

A Bet is a Bet 2013

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She knew he had her good and bent over further to let him make her take it.

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A BET IS A BET 2013

I know it has been quite a while since I told you about my secret adventures but I have been real busy with school and working part time at the mall to help pay for my clothes and stuff that my parents could not afford. I know that sounds like an excuse but I swear it is the truth.

If you read the first 3 chapters of my indiscretions, you would know that my name is Sally Anne and that I honestly can't tell you my last name because my home town is kind of small and everyone including my own parents would know what a slut I really am.

I was hung up on my dentist for a long time even though he was like 20 years older and was married with two kids. The way he worked so hard to straighten out my teeth and still finished the job when my parents ran out of funds. My daddy lost his job at the factory because of cutbacks and we had to go on food stamps and unemployment for like almost two full years.

Now, all I do with the dentist is give him a full service blow job whenever I go for my cleaning. He cleans me up real special because he knows his cock will be inside my mouth as soon as he is finished. I kind of like his cock because it is not really big like some of the boys at school or at work. I know he is real happy to shoot his load into a really clean mouth that he has just finished working on. Probably he has other girls on his schedule doing the same thing because we are only doing it twice a year now.

My best friend Debbie Lickitt makes me want to be a lesbian but I am sort of addicted to cock now

even if I am only 20 years old. Her brother Todd was the one who took my cherry, or I guess I should say cherries, because he was the first one in my vagina, pucker hole, and even shot a load into my mouth still filled with the awful braces.

When I left off the story, my co-worker Hank was starting to get real physical with me. It was nice because his body was pretty muscular and he could keep his cock up for a really long time when he was fucking. I was a little put off by his face because he had some bad scars and a broken nose that made him look like a nasty guy. I liked letting him make me do it without a condom because he had like a fantastic amount of cream every time he shot a load off. I loved the way it felt splashing up inside of me. In case you were wondering, I have been on the pill ever since I turned 16 and I have some morning after pills stashed nearby in case of an emergency.

I hate to admit it but I have been accepting some nice panties and other undies from Hank the last few months which I am certain he ripped off from the store where I work. I just don't have the nerve to do such a thing myself but I don't feel so bad about it when we pretend he might have bought them for me.

Sometimes, he makes me put them on when we are fucking and then keeps them with my juices on them when we are finished. When I asked him what he did with them, he told me that he puts them in a plastic bag and sells them to old guys at the nursing home next to the mall. I had to laugh because it seemed so strange to me.

I go to the community college because it is real cheap and everyone is just trying to learn their lessons without any distractions like football or sex. Well, at least until my Economics teacher, Professor Angela asked me to come to her house for some "special" tutoring. I was flattered to have her take an interest in me because I tended to blend into the group in a class setting. She confided in me that she had seen me in the store at the mall and watched me give some female customers a quick demonstration on how to correctly put on panty hose.

The professor's home was super nice.

I was fascinated at the costly items she displayed on every table and in each darkened corner. Her collected artwork was fabulous. When she took me upstairs and showed me the bedroom, I was amazed to see a life sized statue of a Greek god with all his equipment hanging out stiffly in front of him. It was so funny, that I could not stop from giggling out loud and reaching out to touch the cold marble.

Professor Angela went over to the dresser and took out a condom. I smiled not knowing what she was going to do. She rolled it onto the statue's cock and bent over in front of it. Without a second's hesitation, the teacher lowered her French undies and pushed back to impale her pussy on the marble shaft.

I was entranced at her display of ardent aggressiveness.

Angela's pretty face was contorted with the effort of taking the cold rod up her warm tight vaginal channel. I approached her from the front and offered her my nipple to suck on. She scooped me into her mouth like a hungry baby.

Right then and there, I knew what she needed.

Her bed had this huge mirror on the ceiling that reflected the beautiful curves of her back and legs as she spread my legs wide for her strap-on dildo to enter me deeply.

She was tender but firm and soon had me squirming in passionate response to her love-making.

"Push your pretty ass up for me, Sally Anne."

I did just as she wanted.

"Good girl, now don't move. Not even an iota. Let me see how tight that little brown eye really is."

She pushed her fingers up into my pucker hole making me gasp in excitement and I trembled in anticipation of her further explorations.

My attractive teacher bent down and kissed my face all over and then began to fuck my mouth with her pretty pointed tongue. I was totally lost in the moment almost like a secret session with my best friend Debbie. I was beyond the point of no return and fell into a satisfying orgasm with Angela's busy dildo in my vagina, her demanding fingers in my ass and the sheer bliss of her intruding tongue inside my wet and willing mouth.

After that, she led me to the bathroom and washed me all over with her special scented bath soap that reminded me of my mother's flower displays for the ladies club.

Angela told me to lay face down on the chaise lounge with my ass up high and before I realized what she was doing, she pushed her delicate tongue inside my pucker hole. It was a total new experience for me and I suddenly felt closer to her than anyone else who had been physically close to me. She had me trembling like a silly virgin wanting her to go deeper inside of me. Her hands on my ass cheeks were soft and I could feel the heat of her passion in the tips of her fingers. I reached back to spread wider to allow her better access because I needed it real bad.

The professor calmed me down after finishing me off and told me,

"You were a very good girl, Sally Anne, I want you to take my bath scent with you and next time we get together put it on for me so I can inhale you the entire time."

I promised to do what she wanted and agreed to meet her the following weekend for a trip to a nearby ski lodge to meet a close friend of hers. I won't say her name here except to say she was a State senator and had been in the news a lot lately because of her support for gay and lesbian rights.

Angela told me that she was the “right people” to meet to get my foot in the door of some upper social circles. I understood what she was telling me even if I was not certain that I really wanted to get into that sort of crowd.

Hank got me to bend over for him in the mall “family” restroom and take it up my brown eye without making a lot of noise because there was a young woman breastfeeding her baby in the next stall. I was certain the girl could hear Hank’s big cock sliding in and out of my pucker hole with an unmistakable sucking noise but she just finished her business and left without a word. His gift to me was a beautiful silk negligee with matching thong of the same material. Most of the stuff he gave me, I either returned to him with my scent all over them or I just cleaned them and folded them up in hid them in the closet because I was afraid they were “hot” and I don’t mean sexy.

The ski lodge was marvelous. There were hordes of hunky guys and delectable young girls all over the place. Some older guys were soaking up the panoramic view of pussy and a few classily dressed mature women were taking it all in and deciding which guy or gal they wanted in their bed that very night.

Professor Angela introduced me to the Senator and I was suitably impressed with her intelligence and air of classy disdain for everything around her. When she invited me to her room after dinner, I accepted after Angela nodded to me to let me know it was OK with her.

The Senator’s suite was first-rate. She had a personal maid and a bodyguard who stood guard outside the inside door to filter out any unwanted visitors. We got frisked on the way in because Judith had received some very nasty fan mail from unhappy constituents. The stone-faced bodyguard seemed to linger an awful long time sorting out my boobs and I was tempted to make a smart remark but his unsmiling face deterred me from such foolishness.

Judith was not young. She was definitely not pretty or cute. In fact, she looked kind of tough in a female way that told you she would not put up with any nonsense.

I was immediately attracted to her because she triggered something inside me that wanted to do nothing more than please her in any way she desired. It was something different than getting it from Debbie or one of my girlfriends. It sure was a lot different than getting it up the ass from a long stiff cock.

The very first time she touched my skin, I was unable to stifle a whimper of bridled eagerness to do her bidding. Judith, being much older and much wiser, understood exactly what I was feeling and moments later we were glued together on top of her bed like we had been joined from head to toe like Siamese twins.

I lost track of the number of orgasms Judith rewarded my trembling body. I tried my best to do the same for her but I just was not in the same league.

We soaked in the shower and washed each other all over looking like mother and daughter in a

private spa.

She gave me a card and told me on the way out that a job was waiting for me at her Capital city headquarters whenever I wanted to start. When I told her about my modeling ambitions, she told me that she had lots of friends who could help me with that also.

I felt just like Cinderella meeting her fairy Godmother for the very first time.

I just hoped it wouldn't all end at midnight.