**Gosh!**

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**Chapter 1**  
  
Cindy's mind wandered as it always did.  
  
"I mean like, why do there have to be so many flies on the beach? I hate them. They're so gross. They keep landing on me and I cant help but swat them away. Ouch! Gosh, how come I keep hitting myself in the head?  
  
"Still, its like, really sunny and everything. And you can get a really great tan on the sand. Hey that rhymes! Cool. I love poetry, I think. And the looks I get are fun too. Makes my cunt wet. giggles. I just learnt that's what boys call it. Cunt! hehe. It feels like, so NAUGHTY to say it. "Cunt!" Oh! Did I say that out loud? Now my cunt IS getting wet! giggles!  
  
"Its so nice to come here too cause hardly anybody knows me so I can't get in so much trouble. Gosh my friends! They make me laugh. And um cry. And blush really hard sometimes. And um, like, sometimes they get me real horny. And do rude things to me. And make me do stuff and oh I really hate that. I wonder if I can just roll over and slip my hand down the front of my string bikini?  
  
"I dont know why people always seem to pick on me. I mean gee, I'm a pretty girl and everything. I have nice blue eyes, wavy shoulder length blonde hair. And all the boys seem to love my big boobies. Even some of the girls. hehe. But um anyway, its really nice when they like them and they just sometimes like, want to touch them and everything. And um sometimes I let them cause it feels really nice and I've got real sensitive nipples. They stick right out from the aureoles or whatever they're called, and um they, like the aureoles or whatever they stick out too! So my nipples get really big! Well not big like dinner plates! Like about half dollar size. They just point right out like headlice or something. I cant remember that one. What is it again? Um... headlights? I need some more gum, I can hardly taste this one...  
  
"I wish my Dad would move again. We seem to move pretty regular like. Not far usually. Sometimes just like a few towns over. Its funny how Daddy always seems to get transferred right after something bad happens to me. Oh well. \*giggle\* Probably just as well anyway. I mean after some of the things that have happened to me lately, I could hardly show my face around school or anything. God I mean if they ever found out, I would be like, so embarassed. Then Daddy probably wouldn't pay for my clit piercing. I mean like, want a bummer would that be! That would be worse than being grounded for like, a week!!!"  
  
Chapter 2  
  
"Hello Mr. Mortimer, glad you could stop by."  
  
"Pleased to meet you Principal Skinner, always a pleasure to meet a colleague." The two men shook hands.  
  
"I suppose you know why I asked you to call in Horace, um... I CAN call you Horace can't I?" hesitated the Headmaster.  
  
"Sure Oliver, and ah... I've got SOME idea what you want to know," winked Horace Mortimer.  
  
"Yes, ah, well, as you know, Cindy, your daughter, has quite a reputation amongst the Principals of the state..."  
  
"And not only the Principals!" laughed Horace. "She's getting quite a reputation on the net too the little slut... and I'm making a fortune on my website!" That caused both men to roar with laughter!  
  
When the mirth died away Skinner leaned into Mortimer and asked, "Same as usual?"  
  
"Yeah just video the lot. And cameras too. Lots of money in some of the still shots of the ah 'type' we are talking about." Mortimer flashed a devious grin.  
  
"No problem, we have all the members of the Photographic Club on board, even the girls. And all kinds of fun 'activities' planned... So is it true?" asked the breathless Principal, "you know, that you can talk her into anything?"  
  
"Oh yeah, anything! She's more stupid than a two dollar watch. Just tweak her nipples and she'll do anything. And once that little cunt of hers starts leaking, there's no stopping her! She's such a little slut!!!" They both laughed hard.  
  
A moment later the Principal stood, held out his had, and said, "Well I wont keep you any longer Inspector Mortimer."  
  
"Always a pleasure Principal Skinner." Horace got up, shook hands with the older man, and made for the door.  
  
"Oh, and School Inspector Mortimer?"  
  
"Yes Mr Skinner?"  
  
"Thank you for choosing my school Sir."  
  
"Just making our way around the State, Oliver." Horace winked. And left with the Principal smiling, shaking his head, and rubbing his hands together with glee.  
  
Chapter 3  
  
"Gosh, I think I'm getting sunburnt. Oh bummer. Now its late and I don't have time to get tanned on my back too! Was I just asleep? Oh dear how long did I sleep for? Boy I think I really am burnt. Awww, some nice person put some paper on me, Well pieces of paper. I wonder who it was. I wish I could thank them. I wonder what all those holes in the paper are for. They look like letters. I wish I could read. Oh well."  
  
Cindy sat up on her towel and watched the pieces of paper flutter away. She could hear snickering and looked around. A couple of young boys she thought she recognised from school were giggling to each other and one of them pointed at her. Cindy tossed her hair over her shoulders and thought they probably just think I'm cute, and she smiled to herself. The boys laughed even louder which drew the stares of other beachgoers. Mothers scolded fathers for staring at Cindy's chest and Cindy looked down.  
  
Oh my god! Cindy was mortified! Her arm shot up and across her chest as she realised large holes had been cut in her bikini top and her nipples were pushing out loud and proud!!! Owwww!!! And they were sunburnt!!!  
  
She shuddered and blushed hard as she wondered how long she had been lying there with her nipples on display. "I'd better get out of here!" she thought to herself. She gathered all her things and quickly dumped them into her beach bag.  
  
"Where are you off to in such a hurry?" came a booming voice.  
  
Cindy looked up and was almost blinded by the afternoon Californian sun behind the head of a lifeguard. Oooooh he was cute! "Um well somebody... um, well its late and I um, I have to get going!" she felt her nipples straining against the back of her arm. They felt weird: hot and hard and painful all at once. She briefly wondered if the crotch of her bikini was wet.  
  
She stood awkwardly and slung her bag over her free shoulder and the lifeguard gave her a yummy smile, which she returned bashfully, "Um, well I better get going."  
  
"Ok, see you Monday!"  
  
"Huh?"  
  
"Yeah I go to Malibu Beach High, your new school! I'll say hi when I see you Monday!" He smiled.  
  
Cindy wondered if her Daddy had told her she was changing schools again. She couldnt remember but all that came out was "Ok!"  
  
The lifeguard waved at her "See ya Cindy."  
  
She waved back and realised with a start she had flashed her engorged nipples at him! She quickly covered up and blushed even more intensely as she turned to go.  
  
"Oh and ah, nice 'burn tats' Cindy!" he shouted from behind her.  
  
"Thanks!" she replied, wondering what on earth he was talking about. She walked quickly up the beach past someone pointing a video camera at her to the carpark. She remembered what her last "boyfriend" had said to her... "Beauty loves a camera" and she smiled. So many people had cameras these days. She quickly tossed her stuff in the back of her battered old VW and fired it up, completely forgetting about her exposed nipples. She guided her car out of the carpark and hurtled along the freeway 15 minutes to her home.  
  
Chapter 4  
  
"Hi Daddy! I'm home!" Cindy dropped her things at the front door and skipped into the kitchen, her DD's bouncing madly.  
  
"Hello kitten, my my my I hope you werent lying on the beach like that!" he said, staring at her chest.  
  
"Oh my god! I forgot!" she blushed, suddenly noticing her throbbing nipples, and covering them with her arm.  
  
"Why are they so red kitten?"  
  
"Um they got sunburnt Daddy."  
  
"Oh poor baby, let me take a look."  
  
"Oh no Daddy its alright, it isnt right for Daddy's to look at their daughters um, tits!"  
  
"It's alright kitten, remember I am your Step-daddy anyway!"  
  
"Oh... ok then" Cindy said and she revealed her sunburnt tits. "And there's some writing on me too Daddy. What does it say?"  
  
"Well kitten, this one on your chest above your tits says 'pretty' " he snickered as he read the word 'bimbo'. "...and this one on your tummy says 'I'm cute' " and he shook his head reading the words 'cum slut'. "And these ones on your thighs say 'look at me' and 'kiss me'.  
  
"ohhh Daddy! I cant go to school like that!" He smiled but couldn't bring himself to tell her they said 'spank me' and 'fuck me'.  
  
"Its alright kitten, it will give you a head start in the popularity stakes! New school Monday precious!"  
  
"Malibu Beach High Daddy?"  
  
"Thats right precious, I got you into one of the best schools on the coast!"  
  
"Oh thank you Daddy!" She threw her arms around him, "I dont think I could go back to my old school anyway after last night."  
  
"Yes... well you were a bit of a mess with all that um, sticky stuff all over you kitten."  
  
"It was that bitch Amanda's fault. She somehow conned me out of my clothes at McDonalds and wouldnt give them back! Honest Daddy!" she started to cry.  
  
"It's alright kitten... new school Monday."  
  
Cindy moaned softly as she got an unexpected hug and her painfully hard and burnt nipples pressed into her Daddy's chest. She secretly hoped they would go down soon. They ached.  
  
Chapter 5  
  
Cindy felt a bit nervous walking up the steps of the new school. But there were lots of other kids around so she didnt feel too much like a freak. She went straight to the Office to sign some papers and enquire about her locker and where to find it. The registrar showed her into the Principal's Office and the Principal stood to shake her hand. "Welcome, welcome Cindy, we have heard so much about you..."  
  
Cindy blushed and said "Thank you Principal Skinner, I hope it wasn't all bad..." she giggled.  
  
She hoped she could get THIS Principal as wrapped around her little finger as all the others. Except Principal Beardsly. He was mean. Him and his dogs. I hope he's not like "Beastly", she shuddered.  
  
"... and you will find your locker in Corrider B just down the hall from here. Now finish your water and get to class," he winked at the teenager.  
  
Cindy really hadn't noticed the kindly Principal offering her a refreshment but she drank it avidly, then finished it and rose to leave.  
  
"Thanks Principal Skinner, I hope I really enjoy it here. Bye for now!"  
  
"Bye Cindy!" he waved and snickered and shook his head. "Not so sure about that..." he muttered.  
  
As Cindy closed her locker and stowed her key she realised she had to go pee real bad. She new she was late already so a minute or two more wouldnt matter. It WAS her first day and all! She looked quickly up and down the corridor spying the girls toilets and made a beeline to relieve herself.  
  
Chapter 6  
  
"I wonder if she's as stupid as your cousin says she is?"  
  
"Shhh, she's coming..."  
  
"Ok, ok, keep your hat on."  
  
"Hmmm, weird" Cindy thought as she entered the bathroom. "I never saw girls toilets with urinals in them. Oh well." She pushed in a cubicle door, and sat down to relieve herself.  
  
Outside, the third accomplice was swapping back the "Girls" and "Boys" toilet signs and slipped into the bathroom. On cue he spoke out loud "Hey Jake you in here?"  
  
"Yeah just layin a log..."  
  
Cindy's gasp was audible and she quickly cleared her throat.  
  
"Um, you guys, I think you are in the wrong bathroom..."  
  
"Nope sorry - YOU are sweetcheeks - you must be new here!"  
  
"Oh my god you're kidding... um yeah I am ...um I'm Cindy, Cindy Mortimer." Just then she heard a loud long continuous splash of water in one of the urinals and blushed as she realised someone was pissing. "Do you mind waiting til I get out of here? I have to get to class."  
  
"Cant do that Cindy, cant stop Gods work babe."  
  
She was pretty sure she heard him finish before she tentatively pushed open the door and stepped into the middle of the bathroom. She fell straight onto her knees with her feet caught up in her panties. She squeaked and one of the guys still at the urinal turned quickly when he heard the commotion and a long arc of his hot piss went straight across Cindys face.  
  
"Oh my god! You bastard!!!" Cindy cried as she staggered to her feet pulling up her knickers showing her shaved cunt and asshole to all three boys. Their jaws dropped as they watched the stupid bimbo teenager quickly wash her face and dab wet tissue at the yellow spots where piss had splattered her white blouse. Finally satisfied although nonplussed at the newly transparent part of her blouse that now showed her heavy bra, she sneered at the boys and ran out.  
  
They fell about laughing.  
  
"This is gonna be so much fun!" aahahahhhahhaahaaa "I know," ahahahahhaaaaa "I cant believe it," ahahhahhahhaaaa  
  
Chapter 7  
  
After school that day in a house two doors from Cindy's, a brother and sister were talking in his bedroom.  
  
"So did she drink any of it?" asked the sister.  
  
"Naaa, I dont think so..." the brother replied.  
  
"Oh well, maybe next time we'll make her!" Andrea Baxter giggled and punched her brother in the shoulder. Andrea was a cheerleader and a bully. She loved being head cheerleader and telling anybody she felt like exactly where to go. And now she had a new toy.  
  
"You know Jake, Amanda said she will do anything, not willingly, but anything you MAKE her do. She just cant say 'no' when her big nips are being pulled..."  
  
"Yeah I remember her saying that last Christmas, fancy her turning up in our school!"  
  
Andrea licked her lips absent-mindedly. "Yeah fancy that," she grinned. She couldn't thank her cousin Amanda enough.  
  
Andrea reached out and stroked her brothers cock gently.  
  
"Aw Andrea dont do that..."  
  
"Just wanted to give you a little reminder of our deal big brother," she winked.  
  
"Yeah yeah I know, the best blowjob in the world, three times a day for a whole week. Goddd how could I forget little sister."  
  
"Yeah but only if you get her to do everything I say til the end of semester, right?" she gave him a parting squeeze.  
  
"Yeah ok," he whined and rubbed his aching balls. He smiled.  
  
Chapter 8  
  
"So kitten, how was you first day at school?"  
  
"Great Dad," she reddened "the teachers all seem pretty nice, and Principal Skinner is so cool." She left out the toilet scene.  
  
"C'mon come into the kitchen I've got you a snack pet."  
  
Cindy followed him into the kitchen and sat on a barstood, her smooth thighs dropping open and drawing Horace's gaze. He felt his cock stiffen at the sight.  
  
"Here you go kitten some chocolate hash cookies, and some special milk."  
  
"Aw thanks Daddy, I've never had chocolate hash cookies before, whats in them?" she took a bite and drank at the milk. "Mmmmm creamy Daddy."  
  
"Yes its that new special vanilla flavour you like so much."  
  
"Mmmm I especially like the lumpy bits..." she didnt want to say she thought it was just like cum! She giggled instead.  
  
"Well I'll be sure and get more when I get the groceries next." He sniggered to himself.  
  
"Mmmmm I'm so tired I think I need to go lie down."  
  
"How about a video kitten? Wanna lie on the couch?"  
  
"Hehehe. Ok.. ..um Daddy?"  
  
"Yes princess?"  
  
"Um well I was just wondering.... I was like cleaning in your room and everything and um..."  
  
"Yes, Cindy what is it?" She'd finally gotten up the nerve the little slut... here it comes....  
  
"Well... um... can I watch one of your naughty tapes? Naughty tapes like... oh I cant say!"  
  
"What are you talking about?"  
  
"Oh Daddy you know, like 'Cum-Sucking Nurses', 'Co-ed Cocksuckers' or ummmmm... 'The Gangbang Girl' " she blushed furiously and felt her little clit throb.  
  
"You horny little girl - you know about those tapes?"  
  
"Well they are just out Daddy, under your bed but easy to see..."  
  
"hmmm well ok, just one ...I'll pick it out."  
  
"Oh thanks Daddy!" she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him hard - he thought she smelt like she had burped hash! He grabbed her by the upper arm and pushed her up the stairs in front of him.  
  
"Come on, on one condition, put your new cheerleading gear on but no panties - straight to practice right after ok?"  
  
"I'm in the squad again?"  
  
"Sure are cute thing."  
  
"Oh thank you Daddy!" she giggled and stumbled up the stairs.  
  
Horace Mortimer went past his step-daughter as she entered her room, and continued walking down to his bedroom. He looked under his bed and picked out the tape he wanted. He got up and walked back down to Cindy's room and rapped on the door.  
  
"C'mon sweetheart, dont take all night."  
  
"I'm c..cumming...."  
  
"Oh no youre not!" said Horace as he burst through the door, strode to the side or the bed, and pulled at Cindy's wrist, whipping her fingers from her foamy, spasming cunt. "You naughty girl, thats a spanking you've earnt there slut!" Cindy pouted, shuddered and wondered why everyone called her a slut when she really was a good girl. "Now get your ass downstairs and I'll start that tape while I spank your butt!"  
  
"Ok Daddy!" Cindy giggled to herself, and thought "at least I still get to see the tape!"  
  
It seemed like it was only moments later she found herself spread across her Daddy's lap. One of his hands beating her ass the other holding up her chin so she could see the screen. Her breasts strained at the lycra of her cheerleaders top and her nipples ached from sunburn and arousal. At least he wasnt hitting so hard this time, it was more like it smarted rather than hurt. But gosh, up on the screen came the name of the movie and Cindy couldnt tear her eyes from it. 'Perverted Schoolgirl' was the name and she wondered for a moment if she should try to stop pushing her ass back but her Daddy's fingers pushing into her made her forget.  
  
The cute little girl on the screen was being pulled into a van full of big black guys, just as her Daddy started spanking her again. Cindy moaned as the movie cut to moments later and the poor little girl had her clothes torn from her and two big black cocks being shoved right up her cunt and ass! Another black guy grabbed her head and shoved his big cock right down her throat! Then Cindy felt something pushing at her own ass and her Daddy's thumb slid right in! He kept on spanking her until Cindy started to shudder and thought she was going to cum. Just then she was pushed off her Daddy's lap and landed on her ass on the floor with a thud. Her head felt fuzzy and it took a few moments before she realised she was moaning with her legs spread and her fingers rubbing her clit fast!  
  
"You dirty little WHORE!" her Daddy shouted loud enough for the neighbours to hear. "Look at you with your WET LITTLE CUNT, watching FILTHY VIDEOS, and rubbing your HARD LITTLE CLIT! You should be ASHAMED OF YOURSELF!"  
  
Cindy felt tears of humiliation run down her cheeks but she couldnt take her fingers off her clit, she just didnt care and she was so close....  
  
Her Daddy pulled her hand away and pulled her to her feet. "Just for that you little SLUT, you can go to cheerleading practice JUST LIKE THAT!"  
  
"No, nooo Daddy, please let me cum first and please don't make me go without panties on!!! I already forgot my stupid bra!!!"  
  
"Well you should have thought of that earlier you fucking dirty little tramp!"  
  
"Ohhhh... alright Daddy, I'm sorrrry, I won't touch myself for a week again if you let me put my panties on???"  
  
"Shut up you stupid girl and go get in the car!"  
  
Cindy stamped out to the car, pouting and with girl juice running down the inside of her thighs. She giggled and tried to shake her head free of the hash haze engulfing her. Her Daddy watched and admired the 'specially designed' cheerleading outfit Cindy was given to wear as she trudged out and down to the car. It was little more than a boob tube on top with a big "MH" emblazoned across the chest. And her midrift was bare, revealing the white lettering: "cum slut", on her burnt skin. Her skirt barely reached the bottom of her curvy ass and her socks only just peeked out of her runners. With long legs and her blonde hair in two pigtails she was quite a sight!

Chapter 9  
  
Cindy couldnt believe the crowd that had gathered for cheerleader practice. They must have had a big game coming up. She blanched when she saw the other cheergirls in much more modest outfits, well, pretty skimpy but nothing like hers. She blushed fiercely and trotted up to the others, and a tall dark haired girl called her over.  
  
"Hi Cindy, I'm Andrea, I'm the captain. I see you have the new outfit on, it looks great! Too bad ours havent been delivered yet, lets hope they are before the big game!" Andrea smiled and looked Cindy up and down and Cindy blushed even harder as she thought Andrea noticed the wetness on the inside of her thighs. Andrea smirked and turned to the rest of the team announcing, "This is Cindy, our new cheerleader!"  
  
The girls all gathered around patting Cindy on the back and smiling. Cindy felt so popular! "Love your hair!" "The outfit looks great Cindy!" "Did you do your nails, they're phat!" "Gee I wish my tits were that big." "You have a really nice body Cindy the guys are gonna go nuts over you!" "Hey girl, love the burn tats!" Cindy joined in with the giggling and falling about.  
  
Cindy felt like the smile on her face wouldn't budge. Her jaw ached and all she could do was giggle. She felt soooo good, kinda confident and tingly and really relaxed. Andrea called out "Stretches sluts!" And Cindy giggled with all the other girls and promptly forgot she wasnt wearing anything under her short skirt! She was completely unaware of the views she was giving the crowd, and also of the sniggers from the other cheergirls as Andrea made them bend and stretch in every which way.  
  
"You sluts better get this right by Saturday!" Andrea said as she ran them through their cheers and Cindy picked them up ok. After all she'd had to learn a few over the years, and the routines weren't too hard. She thought the part where she was thrown up in the air and spread her legs at the crowd and touched her toes was a bit much. But the crowd sure seemed to like it. She was covered in sweat and feeling giddy as the team headed for the showers.  
  
Cindy had stripped naked and the others were gawking at her incredible body when Andrea stopped from stepping naked under the shower. She had a whole pile of towels in her arms. "Initiation time Cindy!"  
  
"Huh?"  
  
"Yeah, take these towels into the boys locker rooms and stand there while each comes and gets one."  
  
"Naked???"  
  
"As the day you were born slut."  
  
Cindy shivered at the thought not the words as Andrea had used 'slut' before, thinking instead that she was using the term affectionately!  
  
"Oh gosh! ...ok!" giggled Cindy and she blushed and the towels were plonked into her open arms.  
  
"And no complaining no matter what happens, ok?"  
  
"Um ok..." Cindy said a little confused, wondering why she would complain about a bunch of guys picking up towels from a pile in her arms. She grinned stupidly at the rest of the girls and trotted off hearing the laughter die down as she left the girls change rooms.  
  
She was barely out the door when she almost skipped headlong into Coach Wise.  
  
"Gosh! Sorry Coach Wise!"  
  
"Taking your initiation like a good girl I see Cindy?" He looked her up and down, admiring the young girls charms.  
  
"Oh yes, Sir. I like cheerleading and I want to stay on the team. The girls are all so nice to me."  
  
"Well Cindy I'm sure you will be well accepted here," he said continuing to ogle the young girls clean shaven cunt with her clit poking out. He licked his lips remembering what the Principal had said to him: "Treat her like a slut, humiliate her, spank her, make her suck your cock if you want, just remember its all going on film and we each get a copy." He wasnt too sure whether anyone else had had a go with the stupid bimbo but he sure wasnt going to be first. But he wanted to see a little more.  
  
"Cindy I also have something to take to the boys changerooms, if you come to my office you can save me a trip!"  
  
"Sure Coach, anything for 'our boys', right Sir?" Coach couldn't bring himself to tell Cindy that the boys would most likely be thinking the same thing but instead led the teen back to his office. He also wasn't about to tell her that initiations were against school policy. In fact he hoped they went on and on and on!  
  
"Big game on Saturday Cindy," said the coach as he ushered her into his office. "Have to make sure you give everything for the team right?"  
  
"Oh a..absolutely S..Sir!" she said breathlessly as she suddenly realised she was alone with the hunky coach and was thinking about giving HIM everything. She blushed and felt her pussy come alive and moisten. She felt like she did that time when she was given a funny cigarette!  
  
"How about you put down those towels and give me a demonstration."  
  
"Oh.. um...gosh... ok Coach!" Cindy felt her pussy clench as she dropped the pile of towels on his desk revealing her puffy, red nipples to him.  
  
She giggled and pirouetted for him. She felt silly and horny and good all at once and wanted to laugh out loud at the situation. Instead she did the cheer she learnt that night, ending with her in the splits, sideways on the floor. Coach Wise felt his cock throbbing in His pants as he sat on the edge of his desk. He wanted to take it out and shove it in this stupid sluts mouth. He decided he'd wack off when she left.  
  
"Very nice Cindy."  
  
"Thank you Coach! Can I go now?"  
  
"Sure Cindy." The little slut can wait he thought. Besides I want to see the tape of her in the boys change rooms. "Go on slut, you better get your initiation over with," he chuckled.  
  
Cindy grinned stupidly, thinking "slut" must be used frequently at this school to praise the cheergirls, "Ok, Coach... um ...see you Saturday!" The naive girl didn't even notice that Coach Wise never gave her anything to add to the towels for the team. She just picked up the towels in her arms, and skipped out.  
  
"What a great piece of ass..." said the coach under his breath.  
  
Chapter 10  
  
Cindy peered around the door of the change rooms and was quickly pulled inside by one of her pigtails by the tight end.  
  
"Look what I found hangin outside the door guys!"  
  
"Hey its the new girl, 'cindyslut'!" someone shouted and they all laughed. Cindy laughed with them and brazenly walked into the centre of the room admiring the strong bodies closing in on her. Boys wet and naked from the shower took towels from the top of the pile and slowly the upper part of her chest with the word "bimbo" in white lettering was revealed. Cindy blushed when she suddenly realised she was quite vulnerable to the team as more towels were taken and boys 'accidentally' brushed their fingers and hands against her throbbing nipples. Her breasts were revealed to them as well as her magnificent nipples, that were by now straining for attention.  
  
"Nice nips, slut." "Mmmmm, you a pretty girl, ho." "Damn thats a fine set a china you got there girl." One by one the towels disappeared until finally Cindy stood there in the middle of the locker room, naked and embarassed. One hand had drifted down to cover her pussy. Her eyes tried more and more desperately to avert the hard cocks that seemed all around her as the boys toweled off with lecherous grins. She felt dizzy and knew she shouldn't be there, but her legs seemed heavy and she couldn't move her feet. Instead she slid a finger into her mouth and tried to hide her peeking at all the cocks by tipping her head down and glancing around through her eyelashes. She tried to rub her clit a little without anyone noticing. She gasped a when she felt how wet she was.  
  
"What are you doing there slut?" Cindy spun around toward the door startled and pulled her hand quickly from between her legs. It was Andrea! And she was video taping the whole thing! "What's that running down the inside of your thigh slut?"  
  
"Oh... ummm... Gosh!" Cindy was soooo embarassed.  
  
Cindy gasped saying "Noooooo!!!" as she felt a hand reach between her legs from behind and fingers, two maybe three, slid straight into her cunt. A hand on her back pushed her forward, bending her at the waist. Someone pushed forward on her knees from behind and she collasped to the floor of the locker room, surrounded by hard and semi-hard cocks of all colours, shapes and sizes.  
  
Cindy knew what was going to happen next. It had happened before. She blushed as the fingers worked faster in her pussy and her thighs started to shake. She saw cocks advancing on her being pushed into her hands and rubbed across her lips. She started jacking the two in her hands and one shot cum across her face and down her neck almost instantly.  
  
How did I get here?" she wondered as the first cock was pushed into her mouth. It was only a small one, maybe five inches but was thick and filled her pouty mouth nicely.  
  
"Suck it you fucking dirty piss drinking whore." Cindy shuddered and looked up into the eyes of one of the boys from the toilets yesterday. Oh no! She thought as she felt his hands lock it her hair and someone elses fingers pushing into her ass. She winced as cum shot straight into her mouth and she swallowed gratefully, pleased to be rid of the boy from the toilets. He wiped his wilting cock across her forehead leaving a long streak of cum that slowly dripped down into her eyes.  
  
Cindy blinked through the stinging cum as another cock pushed into her mouth and the fingers were thankfully withdrawn from her pussy and ass. She was glad cause she didn't want to cum while being humiliated. That was always the worst. This next cock in her mouth was big though and stretched her lips and she gagged and it hit the back of her throat. Just then she saw the video camera almost pushed into her face and heard Andrea saying something to her. She started to wonder whether Andrea was really her friend or enemy, then she remembered this was part of her initiation. It was amazing that almost all the schools seemed to have the same initiation for new cheerleaders, so she wasnt too worried. Again the hands locked into Cindy's hair and she felt a cock start to slide right up her ass and she sighed through her nose.  
  
"Welcome to the Slut Club, honey," hissed Andrea. The player with the big cock pulled out of her mouth and turned her head to the camera.  
  
"Thanks!" grinned Cindy stupidly and the guy roared and shot cum straight in the middle of Cindy's cute face splattering everywhere. Her mouth opened in shock as another thick stream bullseyed her right over her tongue to the back of her mouth.  
  
Just then the guy behind her shoved forward burying himself deep in her tight ass and shot a gallon of cum right up high inside her. He pulled out and was quickly replaced by another and another as guys who had been stroking their cocks came quickly once they pushed into her. They jostled for position while stroking their cocks hoping for an orifice. But most were content to simply cum all over her, knowing they would get their chance with the slut later.  
  
Cindy started cumming too. Moaning and getting into being buttfucked and covered in cum. She wondered why so few of her friends liked buttfucking. She moaned again as another cock shot its load down her throat and she shallowed reflexively. Then she wondered why she had so few friends. Her hair was matted and dripped cum down the sides of her face. Maybe Andrea will be my friend, she thought hopefully. Andrea kept wiping the cum from Cindy's eyes and sucking her coated fingers, telling her to keep her eyes open. Cindy smiled at Andrea as she felt cum dripping down her back and the sides of her butt cheeks. Another cock entered her sloppy ass. Someone said "Keep fucking the sluts ass, she loves it." She moaned.  
  
Andrea asked "Do you love it cindyslut? Do you love being assfucked?" shoving the camera right in her face.  
  
"Ooooohhh yesss, I love it, I doooo, I love being assfucked mmmmmm..." and she shuddered and came again, hot boy cum shooting back out of her clenching ass and dripping copiously down the insides of her thighs. Another cock exploded across her face then another and another. Once again her cummy open mouth was pulled onto another big cock only this one was black. Her mind wandered back to the video she watched with her Daddy and she shuddered and came again!  
  
She lost count but three or four more cocks fucked her ass and one more came in her mouth after the big black centre busted his nut between her sucking lips. Andrea was amazed the girl had such staying power. 5 or 6 more guys had cum all over Cindys body before Andrea grabbed Cindys wrist and hauled her to her feet. Cindy was stupidly wiping cum from her body and flicking it on the floor when Andrea stopped her and said "Dont waste it!"  
  
Picking up a plastic cup Andrea started scraping all the cum covering Cindy's body into the cup. Up and down she went turning Cindy a little each time. Finally she was done and she passed it to Cindy and said "Bottoms up, slut!"  
  
"Oh I couldn't - thats nasty!" Cindy replied.  
  
"Drink it and you're in the Club Cindy."  
  
"Oh.. am I? I really wanna be in it!"  
  
"Well drink up then!"  
  
"Ok!"  
  
Andrea raised the camera as Cindy raised the cup spilling a little over the edge, giggling and glancing at the camera. Her pouty lips seemed to open in slow motion as she tipped back her head and poured the cup full of warm thick cum straight into her open mouth. Hoots and whistles filled her ears as the boys went crazy seeing what this slut would do for approval. Cindy licked her lips and drew her finger around the inside of the cup before popping it into her mouth and smiling at the camera as she sucked it clean.  
  
Andrea shook her head and shouted "Bye guys!" as she dragged a waving Cindy out of the locker room by her still slippery wrist.  
  
"God you are such a fucking cum slut arent you Cindy?" said Andrea, but before Cindy could answer, the two girls ran into Coach Wise in the hallway.  
  
"Ah, I see you survived the first part of your initiation Cindy," he smiled broadly and leered at her cum streaked body.  
  
"Ummm ...the first part Sir???" gasped Cindy as she covered her breasts and crotch with her hands suddenly realising she was naked and streaked with cum. Cindy didnt notice Andrea winking at the coach, popping the disc out of the camera then handing it to him, she was too busy looking up and down the corridor hoping no-one else would see her.  
  
"I think you better go with Andrea cindyslut. I think she has plans for you. And don't worry, I called your Dad and told him the other cheerleaders were throwing you a party and that I personally would drive you home."  
  
"You are sir? Thats so nice of you! Gosh Andrea I love parties! I think I'm gonna like it here!"  
  
Andrea rolled her eyes at the coach, grinned and grabbed Cindy's arm. "C'mon cindyslut lets get you cleaned up. Time to party!"  
  
"Ok... hey is there gonna be cake?"  
  
Chapter 11  
  
Cindy was unceremoniously dragged back into the girls locker room by Andrea and was greeted with cheers and laughter by the other girls. In a routine practiced earlier they all patted Cindy on the back and welcomed her to the "Slut Club." Stupid Cindy was all smiles as the girls looked at each other and burst out laughing.  
  
"Oh Cindy you are soooo suited to the club girl!"  
  
"Oh yeah, a real natural!"  
  
"You might even make it to the top!"  
  
"God I wish I was you Cindy!" They all burst into laughter at that! And so did Cindy, even if it was just to join in. She had a funny feeling about this club.  
  
"Hey I better get cleaned up for this party!" said Cindy, suddenly noticing she was naked and cum-streaked amongst a bunch of conservatively dressed teen girls.  
  
"There's no time!" said Andrea, presenting Cindy with her cheer uniform.  
  
"Oh no I cant wear that! Look at it, its all smelly and sweaty, and look at all of you, you're all dressed up! And gosh! I just HAVE to shower!" Cindy squealed in desperation.  
  
"No way cindyslut! There's no time... and there won't be any cake left unless we leave RIGHT NOW!"  
  
"Oohhhh, gosh! Alright, but I feel like SUCH a slut all covered in cum..."  
  
"Oh Cindy, don't you know you ARE a slut by now?" asked Andrea, and the whole team fell about laughing, while Cindy pouted... then giggled.  
  
Chapter 12  
  
Later that evening, Cindy's stepdad shook his head in wonder. "This is great stuff," he said, looking at the amazing images on the computer screen.  
  
"I know." replied Coach Wise. "That Andrea sure knows how to handle a camera huh," he added. "And the best thing is you can download it straight to the net! Ain't technology amazing!"  
  
"Man, this is gonna make me a lot of money, I mean us!" Horace Mortimer said, handing Coach Wise a wad of bills.  
  
"Damn, and its so much fun too. Hey, you coming to the 'party'?"  
  
"Naaaa, I think I'll just alarm the front door to wake me, and greet her when she drags herself in."  
  
Both men laughed heartily. "And be sure and activate the cameras!" quipped the coach.  
  
"Ha ha ha, oh coach, they are always on!"  
  
This time it was the coach that shook his head in wonder as he stepped up into his RV and fired up the engine.  
  
Mortimer yelled out "I'll tell Skinner you did a good job coach!" as the coach roared out of the driveway waving and heading to the 'party'.

**Gosh! Ch. 02**

Coach Wise sped all the way to Randy Hymen Fields, one of the team training grounds that was down in a gully under a bridge high above. With no residences within earshot it was a perfect place for a 'party' of the kind planned to welcome Cindyslut to Malibu High School.  
  
He couldn't help but squeeze his cock through his jeans on the way there... something countless others had done while also making their way down to the fields.  
  
Notices had been placed in adult bookshops the day before, and on the Internet site only hours before, along with fliers around the school, as well as the local college and fraternities. Young and old men were turning up in their droves, roaring into the parking lot and passing signs saying "Quiet! Slut this way!" with an arrow!  
  
Poor Cindy, who had just been gangbanged senseless, was on a high and in a constant blush. She found herself sitting between two 'friends' on a bench in the girls change rooms. As the effect of the hash cookies slowly had worn off, Andrea had slipped two ecstasy tablets into a liter of water Cindy was forced to drink, well... 'encouraged' is the right word, but she had to drink it all.  
  
"Drink!..drink!..drink!..drink!.." Everyone joined in.  
  
"But it's only water," said a cum streaked Cindy.  
  
"Yeah," said Andrea, the Head Cheerleader, "but you are going to drink a LOT tonight..." The other girls started giggling madly, "and you know it's better to be well hydrated before you drink." The rest of the team fell about laughing and Cindy joined in... though she was not really sure what was so funny... She smiled when the first beer was pushed into her hand and she raised the bottle.  
  
"Cheers!" she yelled and everyone cracked up again. Once the noise had died down, Andrea announced, "Ok, nearly ready... hold her down and cuff her, it's time to get the nurse!"  
  
Andrea's brother, Jake Baxter, the quarterback from the schools team, was busy doing what he knew best. That is, organising people. He felt like a traffic cop directing people to different parts of the field. But sure enough most complied, even if some were difficult.  
  
"What do you mean I gotta sit over there?"  
  
"Well, we have events of all kinds to welcome the new slut, I mean cheerleader, and everyone will eventually get a turn at her, I mean a picture with her, I promise you that..."  
  
"Oh... ooook..."  
  
The conversation was typical of many Jake had as the evening turned into night and the lights of the Fields began to do their job... He and a few others from the team were basically directing traffic... setting up games and trials and hoops for Cindy to jump through. All with an audience of horny guys watching. Every time Jake looked around at the hundreds of guys now gathered, he smiled and tried to control his own hard-on.  
  
Jesus, it's all been so easy, he thought to himself. I mean I know we got the heads-up from my cousin at Cindy's last school, but who would have thought that this girl would have been so easy to use and abuse... it's like there is no-one on her side... no-one...  
  
Jake surveyed the Randy Hymen Fields with satisfaction... it looked like all was in readiness... Andrea would be pleased... "I just might get that blowjob from my sister after all," he thought. He shook his head at all the cameras being tested and pointed at the various places around the Fields where Cindyslut would be 'performing'...  
  
Cindy struggled a bit as the catheter was inserted into her urethra by the sneering school nurse who kept looking up and smiling into the cam-corder held by one of Cindy's cheer-leading 'friends'. The cuffs holding her arms behind her back had started to pinch, but before Cindy could protest, a tube was pushed into her mouth and taped.  
  
"Ooooo, uckkyyy!" Cindy garbled as her own piss began seeping into her mouth. She knew it was piss, she had tasted piss before! She immediately realised she would have to stop herself peeing or keep swallowing just so she didn't drown! She didn't want to further ruin her cum-stained cheer-leading outfit, even if it was 2 sizes too small!  
  
"Cindy..." said Andrea with a serious look on her face, "You DO want to join the Slut Club don't you?"  
  
"Oh yesh!" cried Cindy, the tube taped into the corner or her mouth distorting her speech. "I wann oo bee oh'ular ike uh resh oh oo... at'ss all I e'er wann'ed!"  
  
"Cindy, I just KNOW you are gonna love the rest of your initiation girl, and who knows... when you are done... you just might be the most popular girl in the whole county!"  
  
"Weally???" said Cindy, wide-eyed and with cum still dripping down her neck.  
  
"Yeah for sure, but if we are gonna make this initiation party then we had better get going..."  
  
"Well ok en... but um, oo I et to glean up blease Anwea?" Cindy pleaded...  
  
"Oh come on girl, it's the Slut Club you are trying to get into, not the Country Women's Club," and the whole team cracked up as Andrea quickly blindfolded Cindy, dragged her to her feet spluttering, and led her by her cum streaked arm out into the parking lot and into Andrea's convertible. Cindy was thankful Andrea uncuffed her wrists then recuffed them in front of her. That way she could wash down her piss with the beers being constantly pushed into her hands!  
  
The multitude of men were getting restless and Jake and his pals found themselves busy quietening and reassuring most of the 'patrons'.  
  
"Sure, she'll be here soon, I can guarantee it, just remember... complete silence when the signal is given..."  
  
"Yeah yeah, I got it..."  
  
Jake found himself shaking his head again as he looked across the fields... "Jesus there must be 500 guys here," he thought... I wonder what Andrea would do... then he snapped his fingers and his eyes lit up...  
  
Quickly he passed the word around to his teammates and then out into the crowd... to begin with only a few volunteered, but when he added "the cheer-girls are helping," anxious guys started standing and walking to the Donation Tent... in no time at all there were several lines of willing volunteers waiting to help out!  
  
\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_  
  
Cindy was sitting crushed between her teammates in Andrea's car on her way to god knows where, with a beer bottle in each hand. All she knew was that her shirt was bunched up above her breasts and her nipples were being tweaked and the wind was in her hair! She loved the wind in her hair, but her hard nipples were such a distraction that she could hardly speak.. "Oh c..cumm on oo ..uys..." she complained and drained another beer...  
  
"Wh.. where ah ee oing Anwea???" Cindy yelled above the screaming wind.  
  
"Oh you'll find out soon enough slut!" replied Andrea, laughing with her teammates and directing the car straight to Randy Hymen Fields.  
  
In her rear-view mirror Andrea could see one teammate pulling hard on one of Cindy's nipples and she squirmed and rubbed her thighs together... "Damn she's got a great body for a slut..." she thought. Then another car passed and she saw once again how her teammates stood in the back and theatrically pointed at Cindy to get the passersby's attention. Andrea also turned her head to the passenger seat to make sure Trudy Dunbar, the Vice-Captain of the team, was getting great shots of the long blonde-haired buxom slut's predicament with her digital cam-corder...  
  
"I'm gonna make a fucking fortune tonight..." thought Andrea to herself as she put her foot down...  
  
"Ok... time to make everything happen..." said Horace Mortimer out loud, and yet to no-one in particular...  
  
He punched a couple of buttons and turned a dial or two and sure enough the Internet sprung up and screens in front of him flickered to life, as did the voices in the ear-piece now pushed into his ear...  
  
"Ok you guys keep it down..."  
  
"Oh sorry Mr Mortimer," cried a chorus of voices, followed by various explanations of where the proceedings were up to.  
  
"Ok, ok... 'Slutcam 1' are you there???"  
  
There was a crackle in his ear-piece followed by Andrea's sweetest voice, "yes Mr Mortimer, I'm here..."  
  
"E.T.A. pet?"  
  
"About ten minutes Sir..."  
  
"Ok.. ok... 'SlutMaster 1', everything in readiness???"  
  
Jake sprung to attention, "Ah, yes Sir... made a couple of last minute changes but I am sure they will meet with your approval Sir..."  
  
"Wonderful.. wonderful... ok... and the rest of you... all in readiness?" asked School Inspector Mortimer.  
  
"Yes Sir!" erupted the voices... half of which he didn't recognise. Well why would he, there weren't any cute girls at all in the photography club. He snickered and brought another screen of the panorama of Randy Hymen Fields into focus... "What's that there?" he asked out loud, "Jesus... is that??... Oh my god Jake you are a genius..." ahahhahahhahahaaaaaa he laughed as he started the web-cam feed on www.Cindyslut.com...  
  
"Ladies and gentlemen... let the fun begin!"  
  
Andrea squealed behind the wheel she was so horny... "God there is gonna be so many horny guys there..." she thought to herself, as she rounded the last corner and brought the car into the packed parking lot, "lots and lots and lots of hard cocks!"  
  
Cindy squealed too, but she squealed cause someone, she didn't know who, had once again twisted her nipples savagely. They were so hard they ached and she could feel the puddle of cum and her own juices she was sitting in. She was drinking beer and piss and not giving a damn! She felt like she had been blushing for hours! For some reason, she actually felt goooood. She guessed it was all the attention from her friends that made her feel special, but unbeknownst to our heroine, she was under the influence of two ecstasy tablets and along with the beer she had been fed all the way to Randy Hymen Fields! She was feeling no pain at all!  
  
Horace was cutting from camera to camera showing the wide eyes of the gathered throng as well as the diminutive beauties leading the blindfolded cheerleader... "Ok, Jake she's about to come around the corner... give the signal for silence... then when she's in center stage lets get a roar out of the crowd, eh?"  
  
"Yes Sir!" Jake gave the signal and a hush fell over the crowd as Cindy was led around the corner. She felt the presence of males... their sweat, their scent and their breath, and despite Jakes best efforts, there were murmurs coming from the crowd as people shifted positions to get a better look at the scantily clad, blindfolded and handcuffed cheerleader.  
  
Cindy blushed and shuddered behind the blindfold. Her legs felt weak and she had a bad feeling about all this. Andrea had recuffed her hands behind her back again. Suddenly she felt she was in a crush of cheerleaders bodies as her team gathered in close, and whispers from different members invaded her ears.  
  
"So you want to be in the Slut Club huh?"  
  
"It's a very exclusive club Cindy."  
  
"Yeah very exclusive."  
  
"Only the most 'popular' girls are in it."  
  
"Yeah only the most popular."  
  
"But you have to get through this to be accepted."  
  
"Yeah, you have to get through it."  
  
"Yeah."  
  
Just then Cindy felt a collar being fastened around her neck. She knew it was a collar because she had worn one a couple of times before. And whenever she did, she knew that something bad was about to happen. Cindy struggled a bit as hands tightened their grip on her.  
  
"Oh nooo, nooooo. 'ot are oo 'oing? 'ot are oo 'oing to d... owwww!!!" screamed Cindy as her wrists were pulled up high behind her back and clipped to the back of her collar, pulling her shoulders back severely and jutting her tits out obscenely.  
  
"Ugh..." Cindy grunted as the cheers-quad fell away from her and Andrea, facing her, grasped her thick and protruding nipples firmly between thumbs and fingers. Andrea appeared to be laughing but she couldn't be heard. The crowd had erupted into cheers and jeers at the sight of the cheer-girl having her big tits wobbled all over the place by the nipples.  
  
Cindy's knees almost collapsed from the shame she felt at that moment. She could hear lots of voices, maybe a hundred. Oh god maybe more... "What is going to happen to me?" her brain cried. And yet, to her further shame she could feel her pussy juicing up and thoughts began racing through her head. Oh god no... They won't they can't... It can't be happening all over again... God I hope I don't have to blow them all like at Rigby High... Or like at Hamilton High when all the teachers and the black janitors fucked my ass... Or like at La Perouse High where all my so called 'friends' made me wear a buttplug for a whole semester, and clean it and reinsert it every lunchtime, in front of everyone. God it's happening to me again! She suddenly realised her mouth was full of her own piss and she had to swallow quick!  
  
At that moment Cindy's cheer-girl top was jammed down over her shoulders and her enormous rounded breasts jumped out at everyone, nipples huge and throbbing. The stretchy lycra top effectively bound Cindy's elbows to her sides, and, with a few precise adjustments from Andrea, also cupped the lower half of her huge firm tits, making them look even higher on her chest than they actually were.  
  
Andrea's abuse of her nipples had them throbbing and thickly erect on the tips of her big globes. The crowd had gasped into silence at Andrea's sudden swift move and as she stepped away from Cindy, a collective sigh of wonder hushed over the crowd. Cindy's eyes blinked behind her blindfold, wondering what god-forsaken use would be made of her. She shuddered at her exposure and instinctively rubbed her thighs together trying to relieve the hot itch... "Oh god no, I have to stop doing that!" She thought, " My cunt is so wet!"  
  
Just then Jakes booming voice was met with riotous cheers and applause as he announced, "May I present 'Cindyslut', certified dumb-assed whore and next pledge to the Slut Club!" The crowd went wild!  
  
"I know you are all here wondering what is going to happen..." Jake continued, "so I'm going to tell you how proceedings are gonna go..." Again cheers rang out and Jake waited for them to abate before continuing.  
  
"Cindyslut here has an full initiation to get through tonight, and we are all here to witness it..." More applause and wild cheering.  
  
"And Cindy... if she can get through all the tasks and torments we have planned for her... will become the most popular girl in the whole town!!! Courtesy of the Slut Club!!!"  
  
The cheers and applause were deafening. When they finally died down, Jake announced, "Alright people, if you will take up positions around the shot-put area, we will begin... First up is the Piss Test!" Once more the crowd erupted in wild cheering and moved en masse over to the shot-put area.  
  
"C'mon slut," said Andrea "get your ass into gear, we haven't got all night."  
  
"Bud I caaan't Anwea... I'm too... urghh ...I cand talk pro'erly.." Cindy whined. Andrea pulled the catheter out of Cindy's mouth and untaped it then whipped her arm back ripping it from Cindy's piss-hole.  
  
Cindy almost got to cry out before Andrea's tongue slid into her mouth and her lips were covered. "Mmmm... no wonder you like to drink your own piss Cindy, it's quite delicious!"  
  
"But, I..."  
  
"Oh stop your complaining, don''t you know how good it is for you? Haven't you read how it's great for your skin, helps you diet and even makes you a little high? Gee Cindy, you really have to read more..."  
  
"I.. I'm sorry, I just didn't know..." Gosh.  
  
She just wanted to get out of there. And she hadn't caught Jakes words properly and she sorely needed to go to the little girls room. But she had been trying desperately to hang on. And now she didn't seem to need to go so bad. She was so confused. Was it still about the Slut Club or were they just using her like in the past? What if it is about the Slut Club and I fail and I don't get in? I'll have blown it all over again!  
  
"At least let me take a piss Andrea, pleeeease!"  
  
"Not a chance slut, you're gonna need it for the first task! Now get your fucking feet moving whore, or it will be a whipping for you between the goal-posts."  
  
At this last remark Cindy's resolve flew out the window. "Jesus," she thought, "I don't want to get a whipping in front of everyone, god how humiliating!" She straightened her back in a stupid attempt at courage and was suddenly pulled hard by the nipple and she whimpered as she was roughly led over to the shot-put area where Jake had again taken control.  
  
"Friends, we are all here this evening to witness Cindyslut's attempt to enter the Slut Club. As I said she has various tasks and torments to endure. We are her witnesses. And we are her judges. If anyone sees her cheating or scrimping or cutting corners you are to raise one hand immediately whereupon proceedings will cease. The 'problem' will the aired loudly and we all will judge. Understood? I will decide whether the task is completed, done again, or whether punishment will be the penalty. Punishments will be administered between the goal-posts at the southern end." Cindy winced and shuddered again at the mention of the goal-posts. Her face burned hotly and her pussy throbbed at the thought of being whipped. She always came when she was whipped. God.  
  
"Yeahhh!!!" Nods and agreements filled the air as Cindy stood shivering in fear, hoping no-one would notice the trickle of piss running down the inside of her leg.  
  
"Ok, ok quieten down please," said Jake, his arms flapping slowly like a seagull, "Task 1: Piss further than three yards while blindfolded. Rules: One hand must be on the ground at all times. Torment: Andrea, nipple clamps please!" The crowd oooed and ahhhed and all Cindy could think was, "Nooo, nooo, nooo they'll make me horny!" Andrea stepped up to Cindy like an assistant on a game-show, and with a flourish, presented the clamps on a chain to the crowd amidst the cheers.  
  
"Arghhh!" cried Cindy twice as the clamps bit into her nipple flesh and she shuddered and felt her pussy juice up even more. "Nooo, nooo, please not clamps!" she thought as she bit her lip and felt another trickle of piss run down her inner thigh.  
  
"She's as ready as she'll ever be!" yelled Andrea as she pulled poor Cindy into the shot-put ring and crumpled her knees with a push behind them. Cindy fell to the ground and groaned as piss pains ran through her abdomen.  
  
The crowd took up the chant, "Piss! Piss! Piss!" Cindy positioned herself with a hand on the ground as instructed and spread her thighs and gasped as another shudder of shame burned through her. "Oh god this is awful I cant believe I'm gonna do this... but it's not as bad as being whipped... god my nipples ache..."  
  
"C'mon slut! Do it!" hissed Andrea in her ear and Cindy heard the voices of the rest of the team take up the chant, "Piss! Piss! Piss!"  
  
"Jesus three yards..." Cindy thought, as she welled up her piss and slid two fingers down to part the pink puffy lips of her cunt. She suddenly exploded with piss and let out an ungodly "Ahhhh!" easily clearing 4 yards and drenching one poor guy holding a cam-corder.  
  
"Great shot! Great shot! Now quick zoom into her cunt!" screamed an excited Horace into his microphone. The screen in front of him lit up with his step daughter's pulsing pink pussy still dripping piss and the directional microphone picked up Cindy pleading, "Did I do it? Did I?"  
  
Horace laughed like a maniac as the hit meter on the web-site went nuts.  
  
"Get that little fucking tart to the next task Jake, everyone's aching for it!"  
  
"Yes Sir," he said into his mouthpiece, then to the crowd, "Ok everyone! Next task! 'Beer or bust!' Over to the Donation Tent!"  
  
Andrea pulled Cindyslut to her feet by a pigtail and she squealed and everyone laughed and jeered.  
  
"Why are they being so mean, I did good didn't I?" Cindy whined as she was dragged blindfolded and stumbling. Donation Tent? She wondered if she was doing something for charity!  
  
"Oh shut up you stupid slut," giggled Andrea as the crowd settled in a semi-circle around them. Cindy couldn't help it and giggled too! She was plonked onto a chair and felt the undersides of her breasts resting on a table in front of her. The clamps were still tight on her nipples. She liked them and hoped they would stay. She felt little pulls and pushes on them as electrodes were attached to the clamps.

"Right slut are you ready?" Buzz! Buzz! Jake pressed the button on the remote in his hand and Cindy stiffened and gasped! Her nipples were suddenly on fire!!  
  
She just about screamed, "Yes Sir!" And the crowd cracked up as four pitchers were brought over in front of Cindy by her cheerleader friends. Two pitchers obviously contained beer but the other two swam with thick ropey cum. Two pitchers filled with the cum of over two hundred men. The thick slime had an acrid smell Cindy recognised immediately. She crinkled her nose and swallowed instinctively.  
  
"This task is relatively simple..." said Jake, "You choose two pitchers out of the four in front of you, then it's two minutes to down each pitcher, two pitchers to down, or it's a whipping! Any spillages and your tits get zapped!"  
  
The crowd went bananas! Jake quietened them with his impression of a seagull again. "Alright, alright, that's enough, we don't want to be here all night!"  
  
"Why not!" shouted a heckler to more guffaws from the crowd.  
  
"Ok, ok, settle down ...Now Miss Cindyslut, there are four pitchers in front of you..." the crowd gasped and collectively shook their heads as, blindfolded, Cindy nodded at two and chose her poison. Andrea quickly stepped in and made sure Cindy's choices were one pitcher of beer, and one pitcher full to the brim with warm cum, much to the delight of the cheering crowd. The other cheerleaders fought over the two remaining pitchers, pushing and pulling them back and forth and spilling half the contents of each down their fronts! They were all laughing. Many in the crowd were stroking hard cocks through their pants. Some had even pulled them out!  
  
"Alright! Let's begin!" Jake shouted. Cindy wondered how on earth she could do it with her arms strapped up behind her back!  
  
Andrea had been looking forward to this from as soon as Jake suggested it. She moved in behind Cindy and pushed her cunt against Cindy's fingers. She leaned over and with each arm coming around from behind Cindy, she picked up the pitcher full of beer.  
  
Seeing all was in readiness, Jake announced, "Ok, two minutes! Go!!!"  
  
Andrea tipped the pitcher up to Cindy's mouth but of course it was hopeless. She could hear the stupid slut swallowing then coughing and spluttering. Jake kept pushing his remote control zapper and Cindyslut didn't have a chance!  
  
In her haste Andrea tossed the empty beer pitcher over her shoulder. It bounced off Trudy Dunbar's head and almost knocked her out! Trudy, the Vice-Captain of the cheerleaders, was livid and pounced on Andrea's back just as she was about to pour the pitcher of cum down Cindy's throat! Andrea dropped the pitcher of cum when Trudy pulled her to the ground by her hair. Somehow the pitcher snagged on Cindy's fingers on the way down!  
  
The crowd roared!  
  
Suddenly Andrea was being accosted from all directions by her own team! Two lycra-clad cheerleaders were sitting on her arms and another had straddled her thighs. Two more were slapping her face and tits, yelling something about how she never gave them any attention and now she was gonna pay!!! And the crowd was egging them on!  
  
Horace Mortimer couldn't believe it! He knew he should never have trusted those damned kids! He watched in his monitor as the action switched from Cindy to Andrea. He'd have Jakes balls for this!  
  
Then he watched fascinated as Trudy pulled the three quarters full pitcher of cum free of Cindy's fingers and she sat on Andrea's comfortable chest. Of course this knocked the wind out of Andrea, who's nose was also being held closed. She gurgled as the pitcher of cum was poured down her throat. The sight of Andrea swallowing over and over was caught perfectly in close-up from three different angles!  
  
It was a disaster, but at least the hit meter was still going bananas! He caught sight of Jake untying Cindy and leading her away. "What the fuck does he think he's doing!" screamed Horace to no-one at all.  
  
Meanwhile the crowd was out of control. Men had queued up in four or five lines to step up and cum all over the writhing mass of cheerleader flesh. Once Andrea was stripped and staked out the others shrugged and pulled off their uniforms too. They each took turns sitting on Andrea's face and slapped and pinched her tits if her tongue got lazy. Half the men there wanted to ride the new slut. So the cheerleaders sucked them till they were hard enough, then they just climbed right on and fucked her!  
  
The only times Andrea's face wasn't covered in cunt was when each man came in her cursing and complaining mouth! And they made sure she got every blast. All the cheer-girls were either on their knees sucking cock and waiting for Andrea's cummy face to be free, or taking turns whipping her, in between being fucked again! For the few souls who couldn't hold back and who blasted straight into a cheer-leader's mouth, the girl just turned around and spat it onto Andrea!  
  
Horace shook his head and muttered... "looks like I'm gonna have to start a new web-site!"  
  
But Jake had a better idea. He put poor Cindy under a hose and sprayed her off. He wasn't going to have her stain his Firebird. Cindy couldn't stop blabbing her thankyou's as Jake sprayed the filth from her. When he was done he looked at the naked and shivering slut and felt a pang of guilt.  
  
"Look Cindy, if you promise to give me the best head in the world, three times a week for the rest of the semester, I'll get you out of here."  
  
Cindy thought all her Christmas' had come at once! "Is that it? Like, I don't even have to let you fuck me?"  
  
"Nope, just the best head in the world Cindy, it's what Andrea promised me to help her gang up on you."  
  
"Oh Jake, I'll give you blowjobs that are like totally phat!!"  
  
"Ok, it's a deal!" He grinned as he helped Cindy into his car.  
  
Jake drove down the ramp onto the freeway. Cindy had opened his pants and was stroking his long, thick and pulsing cock in her hand. She smiled and batted her eyelashes at him.  
  
"You know you can like, fuck me if you want..."  
  
"Yeah, I know," he said as he pulled Cindy's mouth down by her pigtail.  
  
"Gosh!" She mumbled as her mouth filled with cock.

**Gosh! Ch. 03**

"Cindy, you could've just asked me. I know about cars, you know. Here, let me talk to him..." Jake said, chuckling.  
  
They met when Jake had wandered into Mike's Daytona Auto Shop almost two years ago, looking for a quote. Instantly they recognised kindred souls. Fellow football players, it wasn't long before Jake and Mike were drinking buddies, watching sport together, and playing poker on Thursday nights at Mike's place down by the beach. With a similar sense of humour, the two men regularly played practical jokes on one another, all in good fun, and their friendship went from there. When Jake told Mike about his girlfriend's naivety, Mike shook his head doubtfully. From what Jake said, Cindy was both model material, and a bit of an airhead. When it was finally planned that they would meet, Mike promised to go easy on her. As it was, most of his jokes went clean over her head, providing Mike and Jake with lots of laughs.  
  
"Nooo," she whined, "I can do it. Besides, Mike was already on the phone." Jake cocked an eyebrow and chuckled again. He never could argue with Cindy's nutty logic. *Stuff it*, he thought, *at least I can get to the pub on time*. There was a pool competition on that night, and he thought he had a shot. And anyway, he'd see Mike there shortly.  
  
Jake had not discouraged his buddy when Mike first started teasing Cindy. If he was honest with himself, Jake would admit he enjoyed it too. Whenever Mike came over for a beer, the two of them would find so many reasons to laugh at poor Cindy. Being as clueless as she was, she simply loved the attention. So much so that now and again she would play up the bimbo side of herself, just to keep the two men laughing. As long as she was the center of their attention, she didn't mind at all. In fact, she secretly got wet when laughed at, but she felt ashamed and confused by the phenomenon, and couldn't admit it to anyone, let alone spell 'phenomenon'.  
  
Cars fascinated Cindy. From the first time someone had explained to her what 'phallic symbol' meant, she had loved their hard bodies, and thumping dongs, or donks or whatever the big fat engines were called. With his thorough knowledge, Mike had kept Cindy rapt with his tales of speedway driving and some of the cars on which he'd worked. He'd forewarned Jake that he'd put something unusual on each invoice so he could have some fun with Cindy when she rang about it. Some of the laughs they'd had about a 'full piston throttling' or 'double valve re-boring' had reduced them to tears.  
  
Jake smiled as he watched Cindy on the phone, twirling a few strands of curly blonde hair around a finger and swinging her five-inch white stiletto on the big toe of her dainty left foot. *God she's fucking gorgeous*, he thought. From her leather stiletto, Jake's eyes trailed up her tanned curvy calf, past her sculpted knee, and up to the hem of her pressed white linen miniskirt. He admired the flawless copper skin of her lithe thigh and swallowed. Even though she was a complete bubblehead, he loved her madly and was glad he was finally going to marry her. She was just too good to let go, even if she did occasionally stray - not intentionally, of course. He knew Cindy always *wanted* to be a good girl.  
  
"Baby, I'm going up to the pub for a few hours. Remember?"  
  
"There's just something on this invoice I want to straighten out," Cindy muttered, waving the paper in the air. She wasn't listening. She was on hold and entranced by a tune playing in the receiver. She was also admiring the new nails she'd acquired from the beauty salon that afternoon.  
  
Jake chuckled. He knew Cindy couldn't concentrate on more than two things at once, let alone three or four. He stepped up to her and slid his index finger under her chin, gaining her attention. "Baby? I'll see you later, okay?"  
  
"Okay," she said, her big pale blue eyes blinking vacantly up at him.  
  
"You remember I'm going to the pub, don't you?" Jake asked.  
  
He watched as in slow motion she parted her rich red lips, perfectly white teeth gleaming, tongue licking her lips, preparing to speak. "Oh, yeah. That's right, Monday night is that swimming competition. Strange having a pool at the pub... I'll have to remember my bikini next time I go... Have you got a towel, baby? Oh and don't drink too much. I don't want you turning into an alchemist, or something."  
  
Jake just smiled. He was used to Cindy's inane ramblings. "You mean an alcoholic?"  
  
"Um, yeah. You know, a bottom."  
  
"I think you mean a 'bum'..."  
  
"Huh?"  
  
"Never mind."  
  
"What? What's wrong with my bum?" Cindy dropped the phone in horror and stood up, twisting her body to look down at her ass over her shoulder. Jake swallowed and felt himself harden. Cindy's skirt was tucked into the back of her thong, showing everything. "Oh, oops. Hee hee! I wonder how long it's been like that!" she giggled, blushing at her silliness.  
  
"Oh, relax. You have a yummy bum," said Jake, smiling at the sight of her trying to wiggle her miniskirt back over her hips.  
  
"You're so sweet, Jake."  
  
At that inopportune moment, Mike started talking on the phone. Cindy heard it and sat back down, giving up trying to fix her tight skirt. She picked up the phone while Jake organised himself to leave. Cindy thought Mike Solano was a hunk, and she loved how he teased her, even though she could hardly keep up with him. She bit her lip and wondered if he had a big cock. It was naughty to think about things like that.  
  
"Are you there?" Mike asked in a gruff voice.  
  
"Y... Yes. Hello Mi-"  
  
"Are you alone?"  
  
  
  
"Um, I just wanted to-"  
  
"Tell me when Jake's left for the pub," he said curtly. Mike really enjoyed playing with Cindy, particularly when Jake wasn't around. He knew he could get away with so much more, and was always pushing to see how far he could go with her. After the one time Cindy had come to the shop to pick up her car, all the guys had fallen in lust with her, and Mike had boasted about how he could manipulate the naïve girl and have a lot of fun with her. So now all the mechanics in Mike's Daytona Auto Shop looked forward to Cindy's calls, as Mike would put her on speakerphone and demonstrate her silliness to all his employees. That part Jake didn't know, but Mike wasn't too mean. He did have a soft spot for young Cindy, and it was getting harder by the second!  
  
The fact that Cindy was on the phone went around the shop like wildfire. The mechanics piled into Mike's office and shushed and elbowed each other as they tried to get the best spots. Cindy had no idea that Mike had seven other guys with him, all licking their lips and adjusting their cocks while listening to the baby-voiced stunner.  
  
"I... I think he's leaving in a m... minute." Cindy said quietly, blushing harder at his tone and wondering if Mike knew what she was ringing about. Goose bumps broke out on her upper arms, and her nipples began to swell. She didn't really mind because she was at home and not out in public where she would blush and look down and try to stop thinking about cocks... or sex... or um... hot messy cum... At home she didn't mind how her nipples pushed out the tight t-shirt, stretched as it was over her gravity-defying tits and tied in a knot below her ribs. At home it was okay and safe and Jake loved playing with her nipples and seeing how big and hard they could get. Also, at home she could go braless, and let her big tits jiggle which made her nipples hard anyway. Jake had warned her that she should never go braless in public, because she'd cause too many car accidents. She tried to explain that her tits didn't get in the way when she was driving, but Jake has insisted and she had gone along with him.  
  
Jake was now ready to leave and she looked up at him, cradling the receiver loosely on her shoulder as he bent to kiss her cheek. "You won't be too late, will you, Jake?" she asked.  
  
Jake gave her a hug, trapping the phone by her ear and speaking right into it, thinking he'd tease his buddy a bit. "I won't be too late, baby, I promise. Besides, I doubt I'll be able to concentrate with these beauties to come home to," he said, sliding a big hand over her left breast, trapping her thickening nipple between finger and thumb. Then he whispered, loudly and clearly enough for the mechanics to hear. "I could see how hard your nipples were getting, baby. Were you thinking about my big hard cock again?"  
  
"Oh, Jake. You know how hard they get when I think about cocks... er, your cock..."  
  
Jake chuckled at her mistake. *That'll get Mike going*, he thought with a grin.  
  
"Can I have the key to the toy box?" Cindy asked, whispering conspiratorially, "I'm so fucking horny." Jake had to keep the toys he'd bought Cindy under lock and key. At first he bought them to help control Cindy's sex drive, but when she was unable to come to the phone for the three days after he'd bought them, he decided on a lockable toy box to rein in her rampant impulses.  
  
"You can wait, dirty girl," Jake said, pinching Cindy's nipple harder, causing it to balloon to full hardness.  
  
"Ohhhhh...." she moaned, closing her eyes for a moment as his pinching eased. "I... I'll try..." she breathed hotly, trying not to think about fucking her fingers hard as soon as he'd closed the front door behind him.  
  
"Good girl. I'll be back later."  
  
Cindy was sitting on a stool by the kitchen bench, still holding the cordless receiver on her shoulder as she absentmindedly drew her nails over her tingling nipple and stared into space. She didn't even hear Jake's car driving off.  
  
Cindy had been lucky to find Jake. He wasn't exactly the ideal man, but she didn't really have a choice. She knew she had to get away from her stepfather, and everyone at school, and... well... everything! Anyway, to Cindy, it seemed like a good idea at the time, and he *did* have a nice big cock.  
  
Jake had helped her escape to the sunny skies of Florida, and for that she would always be grapefruit. She wondered for a moment why grapefruit was so thankful, but instead she tossed her hair and didn't worry about it.  
  
  
  
The only real disappointment was that Jake's nice big cock always used to cum so fast. Jake told her he was sick of apologising about it. He said if it wasn't for her being such a succulent piece of ass, he might be able to last at least a minute longer. She wondered what that would be like. "Maybe I'll get it in the ass tonight," she said aloud, then suddenly remembered the phone on her shoulder!  
  
"Oh, gosh! Um, sorry! I stubbed my toe!" gasped Cindy, blushing crimson. She looked down and noticed her puffy rock-hard nipple was squashed flat between her manicured finger and thumb. *What was I just thinking about?* she wondered, releasing her nipple and gasping again. Cindy felt her tummy flutter and resolved to masturbate as soon as she'd finished talking with the mechanic. She sighed. *Why does my cunt always have something extra wrong with it? I mean, my CAR! GOD!*  
  
"Are you okay? You sound... breathless," Mike finally said.  
  
"No, just a bit... um, distracted," she said, letting Mike's sexy voice wrap around her as she slipped her fingers between her legs to find her pulsing clitty.  
  
"Was there something on your mind, Cindy?"  
  
"Um, yeah, this last invoice thingy? I was wondering about something on it...."  
  
"Really?" Mike asked, choking back a laugh and urging the guys listening to be quiet.  
  
"Yeah I was just kind of wondering what a 'tail pipe lube and alignment' was. I haven't heard of that before."  
  
Mike covered the speakerphone with his hand as guffaws broke out around him. "Come on you guys, I haven't even started," he whispered to the boys. They settled down and Mike removed his hand.  
  
"Well, little lady, it's a new thing, and very important. You should always make sure your tailpipe is in good working order." Mike covered the speakerphone again until the raucous laughter settled down. They almost missed Cindy's comment.  
  
"Really, I never knew that. Is there anything I can do? Like, can I lubricate it and align it myself?"  
  
"Well, you can, but I'm not sure if you have the right tool for it. Do you have any really big tools?" Mike asked, almost losing it himself then. He had to rearrange his cock in his overalls as well as keep himself from laughing. He noticed a few of the other guys doing the same.  
  
"I think Jake has a big tool, but I'm not sure. I haven't seen that many others to compare," she mused. Cindy suddenly realised it sounded like they were talking about cocks. Her nipples throbbed hard and she bit her lip. The long nail on her index finger touched her clit through her pink thong and she uncrossed her legs, opening them slowly and breathing out at the sensation of cool air caressing her shapely tanned inner thighs.  
  
"Oh come on, I'm sure you've seen lots of other tools, a curious girl like you..." Mike said, going red from trying not to laugh. Cindy stroked her clit with her nail, closing her eyes and imagining Mike was talking about cocks.  
  
"Well, I suppose I've seen a few in my time, but never a whole shop full of them. I've never been inside a mechanic's shop. I bet you guys have lots of big tools there." Cindy smiled, enjoying the little joke she was having, until her nail started stroking the length of her clit and she almost forgot where she was.  
  
"Well, Cindy, places like this have tools of all different shapes and sizes," said Mike, noticing Ishmael. "And colours," he added, without thinking.  
  
"Gosh. You even have different colours?" Cindy asked, dragging her nail across the head of her clit, thinking about big black cocks.  
  
"Yep, and a few whoppers!" Mike winked at Cody and shook his head at 'Bull'. "A couple of the tools here you would have to see to believe!" exclaimed Mike, immediately covering the phone, knowing the effect his comment would have on his employees.  
  
Cindy swallowed as she held the phone to her ear with her shoulder, a skill she'd learned just last week. And boy was she glad. This way, she could talk and pull her thong aside and hold it, while she started working a few fingers up her cunt. Her eyes rolled back in her head as the word 'cunt' ricocheted around her heated mind. She hooked her heels in the cross struts of the stool, tilted up her pelvis, and started pushing three fingers in and out of herself. For a moment she thought she heard laughter and her nipples throbbed obscenely.  
  
*Gosh, I'm such a stereotypically stupid slut who gets turned on when I'm embarrassed or humiliated or ashamed... in an erotic story...* she thought strangely. "A... Are you l... laughing at m... me?"  
  
"Now Cindy, you know the last thing I'd do is laugh at you." Mike thought it probably would be, right after he'd cum all over her face. "You should come down here and take a look at some of these big tools, Cindy," Mike said, trying not to laugh down the phone line. "I'm sure we could find something that fits your tail pipe perfectly!"  
  
Cindy pulled her sopping fingers from her squelchy cunt and thrust two of them up her ass, immediately pumping them full length in and out. "R... really, Mike? I th... thought you'd al... already done that j... job," gasped Cindy, losing her mind.  
  
"It's a forward invoice, Cindy. You'll have to bring it in tonight if you want to get the dick-count."  
  
"D... Dick-count? Don't you mean d... dis-count?"  
  
There was silence on the phone for a moment while the guys cracked up, and Cindy wondered if she'd been cut off. "Mmmmm... Mmmmmm..." she moaned softly, using her thong to stimulate her clit while she fingered her ass. "Oh, fuckkkk..." She realised if she kept going she was going to cum. Suddenly Mike was there.  
  
"STOP!"  
  
"Huh? Huh? What?" asked Cindy, almost delirious, her fingers jammed up her ass.  
  
"It's no good coming down now. We're out of lube. You'll have to put up with a tail pipe that needs work."  
  
"What kind of l... lube do you n... need?" Cindy asked, feeling her asshole pulse around her fingers.  
  
"Number 5298 multi-grade high lux, total tailpipe lubricant," Mike lied, "but ah, if you have any baby oil or cold cream, that would do fine."  
  
"So, if I bring some cold cream, or some baby oil, down to the shop now, you can show me those big tools and lube my tail pipe?" Cindy asked, gritting her teeth and pushing in a third finger, pumping her ass harder and faster.  
  
"I'll even throw in the alignment for free, little lady."  
  
"Oh Mike," said Cindy, on the verge of orgasm once more. "A... And this service i... is already on this invoice?" she squeaked, gasping.  
  
"Wait a minute..." said Mike. Cindy froze again, mid-thrust.  
  
"What? What is it?" she gasped.  
  
"I've been teasing you."  
  
Cindy gulped, wetting the inside of her mouth with her nimble pink tongue. "You have?"  
  
"Yeah, I've been having you on."  
  
"Oh, Mike, you are so mean," Cindy said, breathlessly sliding her fingers out of her ass and pulling her thong back into place. *I can't wait, to mas-tur-bate,* Cindy thought, reminding herself of her cheerleading days. Just then, there was a knock at the door. "Oh, um, Mike?"  
  
"Yes?"  
  
"There's someone at the door."  
  
"Really? You better answer it then."  
  
"Oh... yeah." Cindy put down the phone and looked around for something to wipe her fingers on. She couldn't find anything, and shoved them quickly into her pussy before sliding them into her mouth. *Nasty,* she managed to think as she sucked them clean. She'd didn't notice her skirt was still tucked into her thong at the back. She popped her fingers from her mouth and wiped them on her bare thigh before pulling open the front door.  
  
"Miriam! I wasn't expecting you until next week!" she said, blushing and hoping her carpet wasn't dirty.  
  
Miriam Delaney lived next door. She was a good-looking woman of about thirty-five. She was slim and dark haired and always well dressed in a headmistress kind of way. They met over the side fence soon after Cindy and Jake had moved in. That particular day, Cindy had been sunbathing in a very skimpy bikini that Jake had bought her. Miriam called to her, and Cindy bounced over to the fence, trying not to show how embarrassed she was about the tooth floss bikini. Miriam introduced herself and Cindy did likewise, explaining how they'd moved out from California.  
  
They chatted for a while until Miriam asked if she 'trimmed her hedge herself or if she preferred a Brazilian'. Cindy told Miriam she didn't know any Brazilians. Miriam promised to introduce her to a Brazilian next time Cindy needed help with her hedge. Cindy thought Miriam was very kind and helpful even though she wondered why she winked so much. Maybe she had ticks or something. Apparently Miriam was a cyclist, because she asked if Cindy was 'bike curious' or something and asked if she had ever had her carpet cleaned. "Would you like to have your picture taken by a dyke?" asked Miriam, pushing her luck with the obviously clueless young woman.  
  
"I thought they only had those in Holland," replied Cindy, feeling her nipples harden in her teeny weeny bikini. She definitely didn't want to do any modeling outside. Cameras made her feel all hot and bothered at the best of times, and she had already done enough public displays of her gorgeous body to last a lifetime. Cindy was getting very confused by all the questions but she did think Jake might like some pictures of her on a bike. She also thought it would be better to take the pictures at Miriam's place, since she hadn't had her carpet cleaned since moving to Florida, even though they were in pretty good condition.  
  
Cindy definitely didn't miss all the cameras in California. She noticed the occasional one trained on her in Florida, but Jake said that was normal for a pretty girl. She shuddered a little at that, because it was the same thing her stepfather used to tell her. She didn't really miss her Stepfather. He always said she was 'built for pleasure'. Whatever that meant. All she knew was she was flesh and blood, and hadn't been built by anybody. She sure showed him.

"Hi Cindy," Miriam said, carrying in a bottle of gin and some tonic water. "Thought you might be alone and want some company."  
  
"Dammit!" Mike swore on the other end of the phone, overhearing the conversation. Cindy let Miriam in and told her to make some drinks. She explained she was on the phone with her mechanic and needed to make an appointment to have her tail pipe lubed. Miriam nodded sagely, not knowing what Cindy was talking about.  
  
Miriam was too busy with other plans to pay much mind to Cindy's meanderings. She had seen Jake leave in his Camaro, and decided to see how long he was going to be out. She made the drinks and pulled the special powder from her pocket that she'd acquired from a friend who just got back from South Dakota. She decided a double dose of the 'Super Dooper Spanish Fly' would be about right for the gorgeous 'fucktoy-to-be'. She couldn't believe it was going to be this easy. "Hey Cindy," she yelled. "Want to go out tonight?"  
  
Cindy quickly made an appointment with Mike for the next day, as she didn't want tail pipe problems, and he slotted into her, or maybe it was 'slotted her in'. She couldn't remember. Anyway, it was for eight A.M. and she thanked Mike for looking after her and apologised for having to go, telling him she'd see him tomorrow, before hanging up.  
  
She glided into the living room and leaned against the doorway while Miriam made the drinks. "Yeah, going out might be fun," replied Cindy, amazingly remembering Miriam had asked her a question. "Jake will probably be out all night if he swims well."  
  
"Huh?"  
  
"He's playing in a pool, silly," giggled Cindy, as Miriam poured the powder into Cindy's gin and tonic. She swirled it with her finger and sucked it dry, noting the tingle on her tongue and smiling.  
  
"Well," she said, turning and handing Cindy the spiked drink, "Let's have these, then you can change, and we'll go out!"  
  
"Like a girls' night out?"  
  
"Yeah! Does that sound like fun?"  
  
"Yeah!" squealed Cindy, knocking back her G & T in one hit. For a moment she stood stunned as the drug washed through her system. Her entire body tingled from her blonde head to her little red toenails. Of course, Miriam could only hope the drug had the desired effect, and as she sipped her own G & T, she watched with increasing wonder. The nipples capping Cindy's impossibly large tits popped out in her tight t-shirt, and soon she was gyrating and swaying to some unknown beat. "Wow, that was a good drink," she squeaked. "What do you call it?"  
  
"It's a gin and tonic. Also known as a 'Leg Opener'."  
  
Cindy giggled. "Whyyy?" she asked in her baby voice.  
  
"Because they taste so much better with your legs open."  
  
"Do they really? No way!"  
  
"It's true. Here, let me make you another one."  
  
"Um, okay," said Cindy, handing her empty glass to Miriam with no idea what she was getting herself into.  
  
Miriam wondered if the drug was working as she looked over her shoulder at the blushing bimbo. Cindy had collapsed cross-legged on the floor and was swaying with her eyes closed. *It's amazing how her body moves one way and her tits the other*, Miriam thought*. It's almost hypnotic*. As her eyes trailed downward over Cindy's tanned flat tummy, Miriam gawked when her eyes arrived at the pink thong stretched over Cindy's swollen cunt. Her eyes narrowed as she stared at Cindy's shiny inner thighs. *I think that's cunt juice*. O*h fuck it, I wouldn't be a mean lesbian Dominatrix if I didn't load up the little slut*, she decided, dumping the remainder of the drugs in Cindy's second drink.  
  
Miriam grinned evilly as she shoved a finger in her sopping cunt then used it to swirl the G & T. "This is my special recipe," Miriam announced, bringing the drink over to Cindy, whose eyes were now clouded with lust. "Remember, the wider apart your legs, the better it tastes!"  
  
"O... Okay," Cindy said, reaching for the new drink and setting her heels on the floor, legs spread as wide as she could go.  
  
"But just sip this one, all right? That way the pleasure lasts much longer."  
  
"Mmmmm... I like that idea," said Cindy, sipping the tangy drink, her head swirling. "God, this really is fucking good."  
  
Miriam looked down on her horny next door neighbour and thought her friends would never believe it... unless... "Come on. Let's get you changed."  
  
"Huh? But this drink is so gooood like this," replied Cindy, on the verge of orgasm without even so much as touching herself.  
  
"Let's get you out of those clothes and into something more appropriate," said Miriam. "Then we can go out and I'll buy you a couple more."  
  
"Gosh, Miriam, I don't know if I should go out in this condition. I feel really hot and like... um... you know... gooey."  
  
"Well, let's not ruin that lovely thong," said Miriam, nodding at the strip of cloth covering Cindy's bulging pussy. "Do you have anything crotchless?"  
  
"Crotchless?" asked Cindy. Miriam lifted her by the elbow to her feet. "But I have a crotch!" she said, giggling stupidly.  
  
"Well then, you better not wear anything crotchless," suggested Miriam helpfully, guiding a compliant Cindy out of her front door and onto the street, heading for next door.  
  
"But my clothes are upstairs!" Cindy squealed, not even noticing they were outside already. "And I haven't finished my drink!"  
  
"It's okay, you can bring your drink with you. And I have some lovely clothes you can borrow. I bet they fit you perfectly! You can get changed at my house," Miriam chuckled with glee. This was so easy it was becoming fun!  
  
"You're so nice, Miriam," Cindy whispered, wondering why her cunt was so hot and wet. *God, my clit HURTS it's so hard!* She gasped remembering. "My thong! I forgot to take off my thong! I don't want to ruin it!"  
  
Cindy spoke far too loudly, causing lights to come on in the street. Miriam rolled her eyes and chuckled, stopping under a streetlight. "Well take it off then, you can always go commando."  
  
"W... We're not going to the army barracks, are we?" Cindy asked haltingly, thinking of saluting cocks, while hooking a thumb into one side of her thong and wondering where to put her drink.  
  
"No, no. Nothing like that," Miriam said, chuckling once more and extending her hand to take Cindy's glass. "I'd like to introduce you to some carpet cleaners, though."  
  
"Okay, if you think I need it," said Cindy, thinking Miriam was really obsessed with carpets. Cindy hooked her other thumb into her thong and slid it down her thighs, teetering on her stilettos. When she was half bent over and her thong was around her knees, Miriam spanked her ass really hard, causing her to drop the thong to the ground. "Oohhhh!" moaned Cindy, as the crack echoed around the neighbourhood. She almost lost her balance, but luckily Miriam grabbed her by the nipples from behind and pulled her upright. "What was that for?" wondered Cindy, shuddering.  
  
"It's how we welcome new people to Florida!" laughed Miriam.  
  
"Gosh!" said Cindy, caressing her bare ass with her mini around her hips. "I never knew that. It'll be fun if any of my friends ever move out here."  
  
"Come on, you silly slut. You'd be out here showing off all night if I let you, wouldn't you?"  
  
"Oops," said Cindy, looking around, wiggling her hips and smoothing her mini over her ass. "I feel so... *naughty* tonight!" she giggled. "Look at my fucking *nipples!*" She screeched gleefully, pinching them there under the streetlight, utterly oblivious of the show she was putting on for the neighbours.  
  
"Okay, I admit your nipples are ludicrously large. Perhaps we can do something about that. Now, come on inside and let's get you ready... I mean 'changed'," Miriam said, sipping Cindy's drink to wet her dry mouth. After all, with how wet her hairy cunt was, it was no wonder her mouth was dry. *Oops*, she thought, wiping her chin with the back of her hand, *I probably shouldn't have done that*.  
  
"I wonder if I have anything that could cover your enormous nipples..." said Miriam, standing by her open wardrobe, apparently deep in thought, rubbing her chin.  
  
Cindy was sitting on the side of Miriam's bed, knees wide apart and sipping her drink, almost distraught with desire. "God," she said, looking between her widely spread thighs, "anything, I don't care, throw me to the Christians, I just wanna fuck!"  
  
"Okay," said Miriam, following her predetermined and perfect plan, "Since you are going to meet new people, you should wear this spanking skirt," Miriam said, taking out the black leather mini with the ass cut out. "Then everyone can greet you properly. Daytona style. And, for those unbelievably enormous nipples that defy reason, I think you should wear pasties!"  
  
"You must be kidding! I can't wear pasties! That's a scene!"  
  
"Oh, Cindy. You poor girl. Don't you know they're all the rage in Paris?"  
  
"Well, I haven't seen them in Cosmo. But I guess you should know, being a photographer and all."  
  
"That's true. And you'll find it in the newest issue, I think. Latest thing. Pasties on your nipples! It's like the seventies all over again..."  
  
"Whoever thought pasties would make a comeback..."  
  
"I know! But of course, you can't have them coming off. I mean, the models in Milan have been using suction cups, apparently."  
  
"Really? Do you have some?"  
  
"It just so happens I do."  
  
"Well, let's get ready! I haven't been dancing in ages!" said Cindy, almost cumming as she took another sip of her Super Dooper Spanish Fly laced G & T.  
  
As Cindy turned side to side and admired herself in the mirror, which she could do for hours if left unattended, she thought she looked like a slut, but kind Miriam reassured her.  
  
"You look fantastic, Cindy. Gosh, my girlfriends are all going to be so jealous!"  
  
"Really?" Cindy asked rhetorically without knowing it, noticing for the first time that she really ought to wipe her inner thighs. "Wow, these suction cap pasties are on so tight," she said, shuddering.  
  
"Well," said Miriam, taking the strings of pearls dangling from Cindy's pasties in her hands, making the bells on the ends ring. "If I can pull them off, they'll need more suction."  
  
Miriam pulled on the pearl strings like the reins of a horse, making Cindy moan and causing her cunt to jettison juices as an unexpected orgasm rushed through her. "Ooooo, fuckkk..." Cindy said, "I mean, gosh!"  
  
"I think they're tight enough," giggled Miriam.  
  
Cindy pouted. "My cunt's all wet... I mean pussy... I mean... what's it called? Vaginamite? Gosh, I cunt remember. Anyway, I really should clean myself up a bit."  
  
"Oh, nonsense," cried Miriam. "You're only going to get wetter. Don't worry about it."  
  
"Worry about what?" Cindy asked, tipping back the last of her drink.  
  
Miriam shook her head not unlike Jake except she wasn't Jake. "I think we're ready! Do you want to go out now?" Miriam asked the increasingly mindless and politically incorrect dumb blonde vixen.  
  
"But you haven't changed yet!" Cindy squealed, desperately fighting the desire to shove her fingers up her cunt and ass at the same time.  
  
"Don't worry about it," Miriam said.  
  
"Worry about what?" Cindy answered, as Miriam took her by the elbow again.  
  
"Oooo, I nearly forgot!" cried Miriam excitedly, which was hardly surprising given that Cindy looked like an adorably sweet little whore. "This will totally make this outfit!"  
  
Rummaging in a shoebox, which is difficult given its size, Miriam pulled out a beautiful, ornate, black leather collar with diamantes in it. She fastened it to Cindy's neck then pulled up the pearl strings and locked the bells at the front of Cindy's collar. "Gosh!" Cindy exclaimed, seeing the effect in the mirror. Her tits were pulled up and together, making the biggest cleavage Cindy had ever had.  
  
"Not too tight?" Miriam asked as she boldly stroked Cindy's spasming cunt.  
  
"Um, Jake thinks I'm very tight!" she squeaked, shuddering and holding Miriam's arm.  
  
"Not your cunt silly, I mean... Oh, never mind."  
  
"About what?" Cindy asked, feeling a sense of déjà vu all over again and shuddering at the word 'cunt'.  
  
Miriam felt it and liked how Cindy's enormous tits shook and her ass jiggled. "Do you get hot when you hear dirty words, Cindy?"  
  
Cindy bit her lip. It was one of her many weaknesses. But she was shy and wasn't sure how much she should tell her new friend. "Um, actually, dirty words, feeling humiliated or ashamed, being laughed at, cocks, having cum all over me, eating cum, asses, cunts, tits, exhibitionism, anal sex, cocksucking, and bondage turns me on... oh, and um, gerbils..." Cindy giggled, glad she hadn't told Miriam everything.  
  
Miriam smiled. "Well, I don't have any gerbils, but I have a nice big anal plug with your name on it, you dirty little slut."  
  
Cindy had never had a sex toy with her name on it, and her cunt gushed again, a mild orgasm washing through her, which wasn't so mild because her cunt gushed, which you already knew.  
  
Cindy bent over the bed, accidentally pulling her nipples deliciously, while Miriam rummaged in her shoebox again. After what seemed like forty-five seconds Miriam was shoving the anal plug in and out of Cindy's sopping pussy, lubricating it.  
  
"I think... ah ah... it goes... ah ah... in the other... ah ah... hole...ah ah... Miriam... ah ah..."  
  
"But this one's so cute and squelchy," said Miriam, feeling Cindy building to her biggest climax since last Wednesday, which she didn't know but would have if she had been there. Which she wasn't. "Oh, all right..." said Miriam, grinning as she bored the plug up Cindy's ass.  
  
"Ooooo, fuckkkk..." Cindy said, remembering last Wednesday. Miriam cruelly twisted the bottom hem of the spanking skirt around the base of the butt, holding it in place, except Cindy didn't think it was cruel. Cindy could hardly think at all with feeling of the big butt plug tugging at her ass with every step she took.  
  
"C'mon, let's go to the Velvet Glove. It's lezzies night!"  
  
"Who's lezzie?" asked Cindy, astonishingly stupidly.  
  
"Never mind," said Miriam, shaking her head almost right off her shoulders.  
  
"About what?" wondered Cindy.  
  
While they rode in Miriam's car to the bar, Cindy remembered trying to get a job in Daytona, soon after she and Jake had arrived. She desperately wanted to get a job but the only offers she got were from the two girly bars in town. The "Open Pussy" wanted her to wait on tables but Jake was concerned about the uniform. She couldn't figure out why they'd called it a 'bikini uniform' in the first place. It was only one piece, and there wasn't anything at all to cover her tits. The other place, 'The Velvet Glove', was really classy and she wanted to work there so badly. She giggled remembering Jake putting his foot down when they offered her minimum wage. "No woman of mine is going to work for penis!" She thought that was so funny.  
  
Cindy giggled again as she looked out the window, her fingers frantically stroking her hot, wet cunt. She groaned as she came again, for about the hundredth time, but who was counting.  
  
"You are such a dirty little whore, aren't you Cindy?" Miriam asked the sex-befuddled blonde. "What's that, about your hundredth cum?"  
  
"Yeah, but who's counting," she moaned, wondering if there was an echo in her head.  
  
Before long they pulled into the car park of the Velvet Glove and Miriam looked seriously into Cindy's vacant eyes. Not seeing any sign of intelligence whatsoever, Miriam looked at her wet puffy cunt. "My, my. What a mess. I'm going to have to cuff you to keep your hands off yourself, aren't I?" Miriam asked. Well, she didn't really ask but more just teased Cindy while producing handcuffs from somewhere that the author couldn't be bothered explaining.  
  
Standing beside the car before going into the club, Miriam spun Cindy around to put on the handcuffs. Her tits were squashed against the window like in a car wash scene of a teen sex film, except there wasn't a carwash. Or a camera crew. More's the pity.  
  
Cindy was so wet her stilettos squeaked when she was frog-marched into the club by the aforementioned previously, excited Miriam. Miriam couldn't wait for Cindy to be introduced to her friends who would all be more than happy to greet Cindy 'Daytona style'. Her gorgeous, muscular little bubble-butt was going to be turned very red which tends to happen when you get spanked (*or so I'm told ~ Auth*.). Miriam giggled, remembering Cindy had an appointment with the mechanic in the morning, which isn't really funny but is actually a literary device to bring Mike and Jake back into the story.  
  
Amazingly, Mike and Jake (*see? ~ Auth*.) were playing off in the pool competition for the big prize in the middle of the night which would have been at the end of the night, except it doesn't work in this story's timeline. Mike and Jake were very good pool players, which explains why they were in the big prize game in the middle of the night. All the mechanics were there, of course, watching and cheering on their boss while secretly hoping he'd get his ass kicked because that's what they were like.  
  
The game was in fact very close and Jake was the one who found himself lining up the black for a shot at the big money. Before he took his shot, Mike motioned for him to come and have a chat, which they did quite regularly even when they weren't playing pool.  
  
"So Jake, how about a little side bet?"  
  
"Shouldn't you have asked a little earlier?"  
  
"Yeah, but I forgot."  
  
"Oh."  
  
"So on this shot, the black ball in the corner pocket, how about it?"  
  
"Well, it's a pretty easy shot, I wouldn't want to rob you."  
  
"Who said anything about grand larceny, I just want to violate the state gaming regulations."  
  
"Oh, okay. So what do you want to bet on it?"  
  
"How about my car?"  
  
"The Mustang? The Mustang if I pot it? You have to be kidding. What if I miss?"  
  
"How about you let me and the boys gangbang your wife?"  
  
Jake rubbed his chin... Well, it was a really nice car! And he was pretty sure he could knock off the black with a snap of his fingers. (*Not really a snap of his fingers. But you know what I mean ~ Auth*.) Jake looked around at all the mean ugly faces of the mechanics and thought they looked like a fun bunch of guys. He was pretty sure Cindy would too, by the looks of Ishmael the token black guy with the weird name and the enormous cock who liked banging stupid white sluts up the ass, much like the stereotypical black guys in erotic stories. Besides, Jake figured, he thought Mike was just kidding and he wouldn't have taken the Mustang anyway. Which was pretty stupid. It was a really nice car!  
  
They shook on it and laughed, and Jake started dreaming about Mike's Mustang. He leaned down and brought the cue stick to rest on the fingers of his left hand. His right hand spun the stick a couple of times until it felt comfortable and in line. He leaned down lower until his chin almost touched the cue and he made certain of the angle. All the usual things he did, he did. He lined it up and smoothly took a couple of practice turns. He was loose as a goose and concentrating perfectly. He drew the cue back, a spring-loaded feather trigger from taking the shot and gritted his teeth. Only he never used to grit his teeth. Which was unfortunate because he let fly with the cue stick and struck the white ball too low and it launched off the table, flying through the air and they all watched it agape. (*Don't e-mail me asking how a white ball agapes ~ Auth*.)  
  
The incredible slow-motion white ball struck Ishmael, the token black guy in an erotic story with the strange name and the annoyingly enormous cock, and almost knocking him out, but instead he became a sex zombie who was constantly masturbating and fucking white chicks up the ass in the vegetable aisle at supermarkets but that's another story.

Jake couldn't believe he'd actually lost the Mustang. He almost broke into tears when he realised it was probably the last time he'd have as good a chance to beat Mike at pool in the big game in the middle of the night and with Mike putting up his Mustang on a bet with him on such an easy shot.  
  
"Is it okay if we gangbang Cindy when she comes into the shop in the morning?" Mike asked courteously.  
  
"Okay," sighed Jake, unable to believe his luck.  
  
Mike offered Jake the thousand bucks that he won from the house but Jake refused, saying it would make him feel like a pimp. "It would make me feel like a pimp, Mike."  
  
"How do you know what a pimp feels like?" asked Mike incredulously, except he didn't know that word. Mike shrugged and pocketed the money, saying, "Okay, since I won, I want to treat everyone to drinks!" Jake elbowed Mike and pointed out that the bar was closing which was unusual since it was the middle of the night but that's okay because it's a story. "Okay, well since this joint is closing in the middle of the night, let's go up to the Velvet Glove and crash the lezzies night and turn a bunch of them into raving heterosexual nymphos."  
  
"Yayyy!" They all cheered, including Jake, who had never turned a lezzie into a raving heterosexual nympho in his life, poor guy.  
  
"Hey Jake?"  
  
"Yeah, Mike."  
  
"How about you drive?" he offered, throwing him the keys to the Mustang.  
  
"Cool!" Jake grinned, catching them. Well! It was a really nice car!