**A Natural Born Slut**

by Art Martin

**Chapter 14 DADDY'S GIRL**

*Saturday morning, after an illicit Friday night tryst, Mindy is confronted by her dad...*

Mindy was miffed by the time Friday rolled around. Mark wasn't exactly ignoring her as they had screwed several times in the boiler room since their first tryst, but they were more of a slam-bam-see-you-later fuck rather than anything she really wanted. If it weren't for Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Vickers screwing her brains out after school in Wilkes' back room, she might have been more upset with Mark. The latest slight was Mark's sudden adherence to Coach's rule of abstaining from sex before a game, and that left her horny as could be, especially the way her tits ached. By the time she'd gotten home on Friday afternoon it was a relief to get rid of her almost new, but suddenly too tight bra, that had tormented her all day.

At the dinner table that night, she noticed that her parents were still at war. Not that anything was said; indeed it was the icy silence between them that made things so tense. Her dad surprised her when he asked if she was going to the football game that night. She really hadn't thought about it, especially since Mark hadn't offered to take her, and she had pretty much blown it off.

"Why don't I drop you off," her dad offered. "I'm sure you can hook up with Mark or find somebody to drop you off at home afterwards." She thought about that and decided to take him up on the offer, as it had more promise of fun than staying home alone tonight while her mom and dad went out separately.

Naturally her mother gave her the inspection before she was allowed to leave the house. Wanda's main concern was the weather, it was chilly, and she had to be sure Mindy was properly dressed, so as not to get too chilled sitting in the stadium. Indeed, Mindy had on a wool hat, a pair of jeans, sneakers with socks and wore a warm ski jacket. Wanda never bothered to check if she was wearing a bra.

Characteristically, her dad was mostly silent as he drove to the high school stadium, dropping her off near the entrance and then driving away as soon as she disappeared into the crowd.

The game had already started when she climbed up into the stands. Looking about, she really didn't see anyone she wanted to sit with, so she took a seat by herself. Not surprisingly, what was going on down on the field made no sense to her whatsoever, and as she sat alone, she began to regret coming at all. Not only was it boring, it was cold. She could have been warm at home, watching a movie on HBO.

Suddenly someone sat next to her. In a deep voice she heard, "Well, hello, doll." Turning she saw a burly man sitting next to her; he looked vaguely familiar. After a brief moment she recognized him and then blushed.

"Oh, hi, Mr. Tremble," she replied remembering him in his office at the skating rink, watching as Mark buggered her on his desk and remembering how the man had had jacked off on her.

"Mind if I sit with you?" he asked.

"No, not at all."

"Great... Say, are you here alone?"

"Hmmm, yes."

"So am I," he replied before suddenly jumping up and hollering, "Go boy! Go!" as the crowd yelled in excitement.

"No, no, no!" he suddenly shouted, then he sat down, muttering, "Fuck!"

"Did something happen?" Mindy asked Mike's dad as he sat, shaking his head in dismay and muttering obscenities.

"Yeah! You didn't see that?"

"See what?"

"Mike caught a pass, took three steps, was hit and coughed up the god damned football. The Wildcats recovered the fumble and fucking scored a touchdown."

"Is that bad?"

"Are you for real?"

The scowling face left it perfectly clear that Mr. Tremble was not pleased; not pleased at all. Mindy thought it best just to pretend that she was watching the game. She watched the Wildcats kickoff to the Purple Knights. For a while it seemed to be going well for the Knights. Suddenly the Knights punted the ball and was fielded cleanly by the Wildcats. Even Mindy knew that what was happening was not good for her team as the receiver ran the ball back for another touchdown. That didn't help Mr. Tremble's mood, not at all.

Things went from bad to worse for the Knights. Mindy was coping as best she could with the cold. But despite her ski jacket, just sitting she was getting chilled. By the middle of the second quarter her teeth were chattering.

Tremble looked over at her and saw her viably shaking. "You're freezing," he said as he vigorously rubbed her thigh. "Come with me and we'll get you warmed up in the van."

"Wha... what about the... the game," she managed.

"This isn't a game... this is a fucking disaster," he replied.

"C'mon, honey pot. We aren't gonna miss anything but the heartache." Tremble stood and helped her stand. Then she followed him out of the stadium and into the parking lot to a fancy conversion van.

Once inside, Tremble started the engine. It took a few minutes, but eventually hot air was being blown into the interior of the van. In the meantime, Tremble folded the back seat down and pulled out several blankets from a storage compartment. "C'mere and get under these blankets," he told her. When she did, he crawled under too and hugged her to his body. Soon, even before the interior of the van had warmed up, Mindy was warm and cozy.

Tremble nuzzled into her neck and kissed her softly, "You know," he whispered as he kissed her, "ever since I saw you naked on my desk with Mark's dick up your asshole, I've been thinking about you."

Unsure as how to handle the situation, Mindy didn't say a word, she just lay snuggled up against the older man as his big hands found their way inside her ski jacket. "No bra," he whispered as his hand cupped her tit, "I like that."

Mindy had no illusions as to where this was headed, especially after he took her hand and guided it to his erect cock that was sticking out of his pants. Her hand gently closed around the stiff hot organ and she began squeezing it and sliding in her hand.

"You know, it's counter-intuitive," he whispered in her ear as be nibbled, "but we'll both be warmer if we get out of these clothes. They just hold in the moisture and that makes you cold."

Mindy made no effort to help, but also made no protest as Mike's dad began to strip her naked while keeping her under the warm blankets. Once he had her nude, Tremble stood and stripped down, then crawled in with her again. Hugging the young teen girl to him from behind, skin to skin, he said, "See, isn't that better?"

To Mindy's surprise, it was warmer and more comfortable being naked under the blankets with him, warmer and deliciously naughty, especially with his bare erect cock nestled into her equally bare buns.

He resumed necking with her, nibbling and kissing the small of her neck, kissing and nibbling on her ears. That alone was enough to get her ardor up, but with his big rough hands tenderly caressing her tits, it was more than enough to get her hips moving, grinding her butt into his hard dick.

She heard him whisper, "You're hot to trot, baby, and so am I. Tell you what; how about you and me doing a little old fashioned in-and-out? No need to answer, honey pot, I'm going to fuck you anyway."

Suddenly Mindy was on her back and Mike's dad was on top and in between her legs, legs that automatically spread wide to receive him. Then he was inside her, deep inside, grinding his cunt-loving dick into her vagina so deep that he was mashed up against her cervix. "I just love a girl who loves to fuck," he told her looking down into her eyes. "You like to fuck, baby?"

"Yes," she hissed. "Yes, I love to fuck. Fuck me good, Daddy, fuck me good."

"Does your daddy fuck you, darling?" he asked as he began to move inside the young slut.

"No," she whispered in reply.

"Well, with a girl like you, he should. Hmmmmm, you have a nice pussy, baby, very nice pussy. Best of all you know what it's good for."

"Fuck me, Daddy. Hmmm, yessss. God, your dick feels so good inside me. Fuck me." Mindy had no idea why she was calling him Daddy, other than she really didn't know what else to call him other than Mr. Tremble and that just didn't seem right under the circumstances.

Two hours later, after having sucked Tremble to another hard on, she and Mike's dad were still doing the mattress mamba, this time with the blankets discarded while she was energetically rode him, working her pussy up and down on Tremble's stiff prick.

Mike opened the passenger door of the van and felt a rush of hot air. Quickly he climbed in and shut the door. Hearing the racket in the back, he turned and saw the fornicating couple getting after it. He knew by the feet that it was his dad on the bottom, but from the backside in the dim light, he wasn't at all sure who the cunt was. He knew better than to interrupt his dad in the middle of fucking some woman, so he merely slid into the driver's seat, adjusted the mirrors and put the van in drive.

"Where to, Dad?" he called into the back.

Mike was somewhat surprised when his dad slipped into the passenger sit in his birthday suit. "That one's a wildcat," he said. "Let's take her out by the lake."

"Who is she?" Mike asked as he turned out of the nearly deserted parking lot and pulled onto the highway.

"Uhhhh, beats me. Fuck, I dunno know... What's-her-name. You know, that girl Mark was buggering in my office."

"Mindy?"

"Is that her name?"

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It was late, very late when Mike and his dad dropped her off at her house. She was thankful that the house was dark when she let herself in as she knew she looked a messed. Exhausted and creeping upstairs, she eschewed a shower fearing the noise might wake her mother or her father, if either of them were home. Instead, the happy and very satisfied fifteen year-old, slinked into her room, stripped and hit the sack. Within minutes, she was sound asleep leaking cum from her pussy and her asshole.

Ed was indeed home and heard the front door when his daughter came in around two thirty. Now that she was safe and sound and not in some emergency room, he was able to relax. Smiling to himself, he thought of Mark banging her into the wee hours in the backseat of his car. 'Have fun, baby?' he thought to himself with a grin.

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As was his custom, Ed rose fairly early in spite of it being Saturday. He trudged off to shower and shave and then wearing his boxers, he looked in on his slumbering daughter; she was lying on top of the covers, sprawled out a completely naked. His cock was rising and he whispered, "Damn," as he checked her out.

Easing her bedroom door closed, he softly walked to the master bedroom and peeked inside. The bed was empty and still made up. Knowing that Wanda didn't make it home last night and confident that she wouldn't come home any time soon, certainly not before noon, he went into the guest room and picked up the packet of special birth control/tit enlarger pills Dr. Tubbs had given his daughter. He had found them the night before, before Mindy had come home, in Mindy's top drawer.

Returning to Mindy's room, he stood by her bed and looked her over in detail in the morning light. There was crusty looking stuff in her hair, crusty looking stuff matting her pubes, crusty looking stuff on her tits, and crusty looking stuff coating her inner thighs. In addition there was a large stain on her sheets at hip level thighs and her inner pussy lips were still distended. It was obvious that she been fucked the night before, fucked good and fucked bare back.

More than anything, Mindy sensed a nearby presence. Opening her eyes, she saw her father standing beside her bed in his boxers. "Daddy?" she murmured. Suddenly she was aware of her nudity. "Daddy!" she exclaimed, becoming instantly more awake and grabbing the sheet to cover her body.

"Have fun last night, Pumpkin?" He hadn't called her "Pumpkin" in years, since she was a little girl.

"Ummm, yeah, I guess..."

"You guess? Honey, you look and you smell like a well used whore, not that being a well used whore is necessarily a bad thing." He then held out her wheel of birth control pills. "Good thing you started this or you'd be knocked up for sure."

He paused for moment before asking, "Where did you get these?"

Certain that he would explode at any moment, Mindy meekly replied, "Mommy took me to a doctor."

"Very good! I'm glad she did."

"But... Mommy said you'd be angry about it."

Ed snorted a little triumphant laugh. "If I want your mother to do something, I just have to tell her not to do it. Hell, you're growing up and it was pretty obvious to me that you'd be screwing some boy sooner rather than later. So I made a big fuss about not giving you a license to screw and viola, she put you on the pill, if for no other reason than to spite me. You'd think she just do it to protect you, but... as screwed up as that is, I do know how to get your mother to do things she might be otherwise slow to accomplish."

"Then you're happy about it?"

"Hey, sex and screwing is whole lot of fun. Everyone does it... eventually. You're a hot little number, sweetie and I figured you'd soon open the magic bottle."

"You're not mad about last night?"

"That you fucked that boy? Hell, no! Looks like he fucked you good too, like a girl should be fucked."

Her father continued, "Let me ask you something, Pumpkin. Now that Mark's been balling you, tell me this... Do you fuck him because you are in love with him, or do you fuck him because you like to fuck?"

"Daddy!"

"Don't daddy me! You come in after being with him and I can smell the sex, both on you and on your breath. It's really a simple question, but let me restate it. Do you fuck and suck him for love, or do you fuck and suck him for your love of dicks?"

"Why are you asking this?" she asked.

"Simple... the other morning you walked in on me while I was naked and shaving, just like you walked in on me several other times last week. You knelt down pretending to be looking for something in a drawer and your face was inches from my cock. You were looking right at my cock and I swear, I thought you about to suck my dick. Boy, was I disappointed! So tell me, baby, is that what you were thinking, but didn't know if I'd let you?"

"Would you?"

"Damned, right I'd let you blow me! Oral sex isn't the same as having intercourse. It's just fun, if both parties are willing."

Mindy hesitated, still unsure of her father's intentions and therefore how she should reply. Seeing the hesitation, his hand went to the snaps of his boxers and down his boxers went to the floor, revealing his hard-on in all its glory.

He then pulled the covers back telling her, "I want to look at you." Mindy watched her father's eyes wander over her nudity, still not sure of his true intentions.

"You've got nice tits, Mindy. Maybe it's the clothes you've been wearing, or maybe you're growing, but I don't recall you having such nice tits."

"I'm growing, Daddy and thank you for noticing."

"No, thank you for sharing them with your old man.

"Now answer me. Do you fuck that boy because you love him, or do you fuck him because you love his dick?"

"Ummm, Mark and I have broken up... I think."

"You think? Who were you out with last night?"

"Ummm, Mike," she replied conveniently forgetting to mention Mike's dad.

"Who is Mike?"

"His dad owns the Roller Palace skating rink."

"You now love Mike or Mike's dick?"

Mindy snickered at her dad's directness. "Okay, I don't love Mike, but I do like his dick."

"That's a good answer. You're too young to be in love, but you are old enough to be in lust."

He then moved onto the bed, and kneeling on his knees, putting his cock close to his daughter's face. "Tell, me this... do you like my cock, sweetheart?"

Mindy looked at her daddy's cock, so near and so available and felt a tingle in her tummy. 'Do I dare?' she asked herself. Looking up at her father's face she saw him gazing down at her, waiting for her, yet not pressing her to do what she so wanted to do. She looked back at the yummy prick with its bead of precum gathered at the slit. Looking back up into her father's eyes, she leaned forward and planted an open mouth kiss on the weeping head. Then abandoning all restraint, she slid the entire head into her mouth.

Ed moaned in salacious pleasure as Mindy began giving her father a blowjob, taking more and more of his shaft into her hot mouth and lashing the underside with her tongue. "Oh, fuck, Pumpkin. That feels so incredible!" Hearing her father's praise, Mindy set about to give him the best blowjob of his life.

It was wonderful for her too, the feel of the hard, thick cock in her mouth, the slippery feel and salty tang of his precum as it dribbled forth from his prick.

"You're good, baby. Really good. Damn! You sure can suck a dick!"

Naturally she couldn't vocally reply, but she could reply with renewed enthusiasm for sucking her daddy off. It was so naughty, and that made it so extra good.

Ed prided himself with great staying power and control over his ejaculation. Not today. It was just too erotic to see and feel his dick sliding in and out of his daughter's talented mouth to last very long and it came upon him too quickly to be able to do anything about it, but the tingling in his cock became too intense and nothing was going to stop him busting his nut.

"Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck," he whispered as the sweet agony built to his climax. His hands grabbed her head and held her onto him as the lights faded and his vision grayed while the overwhelming sweetness of sexual release swept him away.

Mindy felt her father's cock swell in her mouth and then felt the surge of thick semen pulse up through his cock tube to flood her mouth. She gulped and swallowed as Ed released a torrent of cum into his daughter's voraciously sucking maw. Again and again his thick dick pulsed, blasting spermy wads into her mouth, until the blasts became mere pulses, delivering only a dribble of his nut juice. Pulling his now hypersensitive prick from her mouth, Ed swiped his dick across the bridge of her nose and on her cheeks, painting her face with his last remaining dribbles.

"That was fantastic, Pumpkin," he praised as he smeared his cum over her face with his now soft cock. "Damn, you really know how to please a man."

The moment having passed, Mindy suddenly felt guilty for giving into her baser desires. Yes, she did love sucking a dick and drinking cum, but her own daddy? That was wrong, so very wrong. Or was it? Would he fuck her too?

Suddenly her dad's head snapped around and looked toward Mindy's bedroom door. He looked back down at her. "Your mom!" he whispered. "She's home! Quick, go get a shower!" Bending down he picked up his boxers and quickly slipped back into the guest room. He heard the shower running and a moment later, heard his wife walking down the hallway to the master bedroom. She was humming a tune.

**Chapter 15 TEST PILOT**

*Mindy "babysits" for Dr. White who wants her to try out something new...*

Listening at the master bedroom door, Ed heard the shower in the master bath, even though Mindy was showering in the hall bath. Ed tested the door knob and found it to be unlocked. Walking silently across the room, he entered the large bath.

"Ed! Is that you?" Wanda demanded. Not bothering to answer, Ed opened the shower door and joined his wife.

"What are you doing?" she demanded.

"Taking a shower... with you." He picked up a bottle of body wash and squeezed out a generous portion onto his hand and began slathering her down.

"Ed..." her first inkling was to throw him out, but... the soapy hands felt so good sliding over her breasts and butt.

"You have fun last night, babe? Did you get laid?"

"Yes and yes. Several yeses in fact."

"Good. I want you to enjoy yourself and enjoy life."

"You really don't mean that," she replied. "You really don't care what happens to me."

"Of course I care and I do really mean it. Christ, Wanda, I've been trying for years for you to go out with me and have some real fun and excitement, but you just got mad at me for even suggesting it."

"But it's really so immoral."

"Who says? Sex is sex and sex is meant to be enjoyed. Hell, if we both agree to it, whose business is it? Immoral? Okay, it's immoral. So what? It's fun to have sex with other people. I love fucking some new busty slut, and I bet you loved being the slut for a new guy or guys. We only live once, Wanda, so how about if you and me live a little?"

"God, I have absolutely hated fighting with you these past few months," she said softly. "I just wanted you to love me and cherish me."

"I do love and cherish you, baby. I just want us to enjoy what little time we have on this good earth. Life is too wonderful not to live it to the fullest."

"You just want lots of sex."

"Yeah, as a matter of fact I do. It's life's greatest pleasure. Look, we're not likely to win the lottery and have gobs of money to do as we wish. We both work, five damned days a week. Is it too much to ask to have a really great time on the other two days?"

"No, I suppose not."

"You busy tonight?"

"Someone did ask me out."

"Thor Wilkes?"

"How did you know?"

"Thor's an acquaintance. We run in some of the same circles. Is he taking you to a party?"

"He did mention something like that."

"It's the same party you and I are going to. He'll be there."

"How do you know?"

"Like I said, we run in some of the same circles. There's a party tonight... a sex party. Lots of naked people squirming around in a big pile. You'll get laid... you'll get laid by a dozen men, I'll bet."

"A dozen?"

"Depends on how many ladies there are to go around. Each guy is probably good for three fucks to completion. Add in another three fucks without completion and each guy can do six women. That is if there are an equal number of men and women. Usually, there're a few more dicks than pussies at these things."

"There would have to be twice as many guys as girls."

"Okay, maybe a dozen is too many, but will you settle for a half dozen different men?"

"For starters?"

"That's my girl!" Ed growled as he pushed his wife up against the wall of the shower and pushed two fingers up her newly slutified twat.

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Mindy couldn't get over the big change in her mom and dad. They weren't arguing about anything and were even laughing at whispered jokes to each other. 'Parents! Go figure!' she said to herself disappointed that she wasn't going to get her dad off for private moment.

Then they announced that they were going out that night! She had hoped her mom would go out and her dad would stay home with her, stay home and... 'You're a bad, bad girl, Mindy Louise,' she silently admonished herself, thinking of her daddy's tapered cock ravishing her pussy and how it might feel. The very idea was so very wicked and so very exciting...

It was early afternoon when the telephone rang. It was Mark! As much as things had changed around the house, it still hadn't changed that she had to take her calls from the kitchen wall phone. "Hi, ya, cunt!" the voice on the other end greeted.

"Fuck you," she whispered into the phone so her mother wouldn't hear.

"No, I'm gonna fuck you, bitch... tonight. We're having a get together at Kenny's and I want ya to go with me."

"I thought you were angry with me."

"You thought wrong, cunt. That's trouble with cunts; they try to think too much. Now, ya wanna go and entertain me and my dong, or do we just call it quits."

"Aren't you the charmer!" she snapped as her anger rose. She was about to tell him to buzz off when she realized that being at Kenny's, even with Mark, would be a lot more fun than staying home by herself.

"Is Mike going to be there?"

"Yeah, why?"

"No particular reason."

"Well... ya wanna go or not?"

"Yes, Mark. I'll go with you to Kenny's party."

"Good. Now let me be clear about this, you're gonna get fucked tonight. The problem is, girls are always losing their panties and bras over there and getting all uptight about it, so... just don't wear any. No bra, no panties. Just wear a skirt and a see-through blouse."

"Is there anything else?"

"No, that should do it," Mark replied. "I'll pick your ass up a seven thirty. Be ready."

Mindy bit her tongue and before she could say goodbye, Mark hung up. "Bastard!" she huffed.

"What was that, dear?" her mother said from across the kitchen.

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About a half hour after she had spoken to Mark she heard the phone ring again and heard her mother call out, "Mindy! It's for you!"

'Mark!' Mindy immediately thought. 'What does he want now?' She dashed downstairs and taking the receiver from her mother's hand gave a questioning look. Her mother shrugged.

"Hello..." Mindy spoke softly.

"Mindy? This is Dr. White. We met at Dr. Tubbs..."

"yes, I remeber you," she replied guardedly.

" I know it's terribly late, but I need you to, uh... babysit for me tonight."

"Uh, I'm sorry, Dr. White, but I've already made plans for tonight."

"I'll make it worth your while."

Mindy thought for a moment. She could use the extra money, she thought, as she had her heart set on a pair of expensive designer jeans that she'd seen one the other girls wearing, and there was no way her mother or dad would spring for them... 'Well, maybe Daddy would. If I asked nicely,' she thought with a grin.

"Mindy..."

"Uh, yes, Dr. White. I was just thinking..."

"Don't think too hard, dear. Just say yes."

"Well, I have a date tonight and..."

"Break it."

"But my boyfriend..."

"Does a hundred dollars sound okay?"

"I, uh..."

"One fifty..."

"Uh, okay! Sure, I'd love to, Dr. White!"

"Great! I'll send a car to pick you up around five thirty."

"Five thirty? Uh, okay."

Mindy hung up. Her mother, who had been ease dropping, saw the perplexed look in her daughter's face.

"What is it, dear? Who was that?" Wanda asked.

"Umm, that was Dr. White."

"Who?"

"Dr. White. He works with Dr. Tubbs on that research project and he needs a babysitter tonight."

"Kind of late, isn't it? Aren't you going to a party with Mark?"

"It is late and I explained all that, but he said he'd pay me very well.

"Oh, Mark is going to be so angry, but I don't care!" she declared. "He's been so mean to me lately, that I really don't want to go to a stupid party with him. I only said, yes, because I had nothing better to do."

"Well, you had better call him," her mother counseled. "But you know, he'll probably never ask you out again."

"That's fine with me," Mindy huffed though she really didn't feel that way at all.

"Then call him," her mother said.

"I need to go upstairs and get his number." With that Mindy went up to her bedroom, found her student directory and carried it back downstairs.

Wanda intervened saying, "Tell him you're sorry, but you didn't check with me first and you can't go."

"Thanks, Mom," she said and gave her mother a hug. Mindy felt relieved that she had a good cover story. Mark would still be angry, but not with her, but with her mother.

And he was angry. He didn't say much, but from the tone of his voice when he said, "Fuck you, Mindy," she knew he was upset. She couldn't help but smile. Now she could dump him thinking and knowing that his friend Mike was a much better lay.

At five thirty sharp, the silver Mercedes pulled up to Mindy's house. A pot-bellied older black man dressed in a dark suit got out and approached the house.

Mindy's dad was surprised when he answered the door. "I'm here to pick up Miss Mindy for Dr. White," the black man explained.

"Er, just a minute," Ed replied.

Then he turned and called out, "Mindy! Your ride is here!"

Mindy too was surprised to be picked up by a black man, but she went with him and sat in the back. After a thirty minute ride, they rode through a gate and onto Dr. White's estate. Mindy had never been in a place like this before with its manicured lawn and the stately house. The driver pulled up and stopped at the front portico, got out and escorted Mindy into the cavernous and richly furnished foyer of the big house.

"Wait right here, Miss," the black man said before he disappeared through a door. Presently Dr. White appeared dressed in a robe and barefoot, dripping water onto the marble floor.

"Ah, Mindy! I'm so glad you could help me out this evening. I was just taking a swim. Do you enjoy swimming?"

"It's kind of cold to be swimming, don't you think?" she answered.

"Oh, not at all. The pool is heated and it's inside."

"Inside? Uh, I didn't bring a swimming suit."

Dr. White laughed, "You don't need a swimming suit to go swimming! At least not here. Come, let's get comfortable and relax a little before we get down to business."

"By business, do you mean sex?" she asked knowing the answer.

"Sex? Of course we'll have sex. But I also wanted to get to know you a little better before we establish a more permanent relationship."

"Permanent relationship?"

"Yes, but we'll discuss that later this evening. Now, this way, dear."

Mindy followed the graying man through a series of rooms and doors and into the pool room/solarium, lush with tropical plants, waterfalls and grottos. Mindy had never before seen anything quite like it, not even on TV.

Dr. White stopped at a pair of double wide chaise loungers and dropped his bathrobe. Mindy was hardly surprised that he wore nothing beneath.

"Come, dear. Get comfortable. We'll talk a spell and then take a dip."

Mindy had no illusions as to how comfortable he wanted her and proceeded to disrobe, placing her clothes neatly upon a small table.

"Ah, you are quite pretty, you know," he complimented as she stood nude before him. "How are those titties coming along for you?"

Mindy blushed and answered, "They're certainly getting bigger. I've gone through two bra sizes since I started taking Dr. Tubb's pills."

"Very good. They appear to be nice and firm."

"Oh, they are," she replied blushing.

"Mind if I see for myself?"

"No, I don't mind."

White stepped up and fondled her growing breasts, rolling her nipples through his fingers and setting her pussy to tingling and moistening. "Yes, you have very nice tits," he complimented as he watched the girl becoming unmistakably aroused at his touch. But he wasn't ready to fuck her just yet and released her nipples with a gentle pop.

Right about then, the older black man appeared. As he stood and dispassionately waited for his orders Mindy felt deeply embarrassed to be exposed to his gaze.

"Would you care for something to drink?" White asked her. "A Coke, or perhaps a glass of wine?"

"Are you trying to get me drunk?" she asked as she tried to cover her boobs from the black man's gaze.

"I don't need to get you drunk, honey," he replied.

Turning to his man servant he asked, "Roscoe, what do you think? Is she pretty enough?"

"Oh, yes, sir! She is quite pretty."

Turning back to Mindy White said, "Lower your hands, dear, so Roscoe can see your tits." Mindy dropped her hands. "That's better, much better."

"You're really not all that shy about showing your body, are you, Mindy?"

"Are you going to let him have sex with me?" she asked nervously.

"Oh, heavens no! I'm going to have sex with you, my dear. Of course if you want to have sex with him, I'm sure Roscoe wouldn't mind. But I'm not ready for that. Are you?"

"No!"

"So... why do you think you're here, Mindy?"

"So you can... do me..."

"Oh, I'm going to do you alright," he laughed, "as many times as I can get it up. Tell me, what time do you need to be home?"

"Midnight, maybe one o'clock."

White chuckled, "I'll be dead by midnight, honey! But we'll get to that when we get to it. Now, how about a nice glass of wine to help you relax?" Mindy nodded, she needed something to relax.

"Roscoe, bring my guest a glass of Riesling and bring me a gin and tonic."

"Yes, sir," Roscoe replied, then picking up all of her clothes, turned and disappeared.

"Come, darling," White said lying on one of the wide loungers and patting he cushion to show where he wanted her. Mindy sat and White pulled her into him, laying on tender kisses to her lips, kisses which she returned. Mindy thought that she would be raped right then and there, not that she minded, but he did nothing more than smooch with her until Roscoe appeared with their drinks.

Taking the frosty glass of cold white wine from Roscoe, she thanked him. "My pleasure, Miss," he replied as he checked out her nudity. He handed Dr. White his cocktail and then retreated into the foliage, out of sight, but within easy hailing distance.

"Do you like your wine?" Dr. White asked his fifteen year old date.

"Oh, yes. It's quite good."

"Just sip it, honey, I don't want you getting drunk and throwing up all over the place. That's not sexy, not at all."

"Yes, sir," she replied now concerned that she might do something stupid and ruin the evening.

White let her drink about half a glass and then suggested taking a swim. He stood, stepped to the edge and dove in. Mindy, knowing what he expected, dove in after him. Expecting a cold shock, she was pleasantly surprised at how warm the water was. It wasn't hot, by any means, but it wasn't cold either. It felt absolutely divine.

For fifteen, twenty minutes they just swam, with Mindy checking out the two waterfalls and then the cave like grotto where she was joined by the older man. He coaxed her up on a ledge, joined her and took her in his arms and began kissing her while his hands wandered across her wet naked body. Soon he was kissing down her neck and the down to kiss her breasts, orally laving on her nipples and turning her on. She expected him to fuck her right then and there, but White didn't. He just got her motor running and then swimming away, left her hanging.

He swam to the other side, hoisted himself from the water and returned to the chaise lounge where Mindy soon joined him. There he resumed his seduction. Soon he had her on her hands and knees and poised to take her. She expected to feel his dick press into her, but instead she felt his face burrow into her backside and his tongue slice into her from her clit to her anus. On the second full lick up her crotch, she moaned in salacious pleasure. She loved having her pussy licked, something Mark would only do occasionally. But to have her anus licked too, that was something new. And it wasn't just a tentative or timid butt lick, but a lusty tonguing she was treated to. Then a finger found her clit and began strumming it. Soon she was pressing and grinding her butt into his face as her orgasm built to the breaking point. Just as she was about to go over the precipice he pulled away and she felt his cock slice into her. That did it. She came hard on the first thrust of his cock.

"That's it, baby!" he nearly shouted. "Cum on my dick! Cum on my dick. Damn, you're a hot one that's for sure. Yeah, girl, squeeze my cock with your hot pussy!"

Roscoe was use to this sort of thing and used the occasion to whip his cock to completion while he watched his boss fuck yet another young girl. Having a front row seat to view the nude girls before, during and after his boss ravaged them had to be one of the best perks of the job. And his boss usually kept them nude for hours and hours and had sex with them on and off the entire time. The only thing that could better Roscoe thought, was if his boss let him have a go when he was finished with them, but that never happened. Of course there was the occasional girl who let him get a little when he took them home, but that was far from a sure thing. Maybe this one would let him bend her over the front fender in some dark alley, but he knew better than to get his hopes up.

Fertilizing one of the many giant ferns, Roscoe tucked his wilting cock away and got about tending to business, namely providing post-coitus fresh drinks and snacks.

When Roscoe appeared with a fresh cold glass of wine and another gin and tonic, Mindy was sprawled out like a used whore, leaking cum, basking in the afterglow of a good fucking while Dr. White sucked on her tit. She saw the black man's eyes roving across her nakedness and she was embarrassed to be on display like that. Still, there was very little she could do about it other than to let him look while he held the two glasses and soaked up her nudity until he was dismissed, and he wasn't dismissed until White was finished sucking tit. By that time, the wine had grown warm and the ice had mostly melted away in White's cocktail.

Releasing her now swollen nipple, White sat up with saliva dripping down his chin. He took the now tepid drink, looked at it and told Roscoe to take them back and get fresh drinks. Without complaint or comment, Roscoe did as he was told. When he returned, White was sucking tit once again while frigging the girl to another climax and Roscoe had to wait once again before being relieved of the drinks. Not that he minded. He enjoyed watching and particularly enjoyed the smacking sounds of her wet pussy as boss' fingers plunged in and out, as well as the wet smacking noises of the tit sucking.

There was a break in White's assault upon the girl. White took the glass of wine and handed it to Mindy. He then took his gin and tonic and asked Roscoe if he wanted to masturbate. Roscoe knew that it really wasn't a question, but more of an order, and whipped his black rod from his pants.

Mindy had never seen a black man's cock before and thought it curious that the head was much lighter than the rest of it. There weren't that many blacks living in her town nor going to her school and none played on the offensive squad of her school's football team. There were a few blacks on the defensive squad, big brutes, but she hardly knew any of those boys. She's always heard that black men were huge, but Roscoe was pretty much the same size as Mark and Mike.

Fascinated, she watched as Roscoe began furiously jacking his dick.

"No, no, no!" White said. "Not like that."

Roscoe needed no further information. He knew what his boss wanted and proceeded to strip naked.

'Oh. my god!' Mindy thought suddenly feeling a bit of panic. 'He's going to want me to have sex with him!'

When Roscoe had stripped off everything including his socks, White told him, "Turn around so she can see all of you." Old Roscoe did what he was told with his pecker bobbing as he modeled his less than pristine flabby body.

"Well, what do you think, Mindy?" Dr. White asked her.

When she didn't answer White ordered Roscoe, "Cum on her tits!"

Without a change in his expression, Roscoe resumed stroking his cock. Meanwhile White studied Mindy's reaction to all this. He wondered if he told her to suck Roscoe's cock if she would do it or if she would just do it on her own accord. Roscoe was wondering too as he beat his meat and the thought of what might happen quickly drew up another load from his old balls. It surprised Mindy when he squirted off and surprised her when his yellowish cum landed on her tit. It wasn't a huge load as Roscoe's prostate hadn't had a chance to full recharge, but there was enough.

"Ah, now wasn't that fun!" White quipped to Mindy.

Turning to his man-servant he said, "Go get a damp wash cloth and clean her up." Roscoe, still dripping, turned and went on his way.

"I thought you might have jumped up and sucked his cock," White told her.

"He's an old man!" she replied.

"So? Old men like to have a pretty young thing like you sucking on their dicks."

"You said you weren't going to make me have sex with him!"

"I'm not. I'm going to have sex with you. That was just a game."

"A game? Oh..."

Momentarily Roscoe reappeared, still nude, but bearing a damp wash cloth.

"Clean her up," his boss told him. Roscoe did as he was told and gently wiped off the cum on her tits, doing a perfunctory job, doing what was necessary and nothing more.

Completing that task, he was told to pick up his clothes and then to serve the meal.

In minutes he was setting the patio table and White escorted Mindy to the table. Everything had been prepared before hand, so Roscoe began bringing out the food. First a cheese and fruit platter, then a large bowl of peeled, iced and ready to eat boiled shrimp served with three sauces on the side, then steamed crab legs with clarified butter. Nude, Roscoe stood between Dr. White and Mindy with a nut cracker in hand, ready to crack the crab legs for them. Every time Mindy turned to answer a question from Dr. White, Roscoe's cock was mere inches from her face. Every time he cracked a crab leg for her, he leaned over practically brushing against her. The food was delicious, but she was constantly distracted by the close proximity of Roscoe's dark nude body and his cock.

The main courses completed, Roscoe cleared the table and then brought out desert, strawberry fruit sorbet. It was, for Mindy, the best meal she'd ever had.

"Now for the real reason, I asked you over," Dr. White began after Mindy had finished her dessert.

"To fuck me?" she replied with a grin.

"That too," he laughed, "but I need your help. The real reason was that I want you to test a new product for me.

"You see, my company designs and builds all sorts of custom equipment. Take Dr. Tubbs for instance. To help him conduct his research, we designed and built most of his equipment. The cliterometer, for instance. From that proto type, we've been working on a personal model, something any woman can use by herself or with her partner. That's not quite ready for primetime, but we also designed a dildo, based on the one that Dr. Tubbs uses to measure vagina volume and fitness. That one just expands and measures volume. The one we have developed and are ready for testing, does more than that. It does expand to fit the woman, and it vibrates, but it also mimics the act of coitus."

Turning to Roscoe, he instructed him to bring out the test model.

Taking the dildo from Roscoe, White showed it to Mindy. Not surprisingly, it looked like a knobby penis, only it was a translucent red, and the base had straps. White demonstrated how flexible it was and had Mindy hold and squeeze it in her hand. Mindy was familiar with dildos from Doris Jackson's collection, as well as the one Dr. Tubbs stuffed up her twat, but she had never seen a dildo like this before. If she closed her eyes, it felt like a real cock, hard, yet soft and yielding.

"I call this the Wonder-Wang. It works by remote control," Dr. White explained.

While she was holding it, he picked up what looked to be a TV remote control. Mindy shrieked in surprise and dropped it when she felt it swell in her hand.

"Every other dildo on the market is of a fixed girth," he said picking it up and handing it back to the startled girl. "This one you can make it swell or you can make it shrink in thickness to suit your pussy and your mood at the moment. In that respect, it is like the dildo Dr. Tubbs uses in his research. But that's not all. It can get longer and shorter too."

Suddenly the thing began lengthening and shortening, slowly at first, but with the push of a button, it went faster and faster to Mindy's astonishment. Suddenly it stopped.

"Now when fitted properly," White went on, "this little knob presses against the clit and with a push of the button..." Bzzzzzzzzzz.

"Like the fucking motion, the intensity of the vibrations against the clit can be increased, decreased or turned off altogether.

"And the unit is rechargeable. One full charge is good for forty minutes of fun."

"There is one other feature you will like, it's self lubricating..." He pushed a button and the faux cock throbbed as clear liquid shot out of the tip, like it was ejaculating.

"Oh, my god!" Mindy declared with a giggle when it shot off.

"Now, what I want you to do," White continued after making it spurt a few times, "is to try out this gizmo and we'll run it through its paces. From the papers your mother already signed at the beginning when you signing up as a research subject, we don't need any further permissions. That includes filming you and your response to this toy. Any questions?"

"You want me to..."

"You get the idea.

"Now let's be clear about one thing. I didn't invite you over and offer you money just to fuck you. I figured you'd do that for free. You are not a prostitute, and I'm not about to make into one. What I'm paying you for is product testing. We'll fuck again later just for the fun of it.

"Now come along, dear, and we'll get started."

Dr. White then led her back into the main house, with her carrying the new sex toy, closely followed by Roscoe. Entering a brightly lit room, the first thing she saw was the big bed in the middle of the room. It was covered in only a solid light blue fitted sheet. There was also a wing chair placed next to the bed. Surrounding the bed were a number of video cameras set up on tripods. Overhead, there were several lights, positioned so that there would be no shadows on the subject.

Roscoe immediately set about turning the cameras on. Meanwhile Dr. White had Mindy lie upon the bed. He then intoned the date, the time and gave out her name. Then nude, he sat on the wing chair with the remote in hand.

"Okay, Roscoe," he said, "hook her up."

Roscoe climbed on the bed. At that moment she thought that, despite Dr. White's proclamation to the contrary, the old black man would mount her and their coupling would be filmed and recorded, but he made no attempt to mount her. Instead he took the new device from her, lubed it up and ran it up her cunt. With it fully seated, he then began fastening the straps about her waist which held the dildo in her. White inspected the hookup and had Roscoe make a few adjustments, mainly to properly position the clit stimulator against her nubbin.

"One other thing," White told her, "this dildo is custom fitted to your cunt. We know exactly the depth of your vaginal canal to your cervix so that at maximum extension, it will merely kiss and not slam into your cervix. Of course if someone wanted something that would forcefully smash against the cervix, the length of the fuck stroke could be adjusted to do just that." With a chuckle he added, "But we're not here to abuse you, just to use you!

"Now are you ready, Mindy?" he asked as he sat in the wing chair. Enjoying the feel of it inside her, she nodded that she was. "Okay, we'll take it slow with mode number one"

The first thing she felt was the dildo swelling and contracting. She's never felt anything like that before as a natural penis didn't do that. It was odd at first, but a very pleasant sensation.

"You like that, honey?" White asked. Mindy nodded that she did.

"Describe how it feels."

She did her best to describe the odd feeling of it swelling and contracting in her cunt, and as she did, she realized that she was getting aroused.

"Ready to move on?" he asked.

"No, not yet," she breathlessly whispered as she squirmed on the bed.

"Getting turned on, aren't you?"

"Yesss."

"Roscoe, look at how stiff her nipples have become."

"Yes, sir, she's a hot one, that's for sure."

White increased the maximum thickness of each pulse and watched as Mindy's tits took on a mottled appearance. Then he increased the frequency of each cycle. She let out a moan and began squirming vigorously on the bed as an orgasm swept over her. She ended up curled into a ball on her side, with a big wet spot clearly on the sheet.

White stopped stimulating her and let her recover.

"Tell me when you're ready, darling, and we'll do the next test." For some minutes she remained silent and curled up as she drifted down from her sexual euphoria. She uncurled and lay back on her back.

"Ready for the next test?"

She nodded.

"Then spread your legs open... That's a girl, nice and wide."

"Okay, here goes mode number two. We'll take it slow at first, then increase the depth of penetration and frequency of each pulse. Ready?"

"Mmmmm," she moaned at the feel of the thing slowly moving inside her cunt. It was different than a straight fucking she quickly realized, as most of the motion was at the tip and decreased towards the base. Back and forth the tip moved in her cunt, and as it did, the stalk moved in its curious motion, but then she realized another sensation, the feel of the knobs studded along the stalk rubbing on the walls of her vagina like a series of cock crowns massaging the entire length of her cuntal channel. Gradually the length of the strokes increased, giving rise to more motion of the faux glans in her sex.

A guttural moan escaped from her lips and soon her eyes rolled up into the back of her head and she began to quake once again in orgasmic pleasure. Dr. White was ecstatic at the response of his test subject and he'd only just begun the testing of the device. This was, he knew, going to be a very big seller.

She curled up once again and White barked, "Strap her down!"

Roscoe was on it immediately, recovering the first restraint that had been hidden under the bed, he quickly fastened it to one ankle. Then he quickly fastened the other ankle to another restraint. White stepped on a control pedal at the foot of his chair and the restraining straps retreated, pulling her legs apart and keeping them open. Meanwhile Roscoe was securing her wrists to straps located at the head of the bed. When both wrists were secure, White caused those straps to tighten also, and like the leg straps, he left enough slack so that she could squirm about, but not enough to turn over, nor could she reach down and attempt to dislodge the sex toy that was tormenting her. And once she was secured, he pushed a button to shoot out some lube, then turned a knob on the remote, decreasing the stroke cycle as well as increasing the stroke length.

Mindy let out a loud moan and then fell silent as she shook like an epileptic having a fit. White dialed it back and then off. Mindy fell to the bed like she had been levitated and then allowed to fall. She was, by then covered in sweat. Not just a sheen, but soaked enough to leave an imprint of her body on the bed sheet.

For several minutes she lay gasping for breath, tugging at the restraints. When she had recovered sufficiently, White asked her, "Did you enjoy that?" Mindy nodded, still unable to speak after the incredible experience.

"Okay, are you ready to try out the next mode?"

She really didn't understand what he was saying, not that she had any say in what was to happen next. Suddenly, she felt a gentle buzzing on her clit. Having her clit directly stimulated was the last thing she needed at the moment. She let out a pitiful moan and tried to escape from the restraints in order to stop it, but she couldn't stop it. Nor could she stop the buzzing from increasing and she couldn't stop her body from reacting to the increasing stimulation of her clit. She began wailing as the orgasmic energy within her built to the breaking point until it exploded upon her and once again, rendering her senseless in orgasmic euphoria.

White didn't push it all the way, as he had no intentions of killing the girl. The test had been hugely successful, but he also knew he had to modify the design and scale back the maximum intensity of the various modes of operation before his Wonder-Wang went on the market.

"Roscoe, release all the restraints," he instructed his helper. Roscoe quickly removed all four restraints. His task complete, he stood by the bed awaiting further orders. He watched as his boss sat on the bed next to nude girl and took a stiff nipple between his fingers and rolled it around for a moment. Then he instructed Roscoe to remove the Wonder-Wang from her pussy. With the thing removed, her pussy gaped open despite the swelling of her labia.

"What do think, Roscoe? Would you like to stick your dick into that?"

Roscoe's eyes widened and his teeth shone. "Yes, suh! I certainly do!"

"Well, maybe next time. I didn't bring her to be raped."

"Uh, yes, suh..." Roscoe replied clearly disappointed.

With that Roscoe watched his boss climb on top of the girl and run his cock up her cunt

"Damn! She's broiling hot!" White declared as he began rutting. "And surprisingly snug too. You really ought to try this one sometime."

"Uh, yes, suh! I'd like that. Like it a lot."

"Yes, I'm sure you would."

Mindy, becoming aware that she was being fucked once again, opened her eyes and looked up into the grinning face of the older man who was using her. She wasn't alarmed that he was doing her, indeed, it was very pleasant to be fucked gently after what she'd just gone through.

**Chapter 16 CROWD PLEASER**

*After standing Mark up the weekend before, Mindy is surprised when he asks her to go to another party with him. Mindy is even more surprised when she got there...*

Dr. White had Mindy home by 11 PM. He rode along in the back seat with Mindy, just to be sure that his man, Roscoe, didn't get any ideas about getting a little. It's not that White would have actually minded Roscoe having a go at her, but for the time being she was a valuable asset and he didn't want to ruin that with the girl possibly getting upset.

He even went so far as to walk her to the door. Not out of any sense of chivalry, but because he was afraid her legs might give out on her after she endured a second testing of his Wonder-Wang. He just didn't want her to get hurt. As no one was home, he helped her upstairs and then helped her undress before helping himself to her ass one last time. By 11:45 PM he was back in his car and heading home.

Well fucked, Mindy slept like a log and didn't hear her parents come in after 3 AM. Indeed, she slept until past 10 AM. Upon waking she felt surprisingly good. The Wonder-Wang hadn't hurt her, but the prolonged intense orgasms she was subjected to had consumed all of her energy. Now with a good night's sleep, she felt energetic and refreshed. Reflecting on her babysitting job, she smiled, remembering how Dr. White had taken her time and time again while his naked butler stood by and watched and waited on them. She remembered Roscoe inserting the Wonder-Wang and securing it, but once it began functioning, she was totally overwhelmed by what it was doing to her cunt. Wistfully she thought, 'I'm going to have to get me one of those.'

Her happy thoughts about her evening were interrupted when her mother came in to check up on her. "Are you alright?" Wanda asked her daughter.

"Oh, yes. I'm fine, Mama." Mindy had prepared a story about how Dr. White's two granddaughters just wanted her to play with them all night and had exhausted her. But her mother didn't ask her about it and so she didn't need to lie to her. Instead, her mother asked her if she wanted breakfast.

"Oh, yes! I'm starved."

"Well, put on some clothes and come downstairs," Wanda told her with a frown.

It was only then that Mindy realized that she was nude and lying on top of the covers with her hand between her legs. She wasn't diddling herself, but merely cupping her pussy for comfort. It was probably a good thing too, or else her mother might have seen how swollen her labia still were and then she would no doubt have asked questions, questions Mindy wanted to avoid,

Rising, Mindy put on a robe and proceeded to the hall bath to take a shower. Dr. White had taken her into the shower and then the hot tub before bringing her home, so she didn't stink of sex. Still, the shower felt good and freshened her.

Her mom and dad had already eaten, so by herself she ate the cheese omelet her mother fixed for her. Having eaten, she cleared the table and placed her dishes in the dishwasher. She then went into the living room where, to her surprise, her mom was sitting in her dad's lap, lying back against his bare chest, with her blouse open while her dad felt her up. It pleased her that the acrimony between her parents seemed to have been resolved and that the two of them were now enjoying each other's company.

Mindy thought it best if she gave them some privacy, and retreated back upstairs to her bedroom. There she found a book she had started to read some weeks ago, but hadn't read much. It was a simple romance novel. It provided some entertainment, but was predictable and also instantly forgettable. You could start anywhere and not miss anything of importance.

She hadn't closed her bedroom door all the way and out of the corner of her eye she saw something pass in the hallway. Then she heard her parent's door shut and the click of the lock. She waited a few minutes. Then barefoot she sneaked up to the door to her parent's room. Faintly she heard the rhythmic squeaking of the bed and her mother softly urging her father on. It put a smile on her face. She listened for awhile with her hand down her sweatpants, then retreated to her own bedroom, closed the door, removed her sweatpants and proceeded to diddle herself to a pleasant orgasm. Sated, she rolled over and dozed off.

She was awakened some time later when her father came into her bedroom and woke her. At first it was embarrassing to have her father see her with no bottoms on. He didn't seem to mind though, as evidenced by the tenting of his boxer shorts.

"You get laid, last night?" her father indelicately asked.

"I was babysitting!"

"Babysitting that old black guy's cock?"

"No! He's Dr. White's butler. He drove me to Dr. White's."

"Oh, so you were babysitting this Dr. White's cock?"

"No, I..."

"Don't lie to me, Mindy. From the way your pussy looks I'd say you got quite a workout last night. This Dr. White, he had a party last night, did he?"

"No..."

"But you did get laid, didn't you?

"Come now. I don't care who you screw, just so long as you enjoyed it and weren't forced into it. He didn't force you, did he?"

"No, Daddy. He didn't force me."

"That's good, baby. So, I take it you had a good time with him."

"Yes, but please don't tell Mama!"

"Mums the word!" he replied with a grin.

"Now, how about taking the top off too, so I can get a good look at you."

"Daddy!" she replied with faux indignity.

"Don't "daddy" me, little girl. Lose the fucking top!"

"But, Mama..."

"She's gone to do her weekly grocery shopping. Now do I have to spank your ass or you going to lose the top?"

"You don't have to be mean about it, Daddy," Mindy replied as she sat up and pulled the top over her head."

"That's better. Much better," her father said. "You're a nice looking girl."

"Thanks, I guess..."

"And you are growing fast!" he said with a smile. "And here I'd been thinking you'd be small breasted." Mindy didn't reveal the real reason she was getting bustier.

"Now I suppose you sucked this Dr. White's cock last night."

"Yes, Daddy. I did," she admitted thinking that the admission would shock him. It didn't.

"And you fucked him."

"Yes, Daddy."

"But you didn't fuck the butler?"

"No, Daddy, I didn't."

"I got laid last night too," he revealed with a smile. "So did your mother. It was a fun party. We both had a great time. Did you have a great time too?"

"Yes, Daddy. Dr. White was very good to me."

"And how much did he pay you to fuck you?"

"He didn't pay me for that!"

"He did pay you, didn't he?"

"Yes, but not for sex."

"Oh? Then what did he pay you for?"

"Product testing."

"Product testing?"

"Yes, he wanted me to test the prototype of a new product that his company has developed."

"What kind of product?"

"I don't know. Some sort of new massager."

"And he massaged you with it? Then he fucked you?"

"Sort of. But he really needed someone to test in on."

"Someone like you..."

"Yes, Daddy."

"Okay by me," her father said with a sly smile as his eyes roamed across her naked flesh.

"Say, would you mind doing some testing for me?"

"No, Daddy. What do you want me to test?"

Grinning Ed unsnapped his boxers and let them fall to the floor. "I want to test your mouth..."

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Mindy found Mark very angry with her at school on Monday. She tried to explain that her mother was to blame for her standing him up Saturday night, but he wasn't having any of it.

"You and me, we're done!" he spat. "Never again are you going to make a fool out me. Go find someone else to piss all over!"

"But, Mark... You don't understand. It wasn't my fault!"

"I don't give a flying fuck whose fault it is, Mindy. I'm done with you!"

"I'll make it up to you."

"Oh, yeah. How? With your mouth or with your ass?"

"Don't be that way, Mark. Please, I don't want to lose you."

"Okay, one last chance. Boiler room during lunch."

"Umm, I can't..."

"What! What the fuck do you mean you can't?"

"Not today..."

"Why not today?"

"Well, remember when we got caught by Mr. Wilkes in his storeroom?"

"Yeah, what of it?"

"We didn't get suspended or expelled because..."

"You're fucking Wilkes?"

"No!" she lied. "But he's making me clean up his classroom. I have to do it today or we'll both be reported to the principal."

"So to protect me, you're fucking Wilkes during lunch. That explains a lot. Why you keep standing me up lunchtime.

"Okay, at lunch today, you tell Wilkes that you're fucking me tomorrow. Got it? No excuses!"

Mindy didn't exactly tell Wilkes and Vickers that during their lunchtime sojourn, but she made it clear that she would be unavailable during lunch the next day. The two teachers didn't ask her why, just acknowledged that she wouldn't be able to make it tomorrow, and instead they agreed to do her tomorrow in Vicker's room after the last bell.

On Tuesday, Mindy made amends to Mark in the boiler room with her mouth and her ass. Before he left her naked on the boiler room floor leaking, Mark told that there was going to be another party at Kenny's this Saturday and asked her to go with him. She was surprised at this and said she'd clear it with her mom that night and that she would call him and confirm.

"Yeah, you do that," he said as he finished dressing. "See to it." Then he left her clean herself up as best she could with the wad of brown paper towels she had brought with her.

Two more days that week, he fucked her in the boiler room. All was well between them, or so she thought.

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Mindy was dressed and waiting for Mark to pick her up when her mom and dad came downstairs to go to their party. Mindy was pleased with the sexy outfit her mother was wearing to their party. She was obviously braless and the very short black see-through lace dress was so low that her tits were practically falling out. She had worn it once before about a year ago, but swore that she'd never wear it again saying that it was too risqué. The see-through part was okay, as Mindy knew that underneath there was a flesh-colored liner that made it look more revealing than it actually was... that is until Mindy caught sight of the obvious shadow of her mom's butt cleft as her mom ducked into the kitchen. To Mindy's shock, she realized that the lining had been removed!

'Oh, my gawd!' Mindy said to herself. 'If you really look, you can see everything!' She didn't say anything, but she was certainly astounded that her own mom could be that slutty.

Even so, her mom was clearly embarrassed and didn't linger around long enough to allow Mindy a closer inspection. For Mindy, that was fine with her as she too was braless and the thin blue dress she wore clearly displayed her nipples. No way would her mother let her go out looking like that! But, because Wanda was so eager for Mindy not to see her outfit, she had scurried off through the kitchen to the garage and hadn't noticed. Her father though, did stop to tell her goodbye.

Ed immediately noticed the arms crossed as if Mindy was covering herself. "Stand up," he told her. "Now put your hands down," he ordered.

Once she lowered her hands, he asked with a smirk, "Is that nipples I see?"

Not waiting for her to answer, her father cupped her tit. "Very nice," he said as he fondled her momentarily. He asked her, "You planning on having a good time with that boy tonight? Mike isn't it?"

"No, Mark is taking me out tonight."

"Oh, so Mike's out and Mark's back in?"

"Not really, I mean... I don't know."

Ed kissed her on the forehead and copping another feel told her, "Don't worry about getting in late. I doubt if your mother and I will be home until sometime tomorrow. Now, you have fun."

As Ed left to join his wife in the car, Mindy reflected on how strange her parents were. Two weeks ago, she couldn't imagine her mother going to a party, with her father no less, and going practically nude. And as early as the week before she couldn't imagine her father being so accepting of her having sex, and now... she was blowing him!

Five minutes after her parents had left, the door bell rang. She opened the door to see Mark standing there in a raggedy muscle-shirt and gym shorts. He looked at her and asked, "I told you yesterday to wear a see-through top."

"I don't have a see-through top," she shot back at him. "And if I did, my mother would never, ever let me wear it!"

"Okay, okay, don't get all testy. Hey, I like the dress; it makes your tits look larger." As her parents were long gone, Mindy didn't mind the forward way in which he tweaked her nipples up into points as they stood in the front door.

Admiring the sight of her nipples outlined in the thin fabric of her dress, he added, "Yeah, I really like your dress, Mindy. You look terrific."

"Thanks," she replied.

"Okay, let's go!"

Mark hopped into the driver's seat of his mother's car, leaving Mindy to open her own door. She slid into the passenger seat and before she was situated, Mark's hand shot under her dress to cup her bare pussy. "No panties! Very good, Mindy, you do listen." Mindy rolled her eyes at his rudeness, but made no attempt to remove his hand. There was no need; once he knew she had followed his instructions in that regard, he started the car and headed to Kenny's house.

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"I hope Mindy couldn't see how revealing this dress is," worried Wanda as she and Ed headed to their second swinger party as a married couple. "I mean, you can see right through this thing! Gawd, why didn't you at least let me keep the lining in!"

"You look great, Wanda. When the guys see you in that outfit, every one of them will sprout wood instantly. Besides, you won't be in that dress for too very long... remember, it's a sex party. And don't worry about Mindy. She didn't notice a thing."

"How do you know?"

"If she had, don't you think that she would have made some comment to me? She didn't."

"Did you tell her to be home at midnight?"

"What do you think?" Ed asked with a hint of annoyance.

"Okay, it's just that I worry about her."

"She's fine. Now, forget about Mindy, will you?"

"Okay, okay... Ed?"

"Yes?"

"Am I as pretty and sexy as the other women who will be at this party?"

"Honey, you're going to knock'em dead!"

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Before ringing the doorbell, Mark tweaked Mindy's nipples once again to bring them into prominence. Almost immediately Ken's dad answered the door and let Mark and Mindy inside. Following the custom, they both removed their shoes and left them in the foyer.

Mark introduced Mindy to Ken's dad. "Mr. Smith, this is Mindy. Mindy this is Ken's dad."

Ken's dad was a large tattooed man with a shaved head. He towered over Mindy, his eyes roaming across her body awhile he mentally undressed the teen girl whose nipples were so delightfully on display. "Nice to meet you, Mindy," he said in a deep gravelly voice. "You're as pretty as they said you were."

"Thank you," she said in a meek voice.

Still looking her over, the elder Smith, dressed in a wife beater and shorts, nodded towards the basement stairs and said with a grin, "The gang's down there."

Rock music drifted up the basement stairs as Mindy led the way down into the basement rec-room. Unlike the last party, the lights weren't turned down low and even though there were a bunch of guys down there, it was evident that the party hadn't really started yet.

As they approached the knot of guys standing around drinking beer, it struck Mindy odd that she didn't see any girls there. She recognized all the guys immediately as they were the usual lunchroom crowd at school. Someone shouted, "She's here!"

The knot of boys fanned out and formed a semi-circle around Mark and her. No introductions were necessary.

Mark spoke to the crowd. "Guys, you all know that I've been banging Mindy these past two weeks. What you may not know is that we go way back to elementary school. She lived next door and after school she would let me finger her pussy and she'd play with my dick. Girl gave a great blowjob even back then!"

Humiliated, Mindy felt the heat in her face from this brash declaration.

"When we hooked up again, I invited her to Ken's last blowout. Now most of you also know that I ass fucked her at Ken's last party. She wouldn't give any pussy except to eat and she told me that she was a virgin and wasn't on the pill. So I held off fucking her because I didn't want to knock her up. But, now get this, when she finally said yes, I discovered that she was far from a virgin.

"Then last week, somehow she wound up fucking Mike and Mike's dad during and after the game. Now, I don't know, nor do I care who she was fucking before she let me have some pussy. As is customary, I had planned on passing her around to you guys once I got bored with her. I'm not bored with her, but... hey, we're friends. Right?"

Mindy froze as Mark lifted the helm of her dress to the hoots of his buddies. "As you can see, she came ready to party tonight."

Realizing what was about to happen, Mindy turned to Mark, giving everyone a good look at her bare ass. "Oh, Mark, you can't..."

"Hell, who are you kidding? You're going to love it, Mindy, so drop the goody two-shoes crap. You should be honored! You're gonna set a record for the quickest new inductee to the Purple Knights Slut of the Month Club!" Mindy grabbed at her dress as it was yanked over her head, but was unable to prevent Mark from completely stripping her in about one second flat.

Mindy shuddered with a mixture of excitement and apprehension as the guys checked out her nubile nudity with hungry eyes. Just moments before she was ready, quite ready, to be fucked by Mark and perhaps even by Mike in the dimly lit back room while other couples wantonly fornicated around them, but this... certainly Mark wasn't going to...

Whatever doubts or hopes she harbored that Mark was just trying to embarrass her began evaporating as one by one, the first string jocks of the offensive squad of the Herbert Hoover HS football team began stripping off their shirts. Looking at all the bare-chested beef before her made her pussy spritz, especially the huge bruisers of the offensive line like Charlie, Tommy, Brandon and Travis, and the one guy who wasn't on the football team, Ken's older brother Bubba. Bubba Smith was a few years older, with a truly massive and imposing build from working as a weight trainer at a local gym.

Once their gym shorts began hitting the floor, the prospect of being fucked by a dozen guys appeared all but inevitable. Mindy felt as though she would faint.

"Okay, guys," said Mark as he felt Mindy up from behind, "you all know the drill... there will be three groups of four. Reds start with her mouth, then her pussy and finally her ass. Blues start with her pussy, then her ass and finally her mouth. Greens start with her ass, then her mouth and finally her pussy. Seeing that she's my girlfriend and I'm captain of the team, I am green number one. Ken, bring us the numbers for the drawing."

Ken stepped forward with a paper bag, his long cock swinging side to side as he walked. Opening the bag, he allowed Mindy to see the bits of folded colored paper, red, blue and green. Ken handed her the bag and told her to shake the bag to mix up the bits of paper.

She didn't know why she did it, but she did. She took the bag, shook it and handed it back to Ken. Ken grinned and said, "You're gonna love this." Then he reached into the bag without looking and drew a slip of red paper. Unfolding it he read off the number, "Three." Then for Mindy's benefit, he explained, "My dick will be the third dick you suck tonight."

Mark then asked in her ear, "You understand how this is gonna go?" Mindy's mind was a jumble and she didn't answer as two guys moved a low padded bench to the center of the room.

The second naked guy approached her with an eager grin. He reached in the bag, dug around and drew his number. "Blue 2," he said giving her left erect nipple a playful tweak. Neither the number nor the face registered in her mind. A moment later another number was drawn, then another. The fifteen year old girl's mind was a blank until Brandon, a huge offensive tackle, drew his number and shouted "Blue 1!" The number one meant something to her, he'd be her first, but what, she did not know. Three draws later and Ray who played tight end, hollered out "Red1!" Again only the number had meaning to the dazed girl. As the numbers dwindled she felt Mark behind her rubbing lube into her asshole. Suddenly she realized that Mark had claimed Green 1 and he was going to be the first to fuck her in the ass... the first of... 'Oh, gawd... twelve?'

With the order of rotation determined fairly and equitably, two guys grabbed her by the arms to frog march her to the low padded bench. "On your hands and knees, slut," said Mark with a stinging slap to her bare butt. She never considered trying to escape nor to plead with the boys, she just crawled up on the bench to be initiated as the Slut of the Month.

Mark pushed her head down, then she felt helping hands spread her buttocks apart. Mindy knew she needed to cry out, "No!", but the single word that might possibly put a stop to what was about to happen just wouldn't form on her lips. She felt Mark's familiar cockhead nestle against her puckered anus. The room grew silent in anticipation of...

Mark lunged forward, driving his dick deep into her bowls. Everyone clearly heard her cry out, "Yes!" A cheer went up as Mark's hips punched his dick into her time and again. Ray grabbed her by the hair and pulled her head up to claim his first rights to her mouth. Mindy responded by eagerly and sloppily slobbering all over his prick. The gangbang was on! None of the twelve jocks would have any problem getting it up three times that night.

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Wanda and Ed entered the party house. Things hadn't quite started, other than couples drinking and mingling, the men dressed smartly in slacks and expensive casual shirts, the women dressed as slutily as possible. To Wanda the scene reminded her of The Embers with people relaxed and ready to play. It wasn't too long before she saw a man's hand slide up a very short dress and exposing a firm derriere.

 Ed played the gentleman and introduced his wife to various men and women. Suddenly Wanda caught the familiar face of Thor Wilkes who had just arrived. On his arm was her friend and co-worker, Lacy. Immediately behind him with two young hotties was Thor's good buddy, Carlson Vickers. Over the past few weeks these two men had shown Wanda the time of her life, transforming her from uptight housewife into an cock-hungry whore. Seeing Lacy with Thor and the two hotties with Carlson, a twinge of jealously rose within Wanda.

Thor smiled broadly as he approached Ed and Wanda, but his date, Wanda's friend and co-worker looked uncomfortable. "Good to see you, Thor," Ed greeted. "I believe you know my wife."

"Yes, Wanda and I do know each other," he replied while brazenly caressing her breast. "I like your dress, Wanda. It shows you off very well."

Thor then turned to Ed. "Ed, this delectable creature is Lacy. Lacy this is Ed, Wanda's husband."

Lacy smiled and took Ed's hand while quickly glancing towards Wanda. Ed tugged on Lacy's hand and led her away to the bar to get her a drink leaving Wanda with Thor.

"There's one of the guys I want you to meet tonight, Wanda," Thor told her while directing her attention to a man who was busy lifting some woman's skirt and exposing her ass. "He's a lawyer and he loves a girl who loves to party. C'mon, let me introduce you."

Thor made the introduction and a moment later, Wanda was alone with the man. She then realized that she had been deftly passed off to be fucked by this man. She caught sight of Ed who lifted his glass to her before kissing Lacy's neck while toying with her now exposed tits with his free hand. The lawyer, Wanda had already forgotten his name, was already taking liberties under the helm of her flimsy dress. The man kissed her behind the ear, sending a shiver down her spine and helping to wet her. The next thing she knew was her dress being pulled up and over her head, leaving her nude save for her high heels.

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Mindy quickly lost track of who was doing what to her. All she knew was that a seemingly endless number of cocks were penetrating her at will, using her like she had never been used before and making her delirious with fuck lust as she urged the boys on and on. Boy slime ran from her cunt and her now gaping asshole and it covered her face and her body with a slippery sheen. Suddenly the gang fucking stopped, leaving her sprawled out on the padded benched where a dozen jocks had had their way with her.

Through a fog of lust she saw a big bald headed man approach her. It took a moment to realize just who he was, Ken's father. He had the most heavily muscled and tattooed arms she'd ever seen and he begun slowly removing his clothes. Shedding his shirt, she could see his massive build under a thick layer of body hair. Eagerly she watched with anticipation as he dropped his trou, gasping as the massive sex spike came into view. He was bigger than even John Jackson and she loved them big! Most of the guys tonight had impressive endowments, but nothing like the cudgel she now beheld. Ken's dad stepped towards her, his erection menacingly swaying side to side. She watched with keen interest as he began to straddle her until she was looking straight up between his hairy legs at his low hanging sack of bull balls and the dark cleft of his ass.

Slowly he squatted over the slut and as he got closer, he spread his ass cheeks apart revealing his dark hair covered hole. The lights went dark as her face was enveloped between his hairy buttocks. The odor of funk filled her nostrils as he ground his anus into her face, his heavy ball sack sliding across her forehead. As disgusted and horrified as she was, Mindy also knew what was expected of her. Buried in his fleshy ass, Mindy tentatively probed with her tongue and quickly found the mark. The smell proved worse than the musky taste. Quickly accommodating to the randy odor, she laved over the man's asshole, rimming him with wanton abandon, especially once another cock had filled her burning needy pussy.

He rose off the girl and moved back a foot or so that he could slap her face with his colossal prick. As Mindy tried unsuccessfully to capture the bulbous head with her mouth, the brutish man laughed deeply with delight. Then he stepped back, dislodging the kid that was fucking her as if he wasn't even there. He bent forward and lifted her bodily from the padded bench as easily as if lifting a kitten.

Mindy was turned around and then lifted by her thighs. With his big hands just under her knees he spread her open. Then she felt the fat bulbous head of his prick at her still gapping backdoor. With a whoosh, the air was knocked out her lungs as he dropped her on his prick, ramming that huge organ deep into her now hopelessly stretched ass. As her lungs refilled with air, and nearly delirious, she let out a wailing moan as he bodily powered her on his huge prick, her arms, legs and head bouncing about like a rag doll as she was fucked anally.

He stopped fucking her for a moment, leaving his cock buried to the hilt inside her, but otherwise stationary. He let go of her thighs and left her dangling in midair, impaled on his great cock as his now freed hands began their assault on her tits, mauling her and pulling on her nipples until she thought he was going to tear the off. She began to cry out, but the sounds would not come out of her mouth as a huge orgasm suddenly ripped through her. She'd had several orgasms already tonight, but this was different, different from anything she had felt before, that curious mixture of pain and pleasure that only occurs during rough sex.

She didn't remember how, but suddenly she was lying on him looking up at the tiled ceiling with his cock still up her butt. His ankles hooked her ankles and spread her open while her tits continued to be abused. Through the fog of lust/pain, she saw Bubba, Ken's older brother who was nearly as big as his dad, step into the slot. His cock found her honey hole and pushed inside. With two large dicks inside her, Mindy thought she would be torn apart, but instead another mind blowing orgasm roared through her body leaving her in a near unconscious rapturous stupor.

The next thing she remembered was lying on the cold cement floor, her pussy and her ass throbbing, starring at a sea of bare feet. Suddenly she was hoisted up and thrown over Ken's dad's shoulder like a hunting trophy. Vaguely she remembered the gravelly voice saying, "This cunt's had enough for tonight, boys. Help yourself to the beer and then go home." The last sight of the basement rec-room that night was of the guys high fiving each other and chugging down beers.

She was carried up the stairs and then down a hallway and into a large bedroom. She was carried past the bed and taken into a lavish bathroom, where Ken's old man, set her down in the large walk-in shower. She screamed as the cold spray hit her, but it did no good. Impervious to the momentary cold water, the elder Smith began soaping her down and washing away the organic residues from the gang fucking. He washed her hair as well as her body and when he was finished, he dried her off and took her to his bed. Snuggled into his naked body and securely held in his powerful arms, Mindy quickly drifted off to sleep... a sleep that was interrupted several times during the night as the big man repeatedly mounted her and fucked her.