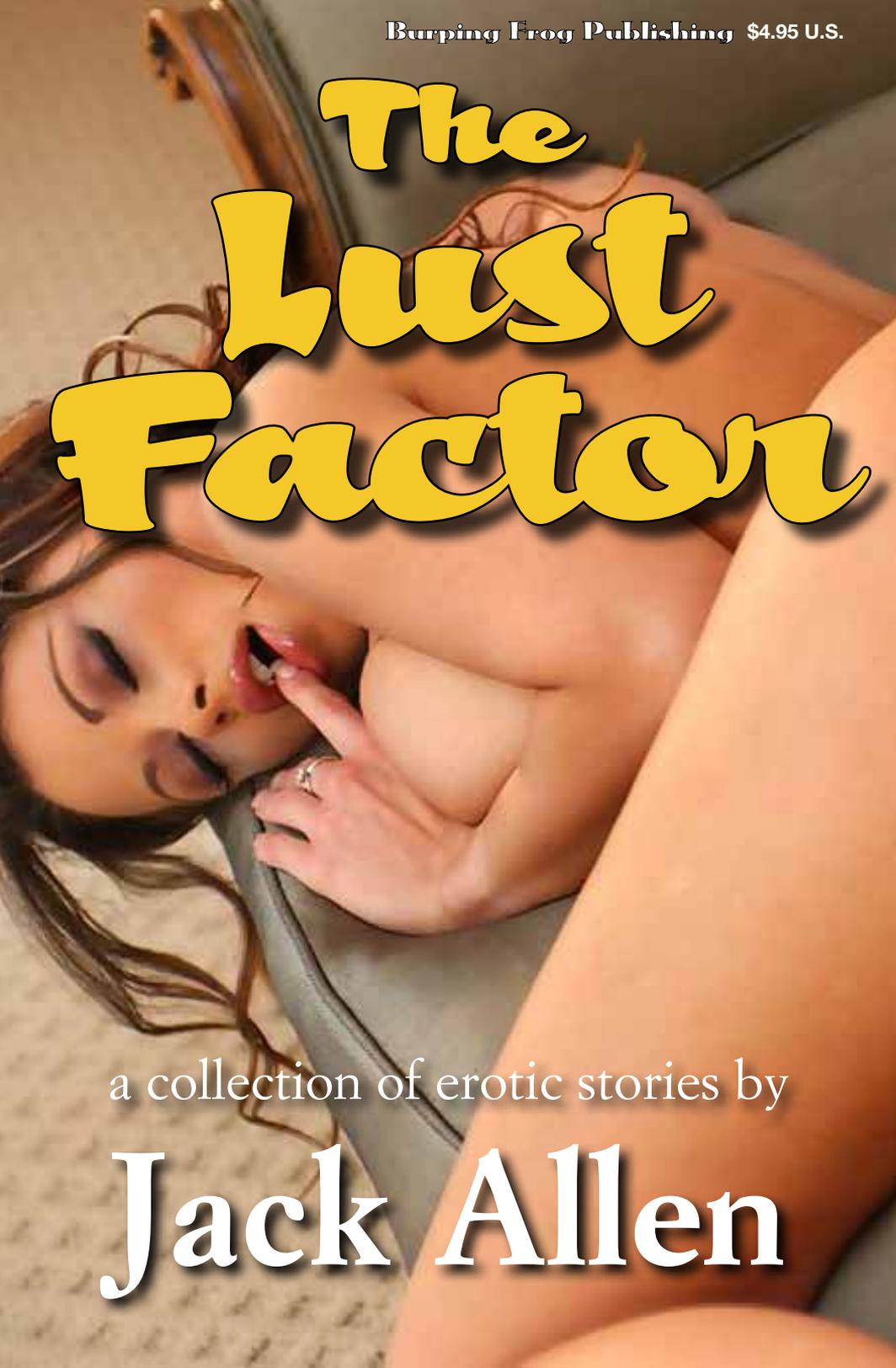


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The Lust Factor

A photograph of a woman lying on a chair, looking down with her mouth open and a finger in it. The image is the background for the book cover.

a collection of erotic stories by

Jack Allen

Mom's Boyfriend

Pam saw her chance as soon as she came in from sunning herself on the back porch. Mike was sitting in front of the tv, lounging in his shorts in the recliner with a can of beer.

Pam was wearing her new thong bikini, the one Ethan picked out. She grabbed a can of Coke from the refrigerator and went bouncing into the living room and plopped herself right on his lap, pressing her warm, tanned, oily body against his.

“Hi Mike,” she said.

“Hi Pam,” he said with a huff and nearly spilled his beer. “What are you doing?”

“I’m watching tv. This is my favorite seat.” She smiled at him, gazing deep into his eyes as she squirmed her ass on his lap. He stiffened. She snuggled close to him and rested her small hand on his naked thigh. Her soft breasts pressed into his chest.

“I didn’t know you liked baseball,” Mike said in a flat tone.

“Of course I do,” Pam said, talking like an innocent little girl. She liked the feel of his hard prick pressing into her bottom. Pam did her best to make it harder, rubbing her foot against the inside of his leg.

“Who’s playing?” Pam said.

“Detroit and Cleveland.”

Pam liked how he tried to ignore what she was doing to him, pretending that she was too innocent to realize what was happening in his shorts.

“Who’s winning?”

“Detroit.”

“Are they good?”

“Pretty good. Especially this year.”

Pam watched the game with him for a minute, then she looked in his face. “How big is your’s, Eric?” she asked.

“My what?” he said without thinking.

“Your penis,” she said, squirming on his lap.

Mike coughed and suddenly looked uncomfortable, like he did whenever Debbie stared at his crotch. “I don’t know,” he choked. “I never measured it.”

“It feels pretty big.” Pam ground her ass on his lap again. “Does it feel good when I do this?”

“Yes,” he choked, turning pale.

“Would you give me a back rub?” Pam asked.

“Sure, I guess so,” he answered.

Pam climbed off his lap and stood before him in front of the tv with her back to him. She heard him take a deep breath when he saw her ass with the narrow bikini strap between her cheeks. She knew how inviting her bare ass looked.

She looked back at him over her shoulder, letting her long, straight blonde hair spill in front of her face. She reached around to her back and untied her bikini top. His wide eyes stared at it as she dropped it to the floor. She laid down on her belly on the sofa and propped herself up on her elbows, waiting for him to begin.

She looked back at him. He was still in the chair, staring at her.

“Don’t rub too hard,” Pam said, grinning.

He rose from the chair and went to the sofa. His legs looked wobbly. He put one knee between her legs on the sofa and started to rub the narrow part of her back.

“How does that feel?” he said.

“Good,” Pam said. He seemed to be trying to avoid touching her as much as possible. “A little bit higher.”

“Higher?” he said.

Pam nodded. His hands moved up her back. Pam moaned

when he reached her shoulders. He was leaning over her and she could feel his hard on stroking her between her ass cheeks.

“That feels so good,” she sighed, and laid her cheek on the sofa cushion. She heard him take a deep breath. She knew he was looking at the plump sides of her breasts, now that they were squashed into the cushion. She squirmed as his hands moved slow over her muscles. The tips of his fingers brushed the sides of her bare breasts.

“I feel kinda hot down below,” Pam said, raising her head to look back at him.

He stopped and looked down at her ass. He slid his hands down her trim sides to her hips.

“Right here?” he said, squeezing. His thumbs pressed into her ass.

“Yeah,” Pam giggled. “Right there.” His knee was pressed against her moist crotch and she rubbed herself on him. She pushed her ass up toward him as he rubbed her hips, then his hands squeezed her cheeks.

“Yes,” Pam moaned. He pressed his knee harder against her crotch and she shuddered. Then he lay on top of her and she felt his erection between the cheeks of her ass. He pumped his hips back and forth and she moved her ass with him. She could feel his hot breath on her shoulder.

“Maybe you should take them off,” Pam whispered.

He stopped. “Take what off?”

“Your shorts.”

He stopped moving for a second. “Maybe I should,” he said, and got up. She watched him take off his shorts and pull down his boxers. He had a nice penis and she smiled. It wasn’t as big as the one she wanted to feel inside her, she thought, but it was nice just the same.

“I’ll take these off, too. You’ll be more comfortable,” he said, and tugged at her bikini bottom.

“Ok,” Pam said. She lifted her hips and he pulled them down her legs. When he lay on top of her again, she felt his hard cock push between her cheeks and stroke her wet pussy.

They moved together, moaning softly. Pam liked the feel of his penis rubbing her pussy, but she wanted to feel it inside her. She rose on her knees, pushing her rear toward him.

“I need it bad,” she whispered, her head turned back over her shoulder to look at him through her hair. “Please, give it to me.”

Mike stared at her, panting. He put his hands on her ass and spread her cheeks apart. His erection pressed between her thighs and found her warm pussy. He held her hips in both hands and pressed forward until the head penetrated her tight opening. Pam groaned. It felt delicious. She felt the head of his cock spread her lips open and push inside her pussy. She whimpered. It felt bigger than it looked. When Debbie’s brother fucked her, his felt bigger, too. Ethan’s was already so big. How would it feel if he pushed it into her? she wondered.

Mike’s first thrust into her tight, wet cunt made a salacious squishing sound inside her. He drew his hips back and pumped her with slow, deep strokes. Pam moaned with each push. He leaned forward to kiss the back of her neck and put his hands on her tits. He increased his pace, slapping his legs against her thighs.

Pam’s breathing was quick and shallow. “Fuck me ... fuck me,” she panted. Her heart was pounding. Her hips sunk back to the sofa and her soft tits flattened into the cushions. He settled on top of her and continued to pump his hips. She listened to his low grunts as he fucked her. Her hands were clenched around the edge of the cushion and she was grunting and panting in short, quick breaths.

“I’m coming,” Pam sighed. She felt her cunt clamp on his cock. “Don’t stop,” she urged in a soft voice. “Keep doing it.”

He stuck his tongue in her mouth and she sucked it as she felt his come squirt deep into her pussy. Pam shivered. The warm fluid felt so good inside her. Mike was bucking his hips, driving her forward on the sofa. Her cunt was so tight around his cock she was sure she could feel every bump and ridge along the shaft.

Mike let out a final, deep groan and lay himself flat on top

her naked body, panting. It felt like he had pumped a gallon of warm seed into her body, Pam thought. His cock was still hard inside her, and she squirmed her ass against him.

“That was beautiful,” Pam whispered.

“Yeah ... It was,” he said.

Pam lifted her head. “Can you do me some more?”

He looked down at her. “You want to do it again?”

Pam nodded. “Can you put it in my mouth?” She left her lips parted, as if inviting him to put his penis there.

“Your mouth,” he said. His voice wavered.

Pam stuck her tongue out and touched the tip to her upper lip. Mike groaned, staring at her tongue. Pam was amazed at how easy this was.

Mike pulled his penis out of her pussy and moved up toward her head. His penis bobbed in front of him as he leaned over her. It was wet with her juices, just as it was with her Mom’s the other night. She rolled on her back and stared up at him with her mouth open wide and her tongue stuck out. Mike placed the head of his cock on her tongue and Pam closed her lips around it. She let him slide it all the way to the back of her mouth.

This was what she wanted more than anything, she thought. She loved the taste of a penis, especially when it was wet with her own juices. She loved the way it was so hard and forced her jaw open and rubbed over her tongue.

She heard Mike’s breathing growing heavier. His hips moved back and forth, forcing his dick in and out of her mouth. He had his hands on the back of the couch and it was like he was doing pushups over her. She saw the muscles of his chest straining.

Pam moved her head faster. She wanted his come. Mike bucked his hips, rammed his penis into her mouth, and Pam felt the splash of his hot come on her tongue. She sucked hard and drank down each drop and finally let him go, kissing him as he pulled it out. She could feel his come dripping from her cunt. She wanted some more there, as well.

“You mother’s gonna kill me,” Mike said. He sat on the edge of the sofa beside her. His hand reached out and closed around her

breast. He squeezed it in his fingers and ran a thumb around her red nipple. Pam put her hand around his wet penis and stroked it. They were quiet for a long time, simply fondling each other.

“I only planned on teasing you a bit,” she said.

“I know,” Mike said.

“You wanna do it again?” she asked.

“Sure,” he said, and rolled on top of her. His cock jammed into her pussy and Pam wrapped her legs around him as he bounced on top of her.

The College Guys

Pam and Debbie stood on the front porch, both nervous with excitement. They heard the noise of the music from inside, and behind them, the street was packed with cars parked haphazardly along the curve all the way down the street almost as far as they could see.

Pam was nervous with excitement.

“Let’s go in,” Debbie said. “There might be college guys here.”

“What? Are you sure it’s gonna be all right? What if they kick us out?”

“Relax. They’re not gonna kick us out.” She opened the front door and they went in. There were so many people in the house they could hardly move. The rooms and hallways were wall to wall with people, packed in like big marshmallows in a small bag.

“Where do we go?” Pam whispered. Debbie shrugged.

“Look,” Debbie said. “There’s Jane.”

“What’s she doing here?”

“Probably the same as we are. To get laid.”

Jane was sitting in the corner talking with some other people Pam recognized. One of them was a guy that Pam knew and thought was pretty cute. Jane was smiling at him, and Pam was shocked to realize she was probably going to fuck him before the night was over. She never before thought about anyone she knew from school actually having sex. This was wild.

Pam stayed behind Debbie and found herself in the kitchen,

where there were a lot of people she had never seen before, some who looked strange, like the tall guy with the huge Mohawk, and some who looked much older, like the small group sitting around the table. She knew none of them. She caught a part of their conversation.

“I just invited a few people over,” one guy said. “I don’t know where all these other people came from.”

Pam realized he must be the one who lived here. She wondered where his parents were, and what they would think of all this. Debbie was handing Pam a glass of that clear vodka stuff, and somebody bumped her from behind, spilling the vodka on her blouse. She turned to yell at the person and looked up at Joey Molino. Her mouth just hung open, unable to speak.

“Excuse me,” he said, smiling at her, and walked by to the group at the table. Pam realized she was standing with her mouth open and dumb look on her face and snapped her mouth shut.

“That was Joey,” she whispered to Debbie.

“Yeah, I know.” She leaned closer to Pam. “Is you pussy still wet?”

Pam nodded. “Your panties are soaked.”

“That’s ok. You can keep them. You’ll probably leave them here, anyway.”

“I’m so nervous,” Pam said.

“I know. Come on, there’s someone over here I want you to meet.” She led Pam through the crowd to the quieter living room, where a small group of people were sitting around one guy. He had an odd looking cigarette in his fingers and was lighting it carefully. They sat with the group and the cigarette made its way around to each person, and finally to them. Pam watched all of them do just about the same thing, and when Debbie did it also, she figured it must be all right.

The cigarette was shorter by the time it reached her, but Pam pinched it between her fingers just like Debbie did.

“Suck in a little bit and hold your breath,” Debbie said. Pam inhaled a tiny amount of smoke and coughed in a fit. A couple of people sitting near her chuckled, and she felt foolish, but Deb-

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