

Title: When I Was 12

Codes: mFFF, impreg

This is erotic fiction for adults only, and only in locales where such fiction is legal.

Copyright 2018. Posted to ASSTR.ORG

By A.Muller (a pseudonym)

My parents seemed to be doing fine. Dad had a decent-paying office job, Mom was a schoolteacher, and we had a well-maintained, three-bedroom house in an older neighborhood. Our neighbors were OK, and there were only the two of us kids, me and my little brother. I was 12, Joey was 10.

Both Mom and Dad were at work and wouldn't be home for a couple hours, and Joey was playing at a friend's house a couple of streets over. He was a walking, whining noise machine, so I knew I would know when he came anywhere near our home. That meant I plenty of time to myself, just what I needed for whacking off to some Internet porn on the PC in the family room. How wrong I was!

I'd just loaded a free porn site with some selfies of girls who were real teen-agers instead 20- and 30-year-olds trying to pretend they were still young. This one blonde had amazing tits and a great smile, and I was enjoying working my dick, lubed with some hand cream Mom had left lying around, when suddenly I saw a shadow. Christ!

I spun around, with one hand trying to pull up my zipper while my other hand tried to push my hard-on through the fly of my jeans. "Mom!" I exclaimed when I saw who it was. "You scared me."

My Mom glanced at my crotch and then at the computer screen. "Davey, don't get hooked on trash like that." She walked over and turned off the monitor, unplugged the computer from the wall, and then headed to the bedroom. She hadn't shouted at me or anything!

About a month later I saw my parents looking at me oddly one Saturday afternoon. Joey was again at a friend's house, so it was just the three of us.

"Come here, Son," Dad said, beckoning me. "Your mother said she saw you playing with yourself in front of the computer a few weeks ago. I gotta ask, 'Do you cum? Does white stuff come out of your penis when you play with it?'"

I went speechless. What the hell, I thought. What was going

on? "Uh, yeah, Dad."

"Darling," my Mom said, "we're in a real pickle financially. Your father's company went belly-up today. The doors were locked."

"Yeah," Dad said. "A note taped to the door said our final paychecks would be mailed to us eventually, once the bankruptcy court agrees on a figure. That could take weeks, even months."

"You probably don't know this," Mom said, "but schoolteachers don't make a lot. Your father will get some unemployment benefits, but that's not going to keep the wolves from our door for very long."

"Wolves?"

"Bill collectors," Dad said. "We'll have to hand over my car to the bank, and the mortgage company will start getting nasty in a month or two."

"Which means," Mom said, her face turning red, "that we have to be creative in, uh, fund-raising. I'm going to do some discreet escort work in the evenings, with your father watching from the sidelines so I'm safe."

I had only the vaguest idea of what "escort work" was, but could tell from the way my parents were acting that it was a last resort.

"Do you want to help, Son?" Dad had an odd expression on his face as he asked. "With your help we can pay the mortgage and some of the credit card balances."

"Uh, sure. What can I do?" I hadn't the slightest idea what I could do. I wasn't old enough to get a work permit. Maybe I could go door to door washing cars. Or maybe I could panhandle like the homeless guys at the Interstate exits. Only they'd beat me up if I invaded their turf. So maybe I could...

As I was mulling over what I could do, Dad and Mom led me to the living room and sat me down. "Here's what we want you to do," Mom said. "But you have to keep your mouth closed. If you say anything to anybody, the cops'll find out, we'll go to prison, and you'll go into foster care."

"She's absolutely right," Dad said. "This is not strictly legal – hell, it's absolutely illegal – but I guarantee you'll enjoy it and it should bring in lots of money."

"Sounds good," I said. "What do I do?"

Mom looked at Dad and blushed some more: "You sleep with a few friends of mine who have exotic tastes. Some of them like really young cock, some of them want to get knocked up and don't like the idea of artificial insemination. It's all..."

Now I was starting to blush. "You want me to fu...fu..."

"Yep," Dad said, "we want you to fuck some of your mom's schoolteacher friends. They could come here for the night, but we'd rather you spend the night at their homes, so Joey doesn't learn about what's going on. He's not as, er, mature as you are, and he certainly can't keep a secret."

"When?" I asked.

"Tonight," Mom said, "as soon as I make a phone call." She hugged me and tousled my hair. "Sweetheart, being a teacher is like being a kid in a candy store: There are all these luscious, sexy, fuckable teen-agers in the halls and classrooms, and teachers aren't allowed to fuck any of them. I think all of us, at the end of the day, go home horny as hell, us women as well as the letchy men."

I couldn't believe Mom was talking trash like that. She was Mom, Mrs. Prim and Proper, and I'd never imagined her saying "fuck" and "fuckable" and "horny." My confusion must have shown on my face.

"Am I shocking you, Dear?" Mom asked.

"Uh, yeah. Of course. It's not like you, Mom."

"Honey, I wouldn't talk like that in front of you for all the tea in China except that this is an emergency. You have to grow up fast, very fast indeed. We're all counting on you – you and your cute penis."

I blushed. Mom kissed me on the cheek and headed to her pocketbook to get her cell phone. "Sarah, grab your car keys and come on over. It's all set."

Mom was 22 when she and Dad married. I was born two years later. The math doesn't lie: She was 36. Mom was in fairly nice shape, neither frumpy nor skinny, and she dressed OK, meaning no fancy frocks unless she and Dad were "on a date" and a babysitter had come over to look after us boys.

I hadn't met many of Mom's schoolteacher friends, but the ones I had looked a lot like her. They were mostly plain-Janes. Years later I learned about the Oedipus complex, and I guess if I had been infected with it, I would have yearned to fuck someone just like Mom. But Oedipus and I had never met, and my dream first fuck was a

beautiful girl with boobs, blonde hair, and between the ages of 12 and 21, not a clone of Mom.

And so it was that, while my rock-hard boner didn't much care who it first fucked (a thought seconded by my aching balls), the head above my shoulders wasn't all that thrilled about this endeavor. I was going to have to fuck some old schoolteacher who'd probably spend half the time telling me I wasn't "doing it" right.

The next 27 minutes ticked by painfully and slowly. I went to my room and packed a small suitcase. "Just enough for a few days, Davey. And be sure to take your schoolbooks." Mom was being Mom, even as she was pimping me.

At the sound of the doorbell I headed into the living room and stopped, stunned. I stared at the person Mom was letting into the room. I must have gasped audibly, for Mom, Dad, and Sarah – surely it was Sarah! – all laughed at me.

"Hi, Davey," Sarah said, and leaned over to hug me. And then she kissed me straight on the lips while one hand squeezed my ass and the other gently tickled the tip of my boner. When she drew back from my lips she said, bubbling with enthusiasm, "Looks like you're ready for some fun. Well, am I too!"

So much for thoughts of fucking middle-aged mothers. In my worrying, what I hadn't considered was that Mom's school was where the local university sent a sizable portion of its student teachers.

Mom again: "Davey, this is Sarah. She's in her senior year at the university and student teaching in the classroom next to mine. Her boyfriend dumped her two months ago, and she's confided in me that she's horny as hell and turned on by her students.

"I immediately thought of her when your father lost his job. I knew she would be perfect for your first time, but as you know, money's an issue for us. Happily, she was able to talk her parents out of \$200 for incidentals (Mom's fingers made air quotes). You get to keep \$20 for spending money, and \$180 goes toward the mortgage."

"That OK with you?" Sarah asked.

"Hell yeah," I said, expecting Mom or Dad to reprove me for swearing, but they just grinned.

"Go have fun," Dad said. "Shoo."

Sarah picked up my suitcase and led me to her car. "I have a little off-campus apartment. If any of the nosey neighbors ask, you're my cousin. OK?"

“OK.”

I could not believe my luck, if luck was what it was. I stood a mighty 4-foot-11 while Sarah was 5-foot-1 or maybe an inch taller, so she wasn't towering over me like an Amazon. She was trim, blonde, had a great smile, put me at ease, and had the tits of an angel.

I wasn't in love, but I was damn close. Certainly I was in lust, for her blue eyes, her smooth skin, the pleasant smell of her perfume or whatever it was, the tight ass showing through her jeans. Hell, she was damn near perfect. I'd have rather she be my age, or almost my age, but given the alternatives, I'd gladly fuck her. And fuck her. And fuck her some more.

When we got to her apartment she turned and kissed me once again, her tongue grazing my lips and then fluttering inside. My dick, which had been hard for over an hour, pressed against my jeans harder than ever.

“Let's fuck before dinner, OK?” she asked.

“OK.”

Sarah led me into her bedroom. “Let's take off those clothes you're wearing, shall we?” I reached to take off my T-shirt, but her hands stopped me.

“Let me do it, my young lover.” She carefully pulled my T-shirt over my head, then had me sit on the edge of her bed. She knelt down and untied my Nikes, pulled off my socks, and had me stand up again.

She nuzzled my groin while massaging my ass, looked up at me and licked her lips. “Whatcha hiding in these pants, Mister?” She laughed at her joke, undid the button, and carefully unzipped my jeans.

Again she nuzzled my crotch, then slowly pulled my jeans down over my ass, my hips, and finally over my tented underwear. “Sit!” she commanded. I sat, and she pulled my jeans off, folded them, and put them on a shelf behind her.

“Finally I get to see what I paid for,” she said. “Lie back.” I lay back and lifted my ass as she whipped away my underwear. “Nice, very nice.”

Quickly she stripped down to her bra and panties, then lay on the bed and again nuzzled my crotch. She ran her fingers teasingly up and down the inside of my thighs, then across the bottom of my balls,

and finally cupped my balls as she blew lightly on the aching cock.

Her tongue began to touch and tickle the tip of my cock; suddenly her mouth engulfed it and gently sucked it in and out. I felt like coming, but she somehow sensed the forthcoming expulsion and let go, and my dick was left frustrated.

She slide up the bed, French kissing me a few times, then moved up to my ears and nibbled on one, then the other, before sticking her tongue gently into the canal of my left ear. "You are lovely," she whispered.

Next thing I knew, she was nibbling and sucking and licking my left nipple while her left hand once again was tickling my inner thighs. I began lifting my hips and thrusting into the air, so ready to explode was I.

"Easy, Boy," she said. "I don't want you coming just yet." Sarah blew a raspberry on my adolescent stomach, then leaned up on one elbow. "Time for you to do some exploring of your own. Please take off my bra and play with my tits."

I happily obliged, though it took me a full minute to figure out the clasp that I couldn't see. With her boobs now released from their prison, I began my voyage of sexual exploration. I caressed them and wondered at their smoothness and warmth.

They were the first tits I'd ever had the honor of unwrapping, and I left no part unsucked, unlicked, untickled.

"Careful with the nipples. Tease them; don't assault them." After a while she commanded, "Take off my panties."

With home plate beckoning, I wasted no time in peeling off the flimsy cloth covering. Sarah lifted her hips as I slid off her panties. Her exposed pussy was fully shaved! And there was a piercing to the side of what I figured was her clit! Wow!

I gently probed with my finger, which was soon covered in girl juice. "Enough!" Sarah said, though I felt that I'd barely begun. "Tell me, young Davey, have you ever fucked a cunt before?"

"No, Mam. I've kissed a couple girls, but that's about it."

"That's wonderful, Davey. Wonderful."

Sarah pushed me down on the bed, climbed on top of my thighs, and guided my aching rod to her tunnel. Slowly she dropped down on me until I was halfway in. "Stay still, Dave. Don't move for a couple of minutes."

Lying motionless with my dick in Sarah's cunt was just about impossible, but somehow I managed. She smiled at me and kissed me hard on the lips before giving a little speech: "I have to say I've dreamed about this moment for years, ever since I was about your age.

"Starting when I was 12 or 13 I desperately wanted to fuck boys my age while they were still boys with cute cocks, before they grew into men with hairy balls and giant ramrods. But I went to Catholic school, and my parents were super conservative, and I just couldn't bring myself to turn slutty.

"Of course I've had my share of boyfriends, starting in junior year of high school, but I kept my virginity until college. By then the boys were hairy monsters and most of them had been fucking for several years.

"I felt like my parents had made me waste my teen years and miss all the sexy stuff that turns a teen into a woman. I told your mom all that a couple of weeks ago. I never dreamed that she'd... Well, enough of that. Let's fuck. Try real hard, Davey, to keep from cumming as long as you can. I want to really enjoy your cock."

With that, Sarah started moving and I started thrusting. Despite her admonition, I didn't last long, maybe 20 seconds, before I came with grunt, spurting juvenile cum deep into her womanly cave.

"That was fun," she said as my thrusts petered out. "Great fun. Now, let's get some dinner and then fuck again. And then let's fuck before going to sleep. I want to turn you into an expert by morning."

After dinner, we went straight to bed. I wanted to play with her tits and examine the wonders of her pudendum, but she had other ideas. She kissed me, Frenched me, for close to an hour, all the while running a free hand over my body and gently teasing my genitals. My lips were raw by the time we broke apart, and my dick and balls were absolutely aching to come.

"Mount me, Davey. Fuck like there's no tomorrow." She lay flat on her back, her legs spread wide. At the bottom of her cunt I could see white cream, whether hers or mine I didn't know.

I put my 12-and-a-half-year-old pecker at the entrance to her cunt and began humping. This time I lasted maybe 40 seconds before firing deep into her as she moaned with bliss.

She rolled me off and to her side, hugged me and resumed kissing me. After a minute or two, she scooted down the bed and began sucking my dick and massaging my balls. In no time at all I was hard

again. "Mount me, Davey. Fuck me hard!"

I obliged. My twice-drained dick was able to keep to keep from ejaculating for what seemed like an eternity. We fucked missionary for awhile, then we began experimenting. We fucked doggie, we fucked fucked standing up, we fucked reverse cowgirl, we fucked side to side. "I have an idea," Sarah said as she rolled away from me, letting my dick pop out of her cunt.

She stood up and motioned to me. I went to her, she bend over just a bit, and picked me up. "Fuck me now." I'd seen pictures on the Internet of guys fucking girls by holding them in the air, but this was the flip side. She was holding me in the air, with my dick inside her. It was difficult fucking that way, but we managed. It was easy not to cum, given the difficulty.

"OK, Big Boy. Time for you to get your rocks off."

By now I was getting a bit tired, and so I had absolutely no objections when Sarah pushed me down on the bed, putting me on my back, and began to suck my cock.

She wasted no time in getting me harder than I'd been. "Cum in my mouth, please." When she started tickling me around my asshole I was near; when she pushed hard at my asshole with a finger or thumb I went over the edge. My dick exploded, but obviously not much came out.

"Yummy," she said. "Absolutely yummy. Now, let's watch some TV." We watched a few minutes of some network TV show, then Sarah popped in a video of two young women making out with each other.

"Now that's what I call pussy licking," she said. "Do you want to try that later?"

"Maybe," I said, but I wasn't convinced. After all, her cunt was full of my jizz, and I wasn't thrilled about licking it out of her.

Sarah laughed and apparently read my mind. "Some other night, before we fuck. OK?"

"That's a much better idea," I said, relieved.

She reached into a drawer next to the couch and pulled out a vial of power. "Put this under you tongue and let it dissolve."

"What is it?" I asked. Fucking was one thing, but my parents would kill me if I got into drugs.

“Relax. It’s just some Levitra I ground up.”

“Levitra?”

“It’s like Viagra, only better. Since you’re young and don’t have a problem with your dick, it won’t affect you like it affects old guys. Levitra enables them to get a hard-on.

“For young studs like you, it reduces the ‘refractory period’ (she made air quotes). That means you can fuck again sooner than otherwise.”

Since I’d already fucked three times in just a few hours, I could see her point. The power tasted a bit bitter, but it was OK and it dissolved quickly. And so it was that we fucked again at bedtime and again on Sunday morning before breakfast.

As much as I loved the fucking, I was starting to get worried about my brother and getting to school. It wouldn’t do for Sarah to drop me off at school. And I was the guy who kept other guys from picking on my brother. Joey and I were a bus-riding team, and I didn’t want to let him down.

So I told Sarah that she should take me home. She agreed, but said I owed her another weekend or she’d have to ask my parents to refund half the money she’d paid. “No problem,” I said.

I even volunteered to spend an extra weekend with her for free, just for the fucking. She laughed but said my parents would need my little moneymaker to bring in some dough and she didn’t have any to spare.

The next weekend I went to her home straight after school on Friday, reluctantly learned all about cunnilingus, and said goodbye on Sunday night, my body still pumped up with the repeated doses of Levitra she’d given me so we could fuck for 48 hours straight. By the end of the weekend it had actually hurt to ejaculate! But I’m ahead of the story.

When Sarah dropped me off at my home that first Sunday night, my father came to the curb to greet me. “How’d it go, Son?”

“Fine, Dad.” I giggled. “I sure like fucking.”

Sarah, who had gotten out of her car, piped in: “He’s good at it, too! We quite enjoyed ourselves. I’d give him an A-plus if we’d been at school.” She hugged me and whispered in my ear, “Don’t jerk off too much this week. We need that cum for next weekend.”

Joey was thrilled to see me. We wrestled a bit and played

video games, and then it was his bedtime. Since I was older, I got to stay up an extra 30 minutes.

As I closed the door to Joey's room, Mom motioned for me to step into the master bedroom, which was at the other end of the hall from Joey's. She quietly closed the door behind us, and motioned for me to sit next to her on the bed.

"How did go, Davey?"

"Fine, Mom. I had a good time."

"Do you feel you could handle one of my older friends now?"

"I guess so. But I'm drained, Mom. We did it all weekend."

"I expected as much, and it doesn't seem to have damaged you." Mom grinned, and I grinned back at her.

"Here's the deal. Ashley, who teaches at my school, is 38 and childless. She's not married but really, really wants a child before she's too old to have kids. Her biological clock is ticking faster and faster.

"She thinks she'll be ovulating on Wednesday. So I have to ask you, Son. Would you mind knocking her up? It would mean you'd have a child at a very young age, but Ashley wouldn't put your name on the birth certificate, so you'd never have any financial obligations. She'd simply list the father as an anonymous sperm donor.

"She'd drive you over to her house for a quick session, say 20 minutes, on Tuesday night just before your bedtime, and you'd have to get up early on Wednesday so your father could drive you over for another quick session before breakfast.

"After school, she'd swing by for a quick session on this bed here, while Joey is out of the house. That would be it. She'll pay us \$100 regardless. If you've gotten her pregnant, she'll pay us \$1,000 extra. So think about it for a few minutes and let me or your father know. Davey, I wouldn't ask you to do this except we really need the money."

"I know, Mom. I know. And I don't need to think about it. I'll fuck her." Mom looked a bit startled by my choice of words, but she didn't reprove me.

"That's great, Davey. I'll let Ashley know."

By Tuesday evening my balls were full again. I hadn't jacked off, not even once, since my last fuck with Sarah. Waiting, waiting,

waiting for Joey's bedtime was tough on my dick and balls. Even if I'd be fucking an old cow, I very much wanted to fuck again. The feeling of fucking was indescribable, and I was addicted.

Joey was reluctant to go to bed, which held up the evening's carnal bliss. Finally he went to bed (not even five minutes late, but I was counting every second!), and almost immediately I slipped out the front door to a blue Ford that was waiting at the curb.

The woman behind the steering wheel was a bit of a pudgy disaster, and definitely old. "Hi, Davey, I'm Ashley and I'm delighted to meet you." As soon as I'd closed the passenger door, automatically turning off the dome light, she reached over and squeezed my thigh.

"Davey, I can't say enough how pleased I am that you've agreed to be my sperm donor. You're bright, you're handsome, and while you might not know this, it's the truth: You're sexy as hell. I've been dreaming about sleeping with you ever since I saw a photo of you on your mother's desk at school."

"I can't sleep with you tonight," I replied. "I've only got permission to, uh, fuck you."

Ashley laughed. "OK, no more euphemisms. I've actually been dreaming of fucking you."

"Let's do it," I said. Outwardly, I tried to seem excited. Inwardly, I was the opposite.

Ashley was not only much older than Sarah and slightly pudgy, but I couldn't imagine her having ever been a looker. She was a true plain-Jane with some noticeable acne scars and frizzy dark hair. I couldn't tell in the car whether it was brown or black, but she clearly wasn't a blonde. She simply didn't hold a candle to Sarah. As I said, I tried to act excited, but it was difficult.

Ashley had me duck down as we drove into her neighborhood, and I didn't get out of her car until we were inside her garage and the door had rolled closed. Once inside her house, I looked at a wall clock and saw that it was later than my parents and I had anticipated.

"We need to do this quickly," I said. "Our schoolbus comes awfully early in the morning."

"OK," she said, and led me by the hand to her bedroom. She pulled back the covers. The sheets were clean and the bedroom smelled nice. Things were looking up. She quickly stripped to her bra and panties. "I want you to take off my bra. OK?"

"Sure." I released the hook on the back and watched with some

interest as her boobs came into sight. Holly molly, they were much, much bigger than Sarah's and while they drooped a bit, they weren't saggy. Things were really looking up! I brushed my hand over a boob and was rewarded with a nipple that popped to attention.

"You like?"

"Yeppers."

She lay on the bed on her back with her panties still on. "Please strip and join me." I obliged, releasing my pecker, and climbed on the bed. "Please pull down my panties," she said, lifting her hips off.

I tugged and ... what the hell ... a hairy bush came into view, a veritable jungle of dark pubes. On seeing my shocked expression, she sat up and touched my arm. "It's OK, it's OK. Let's go into the bathroom and get rid of the hair if it bothers you."

I nodded dumbly and followed her. She sat on her toilet lid and handed me a pair of scissors. "Be careful, Sweetheart."

I knelt on a bathmat and snipped off most of the hair in just a minute or two. "Back to the bedroom," she said, bringing along a towel, a razor, and some shaving cream.

Once she lay down on the towel, I got to work, and about three minutes later her nether regions were bare, if a bit red from my efforts. Can't say I recommend allowing a novice to shave one's precious bits.

Ashley rolled to one side, extracted the towel, and motioned for me to lie next to her as she settled back down. "Kiss me, Sweetheart. After all that, I need a little tenderness to get me in the mood."

I didn't much want to, and she sensed it. "Nevermind," she said. "KY should do the trick." She squirted some lubricant at the opening to her cunt, pushed it in with her fingers, and then said: "OK, show me what you've got. Fuck me!"

Those were the words the three of us – my big head, my little head, and my balls – had been aching to hear. Looking at her cunt while snipping and shaving her fur had given me a case of fuck fever. I needed to fuck; I needed to cum.

All thoughts of Sarah and her youthful body, thoughts that had inhibited me throughout the evening, vanished as soon as I pushed my way into Ashley's cunt. I started thrusting, fucking, humping, pushing, probing as deep as I could.

I'd learned some self-control since fucking Sarah, but not that much, and besides, my youthful machinery was a cum factory. Maybe 60 seconds, maybe 50 seconds went by before that delightful feeling rose in my balls and I fired deep in Ashley's cunt.

She and I both looked at the bedside clock. It was past my bedtime, and she wanted to lie for a while with her hips resting on a pillow, to give my swimmers a better chance.

"Maybe I'd better spend the night after all," I said. Ashley called my Mom, who agreed that given the hour, a sleepover was appropriate. Dad would pick me up in the morning and get me home in time for the schoolbus.

Ashley gave me a toothbrush once her hips-in-the-air time was over. Brushing my teeth next to her in the bathroom, both of us naked, was enough to get me hard once again, especially as I spent the entire time watching her ample boobs swinging the air.

Once we were back in bed, with the lights out, I reached over and began playing with her nipples. They were more responsive than Sarah's, and I couldn't resist the urge to suck them.

Ashley started purring and then moaning, and before long we were fucking again. I fell asleep between her thighs. Midway through the night I awoke to the feel of Ashley tickling my cock. It rose to the challenge, and we fucked again.

Dawn was still minutes away when her alarm clock went off in the morning. "Time for a quickie," she said, and got on her hands and knees. "Do me from behind, Sweetie. Ram it in good." I obliged.

She was still naked on the bed, giving my cum a chance to enter her womb, when Dad knocked on the door. I pulled on my jeans and ran to greet him, T-shirt and sneakers in hand.

"You smell like sex," Dad said, smiling. "Put on your shirt and shoes so the neighbors don't get any ideas, but quickly, so we can get home well before the school bus. You need a shower before anyone gets a whiff."

Joey greeted me when I walked in the front door. "Ew, you stink!" And then, like the pest he sometimes was, he started pestering me about how I could go to a sleepover on a school night when he couldn't.

"This was a special occasion," Dad said.

"How do I get special?" Joey asked.

"Maybe when you're older," Dad said. "Now let Davey get a shower and get ready for school."

Dad was at a job interview, in a town a couple of hours away, when Amanda came over after school for her final fuck of ovulation day. Joey was at an after-school Cub Scout meeting, meaning Mom was the only one home, other than me, when fuck time came.

Mom greeted Amanda at the door and let her in with a smile. "Has Davey been doing well in his after-school endeavors?" she asked.

While Mom grinned a devilish grin, Amanda answered with, "He's been trying very hard, very hard indeed. He concentrates deeply and spurts out his answer." She laughed and poked me in the ribs. Mother guffawed.

"Go to it quickly, you two. Joey will be home in half an hour."

There's not much to tell about our final fuck fest on my parents' bed, other than I felt a bit weird doing it where Mom and Dad presumably still did it from time to time. Amanda started off by extracting my cock and sucking it till I was hard. That took maybe 15 seconds. Then she lifted up her skirt and had me pull off her panties.

With her on her back, I overcame my earlier reluctance to performing oral sex and gave her pussy a few licks. But then I remembered that my morning cum was still inside, so I quit licking and mounted her instead.

As I was fucking I heard the bedroom door open slightly, so I knew Mom was watching. That really freaked me out, and I thought I was going to lose my erection, but I kept pumping and the hardness returned. I erupted inside Amanda only seconds thereafter. I quickly left the room while she lay with her ass on a pillow.

Joey came home while Amanda was still half-dressed in my parents room, but by then I was playing a video game in the family room, so he joined me and was none the wiser when Amanda slipped out of the house a few minutes later and drove away. Mom gave me my 10 percent share of Amanda's \$100 payment a few hours later, when Joey wasn't looking.

That weekend, at least as far as Joey knew, I was away on a camping trip. I was, in fact, camped out – in Sarah's cunt. We starting fucking Friday afternoon and didn't stop till Dad picked me up Sunday night.

The only special event of note was the first fuck: I went down on her and ate her out for a good 10 minutes. I really went to town and licked and licked until my tongue got so tired it hurt!

Dad didn't get the job in town two hours away, and so the \$1,000 check from Amanda that arrived a few weeks later was desperately needed for family expenditures. I told my parents to keep all the money.

I didn't have to wait long for more earning opportunities.

When word quietly spread that a few fucks at ovulation time by a 12-year-old had gotten a 38-year-old in the family way, the value of my services went up, as did the demand.

My parents were stunned when, via a circuitous message tree, a fertility doctor two states away inquired about my availability. Amanda quietly spread the word, and several other local schoolteachers came a-knocking for a knocking up. One of them was a lesbian, and that led to several other lesbians making inquiries.

Sarah had spread the word as well at the university. Turned out a number of the education majors were secretly attracted to very young males.

My parents were quite selective: no to the doctor, yes to one of the lesbians, and yes indeed to the 19-year-old randy student babe Sarah introduced to us. I think Dad was the deciding vote on Gale, the student. I could tell by the tent in his pants that he'd also like to know Gale very well indeed.

Gale had no interest in pregnancy or in Dad. She mainly wanted to play with my adolescent dick and give me blow jobs, though we did fuck once. I always played with her clit while she blew me.

My activities with the would-be preggies brought in a nice amount of money, but certainly not enough to replace Dad's salary. After nearly eight months he landed a position that paid almost as much as his former job. A couple of months later, once the family's coffers were replenished, my parents called a halt to my commercial sex life. By then I was 13, though with the sexual resume of a 30-year-old and five pregnancies to my credit.

Dad broke the news to me gently. "It's time you started dating girls your own age, Davey. Be considerate, and wear a condom." I came to hate condoms, but I did as I was told except when Sarah, who now taught school a half-hour away, would invite me up for a weekend romp. Then, I'd let my cum fly free!

FINI

Any comments? Email me at: Angler77@Safe-mail.net