**A Natural Born Slut**

by Art Martin

**Chapter** **20** MILK MAIDEN

*John Jackson has a surprise birthday present for his wife...*

"You planning on going to a sock hop?" John Jackson commented as soon as Mindy was buckled up seated next to him.

"A sock hop?" she asked a bit confused.

"Yes. That's a dance in old goat parlence," he replied.

"I don't get what you mean."

"The way you're dressed."

"Oh! Is something wrong?" she asked concerned.

"No, no, no," he laughed. "The tight sweater and the skirt. That's what teen girls used to wear to dances back in the fifties.

"You're making fun of me!"

"No, I... The tight sweater really shows off your tits." That made her feel better. "They look bigger..."

"They are bigger," she proudly confirmed. "You like?"

"Hell, yes I like, not that I didn't like your tits a few days ago when they were smaller. I must be getting old, I don't remember teen girls getting that much bigger that quickly." With a grin he added, "Maybe I'll get to see them later on tonight."

"Is that all you want, Mr. Jackson?" she asked with a come-on smile.

Jackson laughed. "No, what I really want is to screw you tonight. Maybe have you suck my dick. Maybe both."

"What about, Mrs. Jackson? Isn't it her birthday tonight?"

"Yes, but don't you worry about Dora. I think she'll have a grand birthday tonight. Especially with the present I'm giving her."

"What did you buy her?"

"I didn't exactly buy her anything. Rented may be a more accurate description."

"Oh, and what did you rent for her?"

"You. I'm giving you to her for her present. It's something we'll all enjoy."

"Oh, my gawd, Mr. Jackson! You can't be serious!"

"I am very serious. You've eaten pussy before, haven't you?"

"I, uh..."

"I'm sure you'll be very good at it. I think you'll find Dora's pussy to be quite tasty."

Mindy was somewhat stunned at what John Jackson had planned for the evening. She rode in silence the remaining minute or so to the Jackson house. Jackson hit the remote, opened his garage and drove in, closing the garage door behind him. He was at the doorway into the kitchen when he noticed that Mindy hadn't gotten out of the car. Returning, he opened the door and told her, "Come on, Mindy. It's party time."

Mindy slowly slid out of the car. It wasn't so much that he expected her to have sex with his wife that night. That proposition somewhat appealed to her, especially as she had idolized Mrs. Jackson from the first time she saw her, so pretty, so voluptuous, and so, so sexy. What worried her were her own leaking tits. What would they think?

Upon entering the kitchen, John Jackson got right down to business. "The sweater's pretty, but let's get rid of it," he said as he began pulling it over her head. "Nice bra! If you like those things. I'd love to take it off for you, but let's let Dora do the unwrapping. You wearing panties under that skirt?"

"No, sir. Just the cut offs you seem to like so much."

"Dora likes them too. I understand she made them for you."

"Yes, she did," she replied suddenly feeling anxious.

"Okay, those will do just fine, but what do you say that we get rid of the skirt?"

"Uh, okay."

John watched as Mindy removed the skirt and stepped out of it. "Excellent!" he remarked just before he slid a hand into one the pocket slits of her scandalously short cut offs.

Feeling nothing but bare skin, he grinned and commented, "No panties. Good girl."

Taking out a fifty dollar bill from his wallet, he showed it to her and then slipped it into the "pocket". "There's one of these with Ben Franklin's picture on it reserved for you for when I take you home tonight. I'm certain you will enjoy earning it."

Doing the math in her head, she now didn't feel so anxious about what was to happen.

He looked her over and decided the tennis shoes just didn't add anything to her ensemble. "Take your shoes off...

"Yes, that's better. I'd give you some high heels, but... fuck it. There! You're ready to be presented.

"Now come along, sweetie. Dora's waiting."

Nervously Mindy followed John J out of the kitchen, through the great room and down the hallway. Entering the master bedroom, John announced, "Happy birthday, darling! Here's the surprise I promised you."

Mindy peeked around John's muscular torso and saw Dora, sitting up in the big canopied bed, naked and with an equally naked little Timmy suckling at her breast. Dora looked up from her adoring son, saw the babysitter and stopped caressing the boy's bare butt.

"Well, if it isn't the little tramp slut," the woman said. "Come out here where I can see you."

Timmy let go of his mother's teat and looked back towards the door. Seeing Mindy, he jumped up and off the bed, running up to Mindy, calling out, "Mindy! My Mindy! My Mindy," and latched himself to her leg.

"He's certainly excited to see you," Dora commented. "And who can blame him?

"You know, I ought to have you arrested," the boy's mother said. "Arrested for molesting my sweet little boy. But he's a boy and I doubt in long run if having some teen slut sucking his dick is going to harm him."

Mindy was mortified. She knew Mr. Jackson knew and also knew that it was okay with him, but the boy's mother? 'She must think I'm awful," Mindy said to herself. 'And it's true! I am awful!'

"I was wondering why he kept shoving his little prick in my face," the mother continued frowning. "I scolded him and told him it wasn't nice to do that to his mommy. You know what he said? He said you let him do that. He also said that you let him suck your tits and that you're always naked with him. Imagine that! Here I thought my baby was safe and sound with a sweet girl, only to discover that he was safe, but with a wanton little slut!"

It was no use to lie, Mindy knew. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Jackson. I didn't mean to..."

"Never say you're sorry, if you don't mean it. You're only sorry because you got caught, and as to your defense of, 'I didn't mean to molest him,' that's pure crap. You've been thinking all day of having him all to yourself tonight!"

Dora saw how frightened the girl was and expected her to burst out crying any moment. "Now, now... What's done is done. Like I said, he's a boy and I doubt any harm will come to him.

"Here, come closer, dear. I'm not angry with you. Not really. In fact I look forward to seeing you being my little boy's whore, just as I look forward to seeing my husband fuck you silly while you're licking my pussy. Your ass is mine tonight, sweetheart. Actually your ass is ours tonight, as I plan on sharing you with my two boys."

Dora sat up on the edge of the bed and waved Mindy to approach her.

"That's a very pretty bra you have," she sincerely complimented. "I love it, but it's too bad my boys only see it as an impediment. Turn around and let me help you with it."

Mindy turned and felt Dora's fingers unhook the black lacy bra that Mrs. Battle had so generously lent her earlier in the day. With the bra now hanging loose, she felt Dora's hands on her hips and let her turn her back around to face her. Gently the older woman slipped the straps off her shoulders and let the undergarment fall away.

"My, you seemed to have filled out since the last time I saw you," Dora observed. "And not only that, but... you're leaking...

"John, come see this."

"I thought she looked large all of a sudden," he commented. "Now I see why. She's heavy with milk, just like you, darling."

"Yes, she is," his wife answered as she hefted a heavy tit.

Lightly flicking her thumb across an engorged nipple she caused the girl to start dribbling.

"How is this possible?" the little boy's mother asked.

My doctor put me on some medications and..."

"Dr. Tubbs?"

"Uh, yes, Ma'am."

"Why that old quack! He had no business doing that to you. I should know! When Timmy was born, I was having trouble bringing my milk in and he put me on some special brew of his that he had concocted. Suddenly my tits ballooned, not that John minded, and sure enough, I was making enough milk to feed a half dozen babies. Problem is, I'm still making it, but not nearly as much as at first and I stopped taking his 'medicine' years ago.

"Oh, you poor darling. At least I have John and some his friends to help me out with overproduction, not to mention Timmy, but you..."

"Dr. Tubbs said he had perfected his formula," Mindy explained, "and that this shouldn't happen. He said my tits would get bigger, bigger like yours, Mrs. Jackson. And they have, but, I wasn't suppose to... you know..."

"Well, get used to it, darling. I suppose you know lots of boys who will be glad to help you keep those babies drained."

Dora took Mindy's tit in hand and felt the firmness as well as the fullness. "Do they hurt?" she asked.

"A little I guess."

Dora leaned forward taking a nipple between her lips and gently sucked. A steady stream of warm sweet milk shot into her mouth. Dora took several sips and then leaned back. "Your milk is very tasty. You shouldn't have any problem of finding takers to relieve you of the pressure. Maybe old Tubbs can get this to stop, if not, you're going to be a milk maid for the foreseeable future.

"John, come get a taste of this."

John J stepped up, spun Mindy around and pushed her onto the bed. A moment later he was on the girl, his lips latched to a leaking nipple, expertly drawing a mouthful of milk from her tit. Releasing the teat and sitting up he licked his lips declaring, "Very good!"

Rising up he declared, "You know I love your shorts, but they are quite in the way." Quickly he unbuttoned and unzipped them.

"Hey, she's my birthday present, John," his wife complained. "I get to unwrap her." John moved to the side and was replaced by his naked wife.

Smiling down at the half nude girl, she gripped the waistband on the open shorts and tugged them down saying, "Lift your hips, you little slut." Mindy lifted her hips and allowed herself to be stripped naked. Naturally the fifty dollar bill slipped free and fluttered onto the bed.

"What's this?" Dora said picking up the bill and holding it for everyone to see.

Embarrassed, Mindy replied in a low voice, "Mr. Jackson gave it to me."

"He's already fucked you?"

"No, Ma'am! It was for wearing the shorts."

John J supported he claim by interjecting, "I haven't touched her, except to placing the tip."

Dora smiled at her husband, then turned to Mindy and instructed, "Now be a good slut and get down on your knees."

Mindy slid off the big bed and onto the carpeted floor on her knees, a position she had become very familiar with. The movement of John J stripping caught her attention and she turned to look at him.

"Eyes on me, you little whore," Dora commanded. Mindy looked up at the beautiful nude woman looking down at her.

"That's better. You'll get an opportunity to suck my husband's cock, but first..." Mindy was surprised when Dora then stepped up and straddled her face. Pulling her head back and holding her, she ground her wet pussy into the young sitter's face.

"Eat me, you slut," the woman demanded with a firm grip of Mindy's light brown hair. "Come on, lick my cunt. That's a good girl. You'll learn. I'll bet you're a quick learner."

With her head pulled back, Mindy lapped at Dora's cunt, directly tasting another woman for the first time. Without being told, she knew exactly where Dora wanted her to concentrate and lashed the woman's surprisingly big clit.

Dora relished the feel of the young girl's fluttering tongue on her clit, a clit that always seemed to demand attention, a side benefit of her uncle's training when she was about Mindy's age. Another side benefit was meeting John J. He was the son of one of her uncle's friends and the two teens would perform at her uncle's swinger parties as an ice breaker to get the evening's orgy going.

"That's it, you sweet slut, eat my pussy," Dora moaned.

As their little boy sat naked on the bed quietly watching, Dora, smiling at her muscular and well hung husband, thanked him for her birthday present.

Little Timmy often watched his parent's having sex, but he'd never before seen his mom with anyone but his dad. He didn't understand what was happening, just that his parents were playing with his Mindy. He liked Mindy, adored Mindy and he wished that she was playing with him like she always did. "Mommy, Mommy! Can Mindy play with me now?" he asked.

Dora couldn't help but laugh. To his loving mom, Timmy was just so adorable and she found it difficult to deny him anything he wanted, within reason.

"Yes, baby, when Mommy and Mindy are finished playing, you can play with her," his mom answered as the heat in her cunt continued to build to the boiling point.

A minute or so later, Dora turned her attention to her husband who had stroked himself to an impressive hard-on. She tore herself away from their babysitter/slut. "Fuck me, baby! Fuck me!" the horny woman begged.

John was on his slut wife in a flash, taking her to the floor and slamming his large cock into her needy pussy. "Yes! Yes! Yes!" his cock-loving wife hollered as he filled her fully, slamming into her cervix with each punishing thrust into her body.

Mindy, her face coated with Dora's cunt sauce, rose and sat on the edge of the bed to watch her employers vigorously and shamelessly copulate openly. A moment later, Timmy crawled into her lap and latched his lips on a leaking tit while the other tit was gripped by his hand. The little boy's munching on her tit made her pussy tingle even more than it was tingling from the salacious sex show on the floor. She wasn't aware of her hand descending to her wet cunt until she felt herself touching it as her legs sprung open to permit unfettered access.

On the floor, her toes pointing to the ceiling, Dora, who had always been a screamer, was making quite a racket as her husband fucked her through orgasm after orgasm. By the time the screaming and shrieking ended, Mindy had lay back on the bed, her fingers buried in her cunt, her free hand gripping a small smooth butt cheek while her milk was devoured by the nursing little boy, her own bliss sweeping her away.

Even after her orgasm had passed, Mindy lay with her eyes closed. Gradually she became aware that Timmy's munching had slowed. Feeling the bed move, she opened her eyes and saw John J move over her and lowering his wet semi-flaccid cock until it pressed against her lips, lips that parted to allow the still drooling sap-coated cock to slip between her lips. A moment later, she felt the hands on her thighs, spreading her wider. Expecting to feel Dora's lips on her sex, she was surprised when she was impaled by a cock. Unable to see what was happening, Mindy continued to suck John' J's cock while she was fucked by person or persons unknown. Still, it felt kind of odd between her legs. She couldn't feel a body or groin slam into her, and it took a moment before she realized that Dora was fucking her with one of her dildo's That fact was confirmed when the faux dick began vibrating deep in her pussy, while at the same moment, the cock in her mouth plunged into her throat . A moment later, her eyes rolled up into her head as another orgasm exploded upon her.

John J, his erection renewed, pulled his cock from the babysitter's throat and mouth, hopped off the bed and positioned Dora on her knees bent across the edge of their bed. With years of practice with his wife, he skewered her from behind for Dora's second birthday fuck.

All the shuffling around disturbed Timmy from his milk induced stupor. Pulling off his sitter's teat, he quickly looked around and saw his parents playing together once again. Satisfied that all was well, he returned to Mindy's lactating breast, settling in on the other full breast and continued to nurse. It wasn't until Mindy was cogent enough to remove the vibrating dildo, that she realized that Timmy had switched tits.

The squealing next to her stopped and soon Mindy felt her thighs being spread once again. She opened her eyes and saw John J standing between her legs, preparing to ravish her. She didn't have long to wait before his rampant organ was parting her pussy lips and sliding deep into her body. She had to hold onto little Timmy to keep him from being thrown off while her body violently shook with each vigorous thrust into her. As he fucked the teenager, his thumb rubbed her clit, sending her into another cycle of orgasms.

The vigorous fucking ended abruptly and suddenly her throbbing pussy was empty. "Noooooo," she moaned, but it did no good. John J had switched pussies to fuck.

"Yesss!" Dora wailed as she was penetrated once again.

It was over an hour before John J had exhausted himself and couldn't do it anymore. He stepped back out from between Mindy's spread legs and gazed at her swollen, raw pussy as it pulsated. Only then did he release the cock strap he had worn for the marathon fucking of his wife for her birthday and allow his hot cock a well needed rest. His two sluts were in need of a rest too.

Catching his breath, he wandered over to the wine cooler and pulled out a bottle of extra dry champagne. Mindy heard the pop as the cork was twisted off, but as for the cause, she was in no condition to care.

"You'd better go put him to bed," she heard Dora say. She had forgotten about the kid sucking her tits and it was surprise to realize that he was still there. He wasn't sucking. He'd stopped sucking some time before and was now fast asleep, sleeping deeply like only little kids sleep.

Mindy struggled to stand, the little boy still snuggled into her breast and waddled off to put him in his own bed.

When she returned, John J offered her a glass of champagne. Parched, she eagerly accepted, gulped it down and asked for more.

"Better take it slow, little girl," he cautioned as he handed her a second glass. "You're not used to that and I don't think your parents would appreciate me taking you home drunk."

"Do you have to take her home?" Dora asked as she sat in their bed like a queen sipping her bubbly.

"Not right this moment," John explained, "but later on when we're through with her for the night."

"That's what I mean, darling," replied Dora. "Do you have to take her home? Can't she just stay with us?"

"We can't just keep her," he replied.

"Why not? I was thinking that maybe we could keep her. Let Timmy nurse her and give me chance to dry up. Tubbs said that I'd stop making milk, once there was no demand. He said that I'd keep lactating as long as Timmy nursed on me."

"Well, just cut him off. I've told you that."

"It's just not that easy. You know how demanding he is. He's just like his daddy."

"Yeah, he's just like me and I can't get enough of your tits either," he laughed.

"Well, if she stayed, you two could suck on her tits all you want and I could finally dry up."

Listening, Mindy couldn't believe what Dora was suggesting. She'd be like a cow for John and Timmy. But that wasn't going to happen she knew; her parents would never allow her to just move in to be used like that.

"I have an idea!" Dora suddenly exclaimed.

Turning to Mindy she said, "Be a dear and give me and my husband a few minutes in private."

Mindy looked to John J and he jerked his head towards the bedroom door dismissing her with, "Go check up on Timmy."

"He's alright. I just put him down," Mindy replied.

"I call you when we want your ass again," he replied this time jerking his thumb towards the door.

Having no choice, Mindy left their bedroom and went to check up on Timmy. He was, of course, soundly sleeping. She had covered him up when she had first put him to bed, but he'd kicked the covers off and now lay completely exposed. Taking a moment, she lightly ran her hand across his bare buttocks. He didn't move. After feeling him up for a minute or so, she covered him with just a sheet, enough to keep him warm, but not too warm.

For several minutes she sat with the boy as he slept and before long she felt a chill. Thinking of her discarded sweater and skirt, she decided that maybe she could put them on and warm up a little. Rising, she made her way to the kitchen where her clothes had been discarded. Knowing that they'd just make her undress again, she pulled the sweater over her head. Just then, Mr. Jackson entered the kitchen. It surprised her that he was fully dressed.

"Okay, cupcake," he said, "lose the sweater. We're not paying you to be a fashion model. We're paying you to stay naked and available." She pulled the sweater back over her head.

"That's better. Now Dora needs you, so get your ass back in there and do whatever she wants you to do."

"Uh, where are you going?" she asked.

"That's none of your business, whore."

Giving her a stinging swat to bare butt he said, "Now, do as you are told and what you're being paid to do."

She bristled at the rebuke, especially the when he called her a whore, then scurried off as he threatened to spank her again.

Back in the bedroom, she heard the water running in the big master bath. It wasn't hard to figure out where Dora was. Standing in the doorway she saw the woman testing the water temperature as it flooded the big Jacuzzi tub. Dora turned and smiled warmly at her.

"Mr. Jackson said you wanted me?" Mindy asked.

"Yes, dear. I want to be pampered and have you wash me. Come, the tub's almost full." Dora stepped into the tub and signaled Mindy to join her.

"Ooooo, that feels divine," the older woman said as she sank into the bubbles and into the hot water. "Now come on. I won't bite." She laughed adding, "Maybe I will bite, but I won't bite too hard."

Feeling a bit shy, Mindy approached the tub. Dora smiled and invited her in with a wave of the hand. Mindy stepped in and sank into the bubbling hot water. Dora was right, it did feel divine.

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Upon returning John J found his two sluts snuggled up together in bed. Quickly undressing, he slid over Mindy and stuck his flaccid cock in her face. Mindy had no illusions as to what was expected of her and took the offered cock into her mouth. With a combination of mouth movement and John's thrusting she had him up and hard with a minute or two. Rigid and ready, he pulled out of the babysitter's mouth and moved over his nude wife. Like a well oil machine, their parts mated with ease, with John J slowly and lovingly giving Dora a loving screwing, rotating his hips as he thrust into her, massaging and stimulating every square inch of her sex cylinder.

Watching the married couple copulate, Mindy thought they looked beautiful. Not individually, she already found them both to be very attractive, but the sex act itself. It wasn't like the sex acts she'd witnessed between her friends from school which sometimes bordered on abusive, but something loving and tender.

When the act was completed and John J dismounted his happy wife, he looked over at Mindy and told her, "Dora and I have discussed this and she wants to wean Timmy from her milk, so she can stop lactating. To help with the transition, we want you to assume breastfeeding Timmy.

"I called your house and left a message to the effect that I had to take Dora to the emergency room and that we needed you to stay here overnight with Timmy. I'll call them again tomorrow, feed them a line of BS to the effect that you need to stay here until after Dora gets out of surgery.

"Come Sunday, I'll call again and arrange for you to stay over until Monday morning and that I'll drop you off Monday morning at school. Of course we'll need you here in the afternoons and early evenings next week as well.

"We'll pay you, quite handsomely for your babysitting services while Dora recovers from her operation.

"Of course you will also be expected to provide other services as well, to me, to Dora, and anyone one else I deemed appropriate."

"Dora needs an operation?" Mindy naively asked.

John J laughed, "No, but that's what your parents are supposed to think."

"Oh! Okay.

"Uh, I'll need to get some clothes and..."

"You're dressed fine as you are. We'll give you a robe to wear. Something that will provide easy access to your body. As for school clothes.... Maybe you will need to pick some up from your house later Sunday."

"Uh, I'm supposed to babysit for another couple tomorrow night," Mindy explained.

"Fuck 'em. I got you first."

"But..."

"But nothing. Call them and cancel."

"But I don't have his phone number."

"His phone number? Babysitting? Who are you trying to kid? He'll just have to wait until Dora and I are finished with you before you can 'babysit' for him.

"Who is this guy? The father of one of your boyfriends?"

"No, he works with Dr. Tubbs."

"That wouldn't be a Doctor' White, would it?" Dora interjected.

"Why, yes," Mindy answered. "How do you know that?"

"I told you, Dr. Tubbs put me on the same lactation medication he put you on. Dr. White, if he is a doctor, is Tubbs' colleague, though I doubt he has any training at all. He mostly seemed to be there to measure my breast size, basically repeating what that quack, Tubbs, had already done. Didn't take me long to figure that out, not that I really minded White's hands-on approach as compared to the apparatus that Tubbs used.

"So just how did you come to be Tubbs' patient?" she asked Mindy.

"Well," the girl said, "I needed birth control and Mama was referred to Dr. Tubbs who put me in a clinical study."

"Clinical study? What kind of study?"

"It was a sex study of teenage girls."

"Sex study? I can only imagine what that entails."

"They measure all sorts of things," Mindy explained. "My breast size, and... my orgasmic response."

"Orgasmic response? Okay, that explains a lot," Dora laughed. "Tell you what, I have White's phone number," Dora told her, "I'll call him tomorrow and give him the bad news."

"Hey, why don't we invite him over tomorrow night," John J offered. "Mindy can babysit for him right here!"

"That's a splendid idea, baby! Dr. White is fun to be around and I'm sure he and Mindy can provide us with some splendid entertainment."

Next morning Dora made the call to Dr. White. He was appreciative of the invitation, but explained that he had some important guests coming by that night and that he really needed Mindy to be there.

"How about if John brings her over for an hour or two?"

"I was hoping to have her longer than that, but two hours should be adequate," replied Dr. White.

"John knows where to bring her?" he then asked.

"You haven't moved have you?" Dora asked.

"No, same old dump.

"Say, how about you coming along, Dora? You're a spectacular example of our success."

"I'd love to. You throw such wonderful parties, but I need to stay home with my little boy."

"Can't you get a sitter?"

"Mindy is our sitter."

"That cunt actually does babysitting? From the reports she gives us, she seems to only have time for spreading her legs!"

"Oh, she spreads them often enough," laughed Dora.

"Maybe I can find someone to look after your little boy tonight."

"That would be fine, Harold. I really do need to get out of the house for a little while."

"I'll call you later, Dora."

Dora Jackson hung up the phone and looked over at Mindy sitting in a club chair, her robe completely open with Timmy suckling at the teenage girl's lactating breast; the results of which were to further stimulate her milk glands and begin kicking her milk jugs into overdrive.