**A Natural Born Slut**

by Art Martin

**Chapter 10 PUSSY FOR YOU, PUSSY FOR ME**

*Mark is ready and prepared but frustrated when Mindy is thrice a no show...*

Mindy slept most of Sunday. She'd gotten very little sleep the night before and was physically exhausted by the intense fun she'd had with Mr. Jackson overnight. Her mother too napped away most of the day, her own pussy and butt throbbing from her fun. Late in the afternoon Ed Miles made it home and plopped down in front of the TV to watch a football game. Everyone in the Miles household had had a good weekend.

Things became a little dicey later in the evening. Ed wanted to know what was for supper and Wanda told him to call for pizza. That was well and good, and he didn't make a fuss, but later, after the remnants of the pizza were stored in the fridge, he made the mistake of asking Wanda how her weekend was.

"My weekend was great. How was yours?" she replied civilly.

"It was fine," he replied.

"Good, now let's leave it at that," she replied. "I'll ask no questions of you and you ask no questions of me. Here, you can have these back," she snapped while tossing into his lap the handful of condoms he'd so cruelly given to her the day before. "They were too small."

"No action?" he asked sarcastically.

"Like I said, Ed, I'll ask no questions of you and you ask no questions of me. The only thing we need to talk about is who sleeps in the master bedroom and who sleeps in the guest room."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, it is. From now on you can do as you like, Ed and I won't bitch and complain. I'll do as I like, too and with no interference from you. So which bedroom do you want?"

"You want me to move out?" her husband asked.

"No, Ed, I don't want you to move out. But let's put an end to the charade we've been playing. The only thing I ask is that you don't bring your girlfriends home when Mindy's here."

"I've never done that."

"No, you haven't. You've been a very good bad boy when it comes to Mindy, and I expect you will continue. So, which room do you want?"

"Which room do you want?" he countered.

"Tell you what. Let's make this into a little game... a wager," Wanda offered. "When Mindy comes downstairs to say goodnight, whoever she speaks to first gets the guest room."

"That will be you," Ed said confidently as Mindy hardly spoke to him anymore than he spoke to her. Her mother was the center of her life, not him. He was comfortable with that, very comfortable.

Thirty minutes later, Mindy bounded down the stairs, running up to her dad shouting, "Goodnight, Daddy!" and giving him a big hug. In that instant Ed knew he'd been set up and had. He cut a glance over at his wife and saw her struggling to contain her grin.

Once Mindy had told her mother goodnight and retired back upstairs, Wanda turned to Ed and told him, "Go get your stuff out of my bedroom."

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The morning started off with a bit of a shock for Mindy. Rising from bed, she proceeded to the hall bathroom to get ready for school. The bathroom door was shut, but that in itself wasn't all that unusual as she was responsible for keeping her bathroom neat and clean and often it was much simpler to just close the door rather than hearing her mother rag her about the unsightly mess she'd left.

Still half asleep she barged right in and stopped dead in her tracks. Her brain had difficulty processing what her eyes saw. There was man in her bathroom, standing before the mirror with shaving cream covering his face... not only that, he was naked, completely naked.

Ed Miles turned towards the door when it opened and saw the astonished look on his daughter's face. He said nothing and made absolutely no attempt at modesty. It could have been his own mother standing there and he wouldn't have been in the least embarrassed by his own nudity. He did, however, expect Mindy to scream or make some other dramatic gesture, but she just stood there, her mouth slightly agape and staring. It was obvious to Ed what she was staring at too and he turned slightly to give her a better view of his cock and balls.

Having given her a good look, Ed turned back to the mirror and continued to shave. Out of the corner of his eye he saw his daughter slowly backup in retreat, closing the door behind her. Ed stifled the urge to burst out laughing; the expression on her face had just been too precious! Then he considered what she might say to her mother and his urge to laugh evaporated.

Having finished shaving, he wrapped a towel around his waist and vacated the bathroom. In the short upstairs hallway he passed Wanda. Neither of them spoke to the other. Wanda stopped at Mindy's door and peeked inside.

"You're running late," the mother declared.

"Daddy's in my bathroom."

"He's out now," the mother replied. She closed the door and then headed downstairs to get breakfast on the table.

By the time Mindy made it to the breakfast table, Ed was still unenthusiastically munching his soggy bowl of cold cereal. He hated cereal, but Wanda made it clear that if wanted anything else, he had to fix it himself.

His fears that Mindy might say something was relieved when she shot him a sly smile before looking down at her bowl of cereal. She cut her eyes back to her father and saw the slight grin on his face. Their eyes met. Their mutual smiles let the other know that it was all okay and that they were both cool with the earlier encounter.

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"Hey, Mindy! Mindy!" Mindy turned and saw Mark waving at her in the crowded hallway of Hebert Hoover High during a Monday morning change of classes. "Hey, wait up!"

Mindy waited until Mark was at her side. All day yesterday, with her pussy throbbing from the terrific fucking she'd received Saturday night and Sunday morning, Mindy had been comparing him to John Jackson. Mark just didn't seem to measure up. But now with him in the flesh, it was different matter. He was still cute and he was a hunk. More importantly, he was arguably the most popular guy at school and he was her boyfriend.

"How come you didn't call me back yesterday?" he asked.

"I'm sorry, Mark. I was too exhausted yesterday after my babysitting job Saturday night. I crashed all afternoon yesterday. Forgive me?"

"Yeah, sure." The cute boy lowered his voice and told her, "It was just that I bought some rubbers and thought that maybe we could get a jump on things."

"Hmmmmm, maybe you should have told me that."

"You crazy? I'm not going to leave a message like that!" he laughed.

"No, I suppose not," she giggled. "Do you have them with you now?"

"Yeah! I know, wha'da ya say we sneak into the auditorium at lunch?"

"Is that what you want to do? Take my virginity in a broom closet?"

"It's bigger than a broom closet," he countered. "Well, maybe that's not such a good idea, huh?"

"I love the idea," she replied with a grin.

At the start of the lunch break, Mindy slipped into the girl's room and slipped off her panties. Even if Mark didn't take her in the auditorium broom closet, maybe he would finger her and relieve the itch that had been driving her a little crazy all morning. Of course thinking about doing it in the broom closet made the itch even worse.

Stepping out of the girl's restroom she ran smack into Mr. Wilkes, the biology teacher she'd gone down on. "Excuse me," apologized Wilkes after nearly knocking her down.

"Oh, it's you. Mindy, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

Wilkes leaned into her and whispered, "Vickers really enjoyed the little show you gave him Friday afternoon." Checking up and down the hallway he saw that they were alone.

"Join me for lunch... in my classroom. I have something to show you."

"Mark is expecting me."

"He can wait. I'll split a tuna sandwich with you."

"What is that you want to show me?"

"Take a guess, sweetheart. Now, you go that way and meet me in my classroom. The door will be unlocked."

Mindy went one way and Wilkes the other. A minute later, Mindy stepped into the classroom. Wilkes was waiting for her and quickly locked the door behind her. To her surprise, Wilkes did have a tuna sandwich to share. As they munched, Wilkes asked her about her weekend (which she was short on details) and made other small talk.

Finishing their lunch Wilkes confessed, "I really don't have anything to show you, but maybe you have something to show me." He leaned in close. "I've been thinking about you. You know what I've been thinking about?"

"No," she replied in a whisper.

"Fucking you," he flatly stated while brushing a lock of hair from her eyes.

"I'll wager you aren't wearing any panties. If I'm right, you and me, we're going into the back for some shagging. So, let's see what's under the dress."

Mindy made no move to expose herself, but Wilkes was undeterred. Lifting the helm of her dress he confirmed what he'd suspected. With a nod of his head he told her, "In the back room, sweetie pie."

"I'm a virgin," she falsely claimed.

Wilkes snorted, "I find that hard to believe."

"I'm not protected."

"When do you start menstruating?"

"Tomorrow, I think."

"Tomorrow? Then you're good to go, honey."

"I am?"

"Sure. If you have your dates right, you're completely safe. Tell you what, let's pretend that you're a virgin..."

"I am a virgin."

"Not for long. We have only fifteen minutes, so let's go. I haven't plucked a virgin all month."

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Mark was beside himself. The coast was clear and he had rubbers, but Mindy was nowhere to be found. The senior boy fumed and fretted, but it did no good. Nor did it help that he'd bragged to his friends that he was going to fuck her on campus at lunch. Now he had to endure the barbs gleefully delivered by his buddies.

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In the back room among the various animal cages and such, Wilkes lifted Mindy and sat her upon a work counter. With her perched on the edge, he quickly had her dress pushed up and out of the way. With his pants discarded, Wilkes spread her legs apart and stepped into the slot. There was no foreplay other than a slow entry into her teen pussy.

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"Mindy! Mindy! Where in the hell where you?" demanded Mark when he saw her later in the day.

"I was sent to the principal's office," she lied.

"What for?"

"Never mind. I'm sorry, Mark. Can we do it after school?"

"I've got football practice, but there won't be anyone using the auditorium... Yeah, I'll meet you there."

"Okay. Bye!"

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A long last it was the last period of the day. Mindy sat in Mr. Vickers' History class thinking not of history, but of men, men's cocks specifically; men's cocks gliding in and out of her horny body. The very thought of what she and Mr. Wilkes had done during lunch made her juices flow. Smiling coyly, she wondered if Vickers could see the beads of moisture lining her slit as she subtly exposed her cunt to his gaze.

Vickers, for his part, had a raging hard-on that he struggled to conceal from the classroom of students. He also found that the clock moved agonizingly slowly. Still, as slow as it may seemed, time relentlessly moved forward. To Vickers' relief, the final bell mercifully rang.

For Mindy too, the time had passed slowly. But when the glorious moment of the last bell arrived, Mindy, like all the rest of the kids in the class, rose to leave and make her rendezvous with Mark and his cock.

"Miss Miles! Sit down. I need to speak with you."

Mindy glanced up at the clock and then back at Vickers. 'What does he want?' she asked herself with a frown on her face.

"I said, sit down," Vickers repeated pointing to her desk. Mindy rolled her eyes and sat back down.

Vickers too sat back down at his desk and began shuffling papers until the last student had left.

Mindy kept looking at the clock, only now the second hand seemed to be flying around clock face while Vickers dawdled. 'Come on, come on,' she thought trying her best to will Vickers into action so that she go, hook up with Mark and get screwed. 'Please?' "Mr. Vickers?"

Vickers did not look up, but instead held up his hand to indicate for her to stay put. After another minute or so, Vickers rose, went to the door, looked up and down the hall and then closed and locked the door behind him.

Vickers returned and casually sat on the edge his desk. For a moment they both simply stared at the other with expressionless faces. The silence was broken when Mindy pressed, "I've got to go. I'm supposed to meet someone."

"Okay, then I'll make this quick and direct to the point," Vickers replied. "Do you show off your pussy to all your teachers?"

"No, just you."

"Why is that?"

"You don't like it?"

"I love it, honey. But why only me?"

"Mr. Wilkes..."

"Ah, yes, Wilkes," interrupted Vickers. "He's told me all about you. He told me that you give one the best blowjobs of any slut in this school. He told me I needed to get some of the action."

"Is that why you asked me to stay?" Mindy asked with a knowing grin.

"Well, your grades are lousy and you could use some extra credits." Vickers stood and taking a sheet of paper and some tape, walked over to the door and covered the tiny window in the door. He then walked to the back of classroom, in case the paper covering didn't give total privacy. With a finger, he beckoned the teen to join him in the back. Mindy rose and as she approached, Vickers unzipped and lowered his slacks and drawers.

With a hard cock at hand, Mark was quickly forgotten. Without another word spoken between the two, Mindy went to her knees and grasped the object of her growing obsession.

A low moan escaped Vickers' lips as the young slut's tongue made first contact with his cock. He'd been hard for nearly an hour and desperately needed this. He closed his eyes and savored the sensation of the cock-hungry girl's tongue sliding up and down his rock solid shaft. She was pretty good, alright. The moist hot lips surrounded his seeping glans, causing the teacher to moan again in appreciation. She mouthed his cockhead for moment and then let it enter deep into her mouth, the swirling tongue teasing the length of his cock tube, sending shivers of pure pleasure throughout his nervous system.

The sudden clicking of the door lock riveted his attention just as the door to the classroom began to open. To Vickers' relief the familiar face of Thor Wilkes appeared. Wilkes quickly entered the room, closed and locked the door behind him.

"How's the blowjob, Carlson?" asked Wilkes.

"Fucking great!" Carlson Vickers hissed through his teeth.

Upon hearing the voice behind her, Mindy momentarily let Vickers' cock slip from between her lips.

"Keep sucking!" Vickers ordered as he pushed the girl's head back into his crotch. "It's only Wilkes."

Mindy took her History teacher's cock back into her mouth. Then out of the corner of her eye, she saw Wilkes off to one side, about five feet away, taking a seat at a desk.

"Mind if I watch?" Wilkes asked no one in particular.

Mindy couldn't answer with the cock in her mouth, but Vickers' replied, "Be my guest."

"Nice cock sucker, eh?" Wilkes commented.

"You were right, she is a good cock sucker," Vickers replied with a grunt just as he crossed the point of no return. The next sounds Vickers made were just grunts as his semen pumped into the teen's sucking mouth.

Once Mindy let the spent cock slip from her lips, she licked her lips to lap up the little bit of semen that hadn't been gulped down already.

"She's a nice fuck too," declared Wilkes. "I did her at lunch."

"Now you tell me," complained Vickers.

"What's the matter, you didn't like your blowjob?"

"I loved my blowjob," Vickers replied breathlessly.

Mindy began to get up off the floor, but Wilkes told to, "Stay where you are." A moment later, Wilkes's cock was slipping between the girl's lips. He grabbed her by the ears and began pumping her head back and forth, face fucking her.

That was all fine and good as far as Mindy was concerned. She loved sucking cock and having her face fucked. 'I'm such a slut,' the girl thought to herself gobbling cock. 'A real slut.' The thought and acknowledgement didn't trouble her, indeed thinking of herself as a slut made her entire being tingle and made her feel totally alive.

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Mark paced back and forth waiting for Mindy to arrive at the back entrance of the auditorium. When it became evident that she was once again a no-show, he fumed and cursed. Little good that did. Not only was he not going to fuck her, he was now going to be late for football practice. Running up and down the stands until he puked was one thing when it was the price of getting laid, but he hadn't gotten laid and it was obvious that he wouldn't.

"Fucking bitch!" he spat before kicking his book bag in frustration, ripping the zipper and spilling the contents. A sudden gust made matters worse as papers, important papers, where caught in a vortex and swirled away, sending him scurrying this way and that to collect them all. His predicament didn't go unnoticed and he was keenly aware of how goofy he looked trying to grab all the papers blowing this way and that. Looking goofy wasn't an image he liked to project and that added to his fury.

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Wilkes pulled his hardened cock from the kneeling girl's mouth. He stepped around behind her and pushed her head forward and forced her onto her hands and knees. Unceremoniously he flipped the back of her skirt up over her back exposing her bare ass. A moment later, the girl moaned as the popular biology teacher began another lesson in Biology 101.

He wasn't nearly as big as Mr. Jackson, so Mindy squeezed her vaginal muscles to make a nice tight fit. No matter, it felt great being fucked again. She'd been thinking of little else since Jackson pulled his big cock from her cunt for the last time on Sunday morning. But thinking and doing are two different things and she definitely enjoyed the doing more than the thinking.

Vickers sat back and watched his running buddy screw the young freshman girl. He particularly enjoyed seeing her thrusting her ass back to meet Wilkes inward strokes and he particularly enjoyed the way her fleshy ass cheeks flexed and quaked at the moment of deepest penetration.

Thap, thap, thap, thap, the sounds of illicit fornication filled the classroom.

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Football practice was particularly grueling. What with having thrown the game losing interception Friday night and being late for practice, the coach had it out for Mark and he was determined to make him suffer.

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"Uhgh! Uhgh! Uhgh!" Wilkes grunted as his cock spewed his spermy fluid into the young high school student. A moment later silence filled the classroom as Wilkes and Mindy panted in contentment.

Wilkes rocked back onto his feet and stood, a long strand of cum dripping from his cock. He shook his dick, the strand broke and landed across the cunt's bare backside. "You want a piece of this?" he offered his buddy.

"Maybe tomorrow," Vickers replied.

He stood from his perch where he'd watched the fucking, bent down and grabbed a handful of Mindy's hair, turning her head up to look at him. "Meet me in Wilkes' classroom at lunch tomorrow, sweetheart," her History teacher told her.

"Now, you need to run along, dear."

Mindy stood and felt the cum leaking from her pussy begin running down her thighs. She looked at the two teachers and saw Wilkes nod his head towards the door dismissing her. She turned to go and as she reached the door Vickers added, "You get an A for today, Mindy." She smiled, grateful for the after school extracurricular fun, but also grateful the bonus points she desperately needed.

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Mindy walked the several blocks home from school by herself. She felt badly that she had stood Mark up for a second time today, but she wasn't too sorry about it; after all, she'd gotten what she wanted, even if he didn't. Her mind drifted from Mr. Wilkes fucking her twice today to blowing Mr. Vickers. Then her thoughts went to her daddy standing naked in her bathroom.

The image of him had been on her mind most of the day, not when she was being fucked or sucking cock, but during those long hours in the classroom when the teachers would drone on and on. He had a nice body she thought and a nice dick too. It was funny, she'd never thought of her dad that way, a strong handsome man with a nice dick. She'd only thought of him as Daddy, sort of an asexual presence with whom she had little interaction with, except when he was angry with her.

She also knew her parents were having some difficulties, but what was he doing in her bathroom? It was odd, but not much of a concern at the moment. Then she wondered if he'd be in her bathroom tomorrow morning and if he'd be naked. She giggled at the thought, then she imaged herself doing to him what she had done with Mr. Vickers that afternoon. 'What would he think? What would he do?' she asked herself, but that's not what was foremost on her mind; the feel of his cock in her mouth was. She was deep in her daydream of sucking off her daddy in the steam-filled bathroom when she was startled to hear someone calling out to her.

Mindy turned toward the voice and saw John Jackson sitting in his car smiling at her. "You want some candy little girl?" he called out to her.

Mindy quickly looked about to see if anyone was watching them. "I love candy, mister. What kind do you have?"

"I have a nice lollipop for you."

"What flavor lollipop?"

"Man flavored," he replied. "Get in. I'll give you a ride home."

Mindy hopped in and rode the remaining block and a half to her house with her employer and older lover. Upon parking in front of the house, Mindy told him, "Momma and Daddy won't be home for at least another hour."

"Is that an invitation?" John J asked.

"Maybe."

"Maybe, hell," he snorted as he ran his hand up her dress and up her thigh to her bare and seeping pussy. Feeling the slippery mess between her legs he withdrew his hand.

Holding his glistening hand up for her to see he said, "I see you're already lubricated. Your boyfriend got some, did he? Well, I don't mind sloppy seconds, so let's go, Cupcake."

As she led him to the front door, she couldn't help but be pleased that he thought that Mark had fucked her, as she really didn't know how he'd react if the truth be told. This way was simpler. Reasoning that he expected her to fuck Mark, she was pleased that any probing questions that could be embarrassing had been deflected.

John Jackson followed the teenage girl up to her room. There he gazed about the pink room, festooned with posters and littered with Beanie Babies, teddy bears and other trappings of adolescence.

Turning to his babysitter he simply told her, "Strip!" It wasn't that he meant to be brusque, but he had no intentions of her parents catching him fucking their daughter. That just wouldn't do, not at all. He would tend to business and clear out long before Mama or Poppa showed up.

Mindy wasn't as concerned as John J was about her parents showing up unexpectedly, but she correctly suspected that this would be a quick fuck and not much else. She really didn't have too much too remove, her skirt and her blouse, her bra and her shoes. John on the other hand had to contend with his neck tie, shoes and socks, dress trousers with suspenders and his shirt as well as his suit coat, his undershirt and boxers. Not surprisingly Mindy was naked long before John had completed stripping down, so she sat on the edge of her bed and waited.

When John was as naked as the teen girl he was about to ravish, he stood before her and jacked his dick to a substantial erection. "Lie back, Cupcake," he instructed. "Grab your legs under your knees and pull back. That's it, now spread yourself open and show me your fuck hole."

"Which fuck hole?" she retorted.

"Your pussy, unless you want it up the ass."

"I'd like that too."

"We need some fuck grease and we don't have any, so just be satisfied having your pussy fucked for the second time in what? Thirty minutes?"

"I love fucking," she hissed as he stepped into the slot, "thanks to you."

Rubbing his cock head up her cum slickened trench he replied, "You're welcome. Remind me that I'll have to thank your boyfriend for warming you up."

"I don't need warming."

"No, shit baby," he hissed as he drove his oversized cock into the girl's cunt hole stretching it wide.

With her legs held in that particular position, it shortened her vaginal tube, not that John Jackson had any trouble in filling her up. From the get go, he fucked her hard, slamming his cock into her cervix and causing her to grunt with each impact. As punishing as he was, he was careful to watch her expression and made sure that he didn't over do it and actually hurt her. He was hurting her, but she didn't care, the pain melded into the pleasure of being fucked, fucked by a master.

Very quickly he churned Wilkes' seed into a foamy froth that collected in a ring about half way down his stalk, marking his depth of penetration and collecting about the obscenely stretched mouth of her ravished teen twat. Almost as quickly, her clit, stimulated by his thick rod of fuck meat, exploded, sending her into a blissful euphoria that consumed her very soul. Her head now tossed from side to side as she implored him to, "Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck my cunt!"

She didn't know how long he roughly fucked her. Just so long as it continued, she didn't care. But suddenly she was empty. She looked up to beg him to continue and saw his cum wet dick in her face. She opened her mouth and the slimy organ slid into it. A moment later her mouth was flooded with fresh nut juice.

Then it was all over. The frenzy of the sexual storm ebbed into blissful calm as both partners basked in the afterglow of orgasmic ecstasy. After a short rest, John J rolled off the girl's bed and dressed. A few minutes later, impeccably dressed, he looked down at the young naked slut and pulled out his wallet. "Here, buy yourself some sexy bras," he said as he dropped the two twenty dollar bills on her bare tummy.

"I'm not a whore," she weakly protested.

"I've got news, Cupcake. You are a whore... my whore. Now, are you available for Wednesday night?"

"For what?"

"To look after Timmy."

"I guess," she replied fingering her cash.

"Good. Same time. Six thirty. Be sure and wear that slutty outfit you wore Saturday night for me. You look great in it."

Seeing the distraught look on her face, John leaned over and tenderly kissed her. "Hey, that was fun. We ought do that again. In fact, maybe we'll do it again Wednesday night."

She smiled up at him and replied, "Okay."

"That a girl! Now you keep that sweet pussy of yours warmed up for me, okay?"

"Okay."

**Chapter 11 THAT TIME OF THE MONTH**

*What's a horny girl to do during that time of the month?*

The next morning Mindy stood at the bathroom door. 'Is Daddy in there?' she asked herself. Yesterday had been an accident, but it really wouldn't do to "accidently" barge in on him again this morning. Cautiously she rapped on the door.

"Yeah, come in," she heard her father say.

She opened the door and stepped inside. Her father was at the sink again shaving and again he was naked. He rinsed off the shaving cream residue and then turned to Mindy asking her to hand him a towel like he would ask her to pass the butter at the dinner table. She handed him a towel. He calmly wrapped himself and then departed without saying anymore.

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It was sometime during second period that Mindy had to ask to be excused to go to the girl's room. Her teacher didn't ask questions and gave her a hall pass. She hurried to the restroom before her menstrual blood made a mess.

'Right on schedule,' she thought to herself as she inserted the tampon into her cunt. Having replaced her panties, she patted her skirt down and smiled inwardly knowing that she could now start the birth control pills and that in a few days she could fuck all she wanted and not get pregnant. As she thought those happy thoughts she noticed something else... her tits were aching. She didn't associate the discomfort with the other set of pills Dr. Tubbs had given her, pills that she was to take until she started the birth control.

It was during the change of classes between second and third period that Mark came up to her, grabbed her by the upper arm and spun her around to face him. "Hey!" she protested at being so roughly treated.

"Hey, my ass!" Mark angrily replied. "Where were you yesterday?" he demanded.

"Oh, Mark, I'm so sorry. Mr. Vickers made me stay after class."

"What for?"

"For talking in class."

"Oh, for Christ's sake! I waited and waited until I was late. Coach really had it in for me after that."

"Oh, I'm sorry, baby."

"So am I. I expected to get laid and instead... Look, how about at lunch?"

"I started my period this morning."

"Fuck!" Mark exclaimed so loudly that several kids nearby turned and looked. For a brief moment he pondered the situation and declared, "Okay, I'll do you in the butt. Meet me in the cafeteria."

Mindy didn't have the heart to tell him that Mr. Vickers wanted to see her at lunch, in Mr. Wilkes' storeroom and it wasn't for academic purposes. 'Oh, he's going to be really pissed off,' she worried. 'But then Mr. Vickers' dick is bigger than your dick, Mark,' she added with a contemptuous grin.

Lunch time rolled around and Mindy found her way to Mr. Wilkes' classroom. The door was unlocked, but no one was there. A few minutes later Mr. Vickers came in, locking the door behind him. With a nod of his head he directed the young slut student into the back storeroom.

Once the storeroom door was closed and ignoring the clamor the insane parakeet was making, he told her, "Time for me to get a good look at you, Mindy. Let's see what you look like naked, completely naked."

Mindy smiled demurely at her handsome History teacher as she began to slowly undress, taking her time and teasing the man as much as possible. Vickers for his part appreciated the slow strip as she revealed her teen body to him one article of clothing at a time.

"You have one of the finest asses in this school," he remarked as she posed this way and that without being told.

"Do you think my tits are too small?" she asked with a feigned pout as she cupped her bare boobs for him and flicked her big puffy nipples to erection.

"Your tits are perfect. You are perfect."

"Perfect? A perfect slut you mean."

"Yeah, you're a perfect slut too," he replied as he began undressing.

"Do you want my pussy, Mr. Vickers?" she asked with a coo.

"Yeah, I want your pussy. Get up on the table and spread yourself open."

Mindy hopped up the table and leaned back on her arms while spreading her legs apart. She watched as Vickers approached her, his eyes focused on her young pussy, his hard-on bobbing with each step, the head seeping clear natural lube. Stepping between her legs, her pussy was at the perfect height for his dick to mate her. Grasping his cock he rubbed his glans against her clit, getting her hot and bothered in no time, and ready to fuck. Sensing the girl was on the brink of orgasm, he redirected his cock to the maw of her vagina and slipped between her slippery lips. Almost immediately he met an obstruction.

"What the fuck?" he exclaimed as he tried to overcome the tampon filling her fuck tube. "What in the hell is this?" he asked.

Breathlessly Mindy replied, "I started my period this morning. It's a tampon," she giggled tickled at her little joke.

"A tampon! Why you little prick tease!" Vickers grabbed her legs and spun her around face down. Almost immediately she felt the stinging slap to bare butt, then another and another and another until she was begging him to stop. He stopped and spread open her hot and red flushed butt checks. He spit on her bunghole and then put the head of his prick to her anus.

Mindy hadn't planned on this, not that she minded being buggered, but with no preparation and no lubricant, it hurt when he shoved his demanding prick up her ass. He thrust a few times, but the friction was too great.

Pulling out he ordered her to, "Stay put."

A moment later she felt the cold wet of KY Jelly being worked over and into her anus. The young slut shuddered with anticipation at the feel of the teacher's broad cock head nestling between her cheeks and then pressing against her puckered rosebud. Her sphincter yielded and the store room echoed a cry of pleasure as Mr. Vickers' cock rectally penetrated his willing student fully and easily.

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"Hey, where's your girlfriend?" Ken chided his frustrated buddy at the "in-crowd" lunch table.

"Fucking bitch!" spat Mark. Being the most popular and sought after guy at Herbert Hoover High, he wasn't used to being stood up by any girl. Once was bad enough, but now Mindy, little Mindy the freshman, had stood him up three times in the past day and a half! It was intolerable! Even worse was that everybody knew that she had stood him up.

Getting grief from Ken or Mike was one thing, but they weren't the only ones to take glee in his comeuppance. The razzing at lunch that day was sometimes good natured, but at times it was vicious, as his lessers took comfort in his diminished standing.

Mindy, of course, was oblivious to all this while her butt was being plowed by her History teacher. She was still oblivious to it later that day when she ran across him in the hall during class change. She saw Mark and called out to him. She was certain that he had heard her, but he ignored her.

'I know he's mad at me,' she correctly reasoned. 'But I'll make it up to him. I know what he wants and he'll have it.' Then a little worry and doubt crept into her thoughts. 'Think he'll know that I'm not a virgin? How am I going to explain that? Oh, don't worry about it, he won't know; after all he's the one who ripped out my hymen when we were kids.'

Mindy spent the next class period, Algebra, daydreaming about Mark finally getting his cock into her pussy and just how good that would feel for the both of them. She squeezed her thighs together to stimulate her clit and imagined the tampon inside her was actually his cock. Then she giggled to herself, 'He's bigger than that.' Then she launched into a daydream about little Timmy Jackson fucking her pussy. In her daydream the five-year-old's cock was thin like the tampon, but was longer, much longer than it actually was. From there her mind drifted to Mr. Jackson's huge cock and then to the mature cocks of the two high school teachers she was now sexually involved with. When the bell rang announcing the end of class, she was startled to realize that she hadn't heard a thing the math teacher had said during the entire class.

Her last class of the day was History and as she took her seat in front of Mr. Vickers she flashed him a knowing smile. Mr. Vickers for his part played it absolutely cool and didn't show her any special attention whatsoever. No one suspected what they had done together during lunch or afterschool yesterday.

About ten minutes into class a student runner brought Vickers a note. Vickers calmly opened the sealed envelope and read the contents. He then handed the note to Mindy and scribbled out a hall pass for her. Mindy gathered her things and hurried out of the class leaving her classmates to wonder what was up. Mr. Vickers continued his lecture as if everything was completely normal.

A minute later, Mindy was gently knocking on Mr. Wilkes' classroom door. The door opened and she disappeared inside the empty classroom. Upon the door closing, Wilkes spun her around and pressed her up against the wall cupping her tit.

"Vickers tells me you're on the rag," he crudely commented while squeezing her tender breast. "He also told me you like it up the butt and that I should try it out. Do you like it up the butt, sweetheart?"

"Sometimes," she coyly replied. "Is that what you wanted me for?"

"Yeah, that's exactly what I wanted you for. So that's what Mark Long sees in you..."

"We've been friends for years."

"Friends? Really? Well, let's skip the history lesson. Why don't you go into the back and get ready. I have a few more papers to grade and... the hell with the papers, they can wait. C'mon, baby, let's do it."

Mindy certainly offered no resistance nor did she protest in any manner. Fact was, once the opportunity had presented itself, she was as eager as Wilkes to engage in some surreptitious backdoor fun and recreation.

Once they were safely in the back storeroom with the snakes and the mice and a half-crazed parakeet, Mindy began to disrobe as did the biology teacher. Mindy noticed that the stupid bird didn't go berserk when Mr. Wilkes was in the back room, but was only slightly agitated.

"Vickers told me you tricked him, letting him think he was going to have your pussy for lunch. I wish I could have seen his face!" he laughed. "He should have had some yesterday."

"He'll get it soon enough," the not-so-innocent teen girl replied.

"Yeah, I suspect he will. I also suspect that he and I won't be the only ones getting it either."

"What makes you say that?"

"You're a cock slut, honey, and cock sluts love cocks."

"You think I'm terrible, don't you?"

"On the contrary, I love cock sluts. Now, do you want it from behind or from the front?" the teacher asked.

"Hmmmm, Mr. Vickers took me from behind so..."

"Here, catch!" Wilkes said as he tossed her the tube of KY that he always kept handy. "Grease yourself up, honeybun."

Mindy found it embarrassing to have to lube up her asshole while Wilkes watched her, but she did as good of a job as she could. Having finished she tried to hand the tube back to the teacher. "No, I want you to grease up my dick." To Mindy, that sounded like a splendid idea as it gave her a chance to hold his dick in her hand.

Wilkes moaned approvingly as Mindy slid her KY coated hand up and down his hardening shaft, caressing him in a most salacious way. With his eyes closed, he savored the delicious sensations coming from his fully erect dick. "Baby, you do that really well. Shit, maybe I should just let you give me a hand job."

"Is that what you want?" she cooed.

"Yes and no... Damn! That's enough!" he said pulling away from her gently stroking fingers. "Now, get that sweet ass up on that table. Put your butt at the very edge. That's it, now lie back, honey and pull those legs back. Beautiful... beautiful."

Mindy lay back holding herself open expecting her ass to be skewered immediately. She was surprised at the feel of Wilkes' strong hand caressing her pussy mound. Looking down her torso at the naked man standing between her legs petting her pussy she felt him probing into her slit and then probing into her tampon stuffed cunt hole. He tugged at the tampon string hanging from her cunt lips, spread her pussy open and examined the tip of white tampon that was still visible.

"You don't bleed heavily, do you?" he observed. Then to her utter surprise he lowered his head, took measure of her scent and then licked at her clit.

With the tip of his tongue flickering across her very responsive nubbin, jolts of pleasure shot from her cunt and up her spine. Immediately her big nipples stiffened upon the mounds of her titties.

Wilkes cut his eyes up and watched as her nipples grew in length until they were pointing skyward upon her increasingly heaving chest. It amazed him at how easily she became totally aroused Many girls and women seemed to take forever to relax enough to enjoy the experience; not Mindy, she seemed to need little if any warming up to get smoldering hot. Soon the room was filled with the mewling sounds of a wildcat in heat.

Wilkes had her going and now his concern was that she was making too much racket. He stood and covered her mouth with one hand, muffling her cries and with the other directed his dick to her bunghole. He pressed into her and her ass ring gave way easily allowing his prick to enter her buttery soft bowels.

"Hmmppff! Hmmmpppfff! Hmmmppfff!" she groaned in his hand as her rectum was filled with the man's demanding dick as he thrust within the tight confines of her ass.

His hand no longer needed to position his cock, Wilkes immediately moved to strum her clit with his thumb, sending the sexually delirious student into a higher orbit.

The muffled cries of, "Hmmppff! Hmmmpppfff! Hmmmppfff!" filled the store room while the caged parakeet resumed chattering.

Wilkes felt the girl's gut tightening and relaxing as her orgasms swept through her in an unending chain of reverberations.

Her anus pulsed, tightening noticeably before it relaxed even further, suddenly loose and soft, and very squelchy. As the heat in her belly became a conflagration, her hips began a jerking, rotating motion and her anus became a gaping hole into which the schoolteacher had no difficulty of access.

Wilkes varied his strokes as he sodomized the freshman slut, pumping her hard one minute and then fucking her with maddeningly slow penetrations the next. He'd completely withdraw and then reenter the yawning hole, repeating the move a half a dozen times before slamming into her for a minute-long brutal fuck. Then he would slide in and out slowly, rotating his hips and stirring her bowels with his organ.

Wilkes had remarkable control and staved off his orgasm as long as possible, but even a very experienced man has his limits. Mindy felt him getting bigger as his load surged up from his balls and seminal vesicles. He stopped breathing as waves of orgasmic ecstasy rushed over him. All feeling was centered in his penis as fuck juice spurted repeatedly out the tiny round hole and gushed down into the sucking depths of Mindy's adolescent rectum.

Suddenly all was quiet in the store room save for the chattering bird. Mindy felt the teacher's cock begin to wither and soon it had softened to the point that it fell out of ass. Wilkes stepped back and gazed at the still pulsating hole, opening and closing like a goldfish gulping air in a stagnant fishbowl, his cum trickling out and dripping in long strands to floor.

After several minutes of silence between the two fornicators, Wilkes spoke first. "Vickers was right. You do like it up the ass. We'll have to do that again someday."

"I'd like that," the young teen replied.

"You want me to send for Vickers?"

"No, not right now. As good as that was, I don't want to, you know, over do it."

Wilkes laughed, "Oh, no, we wouldn't want to do that, now would we?"

Mindy almost blushed, as she felt he was mocking her. Truth be told, she did think she had over done it as her asshole throbbed and throbbed after the terrific ass fucking, the second ass fucking of the day.

"You better get back to class, Mindy. Old Vickers might think you were up to no good. Besides you don't want to miss too much of his lecture, do you?"

"I like his class," she responded earnestly, "and not just because of... you know. He makes his class interesting."

"I'll have to tell the old windbag that," he replied.

"He's not a windbag! And don't you tell him I said that!"

"Well, I'll just have to keep my opinion of him to myself," he said with a smile.

About ten minutes before class was over, Mindy sheepishly returned to Mr. Vickers' History class and took her seat. Vickers didn't miss a beat as he continued his lecture completely ignoring the interruption. When the final bell of the day rang, everyone except Mindy rushed out of the classroom and into the hall.

Once the last student had exited she asked, "Do you need me for anything?"

"You mean for sex?" he replied looking up from the papers on his desk.

"I don't know. Help you to do something? Erase the blackboard?"

"No, but I do want to see what Wilkes did to your asshole. Go close the door and make sure it's locked." Mindy rose and closed and locked the door as he requested.

"Step into the back. Take off your panties... Now turn around... Lift up your skirt and bend over... Spread 'em, honey." Mindy's face burned in humiliation at displaying herself like this.

"You have a very fine ass and very pretty asshole, Mindy."

"Thank you," she said in whisper while still displaying herself.

"You may go now."

She stood up and put her panties on again. Within a minute she was heading to her locker, the hallways already sparsely populated. She wondered why she felt compelled to ask Vickers if he wanted sex with her. Lord knows, her ass was used enough for one day and her pussy was more or less out of service. But that's not what she meant. She wanted to suck his dick... actually she wanted to suck any dick. She hadn't given a blowjob all day and she really wanted to feel a male's hard prick between her lips.

"Mark!" she suddenly said out loud to no one in particular. 'I wonder if I can catch him and maybe he'll let me suck him off. He'll like that... I'll like that.'

She made a mad rush to the side door of the auditorium and waited. It soon became apparent that she was waiting for naught. 'He's already at practice,' she bemoaned. By this time the school was nearly deserted, not that she'd just grab some guy and give him a blowjob.

"Gawd, what's wrong with you, Mindy Louise Miles? " she spoke out loud to herself. "You've turned into some kind of sex crazed nymphomaniac! Sheesh, girl, haven't you done enough today?" Having castigated and scolded herself, Mindy headed home, determined to not be such a wanton slut.

The house was empty, as always, when she returned home. With nothing better to do, she started supper, folded some laundry, and ran the vacuum downstairs. Her mother was pleased when she arrived home and her father too, as he didn't expect to get anything more tonight other than a microwave dinner. After supper she cleared the table and did the dishes, giving her parents (her mother that is) time to unwind and relax.

Her helpful generousness wasn't all selfless. Maybe, just maybe, her parents would let her go take a ride with Mark tonight. Despite her earlier determination not to be a total slut, she still wanted to feel Mark's cock in her mouth. She wanted it so bad that she could almost taste his cock and taste his ejaculate and it was driving her crazy.

"Mom... can I go for a ride with Mark tonight?" she sheepishly asked.

"I didn't hear the telephone. Has he asked you?"

"Well, no. I was just..."

"Then the answer is, 'no'."

"Don't be so harsh on her, Wanda," her father interjected unexpectedly.

It was hard to tell who was the most surprised by his intercession, his wife or his daughter.

"Well, he hasn't asked her, Ed," Wanda replied. "If he'd asked her, then maybe I'd consider it."

Her father didn't say anything more and returned his attention to the news program he and his wife had been watching in silence.

Mindy, her plans thwarted, dejectedly trudged upstairs to her room. Five minutes later she heard a soft knock on her door. "Come in," she answered.

To her surprise, her father stepped in the room. This was something he never did, as he usually ignored her. He dug into his pocket and extracted his cell phone. "Would you like to use this for a little while?" This too was totally unlike her dad. She only had access to the wall phone in the kitchen and only occasionally was she allowed to use the land line in her parents' (now mother's) bedroom, so making and receiving calls was difficult for the teenage girl.

"Yes! Thank you, Daddy! Thank you!"

"This is just between you and me," he said as he handed her the cell phone. "I want it back after you've made your call. Just put it on my bed in the guest room."

Even before her dad had exited her pink bedroom, she was shuffling through her stuff to locate her student directory. Quickly she scanned the small booklet until she found Mark's phone number.

"Mark? Mindy."

"Mindy who?"

"Mindy-Mindy that's who! Look, I know you're mad at me. But it wasn't my fault! Let me make it up to you."

"Sure, why not?"

"I want to give you a blowjob... tonight."

"A blowjob? Tonight? Sure! Why not?"

"Listen, you have to call me and ask me out for a ride."

"Why? I'm talking to you now. You've offered and I've accepted."

"You don't understand. My mom expects you to call me, otherwise I can't go."

"Whatever, Mindy," said the boy in an exasperated tone.

"Call me."

She closed the cell phone and headed downstairs, stopping in her dad's new bedroom and depositing his cell phone on the bed where he was sure to find it. Before she reached the landing, the house phone rang. Excitedly she dashed to the kitchen only to discover that it was a telemarketer call. She got rid of the pest as quickly and politely as possible. No sooner had she hung up when it rang again.

"Mindy? It's me."

"Oh, hi, Mark!" she said loudly hoping her mother could hear.

"Okay, now what? Oh, yeah, you want to blow me."

"I'll have to ask my mother," she replied.

Placing her hand lightly over the mouthpiece, she called out, "Mom! It's Mark. He wants to go for a ride. Can I go? Please."

"Where to?"

"Out to get a Coke."

"Yes, you can go," she heard her father say.

She then heard her mother say, "Ed?"

"You told her she could go if he asked her," she heard her father say. "He's asked her."

"You can only go for an hour, Mindy Lou," her mother said to her.

The girl turned back and spoke into the phone. "I can go!"

"Your mother gave you permission to blow me?" Mark chuckled.

"Yes!" Mindy replied with a roll of her eyes.

"What about my ass fuck?"

"We can talk about that later. When are you going to pick me up?"

"Be there in ten minutes, cocksucker."

Mindy hung up the telephone and rushed back upstairs to freshen up for her impromptu date. Quickly she fixed her hair, applied a little makeup and brushed her teeth. She considered changing her outfit, but she heard the door bell ring and then heard her father call up to her, "Mindy! Mark is here to see you!" Ready or not she rushed downstairs.

"Bye, Mom! Bye, Dad," she called out as she rushed out the door.

Mark drove straight away to Lakeside Park, the most popular necking destination in town. It was less than a ten minute drive and during the drive, neither Mark nor Mindy spoke. Mark picked a nice secluded spot in the shadows and off the main drive.

He turned to her and asked, "Now what about my ass fuck?"

"Well, you see, I didn't go to lunch today because I had stomach cramps and diarrhea. Gawd, I thought it would never quit! I wiped myself so many times today that I'm raw. Are you sure that's what you want?"

"On second thought... just blow me."

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With only a minute to spare, Mark dropped Mindy off at her house. With the taste of semen still in her mouth, she tried to get past her parents. "Goodnight, ya'll," she said as she attempted to make her escape.

"You come back here and give your father and me a goodnight kiss," her mother told her firmly.

She gave her mother a perfunctory kiss and tried to do the same with her father. "Hold it," he said grabbing her by the arm. "Breathe out."

Ed caught the scent of his teen daughter's breath and then declared to his wife, "No alcohol."

Certain that she'd gotten away with it, Mindy headed upstairs. She eyed her text books, as she had some homework to do, but blew it off rationalizing that she'd have time during study hall to get it all done in the morning.

After changing into her bed clothes and brushing her teeth, she had one last task to do. She quickly downed two of the pills that Dr. Tubbs had given her last week. As she had been severely distracted by all the scientific and medical procedures he'd performed on her during her appointment, she didn't remember exactly what he told her during her last visit and there weren't any instructions on the bottle of pills he had given her, but she was pretty sure he had told her to take two pills twice a day. They hadn't made her dizzy or anything, so she was certain that she was taking the pills, whatever they were, as directed.

But that wasn't what she was excited about. Like a kid in a candy store with money to burn, she eyed the wheel of birth control pills marked off as Day 1, Day 2, etc. As this was the first day of her menstrual cycle, she carefully extracted the green pill marked Day 1. She looked at herself grinning in the mirror and swallowed the green pill, washing it down with the remainder of her glass of water. 'In a few days,' she thought, 'Mark, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Vickers can all fuck my brains out and I won't get pregnant!' Just the thought of the carnal indulgence sent her pussy to tingling.

There was an additional thought... soon she'd have tits like Mrs. Jackson, big tits, big, full and firm, tits that would barely be constrained and tits that would distract every man who saw her, or at least tits bigger than the boobs she now had.

**Chapter 12 RAPING THE SITTER**

*Mindy's weeknight babysitting job for the Jackson's is filled with surprises...*

Mindy had a hard time getting to sleep the night before. She just couldn't get cocks out of her mind, hard cocks, spurting cocks, cocks in her mouth, cocks in her ass and cocks in her pussy. It nearly drove her crazy and she had abused herself mightily fantasying what she would do with the liberty granted to her by Dr. Tubbs' pills.

When she did drift off to sleep, she had vivid dreams of being ravished over and over. She woke up at one point and found herself lying naked on top of her covers, covered in sweat and with her fingers between her legs. Her titties ached. Her pussy ached too, as much from excessive masturbation as unfulfilled desire.

Upon hearing her alarm clock, she reached over and hit the snooze button. As she gazed upward, the first thing on her mind was what had been foremost on her mind since yesterday... cock. She daydreamed briefly about what the day would bring. Would she steal away with Mark for a quick blowjob? Just thinking back on last night and the wonderful time she had out at Lakeside Park sucking on Mark's yummy prick brought a big smile to her face.

'What about Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Vickers? Certainly they will want a blowjob at the very minimum,.' she reasoned. Then she remembered that she had a babysitting job for the Jackson's later that evening and the image of John J's donkey dong stuffing her cunt filled her mind, mentally becoming even larger than it actually was. Curiously she didn't even think of little Timmy.

The alarm clock began to buzz annoyingly again. This time she rolled out of bed after silencing the annoying convenience. Finding her discarded night shirt, she pulled it over her head and then tramped out to the hall bath. The door was closed. Pausing she realized that her father was in there shaving after his morning shower and realized that he was probably nude like had been the past two mornings. She couldn't very well just accidently come inside... she'd done that twice now and the third time would be too obvious. Then she realized that her father really didn't care one wit if she saw him nude, or he would have said something, or done something to prevent it... something like locking the door.

She tried the door and found it to be unlocked, just as it had been before. 'He really won't mind,' she told herself, 'but I need some excuse.' An excuse came to her and it sounded plausible to her, so she boldly opened the door and stepped inside.

As she expected, her father was once again standing before the mirror shaving and just as before he was bare-butt naked. "Um, excuse me, Daddy. I need to get something."

"Help yourself," he replied with no hint of embarrassment while he carefully slid the safety razor across his upper lip.

She stepped to the vanity and then stooped while she opened a low drawer and in doing so forced her father to stand back just a little. She looked up and there, but a few inches from her face, was her father's cock. It was a beautiful cock too, she thought, though it was a little unusual. The dusky-tan head was fully exposed as he was circumcised and the circumcision scar made a dark ring around the stalk an inch or so below the flared head. What was unusual, she thought, was the fact that the base of his dick looked to be thicker, so that the entire cock tapered slightly from base to tip... all the other cocks she had become familiar with the past few weeks were fairly uniform in girth along the entire length, with the head being the widest. Not her dad, the entire thing looked like a wedge.

It was true that Ed didn't give a hoot if she saw him nude or not, but he was surprised to see his daughter kneeling before him at eyeball level with his dick. It was the most erotic thing he'd ever seen before and the effect was immediate.

Mindy glanced further up and saw her dad staring down at her with half his face covered with shaving cream. She glanced back down at the object of her fascination and saw that it was moving, elongating and growing thicker. Her daddy was getting an erection! Soon it was pointing straight at her.

Ed stood frozen, his mind wildly imagining all sorts of salacious thoughts, thoughts he'd never had before; foremost was whether she would just look or would she take him in her mouth. These thoughts did nothing to quell his rapidly growing display of virile masculinity. His cock rose past the horizontal and began pointing upward, growing harder and bigger by the moment.

Mindy glanced up once again and saw that he was looking at her with an expression that she'd never seen before, at least from him; Mr. Jackson, yes, Mr. Wilkes, yes and Mr. Vickers, yes... but her own daddy? She had to do something... touch it, nuzzle it, something, but this was her daddy!

Breaking the moment, she blurted out, "You need to put that thing away, Daddy!" Then she rose and rushed out of the bath, her face flush and heart pounding.

All Ed could muster as she rushed out was, "Damn!"

A few minutes later, with a towel wrapped about his waist, he stepped out and called to Mindy at her door, "Mindy! The bath is yours!" just as his wife passed him in the hallway. The husband and wife didn't speak and hardly afforded the other a glance of recognition.

Mindy was mortified of what her father must have been thinking about her and she very reluctantly joined her mother and father at the breakfast table. She dreaded that he might say something to her mother who she knew would go ballistic with her. She also tried to avoid eye contact with her father. But after nothing was said, her curiosity got the best of her. She looked up at her father and found him watching her. Their eyes met and he winked at her. That was almost as surprising to her as when he had popped a boner in her face.

The silence at the breakfast table was broken as Ed finished his bowl of cold cereal and stood up. "Mindy, would you like for me to drop you off at school?"

His wife shot him a glance; this was so out of character for him. He never volunteered to take her anywhere. The football game last Friday was unusual enough, but Wanda dismissed it as Ed just wanting to go to a football game, even a high school football game. But this...

Mindy too was surprised, but she had been surprised by her father several times over the past week. Still... 'Oh, god! He wants to talk to me alone about what happened this morning!'

"Grab your books, Mindy, and let's go," was his next statement.

"C'mon, I can't be late for work. I know you'll be a little early, but it will give you a chance to visit with your friends before classes start."

Sitting in her father's car, Mindy stared straight ahead, waiting for him to say something. He fiddled with the radio and brought up the traffic report. The short few blocks to the high school took only a few minutes and Mindy was relieved to escape without her father bringing up the subject of their bathroom encounters over the past three days, especially this morning's encounter.

Once at school, she really didn't see anyone she wanted to see, namely Mark, but a group of girls in her classes surrounded her and wanted to know all about what it was like to be Mr. Hunkasaurus' girlfriend.

Other than her father giving her a lift to school, the day started off much as most days did, except that rather than just random daydreaming in class, she daydreamed about sex... mostly about cocks, and one cock in particular, her father's with it's curious wedge shape. It wasn't particularly long, but it was thick, so thick that it seemed a bit stubby, but she knew there was nothing stubby about him... maybe compared to John Jackson, but as to the other men she was familiar with, he was in some ways bigger, in fact he was almost as thick at the base as John J was. She wondered what it would feel like with a dick like that sliding up inside her, getting bigger and thicker the deeper it went. Then she'd catch herself and think what a horrible slut she was for thinking such perverse thoughts. A few minutes later, she was again visualizing her daddy's manhood, growing erect right before her eyes.

Lunch was a bit of a letdown, as Mark seemed to be disinterested in her. He made no attempt to sneak his hand up her dress, but she just blew that off because she was in the middle of her period and boys were very squeamish about that sort of thing. But he really didn't even talk to her or try to talk to her. He talked to Jenny, but not to her.

Things began to look up when Mark told her, "Follow me."

"Are you still mad at me?" she asked as they dumped their cafeteria trays off.

"After last night? Are you kidding me? C'mon, it's getting late."

Mark led her out into the hallways until he came to an unmarked door. He tried the knob, but it was locked. Then he whipped out his trusty credit card and deftly picked the lock. A moment later they were in a dim room filled with large pipes. Mark wasted no time in whipping out his cock and ordering her to, "Suck me off."

Mindy unhesitatingly got after her task. It was the subject of her daydreams, or at least some of her daydreams for the past few days and she now lived the part, on her knees sucking a hard cock to completion. But when she was about to received her reward, Mark pulled out and instead of cumming in her mouth, shot his load into her face, coating her face with ribbons of thick white man-goo, getting it in her hair and getting it on her blouse, in short, making a mess of her.

"Wow! I wish I had a camera!" he exclaimed with a laugh just as the bell rang signifying the end of the lunch period.

"Hey, I gotta go! See ya!" Then in a rush, he zipped up and abandoned her.

"Mark! Mark!" she called out, still on her knees as the door closed behind him. "Mark!!!!" Luckily she had her purse with her; she took out her panties and wiped her face as best she could. She tried to brush off the cum on her blouse, but it had already soaked in. As for her hair, she wouldn't discover that until someone pointed it out to her in the hallway.

History class went slower than normal. There were no hall passes given to her to go see Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Vickers hardly even looked at her unless he was sitting at his desk and looking up her skirt. Actually he only looked once, saw that she was wearing panties and didn't bother to look again.

When class was over she lingered behind until all the other students had cleared out of the room. "Um, Mr. Vickers?"

"Yes, what is it, Mindy?"

"Do you want me to stay or anything?"

"Not today, but thanks for asking."

'God, he doesn't even want a blowjob?' she thought feeling frustrated. She considered seeking out Mr. Wilkes, but then thought better of it. 'If he wanted me, he would have let me know,' she correctly reasoned. She thought of Mark and quickly dismissed that notion as she thought that he was already heading to football practice. But before she walked home, she did take care of one thing. She went to the girl's room and removed her bra as it had been killing her all day.

Once home, she read the note her mother left her about putting a casserole in the oven for dinner and then went upstairs to change clothes. Standing nude before her floor length mirror she studied and hefted her breasts. "They are bigger!" she exclaimed with excitement. "And just in a few days! No wonder they ache so much."

As happy as she was with her slightly bigger, but definitely fuller breasts, it posed a problem... her bras. Her two new bras she'd bought just ten days ago were now too small. "No wonder my bra hurt so much today."

Suddenly she realized a bigger problem. "How can I tell Mama?" she asked the reflection in the mirror as she began playing with her sensitive nipples to bring herself off. 'Mama doesn't know about the breast augmentation pills Dr. Tubbs gave me, or at least I don't think she does,' she said silently to herself. Still it was a happy problem for the fifteen year old to have as having bigger tits was a major goal in her life.

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Dinner was uneventful in the Miles' house that evening. Seeing that Mindy would be babysitting tonight, Wanda thought it would an excellent time to go out and have a good time. Ed's thoughts were along the same lines, except he wasn't concerned whether Mindy would be home or not, as it was his usual "poker night" with some of his cronies at a tittie bar.

"I'll drop you off at the Jackson's," Mindy's father offered as he folded his napkin and prepared to leave the table.

"That's very nice of you, Ed," Wanda spoke with a hint of sarcasm.

"Thanks, Daddy. I need to be there in thirty minutes."

"The sooner the better," her father replied while contemptuously looking at his wife.

"I'll get the dishes, Mindy. You go get ready. Your father is anxious to leave."

"Okay, Mom," Mindy replied.

"I'll be down in a few minutes, Daddy."

With Mindy out of earshot, Ed asked Wanda if she had any plans for the evening.

"Yes, I do. I plan on finding me a stud to service me."

"In that case, try The Embers. That's a good pickup joint," he replied. Then he added, "Be sure and have a good time, Wanda. Enjoy yourself and by all means, get laid."

"Don't you care about me at all?" she asked her husband of sixteen years.

"Okay, don't enjoy yourself. Save yourself for... whatever! As for me, I'm going try to get laid too or at least get my dick sucked."

"You are so crude!"

"And you're so prude! Lighten up, Wanda. Smell the roses. Have a good time. Christ, I want you to have a good time. Is that so bad? You're a good looking cunt and you should have no problem finding a taker."

"You really don't care, do you?"

"Oh, I care. I just don't care to have an uptight wife. I want a fun wife, a wife I can pass around in exchange for some other man's wife."

"Never!" she spat contemptuously.

"We'll see. We'll see."

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Mindy thanked her dad for the ride and then braved the suddenly blustery wind as the Indian Summer had abruptly ended. John Jackson opened the door and let the windblown girl inside.

"Getting windy out there, isn't it?" her employer said. "Front's coming in. It's going to drop into the thirties by morning."

"Dora won't be ready for a few minutes," he continued, "so why don't you strip off that running suit and let me get a good look at you."

Mindy cut him a coy grin and unzipped her top. A moment later, she had the top and bottom of her running suit in her hand, standing wearing her obscenely cut jean shorts and a t-shirt that she had cut off that afternoon. John Jackson regarded her and then stuffed a twenty in the waistband of her cutoff shorts.

"New shirt?" he asked as he lifted the very short helm and exposed her bare breasts. Then he added, "Is it me or are your tits suddenly bigger?"

"I think they are bigger," she replied proudly as he lowered his lips to a fat nipple.

"Oh, gawd..." she moaned at the feeling of his tongue dancing with her nip. He sucked and nibbled at her tit flesh for minute before releasing the aroused and now swollen nipple.

"Maybe I'll get home a little early," he said as he kissed the other titty tip.

Then he called out to his wife. "Dora! Mindy's here and I'm out of here!"

"Have a good time, honey," his comely wife called back.

He placed his finger on Mindy's lips and forced his finger into her mouth. "Oh, I will have a good time tonight," he said to his babysitter in low voice so that his wife couldn't hear. "You might be late getting home tonight, sweetie, but I won't be." Then he slipped on his sports coat and headed out to the garage.

She heard, "My Mindy! My Mindy!" in a child's urgent voice. She turned and saw Timmy charging down the hall to greet his favorite sitter, ending his dash with a bear hug around her legs.

"Hi, there Timmy," she greeted with a loving caress of his head.

"He sure does like you," she heard his mother say as she sashayed down the hallway in high heels and a slinky sparkling blue dress that she seemed to have been poured into. Mindy couldn't get over at how beautiful Timmy's buxom mother was, she had a very curvy body and her perfectly styled shoulder length blonde hair was full and luxurious. To Mindy, the sexy woman always looked like a movie star.

Dora stopped at the entrance to the hallway and asked, "Does your mother know you dress like that?"

Then she laughed, "You know, with a top that short, you shouldn't have bothered to wear a top at all. I'll bet Johnny-boy got all excited. Did he tip you?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Mindy replied with more than a little touch of embarrassment.

"Good! You deserve a tip for flaunting yourself like that to him."

Dora quickly changed the subject from Mindy's skimpy outfit to the business at hand. "Timmy has had is supper, but not his bath. He insisted on waiting until you could bathe him.

"Now, I'm sure I'll be home late, but John should be back in time to get you home at a respectable hour.

"Now, if the big lug gets fresh with you," she said in a low voice, "just tell him, 'No'," adding with a soft laugh, "though I suspect he won't listen."

She then turned to her little boy and gave him a loving kiss. "Now you be a very good boy for Mindy and do exactly what she says."

The mother was barely out of the house before Timmy had his hands around her bare thighs looking up and asking, "Can I have my bath now?"

"You little bugger. You just want to get naked," she scolded.

Timmy grinned up at her and took off down the hall towards his parent's room. Mindy rolled her eyes, knowing what would come next. When she made it into the large master bath, she found Timmy waiting for her, his clothes strewn about haphazardly. Demonstrating that he knew how to get things started, he leaned over the big two-man Jacuzzi tub and turned the water on.

Mindy noticed that he'd forgotten to plug the drain and as she tended to that, she realized the water was scalding hot. She fiddled with the water valves and adjusted the water temperature to something more temperate. While the tub filled, Timmy rooted around a cabinet and pulled out his favorite boats.

For such a large tub, it filled fairly quickly and when there was enough water to begin to play in, Timmy had Mindy help him into the hot bath. For the next few minutes the little boy occupied himself with sinking his boats under the thunderous waterfall and generally having a good time. When there was more than enough water, Mindy shut off the water. Timmy immediately turned on the pump and created rough seas for his boats. For the next few minutes, Mindy sat by the tub, watched the child play and unsuccessfully tried to locate the hidden camera that she knew to be there.

Suddenly he turned away from his boats and looked to Mindy. "I want you to come play with me."

"I'm right here," she countered.

"No, come swim with me."

"Not tonight, Timmy," she said trying to show some restraint knowing full well that everything happening in the bath was being recorded.

"Pleaseeeee. I want you to. Pleaseeee!"

Mindy's restraint dissolved with the recognition that he'd have her naked soon enough and that would all be recorded anyway. Besides, the boy's father had already seen every shameful thing that she'd previously done with the boy.

"Okay, but only to play boats," she said firmly.

She stood and pulled the short cropped t-shirt over her head, kicked off her flip-flops and then shimmied out of her too short shorts, taking her thong panties with them. Balancing herself on the edge of the tub, she cautiously entered the swirling waters and submerged herself up to her neck. Timmy, positioned between her legs, continued his game with his boats.

The swirling, bubbling hot water felt great to Mindy and she enjoyed the soak with the little boy. But getting a bit overheated, she sat up so that water was belly level. After another minute, Timmy abandoned his boats. Mindy had her eyes closed, but felt him moving over her. She opened her eyes and found herself just inches from the boy's privates. Timmy bumped against her head, pressing his penis into her face.

"Timmy, stop. We ought not to be doing that."

"But I wanna."

"No, Timmy."

"But Daddy said you would."

"Timmy, I..." her next statement was cut off by a well timed thrust of the boy's hip. With his little penis now in her mouth, Mindy's lips closed around the immature male organ.

'You shameless, slut,' she castigated herself as she began to orally caress the little cock. 'Can't you just say, no?' She didn't answer herself as she knew the answer, she didn't want to say no, she simply craved the feeling of a dick between her lips and she wanted to suck his dick, any dick, large, medium or small.

Her hands rose up from the water and cupped the young boy's bare butt as she pulled his groin tight up against her lips. Her tongue swirled around and around the five-year-old's little dicklet and balls, her fingers digging into the boy's butt crack and seeking his anus. As she dug a finger tip into the boy's butthole, Timmy squirmed and giggled at the ticklish sensations. He was much too young to be sexually aroused by all this, but he was old enough to know that it felt good, very good, and he knew that what they were doing was naughty, very naughty, and that made it all the more fun for the boy.

But then something happened that had never happened before. There was an intense tingling in his dick, so intense that he became alarmed that something was wrong.

Mindy dimly heard the boy groaning, "Uhhhhh! Uhhhhh! Uhhhhh! Uhhhh," as he squirmed to get away from her for a moment, but he was helpless to escape her clutches. "Uhhhhhh!" The little boy couldn't keep his eyes open and he thought he was about to die. "Uhhhh! Uhhhhh!" Then the strange and intense feeling passed, leaving him tightly clutching his babysitter's hair as she continued to suck his dick.

Mindy smiled to herself. She had gotten the kid off, big time. As the little stubby dick began to soften, she wanted to continue sucking, but she realized that he had had enough... for now. Her grip on his buttocks eased and she extracted her finger from his butt. Reluctantly she gave up the immature male organ and let it escape from her voracious mouth, along with its little nutty buddies.

The sitter pushed her young charge away and looked up at his angelic face; he had a rather blank look on his face. "Is that what you wanted?" she asked. Slowly the boy nodded his head.

"C'mere," she said as she pulled him down into her lap and hugged him. For the next few moments, he was totally passive as she held him to her breast. When he began to stir, he nuzzled into her breast, seeking her tit.

"Not yet, Tiger," she softly said while pushing his head away and denying him the comfort of suckling her. "The water's getting cold and we're both getting all wrinkly." Being denied, he fussed and whined.

"C'mon, let's dry off and go into the living room." The whining stopped, as he accepted that it was only to be a temporary denial.

She helped him out of the tub and then exited herself. Wrapping a big fluffy towel around him and around herself, she took his little hand and hand-in-hand they retired to the big easy chair. Timmy knew what he wanted and what he needed to do to get it. As soon as he crawled up into her lap, he was pulling and tugging at the towel wrapped around her torso. In moments he had the towel partially open.

"Okay, okay," she said as she sat up to allow the little boy to strip the towel off of her. Cradling him in her arms, she brought him to her tit and offered herself to him. Greedily his lips attached to her nipple and he began to suck. Mindy closed her eyes and allowed the tantalizing sensations from her tit suffuse throughout her body. Without conscious effort, she held the little boy to her breast with one hand while the other sought out her love button between her legs.

The orgasmic bliss rose rapidly and swept her away. Nothing hugely intense like being fucked to an orgasm, but it was sublimely pleasurable nonetheless, the little peaks robbing her of her breath for a moment every few minutes. She had learned that she could diddle herself like this and cruise along in this state of sexual arousal for an hour or more.

She was startled out of her protracted blissful mental state by her head being pulled to the side by her hair. For a moment she couldn't comprehend what was happening, but then she recognized the face of John Jackson. Maybe she really didn't recognize his face at first because of the huge cock that was being thrust into her face. It was so close that she couldn't focus on it, or at least focus on the part closest to her mouth.

Timmy, awaked from his contented slumber, automatically resumed munching on her tit. Looking up between his father's legs, he saw his father's enormous dick pressing against his babysitter's lips. John had one foot securely on the floor and the other planted on the seat cushion and wedged between the arm rest and girl's reclining naked body. Timmy munched some more and watched as the thick log of man-meat began disappearing into his sitter's mouth. Only about half of it disappeared before it was partially withdrawn only to be shoved into her mouth again, causing his heavy nut sack to swing and slap against her chin.

It never occurred to Mindy to protest in any manner. Indeed, she greedily gobbled at the big cock thrusting in her mouth, heedless of the fact that the little boy was still at her breast. She felt John J grab another handful of her hair and pull her head back until her neck was hyper-extended. The first few times the large cock pushed into the back of her throat she gagged, but suddenly the entire thing slid into her throat. She swallowed reflexively around the organ, then became aware that her airway was now blocked. Mercifully the cock was pulled from throat. Taking the opportunity, she gasped for a new breath just before the cock was causing her to gag briefly before again sliding deep into her throat.

Timmy watched, not sure of what he was witnessing other than his babysitter, his Mindy, was sucking his daddy's wiener. It was very matter of fact for the boy to witness the entire length of his dad's cock disappear to the hilt, like a fleshy sword sliding into its scabbard only to be withdrawn again and again. He did notice how Mindy's neck seemed to bulge whenever his daddy's dick went all the way inside her mouth, just like his Mommy's neck bulged whenever he did that to her.

Out of the corner of her eye she caught a movement. She couldn't see who it was, but someone else was in the room. John withdrew his cock completely, leaving a great deal of spit and spittle around Mindy's lips and on her chin. For the first time since she was awakened, she could clearly see something besides John J's crotch and groin.

"You remember my friend, Keith," John stated. "He felt you up last week when you were here. Tonight he's going to fuck you. I'm going to fuck you too."

"I'm still in my period," she said in an attempt to delay matters.

"When did you start?"

"Monday... Monday evening."

"You still bleeding?"

"I... I don't know. Maybe..."

She was shocked when John put his hand to her pussy and probed about. Grasping the little string, he pulled the tampon from the teen girl's vagina.

"When did you put this in?" he asked.

Mindy felt the heat in her face build. She couldn't believe that a man, any man, would actually ask her such an intimate, personal question. She also couldn't believe that her employer was holding her tampon up for inspection.

"When did you put it in?" he repeated.

"Before supper. Before I came over tonight."

"You see any blood, Keith?" Keith shook his head.

"Cupcake, unless you have the lightest periods on record, your period is over." With a flick of his wrist, John tossed the used, but blood free tampon over at his friend. Keith avoided catching it like it was a red hot iron bar rather than a slightly used tube of absorbent cotton.

John then reached down and gently lifted his young son from the kid's babysitter's naked breast. He gently kissed the child's forehead and softly said, "Let's go, Tiger. Time for bed." He turned and Mindy watched John's muscular haunches flexing as the nude man walked away carrying his son.

Again she caught movement in her peripheral vision and turned to see Keith disrobing. A tinge of fear swept through her as she didn't know this man, except that she knew that he was rough and demanding. Her fears dissipated soon enough when his cock was freed from the confines of his clothing, then her fears were replaced by a tingling in her cunt. She was going to be screwed, even forcibly taken, and it excited her.

John was tucking in his sleepy boy when he heard a scream coming from the living room. Mindy had been totally surprised when Keith grabbed her by the ankles and yanked her out of the recliner and onto the floor. The impact of hitting the carpeted floor had momentarily knocked the wind out of her. The next thing she knew, she was face to face with Keith. Instinctively she tried to fight, but he had her completely overpowered. She twisted and kicked, but that only allowed to him to position his cock for entry. His nostrils flared and Mindy saw the crazed look in eyes. Suddenly he thrust forward, shoving his rampant cock into the fifteen-year old girl's cock socket.

John heard the girl cry out again at the moment of penetration. Timmy, safe and secure, had already fallen asleep. John kissed his boy one last time before silently exiting the boy's bedroom, closing the door behind him. Even in the hallway, John could hear the sound of flesh smacking flesh as his good friend rammed his dick in and out of the young girl, that and his friend's grunts as he labored away. Stepping into the living room, John saw the mass of his friend's body, completely covering the girl. The only thing he could see of Mindy was her legs hiked in the air with Keith between them, her toes curled.

John went to an end table and extracted a tube of lube. Returning to the furiously coupling couple, he nudged Keith's ass with his foot.

Keith ignored him until he felt his buddy's foot between his cheeks. John pushed and Keith rolled over, taking the girl with him. Now on top, she straddled Keith and fucked back at her rapist as he held her tightly to his body. Mindy felt the hand covered in cold lube seek between her ass cheeks, then felt the fingers sliding up her ass while she was still being fucked.

The fingers slipped from her back hole and she felt her ass cheeks being pried apart. It wasn't until she felt the fat head of John's cut cock press against her asshole, did she realize what was about to happen. Mindy's head flew up as her sphincter was breached. For the third time that night, a cry of surprise filled the room. All the anal sex she'd had the past few weeks had prepared her for this moment, but not for the incredible fullness of having the cocks of two well endowed men simultaneously filling her up.

"Oh, gawd! Oh, gawd!" she cried out again and again as she was seriously fucked by the two men. She was already nearly delirious with fuck lust before John had entered her, now she lost all control, having huge orgasms, one after the other. She buried her head in Keith's hairy chest and bit into his flesh.

The sharp pain of being bitten to point of drawing blood was nothing to Keith compared to the effect it had on his fantasy of raping a teen girl. This was what she was supposed to do, fight and bite. Well, she wasn't exactly fighting and hadn't been after his first five thrusts into her slutty cunt. As incredibly tight as her pussy felt after John had impaled her ass, nothing compared with the savage shredding of his flesh and he fucked into her harder and savagely.

His balls began to boil and soon his pearly essence was spewing into the teen girl's ravaged cunt. He hadn't cried out when his skin was torn by her teeth, but now he howled in pleasure as his prostate spasmed violently, pumping his randy spunk out of his cock.

Through the thin walls of her rectum, John could feel his buddy's cock pulsing as he unloaded into his son's sitter's pussy. As many times as he and Keith or he and one of his other pals had done this to Dora, it never failed to excite him, pushing him over the precipice and into climatic bliss.

Mindy was too far gone to notice when the men had ejaculated, but she did notice the sudden emptiness as both cocks were extracted from her body. She also noticed that it was suddenly easier to breathe once John rolled off her back and onto the floor. The three were silent for some minutes as they recovered from their three way encounter.

Mindy was content to remain lying on top of Keith's heaving chest. She felt his big hands surround her face and then lift her head. "That was best fuck I've had in long time, sweetheart," he said. "Old Johnny-boy said you were a great fuck and I'm happy to second that motion." She smiled at the man whose once scary face now seemed so warm and gentle.

He rolled them to the side, placing her gently on the carpet. He rose; straddling her, he stuck his cum coated cock in her face. "Now clean me off, slut," he growled.

With her cunt and her ass leaking cum, Mindy grinned to herself as she lifted her head to the wet flaccid and still oozing cock that had just moments before had been in her pussy. She kissed the tip and then surrounded it with her lips. Keith hissed in pleasure as the girl swallowed his entire dick and scoured it clean with her tongue.

Satisfied that she was as slutty as they come, Keith pulled his cleaned cock from her mouth. She looked up him with a pouting expression and lowered her head again, this time lapping and licking his cum wet balls. Satisfied that she'd done a good enough job, Keith swung his leg over the girl and released her.

She expected to clean John J too, but saw that he was getting dressed. "Mr. J, do you want me to suck you too."

"You can suck me on the way to your house. Right now, I need to get you home. You have school tomorrow and I don't want your parents angry with me for bringing you home late on a school night."

Mindy glanced over at the big grandfather clock and saw that it was ten thirty. It was indeed getting late. Now she had the problem of remembering where all her clothes were. She sat and thought for a moment, but really couldn't remember. Suddenly a handful of twenties landed in her lap. She looked up and saw Keith smirking down at her.

"You're worth every penny," he said before turning away to begin dressing.

"Keith, stay here with Timmy until I get back from dropping her off," John said as he simultaneously tossed her jogging suit into her lap.

He poked her with his foot and urged her to, "Get your ass dressed."

"Where're my shorts and my shirt?"

"Hell, how should I know? Look, if you're going to lose everything when you come over, next time just wear the jogging suit. It's really all you need, isn't it?"

"Well, I..."

"In fact you won't even the jogging suit. You just need your birthday suit." Mindy wasn't at all sure if John Jackson was serious or not. Of course he liked her naked and Timmy liked her naked, but what about his wife?

"Look, don't worry. I'll find the rest of your things and you can pick them up Sunday a week."

"This Sunday?"

"No, the next Sunday... Next Sunday is Dora's and my anniversary. I have something special planned for her. Didn't she ask you?"

"Uh, no..."

"Blonde bimbos! Well, can you do it?"

"When on Sunday?"

"Sunday morning, say around eleven and until... hell, I don't know. It shouldn't be too late."

"I guess."

"Look, Cupcake, we have plans so... yes or no?"

"Yes."

"That's a girl! Now, let's get you home."

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The ride home was uneventful. John J told her she really didn't have to suck his cock and for that Mindy was relieved as she knew he hadn't washed it off.

"We had a good time tonight," John J told her. "How about you?"

"Keith is kind of mean..."

"Oh, that. He has this rape fantasy thing where he rapes a babysitter. I told him you'd be game and to have at it."

"You told him to..."

"Don't tell me you didn't love it. You did love it, didn't you?"

"Well, I..."

"What did you like best, the faux rape or the double penetration?"

"I..."

"You liked them both, didn't you?"

"Yeah, I guess I did."

"I thought so."

Once at the curb, John pushed a wad of twenties into his young whore's hands and told her, "You're a sweet girl and nice fuck. See you next Sunday."

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Ed had gotten home about ten minutes before Mindy was dropped off. He had an alright night at a sports bar, drinking suds and watching a hockey match, but he wasn't interested in staying out too late as he had an important business meeting in the morning. He wasn't in the least surprised that Wanda wasn't home yet and hoped that she was getting fucked royally, and Mindy... he knew she'd be home shortly from her babysitting job. Flipping on the tube, he caught the last lines of Leno's monologue when the front door opened and Mindy came in.

"Good, you're home," he said as he turned the TV off and rose. Mindy didn't want him to get too close, but he hugged her and told her to go to bed. As he hugged his teen daughter, his nostrils caught the familiar scent of sex. 'Why you little slut,' he thought to himself. 'Boyfriend came by, did he?' Releasing her, he watched as she made her way upstairs to shower and go to bed.

**Chapter 13 WILLING SUBJECT**

*After Mark finally gets a go at her pussy, Mindy has another appointment with the good doctor...*

Ed woke not knowing whether his wife had made it home last night or if she was shacked up somewhere. But Wanda wasn't foremost in his mind; Mindy was. Smelling cum on her breath a few nights before and her coming home last night smelling like a well used whore was what was on his mind, but even that wasn't foremost on his mind. She was, after all, a teenage girl, no doubt a horny teenage girl and was doing what most horny teenage girls do with their boyfriends. That was a given. What he hadn't been able to get out of his mind were the morning bathroom incidents this week, especially yesterday when she was kneeling down before him, eye level to his cock. He had thought then that she was going to blow him. She didn't, but...

'What is she going to do this morning?' he asked himself as he rolled out of the guest room bed and padded off naked as a jaybird to the hall bathroom. 'If she pretends she's looking for something again this morning, I have half a mind to grab her by the back of her head and...' It surprised him that he had a raging hard on, thinking the unthinkable as he stepped into the shower.

Mindy's alarm clock rustled her out of the deep sleep of a teenager. She shut off the alarm and sat on the edge of her bed for a moment to orient herself. Then she picked up her bathrobe from her study chair and covered her naked body. Stumbling half asleep into the hall, she went to bathroom just as she's done every morning since who knows when. Once at the door, she noticed the door was slightly ajar and she could hear the shower running. 'Oh, yeah... Daddy,' she thought as the water stopped running and she heard the shower curtain being pulled back.

With her hand on the doorknob, she hesitated thinking how she might get away with walking in on him again this morning without him getting wise to her. She decided to feign still being asleep, as that wasn't so improbable. Suddenly her mother was in the hallway.

"Good morning, Mindy," her mother cheerily greeted.

"Morning, Mama," she answered in return. "Mom, Daddy's still in the bathroom, could I use yours?"

"Sure, sweetheart. Just don't leave a mess."

"I won't, Mama."

Ed could hear the two females outside the bathroom door, but couldn't make out what was said. Anticipating another accidental intrusion, Ed lathered up his face with shaving cream and then waited for his daughter to "accidently" walk in on him. He knew after the first day that it was no accident. She wanted to see his cock. Maybe she wanted more, and if she did, he just might give her more.

For years he'd tried to get Wanda to join with him in a swinging lifestyle, but he'd made little progress until lately. But now that progress was being made with Wanda going out and finding a little strange, a whole new possibility was opening before him... his own live-in teenage play toy. Until yesterday, the thought had never occurred to him, but after yesterday... Now all he had to do was to wait, wait until she walked in and then...

Ed took his sweet time shaving while keeping an eye on the bathroom door the entire time. He was almost finished and stopped to wait, and wait and wait. But Mindy didn't come in as he'd expected. Ed realized that she wasn't going to come in and also realized that he was now running a little late. He quickly finished shaving, applied deodorant and he'd headed back to his new, and hopefully his merely temporary, bedroom to dress.

Mindy joined her father and mother at the breakfast table. Her dad acted his usual aloof self, but her mother seemed unusually happy this morning. To her surprise and delight, her dad offered to drop her off at school again this morning.

Before leaving for school, Mindy's mother pulled her off to the side, so that her father wouldn't hear. "You have a doctor's appointment this afternoon," her mother said in a low voice.

"I do?"

"Yes, you do."

"Oh, okay."

"Dr. Tubbs said that a silver Mercedes would pick you up after school."

"Oh, okay."

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The short ride to school, however, was unusual as her dad kept asking her about her boyfriends. For the third time she answered, "Daddy, I only have one boyfriend, Mark. Why do you keep asking me?"

"I just want to be sure that you are having a good time, that's all. Does Mark treat you well?"

"Yes! I've known him, like, FOREVER!"

"I guess he's a still a nice kid," her father stated.

'You like his dick?' he thought to himself. 'Does he make you suck him or do you rip into his pants and just go down on him? Does he cum in your pussy, darling? Does he fuck you once, twice or three or more times a session? How many times did he fuck you last night? Six times? Is that why you didn't come sneaking a peek at my dick this morning?' and finally, 'He uses a rubber, doesn't he?' Ed wanted to know the answers to those questions, but knew he couldn't very well just come out and ask.

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Mindy sought out and found Mark before the Homeroom bell rang. "Mark! Mark!"

"Hey, Mindy-babe," he greeted with a hug and grab of her ass.

"We can do it today."

"Do what?" he asked.

"Do it!" She leaned into him close and whispered, "You know... have sex."

"A blowjob?" he said out loud.

"Shhh! No. I'm over my period."

"You're no longer on the rag?"

"Mark! Behave! You can, you know... do me."

"When?"

"Today, Mark."

"I know today, but when today? The bell is about to ring."

"How about at lunch? I'll meet you by the door to that room with all the pipes."

"The boiler room? You want to fuck in the boiler room during lunch?"

"Keep it down, Mark. But, yes! Don't you?"

"You bet! Okay, but you'd better be there! No excuses! Christ, Mindy, everybody thinks you've been making a fool out of me."

"I'm sorry, Mark. I promise I'll make it up to you."

"Yes, you will make it up to me."

The bell rang and two teens parted, both with something on their mind to thoroughly distract them from class work until after the appointed rendezvous.

Two hours later Mindy ran into Mr. Wilkes in the halls. "Why, hello, Mindy," the lecherous biology teacher greeted. "Join me for lunch today?"

"I can't Mr. Wilkes. Not today."

"I have something for you."

"I know you do and... I can't. I just can't."

"Okay, I can save it until after school."

"Thanks, Mr. Wilkes."

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Mark was beginning a slow burn when at the beginning of the lunch period, he was at the boiler room door, but Mindy wasn't there. "Fucking, bitch, she's doing it to me again," he muttered to himself several times before he spotted her coming down the hallway.

By the time she had walked up to him, Mark had jimmied the lock. Looking about to make sure the coast was clear, he quickly opened the door and shoved Mindy inside, following closely behind her. "Get naked," he told her as the door closed behind them.

"Aren't you going to kiss me first?"

"Oh, yeah."

He pulled her to him and laid on a long hard kiss that was short on tenderness.

"Now, get naked, will ya."

"What's your hurry? We have all of the lunch period."

"Hey, I still gotta get something to eat," he replied.

"What would you rather do? Do me or eat a mound of cafeteria slop?"

"Both. Now hurry up, damn it."

"Mark! This is my first," she lied.

"Well, that's not my fault! Now are we gonna screw or we gonna talk?"

Mindy knew it was no use in arguing with him when he was like this. She considered for a moment just telling him to 'forget it', but quickly changed her mind. She had been thinking about it all morning, was worked up and she wanted his cock inside her. Dispensing with any tender preliminaries, she began to undress.

Mark was stripped down to bare buttocks (he still had his socks on) and was impatiently waiting for Mindy to get naked as she had to carefully fold each item rather than just discarding them in a pile on the floor as he had done. Finally she was naked and stood before him, offering her body to him. Even in the dim light of the boiler room, she looked good enough to eat. 'No time for that today,' he told himself as he discarded the notion of going down on her.

"How do you want it? Missionary, doggie, or what?" he asked his theoretically virgin girlfriend.

"Well, the floor is kind of cold." She couldn't bring herself to tell him "doggie style" so she simply took up the position on her hands and knees. For all his hurry, Mark did take time to rake his hand up between her legs, gathering a handful of girlie juice from her wet seeping cunt.

"You really are ready for this," he remarked as his fingers played in her swampy cunt slit and rubbed her clit.

"Yes. I've thought of nothing all day except this," she replied while rotating her hips and pushing back into his hand.

"Tell me when you're ready," Mark whispered.

"I'm ready, damn it. Fuck me, Mark, fuck me."

His hand departed from between her legs. A moment later she felt the broad head of his uncut cock nestle between her legs, brushing across her perineum and push against the corpulent flesh of her pudenda. The head of his cock pushed aside the weeping lips of her vulva and labia minor. He had a good angle to simply penetrate her, but he bypassed the maw of her vagina and slid his dick up her trench to tease her clit with his dick. Mindy, who was very hot to trot, nonetheless appreciated his coital foreplay. Soon she was rocking back and forth while he remained motionless, content to masturbate herself with his cock crown.

Mindy, who was easily aroused to begin with, began moaning as the wonderful sensations of his glans rubbing her clit quickly took its toll. Once her hip motions became erratic, Mark knew it was time to complete the act. Timing her motions perfectly, he pulled back, seated his cock and slid inside her receptive cunthole.

"Oh, baby," she groaned. "Your dick feels so good, so good, so good."

"Your pussy feels good too," he hissed back while grinding his cock deep inside her. "Yeah, squeeze my dick, Mindy. Squeeze it good. Damn, if that thing had teeth, you'd be dangerous... You sure you've haven't done this before?"

"No, baby, but I love it, I love it! Fuck that cock into me! Fuck my pussy!"

"You got it, baby, you've got it."

As good as her cunt felt on his cock, Mark had expected her to be tighter than she was. She wasn't loose by any means, but he had expected to have to stretch her out some. As it was, she was already stretched enough to fit like a perfectly fitted velvet glove.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" she gasped as her body began to quake. Now Mark really felt her cuntal tube clamping down on his dick. "Uh! Uh! Uh! Oh, yes, John! Yes!"

"The name's Mark, not John," he hissed through clenched teeth while pumping away. Totally absorbed in her orgasm, Mindy really didn't hear what she or Mark had said. Mark didn't make an issue of it either as his dick had built to the point of no return.

"I'm cumming, baby! I'm cumming! Uhhhh! Uhhhh! Uhhhhh!"

The teen girl felt her boyfriend's dick pulse and felt his cum shoot up inside her. That triggered a surge in her climax. "Aghhhh! Aghhhh! Aghhhhh!" she hollered in sexual bliss.

Then it was over. Mark and Mindy had finally fucked. There was no tender snuggling after the copulation, only the hurry to get dressed and grab a bite to eat. Mark pulled out, still semi-hard and stood up complaining, "Fuck, I'm starved!"

"Me too, J... Mark."

"Hey, just who the fuck is John anyway?"

"I don't know."

"Bullshit and you're no frigging virgin."

"Not now," she countered.

"Not thirty minutes ago either. What's with you? You fuck like a pro, so why all the goody-two-shoes shit? I mean, why the fucking bullshit? Hell, we should have been fucking weeks ago. Here I was, ready to pop a virgin and John's been here first... not that I really care."

"Mark, I..."

"You don't need to explain yourself to me, Mindy, anymore than I need to explain myself to you.

"Well, see ya, babe... Oh and by the way, thanks for the fuck, I guess."

"Mark!" she called out, but he was already gone, leaving her naked and leaking...

With the flow of cum from her pussy staunched, Mindy slipped on her panties and adjusted her clothes. "Damn him," she fussed. "No, I'm not a virgin, thanks to you Mark Miller! If it weren't for you, Mr. Wilkes...

"Oh, never mind! Shit, this bra is killing me!"

Slipping undetected from the school's boiler room, Mindy headed to the nearest vending machine to buy some peanut-butter cheese crackers for her lunch.

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By the time school was out, she had almost forgotten about her appointment with Doctor Tubbs. By chance she saw from Mr. Vicker's classroom a large silver Mercedes pull into the parking lot. 'The doctor!' she thought to herself.

"Mindy."

"Yes, Mr. Vickers."

"I have something to discuss with you after class."

"I'd love to," she replied, "but I've got this stupid doctor's appointment and..."

"I suppose it can wait," he replied sourly.

"I'm sorry."

"Forget it. You better get going before Wilkes gets here."

Outside she cautiously approached the silver Mercedes parked out near the flag pole. The driver rolled down the window. He was a well dressed older gentleman with graying hair. "Are you Mindy Miles?"

"Yes, I am," she replied.

"I'm here to give you a ride to Dr. Tubbs. Please get in."

Mindy knew better than to accept a ride with a stranger. It was kind of odd that such a well dressed man driving such a luxurious car would be picking her up, but as she was expecting to be picked up in a silver Mercedes, she thought it was probably okay and didn't think much about it.

Even when the man followed her into the good doctor's office she didn't think much of that either. The receptionist was already gone for the day and the man directed her to the examination room. Soon, Dr. Tubbs entered.

"Hello, Mindy, my dear," Dr. Tubbs greeted. "How are you feeling today? Horny?" Mindy blushed at the directness of Tubbs question.

"Come, dear, don't be coy."

"I feel fine," she replied.

"How about horny?"

She cast a glance at the older man who had driven her to the office. Tubbs feigned surprise and explained, "I thought you two had met. This is Dr. White. He's with the pharmaceutical company who's funding my research. He's going to join us today to observe.

"Now answer me, are you horny? I need an honest answer," the doctor pressed.

"Yes," she whispered.

"Good," Tubbs replied. "Now on a scale of one to ten, with zero being cold as ice and with ten being ready to jump the first cock you could, how do you score your degree of horniness?"

Mindy glanced at Dr. White and then back to Tubbs in his white lab coat. "Ummmmm... six?"

"Six," Tubbs repeated as he scribbled in his notebook.

"Now, since the last time I saw you, have you had full vaginal intercourse?"

"Yes."

"So, you are no longer a virgin?"

"No, I'm not," she replied looking away from White.

"How many times have you had oral sex since I saw you last?"

"I dunno."

"Six times. Ten times? Twenty times?"

"I don't know for sure. Closer to twenty, I guess."

"And how about anal sex?"

"Ummmmm, five or six times."

"And straight fucking?"

" I dunno. A lot?"

"More than twenty?"

"Close to it."

"Your boyfriend has been a very busy boy."

"Well, it wasn't all with just him."

"I see... So, in the last two weeks, how many sex partners have you had?"

Mindy thought carefully. In addition to Mark, there was Mr. Jackson, Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Vickers. "Uh, four... I think." Then she remembered Mr. Jackson's friend, Keith. "No, make that five!" she corrected.

"Five," repeated Tubbs. He looked up and smiled. "Are you sure it wasn't six?"

"No. Just five," Mindy replied confidently.

Cutting a glance to Dr. White, Dr. Tubbs reiterated, "Five...

"Well, let's get started shall we? Undress and get up on the examination table." Mindy glanced over at Dr. White and then back to Dr. Tubbs.

"You know what's required of you and I don't have all day, Mindy," Tubbs said firmly. "Now strip!"

Mindy knew that it wasn't a request and from Tubbs' tone she knew that he wanted her ass naked and naked now. Immediately she pulled her tank top over her head. Next went her jeans and sneakers. Watching White's reaction, she did her best to stifle a smile while removed her bra and soon thereafter, her panties. Completely nude, her pussy tingling in anticipation, the young teen girl mounted the examination table.

"Feet in the stirrups," the doctor directed.

With her legs hiked and open, Mindy heard the next order. "Reach down and spread your labia apart so Dr. White can see your sex."

While she was stripping, Mindy had noticed that Dr. White didn't have the dispassionate expression one would expect from a medical doctor. Now the gray haired older man's eyes gleamed and the smirk was unmistakable as she splayed her pussy open to the gaze of the two men.

A tinge of excitement shivered through her as Tubbs' finger skillfully probed her clitoral hood. Almost immediately her white nubbin poked out from its protective covering. She heard Dr. White mutter, "Son of a bitch."

"Yes, as you can see, Doctor, she is exceptionally responsive," Tubbs explained.

To Mindy's disappointment Tubbs stopped strumming her clit and moved on to the business at hand. Before it retreated back into its hood, Tubbs quickly attached the electrode to her erect clit, an act that drew an immediate gasp from the girl. Then he quickly attached other various electrodes to her naked body to measure her heart rate, temperature, rate of breathing, oxygen level and degree of sweating. Tubbs generously lubed up the specialized instrumented dildo and inserted it up her cunt. She heard the humming of an air pump and felt the dildo swell inside her as the good doctor gauged her tightness for science. "Either your boyfriend has a big dick or you've been fucking grown men," the doctor observed dispassionately.

Removing the dildo, he next moved to measure the volume of her tits, but first he checked out their firmness with his hands. Satisfied, Tubbs invited Dr. While to judge for himself. He took his sweet time, not that Mindy minded the strong hands mauling her breasts. With Mindy panting from the tittie play, Tubbs moved things along, applying a generous amount of KY Jelly to each tit to get a good seal, then attached a suction device to each tit and measured the displacement volume.

"Very good! Your tits have grown appreciably these past two weeks," Tubbs told her. Upon removing the suction cup from her second tit, Tubbs immediately began playing with her nipples which had appreciably swollen and engorged with blood from the suction.

"Watch the monitor," Tubbs directed his guest. "This girl as a direct connection from her nipples to her pussy. Look at the amount of moisture along her slit!" The nipple play had its effect and the two men discussed her reaction.

The good doctor released her nipples from his examining finger tips. When Mindy had recovered somewhat, she felt the first electrical pulses of the clitometer applied to her nubbin. In mere moments, Mindy's eyes rolled into the back of her head as her cunt exploded and the young girl trashed in the stirrups, her pussy lips opening and closing like a goldfish gulping air.

After what seemed to be a very protracted period for the young girl, the electrical stimulation of her clit ceased. Gasping for breath and covered with a sheen of glistening sweat over her entire naked body, she coasted down enough to open her eyes. She saw, but did not see. Then she began to focus and when she did, she saw Dr. White standing between her legs and he was naked. She felt the big knob of his dick nestle into her folds and she moaned loudly as he slid into her depths.

Like John Jackson, Dr. White was blessed with an exceptionally thick cock. But unlike most of the teenage girls in Dr. Tubbs study group, this one didn't complain about him being too big, indeed, she was quickly begging him to fuck her, "Harder! Harder! Harder!" She would have continued to shout, but for her head suddenly rotating back. Mindy's hyper-extended neck provided a perfect alignment for a deep throat fucking and her voice was muffled as Tubbs drove his tube steak into her mouth and down her throat.

Just when she thought it couldn't get any better, electrical pulses began to be delivered directly to her clit again. Like bolts of lightning, repeated waves of intense orgasmic pleasure sweep through her nubile body until she became totally immersed in sexual pleasure to the exclusion of all other sensations and thoughts. So engrossed in the extreme sensations overwhelming her, she was only dimly aware that the two doctors were trading places every few minutes.

Mindy completely lost track of time, but eventually both her pussy and her mouth were evacuated and the tormenting electrical stimulation of her clit ceased. Even then, it was quite some time for the level of endorphins to decrease to the point that she regained rational thought. When she did, she noticed the two men causally sitting by the examination table, sipping on fifteen year old scotch while they discussed her sexual capacity.

"Looks like she's coming around," observed Tubbs.

"Good. I need to get home to the wife," White said.

"Then help me get her up," Tubbs told his research partner. A moment later, Mindy found herself standing between the men who were once again dressed. She felt vast wetness between her rubbery legs and tasted the spermy residue in her mouth. Silently she allowed the two men to dress her before Dr. White led her out to his car.

On the ride home, despite the continuing sexual glow, she became more and more alert.

"So just where do you live, Sweetie?" he asked her. Mindy did her best to give him directions and soon they were parked at the curb in front of her house.

"Let me tell you, baby," White told her. "You are a fantastic fuck and worth every penny I paid. Here, this is for you." She sat idly by as he stuffed a hundred dollar bill into her hand. "I'd like to fuck you again. But without Tubbs. How about it, honey? I'll pay you well."

"My mom doesn't let me date very much," she explained looking down at the money in her hand. "But... she does let me babysit."

"Sure, you can babysit for me... on my dick!"

"I'd like that," she answered with a smile.

"Give me your phone number, honey." Mindy gave him the number and he entered it into his cell phone.

"You're really not a doctor, are you?"

"What do you think?"

"No, you're not a doctor!"

"You think too much, honey."