**A Natural Born Slut**

by Art Martin

**Chapter 1 Of Boys and Men**

*Young Mindy Lou is vexed when a cute boy asks her out, but not as vexing as her new babysitting jig turns out to be..*

"Hey, Mindy! Wait up!"

Mindy stopped and turned to see who was calling her. When she saw who it was, she turned back around and continued walking down the corridor and through the bustling crowd of students changing class.

"Hey! Wait a minute, will ya?" Mark said grabbing her by the arm and bringing her to stop.

"Well! If it isn't Mark!" she said with sarcasm dripping from her voice.

"How have ya been?" the cute boy asked accompanied by his killer smile.

"Why do you care?"

"Whadda mean?" the confused boy replied.

"You haven't so much as spoken to me since school started!"

"That's not true," he defended. "I've said 'Hi' to you several times."

"Okay. You said, 'Hi' and then walked off like I didn't exist. It's not like we don't know each other. Then again, I guess we really don't anymore."

"I've always liked you, Mindy. Honest. I mean, we were buddies."

"That's right, Mark. We were buddies... as in past tense not so perfect. Okay, I know we never saw one another after your family moved, but now that we're going to the same school again, I thought you'd at least acknowledge my existence."

"Hey, I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings."

"I don't have any feelings... towards you. You are not the same boy who used to live next door... We played every day after school."

"I said I was sorry. We're still buddies, okay?" he said looking her right in the eyes.

"Yeah! We played, didn't we?" he added with a mischievous grin. "You were a great playmate."

"Oh, god... If you ever say anything about that to anyone..."

"Too late, Mindy."

"What? You didn't," she said feeling unseen eyes staring at her and sensing the snickering.

"Don't worry. Nobody knows it was you I lived next door to. As far as my friends are concerned, you're just another dorky ninth grader."

"Is that what I am? Dorky?" she bristled.

"No, I didn't mean that. It's just that the older kids look down on the newbie freshmen. That's why I haven't talked to you until now. You know... peer pressure. Look, I really didn't mean to ignore you like that. Besides, Jenny, that's my ex-girl friend, she'd scratch your eyes out."

"Is that her name? Jenny? I thought it was Princess Whatever. What do you see in her?"

"Hey, she's pretty and a lot of fun, or at least she was a lot of fun."

"If you say so... Look, I need to get going or I'll be late for class."

"Me too...

"Hey, wait a minute! What I wanted to ask you is this... Would you like to go to a party with me Saturday?"

"Saturday? That's tomorrow! What happened? Princess Whatever dump you?"

"Truthfully... no. Actually I dumped her."

"Whatever!" Mindy replied with contempt.

"Well, you wanna go or not? It's going to be at Ken Smith's house. I promise... you'll have a lot of fun."

"I'll have to ask my mom. Call me tonight."

"Sure, Mindy. What's your number?"

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Mindy had a hard time concentrating in class. For one thing it was fifth period and she was tired and feeling groggy. It also didn't help that the subject was algebra. If it weren't for the fact that her bra was too tight and had been cutting into her all damned day, she might have very well fallen asleep. But there was something else keeping her awake and keeping her distracted. Her mind kept coming back to Mark. He was President of the Student Council and Captain of the football team, but more importantly, he was a dreamy hunk. He was cute when they were younger, but now...

'Did he really ask me for a date?' she thought with a grin. She looked about the room and wondered what the other girls would say if they knew.

She'd seen him during lunch arguing with his girlfriend. To Mindy it looked like Jenny had dumped Mark and not the other way around. The bottom line was that no matter who dumped whom, they had broken up. Mark needed a date fast and that's why he asked her. Her grin turned into a frown. 'I really ought to just tell him to forget it,' she thought. 'He's only asking me out of desperation.'

Still, he was cute... hunky in fact and arguably THE most popular boy in school. She'd always liked him and they always got along great. They had been best friends! Sure he was three years older than she was, but they had been the best of friends. But that was a few years ago, when they were both younger. But this was now and for the past few weeks he'd given her the cold treatment, as if she didn't exist.

'I ought to just tell him no!' she told herself for the upteenth time that afternoon.

They'd lived next door to each other ever since she could remember and they played together nearly every day. There weren't any other kids near their age on their block and their parents wouldn't let them roam the neighborhood, so they took company in each other. She smiled to herself thinking of all the hours they spent playing with Star War figurines, or playing some other boy game and all the hours he played dolls with her. But then there was their favorite game... playing doctor.

Her mom and dad were never home before six. His mom was usually home when they got out of school and they'd play together at his house. But one day a week, his mom didn't get home until five. That gave them an hour or so for unsupervised play. It was on those days when they would play naked together at her house. It made her pussy tingle to remember those games; she the third grader, spreading her legs open, having her pussy played with and even being finger fucked by the cute fifth grade boy. Or taking his temperature rectally with her finger or just playing with his dick. It was all "show-me-yours-and I'll show-you-mine" and touchie-feelie and not much more. But they played those games every chance they had and without hesitation on his or her part.

They played their "special" games at her house, just to be sure that his mom didn't unexpectedly come home early. Mark, being older, was always the boss. He'd order her to take her clothes off and she did. Then she undressed him.

It all ended when Mark's parents bought a larger, nicer home in another subdivision and he changed schools. After that, she was mostly alone until she became good buddies with Kimberly. Then she and Kimberly were inseparable until she moved away last summer. Now in ninth grade and just starting high school, Mindy didn't have that many close friends.

Once she was home from school, the first thing she did was shed the too tight bra. It was one of her newest bras too and up until last week it was the most comfortable. Now it was too small. She looked at herself in her floor length mirror and studied her tits in particular. Yes, they seemed to be a little larger, and that pleased her. Up until the beginning of last summer she had nothing but low mounds. That quickly changed over the summer and now she had real tits, tits she could be proud of. They weren't spectacular or anything, but she had nothing to be ashamed of either. They had a nice shape, were firm and had large puffy nipples that were very prominent when she stimulated them.

Pleased with her naked image, she changed into some comfortable clothes to wear on her baby sitting job tonight. She chose a short white halter top and a pink pair of soft gym shorts, the tight ones from last year that showed off her ass so well. For footwear, she chose her rhinestone studded flip-flops that let her show off her toe rings. It felt great to be out of her school clothes and in to something much more comfortable. Now, if her mom just didn't object...

That evening, after her mom came home from work, Mindy got an earful about not wearing a bra. She told her mom about her too tight bras and her mother agreed to take her shopping the next day. Still her mom insisted that she wear a bra, but Mindy explained that no one would see her other than the little boy she was watching and the all the bras she had really were uncomfortable.

Then quickly changing the subject, she told her mom about Mark's invitation.

"I thought you didn't get along with Mark anymore," her mother inquired.

"That's what I thought too," Mindy replied. "Then he came up and asked me out."

"Do you want to go, or do you want an excuse not to go?" her mother asked fully prepared to run interference for her daughter.

"I don't know... Yeah, I really would like to go."

"Whose house will it be at?"

"Ken Smith."

"Who is he?"

"He's on the football team with Mark. They're good friends."

"Will Ken's parents be home?"

"I guess."

"Well, if they're not, you can't go."

"Okay, I'll ask."

"Better yet, get me Ken's parents' names and their phone number. I'll ask," the wary mother said. No sooner had the mother spoken when the phone rang. Mindy picked up.

"Mindy, it's me!" the male voice on the line.

"Me? Me, who?"

"Mark!"

"Oh, that me..."

"Can you come tomorrow night?"

"Mom wants to talk to Ken's parents and make sure they're gonna be home."

"His dad will be there. He always is, but," Mark lowered his voice and chucked, "we never, ever see him."

"You have Ken's number?"

"Yeah. You have a pencil?" Mark gave her the information her mother needed.

"Listen. A bunch of us are going skating tonight. You wanna come, Mindy?"

"I can't. I have a baby sitting job tonight."

"Bummer. Well, my car is in the shop and my folks won't let me use one of their cars seeing that I kind of messed up Dad's car a few weeks ago. So either my mom or my dad will drive us over to Ken's tomorrow night. It's not exactly ideal, but... I'll see you at seven."

"Okay." She was about to thank him for the invite tonight, but Mark had already hung up. It was just as well, because she needed to get over to the Jackson house for her babysitting job. Five minutes later, her mother was dropping her off, still complaining about Mindy not being decently dressed, but understanding her daughter's problem.

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Mrs. Jackson answered the door and let her in. The young mother was dressed for a night out and Mindy thought she looked fabulous in the low cut slinky little black dress. Mindy silently wished that someday she'd look like Mrs. Jackson, but had already given up on that. The fifteen year old was still developing, but the chances of her B-cup boobies getting much larger seemed to her to be slim, and the chances of them developing into a head-turning pair of huge hooters like Mrs. Jackson sported, was nil unless she had implants. But it wasn't just the older woman's prominent bust line that made her so attractive; she also had long shapely legs, a curvy butt and wasp-like waist. Not only that, she had a photogenic face to go along with her sexy body. The blonde woman oozed sex appeal and Mindy wanted to be just like her... someday.

Mindy was barely in the house when Mr. Jackson, a hulking handsome man, brought his wife her wrap and was ready to go. The lady pointed to the little boy standing in the doorway to the kitchen.

"Mindy, this is Timmy. I got home late today. Be a dear and give Timmy a bath after you give him his supper and before bed," said the stunning lady as she let her husband place the wrap on her milky shoulders. "We'll be home, kind of late. Maybe around two. I hope that won't be a problem."

"Oh, no. I'll call my mom and let her know," answered the girl.

"Great. Here's John's cell phone number in case you need us."

A moment later, Mindy was alone in the house with her five-year-old charge. She hadn't sat for the Jacksons before, so she didn't know what to expect from young Timmy. Would he be compliant or would he be a pain in the ass? She walked up to him, and knelt down to be eye level with him.

"Timmy, I'm Mindy."

"I'm hungry," he replied emphatically.

"Okay," she replied with an amused smile. "Let's take care of that first."

 Mindy was happy to see that instructions on Timmy's dinner had been left for her. She immediately found the prepared plate of food and stuck it in the microwave for the proscribed time. By the time the food was heated, Timmy was sitting at the table on his booster chair and patiently waiting.

"Thank you," he said when served. Then he set about eating, not complaining about not liking this or not liking that, eating his vegetables, as well as his finely chopped meat. Mindy watched as he silently ate. He was fairly neat too, not perfect, but for the most part the food stayed on his plate, on his fork or in his mouth, and very little found its way to the table top, his face, his lap or to the floor.

When he had finished, he politely asked, "May I be excused?"

Mindy was stunned. Most of the kids she babysat were little more than animals, rude and difficult at first, testing the limits. Timmy was perfectly mannered. She excused him and cleaned up the minimal mess he'd left behind and then called her mom to tell her about the late time she was expecting the Jacksons to come home. With the table cleared and the dishes put away, Mindy ventured back into the living room. Timmy had some toys out and was more or less quietly playing with them. She sat on the sofa and watched the child for a few minutes before turning her attention to a magazine.

A half hour later, she put the magazine down and announced that it was time to give him a bath. Timmy made no complaint. He picked up his toys, returning them to his room before presenting himself in the bath.

Mindy drew the water and waited. Timmy just stood there waiting too. Then he put his hands up in the air. Mindy realized that she was to undress him and pulled his t-shirt over his head. Next she pulled down his pants and Spiderman underwear. When his little dick sprang into view, he was erect. Mindy's immediate thought was of the times, years ago, when Mark would have her undress him. Standing now before her, the naked young boy showed no more shame nor embarrassment than Mark did.

Since Mark's family had moved from next door, Mindy really hadn't thought much about the naughty games they had so often played. But today, after talking with Mark for first time in years, it seemed that playing doctor with him was all she could think of. God, did he really tell one or two of his friends about all that?

As she recalled those afternoon play sessions at her house, she watched the young boy playing naked in the bath. If she didn't know better, she might have thought that the kid was deliberately exhibiting himself. Or was it just her fascination with his little penis? Whatever it was, she was feeling peculiar with an indefinable yearning for... for what? 'He's just a little boy,' she chided herself.

When the water became cold, he was ready to get out. She dried him off and he took off naked, leaving his bed clothes with her. Mindy smiled at his antics, and after straightening up the bath, went to search him out. She found him, plopped in front of the TV watching a Disney show in his birthday suit.

"Timmy, you need to get dressed," she said holding out is pajamas.

"Can I watch this show first?"

His bare little buns looked so cute shimmering in the glow from the TV. Mindy pondered her options. "I think you should get dressed first."

To her surprise, he totally ignored her. 'You little shit,' she thought. She considered pressing the issue, but then thought better of it; after all he said he wanted to watch his show first. Mindy placed his pajamas next to him and then sat in the big recliner. A moment later, Timmy crawled up in her lap naked and snuggled in.

Mindy was really surprised at this, but what could she do? He wasn't misbehaving; he was just nude and apparently absorbed in his show. Mindy let him be and was soon comfortable having him in her lap. She had gotten into the show too and was unaware that she was stroking him, not sexually, but lovingly. When she realized that she was petting the boy, she stopped. Timmy looked up at her and smiled and then turned back to his show. Apparently he was comfortable with her hand lightly stroking his soft unblemished skin and soon she was petting him again.

They were so comfortable together that when the show ended and another one began, she didn't immediately get him dressed and send him off to bed. Mindy was enjoying the show, but it didn't hold Timmy's interest like the one before. Suddenly the little boy rolled over in her lap and to Mindy's surprise he lifted her halter top and exposed her braless breasts. Surprise was replaced by shock and total disbelief when the boy's mouth attached to her light brown nipple and he began suckling her.

Mindy froze, not knowing what to do about this unanticipated turn of events. Even as she struggled to cope with the situation another thing happened... a wave of pleasure flowed from her tit and permeated every corner of her body. Her pussy was particularly affected and was sent into a state of growing arousal. The longer she sat struggling to come up with a response, the more her body told her that "this is good... very good." She did try to push him away, but the boy was persistent and in the battle of wills, her will evaporated.

Had she been able to detach herself and look down on the scene, she would have thought just how sweet the boy was attempting to nurse from her. Then she would have been embarrassed to see that her free hand had found its way down her shorts and between her legs. But that embarrassment though would have been trivial to her mortified reaction of seeing herself with her shorts pulled down and in the throes of an intense orgasm as the little boy sucked her tit while she furiously masturbated!

When she coasted down from her sublime high, Mindy was shocked to find that she was practically naked with her shorts down below her knees and her top pulled up while the naked boy continued his efforts to snack on her mammeries, trying one dry teat and then the other, seeking the sweet milk that he knew was there... or at least it was there when he suckled his mommy. Even though she was dry, the puffy nipple between his lips provided the young boy with a soothing comfort that lulled him asleep.

As the boy's suckling motions ebbed, Mindy's passion ebbed too. She looked up at the clock on the fireplace mantle. A half hour had passed since the second show had begun. A half hour? Paradoxically it seemed to have been much longer, while at the same time a much shorter amount of time. Now that the boy had ceased sucking, she noticed how raw her nipples felt as she was definitely not used to such oral activity.

With the boy fast asleep in her arms, Mindy finally began to stir, gently lifting him and carrying him to his bed, discarding her shorts along the way as she walked. She gently put Timmy in his bed and then went to retrieve first her shorts, and then his pajamas. Gently as she could, so as not to wake him, she slipped his pajama bottoms on then slipped on his top. She covered him with a blanket and crept silently from his room.

It wasn't until she returned to the recliner and was staring down at the big wet spot on the recliner seat that the full magnitude of what had happened struck her.

"Oh, my God!" she gasped. "Oh, my God! Oh, my God! You are such a freaking pervert, Mindy Lou! How could you have allowed that to happen? Why didn't you stop it?"

As many times as she asked herself those questions over the next few hours, she couldn't come up with an answer. There was simply no explaining it. It just happened!

As for the wet spot, a hair drier took care of that. With that problem solved, she checked in on her charge, only to find his pajamas discarded on the floor while he slept soundly. She thought to dress him again, but decided that would just be a losing battle.

She lay down on the sofa and began to think of what happened and how she could have prevented it. Or at least that was her intentions. Suddenly the noise of loudly talking people startled her awake. It was two thirty and the Jacksons were home. Immediately she jumped up off the sofa in time to see Mr. and Mrs. Jackson enter the room.

Mrs. Jackson, obviously drunk, was wobbly and being supported by her husband. She kept mumbling, "They hurt! They hurt! You gotta do something, John! Please, they hurt!"

Mr. Jackson was not exactly sober, but he apparently wasn't nearly as drunk as his wife. "Give me a hand, will you?" he slurred as he passed Mindy.

Mindy followed the drunken couple to their bedroom where Mr. Jackson deposited Mrs. Jackson on the king sized bed; the woman still pleading that he do something to help her.

"Get her shoes off," he told Mindy while he set about stripping off her dress. To Mindy's surprise, the dress was the only thing she was wearing.

With his shapely wife nude and sprawled out like a whore on the bed, he turned once again to his young baby sitter. "I'll take you home in a few minutes, cupcake," he slurred, "but I need to help her first." Then turning away, and as if Mindy wasn't there, he bent forward and began sucking and emptying his wife's full milk bags.

Mrs. Jackson cooed and praised her husband for doing such a good and quick job of relieving the excessive hydraulic pressure of her overfilled milk sacs. Meanwhile, as her husband sucked one tit, she squeezed the other, sending a stream of milk arching into air and landing wherever it reached. Mindy was awestruck by the spectacle and stood watching as Mr. Jackson milked Mrs. Jackson.

As she watched, she realized the answer to at least one of the questions she had been struggling with. Even at five years old, Timmy still nursed from his mother's breasts. That explained the boy's behavior; however, it did nothing to explain her own behavior.

Mrs. Jackson mewled contentedly as the pressure was released from her breasts and soon stopped squeezing her tits as her husband greedily and efficiently gobbled up her supply of mother's milk. Soon the mewling became softer and then was replaced by a distinctive snoring sound. Releasing her tit from his mouth, he sat up and briefly gazed down out his wife.

Mindy heard him say, "Everybody and his god damned brother fucked you tonight, I might as well fuck you too."

He abruptly stood, and from the back Mindy could see that he was fumbling around. To her surprise, his pants went down to his knees. When he sat on the bed and began to remove his trousers, he realized that they weren't alone.

John Jackson stared at the girl standing just a few feet away. "Oh... yeah... I need to take you home, don't I?" he mumbled. He stood, began to pull his pants back up, but stopped, leaving them down around his ankles, his erection tenting his boxer shorts.

"I'm sorry, I should have asked you to give us some privacy," he said. Then he sniggered, "I guess you got quite a show. Too bad you're gonna miss the encore... Hey, maybe not! You ever watch other people fuck?" he slurred.

"I, I need to get home," stammered Mindy. "It's really late and..."

"You can watch if you want," the man said with a drunken grin.

"I really need to get home, Mr. Jackson," the scandalized young teen croaked.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. Well, we told you we might be late."

"I know. It's not a problem, but I do need to get home," she nervously replied as she noticed that he was staring at her tits.

"You've got big nipples," he said to her shock. "You don't wear a bra?"

"I've got to buy a new one tomorrow."

"Don't bother on my account," the man said with a grin, "I like the display."

Mindy, well aware that her nips were rock hard, blushed at the comment and self-consciously raised her hands to cover herself.

"Put your hands down, cupcake. If you didn't want me looking, you would have worn a bra... That's better. Shit, for young girl you've got some fat nipples."

Suddenly John realized that he was way out of bounds and had better get his pants back on and quick. Zipping up, he quickly changed the subject by asking, "Was Timmy a good boy for you tonight?"

Mindy was relieved that conversation had moved away from sex and her nipples showing through the thin fabric of her halter top. "He was very sweet and very good," she stammered. "The only problem was that he wouldn't keep his pajamas on after his bath."

"Takes after his old man," the boy's father quipped. Then he realized that he might have a problem and that he needed to fix it now.

"Listen, can I trust you?"

"Yes," Mindy replied automatically.

"No, I mean, can I trust that you will keep... uh, how should I put this? You are in our home, and as such you may see some things that are, uh, private. Can I trust that what you see here will remain confidential? We need a babysitter, a good babysitter in the worst way, but we can't have you talking about our private lives. Can I put my confidence in you?"

"Uh, yes, sir."

"You understand that what you might see in this house, like what you just saw, is to be kept to yourself? Dora still nurses Timmy and sometimes she needs a little help. That it is our private business. Please, can I count on you keeping it to yourself, as it is no one else's business?"

"Uh, yes, sir."

"Great! We're counting on it." He reached into his wallet and pulled out three twenty dollar bills and handed it to her.

"That's too much," she protested trying to return it.

"Keep it. You're worth it... or at least I trust that you're worth it.

"One other thing, I've had a little too much to drink tonight. I sincerely apologize if you've been offended in any manner."

"No," she replied looking at far more money than she had ever made before babysitting, "I'm not offended."

"Good. Then you don't mind if I tell you that I think you're cute?"

Mindy blushed at the flirty comment coming from a man twice her age, a man who just a few moments before was prepared to sexually ravish his wife while she watched. "I don't mind," she whispered.

"Good, because you are a cutie. Love the toe rings... very sexy, but not as sexy as that top.

"Now, let's get you home, cupcake."

"Are you okay to drive?" she asked cautiously.

"I got home, didn't I? All I have to do is close one eye and everything will come in focus," he laughed. "Now, c'mon before I do something I'll regret."

It was only a few blocks to Mindy's house and John seemed to manage just fine. Stopping in front of his sitter's house, John parked and turned to Mindy just as she was opening the door. "Hey, wait a minute! Can you sit for us Sunday afternoon?"

"Uh, I guess. What time?"

"Say from one to six."

"Sure, I think it will be all right."

"Good! See you Sunday, Mindy-girl. Oh, and be sure and leave the bra home again."

"Uh, er, good night, Mr. Jackson."

Once she was out of the car, Mindy felt a relieved. The entire night had been unusual, to say the least, and Mr. Jackson... the way the forward older man was coming on to her had really made her nervous.

'God, I really need to wear a bra next time,' she thought to herself as she unlocked the front door, 'but then again...'

**Chapter 2 Mindy's First High School Party**

*In a dimly lit party room, Mindy resists Mark's advances, but his persistance pays off...*

Early Saturday afternoon, as promised, Mindy's mother took her to the local mall to shop for new bras. Mindy wanted something frilly and fancy, but her mother insisted on something simple and plain. About the only concession her mother made was in the clasp style. Mindy wanted a front clasp, as she found the traditional back clasps to be difficult.

"That's fine, dear," her mother agreed, "but you need to get used to back clasps, otherwise you will be severely restricted on styles when you're ready for something very feminine."

Her mother only allowed her to purchase two bras, explaining that she could rinse out a bra every night, hang it to dry and wear the other one the next day. "Besides, I've noticed that you are having a growth spurt and like the last ones we bought, you just might outgrow these very quickly, so no sense in wasting money."

The two bra concept made sense to Mindy, as she could only wear one at a time; besides, the two bras were identical and both were as plain as plain can get. Upon returning home, she rushed to her room and tried one on. Happily it was comfortable, unlike her old bras that were painful after just a few minutes.

The night before, her mother had talked to Ken's dad and was satisfied that everything would be properly supervised at the party. To Mindy's delight, her mother allowed her wear some makeup, a little eyeliner, lipstick and just a touch of rouge. Mindy was amazed at how much a little makeup improved her appearance. She fretted over her mother's choice of clothes for her; a simple while blouse, a plaid skirt and black ballerina shoes. She felt that she wasn't going to wow anyone with a fashion statement, that was for sure.

That evening she was all butterflies as she waited for Mark to pick her up and take her to Ken's party. It wasn't that she was nervous about being with Mark, it was the fact that all the other kids would be older than she was and she really didn't know any of them.

She was comfortable having Mark's mother drive them to a party, as she hadn't started dating and she wasn't old enough to drive yet, so it seemed perfectly normal to her. For Mark though, the eighteen year old senior was embarrassed to be driven to a party by his mother. He just hoped that no one would see them, as he would no doubt be the object of endless stinging ridicule from his buddies.

Once at Ken's, Mark told her to take her shoes off, explaining that Ken's dad didn't want dirt tracked all through his house. Leaving their shoes in the foyer, Mark led her downstairs. The party room was large and the lights were turned down low; a mirror ball cast dancing dots of lights on the floor, ceiling and walls. Black lights made her white blouse glow purplish blue and a strobe light on the far side of the room made the people look as if they moving with jerky motions.

There were already a dozen or so guests there and they all knew each other. Her fears of being out of place were reinforced when one girl snidely remarked to Mark that he was robbing the cradle.

"Aw, don't pay her any mind," remarked Mark. "She's Jenny's best friend and a total bitch."

That didn't make her feel all that much better, but when he said, "You look terrific, Mindy," she felt more at ease.

Soon the basement rec-room was filled with kids, dancing, talking and generally having a good time. For the most part it was all guys who played on either the football team, swim team or baseball team and the girls were mostly all the "popular" girls. There were also several much older boys and girls, kids she reasoned had graduated from high school. To Mindy, it was a gathering of the in-crowd, the coolest of the cool from Herbert Hoover High. Mark's former girlfriend, Jenny was there too, and it surprised her to see how friendly they were to each other without a trace of animosity between them. Mindy was soon having a good time, as Mark was paying attention to her, chatting away amicably with her, as if there had never been a hiatus in their friendship, but mostly they danced.

Mindy needed a break and needed something to slake her thirst. Mark gallantly brought her a glass of punch from the punch bowl. By the time she had finished her glass, she felt a little funny. "Hey, what's in this stuff?" she asked looking down into the now empty glass.

"I dunno. Punch. Fruit juice. You like it?"

"Yeah, it's good, but..."

"Want some more?" Mark offered.

"Let's dance some more first." Mindy replied.

They danced nonstop for another thirty minutes and then took another break. Mark led her over to a sofa tucked away in a corner of the room. As Mindy finished off the second glass of the vodka-spiked punch he hugged her and it made her feel safe and secure. Soon he was kissing her and she was kissing him back, their tongues darting in and out of the other's mouth and dueling the ancient duel. As good as those kisses were, she felt her heat rising rapidly when he kissed up the side of her neck and nibbled on her ear.

The face sucking quickly escalated as Mark's hands began to roam. She vainly tried to keep his hands off her breasts, but it felt so good and he was so persistent that she quickly gave up. Mark wasted no time in getting his hands under her blouse to caress her bra encased boobs. She didn't mind that, but when she suddenly realized that he had almost completely unbuttoned her blouse, she felt that everyone was watching them. In fact, there was such a lack of privacy that everyone in the room could have watched them if they cared.

"No, Mark!" she protested as she pulled her blouse closed and began buttoning up. "Everyone can see us."

"Who cares?" he replied as he attacked her buttons once again.

"I care! That's who! Now stop!"

"Okay, okay. I just thought that you might like to, you know, fool around."

"Not here!"

"Is that the problem?" Mark didn't wait for an answer and instead pulled her off the sofa. "C'mon with me!"

"Where are we going?"

Mark didn't answer her, but led her to a nearby door. He rapped on the door and a moment later it opened up. Mark pulled Mindy inside a very dark room with him. At first the room was so dark that she couldn't see anything. The door shut and it was pitch black. A moment later, a red light came on. What Mindy saw in the errie red glow made her gasp, "Oh, my gawd!"

The large room was lined to the walls with what appeared to be twin-bed mattresses and upon the mattresses were a mix of boys and girls in various states of undress. Most were just necking, but some...

Mark led her over to a vacant spot on one of the mattresses and pulled her down with him. She looked around the room and saw that several of the girls were more than half undressed. The big guy watching the door... he was totally naked!

As soon as she was down, Mark was busy again with her buttons. The entire sex-charged scene was so unexpected and so exciting that she hardly noticed being undressed. Right next to them was a couple passionately engaged in advanced foreplay. The boy had his hand up the girl's skirt. If that wasn't bad enough, she noticed that the girl's panties were down around her knees.

"Gawd," she whispered as Mark put a hickie on her neck. A moment later she realized that her blouse was unbuttoned and that Mark was searching around her back for the bra clasp.

"Having a problem?" she asked in a whisper.

"Yeah. Where's the damned clasp?"

"In the front, silly."

"Oh! Hey, I like that," Mark said as he went for the front hooks.

"No, Mark, don't!" she protested, but it was too late. Immediately he pulled the two halves apart barring her tits. Mindy grabbed the sides of her open blouse and attempted to cover herself., trapping his hands on her bare bosoms.

"I want to see you naked."

"You've seen me naked," she countered.

"That was years ago, I want to see you now. Now open your blouse and show me your tits... Do it, Mindy."

It was like old times when he would demand that she do the most naughty things and like old times, she spread open her blouse as Mark commanded. "Nice tits, Mindy Louise. Very nice. Damn girl, you've got a helluva set of nipples, don't you?"

Mindy gasped as Mark's lips surrounded her stiff nip and his tongue swirled around it. Just like the night before with little Timmy, she felt a wave of pleasure surge throughout her young body that set her pussy to tingling. But this was far, far different from last night. Timmy simply attempted to nurse. Mark devoured her.

The girl held his head to her breast as she savored the delicious feelings coming from her fat nipples that sent her passion soaring. This was the best feeling ever and she let Mark do as he wished with her tits. He slobbered and sucked and licked and nibbled her tit flesh; each passing minute the tingling in her pussy increased until she shuddered in orgasmic delight. It wasn't a big orgasm, but she had never before experienced an orgasm just from playing with her own nipples. It always felt good, but not like this.

As she gathered her wits, she looked over at the couple next to her. The girl's dress was now bunched up over her hips and her panties were long gone. The guy was on top of her, his pants down and his bare ass was humping. "Gawd, they're actually doing it!" she muttered in astonishment. "Right here in front of everybody!"

Mark released her tormented teat and looked over at his friends openly fucking right next to them. "Fuck her, Mike! Fuck that pussy!" he shouted with glee.

Turning back to his date, Mark kissed her neck and whispered, "That's way hot! Shit, makes me wanna do you."

Mindy quickly turned back to Mark with an emphatic, "NO!"

"Aw, c'mon, Mindy. I know you'll like it."

"We're not going steady! We're not even boyfriend and girlfriend," she stated.

"Is that what it takes, going steady?"

"No, I didn't mean that, it's just that... we're just friends."

"We're special friends," he countered. "Remember?"

"Well, we're not special friends now."

"Okay... I won't fuck you, Mindy... not tonight. So, how about a blowjob?"

"You can't be serious! You think I'd put your nasty dick in my mouth?"

"Yeah, as a matter of fact I do! And it's not nasty. I cleaned under the foreskin real good."

"Ewwww!"

"You've never given a guy a blowjob?" he asked incredulously. "The girl next door who'd get naked at a drop of a hat? I'd have thought you'd been giving head for years by now."

"Well, I haven't!" she huffed.

"Tonight's a good time to start," Mark chided as he received the petulant blow to his shoulder as he expected. This was more like the old Mindy Lou he knew so well. Feisty, but ultimately willing.

"Hey, remember the naked wrestling matches we used to have?"

"You always won."

"What did I win?"

"You could... Oh, gawd. You never told anybody about that, did you?"

"About fingering your pussy?"

"I swear to God, Mark... If you ever tell anyone..."

Mark turned to his buddy who was finished for the moment. "Hey, Mike. This is Mindy Lou."

"The Mindy Lou?"

"Yeah, that Mindy Lou."

"No shit!"

Mark turned back to Mindy. "Now, just why would you ever think that I told anybody about what we did as kids."

"Mark..."

"Hey, I don't mean to embarrass you, but what's done is done. Besides that was long time ago. This is now and besides, there's not a virgin in this room."

"I'm a virgin!"

"No, shit?"

"Yes, I am! And I plan to keep it that way."

"There's always a first time."

"Not tonight and not with you!" She stood up to leave, but Mark dragged her back down.

"Where are you going?"

"Out of this room!"

"Okay, okay. I won't do anything you don't want me to."

"I want you to take me out of here."

"Hey, we just got here! Calm down, will you? You'd think you never fooled around before. Who do you think you're kidding? Look, I promise I won't make you do anything we haven't done before...

"Hey, look over there..."

Mindy looked and saw Ken sitting on a mattress across the room, buck naked. An equally naked girl was kneeling between his spread knees. "Gawd, I can't believe... they're both naked!"

"And she's got his dick in her mouth," Mark explained, not that explanations were necessary.

"Aren't they afraid his dad will come down and catch them?"

"He never comes down here," snorted Mark.

"Where's his mom?"

"They've been divorced for years. As soon as Ken was old enough to make his own decisions, he moved in with his dad.

"Let me let you in on an open secret," Mark continued, "every girl in this room, every girl except maybe you, will give a blowjob or get fucked tonight. Most will do both. Word to the wise, if you're gonna run with the big dogs, you need to relax and enjoy yourself."

"I think I'd better go home."

"You're not going anywhere until you get my rocks off. Here, tell you what..." Mark quickly unbuckled and unzipped. Lifting his ass up, he slid his pants down off his hips. "Give me a hand job."

"Here?"

"Of course here!" He took her hand and placed it on his semi-erect dick. "You've played with this dick many times. Now's a good time for you to get reacquainted with it. Just move your hand up and down...

"That's it, Mindy. Stroke it, baby, stroke it."

As Mindy slid her fingers up and down the thick fleshy shaft, stripping back the foreskin to reveal the fat bulbous head, she couldn't help but marvel at how large Mark had gotten. It was if he was a completely different person back then. Certainly his dick was different. It wasn't intimidating back then, but now...

Unbuttoning his shirt, Mark cooed, "That feels great, baby," as he bared his muscular chest. Stripped from the knees up, he lay back to savor the pleasure his cock was receiving.

Mindy did her best to give him pleasure. She remembered certain things, like rolling her fingers just under his cock crown and sent him squirming. While she jacked him, she studied his chiseled physique, his well defined pecs and bulging biceps as well as his wash-board stomach. He was as fine a specimen of youthful manhood as could be found. He was a hunk and she knew it. Not only was he a hunk, he was her hunk, or at least he could be.

Her spine stiffened when she felt her blouse being slid off her shoulders. Glancing back she saw that it was Mike. Not knowing what to do, she allowed herself to be stripped from the waist up. She did glance to see what reaction his girlfriend might be having, but she was gone. Only her clothes remained behind. Then she felt him laying open mouth kisses on her back, along her shoulders. Mike kissed upward to her neck and nibbled at her ears, sending a flesh flush of desire down to her burning cunt.

"Will you do that for me, Honey?" Mike whispered as she jacked Mark's cock. She didn't answer, but a moment later his hands slid round to caress her naked tits, rolling her nipples between his fingers and sending another jolt of sexual energy to her groin.

Suddenly a naked girl was standing before her, holding out a fresh cup of punch to her. It was Mike's girl and she apparently didn't have a problem with her boyfriend feeling up another girl. Mindy gratefully accepted the drink and gulped it down. A moment later her head was reeling and the hands left her breasts. Mindy glanced back over her shoulder. Mike was sitting back against the wall and his girlfriend was straddling him, rocking slowly up and down. The girl turned and saw Mindy watching. She smiled and winked at Mindy, then made a display of feeding her tit to her boyfriend while they fucked.

Her attention was distracted from the fornicating teens by the painful twisting and tugging on her nipple. As soon as she turned back around to Mark, he let her nipple go. "I'm close, baby, close," he whispered just before a stout gout of thick semen shot out of his dick, arched through the air and splattered upon his muscular chest. Mindy felt Mark's cock pulse again and again in rapid succession, the cock hole gaping open with each pulse and ejecting another wad of creamy fuck juice until his seed was merely running from his fat glans.

Mindy was both surprised and awed. She'd never seen a guy cum before and Mark performed spectacularly for the oddly naïve young teen girl. Then to her amazement, his hard shaft withered away in her hand, transitioning from hot sex spike to a mere fraction of its former hefty size and displaying none of its former rigidity.

For a moment she contemplated the soft, wet male organ still in her hand. Grinning, she looked up and saw Mark grinning back at her. He then scooped a handful of cum from his chest and slathered it all over her tits. What he was doing was so nasty, yet she felt a strange thrill from it. Then with her tits coated in a film of spermy goodness, he painted her lips with his semen wet fingers. The smell was what she noticed the most. His hand smelled sort of like bleach. Then she licked some of slippery moisture from her lips, tasting a man's milk for the first time. It didn't taste bad or gross or anything like that. It was almost neutral, and again she thought of bleach, lightly salted bleach.

Mark pulled back and admired her glistening tits and watched as his buddy approached her from behind. Suddenly she felt the hands slide around her sides to molest her boobs again.

"Aw, fuck!" exclaimed Mike as he quickly removed his hands from her cum coated tits. Mark roared in laughter at his best friend's plight. Next thing Mindy knew she was flat on her back and Mark's hand was up under her dress and on her panty covered pussy.

"Please, Mark. Don't," she whispered halfheartedly as her panties were pushed aside.

"I ain't gonna do you unless you want me to. Now, we've done this a lot in the past," he said as his finger found its way between the folds of her sex. "You're soaking wet, Mindy Lou."

Mindy gasped as he penetrated her vagina with his finger. She grabbed his hand to stop him, but it was futile as he began finger fucking her, his finger gliding easily in her well lubricated cunt tube. On their own volition her hips punched up to met his digital thrusts. The straight finger fucking soon transitioned to him pulling from her vagina and sliding his finger around her clit before plunging back into her vaginal canal. The hand that had futilely tried to stop him, now fell to the wayside as a huge orgasm built inside her cunt to the breaking point. She was his for the taking.

Mark gleefully watched as his date flopped around under his assault. He was sorely tempted to mount her, but he had made a promise and he always kept his promises. Besides he thought, 'I'll fuck her next time. Or later tonight. Of course if she begs me...'

She didn't beg him, but she wouldn't have resisted if he tried. When she finally came down from her soaring sexual high, she found him laying next to her, just watching. He smiled and kissed her tenderly and she kissed back passionately. Mindy Louise belonged to Mark once again and Mindy Louise was a very happy, but still a naïve girl.

"Now how about that blowjob, baby," Mark asked with confidence.

"You said you wouldn't make me do anything we haven't already done."

"Okay, okay. I did promise, but I shouldn't be held to it," he replied miffed at being thwarted again.

"You promised and I know you won't take advantage of me," she responded. "I kind of do, but I really don't, Mark. I don't want to get pregnant."

"You won't get pregnant sucking my dick!"

"Please, Mark, you promised."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. So let me get this straight, you think putting my dick in your mouth is nasty..."

"I didn't say that, I..."

"And you won't fuck like a normal girl because you don't want to get pregnant. Is that all?'

"Yes, I think so."

"Okay... no pussy fucking and no cock sucking... is that right?"

"You don't have to be so crude."

"I'm not being crude, I'm just being clear. So, do I have it right?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Okay, then everything else is fair game." He sat up, moved down, bunched her skirt up around her waist and yanked the panties off. She was for all practical purposes now completely nude.

"What are you doing?" she exclaimed in surprise.

He didn't answer, but lowered his head between her legs. When his tongue licked up her vulnerable slit, Mindy knew she was in for something special. She closed her eyes and lost herself in the sensations coming from her cunt. She felt him reach under her thighs and pull her onto his voracious mouth. He kissed, nibbled, tongue fucked and sucked at her clit. As Mark laved away at her cuntal region, she in turn pinched and twisted her nipples. Just as she was about to explode in another orgasm, she opened her eyes and saw several boys standing about watching as she was being eating out. The fact that she was being watched while engaged in a sex act didn't bother her. Indeed, the raw sexuality made it all the hotter for her.

Mark shifted his position between her legs and brought the fingers of one hand into play. Mindy squealed in delight as his finger plunged in and out of her swampy fuck hole while his mouth concentrated on her clit. Within moments, she exploded once again, the intense pleasure ripping the very breath from her heaving lungs.

The moment had hardly passed when Mindy vaguely realized that she was now face down, but on her knees. She felt a cold wet splash deep between her ass checks and then felt Mark rubbing on her asshole. Before she could react, his finger had plunged deep into her ass. They had played with each other's assholes when younger, so as he sawed in and out of her anus she accepted that this was fair territory for Mark. It felt oddly familiar and felt good to her. Suddenly the finger withdrew and something much larger was pressing against her. It wasn't until Mark's cockhead breached her anus that she realized what it was. Her head flew up and she tried to crawl away. But just as she attempted to escape there were hands, several hands gripping her wrists and holding her in place.

A forlorn cry filled the room as Mark's thick organ slid deep into her virgin bowels. It wasn't painful, but it was uncomfortable. Mark took it slow. Soon all discomfort evaporated and Mark gradually picked up the pace, slamming into her backside while his friends cheered him on. He had a firm grip on her hips with both hands, but fingers were rubbing her clit and hands were on her tits. If Mindy had half her senses available, she would have been mortified, but the booze and the sex robbed her of caring about anything other than the stiff rod of man-meat sodomizing her while orgasm after orgasm ripped from her cunt to every corner and nerve ending her body. She was so totally swept away in the carnal pleasure that she was unaware of the thick semen shooting up into her bowls or Mark's grunts as he came in her ass. All she knew was that suddenly it was over and she felt empty.

"Man, look at her asshole," someone remarked as Mike held her ass cheeks open, "you could drive a friggin' truck up that tunnel."

At the time, the words didn't mean anything to her lust frosted brain. It would only be later that she would recall the words, but she wouldn't be sure if someone had really said that or did she dream it up. Nor would she ever know how close she was from being gang banged in the ass that night. But Mark told his friends that he owned her ass and he wasn't ready to share it with anyone. If it had been a guy of lesser standing than Mark, she would have been repeatedly taken. After all, this was a fuck party.

As it was she was sprawled naked on the mattress with her skirt still bunched up around her waist, unaware of the occasional groping from a passerby. The next thing she knew, Mark was shaking her and urging her to wake up. "Wha?... leave me alone," she whined. Mark persisted and got her upright.

"My mom will be here to pick us up soon. We need to get dressed."

Mindy slowly found everything, but her panties, and with Mark's help she dressed. Soon they were on their way out. At the foot of the stairwell, Mark paused, took a swig of Listerine, swirled it around his mouth and spit it out in a dish pan. He handed the mouthwash to Mindy. As she swirled the stringent fluid in her mouth, Mark splashed her with a cheap cologne to mask the smell of sex. With the tell tale odors masked, they headed upstairs and went out back where an oxygen tank was in use by another girl trying to sober up quick.

Inhaling the gas for a minute or so, Mindy was amazed how quickly her mind cleared. Another moment later, they went back through the house and then waited on the front porch for Mark's mom or dad to pick them up. They only had a few minutes to wait, minutes spent in swapping spit and last minute groping on the darkened porch while Mindy's ass throbbed from her inaugural butt reaming.

**Chapter 3 Sunday Babysitting Job**

*Mindy's Sunday afternoon babysitting job for the Jackson's doesn't go the way she thought it would...*

Of course her mother was waiting up for her to return from the party. Mindy just said, "Hi, Mom!" and rushed up to her room. Her mother was only a minute behind her and wanted to know how the party went. Opening her daughter's bedroom door, she was surprised to see Mindy under the covers and already asleep.

Mindy woke with the dull throbbing that immediately reminded her that she had anal sex the night before. 'Damn him! Mark, promised! He promised! He's so nasty!' She tried to be angry with him, but just couldn't do it. Yes, he'd fucked her in the ass and yes, it was such a nasty thing to do, but... Yesterday if she had any inkling that it would, or even might happen, she'd never gone to the party. Today, she was glad she had gone.

'At least I'm still a virgin,' she thought. 'But what if I weren't?' She decided that if having her pussy fucked felt half as good as being ass fucked, then maybe she should call Mark up and let him fuck her this very moment. Of course there was a problem with doing that; her parents were home!

'I know. We'll go for a walk, into the woods. Mark will tear my clothes off and do whatever he wants!'

She wrinkled her nose and visualized Mark pushing his big nasty cock into her mouth. 'Well, maybe not whatever he wants.' She thought of all the girls she'd seen last night sucking dicks. 'They didn't seem grossed out.' Then she just thought of all those naked boys, their lovely dicks, both hard and soft, and then thought of all the open screwing that was going on in that red lit backroom.

"Gawd, that was something!" she whispered as her fingers did the walking down between her legs. Stroking her clit, she tried to remember the feel of Mark's erection in her hand as she jacked off Mark. What a mess he made! Her free hand went to her tits. They were still crusty from the dried cum Mark had coated them with.

Rolling a nipple between her fingers and strumming her clit, her happy thoughts drifted to the actual sodomy. She remembered the discomfort and her surprise feeling his big dick sliding up her ass. Even so, the initial penetration wasn't all that bad. No, it wasn't bad at all; in fact after she had gotten accustom to it, it felt great; strange, but great. It was nasty too, but it really felt great and she knew she would do it again... this time without being such a nerd about it. With her eyes tightly closed, she imagined Mark's beautiful cock filling her ass. The morning orgasm was most satisfying.

She had gotten off and was coasting down when she remembered something else... she had been groped while Mark was doing her, and it wasn't Mark who had groped her naked tits! Just as that thought formed, her mother stuck her head in her bedroom door.

"How was the party?"

"Hmmm... Great!"

"I'm glad you had a good time, dear. Is Mark still the nice boy he was?"

"Oh, yes, Mama! Even better!"

"Oh? Why do you say that?"

"I dunno. He's just fun to be around. It was just like it used to be between us."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that, honey. Kids change as they're growing up," her mother said.

"He's changed, changed a lot, but he's still the old Mark."

"Okay. Now, you're running late for church! Get up, shower and get dressed. You have twenty minutes and that's all!"

"Twenty minutes!"

"You heard me."

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Having no time for breakfast, Mindy was starving when they got home. Fortunately her mother was a very well organized woman and had Sunday dinner on the table within thirty minutes. Mindy ate quickly and then rushed to change clothes again for her afternoon babysitting job for the Jacksons. The weather had turned for the worse and it had started rain.

Rushing downstairs her mother told her to go back and get a jacket. Mindy ran back upstairs and retrieved her jacket. It was then that she remembered something that Mr. Jackson had told her. He was drunk, but then again, he just might remember what he'd said to her. Then she remembered the generous tip she'd gotten. Quickly she stripped off her t-shirt and took off her bra. Then to conceal the fact that she was braless from her mother, she covered herself with her jacket.

A few minutes later, her mother was dropping her off for her babysitting job. As the front door opened, she waved to her mother and slipped inside.

"You're a little early," Mr. Jackson told her.

"Mama says that it's better to be early than to be late," she replied.

"You're mother is absolutely right! Dora will be ready in a few minutes. Can I take your jacket?"

Mindy unzipped and then removed the jacket. "I see you've earned a tip already," said the man with a knowing grin.

Mindy blushed knowing that he was looking at her nipples poking into the tight t-shirt. 'What were you thinking?' she scolded herself. 'You should've known he'd be gawking at you.'

"Turn around, will you?" he asked.

Mindy couldn't believe that he actually wanted her to display herself to him. Still, she turned and displayed herself.

"You look great in those tight jeans," he said. "I like that tight t-shirt too."

Mindy swallowed hard as the older man unabashedly leered at her. To Mindy's relief, Timmy came running from the back, calling out, "My Mindy! My Mindy!" and giving her leg a bear hug.

"John! John! I need you to zip me up!" called Dora Jackson from their bedroom.

"Be right there, Hon!"

John Jackson turned to his sitter and excused himself. A few minutes later, the couple came out, ready for their afternoon date. By that time, Mindy was on the den floor playing with Timmy and his toy trucks.

"We'll be home about six, dear," the big breasted wife told her. "Just call us if you need us for anything."

"We'll be fine," Mindy replied.

A minute later, it was just the boy and her. As she played with Timmy, she had to adjust her position several times as her jeans were uncomfortably tight. She ignored it as best she could for a few more minutes, then rose from the floor. Immediately the pressure was relieved and she felt much more comfortable.

Leaving Timmy to play by himself, she went to the refrigerator to find something to drink. She pulled out a pitcher of cold tea and poured herself a glass and returned to the living room. Timmy wasn't there and the back door was wide open.

She looked out into the backyard. It was still raining, only much harder than before and there out in the yard was Timmy, playing in a big mud puddle. Lightening cracked overhead and she dashed out to retrieve the boy. Timmy thought it was all good fun and was laughing as Mindy dragged him back inside. By that time they were both drenched. Worse, Timmy was covered with streaks of mud.

"Look at you!" she scolded. "You're soaked and all dirty!"

She really had no choice but to bathe him. Then she remembered the bath Friday night and the fact that she couldn't get him to get dressed or keep him dressed afterward. 'I'll just have to manage,' she told herself.

A few minutes later she was drawing Timmy a bath while he stood naked. Mindy couldn't help but look at the boy's little dick. In her mind she compared it to Mark's large and intimidating organ. Timmy wasn't intimidating in the least... just cute.

With the water drawn and not too hot, she helped the boy into the bath. Again when she was kneeling to bathe him, she noticed how tight her jeans were. Tight and wet, just like her top. She knew the t-shirt would dry quickly, but the jeans, they'd be wet for hours. She'd have to put them in the dryer. But to do that...

Thinking back to Friday night and her state of undress as Timmy suckled her she reasoned, 'He's seen everything already and I know I'll never get another stitch of clothes on him today. Oh, what the hell.' Mindy stood and striped off her wet jeans. Timmy played with his boat and was oblivious of her.

Comfortable in just her wet t-shirt and panties, Mindy set about scrubbing the child. With her hands, she washed his back, his neck and his chest, and then each leg and foot before having him stand so that she could get to the rest of him. With a soapy hand she began washing the young boy's genitals. Mindy enjoyed the feeling of his little dick and nut sack sliding around in her hand, spending a lot more time there than necessary for hygiene. As the little dick became erect, she looked up in his angelic face to see if he was alarmed. If he was alarmed, he didn't show it, instead he just looked back at her with a faint smile on his lips with his hands to his sides, letting her do what she wished. For several long minutes the sitter and her charge were locked eye to eye as her fingers and hands slid along the stubby staff of his immature organ.

It felt so different than Mark's large cock, yet it felt so familiar. Then she realized it felt very much like Mark's cock did several years ago when they played "doctor" at her house. She liked the feel of Mark's cock both then and now, and she enjoyed the feel of this lad's little dick as well. Suddenly she realized just how far she had stepped out of bounds. It's not that the boy didn't enjoy what she was doing, as it was clear to her that he did, it was just... She let his dick go and rinsed the soap off his cock and balls.

She turned the young boy to face away from her as she tended to washing his butt. She had planned to do just a perfunctory job and nothing more, but as her hands slid across the smooth skin of his buttocks, memories of the games she and Mark played as young kids came to the forefront. They both loved playing with the other's butt and loved having their own butts played with. Without a conscious thought, her soapy hand slid deep between Timmy's butt cheeks seeking his anus. She rubbed and rubbed all the while telling herself, 'Stop it, Mindy Lou! Stop it!' but she didn't stop and Timmy didn't protest anymore than Mark did when she'd play with his butt hole.

The five year old boy only giggled saying, "That tickles!"

"You want me to stop?"

The boy shook his head and in doing so emboldened his molester to push her finger tip up inside him. The boy squirmed as the finger tip slid just inside him and then slid out. For the next few minutes, Mindy made the boy squirm on her middle finger while she in turn squirmed on her other fingers until the sweet rush of orgasmic bliss swept over her, rendering her incapable of doing anything other than writhe on the bathroom floor, oblivious to everything but the pleasurable sensations shooting from her clit to every corner of her body.

When she finally gathered her senses, her head was resting on the edge of the bathtub and Timmy was once again playing with his boat. Sitting upright she castigated herself, 'You are a bad, bad, bad, terrible person, Mindy Louise. What have you done?' But looking at the boy playing carefree in the bath, she had to admit that he certainly wasn't traumatized about what she had done any more than she was traumatized with what Mark did to her at the party.

'Okay, you shouldn't have done it, but you did and it was fun. So what harm is there? I didn't hurt him any more than Mark hurt me. Nasty maybe, but not harmful. It was fun, fun for everybody involved; fun for Mark, fun for Timmy and god knows, it was fun for me!'

Timmy turned to her. "Mindy, I'm getting cold!"

"You want some more hot water?"

"I'm all wrinkly too!" he declared holding up his water logged finger tips.

"Well, we can't have that. Can we?"

"My toes are wrinkly too!" he declared holding a foot up for inspection. "But they won't stay like that...

"Why do they get all wrinkly?" he asked.

"I don't know," Mindy replied, "they just do." She helped him out of the water and wrapped him a big soft towel. To Mindy's surprise, he let her dress him in clean, dry shorts and a shirt, then sent him on his way with strict instructions to stay inside.

Upon straightening up the bathroom, Mindy realized that she too was getting a chill from her damp t-shirt. Looking at herself in the mirror she could plainly see how prominent her nipples were, puckered by the chill and sexual heat. Her fingers gripped both nips and she rolled them between the damp cotton fabric and her fingers. "Hmmmm," she moaned as the pleasurable sensation radiated from her tits and down to her groin. As she began pleasuring herself she caught sight of Timmy running by the open bath door. It took her moment to realize he wasn't dressed.

"That little bugger!" she declared to her image in the mirror. Reluctantly she released her stiff tit tips and followed him back to the den to make sure he stayed inside and dry. She found him, sprawled out on the carpeted floor of the den, pushing his toy trucks this way and that without a stitch of clothes. Any thought of fussing at him vanished, as she acknowledged that it would be a losing battle. 'Why bother?' she asked herself. Besides, she enjoyed seeing him naked as much as he enjoyed being naked.

Without admonishing him, she passed through to the kitchen and then to the laundry room with her wet jeans in hand. Upon opening the dryer, she saw that it was full of dried clothes. Pulling the still warm laundry from the dryer she found one of John Jackson's t-shirts. She quickly decided to borrow it, exchanging it for her damp shirt and panties. Tossing her damp clothes in the dryer, she turned it on, confident that in forty minutes or so, her clothes would be dried and no one would be the wiser. The large man's t-shirt hung loosely on her shoulders, the arms coming down below her elbows and the tail down around her knees.

Her mother had trained Mindy to deal with whatever she found in the laundry room. Clean, but damp clothes in the washer went into the dryer and any dried clothes, no matter who they belonged to, were dealt with then and there. Automatically she carried the dryer load of clothes into the den to fold them. It was mostly undergarments, Mr. Jackson's boxers and t-shirts, Timmy's briefs and white socks, and few things that clearly belonged to Mrs. Jackson. Within a few minutes, the clothes were neatly folded and sorted, ready to be put away.

Mindy thought it best that she carry the clothes to the Jackson's bedroom. Setting the stacks of folded laundry on the large canopy bed, she glanced up.

"Cool," she commented upon seeing the mirrored canopy top and not realizing its true functionality. With Timmy quietly playing in the den, her curiosity got the best of her and she began to snoop. The first place she looked was the drawer of the nearest nightstand.

"Oh, my gawd!" she gasped at the sight of a large collection of rubber cocks, vibrators, a leather sleeping mask, fresh batteries and multiple bottles of lubricant and massage oils along with several other curious devices. One by one she examined the various faux cock dildos. She'd never seen anything like them before except on the internet, but she knew exactly what their purpose was.

'My gawd, she puts that inside herself!' she said to herself as she examined one particularly large fake dick.

Feeling guilty for spying on her employers, Mindy put the big rubber dick back in the drawer, closed it and left the bedroom to see to her charge. Pleased to find him still engaged in his play, she sat in the big recliner, leaned back and watched the naked child.

Looking up, Timmy saw that Mindy was in the chair where his mother normally nursed him. He scampered to his feet and crawled up into Mindy's lap. Mindy made no effort to stop him as he grasped the neck of the oversized t-shirt, pulling it down one shoulder until her tit was exposed.

The young teen sitter groaned as the boy's mouth encased her nipple and began to suckle. Ever since he suckled her Friday night, the startling event had never been far from Mindy's thoughts. It was the pleasurable sensations she'd gotten from the boy's effort that made her so willing to let Mark have his way with her tits last night. And now she was enjoying it again.

Even though the neck of the shirt had stretched enough to get her tit out, after a minute or so the tight constriction around the back of her neck became uncomfortable. She managed to get him to let go for a moment and moved him off her lap. A moment later, she had pulled the t-shirt over her head and beckoned the boy to resume his efforts.

Unable to get milk from one teat, the nude boy attempted to nurse from the other. As he sucked and munched, he paid no attention to the rumbling guttural noises rising from the nude babysitter's throat nor to the fact that her entire body was trembling. He was only interested in the comforting oral sensation made by the fat nipple in his mouth and the comforting feel of his bare skin against her bare skin.

After a few minutes the munching slowed and then ceased as Timmy was lulled asleep. Holding the boy with one hand, Mindy's other hand, now soaked with cuntal juices fell idle between her legs. She hadn't gotten nearly enough sleep the night before and sated, she dozed naked in the big chair with Timmy still at her breast, his lips slack and barely surrounding her nipple as his drool dripped down her tit.

The rude intrusion of the telephone ringing jarred her awake. She considered answering it, but then heard the answering machine pickup followed by a recorded sales pitch. The annoying message droned on and on until the time allotted by the machine was up. Then silence once more. She glanced at the elegant wall clock with its pendulum swinging and saw that it was just past three thirty. It would be another two, three hours before the Jackson's returned. Looking out a window, she saw that it was still raining, not hard, but steadily.

The telephone had disturbed Timmy too. Not enough to wake him from his nap, but enough to prod him into changing positions. Mindy looked down at the naked boy in her lap, now sprawled out on his back with his legs dangling over the arm of the chair.

"Gawd, he's so beautiful," she whispered with a smile.

As she studied his little dick so openly displayed, she thought back to all the dicks she'd seen last night at the Ken's party. Before last night, except for Timmy cute little peter, the only male organ she'd ever seen live was Mark's when he was much younger and much smaller. She tried to place face, cock and names to the gallery of live cocks she saw at the party. Of course there was Mark's... with its flared head, impressive in size and beauty, and then Mike's with its curious curved shape and arrow-like tip. And Ken, who was nowhere near as large as Mark or even Mike. Then there was the guy watching the door; she didn't know who he was except that he was huge, not fat, but huge and his dick hanging low between his legs was equally huge, the tip secreted away behind that funny flap of skin. And then there was what's-his-name, the skinny guy with a skinny dong. The others, and there were others, she couldn't place dick to face.

Mindy smiled thinking that it wouldn't be too long before she saw all those wonderful cocks again; surely Ken would have another party soon and when he did, she was sure that Mark would invite her and then... 'He's going to want me to suck his dick,' she correctly reasoned, 'and he's not going to take no for an answer.' She tried not to think of that too hard, and instead closed her eyes and remembered the feel of his erection filling her hand and then the feel of that same erect slab of man-meat filling and sliding in and out of her ass.

'Gawd, I wish he were here right now,' she thought to the memory of his cock pulsing in her bowels as he emptied his nuts.

As the vivid memory faded back into her mind, she opened her eyes and found herself studying Timmy's little cock. It was fun playing with him and he liked it too. With no effort to resist the temptation, she began toying with the 5 year-old's wee Willy again. His mouth, so expressionless before, curled slightly around the edges.

"You like that, don't you, you naughty little boy," she whispered. Soon the cocklet was stiffening in her caressing fingers.

As she molested the little boy, she considered the root cause of her objections to blowing Mark. One of the games they used to play involved peeing on each other. That was way nasty to be sure, but then it just washed off without a trace. It was one thing to let Mark pee on her leg or pee on her back, but one day he had peed in her face. It tasted awful and it stung her eyes to point that she thought she was going blind. After that and the crying scene that ensued, they stuck to just peeing on each other from the neck down. It was that memory and that memory alone that made her cringe at the thought of his dick in her mouth and the acrid taste of urine. 'What if he peed in my mouth?' The thought was both horrible and disgusting. Not only that, it would be just like Mark to do just that and then try to laugh it off. 'How could those other girls stand that taste?'

Mindy thought that a man's penis would be coated in urine and therefore taste like urine. She knew from firsthand experience what urine tasted like and knew just how ripe she could become sometimes. To her, it was only logical that boys would be the same, if not worse, considering their fondness for getting dirty.

In a sudden leap of logic, she sniffed at the fingers she'd been using on Timmy's genitals and couldn't detect a trace of an odor. 'Of course not, silly. You made sure he was very, very clean.' As she considered that, a plan formulated in her head. He was still sound asleep and hadn't awoken while she fondled him, so maybe...

She gently shifted him further down her legs and then bent forward. Nuzzling her nose into his dick and balls she confirmed that he was clean. A quick kiss to his little pecker confirmed the same. Emboldened, she slipped her lips over his 1 inch shaft. To her surprise, he didn't taste foul at all, just clean and the tactile feel of his little erection between her lips was sensational!

She checked to make sure he was still sleeping and then took his dick in her mouth again, laving at it and caressing it with her tongue. 'This isn't so bad,' she thought. 'In fact, this is great!'

Suddenly she felt remorse for the lost opportunity to orally enjoy Mark's cock the night before. 'Gawd, you can be so stupid, sometimes,' she castigated herself.

'Well, Mark... Next time... Next time, I'm gonna make us both happy.' She opened her mouth wider and added Timmy's nuts to his dick in her mouth.

She snapped back to reality when she heard Timmy giggling. "That tickles," he laughed. "Mindy, I gotta pee!" Immediately she bolted upright.

"You better run to the bathroom!" she said as if nothing untoward had been happening. Timmy hopped out of her lap and ran to the nearest bathroom. She heard the flushing of the toilet and a moment later, Timmy came running back into the den. He jumped up in the chair with her, but rather than lie down or sit in her lap, he stood and leaned forward, pressing his little dick into his sitter's face.

Mindy pushed him away, but the laughing little boy pushed his groin back into her face. Playfully engaging the boy, Mindy blew bubbles on his privates, sending the kid into a fit of howling laughter. As Mindy held him tight by the buttocks, the mirthful squeals of the young boy filled the room as he struggled to get away from the oral tickling. Blowing bubbles gave way to licks and suddenly the room grew quiet and the struggling ceased as his tiny organ was encased once again with the warm wet embrace of his teenage sitter's lips.

After sucking the boy's penis for a minute, Mindy pushed him away. "More!" demanded the boy. "More, Mindy, more!" Mindy was only too happy to indulge him.

**Chapter 4 Lunch Meat**

*After Wendy Miles observes her daughter pleasuring herself, Mindy's mom decides that it might be prudent to put Mindy on birth control...*

Mindy was happy that she was able to get Timmy dressed before his parents returned home. When the Jackson's walked in around five thirty, Mindy had Timmy in her lap again, this time reading a book to him.

When she was about to leave for home with John Jackson, Timmy made a big show of hugging his sitter and ending with an earnest, "I wuv you, Mindy!"

"Well," said John Jackson once they were in his car, "I see Timmy really likes you."

"He's a real sweetie," she replied with a genuine smile. 'I just hope he doesn't say the wrong thing,' she added to herself.

"That's great! We need a regular sitter for him in the worst way and I hope you'll be it. I don't know what it is, but we haven't been able to find a regular babysitter for him. Once, twice and then they're suddenly not available anymore... ever."

'I'm not surprised,' Mindy mused to herself.

"Sometimes we can borrow a sitter from a friend, but if we're getting together for some adult time away from the kids, that doesn't work unless we double up.

"So, how about it, Mindy? Can we count on you?"

"I'd love to sit for him, Mr. Jackson. He's absolutely no trouble and just as sweet as can be."

"Great! You're now officially in our employ!"

 Mindy smiled at the large man while he drove, but he didn't smile back, keeping his attention on the road where it should be. A few minutes later he pulled in front of her house.

"How much do I owe you?" he asked.

"Umm, one to five thirty... that's four and a half hours..."

"We'll round that off to five hours," he interjected.

"Okay, five times four dollars, that's twenty dollars."

"That's a deal!" he exclaimed. Digging into his wallet he extracted a twenty and a ten dollar bill.

"That's too much!" she protested handing the ten back to him.

"Nonsense. That's a tip."

"For what?"

"For doing like I asked you, Sweetie, and not wearing a bra," he replied with a mischievous grin. Mindy felt the heat in her face rise.

"Next time, if the weather hasn't turned off cold or anything, how about showing a little tummy too?"

"Uh, uh, I..."

In a low voice he added, "It would make me very happy.

"Oh! I almost forgot! Wednesday!" he exclaimed. "This Wednesday. I know it's a school night and all, but could you sit with Timmy, say from six thirty to eleven?" Jackson asked. "I'll pay you extra!"

"I'll have to clear it with my mom," she replied.

"You do that, Mindy. I'll call and confirm later this evening."

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"How was your babysitting job?" Mindy's mother asked as she stirred a pot on the stove.

"Great! Just great! Timmy's no problem at all and his dad really pays me well."

"How well?"

"Thirty dollars for five hours!"

"Wow! That's great, honey! You need to keep the Jacksons."

"Oh, I will! Mr. Jackson asked me if I'd be their regular sitter!"

"That's terrific, Hon. Now you'll have your own money to spend.

"Oh, by the way," her mother continued. "Mark called for you. He wanted to get together and hang out. I told him you had a babysitting job. I think he's really interested in you, honey, but..."

That lingering "but..." Mindy knew she wouldn't like what would follow, still her mother let it hang in the air. Mindy tried not to act petulant when she asked, "But what, Mama?"

"He's a lot older than you, Mindy. He's what? Eighteen and you're only fifteen."

"Daddy's seven years older than you, Mama!" Mindy pointed out.

"Well, that's different."

"How?"

"It's the differences in maturity," Wanda Miles replied to her daughter. "Twenty nine and thirty six aren't that much different, not like eighteen and fifteen."

"You were younger than I am now when I was born," the irascible daughter pointed out, "and Daddy was a lot older than Mark. Besides, I've known Mark all my life. So have you. We're friends. That's all."

"If you say so, dear... Look, just be careful, that's all."

"Sure, Mama. Whatever!"

"Now go wash your hands and set the table for me."

Mindy ran upstairs, took off her jacket and stripped off her t-shirt to put her bra on. Pausing to check herself out in the mirror, she couldn't help but notice that her nipples were redder than usual and were noticeably swollen. She smiled thinking of the cause of that condition and wondered if Timmy's pecker was red and swollen from the hours of sucking too.

Her reverie was broken when her mother called up, "Mindy Louise!"

"Coming, Mama!" she replied as she took one last look at herself. Then she pulled her new bra from the bottom drawer where her mother wouldn't accidently stumble upon it, put it on and pulled her t-shirt back on. After a quick stop in the bathroom, she dashed downstairs to help her mother put dinner on the table.

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With supper over, Mindy had some homework to do and went upstairs to her room to get it done. She had just finished her reading assignment when her mother popped into her room.

"Mindy. I think you forgot to tell me something." Immediately thinking she'd been caught, Mindy's heart missed a beat.

"Mr. Jackson just called. He wanted to know if you could sit for them this Wednesday night. I told him that it was a school night, but... That man's mighty persuasive. It goes against my better judgment, but I do know where you are and I know what you're up to. So it really isn't a problem as long as you get your studies done and are home by eleven. He agreed."

"Then I can do it?"

"Yes, dear. You may do it."

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By the end of school on Monday, it was obvious to anyone who bothered to notice that Mindy was Mark's new flame. The older girls looked upon her with dismay that they had been passed over for a mere newbie. The younger girls looked upon her with awe that Mr. Hunkasaurus would favor her above all others. Now that she was suddenly in the in-crowd, Mindy's social standing soared. Mere fellow newbies were intimidated to even talk to her, as she was now surrounded by the coolest, most popular kids at school, and when she spoke to a lowly fellow classman, they nearly swooned basking in her glow.

The ninth-grade boys in her classes, however, could have cared less. To them, she was just another one of the alien creatures called girls; interesting creatures to be sure, but completely and utterly unfathomable.

To Mindy, she was just the same as she was last Friday at school, except for being ass fucked by Mr. Wonderful while his friends watched. Her salacious trysts with little Timmy didn't even come into the equation, as she was the only one who would ever know about that. Suddenly though, everyone (girls that is) wanted to be her friend, and every guy at the party jockeyed for a position of being next in line behind Mark after he'd dumped her. But the only person, male or female, that she was interested in was Mark. And what she was really interested in would have shocked her peers.

Of course at school and with Mark occupied with football practice every afternoon after school, there was precious little opportunity for them to do anything other than hold hands at lunch. However, having little opportunity and no opportunity are two entirely different things. After the dismissal bell, Mindy met Mark over by the auditorium. After checking that the coast was clear, Mark slipped a plastic credit card in a door jam. The door opened and he pulled Mindy inside with him.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked as he pulled her down a dark corridor. He opened another door and pulled her inside a small dark room.

"I only have a few minutes," Mark explained in the darkness, "before Coach will be looking for me." Mindy gasped as he directed her hand to his dick which he had sticking through his open zipper. "C'mon, get me off."

Her hand stroked the hot hard tube of meat. "It'd be quicker if you'd just blow me."

"No! I t already told you I wouldn't do that," Mindy huffed.

"Just do it, will ya?"

Mindy thought of her experience the day before when she fellated little Timmy. 'That wasn't so bad,' she thought.

"Jeez, Mindy. I ain't got all freaking day!"

This moment of privacy was totally unexpected and she froze, not sure what to do. A voice in her head said, "Do it!" Another said, "Ewwww!" The 'Do it' voice was winning out over the squeamish voice when in exasperation, Mark blurted, "Just jack me off then!"

There was a long few minutes of silence in the small room, silent except for the faint soft sounds of a cock being jacked off until Mark began grunting. With his seed mostly spilled on the floor of the closet, he zipped up and opened the door. A moment later they were out in the bright sunlight.

"See you tomorrow, Mindy-babe!" Then he was gone... off to football practice leaving Mindy standing about with a mess in her hand.

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Later that evening, after supper and after her homework was done, Mindy bathed and prepared for bed. Standing in front of the full length mirror she studied her nude form while thinking about Mark and his fascinating dick. She castigated herself for not being braver and sucking his cock like he'd asked her.

"Gawd, you're such a baby! It's not like you can get pregnant!" she whispered in contempt of herself. "And it's not like you haven't been thinking of it every minute since church yesterday!"

She visualized Timmy's little pecker between her lips and then tried to imagine what Mark's much larger cock would feel like. She had her eyes closed and her mouth opened in a rictus. While one set of fingers twisted and tugged at her nipples, the other strummed her clit while fantasying that Mark's dick was in her mouth while Timmy suckled her tits. It was such an arousing vision that she wasn't aware of her bedroom door opening.

Her mother froze in her tracks at the sight before her of her daughter masturbating, playing roughly with her tits and apparently inducing a state of rapture. Silently her mother quietly closed the door, leaving Mindy in the throes or orgasm

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During lunch the next day at school, Mindy sat with Mark and his jock friends and a smattering of other girls at "their" table along the back wall of the school cafeteria. Mindy let Mark know that she wanted another chance in the auditorium closet to make amends for yesterday.

"Hey, you got me off," Mark explained, "but if you're ready to suck my cock, I'm game."

"Don't be so crude," Mindy protested.

"I'm just telling you like it is. No games, Mindy. You gonna suck me or not?"

"Yes. I just said I would."

"Then I'm holding you to it," Mark replied with a grin.

A moment later she felt Mark's hand settle on her knee and then begin to slide up her thigh and under her skirt. "What are you doing!" she whispered as she closed her thighs and grabbed his arm.

"Nobody can see us."

"We're in the cafeteria!"

"Look forward... What do you see?"

"The wall?"

"Yes, the wall and Mike's ugly face."

"He's not ugly," Mindy replied.

"That's not the point. No one can see up your skirt. Right?"

"I guess..."

"Then let go." Mark felt her grip loosen, but her thighs were still tightly clasping his hands.

He leaned over and whispered, "Open your legs... come on... that's my girl."

Mindy silently shuddered as Mark's fingers brushed against her panty covered pussy. Her eyes cut left and then right, looking to see if anyone was aware of what Mark was up to. No one paid them any attention, as they were all engrossed in their own conversations and lacked x-ray vision to see through the table.

"Please," she whispered in vain as she felt his fingers creeping under the leg of her panties.

"Oh, gawd..." she whispered huskily as the fingers slipped in between her juicing labia.

Mark wasted no time and quickly zeroed in on her clit. Mindy bit her lower lip as he began masturbating her in the room filled with hundreds of students and teachers. The flagrant naughtiness of what he was doing to her quickly brought her to the edge.

"Let go, baby," Mark whispered to her. "Come for me."

If Mike wasn't paying any attention a moment before, he certainly was paying attention now. He watched Mindy's face as it betrayed the sizzling sensations shooting through her body. Mindy noticed too that Mike was watching, but she was helpless to prevent the rapture she was gripped with. Locked eye to eye with Mark's grinning best friend, she came. It wasn't the biggest "O" she'd ever had, but it was a capital "O" nonetheless. When her eyes fluttered open and she could think clearly again, she noticed not only Mike grinning at her, but the two guys flanking him were also grinning knowingly.

The jock sitting next to her and opposite Mark began sniffing the air. "I think I smell... PUSSY!" he roared as he stood half way up and made an exaggerated face, causing the other boys at the table to roll in laughter.

Mindy was so embarrassed that she wanted to crawl away. Mark reassured her by reminding her that everyone at the table was at the party Friday night and in the back room. It also helped that the guys all clapped for her. Still, even though she knew that they all knew that she and Mark did things, it was the most embarrassing moment of her young life.

When the bell rang, Mindy rushed out of the cafeteria. Stopping off at the girl's restroom, she ran into Lindsey, one the older girls at the lunch table. "Hey, girly," Lindsey began, "that was something else in the cafeteria. Now I see what Mark sees in you. Welcome to the club."

'Club? What club?' wondered Mindy, but the girl had disappeared.

 Later that afternoon she met Mark at the auditorium as agreed. Like the day before, Mark deftly picked the lock, but once he opened the door he quickly shut it.

"What's the matter?" asked Mindy.

"Fucking place is full of people! Damn!"

"Well, maybe we can try again tomorrow," she replied in an attempt to mollify her boyfriend.

"Shit, I was looking forward to you going down on me."

"Maybe we can go somewhere else."

"Like where? I know, how about behind the cafeteria dumpsters?"

"Ewwwww! No!" she protested.

"You have any better suggestions?"

Mindy thought hard, and was about to suggest a place when Mark muttered, "Shit! Here comes, Coach!

"I gotta go. See ya tomorrow, Babe."

\*\*\*\*\*

That night, after supper and the kitchen was cleaned, Mindy's mother followed her up to her room. Turning to close the door, she was surprised to see her mother.

"May I come in?" her mother asked.

"Sure, Mama. What's up?"

"We need to talk," her mother said as she entered and closed the door behind her.

"About what?"

"Boys..." Mindy stifled the urge to groan out loud.

"I've noticed that you... are becoming interested in... sexual things," her mother began haltingly.

"Why do you say that?"

"I just know. I'm your mother. I too was teenage girl curious about sex. A little too curious. I was your age, maybe a little younger than you are now, when I... your father and I, got a little too carried away and wound up pregnant with you. Let me tell you, and this is from somebody who knows, because I've been there; having a baby at your age is hard, hard thing. You miss out on a lot. Your dad missed out on a lot too. He did his best to support you and me, but it was struggle. He couldn't stay in school and worked full time, so he did it the hard way."

"I'm sorry, Mama."

"You have nothing to be sorry for and neither do we. We wouldn't trade you for anything in the world. Still, it would have been best if we waited."

"Is that why Daddy joined the Army?"

"Yes, it is. He needed a steady paycheck, housing, and medical benefits. It wasn't enough, but we managed. Best of all, he got an education and learned some skills that he's put to good use."

Her mother paused for a moment and then continued, "But that's not what I want to talk to you about. If you're not already sexually active, you will be soon. My mother, your grandmother, didn't know that I was sexually active until it was too late. Now, I'm not about to let what happened to me happen to you. I am going to see to it that you are protected from an unwanted pregnancy.

"I called my gynecologist today," Wanda continued, "and tried to get him to see you, but... he's not taking any new patients at the moment. He suggested one of his colleagues. That's all well and good, but there's a problem... your father. First of all, he won't approve of this, saying you're too young to be given a license to screw..."

"Mama!"

"Your father and I have talked about this and that's exactly what he said. So, here's the problem. Your father handles all the money in this family and he pays all the bills. If he saw a bill from my doctor, he'd just assume it was for me and just pay it... no questions asked. But now that you won't be seeing my doctor, he's going to see a bill from some other doctor; and when your father sees that, he'll look into it.

"So... I explained all that to my doctor and he suggested that I call a Dr. Tubbs, and ask if you can participate in an ongoing medical study of teen girls. I called Dr. Tubbs' office and yes, they can add you to the study. Best of all, all your doctor visits and medications will be paid for... In other words, your dad will never see a bill!

"Not only that, but Dr. Tubbs can see you tomorrow! Now when is your next period due?"

Mindy checked her calendar. "Tuesday, next week."

"Oh, good! If he starts you on the pill, you can start taking them on Wednesday. In the meantime, don't do anything that you might regret."

"Like, what?"

"Like get pregnant."

"Mama! I'm still a virgin."

"That's good, honey. I just don't want you to get hurt."

"Does this mean that I can..."

"No! This is not a license for sex. You stay a virgin for as long as you can. Save something for when you're older and are better able to handle things."

\*\*\*\*\*

Wednesday morning, Mindy ran into Lindsey again and asked about the "club" comment she had made yesterday. Lindsey laughed and let her in on a secret.

Later at lunch, Mindy was sitting between Mark and Mike. At a silent signal from Mark, Mike turned around in his seat and leaned back against the table. With a practiced eye he scanned the cafeteria. A moment later he reported, "The coast is clear." Immediately Mindy felt Mark's hand sliding up her dress.

Mark was pleased to find that she had followed Lindsey's suggestion that morning and had removed her panties just before lunch. Quickly and easily his fingers slid inside her as his buddies across the table grinned at her. But she wasn't the only one they were watching. Next to Mike, Lindsey lewdly licked her lips as Mike's fingers found her bald bare pussy waiting for him. On the other side of Mark, a third girl, the girl Mike was screwing at the party Friday night was being fingered by Ken.

**Chapter 5 Dressed to Kill**

*Realizing that her husband was tipping Mindy for dressing a bit provocative, Dora Jackson ups the ante...*

Dressed to Kill

(fb, oral, mast, exhib)

by Art Martin

Realizing that her husband was tipping Mindy for dressing a bit provocative, Dora Jackson ups the ante...

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Wednesday evening approached and after a quick supper Mindy went upstairs to get ready for her babysitting job for the Jackson's that night. As it was still quite warm and remembering what Mr. Jackson had said about showing a little tummy, she selected a cropped top that showed a good deal of her midriff. She also shed her bra, as it was obvious to her that her tip was contingent upon keeping Mr. Jackson happy. Besides, who cares? Besides her mother and father that is.

Again she disguised her chosen outfit, by donning her light jacket and zipping up. She had finished her homework as soon as she got home from school, but just for show she grabbed her notebook and math book. A few minutes later, her father was dropping her off while her mother tended to the supper dishes.

Again, it was Mr. Jackson who answered the door as Mrs. Jackson was still primping for the evening. Setting her books down, she removed the jacket.

"Wooo wee!" declared John Jackson. "Turn around, Honey, so that I can see all of you! Damn! How can the boys at school stand it?" She modeled for him for a minute or so, turning this way and that at his direction.

"Damn! What I'd do to be a teenager again!" he declared.

Mindy blushed, but also beamed at the older man's compliments.

Reaching into his wallet he pulled out a new ten dollar bill. "Just in case I forget to tip you later tonight," he said as he boldly tucked the rolled up bill in the waistband of her skintight jeans, his fingers lingering longer than necessary and hooked into her jeans.

Mindy looked up at the big man towering above her and leering down at her. She smiled up at him and said, "Thank you, sir."

"You are very welcome, Cupcake," he replied as he slowly extracted his fingers, leaving the money behind.

 He turned and called out to his wife, "Dora! Mindy's here! I'm out of here! You have a good time tonight, babe!"

"You too, Baby," his wife called back from her bedroom down the hall.

"I'll have you home before eleven," he told the sitter. He turned and went into the garage. Mindy heard the garage door opening and then heard a car start. A moment later, she heard the rumbling sound of the garage door closing. Mindy was confused. 'Aren't they going out?'

"Mindy! Can you come help me?" Mrs. Jackson called out to her.

Mindy immediately went to where she thought Mrs. Jackson was, in her bedroom. There she found both Mrs. Jackson and Timmy. Timmy came running shouting, "My Mindy! My Mindy!" and then wrapped his arms tightly about her waist and hugged her.

"I can see with my own eyes that he likes you, dear," the busty woman declared approvingly.

"Now, be a dear and zip me up in the back."

With her dress zipped up, the curvy woman preened for Mindy asking her, "How do I look?"

"Fabulous!" Mindy answered truthfully. The short tight red dress seemed to be painted onto the woman, her half exposed breasts practically flowing from the tight bodice. The high stiletto heels made her legs look great. Accenting her simple, but stunning outfit, she wore a diamond necklace to go along with dazzling diamond earrings and a gaudy diamond cocktail ring.

"You really think so?"

"Yes, I do. I wish I were half as pretty as you," the girl said.

"Sweetie, you're pretty enough; believe me."

"Aren't you and Mr. Jackson going out together?" Mindy asked. "He just left and..."

"No. Not tonight. Tonight I'm getting together with my girlfriends and having some fun. John, he's going to some stuffy old meeting. Kiwanis, I believe. He should be home by ten thirty to get you home on time. Now, if you need either of us, we both have our cell phones. Here are the numbers. Timmy's already been fed, but he hasn't had his bath yet."

 Mindy suddenly felt uncomfortable as Mrs. Jackson was looking at her with a frown, her eyes everywhere but on her face.

"Do you always dress like that?"

"Well, I..."

"Did my husband ask you to dress like that?" the woman asked in a low voice.

"I, um..."

"You don't need to answer, I know the answer," the busty woman laughed. "He's such a bad boy, but that's why I love him!"

Dora Jackson once again regarded the young teenage girl. "Yes, you are a pretty one," she muttered. "Tell me, dear, even if he asked... why did you dress like that for him? You're not trying to steal my man, are you?"

"Oh, no! No. It's just that... well... "

"Well what, dear?"

"I don't know," the girl answered in an embarrassed whisper.

"Yes, you do know," pressed the older married woman with a feigned irritation in her voice. "Now out with it, sugar!"

"Please don't be angry with me. I won't do it again," Mindy pleaded.

"Then you had better tell me."

"For a tip," Mindy answered in such a low whisper that Dora Jackson had some trouble hearing her.

"Did you say, 'For a tip'?"

"Yes, Ma'am," came the shameful reply.

That just sounded so awful to Mindy and she just knew that Mrs. Jackson thought that she was an awful girl too. That shameful assessment was confirmed when the woman said in a low voice, "Why you little slut."

'Slut? Yes, I am a slut... but, I'm not!' the girl screamed silently to herself. But in defense of her actions Mindy ventured, "I'm not a slut."

To her surprise the woman began softly laughing. "Sweetie, I didn't mean any offense," the older woman began. "Let's just say it takes one to know one. One naughty girl to another, being a slut now and then is far better than always keeping your panties on... Unless of course you're planning to become a nun.

"Now, John had absolutely no business in asking a girl your age to flaunt herself for him. But... it is what it is. No doubt he'll get all hot and bothered and then take it out on me." With a conspiratorial grin she added, "Or at least I can hope he'll take it out on me."

Confused by what the woman was saying, Mindy asked, "What do you mean?"

"You're old enough to know about men and women, so I'll be blunt. Tonight, when I get home, he'll have a hard-on for you, but he'll fuck the living daylights out of me, pretending it's you he's fucking. No matter what's going on in his feverish mind, he'll be pumping his big cock into me until sunrise and I'll be loving every hard thrust into my insatiable cunt."

Mindy was so shocked by what Dora Jackson had said, that she stood dumbfounded, not having a clue what to say or what to do. To Mindy's relief, Mrs. Jackson seemingly changed the subject.

"Now, be a dear... go into the bath and look on the vanity on the right. There's a little case with my contacts in it. Bring it to me, dear."

Mindy went on her mission and had no problem finding the contact case, but she lingered a moment taking in the sumptuousness of the master bath. She'd never seen anything like it before. The twin vanities were beautiful enough, but what caught her attention was the large two-person Jacuzzi tub. Behind that was a walk through shower big enough for six people. The entire room was done in various granites and results were stunning.

"Can't you find them?" Mrs. Jackson called from the other room.

"Yes, Ma'am!" Mindy answered heading to the doorway. "I found them!"

Mrs. Jackson took the contacts and effortlessly placed them in her eyes while Mindy and Timmy waited and watched. Then she turned to Mindy and asked, "How would you like to get another tip from my husband tonight?"

"What do you mean?"

"You know exactly what I mean. I'm sure he'll ogle you and slobber all over the floor. But to really get him going, how about if we up the ante?"

"I don't understand."

"It's simple. I want my husband to fuck me like a whore tonight and you're just the ticket to get him all hot and bothered. How about if you show him a little more skin when he gets home?"

"I'm not going to get naked!" protested the girl.

"No, no, no! Of course not...

"Now let's not play games with each other. You were willing enough to go along with John for a little extra cash, perhaps you would be interested in making some additional easy money. Here's what I have in mind. You look great in those jeans. How much did you pay for them?"

"Uh, I don't know. Forty, fifty dollars."

"When? Last year. They're a little tight and little short."

"Yeah, I guess they are kind of getting old."

"How about if I pay you twenty dollars for them?"

"I can't sell you my jeans!"

"I don't want your jeans, but I do want to, shall we say, modify them."

Dora Jackson stepped over to her dresser and retrieved a pair of sewing scissors. Turning back to the sitter, she explained, "For twenty dollars, I'm going to make those into cutoffs. Show him a little leg. That'll get him going!

"Now take them off, dear."

Mindy couldn't be certain if the woman was serious or if she was just messing with her. If it had been one of her new friends, she would be certain that it was just messing around, but Mrs. Jackson wasn't some other teenage girl, she was a woman, a mother and a wife and she had a twenty dollar bill in her hand offering it to her. Besides, she was only planning on making the jeans into cutoffs, so why not? A moment later, Mindy was standing in her thong panties and cutoff t-shirt, handing her jeans over to her employer.

Dora took the jeans without further comment and after a brief inspection, quickly decided what to remove. She had the first leg cut off when Timmy suddenly and gleefully shouted, "I can see your hiney!" Dora looked up from her work, to see Mindy turning her back away from Timmy and towards her.

"Does your mother know you wear panties like that?"

Mindy didn't know which way to turn to cover her bare behind and chose a neutral position. "No. I do my own laundry."

"Does your boyfriend know you wear panties like that?"

"Uh, I..."

"You don't have to answer that," Dora said mercifully.

"There! Try these on," Dora said a moment later and handing her the now legless jeans.

Mindy quickly slipped on what was left of her jeans. "They're so short," she gasped tugging at the raw edges of her new short shorts.

"You look fabulous, dear," Dora gushed. "If that doesn't give John an erection tonight, nothing will!"

The mother then turned to her little boy. "Timmy, you do everything that Mindy tells you to do. I don't want any bad reports about a disobedient little boy! Now Mommy will be home late, sweetie. You be a good boy." She kissed the five year old on the forehead and bid her adieu.

Mindy followed the woman through the house and into the den. A minute later, Mindy heard the clanking of the garage door as it rose and then again as it closed.

Remembering the alcove in the master bath with the three dressing mirrors like in a department store, Mindy rushed back to the master bedroom suite. Looking at herself in the mirrors she studied her form fitting cut offs. The sides were almost completely gone, showing all but two inches of her hip and legs. In the back, the cut covered most, but not all of her butt and in the front, there remained but the tiniest amount of fabric running between her legs. No way could she ever wear these in public! Indeed, how could let anyone, anyone but Mark of course, see her dressed like this. Her jeans had been so reduced as to resemble denim bikini panties!

Timmy came up behind her and tugged at a "leg" of her shorts. "Can I have my bath in here? Mommy bathes me in here all the time!" he offered.

Already intrigued by the large inviting Jacuzzi tub in the master bath, Mindy didn't need any further encouragement. "Sure. Why not?" she answered her young charge.

 It took her a few minutes to figure out the controls, but soon she had the tub filling with hot water. With the tub filling, Timmy stood holding his arms in the air, waiting for her to undress him. Mindy stripped his shirt off over his head and then pulled down his Superman underwear, as they were the only thing he was wearing when she arrived.

Not waiting for the tub to fill, Timmy climbed in and immediately hopped out, complaining that the water was too hot. Mindy adjusted the temperature and in a minute, the boy tested the waters again, finding the temperature to be just fine. "Are you going to bathe with me?" he asked. "Mommy always bathes with me so I won't drown."

"I won't let you drown," she answered the boy.

"Please?" he gently begged.

Mindy thought, 'Why not? He's just a little boy and besides, the little bugger's going to have my shirt off when we finish anyway.' Standing she answered, "Okay."

She shimmied out of her tight jeans cutoffs and shucked her thong panties. Then the cropped top was discarded. Naked, she joined little Timmy in the big bath. Almost immediately Timmy began playing with the controls and soon had all the jets blasting and creating a roiling bath.

The bubbling hot bath felt absolutely fabulous to Mindy. She leaned back, resting her back on a built-in backrest, while keeping an eye on the little boy playing in the water Soon she was day dreaming, thinking of how forward Mr. Jackson had been with her and how he had brazenly stuffed his tip down her pants earlier that evening. 'Gawd, what's he likely to do when he sees me in those cut offs?'

She realized that it was dangerous to flirt with an older man like that, but she rationalized, 'He won't do anything, but just look.' The thought of exhibiting herself like that to him sent a shiver down her spine and directly to her pussy. She imagined herself dancing for the man and imagined all the sexy suggestive moves she could make. She imagined sitting in his lap, feeling his erection pushing into her butt, lifting her shirt and offering her tit to him. As Mr. Jackson's imaginary lips surrounded her sensitive nipple, she felt her pussy tingle in response. She felt him tugging at her nipple and felt his fingers on her clit as she was now in her mind's eye completely naked as was he.

She felt something on either side of her legs that moved past her hips and to her waist. Dreamily, on the verge of orgasm, she opened her eyes and saw the boyish penis just inches from her face. It was a small penis to be sure, but she imagined it was Mark's dick and not Timmy's. Suddenly she was back in the closet of the auditorium, and just as suddenly Mark's cock was entering her mouth. Ignoring the fact that it was a little boy's cock and not her boyfriend's cock, she sucked and gobbled, taking into her mouth both Timmy's dick and his balls. Grasping one soft globe of Timmy's naked buttocks, she held his groin to her sucking mouth while continuing to diddle herself. With the little boy's cock and balls rolling about between her lips, she came with a shuddering climax.

With her orgasm receding, Mindy slowly came to her senses. Reluctantly she let the boy's genitalia slip from her lips. Expecting some reaction from the little boy, she looked up to see him just gazing down at her with a puzzled look on his face. Curiously, she felt no shame. Indeed, she was still aroused and in need. She knew she hadn't harmed the boy and emboldened by her brazen actions, she reasoned that he had been a willing playmate and would make a great play toy for her tonight.

"I'm cold," he whined.

 "Well, sit back down in the water, silly!" The little boy did as instructed and lay in the hot water between his sitter's legs facing away from her. Playfully she squeezed her young charge with her legs causing him to struggle to get free. He ended up laying on top of her legs, his tummy resting on her knees. Continuing her game, she bent her legs and lifted him from the water and then sat him back down again to the boy's giggling delight. Watching the boy's rump rise and fall, Mindy remembered the naughty games that she and Mark had played some years earlier. She also thought of the anal play with the boy several days ago. Mindy grasped the bar of soap and lathered up her hand.

The boy yelped gleefully when his sitter's hand slid up his butt crack and began molesting his anus, spreading his legs apart to give her greater access. Soon the giggling had stopped as he felt a soapy finger enter his rectum. Finding the experience to be most enjoyable, he made no effort to move away and allowed his sitter to molest him at will.

Retracting her finger, she anally caressed him for another minute while rinsing the soap from his butt. The boy flipped onto his back engaging his sitter with a broad smile. The delighted giggles returned as she washed his dick with as much care and attention as she gave to his ass.

Mindy was quite beside herself with this sexual play. She wanted to masturbate again, but held off until after she and Timmy were finished with the bath. Once they were both reasonably dried off, she led him naked into his parents' bedroom. Pulling him up on the big bed with her, she directed his lips to her tit and then lay back to enjoy his earnest suckling, watching the whole thing in the overhead mirrors of the canopy bed. Soon, her fingers were between her legs. In no time, a rapturous sweet euphoric bliss enveloped her completely.

Mindy woke with a start. She was still in bed with Timmy, his face mere inches from her tit and fast asleep. Gathering her wits, she glanced over at the alarm clock. 10:13 the red numbers showed.

"Oh, my gawd," she whispered in alarm. "Mr. Jackson said he'd be home by 10:30!" Quickly she slipped from the bed and then struggled to carry the naked boy to his own bed. She found her clothes, quickly dressed and straightened up the bathroom.

She was straightening the bed covers when she heard Mr. Jackson call out to her, "Mindy!" She rushed out of the master bedroom and slipped into Timmy's bedroom. Immediately she exited the boy's room just as his father stepped into entrance of the hallway.

John Jackson stopped dead in his tracks at the sight of his scantily clad baby sitter.

"I was just checking up on him," she explained. "He wouldn't get dressed after his bath again. You want me to put his pajamas on?"

Jackson issued a low whistle and exclaimed, "Wow! You weren't wearing that when I left! You do that for me?"

"Well, no," she lied. "I've been wanting to make some cutoffs and... You think I cut them too short?"

"Not at all, Cupcake. Not at all. Damn! Come on out here where the lighting is better."

Mindy followed behind her employer and stepped out into the well lit family room. She was startled to discover another man in the room.

"This is my babysitter, Mindy. Mindy, this is my good friend, Keith."

Mindy felt Keith's eyes roaming up and down her nubile body. "You know, with babysitters like this, I just might have to get me some kids," the man said with a leer.

"Mindy just asked me if I thought her shorts were too short," said John never taking his eyes from the girl.

"Looks just about right to me," replied Keith.

"That's what I said," Jackson rejoined

"Mindy, darling," John said. "Turn around so we can get a good at you."

"Mr. Jackson, I..."

"You dressed liked that to show off, now show off. I assure you that we are both pleased with what we see. After all, there's no harm in our just looking. Now go on, turn around."

Mindy turned slowly and modeled her outfit, pleased that she was pleasing both of the older men.

"Would you dance for us? You know, show us the latest dance steps."

"Mr. Jackson, I really need to be home by eleven, and my Mom is going to kill me when she sees these shorts."

"Don't worry, I'll get you home. As for your problem, I'll lend you a pair of Dora's sweat pants."

"You will? That'll be great."

"But first, a dance. One dance and I'll take you home.

"Keith, put on some boggie-woggie music, will ya?" The radio came on and an old Foghat song began to play. Mindy started to move and soon she was getting into it, moving this way and that, shaking her ass and her tits for the amusement of the two older men.

With the dance completed, John declared, "For that, young lady, you deserve another tip! C'mere."

John held up a folded five dollar bill. Mindy was disappointed that he was only tipping her five dollars. She had been hoping for more.

Jackson slipped the money into her pocket, only to discover that there was no "pocket", just bare skin. "That deserves another tip," he whispered to her. He flashed a ten dollar bill, folded it and inserted it into her other pocket. He pushed his hand in deep, but not too deep and deposited the bill near her pussy mound.

After lingering a moment longer than necessary, he retracted his hand, declaring, "Just hold still, Cupcake." He flashed another bill, this time a Twenty, folded it and then so his friend could see, slipped it under a leg hole and deposited it high on her bare ass cheek. "I see I should have come home earlier... and alone," he whispered while groping her.

Mindy was both shaken at Jackson's brazenness, yet disappointed when he pulled his big hand from her ass cheek.

Jackson sighed, "I'd better get you those sweats and get you home."

John headed to the back of the house, but paused at the hall entrance and said, "If I were you, Keith, I'd tip her. And check out the pockets."

Returning with the sweats Jackson found Mindy in the grips of his friend. He was holding her from behind with one hand down the front of her cutoffs and with the other hand up her top with a handful of bare B-cup teen tit.

"Let her go, Keith! I have to get her home!"

"Bullshit," the other man hissed.

"That's jailbait, old buddy."

"So what?"

"Look, Dora will be here in a few minutes and she'll take care of us both. Now watch out for Timmy while I take Mindy home." To Jackson's relief, his friend let the skimpily dressed teen go.

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On the way to Mindy's home, Jackson knew that he and Keith had gone too far. "Mindy, I'm sorry about what happened back there."

"It's okay."

"I really hope this doesn't keep you from sitting for Timmy again."

"Oh, no! He's sweet as can be! Besides, it's not your fault."

"It shouldn't have happened."

"No harm done," she replied.

"Oh, speaking of Timmy. He wouldn't get dressed after his bath, so I left him naked."

"That's fine, Mindy. I don't think that kid's slept in pajamas for a year. He sees me sleeping nude and he wants to be like his daddy. We're just happy that you're not offended in some way."

"No, I'm not. I'm not offended. Do you want me to, uh, wear these again, next time."

"Uh, yeah! Damned right I do!" he answered just as they were pulling up to the curb. A moment later, he was pressing two additional twenty dollar bills into her hand.

"Thanks!" she gushed.

"No, thank you, Cupcake."

Once inside the house, Mindy ran up to her room, thankful that her mother hadn't seen her come in. Once in her room, she quickly stripped off the sweats, her jacket and top. Then she stripped off the cutoffs letting her tips fall to the floor. She had just scooped up the money when her mother poked her head through the door. .

"Just a reminder that I'll pick you up at school tomorrow for your doctor's appointment," her mother said. "Goodnight, baby. Love you."

"Love you too, Mama."