**A Natural Born Slut**

by Art Martin

**Chapter 17 CAUGHT IN THE ACT**

*When Ed and Wanda return home the next morning from their party, Wanda is shocked at what she finds...*

The big brutish man was stirring once again. Mindy could feel the man's nocturnal erection growing. 'God, he's going to fuck me again,' thought the ravaged fifteen-year-old girl. Since bringing her to his bed after the party, he had mounted her numerous times; pumped into her for five to ten minutes and then rolled off to begin snoring once again. Rather than being mortified at the thought of that large caliber fuck rod filling her yet again, the thought caused a sly smile to form on her lips. Indeed she was sore from the gang fucking she'd received earlier that night... her pussy ached, her ass ached, her tits ached and her jaws ached. But there was something else too, a feeling of emptiness and she knew just what was needed to fill that vacancy in her vagina.

She wiggled in his grip to try to get his attention, but he just continued to snore, his stiff prick uselessly pressing against her hip. After a few minutes and with no further action, she realized that she really needed to go pee. Easing way from him, she was thwarted by an almost automatic action of his hands to keep her close to him. She tried to push away from him with all her strength and almost made her escape, only to be pulled back in with ease.

"Where in the fuck do you think you're going, honey?" Ken's daddy rumbled in his gravelly voice.

"I need to go pee," she explained in a near whisper.

"Then go pee. But you come right back... You hear?" Once he released his grip on her, Mindy slipped out of the bed.

To her surprise, he turned on a bedside light. "You've got a fine ass, little one," he growled after her as she walked away.

The elder Smith intently watched the willowy, brown-haired teen's shapely bare buttocks sway as she walked to the bathroom. The sounds of tinkling filled his ears and his nostrils flared. The sounds faded and then stopped, followed by a loud whoosh! The entire time she was gone, his eyes never left the open bathroom door until she walked back out again.

She was almost to the bed when he ordered her to, "Stop! I want to look at you. Turn around, honey, and show me the entire package.

"You do have a nice ass, you know. Nice titties too.

"Now c'mere, baby, and give me some more loving."

Once she got within arm's reach, she was once again in his powerful clutches. Her petite body was no match for his strength and he handled her like she was a toy, positioning her face right at his cock. There was no hesitation on her part as she mouthed and sucked on the massive head that would soon be violating her well used coochie once again.

"That's it, Baby Doll," he growled, "suck my fuckin' prick... get me hard and we'll fuck again."

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The morning light brought a problem to Mindy's attention. Would her parents know she hadn't come home last night? After what had happened yesterday morning, she was fairly certain her father wouldn't give her any grief over it, but her mother... that was another matter all together.

'Maybe they were so sloshed when they got in last night that they didn't realize I wasn't home,' she thought hopefully. As flimsy as that hope was, she needed to leave and at least try to sneak into the house before her parents realized that she hadn't come home.

Mr. Smith was snoring heavily and she noticed that he wasn't hard. 'Maybe I can get Kenny to take me home,' she thought. Having a plan of sorts, she eased away from the bear-like man who had been ravishing her at will throughout the night. Suddenly a ham sized paw wrapped around her dainty wrist.

"Where the fuck do you think you're going?" he said in his distinctive voice.

"I need to get to home. My parents..."

"It's a little late to be thinking about going home, don'cha think?"

"Maybe they don't know that I stayed out all night."

"Stayed out screwing and sucking up a storm, eh, baby? What'cha gonna tell them? That you took on the football team? It'd be the god's honest truth, but I suspect they wouldn't want to hear that.

"But don't you worry none, honey, you're a fine little fuck; so if you ever get kicked out of the house, you can always stay here. Me and my boys would like that. Like it a lot. You do cook, don'cha?"

Smith paused and then added, "You know, most of the girls, when they come over here for a good dicking, they tell their folks that they're spending the night with a girlfriend beforehand. You need to remember that."

"Yeah, I'll remember that."

"Now seeing that there's not a damned thing you can do about your parents, why don't get your slutty ass back over here for a good morning screw?"

"I need to get home."

"I'll get one of my boys to take you, but not until I'm finished with you. Now I want you on your hands and knees, sweetheart..."

All during the night, Mr. Smith had mounted her, fucked for several minutes and then rolled off to go to sleep again. Then he'd wake up and do it again. During none of those casual fucks in the wee hours did he fuck her to completion. He got her off, several times, but he held back, going for the long haul rather than the quick cum. But now he was ready to do her right and fuck her brains out until his balls boiled over. He started with a slow sensuous slide into her, relishing the rippled tunnel of her young cunt on his mighty tool. With each deliberate stroke, his pile driver rubbed against into her g-spot and then mashed into her cervix. By this time she was well acquainted with cocks banging into her cervix and it was a sensation that drove her lust levels up a few notches. She felt his thick fingers invading her asshole and that too sent her into a higher orbit. Her vaginal muscles were too stretched and too weak to tightly clamp down on his cock, but he knew when she was cumming by the flush of her skin and tremors that ripped through her.

When the orgasm had passed, he pulled out and lubed up his dick for some backdoor action. Mindy merely grunted as his cockhead drove past her exhausted sphincter and deep into her bowels. It was a change of plans for him, but he could have cared less, as he would now ass fuck her until he got his rocks off.

An hour later, he pulled his spent prick from the young girl's thoroughly violated rectum. Holding her ass cheeks apart, Smith grinned at the sight of her ravished anus, red raw, obscenely gaping open and dribbling his fresh nut juice.

"Ain't nothing better than an eager ass-fucking whore," he said mainly to himself. "You're a prize, Baby, a real prize."

Releasing her ass cheeks, he picked the exhausted girl up from the bed and carried her once again into his walk-in shower to clean her up before sending her home.

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It was late morning before Ken and Bubba pulled up to Mindy's house. It was the moment of reckoning and her stomach churned in anticipation of the scene her mother would surely make. She sat for several moments studying the house and trying to determine if her folks were home, up and about, but there were no tell-tale signs of activity of any sort.

"Don't look like anybody's home," commented Ken.

"Ya want us to walk you in," offered Bubba. "Ya know, in case we need to take ya back with us."

"That's okay," replied Mindy as she twisted the helm of the flimsy dress she had only worn briefly the night before.

"Dad told us to look after ya," added Bubba. "Come on, Mindy, we won't let anyone hurt ya."

"That's really not necessary. No one's gonna hurt me."

"But we insist. From the looks of things, nobody's home. But if they are, I don't think they'll make too much of a fuss if we're around. And if they aren't around..." The big hand of the beefy young man creeping up her dress left her no doubt what he had in mind.

"Yeah, maybe they aren't home," added Ken.

Even after all the sex last night or maybe because of it, the idea of getting on with Ken and Bubba caused a wicked grin to spread across her pretty face. "Okay, let's go," she replied. The teen girl and the two young men piled out of Bubba's Jeep and the three boldly walked up to the front door. Mindy fished the spare key from under a rock in the planter and unlocked the door.

Easing into the house, they were greeted with total silence. Leaving the boys by the front door, Mindy quietly walked though the kitchen, noticing that nothing was out of place and there was no evidence that coffee had been made that morning. Glancing through the door to the garage, she saw that her father's car was not there! Barefoot, she then crept up the stairs, the creaking of the boards seemingly louder than usual. All the bedroom doors were wide open and all the beds were made up, even the guestroom bed that her father had been using; it had not been made up since her parents had their big fight several weeks prior.

Mindy nearly jumped out of her skin when hands grabbed her from behind. "Coast is clear," said Bubba in her ear as his hands caressed her tits. A moment later, the dress was pulled over her head. "Which room?" the older brother asked.

"I think it's the pink one with all the Teddy bears," Ken answered as he took her by the hand, half dragging and half leading her naked to her bedroom.

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Ed found Wanda strangely silent as they drove away from the party house. "Well, Wanda, did you have fun?" he asked. "It sure looked like you were having fun."

"You must think I'm a total slut," she pensively remarked.

"Yeah, I do," her husband answered with a chuckle. "Damn, that was hot watching you fuck."

"You know, you made me do it, so don't get mad at me," the comely 29 year old wife and mother said.

"I am far from being mad at you, Wanda. I am elated with you. This is what I've been talking about for the last year. Having a little fun. I still love you. More now than ever!"

"You do? You love me?"

"Yes, more than ever, baby. I really do. Damn. I can hardly wait to get you home and poke you myself."

"You could have had sex with me there, at the party."

"What? And waste the opportunity to do all those other chicks? Wow! Your buddy, Lacy, she's a tiger."

"You like her better than me?"

"No, not all, but I do like her. What's there not to like? We need to invite her over."

"What for?"

"What do you think? I want to see you and her get after each other's pussy again and then I want to fuck her and fuck you in the ass."

"At the same time?" Wanda playfully quipped.

"I wish! But I'll settle for an assembly line approach."

Wanda snuggled up against her husband and rubbed on his crotch, stroking the hard bulge that grew in his pants. She was happy that the conflict between them and the years of contentiousness over sexual matters was now in the past. 'I'm such a fool,' she castigated herself. 'He's right, he's always been right. Why didn't I just trust him in the first place?'

She was certain that he'd make love to her when they were home and despite all the promiscuous sex during the previous evening and this morning, she was determined to make it good for them both. It did, however, concern her that Mindy would be there and surely she would know what was going on. Just a few days ago, that issue would have caused her a great deal of concern, but suddenly it just didn't matter at all. 'She's a big girl now and certainly she knows the score,' the loving mother and loving hot wife thought with a smile. 'Maybe she will see what it really means to love someone.'

For both Wanda and Ed, the drive home seemed to take forever, but that only heightened their anticipation. Once they were parked in the garage, they both hopped out and headed upstairs like a couple of horny teenagers. Neither had taken note of the car parked out front.

Passing by Mindy's open door, the mother stopped and gasped at the scene taking place on her daughter's bed. Mindy was sprawled out naked on her bed, her head hanging over the side and naked young man was thrusting his long cock deep into her mouth. As bad as that was, there was another naked boy, a big hefty young man in fact, practically pinning her legs forward and who was slamming his crotch into hers.

Wanda cried out, "Oh, my god!" The mother's outcry caught the two males' attention and they both stopped in mid-stroke and looked towards the open door where the slut's parents stood gawking.

"Ed, do something!" the mother implored.

"Do what?" came the unexpected reply.

"Make them stop!"

"Wanda, she's tasted the fruit and ..."

"Make them stop!"

"No!" replied Ed sternly. "It's just horny kids doing what horny kids do. Let them have their fun."

Turning to speak to the threesome, Ed then said, "Sorry for the interruption, kids. Go on now and have your fun. Me and the missus, we're going to be doing the same." Then he grabbed his protesting wife by the arm and hauled her into the master bedroom for a matrimonial mattress mambo.

Ken looked at his older brother and exclaimed, "Wow! What a rush! Did he just say what I think he said?"

"He said, 'Go on and have your fun,' I think," replied Bubba.

"Yeah, that's what I thought he said. Cool!"

"That may be what he said, but I think we better high tail outta here in case we misunderstood the man."

"Yeah, you're right, Bubba"

"Say, did ya see the dress her Mama was wearing?"

"A dress? Is that what it was? Damn, you could see everything. What a fine, fine mama."

"A first class MILF!" laughed Bubba as he thrust his cock into the woman's whorish daughter.

"I thought you said that we'd better go?"

"Yeah, but I'm too close. Just a few more...

"Oh yeah, baby. Maybe Old Bubba's gonna leave ya something to remember me by."

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"You can't just leave them in there with her!" Wanda implored as Ed began pulling her see-through dress over her head.

"Why not?"

"It's not right!"

"It is what it is. They're fucking. You did put her on birth control, didn't you?"

"You were right, it was a license to fuck!"

"She would be fucking them anyway, just like you fucked me when you were her age. Only now she's protected."

Feeling a bit confused Wanda asked, "You aren't angry with me about that?"

"With what?"

"With getting her on the pill."

"Hell, no!"

"But you said..."

"I said what I had to say to get you to protect her. Now, she won't get knocked up, so don't worry about it. Let her have her fun."

"But, Ed..."

"Geezums! Just hush, will you! Now get on that bed and spread 'em, honey!"

As Ed slid into his wife, Wanda quickly forgot about Mindy and her two beefy lovers and concentrated on her own lover. Knowing that he was unlikely to cum anytime soon, Ed took it slow and settled in for a Sunday afternoon marathon sex job on his wife. For her part Wanda's ardor quickly grew and grew until the only thing that mattered was her own pussy and the cock that was masterfully pleasuring her. Ed changed positions often that afternoon and alternated fucking and eating out his wife of some fifteen years.

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By the time the boys had finished with her, Mindy was pretty well finished herself. She watched dispassionately as Ken and his older brother hurriedly dressed and then left her naked and leaking on her bed. Then she sort of remembered something. It wasn't a crisp memory, but instead just a hazy recollection of her parents. Were they home? It's not like she actually saw them, but she sort of thought that she had heard their voices. No, that couldn't be... there would have been a scene if her mother had caught her screwing... and screwing two guys no less. But then she thought she heard their voices again. Mindy considered getting up and investigating, but she could hardly move. She closed her eyes...

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"Beautiful, isn't she?" Wanda heard her husband say over her shoulder.

"You shouldn't be gawking at her like that," Wanda answered.

"I'm not gawking, I'm stating a fact. Look at her, fucked out and sleeping like a kitten."

Mindy's eyes shot open from her slumber when she thought she heard her parents talking again and then quickly closed them again. Cautiously she opened her eyes just enough so that she could peer through them. As the thoroughly ravished girl was still on her back and looking back toward the door, everything she saw was upside down, including her mother and father as they stood talking at her door.

"You shouldn't have allowed that," Wanda lamented.

"Why not? Obviously she knows the score now and by all appearances, she enjoys it... just as she should."

"But it's just not right."

"What's not right? That she was getting laid?"

"By two boys at once!"

Closing her eyes lest she be detected, Mindy strained to listen, but she couldn't make out exactly what was being said other than that they were talking about her. 'Oh, crap! I am really in for it,' she thought. 'Damn that Kenny and his brother! I told them they couldn't stay so long!'

"Last night you seemed to enjoy more than one dick at a time," Ed said softly so as to not wake his naked daughter,

"That's different. She's just a baby."

"Hell, when you were her age, you had a baby... remember."

Wanda turned to Ed. "Yes, I do remember. You know, I don't understand you sometimes. I thought you didn't want her to start screwing."

"I never said that."

"But when we discussed that she would soon be sexually active, you said putting her on the pill would be giving her a license to screw."

"And it has... without the fear of getting knocked up."

"Then you knew that I put her on the pill?"

"Of course I knew. I found them among her things."

"You were spying on her?"

"Let's just call it keeping tabs on what she's up to. That's what good parents do."

"And you're okay with what happened here today?"

"Sure. I couldn't stop it if I wanted. I don't know who those two were, but last night she went to a party with Mark. The night before she was spreading her legs for some guy named Mike. So that's four different boys this weekend. I suspect there were several more last night at the party too."

"I can't believe that you're so happy to see her turn into a slut!"

"Hey, I'm happy that she's enjoying herself. Took me fifteen years to get you to loosen up, to let go and to enjoy yourself."

"That's different..."

"No, it's not."

The talking had stopped, or rather it faded out. Mindy ventured to peer through the slits of her eyes once again and this time she saw nothing. 'Maybe they just got home,' reasoned the teen girl considering that they would have said something if they had gotten home a little too early and had seen what she was doing. Then she realized that she was still nude while they were looking in on her. It's not that she minded that her father saw her naked like that, she had enjoyed displaying herself to him yesterday morning and he certainly enjoyed it too. 'But why did Mama allow that?' she thought. Pondering that question, but not too diligently, she dozed off again for a good long afternoon nap.

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When Mindy finally woke from her nap, she slipped into the shower, then dressed and ventured downstairs. It was a fairly mundane late Sunday afternoon scene with her father planted in front of his big screen HD TV watching a football game while her mother puttered about in the kitchen preparing a late Sunday dinner.

Deciding it was best to test the waters with her dad before seeing her mom, she came into the living room and sat beside him on the sofa. Ed turned and kissed her on the forehead. "Get a good nap, sweetie?" he asked.

"Yeah, I was really tired."

"Stayed up all night, did you?"

"Sort of."

"How many?"

"How many what?"

"How many boys did you screw last night? Let's see, you went with Mark... was Mike there too? And those two guys you were fucking when your mother and I came home..."

"Oh, my gawd! Mom saw us?"

"Yes and so did I. Oh, don't worry, Pumpkin, your mom's a bit flustered about that, but she knows that there's nothing to be gained by making an issue of it."

"You mean you're okay with that?"

"Sure. It's just sex; mankind's greatest pleasure. Looked to me that you were enjoying yourself."

"What did Mama say?"

"What could she say?"

"She must've said something."

"Yes, she said, 'Ed, you have to put a stop to it,' or something to that effect. I told her that we should leave you alone. Now you haven't answered my question... how many?"

"Daddy... I..."

"Okay, it's none of my business, but was it more than four? Okay, you don't have to answer me, but I'll take that as a yes."

Wanda stepped into the doorway and saw Mindy sitting with her father. "Mindy, could you please set the table for me?" Mindy was relieved that she could get away from her dad and his questions, but it also meant that she'd be alone in the kitchen with her mom.

Nothing was said as Mindy went about the task of laying out the dinnerware as her mother tended to the food preparation, but once she was finished her mother told her, "You know, you will gain a bad reputation carrying on like that with two boys at once."

"I know, Mama. I'm sorry."

"Don't tell me that you're sorry, if you aren't."

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Her mother said nothing more about the early afternoon incident and Mindy was both amazed and relieved that her mother didn't make a major issue out of her having sex with the two boys. She sensed that her mother wanted to talk about it, but she didn't, preferring to chat about mundane things, as if it never happened. Her father also said nothing during supper, but occasionally she did catch him smiling slyly at her before turning to her mother and rambling on about nothing in particular.

After supper, Mindy cleared the table and did the dishes, as she knew she was expected to do. She dawdled about, thinking that once she was finished, she would then receive the big talk. Eventually she did finish and Mindy braced herself. Leaving the kitchen, she found her dad sitting on the sofa watching the night game on TV. Her mother was nowhere in sight. Trying to be a nonchalant as possible for a fifteen year old, she came and sat down next to father again.

"Where's Mama," she whispered.

Ed tore his attention away from action and replied, "She's gone to bed. She had hard night too," he laughed.

There was a change of possession and Ed took advantage of the protracted commercial break. "Excuse me for a moment, honey," he said smoothly and headed up the stairs. Mindy figured that he needed to relieve his bladder, but wondered why he didn't just use the downstairs half bath.

Two minutes later, he came back down and announced, "Your mother is fast asleep."

Ed picked up the remote and increased the volume slightly. He turned towards his daughter and kissed gently her on the lips. "Your mother took a sleeping aid, so she won't be waking up anytime soon." He reached forward and began unbuttoning his daughter's blouse adding, "Now, she interrupted us yesterday, so... What do you say? Let's take it up were we left off."

"I'm kind of sore, Daddy," she said softly.

Ed stopped with her blouse half open. "Okay, pumpkin. I understand. I want you to enjoy it as much as I'm going to enjoy it, so I'll take a rain check."

"Are you mad at me?"

"No, I'm not. You really got a dicking this weekend, didn't you? So I'm not surprised that you're not in the mood at the moment. I'll just have to wait. Besides, I've had a busy weekend too."

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The night before, Ed had contented himself with feeling up his daughter while he watched the game, but now that it was morning, he was in a more frisky mood. Wanda had gotten up and was downstairs preparing breakfast for her family and Ed could hear the shower running in the upstairs hall bathroom. A moment later he was slipping into the bathroom while his daughter bathed.

Taking up where he was last week, Ed stood by the sink to shave. Shorty, the water turned off and the shower curtain was pulled back. "Daddy!" he heard Mindy exclaim as his bare backside came into her view.

"Morning, baby," he greeted cheerily as he continued to shave while he checked her out in the partially steamed mirror.

Mindy stepped out from the tub, grabbed a bath towel and began drying herself. Her father, acting as if the circumstance was the most natural thing in the world continued to shave. Then wiping the residual shaving cream from his face, he turned and pulled her towel away from her.

"Here, let me look at you, baby," he said as he soaked up her youthful beauty.

"You're a very pretty girl, Mindy. No wonder all boys want to stick their cocks into you.

"I understand that completely," he continued. "But let me give a bit of advice, you need to squeeze your pussy muscles a hundred times a day. That'll keep your cunt nice and tight. It's called Kegel exercises and you can do them anytime, like while you're in class."

"Uh, someone else told me that too," she allowed.

"Really? Who?"

"I'd rather not say."

"So you've been doing them?"

"Yes, everyday, ten times a day. It's gotten so that I don't even think about it."

"Good, girl! Speaking of your pussy, how is it this morning?"

"Better, much better. I'm sorry about last night, Daddy."

"Don't worry about it, Pumpkin. When I fuck you, and I will fuck you... I want you to enjoy it, and not be in pain."

"Would you like me to... you know..." she said looking down at her father's beautiful and erect cock.

"Hmmm, you really can't resist a stiff prick, can you? Well, I won't tell you, 'no', Pumpkin." The pupils in her father's eyes dilated and his nostrils flared as Mindy knelt down before him.

**Chapter 18 TARNISHED REPUTATION**

*Mindy's increasing promiscuousness has consequences...*

Unlike sucking her dad off the past two mornings, Mindy's abused pussy and her asshole were given a well deserved and much needed rest. She wasn't disappointed, surprised perhaps, but not disappointed that neither Mr. Wilkes or Mr. Vickers had wanted to ravish her, nor was she disappointed that none of Mark's buddies wanted to haul off her to that room with all the pipes where Mark had taken her. But when she woke up Wednesday morning, there was an gnawing ache that filled her. She'd felt that ache several times these past few weeks and she knew what meant... she needed to be fucked.

'But what if no one asks me today?' she thought as she lay in bed, gently rubbing her nipples and delaying getting up for as long as possible.

The scowl on her pretty face softened and turned into a smile as she decided that, 'If no one asks me, I'll ask! The question, Mindy, is who do you ask? Not Mark... fuck him... Mike? Ken? Maybe that big guy Brandon or Travis or maybe both!' Her reverie was broken when her father walked into her bedroom naked.

Surprised at her father's brazenness she asked, "Where's Mama?"

"She had to go in early this morning," he replied as he drew the covers back. "Now let's get you out of this nightgown."

"Daddy... what are you doing?"

"I told you Sunday evening that I was going to fuck you, Pumpkin."

"You're going to fuck me now?"

"After I eat your pussy."

"But... I have to go to school..."

"You're gonna be late this morning."

"But, you have to go to work."

"I'll be late this morning... You do want me to fuck you, don't you?"

"Well..." A smile spread across her face. "Sure, Daddy. I'd love it!"

"I thought so," he replied with a knowing chuckle just before he nuzzled into her neck and cupped her now bare titty. A few moments later the room filled with a low moan as Ed sucked Mindy's tit. With just his past fleeting caresses, Ed had come to realize that his daughter had very sensitive nipples. What he didn't know was just how sensitive those nipples were. Mindy knew and it always drove her crazy in class when her blouse would scrape across her bra-less tits, but for these past few days, they seemed to even more sensitive than usual. As it was, it was now like a direct neural connection had been formed between her nips and her clit and she felt her pussy flooding with girlie juice. She felt her father's hand descend and then slip into her juicy slippery slit.

Lifting his head from her teat he whispered, "You're soaking wet, baby."

Just at the touch of his finger sliding across her nubbin was enough to make her gasp. "Damn, you really need this."

"Oh, Daddy, I do! I need it, I need it," she softly cried. "I really do need it. Fuck me, Daddy. Fuck me."

Since the weekend, Ed had been thinking about this moment. He wanted her to enjoy their first incestuous screw and he had figured that it would be best to take it slow, make her howl and then fuck her; that way she'd be eager for more. Now it was apparent that she'd cum on his dick almost as soon as he entered her. After that... hell, she would be his for the taking and that suited his plans just fine.

He shifted his position and mounted her. Holding his weight off her small frame and with his dick at the entrance to paradise on earth, he huskily told his teen daughter, "Put it in, Baby."

He felt her grasp his cock and slot it into the maw of her cock-loving vagina. She punched her hips up to take him and when she did, he slammed down, burying his cock to the balls in her teen cunt.

"Oh, fuck," he gasped as he held his dick deep inside her and felt her pussy muscles contracting around his length. Rotating his hips he ground down into his slut daughter, watching as her eyes rolled up into the back of her head as the first of long series of orgasms swept over her.

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Mindy was wrung out, but a very satisfied girl by the time her father dropped her off at school near the end of third period. Even though her need for sex had seemingly been satiated by her father's unexpected, but welcomed visit to her bed that morning, she still couldn't seem to concentrate. Her thoughts drifted aimlessly from reliving one previous sexual encounter after another.

"Mindy? Mindy?"

Mindy was startled at the sound of her name. It was Miss Johnson and she was standing right by her desk.

"Are you okay, Mindy?"

"Oh, yes, Ma'am. I just... I..."

"Why did you bother to come to school today?"

"My dad. He... he... made me come in."

"Well, try to concentrate on your class work," she said quietly so not to be overhead, "and please... take your hand out from your blouse."

Quickly removing her hand from inside her shirt Mindy whispered, "Yes, Ma'am."

The teacher walked away and resumed her instruction. Mindy was red with embarrassment by the encounter, as everyone had been staring at her feeling herself up. Wishing that she could just simply disappear she thought, 'Gawd, I hope I wasn't moaning while doing that.' Mercifully the bell rang a few minutes later and Mindy was able to melt away into the crowd of students filling the hallways.

As it was lunch time, she headed to the cafeteria to sit with Mark and the gang. She felt no shame nor embarrassment sitting with the group of boys who had gang fucked her the previous Saturday night and she felt no shame nor embarrassment when one of the guys proposed taking her off somewhere for a quick fuck, nor did she feel any shame nor embarrassment when three other guys joined them under the bleachers of the football field. She was, however, embarrassed afterward to discover that a group of students had gathered about to watch her taking the short train, as her already damaged reputation was now permanently in shambles. She was a slut whore and everyone at Herbert Hoover High School either knew it or would soon know it as the twin stories of the gang bang under the bleachers and of her feeling herself up in class circulated the school.

Much to her chagrin, Mr. Vickers quietly dressed her down for flashing him during class. After the bell signaling the end of the school day, she hung back in the hopes that Vickers would want her, but he brushed her off, saying that he had to get to a dentist's appointment. She then sought out Mr. Wilkes, but his classroom was locked and he was long gone by that time. With all the guys at football practice, she knew her only option was just to walk home and pleasure herself.

She hadn't walked far when she heard her name being called. Turning she saw the Jeep and Ken's older brother Bubba waving to her. With unconcealed eagerness, she bounded over to the Jeep and hopped inside.

"How are ya doing, Mindy?" Bubba asked.

"Good! Gawd, am I glad to see you, Bubba," she gushed.

"Ya needed a ride that bad?"

"No, silly, I... but I was thinking that maybe, you know, you and me..."

"Say no more," Bubba said with a laugh. "Your place or mine?"

"How about your house?"

"Fine with me. You know, your folks are pretty cool. Ken and me expected a major blowout scene when your folks walked in. We couldn't believe it when your dad said that we should finish up with you. So... it's okay with them if ya get laid?"

"My dad... yeah, I suppose it is. My mom... I'm not so sure about her."

"Your dad's awesome! Never expected a reaction like that. He blew us away!"

A few minutes later and they pulled into the drive of Bubba Smith's house. Within five minutes of that, the sixth cock to slide into her hungry pussy that day as busy working bareback in her cock-loving cunt.

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"Just where have you been, young lady?" her mother demanded when she walked into the house early that evening.

"I, I... I was at a friend's and lost track of time."

Looking up from his supper he father asked, "Boyfriend or girlfriend?"

Mindy didn't know what to say. She couldn't very well admit that she went home with Bubba to screw, and she couldn't admit that the reason that she was late was that Bubba's dad came home and took her in the ass while Bubba's dick filled her pussy for the third time. She was lucky to have gotten away at all... not that she really wanted to.

"We were worried sick that something had happened to you," her mother scolded. "I know you think that you're all grown up and don't need to check in, but I expect the courtesy of a phone call if you're going to be late."

"Yes, Ma'am," Mindy replied in a small voice. She correctly sensed that her mother was on the verge of exploding. "I'm sorry, Mama."

"I've told you before, Mindy, don't say you're sorry if you really aren't."

"Yes, Ma'am."

Her dad came to her rescue by telling her to "sit down and eat some supper." She sat and served herself, all the while expecting her mother to light into her.

To her relief, her dad changed the subject by asking her mother what she would like to do this weekend. Before Mindy had come home, they had already discussed and agreed to attending another weekend swingers party. It would be on the edge of town and they would be leaving Mindy home alone and they both knew what that meant. The deeper meaning of Ed's question wasn't lost on Wanda; Mindy would be on her own, making her own decisions about sex, just like Wanda was and her decision, they both knew, would be yes, yes, yes, yes.

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"Do you have homework?" her mother asked as Mindy rinsed the supper dishes and loaded the dishwasher.

"Hmmm, I have a little bit," the girl replied.

"See to it that it all gets done. If I see your grades taking a nose dive, you'll be grounded. Do you understand me, young lady?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Now a Dr. White called before you came in; said something about needing a baby sitter. So who is this Dr. White?"

"Don'tyou remember Mama, I babysat for him before. Did he leave a number?"

"Yes. It's over by the telephone."

Finishing up the dishes, Mindy dialed the number. A man answered. "Hello, Dr. White? This is Mindy Miles. My mom said you called about a babysitting job?"

"Ah, Mindy! I'm so glad you called," the smooth male voice said over the handset.

Nervously Mindy glanced about the room to insure that she wasn't being overheard. Through the doorway she saw her mother and father sitting on the sofa talking.

"I, uh, need a babysitter this weekend. I'll pay you very well for your time."

'How good is this?' Mindy thought. 'I'll get to fuck and get paid doing it!' Suddenly she had the answer to her dilemma of not having her own cell phone, maybe this Dr. White would give her one.

"Which night to you need me?" she coyly asked.

"Which night are you free?"

Mindy quickly thought and remembered that she had promised John Jackson that he'd sit for them on Friday, Dora's birthday. "I'm available Saturday night," she answered knowing that she would regretfully have to miss the orgy the Knights had planned for that night, but if that was the price she'd have to pay to get her own phone, so be it. Besides she wouldn't really be missing out on a night of sex.

"That's perfect! I'll pick you up in the late afternoon, say around five. Now, what's that address again?"

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Mindy was so looking forward to the weekend and her two "babysitting" jobs, that even the sniggers she received from all the other girls at school that morning didn't bother her like they would have a week ago. She had been expecting the whispers and disdainful looks after the two incidents at school yesterday and the night before she had steeled herself to expect them. 'Those uptight prissies don't know what they're missing,' she had rationalized. 'They can all go to hell!'

During class she was distracted by trying to recall and visualize what Dr. White's cock looked like when she had met him and had sex with him at Dr. Tubbs' office. She wasn't having much success, as the predominate recollection of her last visit with Dr. Tubbs was one of immediate and continuous orgasmic bliss. 'God, I can't wait for my next doctor's appointment,' she reflected with a giggle.

"Oh, my gawd, Mindy! You're such a slut! Gross! Stop playing with yourself! "

The comment jolted her out of her daydream about being on Dr. Tubbs' examination table as he did his research. To her horror, everyone sitting around her was staring at her and laughing at her. Thank goodness old Miss Battleaxe wasn't in the room at the moment!

"Hey, Mindy, is it true what you did under the bleachers yesterday after lunch?" someone asked.

"Yeah, it's true," another girl said. "I got it from a reliable source. What a whore!"

Embarrassed beyond measure, Mindy just wanted to melt into the floor to escape the contemptuous mocking that she was now receiving. Thankfully the old grumpy teacher came back into her classroom and quickly restored order. It was the first time Mindy was glad to see the old bag.

The next period wasn't any better. Everyone, it seemed, was whispering awful things about her, awful things that were in fact true, not that it made it any easier to take. By lunchtime she was determined to go home and never, ever, come back, but she ran into Mr. Wilkes who said he wanted a word with her. 'Yeah, he wants a word,' she thought both contemptuously and gleefully.

She followed him to his classroom. She started to close the door for privacy, but he ordered her to leave it open. In a low voice, so that they wouldn't be overheard, Mr. Wilkes got right to the point. "That little stunt you pulled under the bleachers yesterday has called undue attention to you. Feeling yourself up in class doesn't help either.

"Words for the wise, you little slut... watch yourself because you are now being closely watched. The principal is loathe to expel you based on rumors, but he will if reliable sources confirm your promiscuous behavior here at school. So, don't be fucking your boyfriends in the boiler room anymore, don't flash a bare beaver to Mr. Vickers in class anymore, and don't come in here for lunch or for any other reason anymore, and for god's sake, save the gang fucks for afterschool!"

"Does this mean we can't..."

"I'd love to, but it's too dangerous, you stupid little tart. Your reputation is hopelessly trashed around here. You might as well be radioactive as far as I'm concerned."

"What about after school?"

"Count me out... Vickers too. You're a fun girl, but you're too hot to touch, sweetie. So, do yourself a favor and knock off the sex stuff at school.

"Now, get your slutty ass out of here and be sure to keep your mouth shut."

As she scurried back out into hallway tears welled up in her eyes. By the time she made it to the cafeteria, she was sobbing.

"Hey, the new slut's here," one the boys at Mark's table commented.

"Leave her alone," said one the girls of the Purple Knights Slut Club.

"There, honey, don't worry about it," Jenny said. "I heard about the party at Kenny's. We all heard about it. I just wish I'd been there too, but that was all about you, sweetie. Officially you're now a Purple Knights Slut, so you can't worry about what other people think of you, especially the geeks around here; just worry about servicing these guys until the poor babies are too worn out to get it up again."

For some reason, Jenny's comment made her feel better, a lot better. "Yeah, you're right, Jen," Mindy sniffled. "Forget them! Forget all of them!"

"Hey!" called out one of the guys. "Who wants to do Mindy under the bleachers today?"

"No way!" Mindy snapped back. "I nearly got expelled! I'm being watched and I've been warned that if I get caught at school, I will be expelled."

"That's true for everybody," Mark observed, "not just you. You simply just don't get caught."

"Don't listen to him," Jenny interjected. "If they get caught, coach will protect them. If you or I got caught, we'd be out of here, just like Terri and Briana last year. No one protected them."

"How about the boiler room?" another guy asked with a laugh. Mindy and Jenny glared at the guy, not that he gave a damn what the two sluts thought about him. They were both for the taking... it wasn't a matter of if with either of them or any other Purple Knight Slut for that fact, it was just a matter of when and where. "I know; how about tonight we take you both out to the lake?"

"That's an idea," another boy added. "Maybe Mike will borrow his dad's van."

"We can just take them to Ken's," suggested a fourth boy.

"Naw, his old man will want a piece of both of them first," Mark commented.

"Hey, I'll bet they'll like that," interjected Kenny. "I'll get some brownie points with the old man too!"

The football players at Mark's table were a boisterous lot and couldn't care less that they were being overheard, after all it wasn't a crime to bang a slut afterschool, even if there were six of them... as long as the slut was willing and as Purple Knight Sluts, Mindy and Jenny were deemed to be willing at any given moment, night or day.