

The Making Of a Whore- Part 1

The Making of A Whore

Chapter One

Lydia huddled quietly in the dark corner alley feeling the crisp cold air crush her body and nearly send her asthmatic lungs into a spasm. She coughed as silently as she could and covered herself more tightly with the shawl wrapping her body. She didn't know how she would make it another night on the cold damp streets. She thought maybe she should suck it up and just go home. But she knew her grandparents would punish her severely. Newly of age Lydia was determined there had to be something better than putting up with her Uncle and her grandparents. They just didn't understand the freedom she needed, didn't understand she needed her friends, her activities, her boyfriend. But ever since the abortion seeing Russ had been out of the question. They forbade her from seeing him, and he never ever wanted to see her again, not after finding out she was no longer carrying his baby.

They had done it one time, one time only and that was all it took. But Lydia knew in the back of her mind, it may have been the other time. That one other time.. With.. She closed her eyes tight didn't want to think about it. But the images of her Uncle Frank forcing her legs apart raped her brain.

Lydia felt her body start to relax and slowly felt herself start to drift off. Enough of Uncle Frank.. She won't think about it.

Lydia awoke with a start feeling a sharp poke poking her in the chest and a flash light shining in her face. "Oh god." She thought what now. She stared up at the hard face, and then down a bit more to the badge on his chest.

"Miss, sorry no vagrancy move on!" he said in a sharp tone.

"Yes." Lydia nodded getting to her feet. "I am sorry." she muttered looking at the ground.

"I will never understand you young women going to the most dangerous places in town when you run off." The officer shook his head in disgust. "Go home if you know what's good for you."

Lydia nodded and quickly started to make her way down the alley and into the street, looking behind her to make sure she wasn't being followed. It was the second time in three nights an officer had told her to move on. Lydia walked a bit further chilled to the bone vaguely aware that she wasn't thinking clearly. Lack of sleep, hunger it was all taking its toll. In the distance she heard faint sirens, police cars, fire trucks, very busy city which scared her when she was used to her small town.

Lydia heard the faint sound of a car coming up beside her. She walked a little faster but the car slowed. She heard the sound of the windows rolling down. "Hey you girl what you doing out here," It was a male voice with a deep southern tone. She looked over, it looked to be a black male in his late twenties. Lydia picked up her pace. "Your homeless aren't you, girl your gonna freeze to death." Lydia turned and looked at the stranger a tear forming in her eyes trying to keep warm. "I got a warm car here its my home," the stranger said with a grin. "and you need to get warm, I'll let you in here for the night, get you some food, you just got to be a little nice to me. "

"What do you mean?" Lydia asked walking closer to the car. She leaned down to peer in. "Its so cold mister."

"Not much baby you get in here and suck my cock, keep me warm and you will make it through the night. Its twenty degrees, I have some bologna."

Lydia stared into the mans deep dark eyes and knew she didn't have a choice. She had no where to go, nowhere to stay. Lydia nodded and walked over to the passenger side of the old car and crawled in.

"There you go baby see not that bad. Come scoot next to me we will find a place to park it for the night. My names Marcus what's yours?"

"Lydia." She stated coldly looking ahead at the road feeling her body start to warm from the cold.

"Pretty white girl like you shouldn't be out there on that street Lydia." Marcus laughed pulling into what looked like a deserted warehouse parking lot.

And Marcus was right Lydia was very pretty. Cool green eyes, long flowing red hair, curves in all the right places, she may have been eighteen but she certainly looked older and more mature. The only thing that may have gave away her age was the high school Senior class sweatshirt she wore on her back.

"I really need that sandwich." Lydia begged as Marcus shut the engine off.

"Ok baby," Marcus leaned over into the back seat and grabbed what looked like a sandwich wrapped in newspaper. Handing it to her the bread felt old and stale but she ate it quickly for fear he would take it back. She hunched down in the seat and relaxed finally having a warm place to rest a moment.

She saw Marcus out of the corner of her eye still messing around with stuff in the back seat. He came back up front and lit up a long joint. Inhaling deeply he turned and laughed when he seen the expression on Lydia's face. "Have some girl." He said putting the joint in front of her.

"I've never.." She stammered.

"Come-on it will make the night pass easier, just a little." Lydia took the joint from his hands and took a quick puff inhaling and then coughed the pot hit her lungs. She waited a moment and felt her body start to relax.

"Now for me." Marcus said grinning at her "Don't worry I can tell your not a street whore, but a girls gotta do what a girls gotta do."

Lydia bit her lower lip knowing what was coming. She thought to herself wondering if there was away out of it, but she couldn't see a way. She looked down as she saw Marcus undo the buttons on his jeans and pulled her closer. "Its ok baby I wont hurt you, just use that pretty little mouth and make me happy."

Lydia reached over and reached her cold hands down into Marcus's pants finding his cock she lightly began to stroke him. She felt a bit sick to her stomach and her mind was crying no but she knew what she needed to do.

"Yea baby." Marcus moaned feeling her soft hands lightly stroke his shaft up and down. "That's it be a good little whore." She felt his hand on the back of her head pushing her down to his cock. She smelled him the moment her head reached his lap. Lydia pulled his cock the rest of the way out of his pants and lightly licked her lips. Her soft red hair fell around him as she lowered her mouth down upon his thick black cock.

Lydia had only seen two cocks in her life. She gasped at the size of Marcus. Just as she gasped she felt him ram his cock deep into her mouth pushing at the back of her throat.

"Suck it bitch." Marcus moaned. Lydia cried out as she felt herself start to gag. She relaxed her muscles and pulled up her head. She lightly traced his member with her tongue licking lightly on the head tasting his salty pre cum in her mouth. She lightly licked down the base down a little further her tongue flicking at his balls.

She surprisingly felt herself growing wet. Her pussy which normally never responds was responding to sucking this cock. She pushed her mouth down once again taking all of Marcus in her mouth. Her sucking noises combined with Marcus's heavy breathing. She could tell he was enjoying the cock sucking he was getting. As his excitement built she felt him start to pulsate one long thrust into her mouth, to the back of her throat she felt the warm salty semen spew into her mouth. The taste and the sensation new to her she felt herself start to gag. Marcus quickly handed her a tissue lifting her head she did the best she could to swallow the huge load he had given her. He handed her a bottle of water she quickly took a drink.

"Good girl." Marcus smiles. "Did that make your panties wet?"

"Yes." Lydia admitted nodding her head.

"I'm not going to fuck you tonight sweetie, I have a woman, but I would love to see you play with that pussy. Get yourself off you little cum slut. Would you like that Lydia?"

Lydia nodded. "Take them pants down and let me see that pussy," Marcus ordered. "And don't be offended when I call you a whore, but baby after that, it is what you are deal with it."

Lydia pushed her jeans off quickly looking around outside to make sure no one could see. She pushed her light yellow panties down next feeling their dampness. She leaned back against the passenger door and put her legs in the seat. She slowly parted her legs and moistened her fingers with her mouth.

"That's it baby make your self happy." Marcus begged. Lydia lay back a little more and spread her legs so that Marcus could get a full view of her

tight wet pussy. She knew she was being very bad but suddenly she didn't care. All she cared about that very moment was her orgasm.

She slowly started stroking her clit. Closing her eyes she felt her passion start to build. She so needed to cum. So needed the escape from the feeling it would give her. Rubbing herself faster in a circular motion she so wanted something inside of her. She reached down further and lightly inserted one finger into her wet gushing pussy. Lydia moaned loudly bucking her hips picturing Marcus's hard thick cock in her mouth. Remembering the taste of his cum running down her lips and out of her mouth. She felt her finger being pushed away from her pussy opening as she still worked her clit. She gasped as she felt a hard object enter her.

"You looked like you needed help." Marcus whispered pulling the object out of her pussy showing her the end of a hair brush and quickly putting it back in. "Your pussy is not good enough for my cock baby." he whispered. "Fuck the brush." Lydia moaned loudly as she felt her body start the quake. Her orgasm released and she felt wet liquid spurt out of her, as her pussy spasm's clutched the brush in her tight opening. "Good girl, get dressed." Marcus ordered. "You are just the type of girl the streets need." He said with a laugh as he started the car to warm it again.

Chapter 2

Lydia looked at herself in the bathroom mirror. She had managed to get a quick shower in the truck stop showers. Marcus had given her tooth paste and a toothbrush samples of shampoo and conditioner and told her to get her filthy ass cleaned up. As she looked in the mirror she realized at least after a nights sleep she didn't look so haggard as she had the day before. Her stomach had even ceased to rumbling after the breakfast Marc had fed her. It wasn't much cold biscuit and sausage a café had thrown out. Marcus had gave her two options that morning. Go home, or with him to Memphis where the streets weren't as dangerous. He had told her its where he's from he was going to see his baby and his babies mama, his woman. He had told her she cant stay with him, but he would be around and about to see about her on the streets. All they needed was the gas money to get the rest of the way there.

She knew there was no way she was going to go home. There was nothing there for her. And while Memphis was four hours from home maybe she could start new there. So she agreed to helping Marcus get the gas money when he suggested it. One time would not make her a hooker or a prostitute. She wasn't taking the money he was, so she wasn't getting paid. She bargained with herself that she was not a paid whore. Even though the night before she had let a perfectly strange man fuck her mouth for a place to sleep.

Lydia met Marcus back outside of the truck stop. A large man stood beside him. He looked quiet greasy and a bit threatening. Marcus took Lydia aside and told her to go with the man he got fifty dollars. "What does he want?" Lydia asked.

"I dunno." Marcus replied flatly. "You find out."

Lydia followed the strange man to his rig and took the help he offered as she entered it.

"In the back." he grunted. "Get the pants off I just got a few minutes, got to get back on the road."

He sneered at her as she quickly removed her pants and panties. She saw the sleeper cab bed and lay down patting the bed beside her. He shook his head.

"Roll over whore I am not fucking that nasty pussy." Lydia felt him grab her and push her quickly to her knees, bending her over forcefully holding her head to the bed she heard him unbuckle his belt and heard his zipper go down. "Get that ass in the air." He said roughly.

"No I... Please no." Lydia pleaded.

"Shut the fuck up bitch." She felt him push her ass cheeks apart and forcefully push his hard cock in her dry ass.

Lydia cried out in pain feeling as if the strange mans cock was ripping her ass into. She heard him spit on his hand and then felt a little moisture enter her ass. She cried out in pain tears rolling down her cheeks. She heard him grunt a few times and then he was done. She felt his body trembled as he came in her young ass. "Get out of here girl don't know what your crying about you wanted it and the fifty bucks." He punched her forcefully in the back knocking the wind out of her and she heard him leave the truck.

Lydia watched as the scenery went by. She was still crying from what the truck driver had done to her. Marcus kept asking her what he did. but she refused. After thirty or so minutes he had had enough and pulled off the interstate and took an old country road. He parked the car and looked at her.

"I want to know right now what you had to do, don't not answer me Lydia. You don't want me to leave you here Marcus demanded.

"God he did my ass okay, are you happy," Lydia bellowed out feeling her cheeks start to burn. "I had never in my life, never.."

Marcus patted the seat beside him and pulled her over to him. "I am sorry baby, I am here to take care of you while you are with me. Stuff like that gets easier. I promise."

Lydia wiped the tears from her eyes and buried her face into his chest and let him hold her.

"Did it feel good at all describe it?" Marcus enquired.

"No it hurt, It hurt like he was ripping me in to. He was forceful and mean, he hurt me." Lydia cried.

"Its ok baby lets make you feel better ok, like last night make you feel better. Will you do that for me." Marcus asked.

Lydia nodded thinking it was very sweet of Marcus to be so caring of her feelings. She felt him unbuttoning her pants and pulling them down over her hips, he tugged at her panties and ripped them away from her. "Its ok baby you will feel better now."

Lydia laid back against the passenger window once again and spread her legs for Marcus. "You have such a pretty pussy baby. Stroke it show me how you like it."

"Mmm my clits so hard." Lydia purred.

Marcus reached down in the floor board and picked up a corona bottle. "Lets try this ok baby,"

"I want you Marcus." Lydia whimpered.

"No I can't baby I told you I have a woman. Pretend this is me." Lydia closed her eyes as she felt the cold hard end of the glass bottle enter her pussy. "Your such a whore baby, only whores will fuck anything to get off. Come on baby get off for me. And maybe later you can earn us a steak dinner?"

Lydia moaned feeling her pussy start to gush again. Her body spasming, things she had never experienced before the day before. At that moment she knew she might just do anything for Marcus.

Dinner was good. They had ate right outside of Memphis. Lydia had scored the money off a guy for the dinner with out really doing much. Marcus set it up. This time all that was required was a hand job. Thankfully she thought to herself they had reached their destination. She wouldn't be cheapening her body anymore.

To be continued

About the Author

Miaa Jewell is a thirty-five year old woman from the midwest. Married she has reached out to writing to be her creative outlet to try the things she would never do in real life.

