

The Making of a Whore- Continued

Lydia looked around the cheap room and set on the bed with a sigh. Marcus had dropped her off down the street just an hour earlier. She wasn't quiet sure when she would see him again or what she would do, but he had seen to it that she had a free room for the night in a cheap flea bag motel. She found it odd he was able to get the room freely but she didn't question him. He had told her that after tonight it would be up to her to find a place at night, rather it be an alley, or a shelter, or even try to be nice to the men at the motel. But he told her to stay in the immediate area so that he could find her. He reassured her he would be checking in on her. Told her to do whatever she needed to do to survive. It was the only way to live out here.

Lydia crawled into the warm bed fully clothed, and quickly drifted off to sleep. She wasn't asleep long however. Soon her dreams awoke her. Crying into her pillow she covered her head praying for sleep. Ever since the night her uncle had violently raped her she had the same dream over and over. She tried hard to shut it out, to forget about it. If it wasn't for him, maybe she would go home. But with him there she knew she never would.

Morning came early, but Lydia slept in as late as she could before she knew she had to be out of the room. When she entered the cold outside she knew she didn't need to be spending the whole day outside. Lydia spent the day in thrift stores. At the first store she lifted a big book bag, at the second she stole long sleeve shirts stuffing them in the bag, running out of the store afraid of being caught. The third she lifted some pants and some undergarments, she had never stole a day in her life but she needed these things. The last thing she stole she really didn't need, but a makeup kit sat on the shelf, she could tell it had been used, but she wanted it.

As night began to fall Lydia felt the first signs of hunger creeping up on her. No money she walked casually into a corner grocery and quickly grabbed some snack crackers running out as fast as she could and back down the street. Hearing "Miss wait!" Behind her. Lydia ran all the way back to the motel she had stayed at that morning. There was an alley way. She walked into the darkness and sat on the cold ground. Hungrily she ate the crackers her body shivering. She wasn't ready to go to a shelter, what if they tried to convince her to go home! She layered her clothing with her new clothes and soon fell asleep. The first time she ever was able to sleep the whole night through on the cold ground.

The next night Lydia returned to the same dark corner by the motel. The temperature had fallen even more drastically that day. When she could barely take it any longer she entered the motels lobby to try and warm her shivering cold body. The night manager looked at her coldly. "Miss your not a guest here you must get out."

Lydia nodded bumping into an older man as she exited the building with a sob. The older man must have heard her sobs, because he turned and followed her out of the building. "Miss are you ok?" He asked.

Lydia looked at the man and sized him up. He looked to be in his late sixties, quiet grandfatherly. His leather coat was very outdated, the same could be said for his bowling hat, and patchwork slacks. He held a simple cane that was obviously used to help him get around. "No sir, I am not ok." She cried. "If you help me I will do anything please mister just for tonight, anything."

The man grinned understanding and told her to come with him. She followed him through the motel lobby ignoring the stare from the night manager. When they entered his room she had never been so relieved to feel the warmth hit her body.

"So by anything you mean..?" the older man asked her rubbing his chin. Sizing Lydia up as she removed her layers of clothing to where she was down to her last layer.

Lydia nodded her head. "Yes sir anything."

"What are you some kinda hooker?" He asked with a chuckle.

"No sir." Lydia said looking at the ground.

"My name is John." He said looking at Lydia intently, "What is yours?"

"Lydia." She replied.

"Well Lydia I think I will take you up on that. You think you can handle this old man?" the old man laughed and cackled thinking he was pretty funny. "Go ahead make your self at home."

Lydia watched as John left the room and heard the shower turn on. The old man returned in his white boxers and white tee shirt freshly showered. He smiled kindly at Lydia and told her to go shower he would wait for her. "Don't bother getting dressed though." He said with a faint blush.

Lydia showered quickly and came back out in just her bra and panties. The yellow panties that had been so soaked with her juices a few nights before.

John patted the bed beside him and she sat down timidly. John reached up and lightly stroked her arm. He traced his fingers up to her neck and then pulled her closer to him, pulling her closer and kissed her firmly on the lips. He didn't really move his lips, didn't try to part them with his tongue, but kissed her just the same. She felt his fingers move lightly down her neck over her cleavage and down caressing her breasts. "Your bra and panties please," He whispered. Lydia quickly obliged. The old man stood and removed his clothing. Lydia felt herself blush seeing his wrinkled body. "I haven't been with a woman in a very long while, not since my wife passed." The man whispered.

Lydia immediately felt her heart go out to him. She stretched out her body on the bed and patted the bed beside her. He lay beside her and took her gently in his arms. Kissing her lightly on the neck he trailed his kissed down to her breasts, over her abdomen until he reached her pussy that was already growing quiet damp. She felt John resituate his body and could tell that he had his head over her pussy. She gasped loudly as she felt his tongue roughly flick at her clit not expecting it. Soon it felt as is the old man had his face buried in her pussy. Lydia gasped in pleasure. Grasping at the old mans head with one hand and the bed sheets with another. Over come with pleasure she bucked her hips.

"Oh god." She moaned loudly feeling John enter her tight wet hole with his tongue. "DAMN."

"Mmmm you like that?" John whispered stopping and laying beside her just as Lydia felt she might cum.

John hungrily climbed between Lydia's legs. He moaned low and loud as she spread her legs wider for him. He entered her. Lydia felt at first that it was soft. But gradually he stroked his soft cock inside her slowly at first, till she began to feel it harden. His slow strokes felt so good inside of her. She moaned gasping scratching at the old mans back. He steadily picked up pace. Lydia reached down and frantically began flicking and rubbing her clit as the man pushed in and out of her. Unable to stand it she came with a loud scream feeling her pussy throb around the old mans cock. This sent John over the edge and soon he to was throbbing inside of her spilling his cum into her pussy gasping for breath. "Sleep." the old man said rolling off of Lydia. And that's exactly what Lydia did in the nice warm bed.

The next morning the old man thanked Lydia for the night before. Which was something she was not used to. He gave her forty dollars and told her to use it for food, and not to look at it as a payment. She hugged his neck and quickly left his room knowing the first thing she was going to do was get a hot meal.

Two nights more Lydia stayed with the old man. Just as night would settle, for two night she found herself sitting in the cold outside of the sleazy motel. For two nights he came to her and invited her back inside. But unlike the first night John wasn't interested in sex with her. He just wanted to see that she was safe and warm. She learned the man was there visiting his family, but that it would probably be the last time he would see them due to the fact he was recently diagnosed with cancer.

Lydia sat down slightly out of breath from the cold, just outside of the motel. John was gone now, checked out and headed home. She knew that tonight he would not be coming out to offer her the warmness of his motel room. Lydia hated the fact that she was sizing up every man that came and went from the motel. But she also knew she could not spend the night outside in the cold. If she had to beg another man to take her in for pleasure she would. She had hoped maybe Marcus would come around, but she had still not seen him. Before John left he gave Lydia a care package, looking inside she discovered the care package he had giving her was really nothing more than four boxes of condoms. "You need to be safe." He had told her.

Chapter 4

Lydia had seen the man in the black suit enter and leave the building several times that evening. One time he had left escorting a nice looking woman that looked to be about her age. Probably his daughter. She couldn't help but notice what lovely brown hair she had. Lucky girl to have a father like

him.

As he left again she knew when he returned he was whom she was going to approach. He looked to be quiet important, most times entering and leaving he was on his cell phone, talking business, she couldn't help but notice the wedding ring on his finger. Or the nice car that he drove. He had dark coal black hair, and beady dark eyes. Several times he had looked over at her checking her out. Almost encouraging her.

When she saw him return she quickly stood. "Mister?" She said quietly trying to get his attention.

He turned and looked at her startled that the little waif was talking to him. "Yes?" He asked. He had wondered how long it would take her to approach him, they all eventually did. Marcus never failed him. And the man paid him well. And Maria was always very pleased with what he brought back to town. This time the man thought, Marcus might need a raise.

"Mister..." Lydia started. "It is very cold out here."

"Yes it sure is." The man stated staring at Lydia coldly.

"Sir if maybe you could do me a favor and let me in your room a while, I would be more than willing to do you a favor, anything." Lydia stated. "I am not a whore not a prostitute, I just need to make it through the night."

The man looked at Lydia sizing her up with a shocked look on his face. Or what Lydia thought was shock. He looked a bit uncomfortable and quickly looked around to see if anyone was noticing the exchange taking place between the two of them. He already felt his cock start to harden at the thought of fucking this pretty little thing. But there was no way he was sharing his bed all night with a street whore. But he knew she would have a warm bed. And sooner or later she would know his cock.

The man nodded and motioned for Lydia to follow him. The same night manager slammed her book down as she seen Lydia following the man through the lobby. Glaring at the man and Lydia she sighed. The clerk gave the man a knowing smirk and went back about her business.

As soon as they entered the room the man roughly grabbed Lydia. Turning he around her roughly kissing biting her lower lip causing her to flinch. Lydia backed away eyeing the man. "What's your name" she asked.

"No pleasantries ok." The man said harshly. "I am a married man, shouldn't be doing this. But you offered yourself up so nicely. Even though I know you saw my ring." He roughly grabbed Lydia slapping her across the face. "You obey me...Understand?"

Lydia nodded as she felt the man rip at her shirt. In a matter of moments the man had her completely stripped and naked bent over his bed. He held her down forcefully with one hand around her neck mashing her face into the bed. Roughly he squeezed at her breasts with the other. "Fucking whore." The man yelled pushing her face down harder into the mattress. "Tell me what a whore you are!"

"I'm a whore!" Lydia cried out feeling the mans grip around the back of her neck relax. "A dirty filthy whore."

"That's better." The man stood up and told Lydia to lay belly down on the bed. She felt the man take what looked like bandanas and tie each of her hands to a bedpost.

"Mister please I'm not sure about this." Lydia said wiggling trying to free her hand.

Lydia felt the mans hand come down hard on her ass. "You said anything!" he said.

In the next moment Lydia felt another bandana being tied roughly over her mouth. "Bite it he said, this will shut you the fuck up." She felt the mans hand come down roughly on her ass again, stinging her making her wail in pain. Next her eyes were covered so that she could not see.

She heard the man raise off the bed and soon she heard him once again talking on his cell phone. "Hey man get over here to my room bring Bruce and Jenson and some beer I found you another little treat."

It wasn't long before Lydia heard a knock at the door. The man had not said anything else to Lydia. She had heard him laughing pacing the room.

She heard the man answer the door and heard a couple of men gasp as they entered the room. "Mike man what the fuck is this!" She heard a deep male voice ask.

She heard another mans voice say, "Oh wow! Another one?"

"Just a little homeless whore that was begging to do anything to be let in my room for the night. " She heard what she now known as Mike say. She heard Mike walk over to the bed and roughly slap her ass. She felt the gag on her mouth being untied. "Tell them whore tell them what you are." Mike said his hand coming down hard on her ass again.

"A whore." Lydia gasped. "A dirty filthy whore."

"Mmm oh yeah man! This will be a party!" She heard another male voice say. Lydia counted four in all.

"I will be back in a while." She heard Mike say.

Lydia moaned out in pain as she felt yet another cock invade her bruised pussy. She wasn't sure how much time had passed. But she knew the men in the room were now quiet drunk. As the evening had wore on they had gotten rougher and rougher. She wasn't quiet sure how many men from what she now knew was an out of town convention had entered and left the motel room. Her hands had been untied but all evening she had remained blindfolded as the men partied and abused her. She knew several different cocks had invaded her mouth, her pussy and her ass. One man she knew had already pissed on her. She felt she may gag from the stink, wanted to black out to get away from the misery.

She heard the man on top of her moaning and groaning in pleasure as he plunged his cock deeper and deeper inside of her. She cried out for him to please stop, but roughly felt the man slap her face and then heard him spit and then felt the wet slobber hit her face. The man moaned with pleasure once again as she felt his cock fill her already full and used pussy with even more cum.

After a bit the room grew very quiet she knew the only man left in the room was Mike. She had heard him return a bit earlier. She heard him walk across the room and heard the bathtub start to run. She was pretty sure he had not joined in on the fun. He walked over to the bed and untied the bandana from her eyes. "Go take a bath. You stink!" He said coldly.

Lydia stood her legs weak and tired, feeling bruised all over. In the bathroom she saw that her lips her eyes were all red and swollen. There looked to be handprints left on her cheek.

Lydia sank deep into the hot bath and closed her eyes trying hard not to cry out in pain. She heard the man enter the room. "I am going . I went to the desk clerk and paid the room up for one week, there is some money for you on the dresser. The key is on the nightstand. You earned it." She looked away from the man and listened as he left the Motel room.

Once out of the bath Lydia found one thousand dollars laying on the dresser with a note. It read:

My pretty whore,

I know this was not what you intended when you approached me,

But maybe the money will make up for your troubles

After all I have more than enough!

You can have this room...

But be available and there is more money in it for you.

And maybe more time to stay in the room if you are very nice..

Will give you a day or so to recover...

But next time you must be more agreeable and pleasing....

Be sure to douche

Marcus told me to tell you hello, and to be a good baby, he knew you were perfect to leave outside of my Motel.

Mike

A soft knock on the door woke Lydia from her slumber. She checked to make sure she had her money and everything hidden as she peeked out to answer. Marcus stood in the hallway the light from the hall barely making him discernable.

Lydia opened and let the attractive black man in so glad to see him she was so confused.

Lydia hugged him and cried into his neck as he patted her and told her everything would be alright.

"Baby you look a mess. I am sorry I didn't tell you sooner about Mike, but he is a business man and so am I." Marcus said releasing his grasp. "I didn't know how you would take it baby, or if you were even up for the job. But after the old man we knew you were."

"Marcus...I don't understand." Lydia cried feeling her heart start to sink.

"I told you you were a whore, nuttin more after that first night, And Lydia you can make a lot of money working for Mike and Maria. He pays me to find him nice not to used women and bring them here to meet him and work for Maria. And pays me well."

Lydia gasped. She had no idea this is what Marcus had, had in mind when he first left her at the motel.

I am going to be going back to St. Louis soon girl, I was hoping you would be real appreciative what I did for you and all."

"I am Marcus." Lydia sniffed.

"Well bitch get over here on your knees and show me!" He growled undoing the buttons on his pants taking his cock out and waving it at her. "Whore suck it." Lydia felt herself going wet as soon as Marcus said the words. Her pussy still ached from earlier but she so wanted Marcus. Wanted him badly. So she set to work to please him.

He still would not fuck her. Marcus's cock was to good for that. A whores pussy would never be graced with his cock's presence, that was his motto. But he had made her cum again and again, with things no pussy should ever see. Lydia knew after he left she would never see him again. She rubbed the cum with one finger that was still on her lips tasting him, wishing for one more time with him, but they had said their goodbyes.

Chapter 5

Lydia slept the next day the whole day through. Aching all over and suffering from exhaustion. She debated weather to leave the room, or stay and see what else she could earn. The money was very tempting. She needed it, she knew to get on her feet. She knew she would stick it out and do anything to get it.

But she was scared. She wasn't sure of Mike and Maria wasn't sure what they expected of her. Or how her "job" would work.

Mike was true to his words and gave her two days to recover. On the second day she heard a knock at the door. She opened the door and found a box sitting outside the room; it was nicely gift wrapped with a note.

Wear this at 7:30 and welcome me and a friend back into your room...Mike

Lydia opened the box and found a thin sheer black lacey undergarment, she also found a black leather collar attached to a chain. The collar had the words "Whore" etched in what looked to be diamonds. Also in the box were a pair of sheer black stockings and a black garter, and completing the outfit a pair of black high heel shoes. Black mascara, black eyeliner, and black lipstick also rolled freely in the box. Also a bottle of what looked to be pills. The bottle said. "Take one at seven pm to relax." A few scented candles, and some glade, was the last of what the box contained.

Lydia began preparing for the evening quiet early, she wasn't really sure what to expect after their previous meeting. She prayed he would not be having all the men back in once again.

The black lace against her body made her feel quiet sexy and seductive. She noticed there was nothing to the panty line. It left her bare and

exposed, her thin pussy hair showing freely. Also it didn't cover her breasts completely, only partially up to her nipples. The stockings covered her legs emphasizing how long and attractive they were. She hoped she placed the garter on correctly, she had never seen or used one. Her red hair she brushed until it shone and left it long and flowing. The makeup she felt was an odd choice but she applied the black to her eyes and mouth as attractively as she could. Looking in the mirror she realized she looked nothing like herself. What stared back at her was all woman, and woman only. She reached in the box for the odd looking collar and fastened it securely around her neck. The words "Whore" sparkled dazzling her for just a moment.

At seven pm there was a knock at the door. She opened the door a bit annoyed to find the desk clerk there. She tried to cover herself as the clerk entered. "Take your pill dear, don't forget. I am dropping off some food for the boss and his lady, be sure and light the candles." She left as quickly as she entered leaving a cart behind her.

Lydia lifted the covers on the food to find strawberries, chocolate, crackers, cheese and in the wine bucket what looked to be an expensive bottle of wine. She lit the candles noticing immediately the air in the room smelled much fresher. She sprayed the glade. The stale cigarette smell was effectively covered up. Obviously the people coming were not used to the surroundings of such a cheap motel even though they owned it. So they were having her do her best to take away what might be considered a discomfort.

Lydia sat nervously on the bed waiting for her guests. She began to feel the pill start to take affect and she felt more at ease, her nerves were no longer as wrecked.

At precisely 7:30 there was a knock at the door. When she opened the door Mike and a very beautiful lady entered the room behind him. Mike shut the door locking it behind them.

"You may want to consider this an interview of sorts." The woman she had discovered was Maria, said to her. Mike handed them both a glass of wine. "I have very many women that work for me." Maria said pushing her hair back and taking a sip of her wine starting intently at Lydia.

Maria was about five-four with dark black hair that fell to her waist. She wore tight slacks and a very low cut red blouse. She was very tan and looked as if she spent a great deal of time in the sun. Her makeup was impeccable. A very classy lady, Lydia could tell. Her fingers shown with diamonds. The only thing missing Lydia mused to herself was maybe a poodle or a small dog sitting in her lap.

"And they work for me in Florida, at a very plush resort." She went on. "If you were chosen you would be a very lucky little lady. Good money and the tropics, who could ask for more?."

"What.. what I be doing?" Lydia asked meekly.

"Keeping people happy. Very happy." Mike laughed. "Sort of like the other night, but maybe not so much like the other night, but.." He laughed. "It could occur."

"Oh I heard about that." Maria snickered. "You were a very bad little whore, but I must say you wear the title well." Maria narrowed her eyes on the collar around Lydia's neck.

"But first I must see if you are worthy please get on your knees and stay there until I say you may get up."

Lydia dropped to her knees and Mike walked over and attached the chain to Lydia's collar. He looked down at her. "Tell her...Tell her what you are." He said nudging Lydia with his foot. "And look at her."

"A dirty filthy whore." Lydia muttered.

"What I can't hear you?" Maria said enjoying the spectacle.

"A dirty filthy whore miss.. Very dirty." Lydia said looking up at her.

"Show me. Show me how dirty you are." she said. "Rub your cunt on my husbands shoe. Rub it and get off. Do it. I want to see your juices on his shoe." Maria sat down on the edge of the bed and helped herself to a fresh strawberry puckering her lips around it.

Lydia didn't ask any questions. She could tell Maria wasn't the type of woman to mess with. Mike walked over to her grabbing her by the hair and pushed his shoe up towards Lydia's pussy. "Squat on it he said, rub yourself off." Lydia squatted down and closed her eyes. She rubbed her pussy over Mikes shoe and tried to think of something to get her juices flowing. She thought of Marcus and his large cock. How bad she had wanted him inside of her. She moaned as she felt her pleasure growing as she masturbated against Mikes shoe and foot. She felt her pussy growing very wet. She ground herself into the shoe harder and faster.

"Mmmm what a cum slut." Maria purred as Lydia came moaning all over the shoe feeling her body quake once again. "Clean his shoes bitch. With your tongue." Maria ordered. Lydia leaned down and lapped up her juices off of Mikes shoe. She found this quiet disgusting, but for some reason she did not protest.

"Good little slut. Much like a puppy you get a treat." Maria purred. Lydia watched as Maria uncovered one of the trays one she had not seen. It looked to be a dog bowl filled with what looked to be some kind of mush or baby food. "Bark and then eat!" Maria ordered.

Lydia looked down at the bowl and felt Mike nudge her with his foot. "Bark Bitch."

Lydia woofed the best she could and then quickly started to eat what she discovered was mashed up peas. This couple was beginning to make her very uncomfortable.

"Good Girl. Good little Bitch, female dogs, eat out of dog bowls," Maria said patting her head.

"Fuck her baby I want to watch." Maria told Mike. "And don't you dare come on my husbands cock." Maria said slapping Lydia across the face. And then she leaned down wiping the mashed peas off of Lydia's face with a napkin.

Maria pulled at the chain and guided Lydia to the bed. Lydia lay down and opened her legs for Mark. He quickly undressed his cock already hard, he entered Lydia at his wife's instruction. No foreplay. Maria ordered Mike to only look at her as she undressed.

Lydia glanced over catching a glimpse of Maria's well toned body. A bit ashamed of her own body. Mike pushed in and out of her rhythmically but mechanically. Maria now fully naked lay on the bed beside Lydia. Lydia watched as Maria opened her pussy lips for Mike to see. And slowly she began to stroke her pussy.

"Think of only me as you fuck the dirty whore." She heard Maria whisper. Lydia moaned loudly as Mikes cock started to spasm. Letting forth a forceful load of his cum his body shaking on top of her. He cried out "Yes" and fell on top of Lydia spent. "You may leave us now as soon as you recover." Maria said patting her husbands ass gently. "I'm going to clean Lydia, and see if she really has what it takes."

Mike soon left the room and Maria soon joined Lydia back in the bed. Lydia started to protest and then thought better of it. This was a test.

"Good whores always get off on anything." Maria said laughing. Maria lay beside Lydia and lightly licked her lips, she leaned into her and lightly brushed her lips against Lydia's.

As quickly as Maria found Lydia's lips she was back down between Lydia's legs staring at her pussy and lightly flicking Lydia's clit with her finger. Maria leaned in and breathed in the scent of her husbands cum and Lydia all intertwined. She flicked her tongue out lightly lapping at Lydia's wet pussy. Lydia moaned loudly not expecting the woman to want to pleasure her this way. She grasped the sheets and bucked her hips as Marias pouty lips kissed her pussy. The more Maria flicked her tongue the louder Lydia moaned. Maria moved down into Lydia's tight woman hole and licked out all of her husbands juices. Lydia screamed loudly as she felt her juices release again. All over Marias pretty face. Her body shook. She didn't know if she had ever felt an orgasm that was so powerful.

"Mmmm you dirty whore." Maria giggled. "You got me all dirty. Now have you ever ate a pussy?" Maria asked.

Lydia sat up and shook her head no. "You can do it honey, just do what feels right, you know what makes you feel good. Do it to me, make me cum honey and you will be the perfect whore. Marcus said you had the makings of a good whore."

"I don't know if I can eat a woman..." Lydia stammered.

Marcus drove quickly down the deserted country road. He had known all along that only one of the two girls would get to go to Florida with his boss.

But this part always turned his stomach. The one that didn't make it. The one that couldn't make the bitch Maria cum. He prayed it wasn't the red head. Prayed hard it was the smart assed brown haired bitch. He had really liked Lydia. He knew he would have to look to see what color hair was in the bag. Normally he would never look didn't care. The bosses business wasn't his business. He's not the sick pervert that wanted to cover his tracks. He was just the errand boy. Why did so many girls have to end up like this, he didn't know, but it wasn't his problem to fix.

Marcus pulled the bag out of the trunk. Feeling for a head he tore at the bag. He shown his flashlight into the bag. The hair was brown.

This concludes Part one Of the Making of a Whore. Find out soon what happens to Lydia in part 2 . Where will her adventures take her??

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