

Curious Little Anna

Anna discovers men and boys have something that grows and gets bigger.

Story codes: Mg and bg (oral only)

Characters

Anna f, age 7 first person, I me, etc.

William m, age 38 Anna's father

Nancy f, age 34 Anna's mother

Bill m, age 41 Anna's maternal uncle

Scott m, age 32 next-door neighbor and single

Jason m, age 12 Scott's nephew

I first noticed something growing when sitting on daddy's lap and bouncing. I reached down to feel and moved my fingers along the length and it got even bigger. I squeezed it and asked my father, "What's this thing that gets bigger?"

My father, looked at me funny like, lifted me off his lap, and said, "That's nothing; it is just where my pants got wrinkled." But I knew better and wondered what daddy was hiding and I was going to find out what it was. The next time I crawled on daddy's lap, I put my hand down to see if it was still there. At first I didn't feel anything, but when I started bouncing on his lap, I felt something and put my hand on it and squeezed it. However, my father immediately picked me up, sat me down next to him, and said, "Anna, you are getting too big to sit on my lap."

I just knew daddy was hiding something but he wasn't going to tell so when Uncle Bill visited, I sat in his lap to see if he had something that got bigger too. It seemed that I felt something under my bottom but since daddy lifted me off his lap each time I put my hand on it, I just twisted and wiggled my bottom and I felt something grow. So, I wiggled some more and I could feel it growing.

I looked into my uncle's face and he made this funny face and said, "Anna, you don't know what you are doing." However, I knew whatever it was, wiggling my bottom on it made grow so I wiggled some more. Uncle Bill whispered, "Anna, don't do that when your mother or father is in the room."

"Why not Uncle Bill?"

"It is a secret. Can you keep a secret and not tell your mother or father?"
"I can keep a secret, Uncle Bill," I replied. Uncle Bill got up to go talk to my mother, so whatever it was, I shouldn't tell anyone.

I decided to wait until I could be alone with Uncle Bill. That was the next day, just after lunch. Daddy was at work and mother has just left to go shopping and wouldn't be back until just before daddy got home so I had lots of time.

I climbed in Uncle Bill's lap and wiggled my bottom, something started to grow, and as I wiggled, it went from soft and small to big and kind of hard. Uncle got up for a moment and when he sat back down and I sat in his lap, it was different; it was higher. Since Uncle Bill wasn't stopping me, I felt it with my hand and it felt round so I ran my finger up and down then squeezed it.

Uncle Bill moaned. "Did I hurt you?" I asked.

"No Anna, that doesn't hurt; it feels good." So whatever it is, I can make Uncle Bill feel good." I was so pleased that I put both of my hands on it and felt it as I ran my hands up and down the length of it. "Oh, Anna," Uncle Bill said, I could tell Uncle Bill liked what I was doing so I just had to see it.

I unzipped his pants, reached inside, and felt it through his undershorts. I kept exploring, found an opening in the front his shorts, and felt how big it was by running my finger up down the length of it. The top was wet. As I

was playing with it, I was looking at Uncle Bill's face and I discovered that he seemed to like it when I squeezed it and moved my hand up and down.

I still could not see it and I wanted to see. However, when I started to unbuckle his belt, Uncle Bill stopped me and said, "Anna, they will put me in jail if you do that."

"Why?" I asked.

"Take my word for it; they just will." We were not doing anything wrong so it must be a secret. So this time I put both hand inside and squeezed it with both hands. I put one hand on top where it was wet and could feel what felt like a little slit. Then I remembered that Uncle Bill seemed to like it when I squeezed and move my hand up and down so with one hand on top feeling the slit and the wet spot, I squeezed and moved my other hand up and down while watching Uncle Bill's face.

Uncle Bill's face got this strange expression and he said, "Oh Anna baby, you are going to make me shoot my load." I don't know what he means but he seemed to like what I was doing so I kept moving my hand up and down while touching the wet spot with my other hand.

Suddenly, Uncle Bill got this really strange expression and he uttered a small moan. Then something wet and gooey came out and got on to my hand. I kept watching Uncle Bill's face and while I was still holding and squeezing, Uncle Bill seemed to be relaxing and the thing in my hand started getting softer and smaller.

Uncle Bill said, "Anna you are wonderful little imp." Uncle Bill got up and went to his room. I still had this gooey stuff on my hand so I looked at my hand and then went and washed my hands. I still wanted to see this strange thing that daddy and Uncle Bill have and I just knew Uncle Bill would let me see if I kept trying but the next day he went back home.

It was summertime and Scott our next-door neighbor has a swimming pool that he lets us use. I was only allowed to play in the shallow end, separated from the deeper end by a floating rope strung across the pool. Scott is a writer so he works at home and often he would babysit me while mother went shopping. Mother thinks Scott is very good looking and a very nice man.

Perhaps Nancy, Anna's mother, was taking advantage of Scott by using his swimming pool and free babysitting. However, since he was willing, she wasn't going to look for reasons not to use his free services. Nevertheless, she did occasionally bake chocolate chip cookies for him.

Anna thought, "I wonder if Scott has this thing that gets bigger and smaller, I am going to find out."

One day when mother and I were visiting, she was watching me swimming. Scott was sitting in a lounge chair wearing a shirt and shorts. I climbed into Scott's lap but he whispered, "Anna, you can't sit in my lap while your mother is here. You can sit on my lap when we are alone if you promise not to tell anyone."

"Okay, I promise I will never tell anyone."

"Good girl, Anna."

A little later mother said she needed to go shopping for a couple of hours and Scott said, "I will watch Anna and, if I go inside, I have Cinderella, Snow White, and other children's movies she can watch on TV. Also, I have some children's video games she can play." As soon as I heard mother drive away, I climbed into Scott's lap and wiggled my bottom and I could feel that he has one too, I started twisting my bottom up and down and felt Scott's thing start getting bigger and harder.

I put my hand on it and squeezed it and Scott said, "Anna, it is not private enough outside for you to do that; let's go inside. Once inside, Scott,

locked the door and closed the window blinds. Scott sat on the cushy carpet and I climbed in his lap. I could feel it growing again and this time, I was not going to be put off; I was going to see what it looked liked.

With me on his lap, Scott used his hands and arms to stay in a sitting position. I unbuttoned and unzipped his shorts. He was wearing brief type undershorts so I decided they need to come off, I started tugging on Scott's shorts and when he laid down I was able to pull them down and off.

"Oh Anna! You are a devilish little vixen." I didn't know what a vixen is but I think I like being one. And, now I was finally going to see that big kind of hard thing under Scott's briefs so I grabbed hold of his briefs at the waistband and started pulling them off. Finally, I got to see the wonderful secret that men have—long and round with something hanging at the bottom.

I could see the slit at the tip and that it was kind of wet, I wondered if I could make it do that gooey stuff that Uncle Bill's did. If it did, I wanted to see.

I was wearing a two-piece swimsuit. The top comes down to below my navel but the bottom is like a bikini bottom ties with bowties at the sides.



Scott asked, “Anna, may I untie you bowties?” I nodded so Scott untied my bowties and the bottom of my swimsuit fell off. “Anna, if the doorbell rings, put the bottom of your swimsuit back on fast because this is a secret that no one must know about. Do you promise to keep our secret?”

“I promise, I won’t tell anyone our secret.”

I still wanted to see if it would do the gooey stuff like Uncle Bill did so I grabbed it with both hand and with one hand on top; I started moving my other hand up and down like I did with Uncle Bill. However, Scott asked, "Anna do you want to kiss it; it's clean." I looked at it, thought, "Okay", and kissed it. It jumped so I kissed it again.

Scott said, "You can lick it like a lollypop." So I looked at it and licked it.

"You lick so good Anna; want to lick some more?" Scott liked it so I decided I would lick for a while. Scott started squirming and making funny little sounds and realizing I had the power to make him do that, I started licking faster and harder.

"Yesssss Ooooooh yessss Anna" and suddenly several quick strings of gooey stuff squirted onto my face and into my mouth." I started to spit it out but Scott said, "It's okay to swallow Anna, it taste good and it is good for you."

"It didn't taste bad and since Scott said it taste good and wanted me to, I swallowed. Some dripped from my face onto my bathing suit.

"Anna, put you bottoms on, jump into the swimming pool; it will wash right off then come back in."

After jumping into the water, I was just going back inside when I heard mother drive back. When mother came to the pool, I was in the shallow end of the pool and Scott in the lounge chair just like when mother left.

That was so much fun and I have the rest of the summer to keep having fun with Scott. For the next three days, I kept visiting and trying to play with Scott but he kept telling me that I had to wait until mommy wasn't home. It seems men have secrets they tell girls but don't let their mothers know. That doesn't make any sense but maybe later I will find out why.

Finally, mother was going grocery shopping. She was going to take me but I begged to stay with Scott so I could watch Cinderella and Scott agreed that I would be no problem and he would be delighted to babysit me. Scott adjusted an outside motion detector that would turn on an inside light for a couple of minutes whenever mommy's car left or returned. He said, "Even if we don't hear your mother's car return, we would see the light inside and have several minutes warning before she put the groceries up and came to pick you up." And Scott said, "This is our secret and you can't tell your mom or anyone."

"I promise. I won't tell anyone," I replied.

As soon as mommy left, I started to unzip Scott's pants but he said we should go to the bedroom and that the bed would be more comfortable. I was wearing sandals, a short dress that was 3 inches below my panties and my panties. In the bedroom, Scott asked if I wanted to remove my sandals and dress so I did and was in my panties. When Scott climbed onto the bed I unbuckled and unzipped his pants and started pulling them off, I could see from the bulge in his shorts that the thing that men keep a secret had grown bigger and harder.

I wanted to see and play with it so I grabbed his shorts and pulled them off. Scott said, "It's called a penis, cock, or dick. All men have one and, if a man likes a girl, it is get big and hard if she rubs it. If she licks the top of it and then sucks on it, she will make a guy squirt something that is very good for her."

"What is it", Anna asked

"It's called, cream, cum, or semen and it's more delicious than chocolate."

If it tastes better than chocolate, I wanted it so I started licking it and when Scott said, "Oh, Anna! That feels wonderful, will you put it in your mouth and suck on it?" so I started sucking on it. Like most 7 year old girls, Anna's head circumference was 90 percent of her adult size so her mouth

was big enough so that she could put a couple of inches of Scotts, penis in her mouth.

“Anna, you teeth can hurt it so watch your teeth.”

“Okay, I won’t bite it,” Anna replied as she resumed her vigorous sucking.

“Oh Anna! You little vixen; I can’t help it; you are going to make me give you my cream.”

“There’s that word again”, Anna thought. “What’s a vixen?” Anna asked as she momentarily stopped.

“A vixen is a beautiful witch that has the magic power of enchantment to make men do anything she wants.”

“If I tell you to buy a video game, you will have to buy it for me?” Anna asked.

“Yes, Anna; anything you want.” Scott replied.

‘Hmmmmm, I like being a vixen and I make daddy do what I want too. He scolds me but I usually get my way,’ Anna thought as she resumed her sucking. ‘First, I will make Scott give me some delicious cream and then I will make him buy me **Tinker Bell**,’ a children’s video game.

In less than sixty seconds, Scott uttered, “Ahhhhhhh,” as he shot two squirts of his cream into Anna’s mouth. ‘It tastes okay,’ Anna thought as she swallowed it, ‘but not as good as chocolate.’

“You said your cream is better than chocolate,” Anna inquired.

“Oh, it is but you must get used to the taste first.

“Then give me more,” Anna demanded.

“I can’t right now, Anna,”

“Why not?” Anna asked. “You said I’m a vixen.”

“You are Anna but it takes time to make some more.”

“Okay, but you have to buy me ***Tinker Bell***.”

“I will, Anna; I promise.”

Just then, the light came on indicating that Nancy had returned from shopping for groceries. “Anna we have to get dressed, you mommy’s back.” When Nancy arrived, Anna was on the floor watching Cinderella and Scott assured her that Anna had been no problem.

It was just after lunch two days later and while I was playing in the swimming pool that mommy asked Scott if he could babysit me for several hours while she went shopping and took care of some business. Scott said, “I would be delighted and if Anna gets tired of swimming, I have three new videos—*Anne of Green Gables*, *Beauty and the Beast* and *Annie* that she can watch on the TV upstairs.”

“I want to watch them now,” I said which pleased mommy since they would keep me occupied until she returned. “As soon as I heard mommy driving away, I grabbed Scott by the hand and pulled him into his bedroom. I wanted to taste more of his cream and I was going to get me some since I am a vixen and can make men do my bidding.”

“Anna may I help you out of your wet swimsuit?” Scott asked. I nodded and he grabbed hold of the bottom of my top and, as I lifted my arms, Scott pulls it up over my head and off. Then he pulled to strings to my bottoms and they fell off leaving me naked. Then I pushed Scott on the bed and removed his pants and shorts. I noticed his thing that grows was already big and harder. I love being a vixen and having the power to make his

thing grow. And, now I am going to make him give me some cream so I put it in my mouth and started sucking it and even rubbing it with my tongue as hard and fast as I could.

I was looking at Scott's face and he got this odd expression and started making moaning sounds. *'It is because I am a vixen and I have the power to make Scott give me some delicious cream,'* Anna thought as Scott went rigid and squirted into Anna's mouth. Anna swallowed and said. "Your cream still doesn't taste better than chocolate."

"I will taste better each time but you may have to taste it few more times and then it will be better than chocolate," Scott replied. "Now lay down on your back and spread your legs and I will do something for you that feels real good."

When Anna lay down and spread her legs, Scott started licking Anna's pussy, giving special attention to her clit and sticking his tongue as far as he could in Anna's pussy. And, it did feel good. Anna started squirming and Scott kept licking making Anne wiggle until Anna felt this strange and wonderful feeling that made her shiver.

"I like that," Anna said.

"It's called an orgasm or cumming. Do want me to do more and make you cum again?"

"Yes," Anna replied. "Do more."

Scott inserted his finger a half inch into Anna's pussy and wiggled it and then for the next five minutes he sucked on Anna's clit and licked her pussy until she shivered through another orgasm. Scott said, "Anna that this is our secret so you can't tell your mother or anyone."

"Okay, I won't tell anyone," Anna replied.

“Anna get dressed and you can watch *Beauty and the Beast*.” Anna had just finished watching *Beauty and the Beast* when Nancy returned.

Once or twice a week for the next couple of weeks when Nancy went shopping, Anna and Scott would get naked. Anna would suck him to get his cream that Anna was beginning to acquire a taste for and then Scott would finger Anna’s pussy a half inch or so deep and lick her until she shivered and had an orgasm. Then Jason, Scott’s 12 year old nephew and two month shy of his 13th birthday, visited for a couple of weeks.

Jason looked like a very nice boy and Nancy was happy that Anna had another child to play with. Anna and Jason would go swimming, play chase, play video games, and watch TV. With Scott telling Nancy that he would watch Anna and Jason and that he had lots of movies and video games they could watch, Nancy would let Anna stay with Scott and Jason all day except for lunch and until William got home from work.

On Jason’s third day with Scott, his uncle, Anna was playing with Jason in his room and started taking off his shorts. “What are you doing?” Jason asked.

“I’m going to take off your clothes,” Anna replied.

“No! You can’t do that.”

“Why not?” Anna asked.

“You just can’t.”

However, Anna would keep trying and, a cute girl trying to get into his pants, made Jason’s dick hard. Jason had started cumming three months earlier so with his dick hard he decided he would get naked if Anna would too. Jason closed and locked his door and said, “You have to take you clothes off too.”

“Okay,” Anna replied.

“You can’t tell anyone.”

“I won’t tell anyone,” Anna said and started to unbuckle Jason’s pants.

“I want to see you naked,” Jason said.

"Okay," Anna said and started removing her clothes and when Anna was completely naked, Scott got naked too.

When they were both naked, Jason’s dick was hard and pointing up. Anna grabbed Jason’s dick and put it in her mouth. “What are you doing?” an astonished Jason asked.

“I am making you give me some cream,” Anna replied. And, it wouldn’t take long. At just a couple of months before his 13th birthday Jason dick was not as big as Scott’s so Anna did not have to open her mouth as wide and she could suck harder. Anna was watching Jason’s face while sucking on his dick and saw his expression change just before he squirted into Anna’s mouth. Jason didn’t produce as much cum as Scott did but Anna thought it tasted better as she swallowed and sucked the last remaining drops from Jason’s dick then licked her lips.

“You have to lick my pussy,” Anna said. However, having shot his load, Jason was a bit embarrassed and, instead of licking Anna’s pussy, he got dressed.

Anna could tell that Jason was more enthused before she got his cream than after so the next morning when they got Naked, Anna said, “You have to lick me first and, with a hard dick that needed relief, Jason licked Anna’s pussy. Jason made Anna squirm but not enough to give her an orgasm. Nevertheless, Anna sucked on Jason’s dick and got his cream, which seemed to taste even better. Anna was acquiring a taste for cum.

They continued get naked and Jason was learning from Anna's reaction how to please her better and a couple of days later, Jason was pleased when he licked Anna to an orgasm and she shivered and squealed in delight. After that, almost every day for the next nine day until Jason left, Jason and Anna would get naked and give each other orgasms with Jason licking Anna's pussy and Anna sucking Jason's dick to get his very tasty cream.

At age 7, Anna learned the power she has over boys and men. That's something most women don't learn until they are much older, if ever. A few years later, Anna would learn that, when their dicks got hard, guys would spend money on her and buy her things because they thought that she might suck their hard cocks and swallow their delicious cum and because they thought that maybe Anna would let them fuck her.

After Jason left, once or twice a week, Anna and Scott would get naked. Anna would suck on Scott's cock to get his tasty cream and Scott would lick Anna's pussy and suck on her clit until she shivered and squealed from the wonderful felling of having an orgasm or something that felt like an orgasm. However, with her curiosity satisfied and growing awareness, before age of eight Anna stopped.

Scott told Nancy that, since he is home all the time, he would love to homeschool Anna and would welcome Nancy's help. Nancy already knew that homeschool students were far better educated than public school children but she was concerned about socialization. However, Scott pointed out public school officials invented the socialization issue because, even though public school children outnumber home school students thirty to one, homeschool are winning most of the academic contests. And, in fact, home school students are far better socialized than public school students who are told to sit still and be quite, and too often any socialization includes bullying, and exposure to drugs and sex. Nancy was convinced and allowed Scott to home school Anna after he directed her to a website with the following:

Academically homeschoolers have generally excelled, but some critics have continued to challenge them on an apparent “lack of socialization” or “isolation from the world.” Often there is a charge that homeschoolers are not learning how to live in the “real world.” However, a closer look at public school training shows that it is actually public school children who are not living in the real world.

For instance, public school children are confined to a classroom for at least 180 days each year with little opportunity to be exposed to the workplace or to go on field trips. The children are trapped with a group of children their own age with little chance to relate to children of other ages or adults. They learn in a vacuum where there are no absolute standards. They are given little to no responsibility, and everything is provided for them. The opportunity to pursue their interests and to apply their unique talents is stifled. Actions by public students rarely have consequences, as discipline is lax and passing from grade to grade is automatic. The students are not really prepared to operate in the home (family) or the workplace, which comprise a major part of the “real world” after graduation.

Homeschoolers, on the other hand, do not have the above problems. They are completely prepared for the “real world” of the workplace and the home. They relate regularly with adults and follow their examples rather than the examples of foolish peers. They learn based on “hands on” experiences and early apprenticeship training. In fact, the only “socialization” or aspect of the “real world” which they miss out on by not attending the public school is unhealthy peer pressure, crime, and immorality. Of course, the average homeschooler wisely learns about these things from afar instead of being personally involved in crime or immorality or perhaps from being a victim.

Practically, homeschoolers generally overcome the potential for “isolation” through heavy involvement in church youth groups, 4H clubs, music and art lessons, Little League sports participation, YMCA, Scouts, singing groups, activities with neighborhood children, academic contests (spelling bees, orations, creative and research papers), and regular involvement in field trips. In fact, one researcher stated, “The investigator was not prepared for the level of commitment exhibited by the parents in getting the child to various activities ... It appeared that these students are involved in more social activities, whether by design or being with the parent in various situations, than the average middle school-aged child.”

In nearly every community throughout the country, local homeschool support groups have formed in addition to the state-wide homeschool associations. In many areas these local support groups sponsor weekly and monthly activities for the homeschool students, including physical education classes, special speakers, sports, camping, trips to museums, industries, farms, parks, historic sites, and hundreds of other activities. Regular contests are also held including spelling bees, science fairs, wood working contests, and geography contests. Homeschoolers in many localities have formed homeschool choirs, bands, sports teams, bowling leagues, educational and activity clubs of every kind, and many types of resource libraries.

The state homeschool associations generally sponsor a major conference where homeschool children can attend and the older children perform plays, assemble yearbooks, and participate in graduation ceremonies for eighth and twelfth grades. A review of the state homeschool association and local support group newsletters testify of the great many social activities available. Homeschool families, as a whole, do not raise their children in social isolation.

In addition, several studies have been done to measure homeschoolers' "self-concept," which is the key objective indicator for establishing a child's self-esteem. A child's degree of self-esteem is one of the best measurements of his ability to successfully interact on a social level. One such study was conducted by John Wesley Taylor, using the Piers-Harris Children's Self-Concept Scale to evaluate 224 home-schooled children. They study found that 50 percent of the children scored above the 90th percentile, and only 10.3 percent scored below the national average.

Another researcher compared private school 9-year-olds with homeschool 9-year-olds and found no significant differences in the groups in virtually all psycho-social areas. However, in the area of social adjustment, a significant difference was discovered: "private-school subjects appeared to be more concerned with peers than the home-educated group." This is certainly an advantage for home-schooled children who can avoid negative peer influence

In 2004, Dr. Susan McDowell wrote "But What About Socialization? Answering the Perpetual Home Schooling Question: A Review of the Literature" following a challenge to document the common idea that

homeschoolers are not socialized in comparison to those students in public schools. McDowell, whose PhD from Vanderbilt University is in educational leadership, claims: "It's a non-issue today. All the research shows children are doing well."

Dr. Linda Montgomery studied homeschool students between the ages of ten and twenty-one and concluded that home-schooled children are not isolated from social activities with other youth. She also concluded that homeschooling may nurture leadership at least as well as the conventional schools do.

Thomas Smedley prepared a master's thesis for Radford University of Virginia on "The Socialization of Homeschool Children." Smedley used the Vineland Adaptive Behavior Scales to evaluate the social maturity of twenty home-schooled children and thirteen demographically matched public school children. The communication skills, socialization, and daily living skills were evaluated. These scores were combined into the "Adoptive Behavior Composite" which reflects the general maturity of each subject. Smedley had this information processed using the statistical program for the social sciences and the results demonstrated that the home-schooled children were better socialized and more mature than the children in the public school. The home-schooled children scored in the 84th percentile while the matched sample of public school children only scored in the 27th percentile.

Smedley further found that:

In the public school system, children are socialized horizontally, and temporarily, into conformity with their immediate peers. Home educators seek to socialize their children vertically, toward responsibility, service, and adulthood, with an eye on eternity.

In another 1992 study, Dr. Larry Shyers compared behaviors and social development test scores of two groups of seventy children ages eight to ten. One group was being educated at home while the other group attended public and private schools. He found that the home-schooled children did not lag behind children attending public or private schools in social development.

Dr. Shyers further discovered that the home-schooled children had consistently fewer behavioral problems. The study indicated that home-

schooled children behave better because they tend to imitate their parents while conventionally schooled children model themselves after their peers. Shyers states, "The results seem to show that a child's social development depends more on adult contact and less on contact with other children as previously thought.

Scott and Nancy learned that, although earlier would have been better Anna was still at a very good age to learn foreign languages especially making the sounds and pronunciations. Anna would be taught to read Latin, and to speak Spanish and Mandarin the official Chinese language. Mandarin would be especially valuable because in a few years China would surpass the USA as the number one economy. Anna, being a bright child would learn more in half the time she would have in public school.

After starting her home school education; and, with her curiosity satisfied, Anna decided on her own that if she was going to get naked and play, she would play with other home school children and not a man more than four times her age. By age 12, Anna was enrolled in a couple of college courses. At age 13 she took the SAT scoring the 94 percentile and far more than necessary to enroll in SMU at age 14.

Anna graduated college at age 18 with \$55,000 in student debt. However, Anna had not yet given up her virginity. Anna read an article that, although the deal fell through, one girl had sold her virginity for \$780,000 so, after proving that she was a virgin, she sold her virginity and a weekend of fucking to a rich guy for \$60,000. Anna used the \$60,000 to pay off her student debt.

A girl that somehow learned Anna sold her virginity for \$60,000 called her a prostitute, but Anna replied by saying, "You are just jealous because you gave it away to a horny boy in high school and what did that get you? I got \$60,000 for my virginity and you got nothing for yours."

"I don't believe is selling my body that all," the girl replied.

"Maybe you have never been offered enough. Or maybe you don't consider fucking the guy that took you to the bowl game in New Orleans and paid all the expenses as selling your body. In any event, if not, doesn't

giving it away, make you a whore? How is being a whore make you more moral then my being a onetime prostitute for \$60,000?

“I’m not a whore. I’m not easy and I haven’t fucked that many men.”

“If not being easy or the number of you fucked is the criteria than, if you are not a whore then how can I be a prostitute? I have only fucked one guy and I know for a fact you have fucked at least two guys.

Send comments to: smjle4me@windstream.net