

Teen Sluts Just 16

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Even as he drove her home he didn't speak to her. Amy had no idea what to think. He wasn't angry or upset. He'd just been pulled out of work to come pick her up, and he wasn't even annoyed? Why was he acting so cold? Had he given up on her or something? Had she screwed up or something, or was this just another way for her dad to torment her? The girl struggled to keep those thoughts at bay all night long until finally she fell asleep horny, tired, and confused. The following day, Saturday morning, Amy was awoken by a stream of cum spraying onto her face. The young teenager couldn't even open her eyes: cum coated both of them. She gasped and whimpered with dreamy delight: her father wasn't ignoring her anymore! When she finally wiped away the cum and blinked her coated eyelids open, she saw him standing above her, looking down at her with a look of disgust on his face. She simply smiled lazily back. The horny, practically brainwashed girl sat up in her bed and wiped the remaining cum away from her eyes with the back of her hand. Realizing she was alone, the 14-year-old teenager tentatively licked her tongue out at the strings of cum on her hand. She'd never tasted her daddy's semen before, and this realization made the girl come to life. She sat up straight and examined her hand again before greedily licking up and swallowing the rest of her father's jizz. It tasted strange and perverse on her tongue, and for a brief moment she wondered what the hell she was doing. And then thoughts of him fucking her the other night fired back into her brain and she

smiled. Thank God, she thought. The previous two days had worried her, but it was clear now that he intended to keep her as his little whore. He would keep her in line, like he'd explained the other night, keep her from becoming a drugged-out pregnant teenager. He would teach her to be a good little slut. She wouldn't have to worry or feel guilty anymore about anything sexual. While she showered the young teenager thought about Elissa. It had been days since the two girls had been able to hang out. Maybe today her dad would want her to go over there. Maybe he'd ask her to bring Elissa home or something. Excited by this idea, Amy quickly dressed and went downstairs to the kitchen. Nervously she stepped down out of the cab. She stood before her father and waited. Part of her wanted to say something to him, but she was too timid to do so. He'd broken her willful teenage defiance even though she needed it now more than ever. He was staring down at her as he said ominously, "I'll be back by five. Be good. Remember that this is my boss. This is important." Taking a deep breath, Amy walked up to the porch with her small purse gripped tightly in her hands. She wished she had worn clothes more suitable for doing chores just then, and for more than one reason. Her outfit was typical for the girl: a pair of tight, pale green Capri pants and a sheer cotton sweater. The sweater was actually two pieces of clothing, though. The first layer was a dark green tank-top with a scoop neckline that showed a bit of her adolescent cleavage; the second layer was a light, sheer

cotton white sweater with long sleeves. The outfit gave her a cute, sexy-innocent look. It was a look Amy wasn't exactly excited to have just now, though. She followed him and the large dog through the dining room and toward the basement door. As they walked Dennis talked nonstop. He explained how he'd once had the basement organized perfectly, but that over the last few years everything had become chaotic down there. His wife was out of town with their sons, he said, and he'd figured for weeks that this would be the perfect opportunity to get everything back in order. The way he spoke, Amy almost believed he was serious about this, too. He seemed to be a stickler for organization. Perhaps he really had just wanted help and nothing more. After all, she hadn't caught him staring at her inappropriately yet. In fact, he seemed like a nice guy almost. Weird, definitely, but nice. For the next hour Amy worked hard. It wasn't an easy job, she realized right away. Some of the boxes were stacked pretty high and she was forced to go up on her tippy-toes to get to them, and more than once she'd almost fallen over trying to do so. Also, the boxes were a mess, just as Dennis had said. She found Halloween decorations mixed in with Christmas lights; plastic Easter eggs mixed in with children's toys, that sort of thing. The sound of Dennis' drill filled the basement, drowning out the annoying Country music he'd put on. Chilly, the Great Dane, occasionally walked over and observed her at work, but he didn't bother her. Mostly the teenage girl just got lost in the task at hand and time

seemed to slip by. It was a total relief, actually, to do this work. She was working so hard she didn't have time to worry about her father's motivations or her own deep, somewhat suppressed shame and humiliation at what he'd done to her. All she could think about was which item went in which box. Eventually she was bending over a stack of unsorted boxes, trying her best to reach a folded up, unused one in the back. She stretched her arm as far as she could and just barely touched it. Finally she got her hand on it and pulled back triumphantly, bringing the folded up box out with her. To her surprise she stumbled backwards into Dennis. Now he looked pissed off. "Look, what's your problem?" he asked as though grabbing her butt was a perfectly normal thing for a grown man to do to a 14-year-old girl. What had her father told him about her, she wondered for the hundredth time this morning? Had her daddy promised him something, or was this guy just a big perverted jerk? The red headed teenager was biting her lower lip and trembling from head to toe. "Please don't call my dad," she pleaded softly. "I... I didn't mean to be a bitch. I was just... surprised. That's all." She tensed when his other hand reached around her, then, and firmly gripped her butt. She felt him squeeze it harshly and then began to rub it, just as the hand stroking her hair slid down her neck and began to cup her right breast through her top. She wringed her hands nervously as she endured his groping. This obviously wasn't the first time a guy had roamed his hands over

her body, but she couldn't stand the fact it was being done against her will and that she really had no choice but to endure it. She fought away tears as he more boldly molested her, sliding both hands down her sides now, and then up under her tight shirt. They made contact with her bra and squeezed her tits harshly at she gasped at the pain. The next day as my mom was gone again (she was always leaving during the day) I opened the drawer and found a 8 inch candle that looked just the right size around to stretch but not hurt me. I went to the sofa and got naked again. I played with my nipples and rubbed my clit until I was good and wet. The online site had given me several ideas. Besides the candle it suggested a baseball bat, not sure about that one. A hair brush, too small. A bedpost, might slip and impale myself. Then one that intrigued me. The suggested a screwdriver with a bumpy handle. It just so happened that we had a large screwdriver that had a handle with bumps all over it. I went to the utility drawer and found it, returning to the sofa. I was still wet from the candle so when I pushed the handle end in, it sank easily, the nubs massaging me as it sank in. I was fucking myself with the handle and had lost track of time. I was just about to have another orgasm when the door opened and my mom came in, freezing in the entrance to the room when she saw me with a screwdriver in my cunt! It was too late that day but the next day we walked to the river path just past noon. We found my beach and waited, but no one came along. We

were disappointed but determined so the following day we tried again. We were just about to give up when we heard masculine voices approaching. I squealed when I saw your username, Zelda. I was utterly fascinated by Marilyn as a teenager in the 80s, and loved that Zelda Zonk was one of her pseudonyms. Your reply to the real quotes was also fabulous. Thanks! ? Well they also wore high rising pants back then. The waistline would cover the belly button. Her pants would actually be fitted at the waist and not around the hips. If anyone has seen the high rising pants before, you would now they round out towards the bottom, so her pants would of fit just fine. If she was still alive these days, she would probably be wearing leggings or hipster jeans that sit just at the hips. Her waist would be covered by a shirt ? All thanks to th best herbalist in the world,i tell you i have been searching for the best way to get a big buttocks and as well get a good shape for the passed two years now. i have tried so many things i have even gone to gym to see if i can get this good curve,i have done different body exercise for two years.Just last month i came across this great herbalist known as Dr zubia who in just two weeks changed me. Now i have a good body shape and i am happy too,i want to use this privilege to tell all those who are seeking for the same solution to contact the best herbalist on i know he can also increase the size of buttocks and breast base on your requirements.() Virtuous

ignorance among the fat is an abomination. Eat keto or paleo and the weight just melts off and your health improves enormously and rapidly. You are fat mostly because you eat industrial food, designed to earn profits. PERIOD. Slut-shaming has correlation to an individual's socio-economic status, which is characterized by wealth, education, and occupation. In the 18th century, "slut" was a common term used by men and upper-class women to degrade lower-class female servants.[22] The context behind upper-class women and men calling their servants a "slut" includes when the servants were being sexually assaulted by their male employers. Upper-class women calling other women "sluts" proved their adherence to their socio-economic status over their gender.

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