**A Natural Born Slut**

by Art Martin

**Chapter** **19 A GOOD DEED**

*Feeling sorry for the school nerd, Mindy sets out to boost his self-esteem...*

Getting together with the guys afterschool and football practice proved to be more difficult than Mindy expected, as the guys never showed up after practice. Her bra was killing her, so she slipped it off, knowing it wouldn't be needed when the guys did show up, nor would it be needed if she was staying home. She sat at home, hoping someone would knock on the door or give her a call and pick her up, but no one did. Then she wondered if her dad got home before her mother did, would he have time to do her?

As it turned out, her mother came home first. But after supper and while Mindy was doing the dishes, her mother announced that she was going to mall and doing some shopping. As Mindy finished the last of the dirty dishes she heard the garage door rumble as it closed. 'She's gone!' A huge smile spread across her face. Closing the cabinet as the last pot was put away, she saw her father standing in, or rather leaning against the doorway from the living room.

"Do you have any homework tonight?"

"Just a little," she answered her dad.

"Good. I've been thinking about you all day and thinking about how to get rid of your mother for a few hours. She's gone and it's just me and you in this big house, baby girl."

"What are you suggesting, Daddy?" she asked coyly.

"I'm not suggesting anything. So, what do you want to do while your mother is away and where do want to do it... here in the kitchen, in the living room or up in your bed?"

Mindy strolled up her father with a knowing smile. She knelt before him and began unbuckling his belt. Fishing his cock out, she looked up and said, "Last time was in my bed. This time..." She didn't finish as she filled her mouth with her dad's thick cock.

"Yeah, suck it, you sweet slut," her father hissed down at her. He unbuttoned his pants and pushed them down off his hips.

They both froze as the rumble of the garage door opening vibrated through the kitchen. "Fuck!" he exclaimed while pulling his pants up and scurrying away to button up.

Mindy stood and acted as if nothing out of the ordinary was happening when her mother came through the door to the garage. "Silly me," Wanda mumbled. "I forgot my 30% off coupon!"

Her mother disappeared upstairs for a moment then reappeared with the sales coupon in hand. "Bye again!" she called out as she once again went out into the garage.

Mindy heard her mother's car start, but before the garage door rumbled shut her father was behind her, cupping her growing breasts. "No bra. I like that. Bet the all the guys like that too." Giving them a squeeze, a small drop of liquid seeped from her nipples and wet her blouse.

"I swear," her father said, "but I think your tits are getting bigger every day. What have you been doing? Fertilizing these babies?"

"Mama's not gone yet," she said as her father groped her.

"She'll be gone in a minute." Just then they both heard the garage door closing. By the time they heard the final, "clunk" of the garage door, Ed had half the buttons to his daughter's blouse undone. A moment later and her blouse was open and hanging loose.

She felt his strong hands caressing her naked breasts and she leaned back into him. She let out a little moan as his fingers began rolling her turgid sensitive nipples between them.

Even without the soft moan, Ed noticed the change immediately; how her breathing became shallow and quick. "You like this, baby?" he whispered in her ear before kissing the nape of her neck.

It was music to his ears as the breathless reply of, "Yes, Daddy," drifted to his ears.

He released her nipples and slipped the blouse off and discarded it on the floor. His hands then drifted down to unbutton and unzip her jeans. Soon they were off her hips. They made quite a sight there standing in the kitchen, she now topless and with her jeans down around her knees and he, feeling her up from behind with one hand tormenting her ever sensitive nipple, while the other squeezed and massaged her crotch. 'Christ, she's soaking wet,' he said to himself. 'What a slut.'

He pushed her towards the kitchen table, spun her around and stripped off her jeans over her sock clad feet. Next he tore away his daughter's panties, wet with the sap of her arousal. Putting the wet panties to his nose, he deeply inhaled while his eyes were fixed upon her. One little push and she sat on the edge of the table. Another little push and she was on her back. Strong hands gripped each of her ankles and spread her open. She watched as her father's head descended between her thighs.

"Yes, Daddy, yes!" she cried out as his rapacious tongue scoured up between her young juicing labial lips.

It genuinely surprised Ed how quickly she began to buck her hip under his oral assault. He ate out his fifteen-year-old nympho-daughter's cunt energetically. His sucking lips, licking tongue and gently nibbling teeth drove her mad with lust.

Ed suddenly stood up, his entire face coated with his saliva and his daughter's pussy juice. He dropped his trou and without further ceremony, rammed his cock into her.

As he passed the Wilkes' home a man walking his dog heard the lusty female cries. "Lucky bastard," the old man muttered in envy. "Put it to her, cowboy!"

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Two hours later when Wanda walked in with her shopping bag, she caught the scent of sex. She found Ed, calmly watching a war story on the Military Channel. Mindy was on the floor near him, studiously doing her homework. It was a regular Norman Rockwell scene of the typical American family. 'He wouldn't,' she thought. 'Not with Mindy.'

"Hi, everyone," she called out.

Careful not to let her open blouse show, Mindy looked up and called out, "Hi, Mom!" then went back to her books. Ed for his part greeted his wife, hoping she didn't come too close and smell their daughter's pussy on his face. To their collective relief, Wanda headed up the stairs. Mindy immediately sat up and finished buttoning her blouse while Ed headed for the downstairs bath to the rinse away the tale-tale odors that seemed to be everywhere on him.

Wanda didn't come down again, but when Ed joined her in bed later, she asked him, "Did you have sex with Mindy? Now don't lie to me, Ed. The entire house reeked of sex when I walked in."

"What if I did?"

"Ed!"

"I'm not saying I did, I'm just asking what if I did."

"You fucked her? Look me in the eyes and tell me you didn't fuck her while I was gone."

Ed looked his wife of fifteen years straight in the eye and replied, "What if I did?"

"Oh, my god," Wanda muttered and then turned away from her husband.

"Answer me, Wanda. What if I did?"

She rolled quickly to face him. "I asked you first. Did you fuck her?"

Knowing that he was caught and knowing that lying about it wouldn't be of any help, he answered, "Okay, I fucked her. She loves to fuck, as you well know. Now, what of it?"

"She's your daughter, not some slut at a party!"

"Yes, she is my daughter and she's a slut. So what? She's on the pill. She loves a hard cock up her twat."

"Really, Ed! Sometimes I don't understand you at all."

"What's not to understand? We fucked. We both enjoyed it." Braced for Wanda to explode in indignation, Ed was surprised and relieved when she leaned over and gave him a kiss.

"I love you, Ed and I suppose Mindy loves you too. Do you and Mindy love me?"

"Yes, I do and yes, we do." Rising from bed he pulled on her arm, "C'mon."

"Where are we going?"

"To talk to Mindy."

"I don't know if I'm ready to talk to her," the scandalized mother and wife protested.

"Best to get it all out in the open," Ed replied.

"Put on some pants."

"We're far beyond that in this household. C'mon, babe, let's go."

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Mindy was snug in bed relieved that they had apparently gotten away with it. She was playing with her nipples as she recalled her father ravishing her in the kitchen. It made her hot just to think about it and she wondered if that was the cause of her nipples leaking. This was something new and then she realized it was from the pills Dr. Tubbs had been giving her. Her tits were bigger than before, much bigger and for that she was thankful, but didn't the doctor say that she wouldn't lactate, or did he say she shouldn't lactate, or did he say she would lactate, or did he say she might lactate? Hell, what did he say about that? She couldn't remember, but she did think about Dora Jackson and her big hooters, how she still breast fed Timmy and how Timmy always wanted to breast feed on her too. She raised her wet fingers to her lips and tasted her milk, finding it to be sweet. Tomorrow night she would be babysitting Timmy and she visualized the little boy sucking away at her tits and finally getting something for his efforts.

As she had her salacious daydream lying in bed, the fingers of one hand induced more milk to flow from her nipple, while the fingers of her other hand found her sopping clit. In moments she was swept away by a powerful orgasm fueled by her naughty thoughts.

Coasting down from her sexual high, she was quite aware that as she came she had been bucking her hips. A little smile spread across her lips as she recalled her masturbatory visions of John Jackson's big cock pounding her pussy while Timmy's little dick slid between her lips. It was such a lovely thought, interrupted by a sound. She opened her eyes and to her surprise her father, totally naked, and her mother, dressed in her nightgown, where standing by the bed looking down on her.

"That was quite a show, Mindy," her father said earning him a sharp elbow jab from his wife. Mindy cringed and tired to wish herself away somewhere far, far away, but she could only lie there in her bed pulling the covers up to her neck.

"Uh, your mother knows that we fucked tonight while she was out shopping," her father abruptly announced.

There was a deathly silence in the room as Mindy waited for her mother to explode.

With measured calm Wanda asked, "Tell me the truth, Mindy. Did he force himself upon you?"

Still expecting the worse and knowing that there was no way out of this mess, Mindy softly said, "No. No, he didn't."

"I see," her mother replied frostily. There was an awkward moment of silence. "Aren't you going to say you're sorry?"

"You told me not say that unless I really meant it."

"Then you're not sorry?"

"No, Ma'am."

Wanda turned to her husband. "Well, congratulations, Ed. Not only have you turned me into a whore, you've turned our daughter into a whore too."

"She was already a whore... remember the two boys she was fucking last weekend?"

"Oh, really, Ed. I suppose you're going to be passing her around to all your buddies like you pass me around."

"I really hadn't thought of that, Wanda. Thanks for the idea."

"You bastard!" The traumatized wife and mother turned and went to her own bedroom, leaving the incestuous pair alone in the daughter's bedroom.

"She took that all very well," quipped Ed as he watched his wife disappear.

"Oh, Daddy. Mama's going to hate me after this. Why did you tell her?"

"I didn't tell her. She figured it out when she got home and the house reeked like a whore house."

"I don't want Mama to hate me."

"She won't hate you. She loves you... unconditionally. No matter what you do, she'll always love you, Mindy. Remember that. Now as for me, she might hate me, but I think she'll get over that too. So don't worry about it.

"Now, I need to go talk to your mom. She might kick me out, so don't be surprised if I come crawling in the sack with you for the night. No need for me to mess up the bed in the guest bedroom is there?"

Her father bent over and kissed her goodnight, not a fatherly kiss on the forehead, but a lovers kiss on the lips. Breaking the tongue dueling kiss, Ed said, "I'll see you later, baby girl."

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Mindy lay awake for awhile after her father left her bedside. She waited for the yelling to start, but it never did, nor did her father come to her bed later that night. For a teenage girl, parents could be so confusing sometimes.

When her alarm clock rang the next morning, she woke up surprisingly refreshed. She'd had a good restful night's sleep, which surprised her considering all that had happened the night before. She rose and immediately went to the upstairs hall bath to get her morning shower and to do her hair.

Fresh from her shower, she stood naked before the mirror, admiring her recently enlarged tits while she dried her hair. She was working on putting some curl into it when her father opened the bathroom door and walked in. Holding the hot curling iron in place for a moment she commented, "Gawd, Daddy, are you going to just walk around naked from now on?"

"Maybe," he answered. "I just wanted to let you know that your mother and I had a long talk about you last night and that you have nothing to worry about."

"She's not mad at me?" she asked while watching him fondling himself to an erection.

"Truthfully, she hasn't fully adjusted to the facts of life, but she will. Give her a little time and show her that you do love her."

"Okay, Daddy."

"Now, how about showing your old man a little good morning love?"

"I'm already cleaned up for school."

"Just a quick blowjob, baby."

Smiling at her audacious dad, Mindy replied, "Okay, Daddy, but you'd better close the door."

Ed looked back at the open door and agreed with his daughter, "You're right, no need to throw this into your mother's face. That could put us all back several weeks...

"Ohh! Ohh. Oh, yeah, baby, suck that cock.

"Don't you think... oh, fuck the door. Oh yeah, slut, suck it, suck my dick, baby girl. Damn, you really are good at this."

As it happened, Wanda was already downstairs fixing breakfast, a fact the Ed was fully aware of. There wasn't much danger in her coming upstairs at the moment, but the possibility of getting caught added an extra thrill to the incestuous sex act he sought from his horny teenage daughter.

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Breakfast was a bit strained that morning, but nothing was said about the past evenings momentous developments. Though not at all happy with it, Wanda had indeed accepted the fact that Ed would from now on be fucking their daughter. As for Mindy her mother realized, she would not only be fucking her own father, but most likely every other dick in town as well. Ed was right, her precious daughter was a slut, a total wanton slut.

And Wanda realized why... As the saying goes, the fruit doesn't fall far from the tree. And as Ed so crudely put it to her last night, Mindy was a wanton slut because she was a wanton slut just like her mother. But damn it, she was just doing what he wanted her to do... or was she?

No matter, the wife and mother decided, they were now in fact both sluts, and being a slut herself she knew what her daughter wanted... cock... lots of cock. She even admitted to herself what a turn on it had been watching those two boys ravishing Mindy. She didn't let on at the time, nor did she admit it to herself, but all this past week when she thought about it, she had projected herself into Mindy's place. 'God, to be taken by two hunky boys like that,' she thought while watching her daughter and husband interact at the breakfast table.

'I'll bet they had sex while I was cooking breakfast,' she ventured to herself. 'Look at them. Fornicators! Hell, in this house we're all fornicators. Ed is right, there's no stopping this. Thank god I put her on the pill.'

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Ed kissed his daughter, in a fatherly manner, and watched as she exited his car. He looked about at all the kids gathered outside Herbert Hoover High School and wondered if one of the boys standing about would get today what he got this morning in the bathroom. 'Maybe, maybe not. But if he does, the lucky little bastard will be in for a real treat,' he sniggered.

Mindy disappeared in the crowd. Ed drove off to work thinking about his next time with his daughter. He was confident it would, like this morning, be at a time and a place of his choosing and the probability of her saying 'no' was remote, very remote.

That morning, Mindy endured the snide remarks and whispered comments about her promiscuity, comments that would be made every day and every time she walked amongst a crowd or into a classroom. At the end of her second period class, she was approached by Otto, the biggest nerd in the school. Being goofy looking and awkward was bad enough, but poor Otto was also incredibly naïve, taking things a little too literally and thus becoming the brunt of endless jokes. Mindy had always felt badly for Otto as the kids were so cruel to him, so she always treated him nicely even though he gave her the creeps.

"Mindy, can I ask you something?" he asked.

"Sure, Otto. You can ask."

"Is it true?"

"What's true?"

"In all the boys restrooms, it's scrawled on the walls."

"What's scrawled on the walls?"

"For a fuck or a suck, call Mindy Miles, 739-0173."

"It says that?"

"Yes, it written on the walls of every bathroom, at least it is in all the boys bathrooms. Is it true?"

Feeling the contempt and knowing what everyone now thought of her, she turned her wrath onto poor Otto, "Fuck off, you creep!" She saw the crushed look on his face and felt triumphant as the nerdy geek slinked away.

Almost immediately she felt bad about what she had done. It wasn't Otto's fault, it was her fault. She wanted to apologize, but Otto had scurried off down the crowded hallway. 'Why am I upset about it?' she asked herself. 'I don't care who knows, so why take it out on Otto?' The more she thought about it, the more she felt badly for poor Otto and how she'd treated him.

At the end of the next period, she ran into Otto in the hallway during the change of class. "Otto!" she called out. Otto turned and saw who was hailing him.

Mindy came up to him and said straight out, "I'm sorry for what I said to you. That was totally uncalled for on my part and I'm truly sorry. You've always been my friend."

"I have?"

"Yes, and I think I owe you an answer."

"You do?"

"Yes. And the answer is, it depends on who calls me. Do you want to call me?"

"I, uh, I..."

"Actually you don't have to call me. You can just ask. Tell me, have you ever had a girl blow you before?"

"Nnnno."

"Would you like a blow job?"

"You're making fun of me!"

"No, no, no. I'm not, Otto! I'm not making fun of you. Seriously, I'm just asking you if you want a blowjob."

"Your friends are going to do something to me. Right?"

"No, I promise. No one's gonna do anything to you.

"Look, at lunch today, I'm going to get something to eat and then I'm going to get up and leave the cafeteria. When you see me leave, go to the boiler room across from Room 151. Don't follow me. I'll go to the left and you go to the right. We'll meet at the boiler room and I'll give you a blowjob."

Otto stared in disbelief. It was a trick; that much he was certain off. He'd go there and her friends would be waiting there to somehow humiliate him.

"Will you meet me?" Mindy asked with a pleading look in her eyes. "Please, I want to make it up to you for treating you so badly."

'Then again,' Otto thought, 'maybe she's telling the truth.' "Okay. I'll meet you."

"Good. See you at lunchtime."

Otto was in a turmoil the rest of the morning. What humiliation was in store for him when he showed up across from Room 151? What would it be like, to have a pretty girl suck his dick? For that matter, what would it be like to have any girl, even old fat smelly Sara, suck his dick?

'She just wants to make fun of me,' he reasoned, just like all the boys made fun of him in the showers after PE calling him Micro-Peter or Tweezer-Boy.

Despite his misgivings, he watched Mindy as she had lunch with the jocks. His stomach was full of butterflies as the minutes ticked by slowly. Then she stood, put her tray away and walked out of the cafeteria. Otto watched to see who was watching him, but it appeared that everyone was ignoring him as usual. Quickly he stood, put away his tray of uneaten food and headed out the door, going to the right and circling around to Room 151.

Of course Mindy got there first and having watched Mark or Mike jimmy the lock several times, she pulled out a credit card, slipped it in, jiggled it and voila, the door to the boiler room opened. Quickly she stepped inside so as not to be seen in the hall, leaving the door ajar so that she would see Otto approach. It was strange how this all excited her. Lately, boys and men were always asking her for sex, if they even bothered to ask, but never before had she asked a boy to do anything like this. She wondered what her father might think of all this and decided that he'd be okay with it. Her mom? She wasn't so sure about that.

She waited and waited, thinking of sucking Otto's cock. What would it be like? Circumcised or uncut? Would it be big or would it be small? She decided it probably would be small like all the kids said. Then she thought of the news stories she had heard this past year where some boy actually killed himself because of bullying at school. Otto was certainly bullied, she knew. 'I bet if I suck him off he won't kill himself,' she told herself.

'That's the solution! All boys should have a girl to suck his dick, then no boy would ever kill themselves,' she reasoned.

She then thought of the girls who were bullied and concluded that they just needed to find a boy to suck off and they too would never kill themselves. Heck, what guy could refuse an offer like that? It was a perfect solution to a great societal problem, a win-win! For a few minutes she was lost in her heroic reverie when she realized that Otto wasn't coming.

'Maybe it won't be so easy after all,' she concluded. 'Boys can be so stupid!'

Mindy had just decided that she wasn't going to wait any longer when she spied the gangly figure of Otto cautiously walking down the hall. When he got near enough, Mindy opened the door and called, "Otto! In here, Otto. C'mon before someone sees you."

For Otto, it was the moment of truth. No way would a girl like Mindy ask to blow him. Instantly he reasoned... it was indeed a trap. If he went inside there would be a bunch of guys in there and they'd do something awful to him. Fearing for his safety more than his desire to have Mindy blow him, he turned away.

"Wait, Otto! Wait!" Otto stopped and looked back. "C'mon, Otto."

"You and your friends are just going to hurt me," he replied indignantly.

"There's just me, Otto. There's no one else in here."

"I don't believe you."

"I'll let you touch my tits," she said seductively. Otto hesitated as he considered the enhanced offer, but still concluded it all a trap.

"Wait, I'll show you." Mindy quickly shed her top and exposed a single bare breast through the crack in the door.

"Now c'mon, silly. We don't have all day."

Otto felt that he was making a big mistake, but the lure of the partially naked girl was simply too much to resist. As he got close, Mindy flung open the door, grabbed Otto by the arm, yanked the startled nerd inside and shut the door.

The boiler room was lit by the yellow glow of low wattage incandescent lights and Otto stood expecting the worse to befall him. But, nothing happened. It was just he and Mindy and Mindy was topless. He'd seen plenty of bare tits on the internet, but he'd never seen a bare pair live and up close before.

"You like?" she asked as she displayed her rapidly developing proto-knockers. Otto could only stare and gawk in silence.

"Okay, you have to take your pants off."

Otto stood frozen.

"Okay, silly, I'll do it," she offered.

Otto was beyond belief as the half dressed girl stepped up him, knelt and unfastened his pants. Within moments she had his jeans and baggy tightie-whities down off his hips. Mindy suppressed a giggle at the sight of his diminutive organ standing at full alert. 'He's not much bigger than little Timmy,' she thought.

Embarrassed at being exposed to a girl, Otto tried to hide his uncut dicklet with his hands. Mindy looked up and told him, "Put your hands away. You have nothing to be embarrassed about."

"But, it's so small," the nervous and overly self-conscious boy replied.

"Small or not, I think it's beautiful."

"You do?"

"Yes, I do," she replied as she moved his hands away. "Size isn't everything, you know," she added though she really didn't believe it.

Otto gasped as her cool hands surrounded his erection... nothing... absolutely nothing had ever felt that good before. But then he felt something even better as she licked at the small stalk. But even that was nothing compared to feel of her warm wet mouth engulfing him completely... that is until the tongue began to swirl around.

That did it! Thirty seconds into the act and he came in her mouth. He tried to pull away thinking she'd be grossed out, but she held him in place by the hips and continued orally servicing him. To her disappointment, once he squirted, he rapidly deflated. Her tongue continued to lash at his now super sensitive head causing him jerk back, pulling his limp dwarf cock from her voracious mouth.

She rocked back and looked up at him with a smile, then she licked her lips. She'd heard about premature ejaculations before, but despite all the cocks that had shot off in her pussy, in her mouth or up her ass, she'd never before encountered that bane of inexperienced teenage boys.

"I, I'm sorry," he apologized. "It's, it's, it's just that..."

"Never say you're sorry if you really aren't," she teased. "You have nothing to be sorry about."

"But I did it in your mouth."

"So what? Your cum tastes good, you know."

"It does?"

"Yes, it does." By the expression on his face she knew that she had improved his self-esteem ten-fold. She rose, picked up her blouse and pulled it over her head.

"Uh, you said I could touch..."

"Next time."

"Next time?"

"Sure, why not? Maybe I'll let you see me totally naked."

"You will?"

"Only if you let me see you totally naked," she playfully replied.

Otto didn't know what to say after that, so he said nothing, he just stood there with his jeans and drawers at his knees. Mindy stifled a laugh at his shy awkwardness, turned and exited the boiler room leaving him to reflect upon what had just transpired. She had left just in time too, as the bell rang and the hallway filled with kids hurrying to the next class.

Otto pulled up his pants and tried to make good his escape from the boiler room unnoticed, but he was noticed. Next thing he knew was he sitting in the principal's office, mortified, being grilled on why he was in the boiler room. It occurred to the principal that Otto was an odd duck, a very odd duck, and maybe he had placed a bomb in the boiler room or something. He jumped and called for an emergency evacuation of the school and called the bomb squad. Poor Otto, even if he could have brought himself to tell the truth, no one would have believed him.

With everyone outside and well away from the main school building, the students naturally gravitated into the cliquish little knots so typical of high schoolers. The knot Mindy gravitated to was the football team and their girlfriends. Of course that knot wasn't a little knot at all, and Mindy soon found herself in the middle of it. It was noted at lunch that she was braless today and while shielded from view by their buddies, the boys took turns feeling her up. Not long after the groping of her braless tits began, her top was pulled of completely. Thankfully it was an unusually warm day for that time of year, but the air still had a little nip to it that sent her seeping nipples into peaks. Now as two boys sucked her leaking nipples, another two boys relieved her of her jeans and panties.

Suddenly she found herself hoisted completely off the ground and onto her back while held spread eagle. The first beefy jock stepped into the slot, whipped out his cock and began fucking her while the dual tit sucking continued. Moose wasn't one of the usual bunch from the first string offensive squad, he was from the first string defensive squad and he was only the first during the bomb scare. The team kept a tight wall around the gangbang taking place out in the open, concealing from any onlookers what was actually taking place in the center.

An hour after the bomb squad was called, the all clear was sounded. The boys helped Mindy back into her clothes and then scattered to their classroom, no one the wiser, but with the comradery of the team enhanced for tonight's game.

Mindy had to put a wad of paper towels stuffed into her crotch to soak up the copious quantities of cum leaking from her happy pussy. That was all fine and good and was working as planned, but her tits were really leaking now too and not just a little. She didn't notice it at first, not until someone pointed out the two wet spots on her tank top centered over peaks of her tits. "Oh, my gawd!" she exclaimed. Now everyone took notice, including Miss Battle.

"Mindy, come with me," the old witch said. Mindy stood from her desk and followed the disagreeable teacher out into the hall.

"Just what is the meaning of this display? You think this is a joke? Don't you have any sense of propriety?"

"It's not a joke," Mindy answered, "I need to go home."

"You have quite the reputation as a tramp and if you think this disgusting ruse is going to sway me, young lady, you're wrong."

"Please, Miss Battle, it's not a joke. I'm not trying to do anything. I can't help it!"

"You have a baby at home you're nursing?" the teacher asked suspecting the worse.

"No, I..."

"No? Well, I know all about nursing mothers, young lady. What did you do? Pour water onto yourself?"

"No, Ma'am... I can't help it."

"Very well, Miss Miles. Come with me."

Mindy followed the teacher down the hall, thinking that she was being taken to the office. That was fine with Mindy, just so long as she could get away from the Battleaxe. But to her surprise, Miss Battle stopped at the girl's restroom and directed Mindy inside.

"Pull up your top."

"Miss Battle, I..."

"You like to show off, that's why you didn't wear a bra today, isn't it? So, pull up your top."

Mindy pulled up her top and exposed her bare breasts, the nipples reddened and greatly swollen by the aggressive tittie sucking during the bomb scare.

Miss Battle's eyes dilated and her nostrils flared at the sight of the young girl's generous tits... and those nipples!

"My, my, my, that's quite a rack you have, my dear. I don't remember you being so well endowed. Are these new developments?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Very lovely, very lovely, indeed. I suppose all the boys love playing with these beauties. They're not rough with you, are they?"

"Sometimes."

"Barbarian beasts are they? Breasts such as these should be cherished."

The teacher paused and then asked, "Do you mind if I touch you?"

Mindy shuddered at the first contact of her teacher's cool hand on her tit. She was so gentle and to Mindy's surprise she was enjoying her teacher's touch.

"My, my, my, you really are lactating!" Miss Battle declared. "Goodness! Are you sure you don't have a child at home? It's against school policy to have young mothers mixing with the general school population."

"It's a side effect from some medications I'm taking," Mindy declared not so disingenuously as she abruptly lowered her top.

"Oh, now really... Do you actually expect me to believe..."

"No! It's true! I swear!"

"Well, whatever the cause, we need to do something for your modesty. I judge you to be about a 34 C-cup, the same size as me."

To Mindy's astonishment, Miss Battle removed her blouse and then removed her bra. "Here, borrow mine," she said holding her lacy bra out to her student. Mindy took the bra.

"Take off your top, dear." Mindy obeyed her teacher and pulled her top over her head and as she did she stifled a giggle thinking that this was the third time today she had had her top off at school, not counting PE.

The two topless women stood together, checking each other out. Miss Battle arched her back to make her tits more prominent. "Not bad for an old witch, eh?"

"Gosh, Miss Battle, you do have nice tits."

"Why thank you, dear. Want to touch them?"

Mindy reached out and caressed her teacher's breast for just a moment. Removing her hand she asked, "Are you a lesbian?"

Miss Battle laughed. "No, not exactly. I like barbarian beasts too.

"Now turn around and let me get you all hooked up." With Mindy in a bra, Miss Battle hoped there was enough padding to absorb any leakage until Mindy got home.

"Now, we need to get back to class," the older woman said. "One other thing, I have a well developed reputation to maintain, so not a word of any of this to anybody. Agreed?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Mindy replied genuinely surprised to discover that the Battleaxe wasn't such a mean old hag after all.

A little quick work with an electric hand dryer and Mindy's blouse was dried with just a faint hint of staining where her milk had dried.

The raucous classroom grew quiet the moment Miss Battle entered the room. The few remaining students who hadn't zipped it immediately did so under her withering glare. Like the true professional she was, she picked up her lesson where she left off. The only difference, Mindy realized, was that when they made eye contact, there was friendliness there that was wasn't apparent before.

With school over, she caught a ride home with Jenny, one of the older Purple Knight Sluts. Jenny was teasing Mindy about being a total slut and getting gangbanged during the bomb scare. It was friendly banter, despite the disparaging remarks, as both girls knew they were no better nor any different than the other when it came to promiscuous sex.

As soon as she was home, she tore off her clothes and examined the mass of wet paper towels that came from her crotch. To her surprise she was still leaking cum. Entering the shower, she washed away the residue of sex in preparation for her babysitting job for the Jackson. The still seeping cum was taken care of with a couple of douches. Clean and refreshed, she set about selecting clothes for the night, clothes she suspected she wouldn't be wearing for long, but she still wanted to be presentable and sexy for Mr. Jackson.

She immediately decided that she had better wear the pretty black bra Miss Battle had lent her, as it just wouldn't do coming into their home with two matching wets spots on her blouse... maybe after she had been there for awhile, but not as soon as she walked in.

She decided upon a pretty sweater her mom had given her last Christmas. It was a bit too small now, but that was the point. Digging around, she found her old cutoffs that Mr. Jackson liked so much and decided to wear that under a skirt... no panties, just the miniscule cutoff shorts. "These always drive him wild," she mused as she modeled herself in the mirror.

Her mom arrived home from work and immediately set about fixing Mindy something to eat before her babysitting job. She and Ed were planning on diner, then dancing and fooling around at the Embers, so she just needed to take care of her daughter.

As she ate, her mother regarded her dress. She looked nice, a little too nice for babysitting, but declined to make an issue of it. Before she was finished with her dinner, her dad arrived from work. While Wanda had her back to the sink, Ed stood behind Mindy as she ate and copped a feel. She let him do as he wished. If her mother caught him, that would be his problem and not hers, besides she enjoyed his touch.

With dinner over, she rushed upstairs to brush her teeth and make any last minute adjustments to her hair and her clothing. The telephone rang and her mother called up the stairs, "Mindy, Mr. Jackson is here!" With that she rushed out, but not before giving both parents a kiss and a hug.