed to let Joel over.

As I thought, the boy that she was holding hands with in the foyer of our home looked just as I feared. He looked grubby and unshaven, thin and pale complexion, his torn jeans showed more than it hid, and he had a gleam in his eye that I immediately didn't like. He shook my hand, it was warm and dry, and he lingered for what seemed like a long time. They went to the living room to await dinner, and I went to the kitchen to get the supper set.

I finished what needed to be done, mindlessly. While thinking of how to get my beloved daughter away from that loser. The way she hung over him, always kissing his neck, the mindless giggle she did whenever he spoke. It all grated upon my nerves. My daughter deserved better than "that", she was gorgeous and smart, who could be anything she wanted. If only she didn't get in with the wrong crowd.

Our home life was mediocre, boring. It was the life I choose after having a father that moved all over the world and who was rarely home, since he was in the army. Sure I was unsatisfied with my lot in life, but wasn't about to throw that away. I had lived the way I have for nineteen years, mostly for my daughter, to give her the home life I never had.

I called everyone to the dining room. With the swinging door wide open I began to lift a plate heaped with food onto the large round table. I was about to get the last platter with the roast beef, when I noticed Joel was sitting next to my spot, and able to see out the kitchen. I didn't think much of it at the time.

The first indication that something was wrong was when I felt like I was being

watched, as I was bent over the oven pulling out the still hot roast, an almost physical touch as I could feel eyes looking at my bum. I turned around, while still bent over, my hands busy. There was Joel, his eyes gleaming as he starred unabashed at my round bottom. He noticed my startled look and smiled into my surprised eyes, then smugly returned to studying my ass.

My hand slipped from the tray, but luckily I caught it before a real mess happened. Quickly I set the pan down on the counter, still feeling the boys eyes on my backside. I inventoried my clothes, was their something he could see? Nothing. I was wearing a loose summer skirt and blouse, flat shoes and had my hair tied up in the back.

Just before I was about to lift the platter to the dining room, I realized the sunlight streaming in from the large window above the sink was filtering through my thin skirt and allowing the boy a glimpse of my shape. Of course I was wearing underwear, so nothing could actually be seen, except perhaps my bright white panties, but I knew my indications of the young man had been right.

Joel watched me walk all the way into the dining room, his eyes not leaving my long still-thin legs and crotch area. I almost lost my step as my left foot tripped over my right. Luckily, again I missed having a terrible mess. The large oval plate was set down between my daughter and her boyfriend. My husband complemented me on the meal he hadn't begun yet, while handing me the carving knife and fork, giving me the honors.

The three of them were making small talk when I thought I felt the bottom of my skirt move. I froze for a second then returned to cutting the large juicy roast. Softly and gently a warm hand lay on the back of my lower thigh. Joel was touching me, I stopped carving and looked down at the little snout, and had to control myself when he smiled innocently at me. Brave since I was still holding a large knife. What should I do? Tell my husband, scream rape, carve up the "turkey"?

I went back to the roast and ignored the hand, hoping he would tire and drop it. Besides it hadn't moved an inch. I knew now would not be a good time to convince my daughter of her boyfriends devious ways. Later would be better, easier on her, since even I remember the hurt of losing a young love.

My teeth bit into my bottom lip as his rough hand slide up the back of my thigh. I almost screamed my hurt and frustration as he slid up to cup my left buttock in a firm grip. I had figured the little shit would be as nervous as I when he touched me, just over active hormones. But I was wrong, he was dangerous, and I had to get rid of him somehow without hurting Sam, and fast.

I could feel my face flush, and I struggled to finish the roast, hoping to get this meal over as fast as possible. The hand was pushing itself into the crack of my ass, pressing the cotton panties and two fingers deep into the crevice until I felt it press against the hard bud of my anus.

He didn't stay their long, but took his fingers out of my crack and expertly slipped them under the elastic leg band of my panties. His hand was now cupping a naked warm buttock, squeezing hard, pulling them apart, slapping silently. I knew no one could see his movements behind me, yet hoped.

I tightened my asscheeks and pressed my legs together, not wanting him to explore lower into my groove. He had been about to slide his fingers into the crack when I tightened my still muscular cheeks. I again looked down, and had to control myself, feeling the urge to stick the fork into his eye. He surprised me with a painful pinch on my ass, and I jumped.

My answer to my husbands obvious question was that I had almost cut my finger, he believed me. And since I was almost done, let me finish.

Well Joel had succeeded in getting his fingers into my ass crack, one was even trying to enter my tight virgin anus. I tried to ignore the humiliation I felt as my backside was open for his amusement. I felt his thick digit enter a full inch into my tight rear hole, and held back tears of rage and pain.

Finally, I finished carving the meat and pulled away from his grasp then sat down in my seat. My husband said grace, and then we all dug into the meal. I half expected the little-shit to again grab my thigh, but since my leg was under the table I could easily stab him with a fork. But instead, he ignored me and spoke charmingly to my husband and daughter.

A movement in the corner of my eye, caused me to turn towards Joel and my daughter. Joel had turned his chair towards me slightly giving me a view of his lap. And their over his crotch was my daughters dainty little hand, rubbing along the obvious bulge in his pants. Neither of their faces revealed anything, except he turned towards me and flashed a smile of triumph my way.

God I hated him!

I had to get rid of him as soon as possible, to prove to my daughter what kind of boy he was. If nothing else he was definitely lacking in the social graces. And my daughter was too good for him. My eyes continued to look upon the sight of Sam's hand stroking the large man-organ inside the boys pants. A part of me, deep inside, wanted to see what it looked like.

Supper was over, my husband made his apologies and left to go to work,

Sam said they were going to a movie but Joel interrupted and asked to see her room. Of course my daughter agreed, she coddled the little shit. He sat while my daughter helped clear the table, something she never did.

Joel patted my behind as I walked by, I spun about to verbally abuse him, when he spoke up, "Your a gorgeous broad Mrs. Smithyrs, great ass!" My face must have shown my hate, "Next I want to feel those big titties of yours!" His smile showed his fearless lust. Just when I was about to tell the shit to go to hell, Sam walked in. I went to the kitchen and didn't go back into the dining room until I heard the two of them close the door to my daughters room.

I know I was unnecessarily sneaking around and should have just threw the bugged out, but something inside me caused my heart to pump wildly. I snuck down the hall to my daughters room, I could hear Joel's deep voice but couldn't make out the words. So I snuck around to the spare bedroom and its adjoining bathroom it shared with Sam's room.

The door to my daughters room was open slightly, and I could hear Joel talking. "Wider babe, show me how its done." I reached the door and peeked around the corner, I almost fainted to the bathroom floor.

There lying on her bed, was my daughter, her jeans were off and her panties around only one ankle. Sam's right hand was sliding up and down the length of her wide open crotch, her legs as wide as she could get them. Unfortunately she was facing me.

Joel was sitting near the end of the bed facing my daughter, studying her. "Your a great piece of tail Sam, a woman of twenty-five couldn't be better looking. Slide a finger up your snatch girl!"

Two pairs of eyes watched as my daughter slide a finger up her slightly open vagina, when she withdrew it, it was coated in a clear film of juice. My daughter was masturbating with that slime watching her, ordering her. If their was a gun in the house I believe I would have shot him.

I realized, Joel had turned his head and was starring right at me. "Open your legs wider Sam, give me a good show." He ordered, while smiling his contempt. Slowly, without taking his eyes off me he lay down next to my daughters body. His free hand lifting up her tee-shirt and pulling down her bra. My daughters little poky breasts wiggled freely. He just continued to stare at me, while bending down to suck on the closest nipple, his hand going to the other nipple and roughly pinching it.

This all was for me to see, Joel had planned on this show, not for himself since I was sure he had already experienced my daughters charms. But now he wanted mine.

His hand left her nipple to slide down to Sam's almost hairless crotch, without slowing down he pushed his middle finger into her vagina, sinking it all the way. Obviously my daughter was no virgin. For the first time my daughter spoke, or rather moaned, "I love you Joel... yes, deeper baby...I'll do anything...I'll show you I'm better than all the rest..."

All the rest? I believe she was trying to act older than her eighteen years, perhaps to feel like part of the crowd. To fit in.

"Of course you'll show me Sam, you know I like my bitches slutty."

"Yes Joel, anything!" She moaned, wiggling around on the bed, as his finger simulated a penis driving into her sex. "Let me cum for you, see how wet I am? Just for you babe."

He continued to watch me, "Damn your hot babe, your cunt is so fucking tight!" He bit her nipple causing her to wince. "Time to get on your knees slut, show me that ass!" As if she was an automation, she rolled over breathlessly, and pulled her knees up under her, letting her shoulders lay on the pillow. "Arch your back slut, show me your best feature."

Joel was kneeling next to my daughters round ass, her back was indeed arched downward causing her ass to round outwards and her ass crack to widen all the way to her vagina. He pulled her lower ass cheek apart, letting me view my own daughters slimy wet cunt hole. I was disgusted and infatuated at the same time.

"Your fucking wet babe!"

"Yes..."

"Shit its sliding down your thighs." It was. "Perhaps I could help you somehow?" He was baiting, and she took the hook groaning and wiggling her ass seductively. Definitely not the Samantha I knew. "Yup a tight wet cunt like yours would feel good wrapped around my hard cock. Wouldn't it girl?"

"God, yes...!"

He again turned to me, his finger sliding into her sex. "You sure babe, since your mom is only down the hall? We wouldn't want to be disturbed?" That stopped her moaning, causing her to return to reality, thinking. "Of course a mature woman wouldn't give a shit who was in the next room as long as she pleased her man!"

"Fuck me babe." She didn't sound convinced, but still excited.

"Perhaps I better see if she's busy," meaning me, "I'll be right back." He stood and went to the door. "While I'm gone I want you to finger that cunt of yours, keep it wet for me!"

"Yes Joel." She sounded lost.

I backed out of the bathroom as I heard Joel exit my daughters room. I went back to the kitchen, he wasn't there, and to the dining room. He was sitting regale in the hard backed chair, smiling as he waited for me.

"You a hot bitch aren't you? Just like your daughter," he held up his little finger, "who is wrapped around my finger. Perhaps you would like to be wrapped around something?" He grabbed his bulge in his jeans.

My knees almost gave out, I honestly didn't know what to do. I was shaking with anger and excitement, I could feel the dampness coating my cotton panties, I knew my voice wouldn't work even if I knew what to say. I felt like killing him and fucking him at the same time.

Thinking back I can't believe I actually got excited at this little shit, he was totally opposite from my type. Perhaps it was the way my daughter let him talk to her, the way he brazenly radiated sex. I don't know.

When I didn't say anything he stood up and his hand went to my neck. At first I didn't know what he was doing, until he pushed my blouse aside. "You want to fuck me don't you bitch!"

It wasn't a question. He pushed the blouse off my shoulders and then walked around me, I could feel his warm hands on my back and on the bra. He unhooked it and the bra fell immediately to my feet.

Joel reached around and hefted a large breast in each of his hands. Roughly he squeezed them, pushed them together, fingered the hard nipples and slapped the tender skin. All the while I didn't resist one bit.

He whispered into my ear, "You know I'm going to fuck you don't ya?" He pinched my nipple, hard, when I didn't answer him. It hurt.

I mumbled, "Yes."

Then he pushed me hard, and I fell to my hands and knees, his foot came up and pressed against my back. "That's it slut, on your knees like a dog in heat!" I hated him.

Joel went back to his chair, while I froze on the floor, waiting for him to tell me what he wanted. Pitiful.

"Crawl over here and take out my cock!" Again an order, and again I didn't refuse. Slowly, on hands and knees, I crawled over to kneel between his wide stretched knees, my breasts swaying under me with every move. My fingers fumbled with the zipper of his jeans.

Frantically I pulled them down, and dug under his underwear bringing out his large hard cock. It was bigger than I had ever seen, just as I suspected when I saw the bulge at dinner. He must have seen the look in my eyes, "He's big ain't he?" Referring to his male organ. "Now suck it bitch!"

My eyes measured the proportions of the young mans cock, seven and a half, eight inches of gorgeous man-meat. Roughly the young man clenched at my long hair, and pulled me towards his cock. My tightly closed lips touched the hard velvet tip of his sex, he wiggled my head against him trying to force himself into my mouth. When he realized I wasn't about to give up without a fight, he pulled my head up and with his other hand slapped me hard on my face.

Again he pulled me down on his sex, this time my mouth opened and the hard meat slid silently into and down my throat. Truthfully, my mouth had been watering since first seeing the throbbing passion pole, but only my honor had kept me from giving in too quickly.

I barely controlled the reflex muscle in the back of my throat from gagging, as his penis head hit the back of my throat. I could smell his man sweat, rancid and thick, my nose pressed into his thick patch of coarse pubic hairs.

I was deep throating Joey's long thick cock, and loving it!

His hand roughly pulled me up by the hair and then forced it down again. I allowed it, while acting passive I was truly playing a dual role, not wanting him to realize I was enjoying the sexual punishment I was receiving.

I sensed movement in the corner of my eye!

Samantha was standing in the doorway to the dining room. Her face showing her disgust and hate at the scene before her. I saw that she had hurriedly dressed before coming out, though she didn't wear any bra and her tee shirt wasn't tucked into her jeans. I remembered that I hated this young punk, and that my job as a mother was to protect my child, it was a natural instinct. I stretched my eyes up to peer at his face, his eyes were clenched closed and his head back enjoying the oral sensations he was receiving.

I wondered what was going to happen, when I felt the penis quickly get slightly larger, the head expanding wide, while his balls were jerking spasmodically. The boys hand pulled my face off his lap, while his cock shot

his load onto my face and his lap.

My daughter watched as her mother was "forced" to coat her lips and face with the white thick goo. I forced a hateful look on my face, trying to pull away from the strong grip. Finally I did, I fell onto my side and covered my breasts, pulled my knees up to my chest and whimpered.

Loudly my daughter yelled, "You fucking asshole! You god damned jerk! Get the fuck out of my house!" I couldn't see but could hear her slap the large boy, trying to kick him out of our house. Unknown to anyone but me, my hand slid between my legs and a finger slide up and down the length of my slit, centering on my clitoris. I needed to cum bad!

"Sam, she wanted me babe...She's not even my type..." I heard another slap, "I would never fuck another cunt besides you..." wrong thing to say.

"Y..you raped my mother! You fucking pig!" The sounds of the couple were close to the front door.

He was getting mad, "Look the bitch asked for it, she needed to feel good. Your old man probably can't even get it up anymore." Mistake number two...

My daughter loved her father more than anything, he was a saint to her. I heard a loud oaf, then the door slammed shut.

All was quiet!

My daughter came over and knelt next to me, I could hear the sound of her crying softly, she laid a small hand gently on my shoulder. I began to cry hysterically while saying between sobs, "He forced me...don't tell your father, it'll kill him...he hurt me so bad..." I sat up and wrapped my arms around her shoulders, my face buried in her neck. I was conscious of my large breasts pressing against her own soft chest.

"Just hold me...I feel so dirty..."

My clitoris was itchy and I wanted to give it attention but couldn't. "I love you!" I poured out my soul, then broke down and cried loudly.

Sam also cried, she whispered sorry over and over, her hands gently stroking my long hair and warm back. Trying to calm me, but only succeeded in upsetting herself.

I knew I had won!

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