**A Natural Born Slut**

by Art Martin

**Chapter 21 PRODUCT TESTER**

*Mindy is taken by John J to Dr. White's to "babysit"...*

John Jackson really wanted to stay home that Saturday and rut with his lactating babysitter, but Friday afternoon's emergency order from the high school to install some surveillance cameras had priority. The contract was just too lucrative to pass up and he had promised that he would have some cameras up and operating before classes let in Monday. With the wireless system he was installing, the first few cameras went up in a matter of hours. Now all he had to do was plan and present a more extensive system to thwart any further mischief on the part of the student body.

\*\*\*\*\*

"You know where we're going?" asked Mindy as they drove towards Dr. White's house.

"Of course I know where I'm going!" replied John J with irritation clear in his voice. "Been there several times with Dora.

"You ever been there?" he asked.

"No, I haven't," she lied, reluctant to go into it further with Mr. John.

"Unfucking believable place he has," he said while he drove "Then again he has money to burn. His parties are, let's say, memorable."

"He's having a party?" Mindy asked.

"I really don't know. Dora said that he was expecting some people and was counting on you being there tonight. I can only assume that you're going to be tonight's entertainment. You're okay with that, aren't you?"

"I guess..."

"You ever fuck a big dog? Last time Dora and I were here, the entertainment was this whore who was fucked by a big black dog."

"Gross! I'm not doing that!"

"That's what the whore said, but she did."

"I don't want to go!"

"Oh, relax, Mindy. I doubt that even he would do that to sweet girl like you."

Mindy fell silent, her thoughts of what might lay ahead of her tonight foremost in her mind.

There were a number of high end automobiles parked in the grand circular drive fronting the imposing mansion when they drove up. Just like every other party here that John J and his buxom wife had attended here, there were attendants to park the cars. He stopped in front of the entrance, where the car doors were opened for them and he was given a parking ticket to identify his vehicle.

At the door another attendant checked the guest list for tonight and admitted them inside. Mindy was again awestruck by the expansive foyer that led to back of the house where she could see several well dressed people milling about, but before they reached the room where guests had gathered, Mindy was separated from John J and whisked off to a side room.

Left alone in the well appointed room, she saw a table with a spread of hors d'oeuvres, as well as a drink bar with an assortment of drinks appropriate for a teenager. She was, however, reluctant to sample anything, thinking that she hadn't been asked to.

Five, ten minutes she waited alone. Finally Dr. White made his appearance.

"Hello, my dear. I'm so glad you were able to make it tonight," he greeted with a broad smile.

"You're not going to make me have sex with a dog, are you?" she asked accusingly.

"Sex with a dog? Heavens no! But now that you've brought it up, it could be arranged easily enough. You into fucking dogs?"

"No! And you can't make me!"

"I'm not going to make you do any such thing. Though I'm sure some of my guests tonight would enjoy the show. Your date for tonight, John Jackson, he likes that sort of thing, but that's not why you're here."

"Why am I here? To babysit?"

White laughed heartily before answering, "No, but to be honest, after this meeting with my investors, I was planning on taking you to bed with me. I thought you understood that. The last part that is. But John Jackson isn't going to allow that tonight. Still, I do want a quickie, if you don't mind.

"Now the real reason you're here tonight, is so that I, or rather we, can show you off, or rather show off your enhanced tits. You see, clinical trials of new drugs are vastly expensive. Tubbs maybe is a genius, but he's a lousy businessman. Me and my investor group have been underwriting his tit enhancer. There is a fortune to be made enhancing women's breasts without surgery. His formulation for inducing lactation shows great promise, as you clearly demonstrate. By playing with the formula, he's trying to increase breast volume without inducing lactation.

"So, to state it simply, you're here to show off your tits. Tubbs also wants to demonstrate his latest clit stimulator. You, my dear, seem to be particularly receptive to his Cliterator and tonight we're going to demonstrate it to my investor group.

"Now, I'm going to go out and talk about you with my group. Tubbs will describe how you have progressed and show before and after pictures of you. Then you will be brought out so everyone can see for themselves what progress has been made from your little A-cup bobbies you had before treatment, and the nice C-cups you have developed so far in your quest for double-D beauties.

"Just to be clear, everyone will want to feel your tits, so just deal with that. After very one is satisfied that your tits are all-natural and 100% organic, you will demonstrate the effects of the Cliterator. After that, Jackson will take you home and I'm sure, screw your brains out. Then again, maybe he won't take you home and just screw your brains out right here.

"So, my dear, make yourself comfortable and enjoy the food and drinks. I'll be gone for about thirty, forty minutes. I will need you completely undressed, of course. I have a robe...

"Where's the damned robe? Oh, damn! I'll have to get someone to bring you a robe..."

"Someone will be in soon with a robe. So get naked, darling, and put the robe on when it gets here and be ready to go out when I come fetch you. Of course you won't be wearing the robe the entire time, but when you come out, I want you wearing the robe. It's will be more dramatic to reveal you, rather than have you come out naked, like you're some sort of whore. I'll remove the robe when the time is right. Any questions?"

Mindy had lots of questions, but she couldn't formulate any of them before Dr. White disappeared and left her alone again. She didn't have long to wait alone, for a young man came in bearing a robe for her to wear. She recognized him as the attendant at the front door.

"Dr. White told me to bring this to you," he said with a grin holding a luxurious cobalt blue silk robe in his hand. "He said that you are to undress and I'm supposed to take your clothes."

That's not exactly what she remembered Dr. White saying, but she shrugged and began removing her clothes while the young man watched. When she was bare foot and nude, she handed her clothes to the young man and he in turn handed her the robe. Once the robe was on, he departed with all of her clothes, leaving her alone again.

She turned her attention to the hors d'oeuvres and sampled a few. Most she found delicious, but a few tasted rather fishy to her and she had to wash it down with the ice water provided to her. Within minutes she felt a little funny, as a sense of well being descended upon her.

A sudden voice startled her with, "Are you ready?"

She turned to the unexpected voice and saw Dr. White standing there with an outstretched hand. She giggled and stepped towards him. He took her in his arms, laying a tongue fucking kiss on her while cupping her fat tit through the silk robe with one hand, and probing through the partially opened robe with the other hand to test the dampness of her cunt.

"Yes, you're ready," he pronounced and led her out of the room and into the room where the various guests were seated in a circle. Dr. Tubbs droned on and on about rate of breast enhancement, etc., before a projected image of Mindy, naked against a gridded background.

"Ah, and here she is! Live and in the flesh," Tubbs introduced.

"Now, my dear, let's show these ladies and gentlemen your lovely tits," the good doctor expounded. With that, White slipped the robe off the girl's shoulder and removed it.

"Turn and show everyone your body, darling," Tubbs instructed.

Grinning, Mindy did just that. It pleased her to be exhibiting herself like this to a group of obviously well heeled patrons.

"Now heft those babies up," the good doctor told her. She hefted her tits, making them seem larger than they were.

"You said she was now a C-cup," someone said from the small group. "She looks to be more of a D-cup."

"Yes, I think you're correct," Tubbs said taking a tit in hand and giving it a gentle squeeze. To his horror, a stream of breast milk jetted from her tit.

"She's lactating!" someone declared.

"You said she wouldn't lactate with your new formula," another man said.

"I, uh... Oh, damn it to hell!" the good doctor exclaimed. This was nothing short of an unmitigated disaster!

"What have you been doing, you slut?" he demanded of Mindy.

"Nothing. Is there something the matter?" she asked confused.

"Something the matter? I'll say there's something the matter. What in the hell have you been doing? You shouldn't be producing milk with the amount of medication I prescribed to you. What have you been doing, you stupid cunt? Taking double doses?"

Mindy tried to think, but her thoughts were muddled. One thing that was clear was that Dr. Tubbs was angry with her. Why was he so angry with her?

"Answer me you goddamned whore!" It was clear to everyone that Tubbs, normally unflappable, was uncharacteristically angry.

"I just took what you gave me. Honest."

"Tell me exactly what you've been doing. Think, girl, think!"

"Uh, I've been taking the birth control pills you gave me, and I've been taking two of the other pills you gave me every morning."

"Two pills? What two pills?

"Oh, my god! You were only supposed to take those for two days to jump start the growth of your tits! You've been taking two every day? Where did you get them? Did you steal then from me?"

"No, you gave me a whole bottle of them. I'm almost out and I was going to ask you to give me more the next time I saw you."

"Oh, my god! Oh, my god! You've ruined everything! You've ruined me!"

"I didn't mean to..."

"Hold on there, Tubbs," one of the guests interjected. "It's not the girl's fault. You've obviously fucked this experiment up. But... even a failed experiment has merit. Your lactation pills obviously work and I for one am prepared to finance a clinical trial to get them on the market."

"Johnson's right," another said. "This is a fortuitous mistake! I'm with Johnson. Let's move on to a full blown clinical trial.

"How about it, Caldwell?"

"I'm in."

"So am I," another said.

"Me too."

"So, what else do you have for us today, Tubbs?" Johnson asked.

"Well, uh, I thought we'd demonstrate the prototype for a radically new dildo. I call it the Cliterator. It directly stimulates the clit with electrical pulses. Drives a woman wild. It certainly drives this little slut wild."

Tubbs turned to White and said, "Tom, let's bring out the table."

White made a hand signal to one of his men who was waiting to roll out the table, who immediately wheeled it out and set in before the guests.

"Okay, darling," Tubbs said in more conciliatory tone. "Climb up here and get comfortable.

"That's right, put your feet in the stirrups and open up that cunt of yours."

Tubbs then pulled a portable prototype of his Cliterator from a shelf under the table. Of course this model didn't have all the instrumentation his office device had. The group of investors gathered around the table to get a close up view of the naked teenager as he held up the faux-cock looking device. After applying a small quantity of lube, Tubbs slid the dildo into Mindy's pussy and secured it with straps about her hips.

"You can use this as a regular vibrator," he explained just before twisting the control knob and setting it to buzzing. When he did, Mindy gasped and her eyes flew open in surprise.

"How's that feel, honey," he asked the girl.

"That feels wonderful," she replied with a grin without a hint of embarrassment at being displayed and used as she was, which was exactly the desired result of the mild sedative slipped to her while waiting.

"Now this is just a prototype," he explained, "and only has one speed. Production models with have variable speeds, as well as a remote control. But here's the real innovation," he said as he gently clamped her clit with the electrode.

"Now watch this..."

"Oh, my god!" Mindy cried out as her clit was electrically stimulated. "Oh, god, yes!" she cried out.

She loved the feelings she got at the office when she was stimulated like this. Indeed, memories of the incredible orgasms that swept her away were nightly fodder for her masturbation sessions. Within less than a minute, her eyes rolled into the back of her head as her body stiffened and quaked as the first of a series of powerful orgasms swept her away. And as she quaked, milk jetted from her large taut tits.

"Goddamn! Will you look at that!" exclaimed one of the guest before the group broke into a general hubbub.

"I want to try that," one of the women guests declared. "But not out here."

"Don't be spoil sport, Glenda," someone half joked.

"You wish!" she laughed, but the manifest dampness between her legs told the real story.

"Who wants to fuck her?" Tubbs asked the group.

"Who Glenda? Yeah, I'd fuck that," one of them said which earned him a good natured punch from Glenda.

"No, the girl. She loves to fuck. Isn't that right, Tom?"

Tom White grinned and unzipped. "If no one else wants a piece of this, I'll take her."

"No, I want her first."

"No, me!"

"Get in line."

Tubbs switched off the Cliterator and removed it from Mindy's now gushing pussy. As she coasted down from her orgasmic high, Mindy's eyes fluttered open. Struggling to focus, she saw the group of now naked men surrounding her. Her head was turned to the side and a fat cock was pressed to her lips, lips that automatically opened to receive the deep penetrating cock. Meanwhile she felt the first of what would be several cocks sliding into her cunt over the next hour or so.

As the men of the investor group helped themselves to the teen's pussy and mouth, Glenda and the other lady took the prototype Cliterator to one of Tom White's many bedrooms to try it out. They were mightily impressed with the contraption.

When it was all over, Mindy was exhausted as John J took her back to his house. He was also glad that he had a towel in the car to put under her as she was copiously leaking cum from her cunt. Watching his speed and trusting that the dark tint of his windows would conceal the girl sprawled out in the back, he left her nude, reasoning that it was a waste of effort to dress her only to undress her once they were back at his house so Timmy could nurse on her.

"Hope she has some milk left," he thought with a smile as both the men and women had sampled her, some taking more than just a sample from her swollen tits.

"That was quite a dildo," he said out loud to himself. "I'd get one for Dora, but her birthday was yesterday and she was pleased with the present I gave her. Besides, they aren't available yet, but when they do... She'll love it!"

\*\*\*\*\*

The ploy to keep Mindy until Monday morning didn't work out as he planned. Wanda, though sympathetic to his plight, wanted her daughter home before eleven PM Sunday night, but agreed that she could help out the Jacksons with their little boy after school, provided that she got her homework done while she was tending to Timmy.

Almost as soon as she got to school Monday morning, Mindy knew she had a problem. Her tits were full and only getting fuller by the hour. But without Timmy or John J to drain them, and not knowing that she could milk herself if necessary, the pressure built and built. Not only that, but her tits leaked. Dora had given her some pads to soak up the leakage, and that helped, but she knew that the pads she had were gradually getting saturated and she hadn't brought along extras. She also knew that if she didn't do something and do it quick, her milk would leak through and everyone would know.

She formulated a plan. At lunch she'd get some of the guys in the boiler room to milk her. That was all fine and good as a plan, but she also knew that once they found out about her condition, someone would tell someone else and soon it would be all over the school. And even though it was okay if the guys who fucked her regularly knew, she didn't want the entire school to know. No doubt there would be questions, questions she didn't want to have to answer to anyone.

In third period Mrs. Battle noticed that something appeared to be wrong and discreetly inquired.

"I'm okay, Mrs. Battle," she lied. "I'm just really tender."

"You ought to just go home," her teacher advised. "Or better yet, you need to see your doctor about it."

"I saw him Saturday. He took me off my meds, but it hasn't help just yet. Maybe I will go home, but I have a history test this afternoon."

"Well, suit yourself, dear. And thanks for returning my bra nice and clean."

"No, I thank you, Mrs. Battle. I was really kind of you to lend it to me Friday. I just hope I can make it through the day."

When class let out for lunch, she was almost desperate. She thought it was a bit of good luck to run into Otto in the hallway. Otto, she was certain, would do anything for her and never blab about it, as no one would ever believe him. It was perfect. He could suck the milk from her tits and as a bonus, he'd not miss lunch.

"Otto! Otto! Wait up!" she called out.

"I need your help, Otto," she said as she cornered him.

"I got into a lot of trouble the last time," he told her while nervously looking about.

"Trouble? What trouble?"

"I got caught coming out of the boiler room, Friday. I almost got suspended. They thought I set a bomb or something."

"Oh, so that was what that bomb scare was all about," she replied. "You didn't get into trouble did you? I mean, you didn't get suspended or you wouldn't be here today."

"No, but now I'm on probation," he replied.

"Was it worth it? Was my blowjob worth it to you?"

Otto grinned replying, "Yeah, it was worth it."

"Good, I'm glad you enjoyed it. I sure did.

"Look, remember what I told you? That I'd let you touch my tits the next time?

"Well, I don't know about you, Otto, but Friday I wanted to do more. A lot more. We just didn't have enough time. How about if we go to the boiler room right now. Skip lunch and I'll get totally naked for you. I'll suck your dick and you can suck my tits."

"Really?"

"Yes, really."

"Uh, I don't know. What if we get caught? I'll be suspended."

"The trouble was that there were a bunch of people in the hallway by the time you got dressed and got out of there. Right now, everyone is at lunch. We can sneak in, have some fun and sneak out again before anyone is in the hall again. How about it? Think about it... I'll suck your dick and you get to suck on my tits. I'll get totally naked for you, and you know, I'll even let you feel my pussy."

"Really?"

"Yes, really. Now come on."

With the promise of naked girl, naked tits and another blowjob, Otto followed the slut to the boiler room even though the voice in his head told him, "This is not a good idea. It's a trap."

Meanwhile another voice in his head said, "She can be trusted. Her friends weren't there the last time and she did what she said she'd do."

"But you'll miss lunch," the first voice said.

"She's going to get naked for you. Completely naked and let you kiss her tits," the other voice countered. In the end the second voice won out handily, after all, Otto was a guy, a nerdy and peculiar guy for sure, but he was first and foremost a guy and the promise of naked girl flesh was just too much to resist.

By the time he had resolved his internal conflict, they were at the boiler room. Mindy and Otto both looked around making sure the coast was clear. Mindy jimmied the lock and they slipped into the dimly lit room.

Mindy wasted no time in undressing completely. Otto was awestruck by the beautiful naked girl before him. 'This can't be real,' he thought, but there she was.

"Hurry up and take off all your clothes, Otto," the willing girl urged him, desperate to have him drain her tits and relieve the painful pressure. Otto scrambled to shed his clothes, his excitement evidenced when his 3-inch hard-on came on display.

With the nerdy boy as naked as she was, Mindy urged him, "Come here, Otto. Come closer. Closer." Taking his hand she placed it on one of her achingly full breasts.

Otto had never felt anything in hands that felt as wonderful as her bare tit.

"You like?" the forward girl asked him. Otto, unable to speak, rapidly nodded his head.

"Do you want to kiss it? Go on, I want you to kiss it. Hmmmm, that feels so nice, Otto. Now suck on it."

Otto sucked and was rewarded with a stream of sweet warm milk. Not sure what had just happen he pulled off, fear clear in his eyes.

"It's alright, Otto. You didn't hurt me. It's just my milk. Does it taste good to you?" Otto nodded."Then suck on them some more. Suck all my milk, Otto."

Little did he or Mindy suspect, but they had been observed entering the boiler room. Observed by the security cameras John Jackson had installed that weekend.

Otto returned his lips to Mindy's teat and began to nurse. Her milk was delicious! Sweeter than what he was used to coming out of a carton or jug, and very rich. Like all boys, he knew girls had tits to make milk, milk for their babies. But this was so far from his experience and knowledge that he just assumed that all girls made milk all the time, or at least girls with tits did. Why else would this be happening?

His lesson in carnality was cut short when the dim yellow lighting was without warning replaced by a harsh bright glare.

"Freeze where you are!" came the deep authoritative voice. "Hands in the air!"

Startled as much as Otto was, Mindy nonetheless was also aware that he was pissing on her.

"Turn around slowly" came the commanding voice.

Otto turned and saw what Mindy was seeing, several security guards with pistols drawn accompanied by the principal and two coaches.

"You!" the principal shouted pointing at Otto who was terrified at being caught in the boiler room nude with a naked girl.

"And you, you little tramp!

"Put your clothes on, you two, and come with me!"

As outraged as the principal was, while Mindy and Otto scrambled to get dressed, the two coaches were snickering, as were the two security guards while they put away their weapons.

Within minutes the two miscreants were in the school office waiting to learn of their fate. For Otto, who had never before been sent to the principal's office for anything, the sentence was mortifying... a one week suspension. For Mindy, she was informed by the principal that for the good of the student body, that shameless sluts like her would not be tolerated and was promptly expelled. Not only that, but they were both being charged with criminal mischief for breaking into the boiler room. Poor Otto, he passed out cold and wet himself again. Mindy was mortified too, but she was more concerned with relieving and emptying her tits and the sooner the better.

Otto and Mindy's moms were both summoned to come pick up their kids. Both were less than pleased.

"What is wrong with you!" demanded Wanda as they got into her car. "You were fucking that boy in the boiler room? Don't you have any sense of shame?"

"I wasn't fucking him, Mama," she defended.

"Don't give me that! Your father is right, you are a slut! Expelled! Couldn't you keep your panties on long enough to get home and have your father fuck you?"

"I wasn't fucking Otto, Mama. God, what do think I am?"

"You're a slut! A slut whore! What did he do, offer you a dollar? You fucked him for a lousy dollar?"

"I didn't fuck him! It's my tits, Mama!"

"You were flaunting your tits to him?"

"No. My tits. I'm lactating, Mama. My tits are so full, that they hurt. I just wanted him to nurse on me and relieve the pressure."

"Lactating? Oh, come on! Now I've heard it all!"

"No, it's true, Mama. That doctor you sent me to, Dr. Tubbs, he gave me some pills to increase the size of my boobs, but I took them wrong and now I'm lactating!"

Wanda was so stunned by this bit of news that she ran a stop sign and nearly caused an accident.

Back home, Mindy showed her mother the problem, launching a stream of milk halfway across the room.

"That god damned quack!" Wanda shouted once she recovered from her shock. "I'll sue that that bastard! I'll sue him for every nickel he has!

"Get your clothes back on, we're going to see that doctor!"

"But I don't have an appointment today," Mindy pointed out.

"We don't need an appointment! Now let's go!"

\*\*\*\*\*

Tubbs was having a good day. He had avoided disaster Saturday night and he was feeling pretty good about that, especially when White's investor group committed to continue funding his research. Zipping up, he escorted his patient and research participant from the examination room just as Wanda and her daughter entered the waiting room.

Seething with anger, Wanda didn't notice the dazed look of the well endowed woman as they passed.

"You quack!" she shouted. "You god damned quack!"

"Whoa! Whoa! Calm down. Now just what is the problem?"

"You're the problem!" she shouted. "You gave my daughter something that has caused her to lactate! How dare you! Who gave you the right to do that to her?"

"You did!" he countered firmly. "You gave your consent!"

"I did not!"

"Oh, yes you did!

"Now you just calm down, lady. You're Mindy's mother aren't you?"

"Yes, I am and I demand some answers!"

"Well, come inside and we'll discuss this rationally."

Wanda and Mindy entered Dr. Tubb's office; not the one where he conducted his research, but his private office.

"Please have a seat," he instructed the mother and daughter.

He then turned, opened a file cabinet and extracted a file. Seated he opened the file. "Is this your signature?" he asked Wanda showing the first of what would be several signed documents.

"When we first met," he continued, "you agreed to allow your daughter to participate in a research project I was conducting. You agreed to allow me to administer medications to her, including birth control and agreed for me to examine her twice monthly for the duration of the research study. This was all at no cost to you.

"Now, I just became aware of Mindy's lactation problem this Saturday. Had she taken the medication properly, this wouldn't have happened. But she didn't take it properly and now there is a problem."

Turning to Mindy he told her, "Take off all of your clothes, dear and let's have a look."

Mindy stood and did as she was told. After all, he was the doctor.

Her bra was by now soaked and as her tits sprang free, they both began dripping.

"A few short weeks ago, she had very small breasts. Now she has at least C-cups, maybe larger. Her growth has been nothing short of spectacular. But this is a problem," he said as he gave a bloated tit a squeeze and launched a stream of milk.

"Had she taken the meds properly, the increase in breast size would have been slower and she wouldn't have started lactating. Now I've taken her off of those meds, so as long as she isn't nursing, her milk should dry up in a week or two. Her breasts will most likely get a bit smaller, but not by much. She'll still have a nice pair to entice the boys with.

"This problem is a set back to my research. Not a fatal setback, but a setback nonetheless," he continued with a haughty air.

"I now need to remind you, that if you withdraw her from this research project, you will liable to the costs and damages incurred to my research. At this point, that would amount to several thousand dollars.

"Several thousand?"

"Yes. The medication is very costly to manufacture and..."

"Dr. Tubbs," Mindy interrupted. "My poor boobs hurt and are about to explode. Is there something you can do right now?"

"Of course, my dear. You need to be pumped.

"So if you will excuse us..."

Leaving Wanda in his office, Tubbs took Mindy into his laboratory.

"Climb up onto the table, my dear," he told her as he located a powered breast pump along with two breast cups. Wetting her tits with a water soluble gel, he attached the two cups and turned the pump on. Immediately, breast milk streamed out of her tits to be collected in a jar.

As her tits were milked, he stepped between her legs, dropped his trou and entered her. The relief in her tits was immediate and the feel of a thrusting cock in her needy pussy was heaven sent. By the time the flow of milk was reduced to a trickle, Tubbs had ejaculated.

Leaving his pants down, he disconnected the milking machine. "Okay, be quick about it, dear," he said wagging his spent wet cock at her. Mindy knew just what he wanted and hopping down from the table quickly began cleaning his still seeping cock with her mouth.

"Okay, that's enough," he told her.

"Just a little more?" she replied looking up at him with pleading eyes.

"No, your mother is waiting for us and she's worried. Let's not make her wait any longer than necessary."

"Oh, pooh!"

Returning to his office with his still naked patient. He wasn't overly concerned that he might be leaking down the girl's legs, as his nuts hadn't fully recharged since fertilizing his last patient less than thirty minutes before.

Tubbs told Wanda that all was well and handed her a manual breast pump. "She needs to use this when she needs to, but not any more than that. The idea is to stop stimulating her breasts to produce milk, so the less is better. It's just like classical economics, supply and demand. In this case, no demand, no supply.

"Now, I have another appointment waiting."

"Is it true that you can increase breast size without surgery?" Wanda asked.

"Your daughter is proof of that," Tubbs replied.

"You think you could, uh, make me bigger?" the mother asked.

"No doubt about it. Are you interested? I'm starting a larger clinical trial soon."

"You are? Yes, my husband would love it if I had big bazookas. In fact he's been wanting me to get implants, but..."

"Double D's? I can do that for you, Mrs. Miles. Why don't you stop at the reception desk and set up an appointment and we'll start working on a pair of whoppers for you?"

Wanda was excited as she drove home with Mindy. She was impressed with Dr. Tubbs. He was so confident and best of all, he was going to give her the tits she and Ed had always wanted her to have. The larger problem with Mindy being expelled from school was shoved far back in her mind.

"Thank you, Mama," she heard her daughter say. "Thank you taking care of me."

"Well, of course, dear. What are mothers for?"

Once home, Wanda did reflect on the major disaster of today, Mindy being expelled from school. 'What in the hell am I going to do with her home all day? Gawd, there's going to be a steady stream of men coming and going while Ed and I are at work.

While she was reflecting upon this, the phone rang. It was John Jackson. He needed Mindy to take care of his little son while he went to the hospital to check up on his wife. With all the turmoil of the past few hours, Wanda had forgotten all about the man's wife's emergency surgery Friday night.

"Uh, well, yes. Mindy is available. She doesn't have any schoolwork tonight," she allowed with a frown. "She managed to get herself expelled from school today."

"She did? What on earth happened?" John J asked genuinely curious.

"It was all a big misunderstanding," Wanda told him. "But, yeah, she has nothing but free time on her hands right now."

"Hmmmm, I don't think I should ask you this, but we need a full time nanny right now. For at least two, three weeks while Dora recovers. We'll pay her, of course."

Wanda immediately saw this offer as the solution to her fear that Mindy would just be spreading her legs for any man or boy who walked through the door. If she was working, she wouldn't time to do what her mother feared she'd do. And in two, three weeks, surely she would be able to find another school for Mindy.

"Well, talk to her tonight. It's up to her," Wanda told him. "It's okay with me."

As she hung up the phone, Wanda smiled to herself. 'Yes, Mindy will be too busy and with her out of the house, Ed won't be rutting with her either,' the mother thought. For Wanda this was a win-win. Of course putting her in a private school was going to be costly, and that worried her.

"Mindy! Mindy!"

"Yes, Mama," she called out from upstairs.

"Mr. Jackson is on his way to pick you up. Gather up some clothes, you will be staying for a few days while his wife is recovering from surgery."

'Surgery? What surgery?' Mindy thought. 'Oh, yeah! I almost forgot!

'And did Mama really say I would be staying for a few days? Oh, my god!'

"Mindy!" her exasperated mother exclaimed. "For god's sake, girl! Stop touching yourself like that!"

**Chapter 22 RAPE BAIT**

*Mindy has a rough night when the Jacksons invite Keith over...*

Mindy threw together a suitcase of clothes. 'Not that I'll need any clothes at the Jacksons,' she thought ruefully. Except for a thin robe, she anticipated that they would keep her naked the entire time she was there. Naked with her body available at all times, available to John J, available to Dora, and available to little Timmy.

Another thought occurred to her, John J's friend, Keith, the one who lived out his fantasy of raping a young girl by raping her. What if he came over while she was at the Jackson's? Or any of their other friends she hadn't met? Would they make her available to anyone who came by the house? Surely they wouldn't... Just the thought of Keith taking her roughly again was enough to make her pussy start seeping. It's not that she wanted to be forcibly raped, but these days her pussy seemed to have a mind of its own.

It was of no surprise to the young girl that her employers wanted her naked just as soon as she walked in the door. Nor was it a surprise that little Timmy wanted some titty time with her. What did surprise her was that once Timmy had his snack, that the boy's mother often wanted her to blow her little boy while she and her husband watched. Then they fucked her, John J with his large dick and Dora with a strap on, or they would have her perform oral sex on them.

She thought that they would want her to sleep with them in their big bed, but she was told that she was to sleep with Timmy, in case he got hungry in the middle of the night. Her nipples became sore and distended from the constant suckling from either little Timmy or the boy's lecherous father. It didn't help that Dora took to slapping at her tits with her flickering blows aimed primary at her nipples rather than larger mass of her swollen breasts.

Mindy thought it was very curious when she was told to put some clothes on. Not many clothes, but more than the thin milk stained robe she was normally allowed to wear sometimes. The blouse was simple and buttoned up from the front. The shorts were simple pull on gym shorts. Naturally there were no bra nor panties. For shoes, she was given her rhinestone flip-flops. Then Dora made up her eyes, caking on the mascara and painting her lips with a whorish bright red lipstick.

Then Dora informed her that Keith had been invited over. Once Dora had told her what they expected of her, she felt a mixture and dread and eager anticipation at the role they had given her for that night's entertainment.

Timmy was asleep in bed when Keith walked in. Mindy shuddered as he circled her like a beast of prey, his lips curled up menacingly, checking her out as she stood in the middle of the living room, while John J and Dora sat watching on the sofa sipping champagne. She looked to her employers, hoping that they would stop what she suspected was about to happen, but they just lifted their glasses to her and took another sip.

"Just pretend that we're not here, dear," Dora said. "And do try to be convincing," she added.

Suddenly Mindy's hair was grabbed and held in Keith's fist. It hurt, but she mainly cried out because she was genuinely frightened.

"I'm gonna fuck you, slut," the menacing man snarled in her ear.

"Don't hurt me," she pleaded softly.

"Shut the fuck up, slut!" he hissed.

"I'll do what you want, mister, just don't hurt me. Okay?"

"I'll do whatever the fuck I want with you. If I wanna hurt you, slut, I'll hurt you."

"Please..." Her plea was met with a yank of her hair.

"Owwww! You're hurting me!" To Mindy's relief the pressure on her hair let up. Not completely, but enough that it didn't hurt so much.

Holding her by the hair with one hand, his other hand went to work opening his jeans while he simultaneously kicked off his shoes. Soon his jeans were down off his hips and he began kicking to remove them. As he wasn't wearing boxers or briefs underneath, once he was free of his jeans his hard drooling pecker was free as well.

With his free hand, he now literally ripped her blouse open, scattering the torn off buttons across the floor accompanied with her whimpering cries. The ruined blouse was then wrenched off her shoulders and arms and discarded on the floor. He then bent down and yanked her flimsy shorts down off her butt to her knees.

The pressure suddenly increased on her hair forcing her on to her knees where he jammed his cock into her face.

"Suck it, bitch!" he hissed.

She parted her red lips to surround the large glans pressed against them, and opened her mouth just enough that he could jam his cock into her mouth to the back of her throat. She gagged, but he relentlessly pressed his cock into her throat. She gagged again and the slab of man meat went down into her throat.

Mindy's eyes were misting and she couldn't breathe as he held his dick deep in her throat. Just as she began to think that he was going to suffocate her with his cock, he pulled back and let her catch a breath of fresh air. But once she was given time to take a couple of breaths, he jammed her head back into his groin, forcing his cock back down her throat, only to begin yanking her head back and forth. She gagged every time the cock head hit the back of her throat prior to sliding down gullet once again, and every time she gagged her mouth would water. Soon her saliva was dripping from her mouth, dripping down her chin in great foamy masses that swung to and fro until they snapped and flung either to the floor or onto her ponderous gyrating tits.

Suddenly the punishing mouth fucking ended. The reprieve didn't last long as she was forced her by her hair onto her hands and knees where her shorts were removed from her legs.

Still gripping her hair and forcing her to arch her back, he forcefully and abruptly entered her. The rough fucking was at once painful and yet somehow welcome. Soon the pain was forgotten and only the pleasure of being taken by a demanding man remained. Soon the orgasms that ruled her life, began to flow through her, sweeping her away to that place she had grown to love and crave so much.

All too soon it seemed to Mindy, the pleasuring cock was removed from her cunt and her hair was released. She was glad that her hair was free, but not at all happy that her cunt was free of cock. Then she felt the bare foot on her butt. It shoved her and she ungracefully sprawled out on the floor at the feet of her employers.

The foot now pressed into her hip and flipped her onto her back. She was grabbed by the ankles and spread wide open, her rapist standing between her upright spread legs grinning menacingly down at her.

Finding her voice she said, "If you're going to fuck me, you bastard, then fuck me!"

The menacing look faded from his face and she heard Dora say, "No, no, no, Mindy! When you're being raped, you're supposed to fight him, not invite him!"

Then addressing Keith, Dora said, "Sorry, Keith, but she's just not playing along."

"What do you want me to do, Dora?" he asked.

Dora looked down at her nanny/slut and asked, "What do you want, Mindy? You want him to just fuck you?"

"I know!" piped up John J who had been silent. "Fuck her in the ass!"

"No, I think I'll milk her, then I'll fuck her in the ass," Keith said releasing her ankles and letting her feet drop to the floor.

"Stand up!" he told her offering his hand to her. Mindy stood with his assistance. Immediately he grabbed a tit and squeezed. To his delight, but to no one's surprise, a stream of milk shot from her nipple which landing on John J's leg. Keith squeezed again, this time lowering his face and opening his mouth to catch the stream, but his aim was bad and she soaked his face, an outcome which Keith found to be amusing. He squeezed her tit again, but only a trickle was released. He switched tits and this time his aim was good as her milk shot directly into his open mouth.

"John was right. You taste sweet," he said before he squeezed her tit and caught another mouthful.

"Okay, Mindy girl. Grease me up and grease up your asshole."

"Toss her a tube of lube, John," he then added.

The tube of KY flew across the room, hit her on the tit and fell to the floor. She had to bend over to pick up the tube and when she did, Keith pushed her face down into the sofa cushion and attacked her anus with his cock. She was dry and it hurt when he violated her.

"Oh! Owwww! Stop! Stop! Stop!"

"That's more like it," she heard Dora say. "Rape her ass!"

"Owww! Owww!"

"Stop it, Keith," she heard John J say. "You're really hurting her. Use some lube, for crying out loud!"

"Okay, it's your money. You're the boss," Keith replied.

The dry cock head was pulled from her anus. "Sorry, honey, but I gotta grease you up some."

The cold lube being worked deep into her burning asshole felt soothing. The thick finger was removed and she felt the now familiar feel of a cockhead pressing between her butt cheeks and press against her anus. As the pressure increased, she willed her asshole to open to admit the intruder. Suddenly she blossomed open and the thick cock slid deep into her bowels.

As Keith sodomized her for the entertainment of her employers, she thought about Mark and how much he liked doing this to her. Happy thoughts of Mark soon departed as she remembered what a jerk he'd been lately. Purging her mind of Mark, she concentrated on the oddly pleasurable sensations now filling her body.

"Frig yourself as he fucks you," she heard John J say and so she did. And as John J wanted, she was soon climbing the pinnacle to orgasm. Once the first climax had ebbed, she felt Keith manhandling her onto the floor once again. She was still anally impaled on his cock when she found herself on top and looking up at the ceiling. Keith hooked her ankles with his feet and spread her out. A moment later John J was between her outstretched legs, jacking his dick to firm up. Then he knelt and nestled his big cock into the maw of her hot wet pussy. Mindy grunted as he forced his dick into her cunt. It was a tight fit with Keith's big prong up her rectum, but it felt so good.

She opened her eyes only to see Dora's pussy lowering on her face. Soon she would have trouble catching a breath as the woman's generous pussy lips molded about her face. She knew what the woman expected and did her best to use her tongue effectively. Mercifully Dora rose up regularly to give her son's nurse maid a chance to catch a breath of fresh air. But try as she may to please her mistress, Mindy found it difficult to concentrate on the woman's clit, what with her ass and cunt filled with ever moving man-meat. And when the cock induced orgasms hit, it was impossible to concentrate at all.

After no telling how long, the pussy mask was lifted and one by one, the hard cocks filling her began to soften and eventually fell out of her abused holes. Holes which now seeped white man-cream as the flesh about her holes began to swell with engorging blood. With the collapse of the cocks, Mindy's orgasms also waned. Her eye fluttered open momentarily, long enough to see Dora busy cleaning cocks with her mouth. She didn't know how long she lay on the floor seeping cum before someone helped her to stand. When she did, she was given a cold glass of champagne to slack her burning thirst, while John J lowered his mouth to her tit.

It was only then that she saw that Dora was now fucking Keith, caterwauling and urging him to, "Fuck me harder, you bastard! Fuck me harder!"

When she had gulped down the first glass, she asked for more. John J, releasing her leaking nipple from his lips, grabbed the open bottle and poured her another glass.

"Having fun?" he asked a she took a sip.

"Huh, huh," she grunted while nodding her head.

"Not too sore, are you?"

"No, I'm fine," she replied. "More than fine."

"Good. I'm glad you enjoyed yourself tonight," he said taking a nipple into his mouth to drink her milk.

The fornicating couple broke apart and Keith joined Mindy and John on the sofa, leaving Dora on the floor. His hand slid up her thighs to cup and caress her swollen pussy. Noting the look in her eyes, Keith smiled and lowered his mouth to the available tit and began to feast, careful not to bite too hard on her nipple.

The fuck party broke up just before midnight. After all, both John J and Keith had to work the next day and they both needed sleep. As usual, Mindy was sent to sleep with the little boy who slept soundly. It wasn't until morning that a hungry Timmy woke and latched his mouth on Mindy's sore nipple, waking her.

There would be more nights like the night before, but with other men and other women, and rarely as rough as a night with Keith was. All invariably wanted her to "babysit" for her when she available once again. After a few weeks, Dora had stopped lactating as Dr. Tubbs said she would and Mindy was allowed to go home. Within a few weeks, she too stopped lactating.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mindy was in great demand as a babysitter for the Jacksons' friends. She was much in demand at home too, with her father, who openly rutted with her despite her mother's increasingly feeble protests. By then Wanda had begun Dr. Tubbs new clinical trial for a breast enlargement formula without inducing lactation. She especially enjoyed her doctor visits, much as her daughter had.

Thor Wilkes, the science teacher, also made his amends and became a frequent visitor to the Miles' house, enjoying the charms of both the mother and the daughter. One day, lying in bed with Mindy and her dad after expending his seed, he had some good news.

"You remember Victoria Battle?" he asked Mindy.

"Yes! She is so nice!" the naked girl replied as her father diddled her twat to keep her motor going.

"She threatened to bring a law suit against the school, the school board and the principal. A discrimination suit. In disciplinary matters, she alleges that the boys get special treatment over the girls, certain boys that is. They caved to her, of course, and offered to give her what she really wanted if she'd drop the suit.

"You know what she really wants? She wants you reinstated and your expulsion expunged from your records."

"Really? You mean I can go back to Herbert Hoover High?"

"Yes!"

Mindy squealed in delight.

"But there are conditions..."

"What conditions?"

"Well, Coach wants you as a special assistant. A very descrete special assistant. Instead of Study Hall, you're to help him.

"And the principal also wants you to babysit for him.

"And Victoria? She really likes girls like you, natural born sluts. And... Well, you get the gist. Hey! And as a bonus, you're going to get to visit me and Vickers during lunch sometimes in my back room. Are you interested?"

Naturally Mindy was interested... very interested.

THE END