**Olivia**

**Chapter 1**

"I'm next," she heard through her hormone and marijuana fogged brain. Olivia Hastings smoothly guided her slick pussy up and down the hard shaft lodged between her legs, savoring every inch as her practiced movements brought her the pleasure she desired. Everyone wanted her, she knew it and she loved it, it was her power, her drug, she was a slave to it, but she didn't care. Her strong dancer's legs effortlessly guiding her up and down on the cock she now rode.

"Hmmmm, that feels so good," she moaned. Rough hands fondled her growing tits, she loved that too. "Pinch my nipples," she said. "Roll them between your fingers, yeah like that, ohhh, you're going to make me cum," she hissed. "That's it, nearly there," she thought as she began grinding her pussy back and forth onto the pelvic bone beneath hers, mashing her clitty against the dark curly pubes opposite her sparse blonde fuzz, bringing herself even closer to climax.

"Ohh fuck yeah, I'm cumming," she heard from beneath her and instantly she felt the familiar pulsation in her pussy as the cock she rode spent its seed deep within her confines. That was what she was waiting for, the sensation of a cock spewing into her pussy and she let loose another amazing cum.

"How many times had she cum already tonight?" she had lost track, but she knew she was ready for the next one. She was hoping the next guy could hold on a little longer so she could get another cum in before he shot his seed into her, but none of the guys lasted very long with her, she was the perfect package and she knew it, beautiful looks, smoking body and an insatiable lust.

She moved over on the couch and onto the lap of the next guy in line and guided her sodden pussy down onto his waiting cock. "God I love to fuck," she thought to herself as someone put the joint back up to her lips once more. It's hard to believe that in just a few short weeks, young innocent Olivia Hastings had transformed from a virgin into such a wanton slut.

Olivia Hastings was a typical sixth grader, well typical if you consider a blond-haired, blue-eyed knock out, of model-quality, typical. For a twelve year old, Olivia had developed very well; standing five foot four and weighing in at 102 pounds, she had a slight flair to her hips and filled a B cup nicely. She had an athletic build with phenomenal legs, thanks to years of dancing instruction. She was an only child and lived with her mother, her father splitting shortly after Olivia was born. They lived in a three bedroom bungalow in a nice neighborhood, her mother working long hours to ensure they had a comfortable life for themselves. Olivia loved lounging by the poolside in her own backyard or going to the beach with her best friend Stacy. She always wore conservative swim suits, just enough to get the right sun tan, but not showing enough to be labeled as a slut. It didn't much matter what she wore, with looks and a body like she had, even at twelve, she was starting to attract the attention of males of all ages. There was no doubt about it, she was quickly developing into a real head turner, and to most guys, beginning to become the focus of their lust also. Her friend Stacy was more what you would call cute, and lacking the obvious curves of her best friend, she sought equal attention through her skimpy clothing and flirty behavior.

As all adolescent girls will do, Olivia had begun exploring her sexuality and had recently discovered masturbation and was becoming a true champion of the cause, bringing herself to pleasure three to four times a day, and so our story begins.

"Olivia, quit squirming in your seat, and eat your breakfast," her mother said.

She couldn't help it, she had brought herself off twice last night in bed and once again this morning and her poor little nub looked raw, and it made her crotch tender and itchy. She excused herself from the table and went to the bathroom. Lifting her nightgown and pulling down her pink cotton panties, she was shocked to see how red and puffy her clitoris and pussy lips were. "Damn, I really gave my little clitty a work out," she thought to herself.

Returning to the table to finish her breakfast, her mother couldn't help but notice the squirming resume. "Is something wrong honey?" her mother asked.

I have a bit of a rash "down there" she replied.

"Well your timing is perfect, you have a doctor's appointment with Dr. Sanders today, maybe he can prescribe something for you to take the rash away," her mother responded. "Now go and get dressed, you'll be late if you don't," her mother commanded.

Olivia stripped her nightgown off and tossed it onto the floor admiring her newly blossomed bosom in the mirror. "A year ago, all I had were puffy nipples, now I have actual boobs!" she thought. Taking after her ample bosomed mother, her breasts had grown quickly and she was filling a B cup. There was no doubt about it, she had the biggest boobs in her middle school. Her quarter sized puffy pink areola pointed upwards defying gravity, her breasts perfectly shaped, firm and pert like only newly sprouted tits can be. She gave each one her customary morning "squeeze test" admiring the firmness of the flesh and the sensitivity of her nipples. They were always sensitive, but now that she had actual boobs, she loved playing with them like they were a new toy, which they were. Her nipple manipulations causing her pussy to start to tingle, "I wonder if I have time to cum again?" she wondered.

She had just started the familiar stroking motion of her reddened clit when she heard a knocking against her locked door, "hurry up honey, you're going to be late."

"What a pain," she thought.

Olivia felt upset at having her moment interrupted and hustled to finish getting dressed. "I guess I'll just have to wait until later," she thought as she threw on her jeans and t-shirt over her plain white granny panties and conservative bra. She threw her hair in a pony tail and scurried down the hall.

"Let's get going, I can give you a ride if you don't want to walk," her mom said.

"Coming," she replied and hurried for the door.

"Morning Ms. Hastings," shouted her neighbor's 18 year old kid, Steve.

"Hi, Steve, good morning," she replied. "Say hi to your dad for me, I hardly ever see him anymore since we work opposite shifts, and call me Lauren, the mizz part makes me feel old," she replied.

"What a beautiful rack," he thought, "I'd sure love to get my hands on those baby feeders."

"Hey, I can give Olivia a ride to school if you want, it's on my way," Steve offered.

"Really, that would so sweet of you, thank you Steven," she replied. "It'll save me a trip," she returned. "Have a nice day at school honey," her mother said as Olivia headed over towards Steve's old car.

"Hey punk, what's up?" Steve asked.

"Hi Steve," Olivia replied.

"Climb in," he offered. She slid her jean covered ass onto the vinyl passenger seat of Steve's beat up 72 Pontiac Firebird. "She may only be twelve, but that is one killer ass," he thought. "And the rack is starting to really grow too, she'll be sporting a rack like her mother's in no time." "I bet she's got a sweet little set of titties herself," he thought. Steve put the car into gear and they took off heading for Olivia's middle school.

Olivia's morning passed slowly, she was looking forward to the end of school and the beginning of her summer break. Her friend Stacy was yammering on about some boy she thought was cute, Olivia was thinking about the orgasm she had been working on before her mother interrupted her. She squeezed her thighs together hoping it would generate some small amount of stimulation, she squirmed in her seat trying to press her clit up against the bottom of her seat. All she managed to do was increase her frustration and need to cum.

"Why am I so obsessed with cumming lately?" she thought to herself. "Sure it feels great, really great actually, but at the rate I'm going, I'm going to rub the thing right off!" she thought.

She sat through school frustrated by her own sexual needs, thinking about her red little clitty, wanting a release so bad but knowing she should just leave it alone and let it heal. "Yeah right, it feels too good to do that. Maybe I'll just try to rub it differently, maybe easier, more gently," she thought to herself. "There's got to be a way to do it." All this thought about masturbation and rubbing her clit began to have its effects on Olivia and she felt a dampness growing between her legs. "Maybe I can bring myself off at lunch if I'm really quiet," she thought. "No, I can't do that at school, someone might catch me." She was horrified at the thought that someone might find out, "what if my friends found out I masturbated, at school? Oh my god, they'd think I was such a slut."

That thought scared her more than anything. She was deathly afraid of being thought of like that, she was Olivia Hastings, a good girl, not some trashy slut. Still, the thought about that precious release stayed on her mind all morning.

At lunch Olivia kept thinking about her clitty, "maybe I'll just touch it a little, see if it's still tender." She made her way to the bathroom and was relieved to find it empty. She closed the stall door and dropped her jeans and white cotton briefs to the floor. She gazed down at her still developing kitty with its fine tufts of blonde hair and her thin pussy lips tucked neatly under her labia majora. It doesn't look too red, maybe it's all healed she thought as she ran her finger tip over the little nub. "Hmmm, it's a little tender, but I think it's mostly better she thought as she rubbed her clitty a little more. "That feels so nice," she thought as she continued stroking her nub.

Lost in her pleasure she let herself go and succumbed to her second orgasm of the day. "Ahhh," she moaned as the pleasure swept through her.

"Olivia, are you okay in there?" her friend Stacy asked.

"Oh shit," she thought. "Uhh, ya, be right out," she replied. "Damn it, what if Stacey heard me? If she knows I just jerked off in school, I'll be mortified!" thought Olivia.

"Is everything alright, you sounded like you were sick or something?" Stacy inquired.

"I think it's just cramps, maybe I'm finally going to get my period," Olivia responded.

"Could you gross me out some more before I eat my lunch?" Stacy laughed as they walked to their next period class. Olivia with her release finally achieved, felt at ease and could focus again on being a pre-teen girl with all the usual pre-teen concerns.

Olivia's mother showed up at 1:30 to pick her up for her appointment. "I have to run a few errands honey, so I'm just going to drop you off and pick you up in an hour, ok?" "Sure mom." "I already told Dr. Sanders about your rash and he said not to worry, he'd take good care of you, and don't worry, his nurse will be with you at all times, so don't worry about him seeing your private area," her mother replied.

"Oh crap, as if this isn't embarrassing enough," she thought. "Damn, why did I jerk off at school? It's probably all red again, that was sooo stupid, I'm never doing that again," she said to herself.

Olivia walked into Dr. Sanders' office and was surprised to see his usual receptionist Janie, not at her desk. "Oh there you are Olivia," said Dr Sanders, "I was expecting you. Janie is off today and Nurse Kelly had to step out for a few minutes but she'll be back soon, come on back," he gestured as he walked her back to the examining area. "Strip down and put this paper gown on and we'll get started," he ordered.

"I thought a nurse was supposed to be here at all times," she said.

"Olivia, I've been your doctor your whole life, heck I delivered you into this world, you have nothing to worry about," he replied.

"Ok, I guess," she replied, more than just a little concerned.

Dr. Sanders gave her the standard checkup, complete with all the usual tests, blood pressure, check the eyes, ears, and of course the freezing cold stethoscope to check the lungs. Everything was in order and Olivia relaxed slightly, although "how relaxed can you really feel when the only thing separating your full blown nakedness in front of a full grown man, is this flimsy paper gown?" she asked herself.

"Your mother tells me you have a bit of a rash giving you some trouble, put your feet up in these stirrups and let's have a look, ok dear?"

"Oh, God, the moment of truth," she thought. "He's going to know I jerked off less than an hour ago, he's going to smell my pussy," she worried.

Olivia's pussy was a sight to behold, very neat, no floppy or saggy pussy lips like most of the women he now had to fuck. "This is pure beauty, the way nature intended," he thought. Just traces of blond pubic hair above her clit hood, nothing on her mons except a velvety down, "fucking perfect," he thought. "This is why I went into medicine, to experience beauty at its finest," he thought. He could smell her fresh fragrance, it was like the finest perfume. "I'm going to taste that pussy and it'll be today, even if it kills me," he thought. Her clitoral hood looked pretty red like she'd been going hard at it for days on end. "So she likes to cum huh, maybe I can help her with that," he pondered. Dr. Kevin Sanders loved pussy, all pussy, but what he had laying on the table in front of him was perfection, "she's the one, she will be my special project," he thought.

"Ah, just a little irritation, nothing some soothing cream and an anti-inflammatory won't fix up," he said. Olivia was relieved beyond words, "whew, dodged that bullet. Never jerk off before going to the doctor, ever again," she scolded herself.

Dr. Sanders left the room and returned a short time later with a jar of cream. "Here dear let me show you what to do with this," the doctor said. With no warning he slathered a scoop of the cream directly onto her pussy and began to rub it in. Olivia jerked at the touch couldn't get her feet out of the stirrups quick enough to react and close her legs. "Oh my God, what is he doing, he's rubbing cream on my private parts!" She was in shock and didn't know what to do. "Do I scream, no nobody's here, do I try and get out of these damn stirrups and run out of here in a panic? Wait he's my doctor, he wouldn't violate me, he's just doing his job, I guess?" she wondered, her brain already trying to feign denial that she was actually being molested by this man.

The moment of panic gradually resided and she told herself that he wasn't touching her inappropriately, he was just rubbing cream on her. "Perfectly normal for a doctor to do for a patient," she told herself. The cream instantly soothed her reddened clitoris and she relaxed and let him apply the cream. She started feeling a warmth building around her sensitive bud.

"Olivia, do you masturbate dear," inquired the doctor?

"Huh, what did you say?" she asked.

"Do you masturbate?" he replied.

"Well, I don't know," she responded.

"Well, your clitoral region is very inflamed, likely from intense stimulation, I assume self-induced," he continued. All the while he continued rubbing the cream around her little nub, the little thing beginning to swell and stand up for attention.

"Oh my God, if he keeps that up, he's going to make me cum," she thought.

"This cream will help the healing process. You should use it every time you masturbate, both before and after, no sense hurting yourself when you want to have a little fun huh? You do want to have a little fun don't you dear?" he asked.

"Huh, what," she mumbled.

What was happening to her? She was becoming very aroused, her pussy was being rubbed, and for the first time it was someone else administering stimulation to her clitty, and it felt good. It was wrong, she should stop it, but she couldn't stop herself.

"Oh no, here it comes," she thought, "I have to stop him, I can't orgasm in front of my doctor!" At that moment the doctor shoved his index finger into her unsuspecting pussy bringing her over the edge.

"Oh, ohhh, unnngg," she groaned as her orgasm swept over her. Her whole body convulsed around the doctors finger in her pussy, and just as quickly, he withdrew the digit. "What happened she thought?" "Did he just stick his finger in my kitty?" she wondered as her orgasm finished washing through her, trying her best to regain her composure. "I'm so sorry doctor, I didn't mean for that to happen," she panted.

"No worries my dear, perfectly normal thing," he said, as if bringing off twelve year old girls in his doctors office was a normal daily thing. And for Dr. Kevin Sanders, it would be every time, if he had his way. He turned and walked out of the room and raised his glazed finger to his nose inhaling the fresh scent of pussy. He licked his finger, tasting her sweet charms fresh from the source. "This girl is a special one," he thought to himself. "I'm glad I had the balls to go through with this plan, there's no telling what benefits I might reap if everything works out the way I'd like," he thought to himself.

Poking his head back in the door, Dr. Sanders said, "get dressed my dear, I'll have your prescription waiting for you by the time you're done changing."

Dr. Kevin was a doctor that loved his job, particularly because it gave him access to every medication available to someone as devious as he was. He had a custom prepared jar of cream intended for this special purpose, modified to increase the soothing properties and at the same time increase the sensitivity of the treated tissues. To that, he added a prescription for hormone therapy pills to get her hormones jacked through the roof, and a simple prescription for birth control. "No need to knock her up anytime soon, we can always change that later if needed," he chuckled to himself. He knew that the hormone therapy would kick her whole system into overdrive, besides making her a raging bitch in heat, it would help accelerate some of her natural development; meaning the breast fairy would be coming really, really soon. "Pretty effective little cocktail if I do say so myself," Kevin snickered.

"I have Olivia's prescription prepared for her Mrs. Hastings, no need to go to the drug store, we had everything right here already," Dr. Sanders said. "There's a cream to take care of the rash, an anti-inflammatory and a vitamin supplement, a young lady like Olivia needs all the nutrition she can get," the doctor added.

"You take such wonderful care of us Dr. Sanders, you're the best," Olivia's mother replied.

"It was my pleasure, my pleasure indeed," he replied with a grin. "We should have her back in two weeks to make sure everything is healed up nicely," he said.

"Bless you Doctor," she replied.

Olivia was still in shock, she had just orgasmed all over her doctor's hand. "He could probably smell my pussy!" she thought in horror. "Oh my God, I'll never be able to face him again, how do I explain to my mother why I can't go back there ever again, I'd die of embarrassment!" Her mind was going a million miles an hour, "How can I ever masturbate again, all I'll be thinking about is Dr. Sanders, eww gross, he's so, so old!" she thought.

Olivia remained quiet the rest of the drive home pondering what to think of the day's events.

"Don't forget to take your medicine dear," her mother yelled down the hall.

"The vitamin only once a day and the anti-inflammatory twice a day, so take that one in the morning and before bedtime, and don't forget to put the cream on," she added. "I have to go to work now, dinner is in the oven, see you in the morning," she shouted as she left for work.

Olivia had spent the rest of the night in her room thinking about the day's events, I masturbated at school and almost got caught, I orgasmed on my doctors hand, what's wrong with me?" she questioned. "All for just a little pleasure, it's not like I need to do it, I mean, it's not the end of the world if I quit," she thought. "That's it, I'm never masturbating again," she decided.

She took her pill and went to bed, forgetting to put the cream on. After a day like she'd had, no wonder she fell instantly asleep.

Olivia woke the next morning feeling great. Her kitty looked like it was almost back to normal, "cool, I can start jerking off again," she thought. She looked in the mirror and did her "squeeze test" admiring her perky breasts like she did every morning, except this morning they felt a little bit different. They were a little more sensitive than normal and felt swollen and tender.

"That's odd," she thought. "Maybe they're going through a growth spurt or something, or maybe I'm finally getting my period?" she wondered. "Maybe it was just a really refreshing sleep?" she thought. She headed to the kitchen for breakfast with a newfound spring in her step.

"Honey, hurry up, you're going to be late for school, and don't forget your medicine," her mother called out. Olivia popped her pills and decided she ought to put on some of the cream considering she forgot last night.

She scooped out two fingers worth of the cool cream from the jar and rubbed it onto her slit, tensing as the coolness sent chills down her spine. "Eeek!" she yelped. "That's cold," she thought, "gotta remember to warm it first." As she worked the cream in, she felt the same warming sensation she experienced yesterday at the doctor's office. The warmth felt delicious on her sensitive skin, comforting the soft tissues like a gentle caress. That's when she felt the tingling start. "Oh no, no more masturbating for me, not after yesterday," she thought, and removed her fingers. The warming sensation and the tingling worked their magic and she felt her fingers return back to her slit. "Maybe just a little more, but I'm not going all the way," she told herself. "Yeah right, as if I can stop, this feels too good." Within minutes her manipulations had her panting and moaning as her orgasm shuddered through her.

"Ok, so much for my plan," she thought.

Olivia was distracted at school, she kept thinking about how good her orgasm had felt that morning, more powerful than usual. "I guess I'm just getting better at it," she thought. She wanted to skip class and go to the bathroom and have another. "I can wait till lunch," she thought. "What's wrong with me, I guess I can wait until lunch to orgasm again, who thinks that way?" she questioned.

"How was your doctor's appointment yesterday," her friend Stacy asked?

"Uh, weird."

"What do you mean by weird?"

"You know, having to wear that paper gown, having to be practically naked, you know, weird," Olivia said.

"Yeah, that always freaks me out, I mean, what if my doctor actually saw me naked," Stacy answered.

"Naked? Mine jammed a finger into my pussy and brought me off," she thought to herself. "Yeah, that would be weird," Olivia replied laughing at the hilarity of it in her head. Only today it didn't seem quite as weird as it did yesterday. "Maybe I'm just over it," she thought.

The lunch bell rang and Olivia practically bolted for the bathroom. "Just a quick one and then I can get back to concentrating on school," she thought. Her drumming fingers worked their magic on her rapidly swelling nub. She was getting close, so close. With her free hand she traced up and down her smooth hairless slit, feeling the wetness begin to seep from her tight lips. "Hmm, that's pretty wet," she thought. Never really having played with her vaginal opening before, she suddenly had an urge to stick a finger in her love tube.

Her middle finger sunk in to the second knuckle before being stopped by her own flesh. "Ohhh my, that feels good," she moaned. Working her finger in and out she, she picked up the pace on her clit and was rewarded by a sudden release that seemed to radiate out from her clitoris sending out waves of pleasure throughout her whole body. "I can't believe I jerked off at school again," she thought, feeling guilty about her actions. "Oh, well, when you need it, you need it, and I needed it."

Expecting her orgasm to sate her growing urges, Olivia found herself thinking about her pussy and her self-pleasure, for the rest of the school day. "When will the day end, I need to get home soon or I'm gonna burst," she thought.

She could feel the moisture from her slit leaking into her cotton panties.

"Hey Liv, you wanna come over to my house after school," Stacy asked?

"I can't, my mom has chores for me right after school, maybe later?"

"Aw, but there's only a few days of school left before summer break, you have all of next week to get caught up with that stuff," Stacy whined.

"Sorry Stace, I have an appointment with my kitty after school," she thought to herself. "I'll try to get her at work and ask her, I'll text you if she says yes," Olivia replied, as she grabbed her school bag and headed for home.

Olivia walked in the door and flopped down on the couch. "Mom's at work until 11 and I have the house all to myself, just me and my pussy," did I really just say that? Olivia thought she would grab a snack before assaulting her pussy; on the kitchen table read a note:

"Don't forget to take your medicine, Love Mom."

"Might was well take it now before I forget," she thought and downed the big white pill in one swallow. Olivia stripped along the way to her bedroom and ended up in front of her dresser mirror, buck naked. She did her "squeeze test" again on her boobs and pinched her nipples. "Yep, they're definitely bigger," she thought to herself. "And more sensitive than they used to be, I like it," she thought. Her nipples were certainly more sensitive and she pinched and rolled them with her finger tips. "Oohh, that's new," she thought as she felt a sensation emanating from her nipples that she had never felt before. "Must be part of puberty," she thought.

Continuing to play with her nipples, Olivia was bringing herself close to an orgasm from just her titty play. "Oh my God, I've never had a boob-gasm before," she thought as waves of pleasure radiated out from all areas of her body. It was little, but it was still an orgasm, she concluded.

She grabbed the jar of cream on her way to her bed and flopped down. That ought to be enough," she thought as she dipped two thick fingers worth of cream onto her downy pussy. She spread the cream over her vulva, working it into her delicate folds, the sensations building as the warming began. "That feels so amazing," she thought as she gently pulled back her clit hood exposing her little nub. Her fingers drummed over clitty as she felt the sensations building. The nub started to swell from her attention. Sparks started to fly and a warmth spread throughout her whole body. Her head was swimming with the sensation. She was quickly moving towards a gusher of an orgasm. "Ahhh, uggghhh," she grunted through a big one. "Wow, that was huge," she thought, and the night is still young!

Four orgasms later and Olivia was just starting to feel satiated when she heard the front door open meaning her mom was home from work. She looked at the clock and saw that it was 11:30, her usual time. Olivia jumped under the covers still naked and pretended to be asleep. Her mother walked into her daughter's bedroom and kissed her forehead and closed her door and went to bed herself. "Whew, that was close," she thought as she felt sleep coming on.

Olivia awoke from her sleep and realized she had been having a sexual dream. The crotch from her granny panties were soaked with her excretions. "What's gotten into me," she wondered? "All I can think of is having one orgasm after another," she thought. Spying the medicinal cream on her nightstand, she scooped up a thick dollop and rubbed it onto her slit and began rubbing it in.

"After as many orgasms as I had last night you'd think I'd had enough," she thought. The cream had its anticipated effect causing her clit to fire off fresh sparks straight to her brain, this isn't going to take long," she thought as her first orgasm of the day overtook her.

Throwing her bathrobe over her naked body, she met her mother in the kitchen, "morning mom," she said.

"Hi honey, I hope I didn't wake you up when I got home last night," she said. Olivia grabbed her pills and washed them down with a glass of orange juice.

"Is the medicine helping?" she asked.

"Sure seems to be," she said with a smirk.

"What do you mean honey?"

"Nothing, no it's working fine, the rash is gone already and I feel awesome this morning."

"Really, maybe I should ask Dr. Sanders for some of the vitamins, maybe I'll wake up as chipper as you!" she stated. "I'll drive you to school when you're ready, ok Liv," she said.

Olivia returned to her room and started getting dressed. She put on her favorite bra and found she had trouble stuffing her boobs into it, the swollen tissue spilling over the tops. "Hmm, I'll have to ask mom to get me some new bra's, this one barely fits anymore," Olivia thought to herself. She threw on a pair of jeans and a nice blouse and headed for the door.

Olivia squirmed in her seat, she couldn't focus on school, she kept thinking about how good her morning orgasm was and how badly she wanted another one.

"You didn't text me last night," her friend Stacy said.

"I'm sorry, I got caught up cleaning up around the house like my mom asked and I laid down on the couch, put the television on and fell asleep," she answered.

"Anyway, there's only two more days of school and I'm so excited for it to be over so we can hang out at your pool everyday" Stacy said.

"It's gonna be a fun summer, I just know it," Olivia replied.

Stacy stared at her friend and paused looking her over, "you look different, but I can't figure out what it is," Stacy said.

"My boobs are growing more, I could barely get into this bra this morning," she replied.

"Great, I don't have any yet and yours are getting even bigger. Can I have some of yours, I barely need a training bra," she joked.

"My doctor put me on some medication, maybe that has something to do with it," Olivia stated.

"Well, whatever it is, I want some, it's not fair, you have great tits and a great ass, and I have nothing," Stacy responded.

Startled by her friend's frankness, an embarrassed Olivia replied, "but you're so cute, and everybody loves you."

"I'd give anything to be built like you," she replied.

"Well I'll ask him if the medication has anything to do with it my bigger boobs. I have to go back to the doctor in two weeks, I can ask him if there is anything he can do to help you out," Olivia offered.

All the talk about her boobs and then bringing up her doctor's visit and remembering the orgasm Dr. Sanders gave her, had her hormones in overdrive. She wanted to run to the bathroom and rip her jeans off and masturbate, but it was only first period. This was going to be hell if she couldn't get herself off soon.

Olivia headed to the bathroom between periods and knew she would only have a few minutes if she wanted to make it to her next class on time. She dropped her jeans and panties and went to work on her clit. "Oh this would be so much easier with the cream, I don't know what's in it, but I know what it does," she thought.

Olivia came bursting through the door to her next class just as the bell went off. "Just in time Ms. Hastings, another few seconds and I would have had to write you up for a late," said her science teacher, Mr. Fraser.

"Yes sir, it won't happen again," Olivia replied as she hurried to her seat. Ted Fraser's eyes lingered on her rear end as she made her way to her seat.

"Yeah, that might be worth going to jail over," he thought.

Olivia found her seat and plopped herself down, she hoped her sopping wet pussy didn't soak through and leave a wet spot on her jeans. Her needs satiated for the moment, she hoped she could focus again on school. Her reprieve would be only temporary, by lunch period she was desperate for yet another orgasm.

By the end of school, Olivia had escaped to the bathroom three more times to pleasure herself and her thoughts were focused on getting home and spending some quality time with her cream, her hands and her pussy.

Olivia had only made it about a quarter mile from the school when she heard a car horn honk. "Hey Liv, you want a ride home?" yelled her neighbor, Steve.

"Sure," she said as she climbed into the passenger seat. She was so preoccupied with her pussy and her need for a climax that she barely heard Steve ask her what she was up to?

"Oh, no plans tonight, maybe watch a movie if anything good is on," she answered.

"I got some good DVD's you might like, I'll drop them over later before I head over to my buddy's house," Steve commented.

Distracted by her urge to cum, she tuned Steve out and put her hands in her lap. She discretely massaged her hand into her crotch and applied pressure to the top of her slit. Steve glanced over and caught Olivia pushing her hands down onto her crotch. "Must have an itch or something," he thought.

As he drove on, he could have sworn he saw her repeat the same move again. "Is she rubbing her pussy in my car? Maybe she's growing up a little faster than I gave her credit for," he thought.

"Hey kid, we're here," Steve said.

"Thanks for the ride," she replied and headed for her house.

Steve admired her ass and the athletic way her body moved as she walked up the steps to her door. "Definitely fuckable jailbait," he thought.

With her mother at work, she had an empty house and all night to spend masturbating. She walked into the kitchen and took her pill and then headed to her room and stripped off her clothes. She looked at her growing boobs in the mirror and they looked noticeably larger. She picked up the cream and headed over to her bed. "Time to do it the right way," she said.

Olivia piled up her pillows on her bed to give her a comfortable venue to really frig herself right. With a large scoop of cream, she rubbed it thoroughly onto her clitoral area and into her tiny little slit. The effect was immediate as it lubricated her ministrations and spiked her arousal immediately. Four orgasms at school and now she needed a few more. "Why am I so damn horny?" she wondered. "Must be part of puberty, just like the bigger boobs," she thought. "That puberty does some strange things."

Her attention back to her crotch, she repeatedly rubbed her clit until the nub swelled up and stood proud from the surrounding hood. Her other hand penetrating knuckle deep into her love tube, her middle finger dipping in and out of the tight channel. It was so tight that she was pretty sure that one finger was all that was going to fit in there. She was lost in her building pleasure, her moans and groans building in volume filling the empty room. Her body tensed and her back spasmed, her legs shooting straight out as she screamed, "aagghhhhhh," as the biggest orgasm of her life ripped through her.

Steve knocked again expecting the young hotty to answer the door. Checking the door he found it unlocked. "I'll just drop these off and go," he thought.

"Hello, Olivia, you home?" he called out. No answer, hmm, "maybe she's asleep or something?" he wondered. She shouldn't leave the door unlocked if she's going to fall asleep, some pervert could just walk in, oh wait I just did!" he laughed to himself.

From the back of the house he heard something and went to check it out. There sprawled out in all her naked glory was twelve year old Olivia Hastings, one hand with a finger knuckle deep in her pussy, the other hand rubbing furiously on her clit, moaning towards an impending orgasm. Startled by what he found before him, it took him a second to realize he had a golden opportunity before him and he dug for his phone. He got the video recording only seconds before she screamed out her obvious orgasm, her limbs flailing through the experience.

"That was fucking awesome," Steve shouted to a startled Olivia.

"Steve, what are you doing here? I mean, get OUT! Get out Now!" she shouted.

"Oh, I don't think so," he said holding up his cell phone. "I got the whole thing recorded and it's the most amazing thing I ever saw. I knew you'd be smoking hot, but Damn! Look at you, nice pert titties, they're actually much bigger than I expected, a nice shaved bush and perfect tan lines," he stated.

Olivia dove under her covers trying to hide her nakedness from her next door neighbor. "I said get out, how many times to I have to tell you to get out! I'll call my mother, better yet, I'll call the cops!" she threatened.

"That's fine, call the cops, this video will be on youtube, motherless, and every other web site I can think of, before they even get their fat asses out of the doughnut shop. I'll post it on Craig's List and say you're a hooker and give them your address and phone number. Try explaining that to dear old mom," Steve said as he returned the threat.

"Noooo, you can't do that, just delete it please, please, please?" she begged.

"You can't do that, I'd be ruined, people will think I'm some kind of slut they way I just acted," she cried.

"You aren't `some kind of slut', you're `my' kind of slut," he replied. "And you're perfect just the way you are. I especially like the shaved bush," Steve commented.

Still trying to get over her shock at being busted in the middle of her most private moment, she mumbled, "I don't shave."

"What was that?"

"I don't shave, I just don't have much hair down there yet," she replied.

"Even better, now show me," he ordered.

"What, I can't do that!" she complained.

"Ok, I'll leave and get this video unleashed now, bye," Steve said and started to walk away.

"Wait, don't go, don't go, I'll do it!" she whimpered realizing that he held all the cards and she could do nothing to stop him if he decided to post that video.

Reluctantly, she pulled back the covers and exposed her naked pussy to a man for the second time in as many days. Steve quickly snapped a few more photos of Olivia on full display.

"Ok, now spread your legs so I can see your puss," Steve ordered. Feeling helpless, seeing her world on a precipice ready to crash down, Olivia followed Steve's directions as he positioned her in various poses, taking close-up shots of her cunt and her puffy nipples. "Pull your lips open, I want to see your pink," he commanded. "So that's what a hymen looks like, damn you're a virgin girl," he said.

"Oh course I am, I'm only twelve," she replied.

"You're so damn hot, I thought for sure somebody would have gotten to you by now," he said. "Guess that'll have to be me," Steve thought.

"You think I'm hot, really?"

"Girl you're da' bomb," he replied as he snapped away.

"You need to leave, my mom will be home soon, she's coming home early tonight and if she comes home and finds me naked and you here, she'll kill us both," Olivia said.

"Bullshit, she's never home before 11, but just in case, leave a note saying you're at your friend's house and come over to my house, it's empty, we'll have all night to play," Steve instructed.

"I can't do that," she began as a protest.

"Don't start with what you can't do because we both know what will happen if this video or these photos get out, so put on some clothes and let's go," he ordered. "Something sexy, none of this granny shit you left here on the floor.

Olivia went through her closet, she was only twelve, she really didn't have any sexy clothes. "Here let me help, what about this skirt?" Steve asked.

"It's not a skirt, it's a pool cover-up, and it's too small."

"Put it on, leave the underwear, you aren't going to need it."

"But,....," was all she got out before she realized there was no point in arguing.

"This shirt too," he said as he handed her a white halter top.

"It's not a shirt, it's halter...," stopping herself in mid sentence realizing he wouldn't care either way what it was.

"No bra either, those perfect titties don't need it," he replied.

A few minutes later and Olivia looked like a wet dream, the cover-up only reaching a few inches past her ass and the halter looking like it might burst, her luscious tits straining the white cotton material, her puffy nipples clearly outlined through the fabric.

"But somebody might see me, I can't be seen like this," she complained.

"It's dark out and you're only going next door, so stop your bitching, you're lucky I don't march you over there naked!"

On that note she shut up and let herself be led through the back door out into the cool night, her nipples contracting in the cold air, clearly poking out the thin cotton.

~ end of chapter 1 ~

**Chapter 2**

Olivia Hastings was beside herself with anguish. Her neighbor Steve had just caught her masturbating and got it on video. What was worse, he was planning on using the video, and the subsequent pictures to blackmail her into God knew what. Now she found herself dressed in nearly nothing, and being led like a lamb to the slaughter.

Steve led the scared girl down into the basement where he told her to sit down on an old sectional couch. "Welcome to my humble abode," he announced. "Let's relax and get comfortable, can I get you a drink?"

"I guess, can I have a coke?"

"With what in it?" he asked.

"Huh, I don't get it?" she replied.

"You know, rum, whiskey, etc..., well what will it be?"

"Rum I guess," she answered not knowing one from the next.

Olivia choked on the harsh drink as Steve put some lame reality show on the TV. "Drink it down, it will make you feel more comfortable," he said.

"You try and feel comfortable with your bare crotch hanging out from a too-small skirt, your boobs ready to fly out from an equally small halter all the while sitting next to your black-mailer, yeah you try and feel comfortable," she thought with a large dose of sarcasm. She sipped at her drink hoping it would get less harsh the more she got used to it. Steve refilled her glass hoping it would help her to relax. It didn't help much, he knew two strong rum and cokes should have a twelve year old half in the bag, but thought he needed some help.

"Here try this," he said as he lit up a joint. "Put between to your lips and suck in the smoke, good, now hold it, hold it, there you go." Olivia coughed up the harsh acrid smoke, it was so dry and bitter.

"How could anyone like that stuff," she thought.

"Do it again," he ordered.

Six or seven tokes later with the joint finished, Olivia was starting to feel the effects, time slowed down and she suddenly did feel relaxed. She leaned back into the couch and felt her arms and legs go slack. She felt herself drifting off.

She must have been dreaming because she felt pleasure coming from her pussy. The sensation was very familiar, it was the sensation she got when she rubbed her pussy only she knew she wasn't doing it herself. She lifted her head realizing she wasn't dreaming and looked down to find Steve toying with her pussy, and it felt good, really good.

"Ohhh, that feels nice," she purred. She could feel every brush of his fingers over her love bud. Her cover-up was hiked up around her waist and her halter was undone, she could clearly see the white outlines of her tits in the dim light. Instinctively she reached for her tits trying to cover them up, her modesty taking over. Only as she felt Steve working her slit, her hands went to her nipples and began to squeeze them, first gently, then roughly as the sensations in her new tingly titties grew.

Steve expertly manipulated her clit, working the little nub between his finger tips. He traced up and down her slit caressing her more gently than she would have ever expected. He slowly inserted his index finger into her steamy channel, marveling at the tightness, bumping up against her hymen with every stroke. "That's not going to be around long," he thought.

Steve's efforts on her nearly hairless quim had her in the final stages of sexual meltdown. She knew she was going to blow big, this was going to make her previous orgasms look small. Steve never stopped working her clit until at last she nearly launched herself from the couch as her whole body was wracked with convulsions. "Holy shit, I've never seen anyone cum like that before, this chick is something special," Steve thought to himself.

Olivia could still feels the waves of pleasure rippling through her body as she came down from the enormous orgasm. Her foggy brain was trying to figure out where these gigantic orgasms were coming from, each one seemingly more powerful than the last. Her limp body spent for the time being. She didn't care that she was naked on a couch in some strange place, away from the safety of her own home. She had just discovered a new kind of heaven, and it came from her pussy. Olivia felt something smooth and soft rubbing up and down her slit, and it felt good. Her world was just a bundle of nerve endings centered around her pussy, culminating at her apex, her swollen clit. She purred at the feeling coming from her slit as the mysterious finger traced its way up and down her slit. She felt the thick digit penetrate into her vaginal opening stretching her more than her own finger did. It only made it in a short distance before it was pulled out and reinserted. She felt the intruder repeat this motion many times, each time creating a degree of pleasure she had never felt before.

It bumped over and over again against an unseen barrier inside her tunnel. She started pushing back against the thick finger, trying to lodge it deeper into her slit, sensing that it belonged inside her, needing it inside her. She felt a tremendous pressure suddenly give way replaced with a fullness she had never experienced before, only knowing that it was right, and that this was what she had been needing all along. At the same instant came a short lived pain that quickly dissipated only to be replaced by a pleasure that seemed like a blessing from heaven. "Oh God yes, give me more," she moaned.

Steve had never felt a pussy quite like this one before, it was very hot, very tight and she was flooding his cock with her secretions. "Damn this chick is soaking wet," he said. He began pounding into her knowing that he wouldn't last very long, not with this pussy.

The pleasure between her legs seemed to last for an eternity to her alcohol and pot clouded brain. Steve pounded into her freshly deflowered pussy savoring the tightness of her love canal. Her untested pussy muscles exerting themselves for the first time, gripping him like a hot vise. It felt incredible as he felt his cum building. A few more pumps and he couldn't hold back, his surging seed bursting into her delicious tunnel as his own orgasm washed over him. Her first sexual encounter only lasted for a few short minutes, but to both parties, it was the most incredible experience they had ever had. Steve climbed up the couch and said, "Suck me hard babe, I want to fuck you again."

She had been lost in the pleasure of the moment and looked up and saw Steve naked with is limp penis just inches from her nose. "What are you doing?" she managed to say.

"I want to fuck you again and I need you to suck me hard, got it?"

"No she didn't `got it', what did he mean fuck you again?" She giggled because in her fog she had just realized what had happened and the thick `thing' that had given her so much pleasure was this wilted `thing' in front of her face, and it suddenly seemed funny.

Without much consideration, he shoved his flaccid cock into her still giggling mouth. "You better not bite me bitch," he said. "Just suck on it like it's a popsicle, or something," he ordered.

It seemed slimy and kind of squishy, but she sucked it because that was what she was told. Soon it seemed to grow in her mouth, and now it wasn't so squishy anymore. "Stroke your hand up and down the shaft when you give a blow job, give me some friction," he instructed. He guided her hand to his shaft and helped her stroke along his length. "Aahh, that's better," he answered as he felt his cock begin to respond. Just as quickly as the cock was in her mouth, it was gone and then she felt it sliding into her slit again.

If she thought the first ride was exquisite, then she was not prepared for each of the successive rides after that. Steve fucked her five times that night and sent her home with cum dripping from her reddened slit with her ass barely covered by the wrap and her halter just held in place with her arms. Luckily the house was still empty and her only thought was to get some much needed sleep.

Olivia woke the next morning and recalled the events of last night. "Oh God, Steve forced me to have sex, I'm not a virgin anymore, what should I do!" thought a distraught Olivia. "What has gotten into me? If it wasn't for my damn pussy, none of this would have happened!" she thought. She pulled back the covers and looked down at her nakedness, she had dried cum all around her tender crotch.

She jumped into the shower intent on cleaning herself up and then try her best to put the events of last night behind her. As she bathed her tender crotch, her slippery soapy fingers unavoidably stimulated her sensitive parts firing up her desire to have another orgasm. Only this time she knew there was something else she could have that was equally pleasurable, a thick cock in her pussy.

"But I can't do that, I can't have sex again, I'm too young, I'm still just a girl," she reasoned. She shut off the water and stepped out of the shower. As she wrapped a towel around her torso, she heard her cell phone ring and hurried to grab it.

"Hey babe, that was awesome last night, you make me so horny that I just gotta fuck you again, right now" came the voice over the phone. Expecting it to be her friend Stacy, she was startled by the voice and the message she had just heard. Realizing it was Steve from next door, she yelled, "You raped me!"

"You certainly seemed pretty willing after we got started, wait until you see the video," he replied. "I'm giving you a ride to school today so wear a skirt, something sexy, and get over here early and if you aren't over here soon I'll start posting the files online that I just e-mailed to you, so everyone will know about you," he threatened.

Olivia sprinted to her computer and saw a new e-mail showing. She quickly clicked on it and saw a number of pictures showing her in various poses including some very revealing close-ups. There were also two videos, the first being the masturbation scene Steve shot with his phone, the second a fairly high quality video of her getting fucked and apparently loving every second of it.

She was beside herself in anguish, "Oh my God, what can I do?" She was so upset, she knew it was so wrong, it went against every moral fiber she had, but her hormones were betraying her sensibility. Even after all the sex she had last night, she couldn't even wash her pussy in the shower without wanting to have another orgasm, or was it sex she wanted? "No, I can't think like that, it was wrong and I have to find a way to stop him," she decided. "He's going to make me have sex with him this morning too, he'll tear my poor pussy up, what can I do?" she wondered. Her quandary was interrupted with a knock on the door, "Honey, breakfast is ready," her mother said.

Olivia dropped her towel and reached for her bathrobe, catching a glimpse of her outline in the mirror. "Holy crap, look at my boobs, they really have grown," she noticed. She grabbed a swollen breast in each hand and could feel the increased weight as she hefted her globes. She pinched her nipples and loved the new sensitivity she felt in them, her skin tingling from the touch.

"These new boobs are awesome," she thought as she traced lazy circles around her areola reveling in the exquisite sensations. She threw her robe on over her naked form and headed for the kitchen.

"Good morning sweetheart," she heard her mother say. "Take your medicine and don't forget about the cream," she reminded her. She popped the pills and thought about the medicine the doctor gave her.

"The cream, of course! The doctor said to use it before and after I masturbate to help the healing and to lessen any pain, that might help with my tender kitty and maybe help me get through this morning with that asshole Steve!" she thought.

She gulped down her breakfast and hurried to her room. She found the jar and slathered on a heavy dose of the cream onto her vagina. The tenderness immediately lessened and within a minute, the tenderness was replaced with another sensation, arousal. "Maybe a little more will help get me through this," she thought as she slathered another dollop onto her young pussy. "Yes, she could definitely feel it working on her tender tissues, this might be ok after all, I can get through this," she thought.

Olivia only had one skirt that might be considered sexy, barely, a black one that she wore to her cousin's wedding the previous year. It came to just below mid-thigh and only then because she had outgrown it the previous year. She squeezed her new boobs into the biggest bra she had, which still wasn't big enough, her new cleavage spilling over the top of it. Over that she wore a simple white blouse, and prepared to leave to face her black-mailer.

"You're ready awfully early today aren't you dear?" her mother questioned.

"What's with the fancy outfit, special occasion that I should know about?"

"Yeah, sure my black-mailer wants to fuck me in a skirt this morning on my last day of school," she thought with more than a hint of sarcasm. "There's an end of year assembly and Stacy and I are presenting some awards and we were asked to get dressed up and come in early to rehearse the presentation," she replied.

"I haven't had a shower yet, but I can give you a ride like this if you don't mind me looking like train wreck?" her mother asked.

"That's okay mom, Steve said he was leaving early today and offered to drop me off on his way to school," she replied. "Yeah, he'll give me a ride alright," she thought.

"He's such a nice boy, thank him for me, have a nice day dear," her mother said as she headed for the shower.

Steve answered the knock at the door and found his new sex toy waiting. "What are you dressed in?" he asked. "It looks you're going to a funeral or something."

"You said wear a skirt, that's all I have," she replied.

"Well go shopping and get something sexy, I want you dressed sexy at the bare minimum, slutty preferred," he ordered, and let her in the door.

She followed Steve down the stairs returning to the scene of her deflowering from the previous night. "I was up all night thinking about you," he said as stood closely in front of her and ran his hands over her shoulders and down her slender back. He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her close. "Kiss me," he said. She tried to push him away but he forced his lip upon hers and gave her a powerful kiss. Olivia had never thought of Steve in a sexual way before and the thought of kissing him kinda repulsed her. It's not that he wasn't good looking, but she was more interested in boys her own age, not a guy old enough to be considered an adult. She felt his lips working hers and her revulsion quickly subsided and she returned his kiss. Within a few minutes she was kissing him with a passion she didn't expect to have for someone who was black-mailing her for sex. She felt his tongue probe into her mouth and she sucked on it and toyed with his tongue with her own, all the while his hands roaming over her ass. She had such a supple and delicious ass, he could kneed that thing for hours.

She was aroused and blamed it on the copious amounts of cream she applied to her pussy. "I shouldn't be enjoying this," she thought. Especially at the hands of someone who was forcing her to do something she didn't want to do, or did she? She pressed her groin up against his and could feel his erection through his jeans.

Steve broke off the kiss and knelt on the ground in front of her, lifting her skirt up revealing her plain cotton panties. "No more granny undies, get something sexy, or don't wear any at all," he commanded. "Now let's lose these, you won't be wearing these things ever again," he said. She felt him slide them down her hips and down to the floor. Not knowing what to expect next, she felt him planting gentle kisses up her thighs and around her pussy. The sensations teasing her terribly.

"Oh that feels so nice, please keep kissing me like that," she whispered, surprised that she was actually encouraging him. Steve guided her back to the couch and laid her down. He lifted the skirt again and saw close up, the sparse blond pubes that had begun to grow. "I might have to shave these off soon if they get in the way," he thought, but for the time being, they were kinda hot.

She felt his tongue lap over her sensitive bud and just about went through the roof. He playfully teased her slit with his tongue bringing her close to orgasm several times before standing and removing his jeans revealing the fact that he wasn't wearing underwear and that he had a raging hard on. It was about 7 inches long and average in girth.

"You stuck that thing in me, it's huge!" she exclaimed. "No wonder my crotch was so sore this morning," she said.

"No talking," he said as he returned his mouth back to her pussy. "It's not that big, but if you think it's huge, who am I to argue?" he thought. This time there was no teasing, she could feel him attack her clitty and didn't let up until she had a very powerful orgasm.

"Strip, and get on my cock," Steve ordered. Olivia was standing on still shaking legs as she removed her skirt dropping it to the floor and then removed the blouse and the bra, her trapped breasts springing free from the undersized bra, dropping the articles to the floor as well. "Wow, you are so perfect, look at those titties, your body is amazing," he said. "I'm going to enjoy fucking this sweet thing as often as I can," he thought as she climbed up onto the couch. Olivia was very confused, she found his compliments stirring a need from within, a desire to be wanted. Her body following suit, her hormones demanding she satiate her needs anyway possible.

Not knowing what to do next, she allowed Steve to guide her onto his lap and directed the tip of his cock until it touched the opening of her pussy. "Ok, get down on it girl," he ordered. She dropped her hips and felt the tip enter her opening, it felt large and she felt impossibly stretched out. "Keep going and relax your pussy muscles, you're going to crush my cock if you keep it tensed like that," he said. She tried to comply and felt her muscles relax and the pressure wasn't so great anymore. "Keep going, get it in there," he commanded.

"It was so much easier when I was stoned," she thought.

"Get on it, now," he ordered.

She gradually worked her way down until she had seated the whole thing in her lubricated pussy. She felt stuffed from the girth, and it felt different from last night, but it felt good at the same time.

"Ok, get a rhythm going, up and down, in and out, back and forth, I don't care which, but get it moving," he said. Not having a clue how to fuck, she started rocking her hips moving his cock in and out. The feeling was intense and pleasurable, "I can get used to this," she said aloud.

"Good because you're my new fuck toy and you'll do what I tell you, when I tell you," he informed the young girl as she rode his cock.

"Uh, huh she nodded, uuhhh, huhhh, whatever you say," she moaned. She couldn't believe the fantastic feeling she was getting from this motion.

"Try grinding on me," he said and let him guide her hips in the motion he showed her.

"Oh that feels amazing," she groaned as she crushed her clit up against his pubic bone, her hungry pussy enveloping every inch of his firm cock. Her hips went on auto-pilot as she worked her way towards yet another orgasm. She grabbed her nipples so she could get herself over the edge. Steve knocked her hands away and sucked one of her nipples into his mouth, sucking on it with force. That was all it took as she crashed through her latest orgasm. Her pulsating pussy muscles massaged Steve's cock to eruption, sending his seed deep into her pussy.

"Damn girl, I'm going to love fucking you on a regular basis," he stated. "I'd love to hang here all day and fuck you, but sooner or later your mom is going to look out the window and realize we haven't left yet and wonder what we're up to," he said.

"School, oh shit, I'm going to be late," she yelled. She hastily grabbed her clothes and started to dress.

"Hold on girl, I already told you to dress sexy, lose the ugly bra and the granny underwear," he ordered.

"But I can't go without a bra, everyone will know I'm not wearing one, my nipples will poke through!"

"But it'll be sexy, do it!" he demanded.

The ride to school felt incredibly awkward for several reasons, she had no underwear on, the cool breeze through the window made her nipples hard and poke out, she had a towel pressed up against her pussy catching Steve's cum so it didn't stain her skirt, and she was freshly fucked. "Other than that, it was a normal ride to school," she sarcastically thought to herself.

Steve pulled his Firebird up the front entrance of her middle school, there would be no sneaking in the back door this morning. He wanted his newly deflowered sex toy to make her grand entrance. "Come over to my place when you get home, and wear something slutty," he ordered as he drove off.

"Great, this is never going to end," she thought.

School was going to very different today and she knew it from the time she first stepped in the door. Her newly enhanced titties jiggled with every step, her nipples were still hard as stones. They poked out so noticeably that no one would miss the fact that she wasn't wearing a bra, not that the thin white material left much to the imagination.

She could feel the last of Steve's semen trickling down her leg as she walked down the hall. She felt like her skin was still flush from her recent fucking. She could certainly feel it in her pussy as it was still tingling, but thankfully the tenderness was gone. "I guess that cream really helped," she thought.

"Good morning Miss Hastings," she heard. "My, aren't you looking lovely this morning," came again.

"Oh no, it's Mr. Fletcher, the principal," she thought. He gave all the girls the creeps, the way he looked at them, you felt like you needed a shower after he was done looking you over. Of all the people to see me first, it had to be him, she thought. She glanced over and his eyes were glued to her tits. She put her head down and picked up the pace. Big mistake, that made her tits jiggle even more, giving all those around her a good show.

"Nice tits Olivia," she heard from behind her. Her face turned beat red.

"God, please kill me," she thought.

She heard more "good mornings" from just about every male teacher that passed her in the halls. Sour looks from the female teachers told her all she needed to know about what they thought about her attire. Word quickly got out that Olivia Hastings was showing off her tits and every guy in the school was chasing after her trying to get a look at her lovely globes. She heard cell phones snapping pictures as she made her way through the throng to her locker. None were bold enough to grab hold of one of her luscious orbs, at least they hadn't got that bold, yet. Her nipples were still hard as stones, but it wasn't cold inside. The problem was that they were staying hard because all the attention she was getting was getting her aroused. She couldn't help thinking that the only thing separating her bare pussy from the gaze of everyone around her, was the skirt that hung only eight inches below her crotch. She could feel the cool breeze from her strides on her pussy, making it tingle. She could feel wetness against her thighs from her lubrication that was starting to flow freely from her pussy lips. She had an urge to drop to the floor, hike up her skirt and frig herself in front of everyone. "What's wrong with me?" she wondered yet again. Her sexuality overtly on display was affecting her sense of right and wrong, "I shouldn't feel like this, I should be embarrassed to death," but a small part of her, a part starting to flourish, enjoyed the attention her sexuality offered.

"What's with the new look?" she heard her friend Stacy ask. "I guess if you got them, flaunt them, something like that?" she said with annoyance.

"Stace, I had a laundry emergency this morning and this is all I had to wear, my mom decided to do laundry last night and nothing was dry," she pleaded.

"Really, not one single bra was dry?"

In a hushed voice, she said "honestly, something is going on with my boobs, it's like they blew up over the last few days, none of my bra's fit anymore, I had no choice, I had to go braless!" she admitted.

"Well they look fucking huge all of a sudden," she replied. "Don't you have a sweater or something you can cover them up with?" her friend asked.

"I didn't bring one, I was running late this morning and didn't think anyone would notice," she said knowing full well only a moron would believe that.

"Let me see if I have one in my gym locker after this period, I don't have anything for you in this one," she replied. "I gotta get going to class, see you at lunch," her friend said as she walked away.

First period science class went by more slowly than she could have ever imagined. Her pussy had finally stopped leaking, that was a relief, "the back of my skirt must be wet though," she thought. Even worse, her teacher Mr. Edwards had asked her to come up to the board three times to assist him with a boring insect life cycle diagram he was showing. Her tits jiggling with every step as she walked to the board, she could feel his eyes following every jiggle. She felt his attention stir her hormones and her nipples hardened as a result. A grin spread across his face as he watched her approach. She just knew everyone could see the wet spot on the back of her skirt. "They're going to know it's from my dripping pussy," she thought with a touch of anguish.

Mr. Edwards made her hold the life cycle model and face the class, nobody saw the model, all eyes were glued to the folds of her blouse that hugged her tits, showing off every curve of her swelling orbs, her nipples standing at attention like pencil erasers. She was allowed to return to her seat, she could see every pair of male eyes focused on her hard pink nipples. Her hormones were raging and the attention she was getting just fueled the fire she felt growing in her loins, she needed a release in the worst way, or did she need a good fucking? As much as she hated to admit it, having sex this morning felt amazing, even if she was black-mailed into it.

The bell rang signaling the end of class and Olivia bolted for the bathroom. Her tits bouncing the whole way, everybody stopped what they doing so they could watch beautiful Olivia Hastings' display her goods. She made it to the bathroom and found it was empty, "thank God." It wouldn't have mattered, she was going to frig her clit whether it was empty of not. She hiked up her skirt and thrust her hands into her crotch, one hand going to stimulate her clit, the other to jam two fingers palm deep into her hungry gash. "Ahhh," she moaned. "I needed this in the worst way," she thought. All the emotions she felt from the morning, the embarrassment, the anguish, all the pent up desire, all melted away and forgotten with the pleasure emanating from her loins. Her manipulations unleashed by a fantastic orgasm, taking all her strength to keep from screaming out at the moment it peaked. Her hands were lightly caressing her vulva, savoring the lingering effects of her climax when she heard the bell ring.

"Shit I'm late!" she yelped. She quickly pulled down her skirt and bolted from the stall. Olivia realized that she hadn't wiped her soaking pussy off after she came and she could feel her wetness running down her leg. "Can't stop now, I'll really be in trouble," she worried. Her fingers were still wet from her pussy juices she realized, as she hurried down the hall. She brought them up to her nose and could smell the unmistakable scent that can only come from pussy. She found her scent strangely intoxicating. "Somebody's going to smell me too, great another thing to worry about," she thought.

"Ms Hastings, late again are we?" questioned her math teacher Mr. Fraser. "I'm afraid I can't let this one go, please come to my desk," he ordered. Her tits jiggled the whole way up to his desk, a fact not missed by anyone in the class, especially her teacher. "School policy states that we must report all lates to the principal's office, this will go onto your permanent record," he began. He paused in the middle of lecturing his tardy student and wheeled his chair forward slightly. "That can't be what I think it is, can it?" he pondered. "That smells like pussy," he thought. He caught movement as he looked at the gorgeous Olivia Hastings and saw something just become visible below her hemline. A drop of clear fluid trickled down her thigh towards her knee. He was mesmerized by it, "what is that?" "Did that just leak out of her pussy, did she pee herself, is it pussy juice, that can't be semen can it, is that why she's late, was she fucking someone during school hours?" A million questions went through his brain in a millisecond, the biggest questions of all was "How do I get some?" His cock jumped to attention at the thought.

"On second thought, let's not waste anymore class time, please come see me at the end of class," he said. She wasn't sure why, but that sounded a little ominous. Olivia took her seat at the front of the class and sat down. She could feel her lubrication squelch out of her when she sat down. "Great, my wet spot will be even bigger now," she thought. "Maybe a little fresh air will help dry it up," she thought.

Mr. Fraser stood up to present his lecture to the class and instantly regretted it, realizing his hard on would be visible through his linen slacks. He looked down and could make out his outline quite easily. "Kind of difficult to hide when you're packing a thick eight inch tool," he thought. He looked out and saw Olivia Hastings staring at his tented pants. He quickly sat down hoping nobody else saw his condition. He did his best to begin presenting the day's work from a seated position, at least until his hard-on could subside.

Five minutes into his lecture and Bill Fraser thought he could stand and approach the chalk board. As he looked out over the class, his gazed fell on Olivia Hastings and he saw her waving her knees apart slightly and was able to see straight down her skirt, bringing his lecture to a crashing halt. "She's not wearing panties!" he realized. "She's doing that to tease me, the little vixen!" his brain automatically calculated. "This is going to be easier than I thought," he decided.

Olivia absently continued slowly opening and closing her legs, the cool air actually made her steamy pussy feel more comfortable. "At least the leaking seems to have stopped," she thought. She was lost in her own world, thinking about her pussy, feeling the constant effect of her raging hormones and didn't notice that her teacher had stopped droning on.

The hush that fell on the room brought her back to the moment and she looked up and saw that her teacher's eyes were locked on her, specifically her lower section and that her raised and spread knees offered her teacher a direct view of her pussy. "Oh no, he just saw my pussy!" she realized in a panic and snapped her knees shut. Her juices fired up again at the thought and her body betrayed her brain and kicked her hormones into gear. Her brain said "no" and her body said "yes", and her body was wining.

Olivia was confused, she shouldn't be getting excited because her teacher saw her pussy, and yet she was doing just that. The leaking that had subsided had started again, she could feel the lubrication begin to seep from her pussy lips. The thoughts and confused emotions she was feeling only increased her arousal. Her clit began to throb and started to swell all on its own. The familiar sensation she felt that morning when she was tempted to drop to the floor and masturbate in front of everyone returned.

Slowly she spread her knees again and her teacher turned into a puddle of goo. He couldn't talk straight, couldn't finish a sentence and talked himself in circles trying to regain his composure. At that moment, Olivia discovered something, she had power, and the power was over men, using her sex. It became somewhat of a game for her after that. She would close her knees and wait until an unsuspecting moment and then flash him her pussy again. She coyly pinched one of her nipples in a manner that no one would see, but her teacher saw the resulting erect nipple. He was handsome and she was enjoying herself.

William Fraser knew he was being played, and he loved it. What seemed like an impossible dream when he saw Olivia Hastings approach his desk, seemed closer to reality now. She had flashed her pussy at him a dozen times and there was no mistake that it was on purpose, she had even tweaked her nipples a few times for him. Those luscious tits were just begging to be sucked on.

The lunch bell rang and for Bill Fraser, it didn't ring soon enough. His students filed out of his class room and as instructed, Olivia Hastings remained in her seat waiting for her reprimand. Bill watched as the last student exited his room and he closed and locked the door. He walked to the front of the class while Miss Olivia Hastings was just putting away her stuff in her school bag.

"We have a very serious problem here Ms. Hastings," he began. "You just exposed yourself to a teacher, that's a very serious offense, you could be expelled for that. I have an obligation to report this to the principal's office immediately," he stated.

Feeling her power slip away, she immediately started to panic. "Oh, please don't do that Mr. Fraser, my mother will kill me!" she pleaded. "How am I going to explain this, I got expelled for showing my teacher my bare pussy?" she thought, in near hysterics.

"Calm down Ms. Hastings, I'm sure we can work something out," he reassured her.

"Work something out, what do you mean?" she asked, only slightly less panicked now.

"Well, we could come to an arrangement of sorts and I could possibly forget the whole incident," he replied.

"Like what?"

"Why don't you come up here and have a seat and we can discuss it quietly," he suggested.

As instructed, the suddenly powerless girl approached her teachers desk and asked "have a seat where?"

"Just jump up on the desk, this won't take long," he answered. Olivia nervously hoisted herself up onto the desk, her tits bouncing in the process.

"Here's what's going to happen if you want to get out of this without involving the principal, your mother and the police."

"The police?" she interrupted, the blood draining from her face.

"Yes, the school is required to report incidents like this to the police for obvious legal reasons, what you did can be considered indecent exposure," he returned. "That's very serious, you could end up in juvenile hall," he lied. "Now as I was saying, you can either do exactly as I say and it ends right here and goes no further, or I march you down to Mr. Edwards' office and we call your mother and the police. And the way you're dressed and the fact you have no underwear on, I think we have a pretty solid case here," he finished.

"Ok," was her only reply.

"Ok, you agree to do everything I say?" is that your answer he asked.

"Yes," she returned meekly.

"Good, now let's take a closer look at the kitty you just spent the last hour flashing me with," he ordered. Olivia tentatively pulled up her skirt exposing her creamy thighs. "Good now spread your legs." She opened her legs and bared her pussy to her teacher. "What a beautiful little pussy," he thought. Nice and tight, only slightly developed labia, a small patch of golden fleece above her clit hood, and obvious moisture around her slit, a thing of beauty.

He reached out and stroked up and down her slit with his thumb. He focused his attention to her clit hood and applied some pressure to the nub. That sent fireworks off in Olivia's pussy, her lust being fired up by the attention. He brought his thumb back to her slit and ran it through the moisture that began to seep from her thin lips, dragging the wetness with him so he lubricate his friction on her clit hood.

Quickly her little nub swelled and began to stand proud, begging to be touched. Olivia was now a slave to her body, her hormones in total control. She didn't care where she was at the moment, all attention focused on the sensation she was feeling between her legs. Bill Fraser couldn't believe the reaction this young girl was having to his ministrations. She was flooding his hand with her juices, he could feel the heat coming from her pussy and knew what that would feel like on his tool.

"Unbutton your blouse," he ordered. Olivia began to unbutton her blouse as ordered and struggled to get the buttons undone as fresh sparks from her clit made concentrating extremely difficult. She managed to get them all undone and let the flimsy article fall open exposing her luscious newly swelled orbs. They stood proud with no sag as only young breasts can do.

Bill reached up with his free hand and squeezed one of her boobs feeling the firm flesh under his grasp. They weren't squishy like the fat bags his recent girlfriends possessed, these were exceptionally firm with really cute little pink nipples. He pinched the nipple and rolled it between his thumb and forefinger eliciting a groan from the pre-teen. Her hips started rolling from the stimulation to her clit and he let go of her breast and brought the hand down to her pussy lips and slowly inserted a finger into her steaming hole expecting to find a hymen but finding none. "She's been fucked already," he thought. "And is about to get fucked again."

He added a second finger to her tight hole and started a rhythm sawing in and out of her pussy causing her hips to gyrate on his hand. She was fucking his fingers trying to get them deeper and deeper. The stimulation became too much for her hormone addled brain and she lost it, cumming intensely on his hands.

"Ugghhhhnnnn," she groaned as she thrashed around bucking her hips against his hands, trying to keep the stimulation going.

Olivia felt her teacher remove his fingers from her pussy while his thumb continued to gently stroke her clit. She didn't hear him drop his trousers, but she knew when he began to insert his cock into her pussy. It was stretching her sensitive tissues making her think," it must be a lot bigger than Steve's." His first thrust drove only three inches into her love tunnel and the warmth and tightness felt exquisite. He withdrew all but the tip and pushed again sinking in an additional two inches letting her get used to the girth.

He could tell by her reactions that whoever she was fucking wasn't packing a cock the size he was now stuffing into her. She moaned each time he thrust forward, partially because of the stretch but mostly because it felt so damned good.

"If he keeps this up, I'm going to cum again," she thought.

Within a dozen strokes, he was planting his whole eight inches into her love nest and couldn't believe how good it felt. Never in his life had he felt a pussy this hot and tight, her pussy muscles massaging every inch of his cock as he speared it in and out of her. He grabbed her ankles and held them up so he could control her position at the edge of the desk, it also looked awesome.

The petite sixth grader he was sawing in and out of was a tight little package. He admired her taught stomach and slender muscular dancer's legs as he first spread them impossibly wide, marveling at how limber she was, and then pushing her knees up to her chest so he could cram every inch he had into her steamy hole.

He was in ecstasy looking down at this prize, a marvel of physical perfection, she had a beautiful face, such perfect breasts and a toned and muscular build. The cougars he was dating now all had saggy bellies, fat asses and pancake titties. "How could he ever go back to banging those pigs after this?" he wondered.

He let go of her ankles and reached out, grabbing onto her tits and squeezing them hard, eliciting a deep groan from the sixth grader. Releasing the globes, he latched onto her pink nipples pinching them hard, the sensation was overwhelming, she bucked her hips hard against his groin wrapping her legs around his torso driving her pussy onto his cock with all the strength she could muster. Her legs effectively pinned his hips to hers, her pussy gobbling down his cock like a hungry lamprey eel. Her arms reached for and grabbed a hold of his shirt pulling with all her strength to lift herself up to give her pussy a better angle to attack his cock with. She wrapped her arms around his neck and held on tightly, her back arching upwards, her arms and legs affectively gluing her body to his. Her teacher, thirty years her senior, hoisted the young girl up, and supported her weight with his rock hard erection and his hands that gripped a tiny butt cheek in each palm. Olivia ground her pelvis down onto his cock, her hips rotating on his, grinding her clit hard up against her lover. The pole she was riding was touching her in all the right places. She loved the way he was holding her, he was gripping her ass cheeks with both hands, helping him grind his big cock into her over and over again.

She knew she was going to blow big this time and her lover, with one final thrust, sent her over the edge when she felt his cock surge and felt his cum splash against her cervix. He could feel her pussy muscles rippling around his still pulsing cock. He was dumping a big load into her, he could tell, his cock was still spasming uncontrollably. "He hadn't cum like that since when? Ever?" he wondered. She hugged her arms even tighter around her new lover and crushed herself against him with all her strength. She wouldn't let go until the sensation of her orgasm died down. She still held on, crushing her breasts against his chest as she felt his shriveling cock slip from her love tube.

"Wow, that was fantastic," he exclaimed. "I had no idea a girl your age could fuck like that. How long have you been having sex?" he asked.

"Since yesterday," she replied. His reaction spoke volumes, he was blown away by the fact that the sexual dynamo that had just ridden his cock like a seasoned pro, was a virgin yesterday.

She knew he had enjoyed that as much as she had, maybe more because students were off limits to a teacher, and she knew it. "I'd really like to do that again sometime, would that be alright?" he asked. "We'll see," she replied feeling some of her power return.

Olivia put her blouse back on and pulled her skirt down and left Mr. Frasers' math class. "I won't be able to think of math class the same way ever again," she thought. Olivia hurried down the hallway, her pussy still tingling from the workout. Mr. Fraser's cum was still dripping down her legs when she made it to the cafeteria with barely enough time to eat her lunch. She found her friend Stacy and sat down, she could feel the last dregs of Mr. Frasers cum squelch out as she sat. "What took you so long, and why are you all sweaty" her friend asked? "Mr. Fraser lectured me on being late to his class, he really gave it to me hard," she replied.

Her workout had left her with a nice sweaty sheen, a fact she hadn't noticed in her haste to get dressed. "You should take a look at your shirt," Stacy offered. Olivia looked down and could clearly see what her sweat had done to the blouse. Her blouse was plastered to her tits forming around them showing off their perfect shape, not to mention making the white material very see-through. She might as well have not worn anything since everything she had was on full display.

"Uh, I didn't want to miss having lunch with you and I ran all the way from math class, I guess I got sweaty," she replied.

"You ran, with those tits, and no bra?" "Jesus, it's a wonder you don't have black eyes," Stacy mocked.

"Very funny," she started to say when she paused in mid sentence, she had a moment of realization that everyone she passed in the halls as she hurried to the cafeteria, had essentially seen her bare breasts. She felt very confused, she was embarrassed and at the same time, what? Thrilled? Aroused? She wasn't sure but it made her feel kinda good to know that she had shown off her amazing set of tits. She loved them, she was proud of them, why not show them off? The thought of exhibiting herself to everyone on school got her juices flowing once again. "I just got fucked at school by my math teacher and my pussy wants more action," what's wrong with me she wondered? "Am I really that big of a slut that all I can think about is feeding my desire for orgasms and sex?"

"Earth to Liv, come in," her friend called out. "Here put this sweater on and stop showing off your boobs, I forgot I had it, it was in my gym locker," she added. Olivia took the sweater and put it on, she had to, she couldn't have her best friend think she actually wanted to show off her boobs. "It's the last day of school, what are we doing tonight?" Stacy asked. "Somebody's got to be having a party," she added.

"I don't know I haven't heard anything," Liv replied knowing full well that Steve told her to come over and dress slutty. Her evening was going to involve her riding his pole repeatedly, after her session with Mr. Fraser, the idea was starting to appeal to her more than hanging out with her friend talking stupid girl stuff.

"Can you come over to my house tonight since you bailed on me last night?" Stacy asked.

"I'll have to check with my mom, you know she always like to know where I'll be ahead of time," she replied.

"Fine," she huffed, her friend obviously a little frustrated by her bullshit answer. "Don't forget, you said you'd talk to your doctor about me, right?" Stacy asked.

"I promise, I'll call him when I get home," she answered.

Olivia's next period class was uneventful, her pussy had stopped leaking and her wet spot had mostly dried up, albeit leaving a nice crusty patch on the inside. She made sure not to show off her naked pussy to her current teacher, but her urge to orgasm never subsided. Between periods she bolted to the bathroom for another wank session. This time she was pretty sure somebody heard her, but she didn't really care, she needed to get off. And get off she did, renewing her we spot which eventually stuck to her pussy during last period as it dried. That felt nice (sarcasm), unsticking the combined dried remains of her pussy juices along with the remnants of Mr. Frasers cum off her twat. Even that got her a little excited, it seemed over the last few days everything got her pussy excited. Making her pussy happy was all that she thought of the whole way home, "it's Friday, the last day of school and I should be thinking about going to a "end of year" party, not thinking about the fact that I have all weekend to play with myself," she thought. Then she remembered Steve telling her to come over after school and she thought somewhat sarcastically, "yeah, all weekend to play with myself, and get fucked." Her brain was getting less and less confused about the subject thinking that getting fucked all weekend might be more preferable than to just playing with herself.

Making it home, Olivia found a note taped to her door, unfolding it read, "come on over and wear something slutty, Steve." "This getting out of control, what it someone had read this?" she thought making a point to talk to him about this. "There has to be a way out," she walked through the door.

Olivia walked through the living room in and headed for the bathroom, she wanted to take a quick shower and clean off from the day's events. She stepped out of the shower, dried off and headed for her bedroom, naked. Seeing her jar of cream reminded her that she needed to take her pill and headed to the kitchen. There was a note from her mother:

 "Working late tonight, won't be home until about 2 am, don't wait up, Love Mom."

She popped her pill, grabbed a quick sandwich and headed to her room to get dressed. She opened the jar and discovered she had used quite a bit of it. "I'll have to see if Dr. Sanders can get me more, and ask about Stacy's boobs," she thought. She slathered on a healthy dose of the cream knowing that Steve was going to want to have sex. "I hope it feels as good as it did today with Mr. Fraser," she thought as the cream worked its magic.

"Slutty is out of the question," she thought. "I don't even think I can pull off sexy, mom doesn't even have anything close to either," she thought. The best Olivia could muster for sexy was a yellow floral patterned sundress from last year that came up a little too short and was a little too tight. It sure did show off her new curves, considering the last time the dress fit properly, she didn't actually have any. She found a pair of bikini underwear in her mom's drawer that seemed to fit okay, they weren't exactly sexy but they were better than her full cut granny briefs. Her mother's DD bra's were never going to fit, at least no time soon, so she went without as her bra's didn't fit anymore anyway. Her full, perky breasts pushed the front of the dress out nicely, the cut of the dress accenting her bra-less shape and her puffy nipples clearly outlined in the thin material. She generously applied some mascara, eye liner and lip gloss and was pleasantly surprised with the outcome. If she can't dress "slutty" at least she could get "made-up" slutty. She hoped it would be enough.

Olivia knocked on Steve's door and her dad answered, "Hi Mr. Johnson, is Steve here?"

"Olivia, is that you?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, Steve asked me to stop by," she answered.

"Putting the make-up and little heavy aren't you?" he asked.

"My friend and I were just playing with mom's makeup, I'm gonna wash it off right away," she replied.

"Yeah sure, Steve's downstairs," he said as he opened the door and let her in. Reed Johnson was hoping his demeanor had stayed calm in front of little Olivia Hastings, but as he opened the door and realized that the hot little jailbait on front of him was his neighbor's twelve year old daughter, it took every ounce of strength he had to keep his eyes from bugging out of his head. "I hope that boy knows what he's doing," he said to himself.

Olivia walked down the stairs to Steve's "room", his room was actually the whole basement and he had it to himself. He was sitting there drinking a beer and rolling a joint. "Hey sweet cheeks, get over here and give me a kiss," he said. She wasn't sure what she what to think about being here with Steve, she knew eventually they would have sex, but she wasn't sure how she felt about him, and if she wanted to do stuff like kiss him. Her pussy wanted the attention and it seemed as if her body was calling the shots these days, so she just thought, "what the hell, go with it." Walked over to the couch, bent over and gave him a big wet kiss. Somewhat surprised that she actually did it, Steve returned the kiss and stuck his tongue in her mouth. She did the same and then climbed onto his lap and wrapped her arms around him and pushed him back onto the couch laying on top of him. "Well hello to you too," he said. They made out for a few minutes longer before he said, "stand up and let me get a good look at you."

She stood up and twirled about in front of him. "Not bad, not bad at all, the makeup looks good, the dress fits nice, but still not quite slutty enough, we'll have to work on that," he said. "We can go shopping tomorrow and get you some slutty clothes, but right now, we have some partying to do," he said.

Steve fixed her a rum and coke, this time making it a bit harsher than the one from the day before. "Need to get her used to it so I can get her fucked up good and fast," he thought.

"Can we smoke one of those joints again?" she asked.

"Maybe later, but you have to earn it first, drink up," he said. Olivia tried her best to chug down the drink, "it was a little easier than the last one, maybe," she thought. After she had finished her first drink, Steve said, "ok girl, let's see what you brought for me, stand up."

Olivia stood in front of him and he proceeded to lift her dress revealing her mother's underwear. He slid them down to her ankles exposing her well lubricated slit, the cream working well to get her aroused. "These aren't anywhere sexy enough, add that to the list of slutty things we need to get you," he said. Steve stripped off his jeans and again, was not wearing any underwear. "Suck me hard babe, then climb on up here." Having only what little knowledge she had from the previous night, she attempted to give Steve a blow job. She lightly grabbed his limp cock, and put the head in her mouth. She swirled her tongue around the head and applied some suction, she could feel it start to grow in her mouth. She toyed with the head feeling the softness of it and marveling how it could be hard and soft at the same time. She was actually beginning to really enjoying sucking him off. "Not bad, we might make a cock-sucker out of you yet," he quipped. She remembered to stroke up and down the shaft applying some pressure as she did so. After a few minutes she thought he might be ready to spurt, yes he was definitely enjoying it. The action of course making her libido go crazy, her clitty was already poking out of its hood, her juices flowing like a river. "Get up here sweet heart," he said as he motioned her to climb up. "Leave the dress on, I want to feel your pussy on me now," he ordered.

She climbed up and straddled his legs lifting her dress up so that it tented over them both. She reached under and grabbed his cock and aimed it at her hole. She was so well lubricated that she was able to sink down all the way with one stroke. "That feels so fine," he said. She had to agree, if there was one thing she had learned since yesterday, it was that she loved to fuck.

She started to slowly ride up and down on his cock, savoring the way it felt exiting and entering her, at her pace, she was in control, she was fucking him, not the other way around. She reached under her dress and started stroking her clit, the little nub already swollen and standing out. "Yes this was the way it ought to be, me in charge, in command of my own pleasure, I'll take the pleasure from you in my own way," she thought.

Steve grabbed her hips and urged her to pick up the pace, feeling the velvety confines of her love chamber, the heat and wetness combining for an experience he wanted to last forever. He grabbed the straps from her dress and pulled them down revealing her white supple orbs. "Hmmm, they look bigger, and their fucking perfect," he thought. "I bet they'd win a wet t-shirt contest easily," he thought. He wanted to watch her strumming her clit and pulled the dress over her head marveling at the tight package, from her slim muscular frame up to her golden hair and beautiful face. Her blue eyes were closed as she rode up and down on his tool, obviously enjoying herself immensely.

She picked up the pace until she was slamming her pussy down onto his shaft then changed her tactics going from riding up and down hard, to a slow grind, changing as her desires directed her. She could tell she was bringing Steve close to his orgasm, she wanted hers too. "Pinch my nipples," she moaned as she changed her motion yet again and pulled her pussy almost all the way off his cock before slamming all the way down, her hips bucking up and down, her fingers a blur over her clit. Her pussy clamped down on his cock as her orgasm crashed down, her whole body tensing as she felt the pleasure wash over her.

Unable to hold out any longer, Steve emptied his seed into her cunt as his own orgasm hit him. She could feel the pulsation through her pussy walls and a slow smile spread across her face as she got what she wanted.

"Damn girl, you ride like a champ, I think you earned that joint," he said.

She climbed off his cock and lay back on the couch savoring the afterglow. While not yet comfortable sitting around naked, Olivia didn't have a choice as Steve wouldn't let her put the dress back on. She was just too hot for clothes and besides, "clothing just gets in the way when it's time for fucking," according to Steve's thought process. She looked like a Goddess laying there on the couch with her after-fuck glow, her blond hair reaching down to her luscious tits, her legs slightly parted, her hand lightly rubbing her slit.

She was a dream and she liked to fuck, and she belonged to him. He passed the lit joint over and she inhaled deeply, coughing up the harsh smoke. He loved the way her tits jiggled when she coughed. By the time the joint was gone, Olivia knew she was stoned and time slowed to a crawl. Her strumming fingers playing her pussy like a fine musical instrument. Her body was ready for more. She crawled onto his lap and whispered, "wanna fuck?"

"I need to get more weed if this is how you react to it," Steve said. With that, Olivia engulfed his cock with her mouth and stroked his cock to full hardness, she climbed aboard and her wet pussy swallowed him whole in one thrust. She loved the feel as it slithered in and out of her tight hole, the sensations were indescribable. "Oh yeah, hang on cowboy, I'm going to ride you all night," she said, not even believing it came from her own mouth. She rode him for what seemed like hours to her stoned brain, she knew she had come at least twice and was tiring out when she felt Steve's cock pulsing in her hot pussy. "Oh that felt so nice," she purred as she slowly rode up and down his wilting cock.

"Got room for a second," she heard from behind her. Olivia shifted her gaze a saw a handsome guy standing right next to her, his hard cock already out and standing at full mast. "Liv , this is my friend Dan, I want you to fuck him like you just fucked me," Steve ordered. Her senses dulled by the pot and her hormones still going strong, she didn't really see any problem with that, so she slid off Steve's cock and rolled onto the couch with her legs spread wide.

Dan aimed his larger cock at her opening and slid into place. "Oooff," she grunted as the larger intruder slid into place. He started a strong fucking rhythm . "Oh you feel sooo good in me," she purred to the new visitor. Steve fired up another joint and passed it around, Olivia was getting more and more stoned. Time stood still, it seemed like she was fucking for hours. Her juicy pussy making sucking and squelching noises and she rode up and down over and over again. She went back and forth taking load after load into her pussy.

After a while she drifted off and found herself on her back with a cock sawing in and out of her pussy. "Ohhh, yessss, that feels so good, don't stop, don't ever stop," she purred.

She lost track of time altogether and when she woke up, found she was splayed out on the couch with cum leaking from her delicate flower. She looked around and saw seven or eight guys flaked out on various chairs and couches. One of the guys got up walked over and knelt in front of her spread legs, pulled her hips forward and in one motion sunk his full length into her reddened slit.

"Ohhh," she moaned as he began sawing in and out of her silken tube. "Babe, your pussy feels so good, I just had to comeback for seconds, in fact I plan on fucking you at least four or five more times tonight," the unknown stranger informed her. Olivia was stunned, "seconds? Who were these people and did they all fuck her when she was passed out?" she wondered. It didn't matter at the moment, his cock was stimulating an area inside her cunt that she hadn't known about. She reached down and rubbed her clit while the stranger sawed into her soul. "Uggghhhh, she moaned as she orgasmed around the stranger's phallus. "Yeah baby, all the girls cum on my cock, but you're the best I've ever had my dick in, so tight, so wet and you're so beautiful too.

"I'm the best, really?" she asked.

"Hell yeah, like I said, I'm fucking you four five more times at least tonight."

"Who are you guys and has everyone here fucked me," she asked?

"I'm Pete, we're all friends of Steve's. These guys are Brett, Phil, Mark, Deke, Billy, and Trent as he motioned to the various guys spread around the basement. You missed Eddy and Frank, they were here earlier and left.

"And they all fucked me?" she asked incredulously.

"Well, more like you fucked us, you should see the video, it's incredible, you're a real tigress," he stated. "I've never seen anything like it before, you've gotta be the biggest slut in town!" Pete said. "Sorry I didn't mean that in a bad way," he said apologetically because of the surprised look on her face, "I meant it as a compliment. You abused us, wore most of us out, that's why the guys are so flaked out well the booze and the pot too, but that's all gone now," he said. "Me, I got a cock that just goes and goes, kinda' like you, energizer bunny sorta. That's why I said I'm gonna fuck you the rest of the night," Pete answered.

"He said I'm the biggest slut in town," she repeated to herself. She was initially horrified by the statement before she realized that she had fucked her neighbor, a room full of guys, and her teacher, since yesterday and apparently loved every second of it, well what she could remember anyway. "Is that what a slut is?" she wondered, someone who has sex with lots of guys and loves it? "I guess by definition I am a slut, and apparently the biggest slut in town according this Pete guy," she thought. "I don't know who you are Pete the energizer bunny, but I sure like the way you're fucking my pussy," she thought. "I guess I really am a slut," she concluded. She really did enjoy every minute of it, it was just her mind that was having an issue dealing with it.

"Here get on top of me, I want you to ride me again like you did before," he requested. Olivia did as asked and speared herself onto his prick, she felt the big tool sliding sensually into her love canal. Her hips were rocking and rotating like they were on auto-pilot. Her overly sensitive clit fed endless stimulation to her hungry body. She could feel ever nerve firing as she rode the cock. On and on she went, riding as if she were possessed until she felt a pulsation with her pussy. Pete was cumming and grabbed her hips in order to keep every last inch of his cock within her walls. Just the thought of this stranger cumming in her pussy set her off again. She had already taken on a mile of cock and wasn't even close to being done yet.

True to his word, Pete fucked her four more times with Olivia cumming six times on his talented prick. A few of the other guys jumped in between during their breaks to fill her up with more cock.

"What time is it?" she asked as Deke finished cumming in her pussy for the third time. "I don't know one or two in the morning," he replied. "Oh shit my mother is going to be home, I have to go!" she yelled as she jumped up and looked for her dress. She found it in a crumpled heap coated in sperm.

"What the hell happened to my dress," she asked?

"We were using it to wipe the cum from your pussy," someone replied. Not having the time to worry about it, she pulled it over her head and ran for the door. The slamming door woke Reed Johnson from his sleep and looked out the window in time to see a girl running across the lawn, her dress flying up around her waist. "I don't think she was wearing any panties," he thought.

~~ end of chapter 2 ~~

**Chapter 3**

Olivia had beat her mother home, but just barely. She had just finished closing the front door as she saw her mother's headlights coming down the street. With no time to change, Olivia turned off her bedroom light, jumped into bed in her cum splattered dress, pulled up the covers and pretended to be asleep. She heard her mother come in and go to the bathroom. As she laid there, the cum sticking to her skin, the scent of the cum strong in her nostrils, she began to feel aroused again. Just the smell of the semen was turning her on, she pulled up the hem and licked the material finding a particularly fresh glob and sucked it into her mouth. It was salty and a little bitter, but it satisfied her somehow. She quietly searched out more globs and sucked them, trying her best not to notify her mother that she was awake. Finally she heard her mother go into her bedroom and heard the pull chain on her nightstand jingle signaling she had turned out the light.

Olivia pulled off the dress and sucked on every cum splatter she could find and when she was done, rubbed the dress against her pussy until she orgasmed. "I'm not just a slut, I'm a cum slut," she thought. "I can't seem to get enough." With that she drifted off to sleep.

Olivia awoke to a buzzing noise and realized it was her cell phone notifying her of a new test message, two actually. The first was from Stacy, "Hey, txt me, I thought we were going to hang out?" The second from Steve, "when you coming over?" She also saw a warning message on her phone about the memory being full. She checked her phone over and found dozens of photos snapped with her phone, they were all of her having sex, over and over again with the guys from last night. She ran to her computer and uploaded them to a secret file she had on her computer. She looked at the pictures and didn't remember even taking her phone over to Steve's but there it was in full color. They were taken from every angle, some really close up of some random cock going into her pussy, "damn that thing looks huge, I can't believe that fit in here," she wondered looking down at her kitty. It wasn't even sore, but that wasn't going to stop her from rubbing cream on it this morning. Her always firing hormones had her ready to go even after all the activity she had yesterday. "How many guys did I have sex with yesterday?" she wondered. She actually had to count them up using the photos because she didn't remember all of them. As she went through them she saw two faces you only vaguely remembered, they must be Frank and Eddy she thought remembering Pete saying they were there then left. "Hmm, Eddy's hot, I wouldn't mind fucking him again," she said to herself. Including Steve and her teacher, that made twelve guys, one for every year she'd been alive. Not bad for her first two days of being a non-virgin.

Olivia smelled cooking bacon and knew her mother was up, she also noticed her skin was still caked in dried cum, and headed to her bathroom to get cleaned up before her mother saw her. He shower felt great and she felt clean once again, she managed to wash her pussy without bringing herself off, a feat becoming harder and harder to do these days. She couldn't resist slathering on the lotion though and relished the sensation it gave her pussy. She noticed the jar was nearly empty and thought she would have to call her doctor and see if she could get a refill, "I don't want to run out of that stuff, it feels too good." She donned her bathrobe and headed for the kitchen.

"Good morning sleepy head, it's about time you got up, it's nearly ten o'clock," her mother playfully scolded her. "You look different this morning," her mother commented. Noticing her bosom she asked, "are your boobs getting bigger?"

"I think so, my bra's have been getting tighter lately," she replied, lying through her teeth because she couldn't even get any of them on anymore without her boobs spilling completely out of them.

"Have some breakfast and don't forget your meds," she said. "I have to go into work early today, we have some new residents coming in today and I need to go over their meds with the other nurses. Why don't you and Stacy go shopping and get some new bras, I'll leave you my Victoria Secret card and you can treat yourself," she suggested.

"Mom, you're a life saver, thank you," she replied. Her mom puttered around for the next hour and then left for work leaving Olivia on her own, just she and her hormones.

She took advantage of the empty house and jumped up onto her bed with her jar of cream. She reached in and scooped out the last of it and slathered it onto her pussy wondering if her doctor made house calls on a Saturday?

The effects of the last of the cream were starting to wear off shortly after her second orgasm. More than a little concerned about her empty cream jar, a hormonally revved up Olivia picked up the phone and called her doctor's office getting the answering service. "Can you have Dr. Sanders call Olivia Hastings please?" she asked, and proceeded to provide her phone number. "Is this an emergency?" the operator asked. "It's pretty urgent, but I don't know if I'd call it an emergency," she replied. "I'll pass along the message," she said and then hung up on her.

Five minutes later Dr. Sander called the Hastings house and got Olivia on the phone wondering what the emergency was? It had only been three days since he saw her, he wondered if something had gone horribly wrong with the medication, or if her mother had figured something out? After all, she was a nurse and might have recognized the pills he had given Olivia as something other than what they should have been.

"What can I do for you dear?" he asked.

"Uhh, Dr. Sanders, I'm all out of cream and I was wondering if there was some way I could get more?" she asked.

"Holy crap, there should have been enough for two weeks or more!" he thought. "That shouldn't be a problem, what happened dear did you spill it or something?"

"Well, uh, well, I used it," she answered.

"The whole jar?" he asked incredulously.

"Yeah, why is that bad?"

"No dear, no, it's not bad, not bad at all," he replied, shocked that this horny little minx used up the whole jar of his specially prepared cream on her greedy little pussy in only three days. "She's my kind of girl," he thought, she can't keep her hands off her pussy.

"Well, can I get more?" she asked.

"Sure, have your mother bring you by next week and I'll get you some more," he answered.

"Uh, I need it before then, is there any way I can get more today?" she asked.

"Well, can she bring you in today?" he asked.

"No, she's already left for work and it's just me here," she replied.

"Mother of all things holy," he thought, this is my chance to tap that sweet pussy. "Tell you what dear, I only have one more patient to see today, so I guess I could drop another jar of the cream off on my way home," he replied.

"That would be fantastic," she replied. "Oh, one other thing, my friend wanted me to ask you something personal?" she asked.

"Sure, what is," he replied not knowing where this might be heading.

"Well, it's kind of embarrassing, but here it goes," she started. "My friend noticed that I'm going through a bit of a growth spurt and she wondered if there was any medication that she could take that might help her start growing there too," she said.

"Growing \*there\* where?" he asked.

"Uhh, her chest," she replied.

"Do you mean her breasts?" he asked.

"Yes."

"So let me understand correctly, your friend noticed your breasts had grown larger and she was hoping it had something to do with the medication you were on and wanted the same thing?" he asked.

"Yeah, that's what she thought," Olivia agreed.

"Ms Hastings I can assure you that the medication you are on would not have such an effect, but if you don't mind me asking, have your breasts grown larger recently?"

Sheepishly she said "uhhh, yeah, a lot."

"That could be an indication of something serious, I'm glad you called, I'll be over right away," he said. "Oh, and I'll see if I have something for your friend that she can try as a sample," he offered and hung up the phone, his cock already erect with the excitement of his impending visit.

"I never thought my plan would be so effective so soon," he thought as he drove over to the Hastings house. "Her tits have grown noticeably in only three days and she went through the whole jar of cream too! And she has a friend that can join the club, this is awesome, I can't wait to meat her too!" he thought to himself as he checked his bag making sure he had enough supplies for two girls.

Olivia had just hung up on Dr. Sanders and thought she share the good news with her friend and gave her a call, Steve would have to wait. "Hey Stacy, guess what?" Olivia asked.

"What?"

"My doctor said he has something he can give you to help your boobs grow!"

"Cool, what do I need to do, make an appointment or something?" Stacy asked.

"Nope, he's going to drop it off here, he's on his way over now," she replied.

"That's so awesome. I'll come over later and maybe we can hang out by the pool or something," Stacy suggested.

"That would be so much fun," Olivia replied.

Olivia hated waiting for anything and what she was waiting for was more of her lovely cream. She was still wearing her bathrobe and wasn't done yet with her kitty yet, not by a long shot. She sat on the living room couch in her bathrobe, gently stroking up and down her vulva. She thought Dr. Sanders might want to check on her now healed rash, so should really stop rubbing her pussy, it might make it look irritated, but she couldn't stop, not now, she was too close. With her free hand she squeezed her right breast, pinching her nipple and relishing the sensation as it brought her within seconds of achieving her third orgasm of the morning. Her conquest was painfully cut short by the door bell ringing.

"Damn it, just a few seconds more and I would have been there," she thought. She went to the door expecting to find Dr. Sanders, instead finding Steve, and he looked pissed.

"Why didn't you text back or call?" he demanded.

"I'm sorry, my mom and I were hanging out and then I was on the phone with my doctor and then my friend," she answered.

"Your doctor, why?" he wondered.

"I ran out of medicine and he offered to drop some more off on his way home," she replied. "He's on his way over?"

"When will he be here, do we have time to fuck?"

"I don't know, but I don't want to get caught, you should leave and come back later just in case," she answered.

"I make the rules, not you," he said as he reached for her bathrobe pulling it open, delighted to see her naked underneath. He dropped the robe to the floor and told her she should stay naked all the time, she was too hot for clothes. Olivia had spent just about as much time naked in the last 48 hours as she had with clothes on, and she was getting used to it.

Steve pulled her over to the couch and sat her down admiring her beautiful body. He wanted to do the one thing he hadn't tried yet with her, eat her glorious pussy out. Olivia gasped as she felt his mouth close on her slit. Forgetting for the moment both her doctor and her best friend might be on their way over, she gave in to the amazing experience. "Oh that feels so good, don't stop, keep going, you're going to make me cum fast," she a groaned. True to form, the little vixen shuddered through her fourth orgasm of the day. Steve pulled his jeans down revealing his hardened cock and grabbed her ankles spreading her legs wide. Her toned legs forming a perfect V shape, at the apex, her beautiful blond pussy. He aimed his tool at her opening and pushed in. Olivia shuddered at the intense feel of her love tube getting stuffed, she could never again say no to a cock presented to her pussy. It felt too good, the slut in her would always say yes, her hormones ruled her world and she was a slave to them. Steve pounded into gash intent on cumming into her pussy again for what, the fifteenth time?" he wondered. Twentieth time, in three days? He'd lost count already, he knew one thing for certain, that number was only going to keep going up. He knew he was getting close and her moans suggested she was close to when they both heard the doorbell ring.

Damn! That's twice she'd had a cum interrupted by the doorbell ringing. Steve continued pounding into her, he wasn't to be denied as his orgasm hit, his cock pumping his seed into her slit.

"Steve, stop fucking me, it's my doctor I have to answer the door," she pleaded.

"That's ok, I'm done," he said as he stood up, grabbed his jeans and headed for the back door. Her twat was slick and oozing Steve's cum as she pulled on her bathrobe and headed for the door, her arousal level still sky high as she was only seconds away once again from cumming.

"Hi Dr. Sanders, come on in, have a seat, I'll just be a second, I need to run to the bathroom," she said as she could feel Steve's cumshot rolling down her thigh.

Dr. Sanders was delighted to see her wearing a bathrobe, that meant it would be easier to convince her to show her "the goods" if she had less clothing to remove.

"Damn that Steve, just had to fuck me even though I told him my doctor was coming over," she cursed. Of course she wouldn't have refused, she wouldn't refuse anyone anymore, "but why did he need to pump me full of his cum when he knew my doctor was standing on the other side of the door?" He would know for sure she was fucking if she saw cum oozing out of her slit. She tried her best to wipe away the cum and clean herself up. She ran from the bathroom and grabbed a pair of her granny underwear form her drawer and put it on under her bathrobe. She figured he might want to make sure the rash was gone but hoped any remaining semen would get sucked up the cotton briefs. She headed back the living room hoping she could just get the cream and be done with the doctor.

Olivia returned to the living room and Dr. Sanders was delighted she hadn't changed in to regular clothes. Her bathrobe protruded noticeably in the front suggesting her breasts really had grown since he saw her only a few short days ago. He wondered what else the hormone treatment had done for her. "She must be a bundle of sexual energy," he thought. "I wonder if anyone's tapped into the energy source yet?" I sure hope not, so I can be the first.

"Come on over a sit down Ms. Hastings here on the couch and let's talk about your meds," he started. "Now you think that the meds may have had some effect on your breast development?" he questioned.

"Well, they sure got bigger in a hurry," she replied.

"Well, like I said on the phone, that should have nothing to do with the medication, why don't we take a look and see if there is something to be concerned about, shall we?" Olivia watched as her doctor opened up her bathrobe revealing her now ample bosom. "I'll do a simple breast examination to see if there are any abnormalities that may be cause for concern," he stated as he began to fondle the supple tissue. "These are spectacular," he thought as he massaged the tissue pretending to actually check them, first one breast then the other. "I didn't really think they would grow this big this fast, but I'm damn glad they did!" he thought. He continued massaging them far beyond what would be considered a normal breast exam. He could tell that her breathing rate had increased, a sure sign that she was feeling something from his technique. He then pretended to be checking her nipple for whatever excuse would need to come up with if she actually asked what he was doing. He stroked the nipple and applied pressure to the surrounding tissue and was delighted to see the little pink cap begin to harden. He gave the raised bud a gently pinch and was rewarded with a slight moan from the girl.

"Are these more sensitive than normal dear?" he asked.

"Yeah, they seem to be a lot more sensitive," she cooed. The doctor's exam was having quite the effect on your Olivia, her juices were flowing and heightened the fact that she had been left on the precipice of another orgasm when Dr. Sanders had arrived. Her libido was picking up right where it had left off, which was really close to another release.

"He's going to make me cum again," she thought, just from rubbing my tits. She started squirming in her seat trying to press he vulva into the couch cushion, hoping for some covert stimulation to her lonely clitty. Her swampy hole already soaked form her combined excretions and Steve's cum, were drenching her briefs.

Kevin Sanders was delighting in the fact that his new "test" patient seemed to be in some degree of sexual distress from his manipulations. Her skin was becoming flush, her breathing could only be described as panting, and she was squirming like she had ants in her pants. "Now, how to take this to the next level he wondered," as his patient suddenly began shaking, her whole body going rigid in her attempts to control the shaking. "She just had an orgasm from just having her tits rubbed!" he realized. "This may be easier than I thought."

Olivia had just received the release she had been looking for. Sure it was her fifth of the morning, but that was just par for the course these days. The big question was how she was going to get her sixth?

Not wanting to bring attention to the fact he had just made her cum, Dr. Sanders moved right along. "Nothing seems to be wrong with your breasts, in fact they seem perfectly healthy." "I wish all my patients could have breasts as perfect as yours," he added.

"Did he just compliment my boobs, or did he mean perfect as in healthy?" she wondered as she laid there savoring the last remnants of her orgasm. "My doctor thinks I have perfect boobs?" "But he's probably seen hundreds of pairs of boobs, maybe thousands, and he thinks mine are perfect?" Her head was swimming with the thought. "I know they certainly draw attention, yesterday at school proved that, but Dr. Sanders is an expert and he just said they were perfect," she thought, the realization stoking her fire even more. Her ever present horniness and her flowing juices causing her to think, "I'll let him fuck me if he wants." Her kitty was calling out to her, making her want his cock jammed inside.

He was still holding onto her left breast when she slumped back on the couch, her bathrobe falling open completely revealing her full-cut underwear, the crotch soaked through and through. He looked her over and realized she was making no attempt to cover herself up, her new breasts standing proud, her flat stomach exposed and her legs parted showing a nice gap between her legs. He drank her in with an expression on his face that hid nothing, he lusted for her and she returned his gaze with the same look.

"Uhh, everything looks ok with your breasts Ms. Hastings, realizing he had already told her that." "Get a hold of yourself, you're acting like a school boy seeing his first pair of titties!" he scolded himself. "How is the rash coming along, is the cream helping?" he asked trying to regain his composure.

"Yeah, I think it's getting better," she replied.

"Well, let's take a look shall we?" he suggested.

Olivia pushed her briefs down her hips, lifted her butt up off the couch and pulled them down to her knees, dropping them to the floor. She reclined back against the couch and let her legs fall open revealing her pink pussy. It had mostly recovered from her and Steve's fuck session, it was only slightly more pink than normal, the tissues had a little extra blood in them making her pussy look a little fuller than usual. Her kitty felt hot though, like it needed more attention, and having her doctor stare at her cunt wasn't helping her condition at all, it was firing her up.

"It looks a little irritated, I think it needs some cream applied to it," he said. "Do you mind showing me how you apply it? You went through a lot of cream in a short time and I want to make sure you are doing it right," he asked. Opening the jar of the special cream, he held it out to her and she reached in and scooped out a healthy amount. Olivia started at the bottom of her slit and slathered the cream up the entire length of her pussy, and then started rubbing it in. The cooling sensation knocked the fire down a little from her hot and hungry pussy, but the effect was short lived as the "medicine" kicked in. She felt the familiar warmth building as she rubbed the cream into her folds, her fingertips dancing over her clitoris. This batch was a little different as she felt herself getting a little light headed and her whole pussy become super sensitive. "Ahhh," she moaned as the spiked cream worked its magic.

"It was truly remarkable what a dose of methamphetamine and ecstasy in a simple jar of aloe cream can do," he thought as he watched it work its magic on the pre-teen. He was glad upped the dose of meth in this jar because he needed to get a hook in her that would require to keep coming back.

Her hand had gone beyond simply applying a dose of cream to her sensitive tissues, she was full blown masturbating in front of him. Her fingers stroking her clit in little circles, her other hand digging into her folds searching out her vaginal entrance.

Olivia loved the new batch of cream, it was even better than the old jar. The intense pleasure she was getting from her loins made her extremely glad she called her doctor today. "Her doctor, oh yeah, I'm frigging myself right in front of him, oh well, he already got me off, I might as well show him how I do it, after all, he asked me to show him," she thought through her hazy hormone riddled brain. "I'm going to show him how to really make a girl cum hard," she thought.

Kevin Sanders watched in amazement as young Olivia Sanders worked her clit and pounded her fingers into her gash, right in front of him, his cock ready to burst at the sight. "I can't take any more of this," he said to himself as he fished his cock out of his pants. He grabbed her legs and pulled her ass to the edge of the couch and aimed his cock head at her hole. Her pulled her fingers out of her steamy slit and buried his tool to the hilt in her hot tight vice. "Ugghh," she groaned as her tube was filled with her doctor's hard cock.

The feeling was amazing, her pussy was tight and wet, as perfect as he had imagined it would be, except for one thing, no hymen. "I guess somebody beat me to it," he thought as he sawed into her cleft. He pumped his shaft going balls deep and then pulling out until just the tip of his cock remained inside and then slamming inside again, bottoming out, feeling the head of his cock battering her cervix with every thrust. He threw her legs over his shoulders and grabbed her by the hips so he could really bury his tool with force.

Olivia's fingers never leaving her clit, she strummed away as her doctor plowed into her love nest. Kevin picked up her hips giving him a better angle to rub her g-spot with every thrust of his hard pole. His effort was rewarded as she clamped down on is cock as she shuddered through yet another orgasm. Her tightness before was delicious, now it felt like she was trying to rip his cock off, five more thrusts and he was dumping his seed into her snugness.

"That was awesome honey, I'd like to enjoy you again," he stated.

"Ok," she sighed as she reached down and toyed with her pussy feeling her doctor's seed ooze from her kitty.

"Suck me hard sweetheart," he instructed as he pulled his semi-erect cock from her pussy, climbed up on the couch and aimed the wet tool at her mouth. He was glad he had thought of popping a Viagra on his way over as he planned on fucking her until he ran out of cum.

Olivia encircled his cock with her mouth and did her best to give him a good blow job, she was still working on her technique. She was pleasantly surprised that his member never really got soft and found it was regaining its firmness.

Kevin pulled his hard cock from the beautiful pre-teen's mouth and urged her to stand up. He reached out and eased her bathrobe off her shoulders, dropping the article to the floor. He marveled at her beauty and relished the fact that he had made her this way, a slut that would fuck with no hesitation. He pulled off his shirt and laid down on the couch, instructing her to lay on him.

Olivia climbed onto Dr. Sanders and pressed her body against his, her tits mashed up against his chest hair. Her groin rested above his hard tool and she ground her clitty down onto it, eliciting a fresh surge she felt all the way to her core. He pulled her legs to either side allowing her to straddle him. She rubbed her greasy pussy up and down his tool coating it in the combined juices leaking from her slit. She grabbed his cock head and put in her pussy, pushing until she felt his curly pubes resting against her labia. Her hips needed no instruction as they began riding the cock like a jockey riding his steed. He reached up and grabbed an ample breast in each hand and gripped the resilient flesh. "Those tits look really, really big on her small frame," he thought.

"If they continue getting any bigger, I may have to change her hormone dosage," he thought as he handled the gorgeous mounds.

Her pussy was massaging his cock like nothing the good doctor had ever felt, it was so warm and inviting and he was feeling sensations he never thought possible. "Oh God, I've drugged myself he suddenly realized! The meth in the cream has been absorbed into my skin too! He was lost in the enhanced stimulation and was about to add a second load of cream to her muffin when the door bell rang.

"Not again, that's the second time today I've been interrupted," she mumbled, sitting up and extricating herself from the doctor's hard cock.

"Second time today? Interrupted? Who else are you fucking?" he thought.

Dr. Sanders didn't have much time to ponder the question as Olivia merely threw on her robe and headed for the door. Kevin grabbed his clothes and bolted for the bathroom hoping he wasn't getting busted in the act of fucking a minor.

"Stacy, I'm so glad you're here, but you should have called first, Dr. Sanders was just finishing up his examination making sure I'm ok," she said, loud enough that Kevin could hear her covering for him.

"I tried, but you didn't answer your cell phone," she replied.

"Where is your doctor anyway?" she asked.

"He had to use the facilities, he'll be right out I guess."

Kevin Sanders hoped he didn't look like he had just fucked a twelve year old twice. He exited the bathroom and was met in the living room by his "special project" and a beautiful brunette who was about to become his second "special project". She was very cute, and had the "girl next door" look to her. She had very little development compared to Olivia, she had small swellings for breasts and no flair to her hips at all. "I can understand why she wants my help," he admitted. "Well, I'm just the doctor she needs," he concluded.

"Hello, I'm Dr. Sanders, what's your name?" he asked.

"I'm Stacy Bennett, a friend of Olivia's," she replied.

"Olivia tells me you would like to speed up Mother Nature if possible?" he asked.

"Yes, can you help me with that?" she replied. "I mean look at Olivia and look at me, can I look like her?" she asked.

"I can't guarantee anything, and anything we do must be kept strictly a secret. This sort of thing is very much frowned upon in the medical community. I'm not saying I'd lose my license, but I certainly don't think your parents or any other authority figure would support this type of treatment," he finished.

"Is it dangerous?" she asked.

"No, not at all. What I'll be administering are normal female hormones that your body will eventually produce naturally, we're just giving your body a kick start," he answered.

"How am I going to pay for it if my parents aren't supposed to know?"

"Why don't we call it a trial basis, if it works, we can sort that out later, if it doesn't work, no harm, no foul," he suggested.

"Uh, ok, what do we do?" she asked.

"Why don't we start by giving you a physical exam and see what we are starting with so we can gauge our progress? Strip down to your underwear and let's get started," he ordered. He really didn't need to see anything, he just enjoyed the power to being able to tell a young girl to take her clothes off. He knew she was incredibly embarrassed which just fueled his ego, that a 12 year old girl would willingly strip down for a middle aged man just to grow some boobs which she was eventually going to grow anyway. He loved it.

"Well, I think we can have some great success here," he said as he bullshitted his way through the exam. She had little fat sacks for boobs topped with nice puffy nipples, her bikini panties showed enough to suggest she had no pubic growth either. She wasn't athletic, he could tell, but she wasn't fat either. A little toning and some development and she'd be a full blown hotty, he concluded.

"This is what we're going to do," he started. "I have a hormone shot that will kick start Mother Nature, and then some pills that will help move the progress along. Please keep in mind that the hormone pills I give you are very serious and that you must follow my direction to the letter. At no time can you deviate from the regimen I put you on," he instructed.

"Yes sir," she barked, her enthusiasm written plainly on her face. "I'm going to get boobs," she thought.

"Ok, let's get started," he said as he grabbed a syringe and an alcohol swab.

The shot was actually a liquid equivalent to the hormone therapy pills he had given Olivia, only this wasn't a regular dosage. He was giving her the equivalent of all the hormones Olivia had taken over the last three days, all in one blast! "She'll be so horny, she'll probably fuck her bed post all night long," he thought as he eased the needle into her arm and depressed the syringe, setting part two of his plan in motion.

"Here are the pills you'll need to take, the directions are on the bottles, and here is a jar of cream, you'll need that," he stated.

"What's the cream for?" Stacy asked.

"Well, you should find the therapy will increase your libido and the cream will aid you in offsetting the effects of that increase," he stated.

"Huh?" Stacy asked.

"In layman's terms, it will make you horny and the cream will help you relieve yourself," Kevin proposed.

"Uh, I think I understand," she said.

"It'll help you masturbate more without any chaffing issues," Olivia said, the meth loosening her tongue and helping her state the obvious to her naïve friend.

"Oh," was all her friend said.

"Why don't we get you started and have you take the first two pills now so I know you are okay with swallowing pills?" Kevin asked.

As much as Kevin wanted to stick around and fuck Olivia again (and again, etc...), he had to leave or else it would raise suspicion with the new girl. He was already unsure what his and Olivia's next encounter would be like, certainly a little awkward. One thing was certain, the highly addictive nature of the methamphetamine would bring her back for more cream, guaranteeing more visits, and more fucking. Perhaps he could find a way to provide her with a more direct way of ingesting the drug instead of the cream, but it was a brilliant way to start her on the path.

Olivia watched the entire proceedings between Stacy and her doctor interest. The new batch of cream was awesome, she felt as if all her nerves were working overtime sending her body and brain signals in every direction. Just stroking the skin on her arm felt wonderful. She was trying her best not to dig her hands under her bathrobe and attack her pussy in front of her doctor (who just fucked her twice!) and her best friend. She surprised herself when she saw her friends bare chest, she had seem her lack of boobs many times, but this time when she looked at her puffy little nipples, she had the greatest urge to suck on them. She loved the new cream but it was making her hornier than ever and she couldn't wait until Steve could come back so she could get a good fucking. "Hell, at this point she'd fuck the next person to ring the doorbell, even if it was the paperboy!" she thought.

Olivia and Stacy watched as Dr. Sanders drove away and disappeared down the street. "Wanna go for a swim?" Stacy asked.

"Sure, let's go get changed," Liv replied.

Stacy hadn't seen Olivia's new boobs yet in the flesh and when she dropped the bathrobe, Stacy lost her mind.

"Do you think I'll be able to grow boobs like that?" she asked.

"I don't know, you heard Dr. Sanders, he seems to think so," Olivia answered.

"I will just die if I get anything even close to those amazing tits," she countered.

Olivia picked out her favorite bathing suit, a conservative bikini with a sports bra type top. She was barely able to get it on over her new tits, "it's a good thing it's stretchy," she thought. Stacy wore one of her patented, "barely there" bikinis that left nothing to the imagination. Only with Stacy, "the imagination would be better than the real thing," Olivia thought, though maybe Dr. Sanders could help with that. With bikinis donned, both girls headed out to the pool for a dip. They both jumped in to cool off and then decided to lay in the sun and get some tanning in. Truthfully though as much as Olivia loved her best friend, she wanted nothing more than for her to leave so she could rub her pussy again, the cream was making her clitty throb, begging for attention.

Stacy felt weird from the shot and the pills, her body was on overload. She was having a hard time just laying in the sun, everything felt super sensitive and she had the biggest urge to run in the house and touch herself "down there". She knew other girls masturbated but she had never really felt the need to do it. She had tried on several occasions to bring herself to orgasm but always got scared that she might hurt herself if she did it wrong, and gave up trying. But right now, she was dying to try it out. Her sensitive bits were really tingling, her nipples were rubbing up against her bikini top every time she moved, driving her crazy. She might have to excuse herself and go home to try out this cream the doctor gave her, Olivia would be pissed though if she just up and left.

Stacy got up and said she needed to go to the bathroom. She couldn't take the sensory overload she was going through, she just had to try relieving herself somehow and as the hormones raged, she thought, might as well try it now. As she headed through the living room, she saw the jar of cream on the table and grabbed it thinking back to what both Olivia and the doctor said about when to use it. Stacy locked the bathroom door and stripped off her bottoms and sat down on the toilet seat. With no previous experience, she dipped a finger in the cream and smeared it onto her bald slit. In comparison to Olivia's still maturing slit, Stacy's looked like a newborn baby's. Her labia majora were so puffy that they completely hid her clit hood and her labia minora. As she worked the cream into her puffy slit, she felt the coolness begin to radiate out as the cocktail of drugs began to seep in. The cooling was quickly replaced by the warmth that Olivia had begun to adore. Stacy felt a tingling emanating from her slit like she had never felt before. "Why did I wait this long to start jerking off?" she wondered. The found that the little bud of tissue at the top of her slit felt particularly good and focused on it. She added another scoop of cream to make sure she was good and slicked up and went back to work on her clit hood. By this time her clit had begun to swell and was starting to poke his head up from its protective hood.

Olivia was starting to wonder if her friend had left, so she headed inside to take a look. She noticed right away that the jar of cream from the living room was gone and in a panic check to see if her friend's clothes were still there. In the back of her mind she was worried she had left and had taken her jar of cream with her, she was like an addict with that cream. When she saw the bathroom door closed she suddenly realized where the cream was, and where her friend was, and what she was doing. Might as well join her she thought as she found the second jar of cream her doctor had left. Olivia plopped down on the couch and pulled her bikini crotch to one side and slathered a fresh scoop of cream on her twat and went to work.

From the bathroom Stacy was overwhelmed by the sensations she was feeling, she had never been this close before, she had always chickened out and stopped before achieving the goal. This time there was no turning back as she plowed forward, her orgasm was building and she was about to go over the edge and then she felt it and screamed out loud as the orgasm rushed over her. "Ahhhhhhh!" she screamed from behind the bathroom door.

From the couch Olivia heard her friend scream out loud and she laughed to herself as she knew her best friend had just cum. "Get used to it," she thought. "Once you start you'll never stop," she finished. Olivia was building towards her own pretty quickly as well. She was really close, her fingers were a blur over her clit and she had two fingers pistoning in and out of her pussy as she climax hit her. Her body convulsed as the orgasm blasted through her. Her fingers buried as deep as she could get them while the sensations lingered, he finger tips only lightly strumming her clit as her orgasm lasted on and on. She groaned and moaned her way along as finally the orgasm subsided. Her needs sated for the moment.

"Liv, that looked incredible," Stacy said standing there watching her friend finish her orgasm with her fingers still buried in her twat.

"How was yours'?" she asked.

"My what?" Stacy answered.

"I heard you in the bathroom, it sounded like you had a nice one yourself," Olivia replied.

Embarassed, Stacy nodded and said, "it was awesome, it was my first one and it was more amazing that anything else I've ever felt," she said.

The two girls were in the middle of discussing their mutual orgasms when there was a knock at the door. Olivia answered the door and found Steve and two of his buddies standing there.

"Hi Liv, I heard you guys swimming and thought maybe we could join you?" he asked. "You remember Phil and Eddy don't you?" he said with a smirk. Point of fact, Olivia only knew Eddy from the pictures of her fucking him on her phone.

"I'm not sure that's a good idea," she started to say when she noticed her friend nodding "yes" emphatically. "I guess it'd be okay, for a while," she said.

The five headed out the back towards the pool. The guys had brought a cooler with beer for them and those flavored vodka drinks for the girls. Olivia was very nervous about what plans Steve had for them. She knew she could handle anything Steve could throw at her, but she was worried about her friend.

Olivia and Stacy enjoyed the vodka drinks, "you couldn't even tell there was booze in them," Stacy said as she finished off her fourth one. The guys gave the girls lots of attention but everything stayed plutonic which shocked Olivia. Stacy on the other hand was flirting with the guys and rubbing up against each one every chance she could get. The booze, hormones and the spiked cream all combining to override any good sense she might have had otherwise. "You don't know what you asking for," Olivia thought, or maybe she does?

Steve swam up to Olivia and pinned her playfully against the side of the pool. "I have a party planned for this afternoon, you, me and a few friends. Do you want your friend to join the party or can you get rid of her?" Steve asked.

"She's still a virgin, you can't let her see me with you guys!" she answered.

"It looks like she might have plans of her own, look," said pointing to her friend. Stacy was lip locked with Phil and he was rubbing her ass while her hands were holding onto Phil's ass. It looked like she was grinding her hips up against his, "that little tramp," Olivia thought.

"Boy, Dr. Sanders wasn't kidding when he said the shot would make her horny," she said.

"Shot, what shot?" he asked.

"Never mind, I should stop her, she's only twelve," she said.

"So are you and you fucked twelve guys already."

"Fourteen," she corrected.

"You and your buddies made twelve, my teacher and my doctor made fourteen," she added.

"That's why I love you, you're a slut that knows no bounds," he said as he reached down to cup her pussy. Olivia's pussy was begging for attention, it had been over an hour since her last orgasm, and she hadn't really had a good fucking yet today as she kept getting interrupted by the damn door bell, she thought. Steve pulled up her bikini top and sucked on her sensitive nipples sending her sex drive back into full gear.

"God, she needed a fuck right now, why couldn't Stacy go home?" she thought.

Stacy was a bundle of nerves and they were working overtime. She had just met this guy Phil and here she was swapping spit with him. He was rubbing her ass and it felt really good. She returned the favor and was feeling his rippling ass muscles. His erection was pressed up against her cleft and he was rubbing it up and down sending sparks through her brain. "I guess this counts as "a little horny" as the doctor suggested she would feel," Stacy thought.

"Do you want to go inside, somewhere more comfortable," Phil asked her.

"Sure," she slurred as she was lead inside the house. Phil ushered her into Olivia's room and laid her down on the bed. She didn't resist when he peeled her bikini top off and started sucking on a nipple. Stacy's head felt like it was going to blow right off, the stimulation was so intense.

"Oh God that feelshh good," she sighed. Phil continued sucking, going from one nipple to the other nipple, while he gently pulled her bottoms off, dropping them on the floor. She was in heaven, the hormone blast the doctor injected her with was fueling a hunger she never knew could exist, and the booze was removing all inhibitions allowing her to give herself up to this total stranger. Phil traced up and down her puffy slit with his index finger, toying with her nub as it stood proud, her clit still swollen from her recent orgasm. She was going to cum again and it was going to be bigger than the first, a lot bigger. He inserted a finger into her tight channel and was able to sink it in all the way.

"Thought she would have been a virgin? She's tight enough to be one, but no maidenhead," he thought. Little did he know she had torn it riding horseback last year. Stacy felt the intrusion into her sex and that's when she came, her pussy spasming on Phil's finger. She shuddered and moaned as the orgasm swept over her.

"My turn," Phil said as he stood and dropped him swim trunks revealing his erection. Stacy had never seen a man's cock, or any cock for that matter, ever before. This one looked smooth and shiny from the pre-come oozing from his pee-hole. Phil grabbed Stacy's legs and pulled her to the edge of the bed, spreading her legs so he could position his cock against her slit. He rubbed his member up and down her pussy lips and especially against her clit. Stacy had no plans of losing her virginity anytime soon, but this felt so nice and strangely so right. Phil tried to push his cock into her tight tube but couldn't get it in. After several attempts he thought maybe more lubrication would help and spied the jar of cream Olivia had taken into her room. He slathered a healthy quantity onto her slit and used his cock to rub it around.

He was surprised when the warmth began to spread out over both of the genitals. It felt amazing and he noticed his attempts to penetrate her slit get easier and easier. He was able to get his cockhead in about an inch before pulling out and trying again.

"Ohh, try again, push again, that feels so nice," Stacy purred. Phil repeated his attempts to penetrate the small pre-teen as the concoction worked it's magic on both their sex. After several minutes Phil was able to seat most of his cock in the amazingly tight confines. Stacy was panting with every thrust into her girlhood.

Phil pulled out of her cunt and positioned her on his lap so he could have her ride him. Stacy had to work her way down the phallus an inch at a time, her tube still so very tight. Eventually she bottomed out and could feel his pubes against her mons. With instruction, Stacy felt Phil guiding her hips up and down on his cock. It felt really, really, good. He rubbed up against her slit and found her nub, rubbing it with his thumb causing her to moan even louder. Her vocalization growing with every thrust of her hips as she worked her way to another orgasm.

Outside, by the pool, Steve had pulled down Olivia's bikini bottoms, his hand pumping two fingers into her slit while Eddy sucked on her left nipple. Olivia was in hormonal overload, they were teasing her instead of fucking her and she didn't understand why. That's when they heard Stacy's loud moaning coming through her bedroom window, a sound that could only be from Stacy having sex with Phil. Steve heard it too and said "let's go check it out."

A naked Olivia, Steve and Eddy stood in the doorway watching as the hormonally intoxicated, undeveloped twelve year old rode up and down on Phil's twenty year old cock. Steve pulled out his cell phone and recorded another blackmail video as Stacy screamed through her orgasm, impaling her young twat on his pole riding him through the effects of only her third orgasm ever.

Steve took Olivia over to the living room couch and proceeded to give her what she had been wanting all day, a good fucking. Phil took a ring side seat on one of the living room chairs while Stacy climbed onto his lap and started a nice gentle rhythm fucking in and out almost casually, while they watched Steve pound into Olivia's pussy. Eddy waited watching the action before him, especially the beautiful Olivia.

To her surprise, Olivia discovered that she loved being watched and really got into it, bucking her hips back at Steve trying to get every inch of his average sized cock into her. "God I wish I had Mr. Frasers cock in me right now, that thing was big," she thought. "That's what I need right now, a bigger cock."

She felt alive, her body felt refreshed and her pussy was hungry and her clit was begging for attention. Eddy, needing to get into the action, dropped his swim trunks and with his hard cock in hand, approached Olivia on the couch. He pointed his cock towards her mouth and she opened up and took it in. She had a difficult time working his nice cock properly since she was on her back and Steve was really pounding into her, but she managed to give him a reasonable blow job considering that after several minutes, she was rewarded with his seed.

She was unprepared for it as the first shot hit the back of her mouth with more force than she thought possible. The sensation of the moment and the realization she was taking his seed made her cum on Steve's cock, again. She managed to keep his load in without spilling it, instinctively not wanting to lose even a drop of it. It was her first cumshot she had ever taken in her mouth, but after sucking the cum off her dress last night, she had been looking forward to it. She liked the taste, Eddy's was a little bleachy, but she didn't mind. Steve couldn't hold out any longer and dumped his seed into her gash.

That's when the door bell rang again. Olivia ran for her bathrobe and went to answer the door telling everyone to hide until she found out who was at the door. She opened the door to find Frank, Deke, Trent and two big black guys.

"Hi gorgeous, we brought some new friends for you to play with," Deke said.

"You're right on time fellas," Steve said. Frank wasted no time and walked Olivia back to the couch, dropping his shorts along the way. He laid her down and settled his body on top of hers and drilled into her gash with his hard cock, and started pumping furiously.

"Girls, these are my friends Alfred and DeShawn," Steve said. As it turns out, Alfred wasn't just a friend, he was also their drug dealer and someone known to have more than a few shady connections around town. Deke walked over to where Olivia was being fucked by Frank and asked, "Hey babe, can my friends fuck you too?"

"Sure, she grunted," as Frank pistoned in and out of her well lubricated pussy. Olivia looked up and looked at the two black guys standing there, they looked big, and rough looking, with lots of tattoos. The two newcomers stripped down along with Deke and Trent and waited their turn. Phil and Stacy seemed to have a thing for each other and the guys gave him a moment with her before passing her on.

"Steve became Stacy's second lover as her directed her to climb onto his lap. Her pussy was like a vice, Olivia's was tight, but Stacy's was "crush-your-cock" tight. Stacy was right at home once she got used to the fact that a new lover was now pushing into her freshly split open pussy. The booze and the hormones helped immensely as she was usually dreadfully shy about her body and here she was getting fucked in a room full of guys.

Olivia had never seen a black cock before and since she was still so young, didn't really appreciate the stereotype. Alfred was only slightly larger than average, but DeShawn did the stereotype proud, packing a ten inch monster that was very thick.

Trent sat Olivia on his lap facing away from him so that she could face forward and more easily suck on DeShawn's giant cock. She was a trooper and did her best to suck him off. DeShawn tried repeatedly to get her to deep-throat him, but she gagged every time, she was just too inexperienced and he was too big. That didn't phase the young slut as she was felt his cock start the familiar pulsation. She was surprised as he pulled out his cock and yelled, "Open up girl!" She still had her mouth open and his first shot fired into her mouth, but DeShawn's remaining load he shot all over her face, coating her eyes, nose and cheeks. She was a little shocked with having her eyes painted shut thinking that he would prefer to shoot his seed into her mouth, but then again she was still young and had a lot to learn. She swallowed the shot she took in her mouth and proceeded to scrape the semen off her face with her fingers and lick them clean. "Who's next," she asked?

"See, what did I tell you about her, isn't she amazing," Steve said to Alfred.

"How old is the blond one?" he asked.

"Do you really want to know?" Steve replied.

"Yep."

"Twelve," Steve answered.

"And the other one, the one with no tits?"

"Same age twelve."

"I'm not sure if I want both, but I want the blond one for sure, aw fuck, throw em both in," he said. "And, and you sure I can have em tomorrow, all night?"

"Sure if it means we got a deal," Steve said.

"Deal, oh hell yeah, I'll make some serious dough off them little twats and you get what you need. They gonna need something to wear, something slutty that they can dance in, k?" "

I'll take them out after we're done here and get them something appropriately slutty," Steve laughed.

Stacy now found herself on her back on the floor while Trent sawed into her hole, Frank was kneeling next to her head trying to get her to suck him off, pinching her nipples. She seemed quite pleased with herself that she had so many men giving her equal attention as her much hotter friend Olivia. For years she had played second fiddle whenever she was with Olivia and the guys giving her just as much intense pleasure as her best friend.

Alfred sat on the couch while Olivia blew him, standing and bent at the waist, Olivia felt a cock slip into her slick pussy. She thought it was Deke as his cock wasn't particularly big. He slithered in and out of her hole and as she sucked on Alfred's tool, felt something pushing into her rectum. It was only Deke's finger but she knew it was something and it added a sensation she had never felt before. It wasn't painful, just different, it took some getting used to but with the sensation emanating from her pussy it added together to give her great pleasure. Shortly she felt Deke pull out of her pussy and what she assumed was the tip of his cock nudging up against her asshole. With a push she felt the cockhead slip past her sphincter and then he was in. "Thank God he's got a little cock," she thought.

If Deke thought her pussy was snug, her asshole was that times two, it felt delicious, like a warm vice. He wouldn't last very long, nobody lasts very long when they fuck Olivia Hastings, she's just too hot. With a grunt, Deke emptied his seed into her bowels.

Everyone got a turn with the girls, Olivia in both her pussy and her ass, well except for DeShawn, he wasn't allowed to fuck Olivia's ass or Stacy's tiny pussy. "I woulda tore that shit up," as he described it. Olivia had taken them all like a champ, she especially liked DeShawn's giant tool, it stretched her more than she thought possible, and it felt so good. She came on his cock three times before he dumped his seed into her gooey hole.

Stacey was still sweet on Phil, but enjoyed fucking all the guys, "even Alfred, but DeShawn, there was no way he was going to fit, not yet anyway, maybe some other time," Stacy thought.

With the afternoon well behind them from several hours of fucking, Steve ushered his friends out the door. "Let's go girls, get yourselves cleaned up, we're going out," Steve said. The girls were practically stuck to the couch they were coated in so much semen, they peeled themselves off the couch and jumped into the shower. Olivia had clumps of drying semen caked in her golden hair and her face was still glazed over from several loads the guys shot onto her face. She was bummed every time they did that because she really wanted to eat their cum, the few loads she actually got tasted so good that she wanted more. Stacy's brown locks didn't fare much better as Frank had got tired of waiting for Trent to finish and fired his load onto her hair and face. Several other shots found their way onto her body and both girls stank of raw sex.

They took the time to rub each other with soapy fingers that eventually found their way into each other slits. Stacy managed to bring her friend off first and then leaned back and let her friend rub her clitty to orgasm. It was the first time either girl had any sexual encounter with another girl.

Stacy checked her phone and she had missed six calls from her mother. "Oh shit she's going to have the cops out looking for me if I don't call her back now," she cried.

"Fine, you can go home, I only really need one of you tonight. But make sure you can get out tomorrow and tell your mother you're sleeping over here tomorrow night, we have a big night planned for you," he commanded. With that, the freshly deflowered and gang-banged Stacy Bennett took off for home.

~~ end of chapter 3 ~~

**Chapter 4**

 Steve had Olivia apply a heavy coating of makeup to help her look both older and sluttier. She put on the swim wrap and the tiny halter top as Steve instructed, some sandals and then left. It had only been about fifteen minutes since the last cock pulled out of her pussy, and her kitty was still tingling from the last cum she had on DeShawn's big cock. She was disappointed when Steve kicked them out because she hadn't had enough yet. She really wanted another go at DeShawn's big cock, it really made her cum hard. She spied her new jar of cream as she was leaving her bedroom and slathered a generous helping onto her hungry pussy, not that her pussy was sore from all the fucking, she just loved what it did for her.

 "Where are we going," she asked from the front seat of Steve's Firebird. With her swim wrap hiked up to her waist, she toyed with her leaking pussy, her nub begging for attention from her other hand.

 "I would have thought you got enough today," Steve said.

 "I don't know what's going on but I can't get enough," she replied.

 "Good because we have some shopping to do and I don't have any money," he responded.

 "Well how are we going to buy anything with no money," she asked? "Where we're going you're all the currency we need baby," he replied.

 Steve pulled into the parking lot of the porn shop and got out. Olivia read the sign "World of Skin", DVD's, toys, peep shows..., "Well this could be fun," she thought.

 Steve walked up to the counter with Olivia in tow, "Hi, I'm Steve I think we spoke on the phone earlier," he said to the portly, grizzled old man behind the counter.

 "Yeah, sure, you said your girl would put on a show and to invite as many guys as possible as part of a deal, so what's the deal?"

 "I need six or seven really slutty outfits for my girls and I thought we could work out a trade, her services for the merchandise," Steve suggested.

 "I think we can work something out, but she better be worth it, I called all my best customers about this and I have a reputation to protect. She's smoking hot that's for sure. She'd look good all slutted up in some of my goods," the old man said. "She looks like a size small, bra size C, no problem I got everything your imagination can come up with.

 "C cup huh, that explains it," Olivia thought.

 "What size is the other one," he asked.

 "Bout the same as her, only no tits, Remember, these need to be really slutty, a couple of them for dancing that can be easily removed, the others for less `respectable' situations."

 "Ok, but this stuff ain't cheap just so you know in advance, it better be one helluva show. What kinda terms did you have in mind?" the old man inquired.

 "Half an hour in the booth, all the cock you can charge for, you keep it all," Steve offered.

 "Two hours and I get her first privately to try her out, off the clock," he countered.

 "One hour and you get her first, off the clock."

 "Deal," the old man said.

 Olivia realized that her pussy had just been bartered off for clothing, and she grew wet at the thought.

 "Does she do anal, bareback, swallow, what's she good at?" the old man asked.

 "She'll do it all, but the prize is her tight little pussy, she fucks like a minx and once you feel it wrapped around your shaft, you'll never want another."

 "Kid, pussy is pussy, I'll be the judge of what's good, but I want all three holes bareback before we go any further," the old man ordered.

 "She's all yours," Steve said pushing Olivia forward. "Do everything he asks and don't fuck this up, or else," Steve threatened.

 "Strip sweetheart and let me see that body of yours," the old man said. Liv pulled the swim wrap down her hips exposing her naked pussy, and dropped it to the floor. She reached behind her head to untie the halter straps, a motion that pushed out her tightly bound tits. Letting go of the straps, the halter fell and her breasts sprang free, the air conditioning causing her nipples to crinkle up. Her well rounded breasts defied gravity and pointed straight out from her body. Her newly developed C cups looked quite large on her 102 pound frame.

 She could feel his eyes devouring her from head to toe, he was old, dumpy and repulsive but he wanted her, and that was what she was realizing she craved, to be wanted sexually.

 "Come here and suck my cock girly," he instructed. She took the floppy unwashed cock into her mouth, cringing at the taste, but knowing that beyond what Steve held over her head, she wanted to do this. "Haven't sucked too many I see, your technique isn't worth shit," he squawked. I guess your buddy was wrong about you, you aren't very good at this," he commented. Olivia was determined to prove the old guy wrong, Pete said she was the best slut in town and she would prove him right. She remembered to stroke with her fist along the shaft and suck the head and play with it using her tongue.

 She must have been a quick study because she felt the limp shaft get harder and harder in her mouth. She was surprised at how thick and long it got. The old man was pushing it forward trying to lodge the end in her throat, "that's it sweetie, swallow it down, relax your throat muscles, take it down, swallow, swallow. As instructed, she swallowed and felt the large head pass by her uvula and into her throat.

 "Breathe through your nose and you'll be just fine, he said. Surely enough she found she could breather just fine. The old codger began to slide his cock in and out of her throat, each time getting the big tool further into her gullet. "You are a sweet thing, maybe I misjudged you," he commented as his cock once again penetrated into her throat. "You might very well be the best little slut I've ever throat fucked," he offered. She could feel her throat swell with every intrusion of his long cock through the back of her mouth and into her throat.

 "That should be hard enough. Now get on my cock and ride me hard," he ordered. Olivia could feel her pussy start leaking when she heard him comment about her maybe being "the best little slut ever" and she was primed and ready to fuck this old man and prove him right that she was the best slut ever.

 She climbed onto his lap and in one movement, slammed her pussy down the entire length of his sizeable shaft. She guessed it was about nine inches long and as big around as her wrist, all she knew was that it now belonged to her and if he wanted it back, he had to cum in her pussy.

 She ground her sparse pubic hair into his stinky graying pubic hair, mashing her pussy down as far as she could possibly go. She felt her clitty being slammed repeatedly onto his greasy hair over and over, bringing on small orgasms one after another.

 She was taking pleasure, not giving it and she was determined to take a huge one on this disgusting man. Sensing her oncoming orgasm, the old man lifted her off his engorged cock and flipped her over the armrest of a nearby couch.

 "In the backdoor honey," he said as she felt him pushing against her asshole. "Just relax and it will be no problem," he reassured her and like everything she had learned over the last few days, she just let go. The big head slipped in past her tight sphincter and within a few thrusts, he had all nine inches buried in her rectum.

 The guys from this afternoon didn't stretch her ass like this and the pain was initially pretty intense, but with all other things she had felt over the last three days, it gradually grew into pleasure. She tentatively thrust back at the old man and felt him try to time his thrusts against hers. They quickly developed a good pace and she was able to dislodge nearly the entire length on the out-thrust and slam the whole nine inches back in on in-thrust.

 She felt the big one coming and fought to get it since she was denied the first time when he pulled out. The old man had incredible staying power and kept up the pace slamming his big cock home into her welcoming hole. "Oh my God, here it comes," she screamed.

 Suddenly the old man pulled completely out of her rectum and pressed his weight onto her so she wouldn't be able to use her hands to manipulate her sensitive clit. "Sorry young one, not quite yet I'm afraid, I'm first," he said as he dropped her back down to the floor and shoved his cock back into her eager mouth going straight down her throat with the first thrust. "Work it, suck it, massage it with your throat muscles," he said.

 She did as instructed and within a minute could feel the big cock pumping its load down her throat straight into her guts. "Hold it, don't pull out, just let it stay in there, I'm not done yet. Don't move or the deal is off," he said. "Now listen very carefully my dear, I've seen a lot of girls come and go, all wanting to be the Queen of the sluts, but none of them had the gift, I think you might have it, do you want to be Queen of the sluts," he asked?

 Olivia couldn't stand it anymore, her hormones were driving her crazy, she wanted to be the Queen, needed to be the Queen of all sluts, her pussy was leaking, dripping her cream onto the floor, she needed her pussy to be filled with cock, she needed her nipples pinched hard, but most of all she needed the gigantic orgasm that this crafty man had prevented her from having. She nodded yes to the old codger, yes, she had to be the Queen, her very soul depended on it.

 "Then here is your final test, only the true Queen of all sluts can pass this test," he concluded. The old man grabbed a riding crop off the table next to the kneeling girl and held it high. Expecting to be struck by the crop, Olivia readied herself for the blow, but it never came, instead she felt the soft cock in her throat begin to leak. It took her a few moments to realize what the sensation was. The old man had left his cock in her throat so he could piss down her gullet straight into her belly. She would have a belly full of his piss and cum all without him ever pulling out of her throat.

 The realization washed over her that only a true slut, only the true Queen of the sluts would willingly allow someone to piss down her throat and use her as a human toilet. She gave in to the rush and felt something welling from within break out and as the experience washed over her, she had the big orgasm she had been longing for, her very being orgasmed and she had experienced this without the slightest touch to her privates. As the feeling washed over her body she was wracked by powerful spasms that shook her whole body.

 That's when she felt it, the old man slammed the riding crop down onto her unprotected vulva then repeatedly onto her exposed breasts causing the orgasm to intensify and go on and on. She convulsed for what seemed like minutes on end as wave after wave of pleasure rained down on the Queen of the sluts, every time the convulsions seemed to be slowing, the old man brought the crop down onto her breasts and clit. After several minutes passed and the old man had allowed the waves of pleasure to finally stop, he withdrew his cock from her throat and said,"You are without a doubt the Queen of all sluts, now let's go make some money."

 A still naked Olivia returned to the front of the store with the old man. She was greeted by a thunderous applause which caught her by surprise. She looked up and saw that the front of the store was packed with men who had just witnessed her performance on the big screen TV behind the counter.

 "Gentlemen, as you've just witnessed, this is the finest piece of fuck meat you may ever have the pleasure of sinking your pole into," the old man shouted out. "Prices are as follows, blow jobs, $150, vaginal sex, $300, anal sex $400, golden throat shower $1000.00. You have a ten minute time limit, so get your cash out," he yelled. "There's no first come, first served here, the highest bidder goes first followed by the second highest bidder, etc..., start bidding gentlemen and there is a two hour time limit so if you bid low, you might miss out," he finished.

 "We agreed on one hour," Steve started.

 "Trust me, a slut like that won't be satisfied with just an hour, and don't worry, I'm cutting you in for a 50% share, minus the cost of the clothes of course, she was more than worth it" the old man finished.

 Olivia was in her glory as she lay on the dirty mattress, her latest lover pounding into her slick pussy, his dick dipping into what had been a virgin hole only two days previous, now an experienced but still fresh and tight pussy. He didn't have much style, but the she didn't care, he could pound his shaft in and out of her and that's all that mattered. Her hormonal overload sharpened her senses and she could feel every inch of the meat stick as it plowed through her to the core. This one was really veiny and it kinked to the left a little. She savored every thrust, each one getting her closer to yet another release. The Queen had sharpened her skills, she could sense the impending release of seed and her orgasm would be timed perfectly. Just a little more, the thrusts quickened and force of the thrusts increased, it was close. His reward would be hers two-fold, she would get her precious release and she would receive his sperm into her velvet glove.

 She was enjoying herself immensely, she welcomed all comers, she didn't care if they were good looking or ugly, fat or thin, white, black or anything else, as long as they had a hard cock and they had a lust for her. She craved their lust, it fed her power and gave her the most intense orgasms.

 The Queen of the sluts had a steady flow of customers and her insatiable appetite had all the cock she could handle. She didn't want to stop, she had been at it nearly four hours straight and had refused to stop when Steve had tried to get her to leave several times.

 She had twelve customers who paid for blow jobs, eight of whom she had finished off with her pussy because she really wanted to feel them cumming in her. Sixteen paid for regular sex, most only lasting only a few minutes because frankly, how can hold back when you have a gorgeous twelve year old with C cup titties riding on your cock? Nine men deposited their seed into her bowels and three paid for the ultimate prize to cum and piss down her throat, after fucking her pussy first of course.

 "I really gotta get her home, her mom will be home shortly and I can't kill the golden goose on my first day with her," Steve said to the old man.

 "I don't think I wanna know, but how old is she anyway?" "Twelve, and as of two days ago, was still a virgin," Steve replied.

 "She is a prize, guide her well," the old man said as he pushed a large cardboard box toward him and then handed him a thick envelope. "I packed a nice selection of just about everything you could possibly need to outfit this little doll. If you need anything else, anything at all, even some more exotic items, let me know. And if you want to make more cash, please don't hesitate to bring her back," the old man said. "By the way your cut was $8,200 minus the stuff of course," he said to a shocked Steve.

 Steve dragged a cum soaked Olivia out to the parking lot and deposited her on a blanket on the front seat and put the large box the old man gave him, in the trunk. Despite having dozens of orgasms including three of the phantom no-touch orgasms when she did the golden throat showers, Olivia could not keep her hands off her pussy.

 "I can't believe my pussy's not sore," she thought to herself. Her pussy was still leaking fluid and she thought it must be from all the cum that had been shot into her, but this was clear and slippery, "it must be mine," she thought. She rubbed her still swollen clit and inserted two fingers into her amazingly still snug pussy, it felt devine.

 "After the day I've had, I can't believe I still want more ," she thought. "Wow, I really must be the Queen of the sluts," she thought. She laid her head back and just enjoyed the sensation of exploring her newfound sexuality. Steve climbed in the driver's seat and expecting to see his little slut exhausted and out cold, instead he found his new toy trying to get herself off again.

 "Want some more cock honey," he asked?

 "Yes," she meekly replied.

 "We got an hour before your mother gets home, who do you want to fuck," he asked?

 "I don't care, I'll fuck anything with a hard cock," she replied. "Anyone, or anything," he clarified?

 "I don't care," she mumbled, not really paying attention as she focused on rubbing her clit some more.

 Steve started driving looking for somebody, or somebodies for Olivia to fuck. With time against him, he knew it was too dangerous to risk not having her home in time and pulled over, throwing the car in park. He went around the back and open the trunk intent to find something in the box the old man had given him, maybe a dildo or something, to keep her occupied.

 "Hey buddy, can you spare a buck," he heard from behind. Steve turned and saw a bum ambling over to him with his hand held out. "Sorry buddy, I can't give you any money," he said. Then on an moment of inspiration, said "but you can have some pussy if you want," he replied. The bum looked at him funny, then noticed the young girl in the passenger seat an realized he could see her naked breasts.

 The bum looked in through the window was shocked to see such a beauty sitting there naked rubbing her pussy.

 "Hell yeah," he said.

 Steve had to shake Olivia out of her pussy trance before she started moving. He instructed her to climb over the seat, lay down on the back seat, spread her legs and get ready for more cock. She complied without giving it another thought, her hands barely leaving her crotch as she self stimulated herself waiting for the next cock.

 Olivia still had her eyes closed when felt a weight settle down on her and felt a cock probing at the entrance to her pussy, it wasn't very hard but it was a cock and then she caught a whiff of the smell. She opened her eyes and saw a homeless man attempting to stuff his partially hard cock into her. She was repulsed by the smell and wanted to kick him out of the back seat, but he had a cock and he was trying really hard to get it into her.

 She felt sorry for him and reached down for his member. It was a pretty decent size soft and thought it had potential. She wanted to try to suck him hard but the small beat seat just wasn't accommodating enough.

 "Get out of the car so I can suck you off properly," she said. Complying, the bum got out and offered her his penis. She latched on and sucked it all the way down her throat in one swallow.

 "Hey, you can't do this on the street, move over into that alley," Steve instructed. He wasn't about to have a cop see this scene and bust them and risk losing his new sex toy.

 Olivia led the bum still holding onto his cock into the alley, and then dove back down onto his cock with her mouth. She was already past the smell and her saliva had washed down the filth that had crusted around the man's pole. She was in the zone, the slut had taken over and she felt the member in her mouth get hard, very hard.

 She pulled her throat off the cock and said, "fuck me." She bent over and braced herself against the alley wall. The bum wasted no time thrusting into her fuck tube and started pounding into her as if it was the last piece of pussy he'd ever get, and a piece of pussy this nice, it certainly was.

 The action at the end of the alley drew attention and within minutes several other homeless men had arrived. Olivia felt the cock in her pussy pulsate and knew her pussy had been fed. The spent cock vacated her steamy hole and was quickly replaced by another. She looked around and saw a large number of bums around her, all fishing out their cocks. She smiled and said, "hi boys, wanna fuck," and reached for her clit.

 Steve thought a riot was about to ensue when he hustled Olivia back to the car and hurried to get her home. She was a machine, taking on eighteen bums in a row, their cum pouring out of her sopping hole by the time Steve pushed her into the passenger seat.

 He was going to have to get the seat cleaned from all the cum that leaked into the fabric as it oozed from her pussy as he drove her home. Olivia mopped up her pussy as best she could with the same towel she had used only yesterday on her way to school after Steve had left her a "good morning" present in her crotch.

 Olivia stumbled down the hall to her room, Steve in tow carrying the big box the old man had given them. Her mom wasn't home yet but she should be home any second. She had donned her wrap and halter in the car, afraid of having to explain why she was wearing the tight outfit, but fortunately her mother wasn't home yet.

 "Go through this box and pick out three or four outfits for tomorrow." I don't imagine there's much in here you can wear in public so maybe we'll go shopping in the morning and get some sexy stuff that you can wear when we go out," he said.

 "Tomorrow's Sunday and I always go to Church with my mom on Sundays," she pleaded.

 "Fine," he said as he went rummaging through the box. "Perfect," he said as he removed a small box and began opening it. "Put this in your pussy before you leave, and no underwear," he said as he handed her the smooth white egg shaped object.

 "What's this," she asked?

 "It's a vibrator, you'll understand," he said. "I also need you to give me Stacy's home address and e-mail so I can send her the videos and pictures I took just in case she doesn't feel like cooperating," he demanded as he started lifting up her skirt. He toyed with her pussy lips and found them still wet, the slippery moisture seeping out almost instantly. He tasted the clear fluid from his fingers and found it tasted sweet.

 "Get up on your bed and face me ass first," Steve commanded. He'd been watching her get fucked for hours without getting any for himself. He pulled out his rock hard cock and slipped it into her slippery hole. It felt hot and was exceptionally well lubricated.

 Her pussy was still surprisingly tight despite all the cock it had seen today. Steve pounded into her pussy like a jackhammer; he intended to make her last fuck of the day a memorable one for the both of them.

 Olivia felt Steve pull his cock out completely leaving her feeling vacant, before slamming back into her pussy seating it completely in one thrust. He repeated the move over and over again savoring the way her pussy walls grabbed onto his cock, gripping it, reluctant to let the intruder get away.

 She could feel every inch as it penetrated her deliciously. She relished the feel of his member as it slid in and out of her steamy hole, she depended on it like it was a drug. Olivia reached under and rubbed her clit hoping to cum before Steve finished and her mom got home.

 She was getting closer to her climax, she was just about there, "If Steve could only cum in me, that would put me over the top," she thought, as she heard the front door slam shut.

 "Oh, shit my mom's home!" she whispered as Steve continued his assault on her pussy, trying to get his own cum out before it was too late. Three more pumps and Steve unloaded into her soggy pussy.

 "Climb out the window now," she urged him, pushing him towards the portal. She heard her mother dropping her keys on the kitchen table and heard footsteps as she came down the hall. Olivia rushed Steve out the window and quickly closed it, turned off her light and jumped under the covers, still dripping cum from her pussy and still coated in dried cum from the porn shop.

 Her brain was going crazy at the thought of being busted by her mother, and her body going crazy because she was yet again interrupted in her quest to cum.

 Olivia waited until she heard her mother click off her light before sneaking out of bed and rummaging around in the box to see if there were any toys in there to help get her final cum before falling asleep.

 She found a wide variety of toys and accessories, most of which had never ever seen before and some that would definitely need some instruction on! She found a simple dildo in the shape of a fairly well endowed penis and thought, "This ought to do the trick."

 With the dildo jammed in place, Olivia gladly finished herself off and drifted off to sleep. She had strange dreams that she was getting fucked over and over again, not odd since she had taken on more men the previous day than most women will have sex with in a lifetime.

~~ end of chapter 4 ~~

**Chapter 5**

 Olivia awoke to her cell phone ringing, she opened her eyes and looked at the clock, it was only 6 am. She felt refreshed despite only getting four hours of sleep and despite having her strange dreams, she felt refreshed and stuffed at the same time. Pulling back the covers she discovered the dildo still lodged between her legs, "Well that explains the fuck dreams I had." She quickly extricated the phallus and grabbed her phone.

 "Hi Liv, I just wanted to thank you for everything you did yesterday for me," her friend Stacy offered.

 "Thank me, I was worried you'd be mad at me considering everything that happened," Olivia replied.

 "Are you kidding, I have actual boobs starting to grow already, I have a boyfriend that makes me orgasm like crazy, and he doesn't mind sharing me with his friends, can you believe it?" she said excitedly. "Your boobs grew overnight?" she asked incredulously.

 "Well, not a lot, but they are definitely sprouting, and they are really, really sensitive, heh, not so hard, you'll make too much noise," Olivia heard through the phone.

 "Stace, what did you say?" Olivia asked.

 "Noth- uhh-ing, ughh, I mean nothing, I just wanted to call you and tell you the good news and ask what we're doing today? Steve, ohh, said something about a plan, ouch," Stacy added.

 "Stace, what's going on over there, is someone with you?" she asked.

 "Uhhh, I couldn't sleep and I was soo horny so I called Phil and he came over," she replied.

 "Is he fucking you right now?" she asked.

 "He was up until a few minutes ago."

 "He's in your room, are your parents home?" Olivia asked.

 "I don't know, haven't checked, but we're being quiet and they respect my privacy and they'd never just walk in my room," she replied. "Stace, we all heard you last night from outside, trust me you can't be quiet! I can't believe you called him in the middle of the night to come over to your house to for sex."

"What do you mean middle of the night? He's been here since before midnight, I couldn't help it, I was soooo horny, I needed it. I wore the poor guy out, he can't get it up anymore so he had to find something else to fuck me with," Stacy added.

 "Something else, what are you talking about?" Olivia asked.

 "We had sex eight times in a row last night and now he's using my hairbrush on me, he was done and I wasn't. He jammed me a little hard there a second ago, that's what all the grunting was about" she added.

 Her phone beeped in her ear, "hold on a sec, I got another call, be right back,"

 She switched over and heard Steve say, "Hey beautiful, I sent you a present, go check your e-mail and I'll see you later," then he hung up. Clicking back over, "Stace I gotta go check something, Steve said he sent me an e-mail."

 "Me too, and it was awesome!" Stacy said. "It's pictures of me fucking Phil, and the other guys too, it looks so hot, you should see them," she said.

 Olivia was blown away by her friend's attitude, she had always been flirty and was obsessed with boys, and she had turned into a mega-slut overnight and had no qualms about it.

 "Ok, I will, let me call you back in a bit, I just realized I forgot my meds last night and I should probably take them right away," she said and hung up. Olivia had beat her mother out of bed, which was probably a good thing since she smelled like a whore house blew up all over her, and she still had semen stuck in her hair.

 She double dosed the "anti-inflammatory" and popped her other pill and headed back to her room to check out Steve's e-mail. It was a big one, taking several minutes to download even with her high-speed connection.

 The header read "Olivia's Scrap Book", and as she opened it up, saw dozens of photos and numerous video clips. She breezed through it and realized there were pictures of her with every guy she fucked yesterday, the guys from the party at her house, the porn shop, the bums in the alley, even a picture of her and Dr. Sanders taken through the window!

 The sheer number of guys she fucked was staggering, she was blown away by her sluttiness. Her pussy practically gushed from the emotional realization that she really was the Queen of the Sluts! Olivia counted up the pictures and arrived at the total, she had taken on sixty-eight cocks yesterday! She had fort-eight new cocks that fucked her pussy, nine new cocks in her ass, four were blow jobs only, and seven were guys she had fucked already.

 "Wow," she was so turned on she that she was practically ready to orgasm just from the thought of all those cocks she had taken on. "That must be some kind of record," she thought. "I'll have to ask Steve about that and see what he thinks?" she thought.

 "First things first though, I need to get cleaned up," she thought.

 Olivia climbed into her bathtub and just let herself soak and relax, the warm water caressing her supple skin. She leisurely washed the remnants of the dried semen from her skin, taking pleasure in the way the water cascaded down her breasts. She looked down and was impressed with the way her newly developed tits defied gravity, standing up, her nipples pointing at the ceiling. She had forgotten to do her daily squeeze test when she got up and gripped her globes finding it harder to get her small hands all the way around each one. "I wonder if there are any new bra's in that box of stuff?" she thought.

 Olivia wrapped a towel around herself and returned to her bedroom and opened her closet door and fished through the box. There was an amazing assortment of outfits, some of them matching, one for her and one for Stacy she presumed. Some of them were see-through, some were smooth and shiny, others made up of what looked like just scraps of material.

 She found several bras that looked like she could wear them for daily use. She found mostly 32C's, a couple a D's and a bunch of A's that could only be for Stacy. Something caught her eye a she went through the box. It looked like one of those piercing guns that they used to pierce her ears. "Why would they put that in there?" she wondered. She also found a pair of hand cuffs, some clips with a screw attachment, lengths of gold chain that ended in these funny threaded bars, a riding crop and something that looked like a whip.

 She tried on some of the bras and found that the 32C's fit very well, her boobs filling the cups completely. "Wow, I'm not just a C, but a full C, any bigger and I'll have to try on one of those D cups!" she thought.

 The first bra was black and completely c-through, she liked the way her nipples looked through the sheer material. The second bra was red and had little cut-outs for her nipples to poke through, "that would feel weird," she thought, her nipples constantly rubbing against whatever shirt she had on. "On second thought, that might be pretty stimulating!" she thought.

 The third bra she put on didn't look like anything special at all, just a lacy white bra with a front closure but when she fastened the center clasp together, she felt a strange sensation running across the front of her boobs, like an electric current or something. It immediately made her nipples hard and sent little shocks all the way down to her pussy. She removed the bra and looked at the tag, it read "The Shocker." "The Shocker provides stimulation to the wearer, caution, avoid immersing in water," she read.

 She noticed thin wires running through the cups and ending up in a very small battery pack along where her rib cage under her arms would be. "That's awesome she thought, I'll have to give that one a try!" she thought. The next one was heavily padded and when she put it on, it pushed her boobs up really high, practically pushing them up to her chin.

 She pulled out a few of the outfits and tried them on. She really liked the black shiny one. The material if you could call it that, was like shiny black plastic. It was very smooth and very glossy. It had matching shiny black stockings that went up from her feet to her mid thigh. They were tight and hugged her like a second skin. The bodice was cut like a bustier and came down to a short skirt that really wasn't a skirt at all, it flared out from her hips and came down parallel with her ass cheeks. If she bent over, even slightly, her ass would be completely on display. It came with panties made from the same shiny tight fitting material, only the crotch was split down the middle with overlapping flaps. When worn the flaps overlapped each other giving the appearance of a completely intact crotch. But with a little tug, the flaps peeled back completely exposing her genitalia from the top of the slit back to her asshole. The bustier was tight, pushing her boobs up over the top giving her amazing looking cleavage. The outfit made her feel super sexy as she strutted around her room, her hormones never seemed to give her a break these days. She peeled off the garment and tried on the next one, it was a string bikini that was more string than bikini. It had three patches of material, one small square that covered each nipple and one vertical patch that covered from her pucker up to the top of her slit.

 She admired herself in the mirror realizing just how hot the skimpy clothing made her look. She tried on a few more outfits including a sexy schoolgirl outfit complete with a very short plaid skirt and a midriff white shirt. It was tight and coupled with the black push-up bra, made her tits look like they could fly out of her shirt at any moment. She put a very small g-string on, it's front panel narrow enough to split her outer labia in two, giving her a very sexy camel toe appearance.

 She put her hair up in pig-tails to accent the look. She glanced in the mirror and said, "Fuck me I look hot." She could feel her juices flowing and peeled off the g-string before her excretions soaked it thoroughly.

 She pulled out some of the toys and tried a few out. She figured out that one of the metal contraptions was actually a clamp that fit around her erect nipple, the chain was attached to a hinge that tightened the clamp on the nipple when the chain was pulled. The other end of the chain ended in an identical clamp. She put it on and liked the pressure it put on her nipples, it was increasing her arousal and she knew she was going to need to take care of that really soon. She tugged on the chain which pulled her nipples outward, "ohhh, that feels nice," she thought as she tugged away at the sensitive buds.

 She found a dildo with a funny attachment curving up from the base. She turned it on and found both the main body and the extension buzzed, she rubbed it up against her slit and the stimulation was intense.

 She wanted to keep going but there were so many more toys to check out, she was like a kid at Christmas. Her eyes kept going back to the piercing gun wondering what anyone would be piercing with that? She knew girls her age were getting their belly buttons pierced, and lips, noses, ears obviously, and eyebrows. But this was in a box with sex stuff, "would girls actually get their sex bits pierced?" she wondered.

 The long gold chain that ended in those threaded posts intrigued her. I'll have to ask Steve about that too," she thought. She found various lotions and lubes, one said it would heat up with contact. "I already have one of those," she thought, "but I bet mine's better." Another claimed it would provide hours of lubrication, "I have no problem in that department," she thought. "Mine always seems to be leaking my own lube, or sperm depending..."

 All the toys had her revved up and ready to go, she left the nipple clamps on but cleared the rest of the toys off her bed and returned them to the box and hid it in the back of her closet. She grabbed her jar of cream and the vibrating dildo and spread herself out on the bed for some "alone" time.

 She dosed herself with the cream and rubbed it in with vibrator, then jamming it in deep. She discovered several important things that day; firstly that the cream when pushed inside of her pussy really worked well, much better than when it's only applied outside.

 Unknown to Olivia, the combination of Meth and X in the cream absorbed much more readily into her inner tissues than her outer tissue. Second, that the extension on the vibrator perfectly reached her clit when it was fully inserted, and it felt fucking amazing, and third, she figured out what the chain on the nipple clamps was for, so she could yank on both nipples simultaneously just by pulling on the chain, and the harder she yanked, the harder they got pinched, and she loved it.

 One shuddering orgasm later and she was ready to start the day.

Her mother was already dressed and ready for church when Olivia finally emerged from her room.

 "Whatcha been doing in there so long kiddo? I thought I was going to have to send in the National Guard to find you," she said humorously.

 "I probably woulda fucked em all," she thought to herself as the meth and X started to kick in, heightening her awareness and her arousal.

 "Eat your breakfast and go put your dress on, I ironed it for you," she told her.

 "Dress? What dress mom?" she asked.

 "The pretty white one with the scoop neck that I love so much," she said. "It's hanging up in the laundry room, now hurry up," her mother said.

 Olivia hadn't really thought about what she would wear to church today, she'd kinda had a lot on her plate over the last few days. She loved the dress her mother had picked out, it was pretty, light and very lady-like. She felt very grown up when she wore it. There was a problem though, she would need to wear a bra under the dress, the light material would not allow her to go bra-less, especially with the neckline on the dress, if she bent over, her boobs would come flying out past the neckline.

 She tried the transparent black one because she liked it a lot, but found you could easily see its outline through the dress. Likewise, the red one with the cut-out nipple holes would not be suitable. The pushup one would have shoved her tits right out the top of the dress so that one was out. That left only "The Shocker" to wear.

 "I really gotta get out and get some new bra's, maybe mom and I can go after church and get some?" she wondered. She put on The Shocker and it immediately starting stimulating her breasts, her nipples quickly turning into hard little pebbles. It felt really good, the effects of the Meth and X coursing through her body enhancing the stimulation the bra was having on her breasts. It felt wonderful, although she was a little unsure what she would still feel that way one or two hours from now.

 She finished getting ready putting the nice dress on over her "Shocker" bra, brushed her hair and put on a little make-up. She remembered Steve had told her no underwear and considered disobeying him, but a small part of her like being ordered around and told what she had to do.

 "The egg, I forgot about the egg," she thought. Olivia rummaged through the box and found the package holding the egg and extracted the device. The smooth egg-shaped device had no switches or wires and she wondered how it worked. Reading the package it said "body heat activated," that should be interesting.

 Olivia slid the egg up into her pussy, it was still moist from her earlier orgasm and entered easily. Nothing happened, but it gave her an interesting "full" feeling, but found she had to keep her muscles tensed slightly in order to keep it in place.

 Satisfied with how she looked, she stepped into a pair of flats, threw her cell phone in a small purse and went to join her mother.

 The ride to church was fairly uneventful, but the presence of the egg in Olivia's pussy and the constant stimulation from her bra had her hormones working overtime. Olivia tried her best to keep up with her mother's casual banter but her constantly buzzing tits made her realize she would need to take it off sooner than later.

Thinking of her buzzing bra, she said, "Oh, mom, I haven't had a chance to go and get any new bra's yet, can we go shopping after church and get some new ones?" she asked.

 "Sure honey, but we can't shop for too long, I have to go visit Aunt Rose this afternoon before work, you should come with me!" she suggested.

 "Not a chance, she's so mean and grouchy, her house smells and so does she."

 "When you get older, it can become physically difficult to bathe dear and sometimes that happens, you should be nice to old people, you'll be one someday. Here we are," her mother said as she pulled into the parking lot.

 The two girls walked towards the entrance of the church and as they walked her mother commented on how beautiful the landscaping was, "the groundskeepers always keep this pace looking so nice, don't they?" Olivia didn't hear her because the egg had suddenly come to life and the sensation was overpowering, stopping her in her tracks.

 "Did you hear me dear?" her mother asked.

 "Huh, what did you say mom?" she asked.

 "I said Mr. Mathews and his crew always do such a nice job with the grounds. Are you okay, you look flushed?" she asked.

 "I'm fine," she replied as she resumed walking, determined not to let the egg take her by surprise again. And surprised she was as she felt the egg suddenly gear down to a very gently hum, barely even registering. "Ahhh, that's better," she mumbled.

 They found seats near the end of the pew and waited as the church started filling up. She would have loved to be at home with this egg-shaped vibrator and stroke herself off, but she couldn't do that here, or could she? "Maybe I can sneak off to the bathroom and relieve myself?" she thought.

 The double dose of hormone pills this morning were kicking in and with the dose of Meth and X she still had in her system, and she was starting to get in a bad way.

 "What I really need is a good fucking, oh why did I ask to go shopping after? If we went straight home, I could run over to Steve's and tell mom I was going to Stacy's house. He could fill that need, maybe even invite some of the guys over if he isn't enough for me?" she thought.

 Her thoughts went back to yesterday and all the guys she took on, trying to remember if she ever felt satisfied completely? Her body wanted her to keep going non-stop.

 "What would it take for her to feel fully satisfied?" she wondered. "I used to be able to masturbate and feel satisfied after that, well at least for a little while anyway," she thought. "My orgasms are bigger than ever and even after I have one, I crave another immediately, I mean they're spectacularly good so obviously that's why I want another one, no, not want one, need one," she thought.

 The egg kicked back up and the stimulation just about doubled Olivia over. The egg and the bra were going to be the end of her, she had to get some relief fast. Her slit had been leaking ever since the egg came to life crossing the parking lot, she was sure there must be a wet spot from where her pussy was pressed up against the back of her dress.

 "Maybe she could go to the bathroom and stuff some paper towels up against her slit to keep from making a mess of her dress?" she wondered.

 "Mom, I need to go to the bathroom, maybe get some air, I'm feeling a little overheated," she said.

 "You still look a little flushed dear, do you feel ok?"

 "Yeah, I'm fine, just a little warm," she said as she got up and excused herself and headed to the hallway leading to the bathrooms.

 The bathrooms were all the way around back by the kitchen and the service area. As she headed down the empty hallway, she saw one of the Hispanic grounds crew leave the maintenance room. He was headed to the bathrooms that lay between them, he was carrying a magazine in his hand and his coveralls were tenting out from below his belt.

 She immediately thought he had an erection and stared at what could only be his cock sticking out.

 The gardener looked the beautiful blond pre-teen walking his way and saw that she was staring at his midsection. He glanced down and new why, he had been rubbing his crotch staring at the girlie magazine he kept in the maintenance room and was planning on relieving himself in the bathroom.

 Embarrassed that she had discovered his condition, he immediately did an about-face and headed back to the vacant maintenance room.

 Olivia had plans on stroking herself off, but what she really wanted was a good fucking and for that you needed a guy with a hard cock, and this gardener was just what the doctor ordered.

 Olivia reached up under her dress and extracted the egg from her dripping pussy and dropped it in her purse, the vibrations stopping as it quickly cooled.

 She opened the door to the maintenance room and saw the man bent over a small desk with his back to her. She approached him and saw that he had his cock out and was masturbating to a picture of a naked woman.

 "Hi, do you want some company?" she asked.

 Startled, the man attempted to push his erection back into his coveralls.

 "Don't do that," she instructed. "I want to see it," she said. "I want it," she added.

 Confused the man just looked at her. Realizing that he may not speak English, Olivia lifted the hem of her dress until she exposed her bare crotch to the man.

 She moved over and sat on the edge of the desk lifting her dress and spreading her legs, fully exposing her charms. She ran her fingers through her slit and showed her wet finger to the man.

 He wasted no time pulling his erect cock back out of his coveralls and stepped between Olivia's spread legs. He lined his cock head up with her slit and rubbed it up and down liberally coating his member with her secretions. He pushed into her pussy and found it slid in easily.

 It wasn't a big cock, kinda small really, but she didn't care as it was very firm and she just needed to get fucked. He pumped in and out of her tight wetness at a blazing pace, seemingly determined to get off as quickly as possible. Olivia's fingers never left her slit as she rubbed up and down, her clit was engorged, fueled by her combination of hormones and drugs still present in her system. Her climax was quickly approaching as the small dirty man pounded his small cock in and out of her burning hot pussy. She grabbed onto his hips with her hands and locked her legs around his buttocks, locking him inside of her as her climax released. Her contracting pussy muscles were too much for the man as he spent his seed into her warm tunnel.

 "Who's your friend Jose?" she heard. Olivia looked up and saw four men standing at the doorway watching her performance. The question had come from Mr. Mathews, the head groundskeeper. He was a retired pipe fitter and looked after the grounds to keep himself busy. He had three other men with him, all of them staring at her as if she were a piece of meat. "Why if it isn't Ms. Hastings, does your mommy know you're back here with a cock in your puss?" he asked.

 "No sir," she answered as the man known as Jose, pulled his shriveling cock from her dripping snatch. She made no attempt to close her legs and at no point did she ever stop rubbing her slit.

 "Who's next?" she asked, trying to control the situation as best she could.

 Mr. Mathews and the three men approached the young girl and looked at each other. "How old are you missy?" Mr. Mathews asked. "Old enough to take on the four of you," she replied.

 "We'll see about that ," one of the men answered. He was big and black and made a gesture with his hands suggesting he was packing something huge.

 "Ms. Hastings, let me introduce you to the boys, you've already met Jose," Mr. Mathews said. "This is Sergio, Elliott, and Big Lou. Sergio works here full-time and Elliott and Big Lou are part of a work release program."

"So who's next?" she repeated as she stood and pulled her dress off over her head. She removed the bra that was partially responsible for her being in the state she was in, her young breasts springing free and looking enormous on her small frame.

 "Holy shit, look at that body," Elliott said stepping up his cock already pulled out. Olivia knelt down and took his semi-erect dick into her mouth sucking it to the back of her throat. Her nose was buried in his pubes as she felt his cock coming to life.

 "She's deep-throating him," Big Lou said as he started fishing his own cock out.

 Elliot pulled the young girl off his member and stood her up and bent her over the edge of the table, her glorious ass facing out. Her dancers legs slightly parted revealing the excellent muscle structure. Elliot admired her taught muscular body, she was everyone's wet dream no matter what your age he thought to himself. He nudged his cock up against her slit rubbing the wetness onto his shaft before pushing in.

 Despite just being fucked by Jose's dick, she was amazingly tight and the heat he felt coming off her tube was remarkable. "I'll have to make some arrangements to have this young thing entertain my clients in the very near future," he thought as he pounded into her love slot.

 He reached around and grabbed one of her big luscious tits with each hand. They felt so full, so firm, like they were fake, but there was no way these were fake. Still he wondered how a girl that looked this young could have such as spectacular rack.

 "How old are you darling?" he asked as he continued his motions. "Uhhhh, uhhhh, uhhhnnn," she grunted as he assaulted her pussy, just the way she needed.

 "Twelve," she replied.

 His fingers were pinching her nipples nice and rough which brought her to her second orgasm in five minutes. Elliott was dumbfounded, he had the hottest looking girl had had ever fucked in his life orgasming on his cock as she told him she was only twelve years old. He almost felt guilty as he spewed his seed into her sopping pussy.

 Sergio stepped up next because he didn't want to follow Big Lou, he wanted to be able to feel her pussy walls around his cock and figured that would be more difficult after Lour had plowed into her.

 Olivia was hoping the orgasms and the stream of cocks feeding her would satiate her passion, but it only fueled her for more. She came on Sergio's cock as his cum splashed against her cervix.

 Mr. Mathews was next and she was surprised that the old man could not only get it up, but that he had a pretty nice looking cock. He had her get down on the floor and deep throat his cock. Her nose tickled him when she buried it in his pubes, her tongue working the underside of his tool while her throat muscles massaged his cockhead.

 "Look me in the eyes when you suck my cock my dear," he directed. Rub your clitty too please," he instructed. While she continued to suck on his pole, he fondled her breasts paying particular attention to her hard nipples. He kept using is nails to pinch her nipples causing her a fair amount of pain. She didn't like it at first but grew accustomed to it.

 As his breathing grew more irregular, his pinching increased in both intensity and frequency. She gradually increased the pressure she was applying to her clit, her motions and pressure automatically matching the activity she felt at her breasts.

 She felt the cock in her throat begin to twitch and simultaneously felt Mr. Mathews clamped down on her nipples with the edge of his nail biting into her tender flesh visciously.

 He yelled out, "Pinch your clit, hard!"

 And she did, the pain in both her tits and in her crotch was intense, sending a jolt through her body that pushed her over the edge of a massive orgasm she didn't even know was coming. She shuddered and shook as the climax washed over her, the cock in her throat still surging cum down into her gullet, the nails still biting into her sensitive nipples, her own finger nails clamped onto her swollen clitty.

 He pulled his spent cock from her mouth and looked down into her eyes, hers never leaving his, as instructed. "How was that dear?" he asked.

 "That was the most amazing orgasm I've ever had," she admitted. "Kid, you have a lot to learn when it comes to pleasure, call me when you want to go be schooled on the subject," he added.

 With that Mr. Mathews turned her over to Big Lou. He wasn't called Big Lou for nothing, he stood 6'5" and topped around 300 pounds. He was roughly three times her size and looked every bit of it. He flopped down onto a chair and guided her to climb onto his lap.

 Olivia grabbed onto his cock and marveled at its girth, it took both hands to encircle the beast.

 "This might even be bigger than DeShawn's cock," she said aloud. "So I'm not your first brother, huh?" he inquired.

 "Nope, not my second either," she replied.

 "Maybe I should take you down to my neighborhood so you can get all the black cock you can handle?" he said.

 "Sure, why not," was her only reply.

 Big Lou didn't doubt her answer as she stroked him to full hardness and climbed up onto his cock.

 She felt the big tool split her pussy open as she squatted down on the ebony phallus. She wasted no time in sinking down as far as possible on the big cock. Her legs resting on his thighs, she used her strong legs to piston up and down, her clitty rubbing against his big belly with every thrust up and down. She was going to cum again and it was going to be another good one.

 She knew she was running out of time, the service was likely coming close to the end and she needed to be done with her next cum and with this cock before her mother came looking for her. She jacked herself up and down on 10 inch phallus with all her energy. The lubrication from the two previous loads of cum she accepted into her kitty along with her own copious secretions allowing her to speed fuck the big tool.

 She felt the surge of semen against her cervix as he blasted her tube with his seed, the knowledge that the Queen of the Sluts had serviced yet another man sent her over the edge yet again.

 The guys all wanted her again so she gave them her cell number as she hurried to put her dress back on. The "Shocker" bra instantly stimulated her breasts as she put the clasp together, keeping her arousal level going strong. She toweled off her pussy with a rag and headed back to her mother.

 Olivia slid back into the pew feeling much better, the egg was gone and she'd had five orgasms in less than an hour.

 "Are you feeling better honey?" her mother asked. "You still look flush."

 "I feel a world better, thanks mom," she replied.

 The service ended and Olivia and her mother headed for the parking lot. She spotted Elliot and Big Lou trimming a bush, and they winked at her and her mother. Olivia smiled back and her mother noticed.

 "Honey don't smile at those guys, it's inappropriate for men that age to be winking at a young girl like yourself, they might get the wrong idea if you smile back at them," she lectured.

 "The wrong idea, what like what, I might fuck them again?" she asked herself sarcastically.

 They drove to the mall and headed for Victoria's Secret where a nice lady helped Olivia pick out several nice bra's. Olivia wanted something sexy but within reason so she wouldn't arouse suspicion with her mother. The sales lady fit her into some 32C's but warned her that they might not fit much longer as she was already filling the C cups without much room to spare. Olivia's mother was shocked when she heard that her twelve year old daughter, who had only started wearing a B cup a few short months ago, was now filling a C cup with a D cup on the horizon.

 "Honey, I knew they were getting bigger but wow, that's really quite large for your age! I wonder if we should make an appointment with Dr. Sanders and see if there's anything wrong," she said.

 "He checked them out last week and said they were fine. But if you think I should go see him again, that's ok," she replied. "I might need more cream soon so I should keep my options open," she thought.

 She went into the change room to try on some new underwear and heard her cell phone buzz. She looked and saw she had four new text messages, one from Stacy wondering what the "plan" was, there was one each from Elliott and Big Lou asking her for a date, and one from Steve asking how church was and if she was enjoying the egg.

 "The damn egg! He'll probably check and make sure I've got it in when we get home," she thought. Might as well put it in now and get the engine revved up for whatever Steve has planned for us," she thought. She pulled the egg from her purse and slipped it up into her pussy, pushing it deep with two fingers.

 "We should get going honey, Aunt Rose is going to be expecting me soon," her mother called out through the change curtain.

 "Coming mother," she returned. "Well, not cumming yet, but I suspect I will be soon enough!" she thought.

 The ride home was an event, the egg coming to life shortly after they pulled out of the parking lot. Olivia was a basket case of overflowing hormones as the "shocker bra" and the egg worked her up into a frenzy, made worse by the fact that she couldn't do anything about it except sit there and boil over, her unsuspecting mother unaware that her little girl was ready to stuff just about any phallic shape into her twat just to get some relief.

 The Red Bull can in the drink holder looked pretty like it would do the trick according to Olivia's whacked out hormonal brain as she stared at it wondering what that would feel like, stuffing a drink can into her box?

 "We're home dear," her mother said as they pulled into the driveway.

 "Finally," Olivia thought as she had already made plans that involved her jar of cream, her new dildo and her closed bedroom door.

 "Hey Alfred, It's Steve, you got a minute?" he asked over the phone.

 "Yeah, sure. The plan's still on for tonight?" Alfred asked. "It is, but I wanted to renegotiate our deal," he stated.

 "What the fuck dude, we had a deal, now you wanna change the fucker, you don't wanna mess with me!" Alfred shouted into the phone. "I know, it's just that I think I sold my girls' services a little cheap, and I'll tell you why," Steve countered.

 "I took blondie somewhere last night and made $8,000 in a few hours with an invitation to bring her back anytime I like, and that was just for one girl, imagine what I could make with both of them? It kinda makes our deal look a little meager don't you think?" Steve asked.

 "Tell you what, we'll keep the original deal and if I make enough off them, I'll throw you a bone, AND I promise not to break your fucking legs for trying to change a deal, how does that sound?" Alfred asked.

 "Sure Al, I didn't mean to offend, I just know what these girls are capable of bringing in money-wise," he countered.

 "I hear ya, just remember a deal is a deal, if things go well, you'll get your money and a bonus if I'm feeling gracious," and with that, Alfred hung up.

~~ end of chapter 5 ~~