

Author: Norm DePloom

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Part: 01

**Summary:** Twelve-year-old Cynthia graduates from sucking schoolboy cock to become a professional whore.

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### **Cyn Turns Pro (Part 1)**

By

Norm DePloom

Cyn held the jerking cock in her mouth, swallowing sticky cum until the spurts subsided then, letting the softening dick slide from her lips, she sat up and looked around the theater. The teenage boy pushed his cock back into his pants then, sliding past the young girl, returned to his seat. As soon as he was seated, another boy in the group stood up and made his way back to the last row where Cyn waited for him.

"You got the money?" Cyn whispered, after he'd settled into the chair beside her. The young man dug into his jeans pocket and produced a soggy, wrinkled five-dollar bill. After taking the money and pushing it into her shorts pocket, Cyn unzipped the boy's pants and lowered her head into his lap. While she moved her mouth up and down on the teenaged shaft, Cyn thought about the wad of five-dollar bills in her pocket, and the things she could buy with them. This has got to be the easiest way I've ever found to make money, Cyn thought as another teenaged boy pumped his cum onto her tongue. As the last of the six boys who had come to the theater with her, walked back to join his friends, Cyn stood up and straightened her clothes in preparation for leaving the darkened room.

"Come with me miss." Cyn jumped when she heard the man's voice. As he took her arm to guide her into the lobby, Cyn noticed the boys leaving through the emergency exit, abandoning her to her fate. The man walked Cyn past the candy counter and into the theater's office/storage room.

"How old are you?" The man asked as he pushed her down into a chair.

"Fourteen," Cyn answered, adding two years to her age.

"What's your name?" He asked as he leaned against the front edge

of the desk.

"Cyn, Cynthia," Cyn replied avoiding his eyes.

"Empty your pockets onto the desk." The man ordered. Cyn made no move to obey him. "I can always just call the police and tell them I have an underage whore working in my theater." He said reaching for the phone. Cyn wanted to object to being called a 'whore'. After all, she wasn't really having sex with the boys, she was just sucking their cocks. Deciding to keep her mouth shut, Cyn stood up and dug the wad of cash from her pocket. The man separated the bills with a single finger as he counted them "Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty," he recited out loud, "so you charged each of them five dollars. Not only are you an underage whore," he said as he selected the three cleanest bills, "you're also a cheap whore." The man picked up the three bills he selected and smoothed the wrinkles out of them. "If you want to suck cock in my theater," he continued as he pulled his wallet from his back pocket, "you will give me half of whatever you make."

"Half?" Cyn asked, on the verge of tears.

"And," the man continued, unzipping his pants and pulling his hardening cock into view, "you'll have to suck my cock." Cyn thought it was terribly unfair, after all she was the one doing all the work. Acutely aware of the man's threat to call the police, Cyn leaned forward and, opening her mouth, sucked on the man's dick.

"Not so quick," he said pushing her face away from his cock with a hand on her forehead, "I like whores to be naked when they suck me off." Cyn sat back in the chair, her face turning red. She had never been naked with another person, boy or girl. She didn't even let the boys touch her, not even on top of her clothes, while she sucked them. "Come on," the man said more sternly, "strip off those clothes." It wasn't so much the police Cyn was afraid of, but of what her mother would do if she found out. Cyn could feel her face burning as she stood up and pulled her T-shirt over her head. Cyn's fingers trembled as she reached back behind her and unhooked the almost cup-less bra she was wearing. She watched the man's cock continuing to grow as she pushed her shorts and panties down her skinny legs and stepped out of them. When she stood back up the man placed one of his hands over each of her small breasts. Despite her embarrassment and fear his hands felt warm against her skin, and Cyn could feel her nipples hardening against the man's palms. She could feel herself growing warm and damp between her legs as the man moved his hands and gently squeezed her crinkled nipples between his thumbs and fingers. His cock was now fully hard, and bumped against her firm, smooth belly as he stood close to her.

"Get down on your knees," the man said, moving his hands up to

Cyn's shoulders and gently pushing down. Cyn sank to her knees and grasped the base of the large hard cock in front of her with her right hand. Opening her mouth wide, Cyn moved her head toward a cock that was substantially larger than the ones on the teenage boys she had come to the theater with.

"You do as I tell you," the man said as Cyn's lips stretched and her mouth engulfed the top half of his hard dick, "and you'll make twice, maybe three times what you make now. Even after paying half of it to me." The man moved his hands to each side of Cyn's head and slowly pushed himself deeper into her hot mouth. With teenage boys Cyn had always felt in control, now she was experiencing the feeling of being totally controlled. Cyn felt her throat spasm as the head of the cock caused her to gag, and pushed against the man's thighs as he eased off just enough to stop the choking.

"You're going to have to learn to take a full grown cock," he said as he held the sides of Cyn's head and pushed back into her mouth, "you're going to be doing men from now on instead of boys." Cyn desperately held onto the man's thighs as he kept a firm grasp on the sides of her head and worked his cock back and forth across her gag point, pulling back just enough to keep Cyn from bringing up her popcorn every time her stomach muscles tightened. Exhausted and with her whole body trembling Cyn finally learned to relax her throat and the man slipped his cock completely inside her.

"That's my little whore," the man said with a deep sigh as he pulled out of Cyn then pushed completely back inside her. Cyn continued to hold onto the man's thighs as she learned the difference between mouth fucking and cock sucking. A thin line of drool was flowing from each side of Cyn's mouth. By the time the man, holding her face snug against his kinky pubic hair, pumped his sperm into her, a string of saliva hung from one side of Cyn's chin down onto her small, cone shaped breasts. Cyn could feel the channel along the bottom of his hard cock pulse against her tongue as the cum moved through it and into her throat. Cyn was squealing in panic and desperately pushing against his thighs by the time the man finally released her head and allowed Cyn to fall back onto her fanny gasping for air.

"Tomorrow," the man said with a tone of dismissal as he stuffed his cock back into his pants and zipped his fly, "you come here right after school." Cyn climbed unsteadily to her feet then, after looking around and locating her shorts, bent over to pick them up. She heard a high-pitched electronic whine then, just as she stood back up, saw the strobe flash of the man's Polaroid camera.

"Gotta have a picture to show the potential customers." He explained as the camera whirred and ejected the undeveloped picture. Cyn could not understand why, but she felt more deeply

humiliated thinking about this man showing the picture of her naked body to other men than she ever had sucking on a boy's dick.

"Now get dressed and get out of here," he finished as he walked around the desk while he uselessly fanned the Polaroid in the air. The man sat at his desk, ignoring Cyn, while she dressed then left the room. The two older girls stopped whispering and smirked at her as she walked through the lobby to the exit. After her experience with the theater manager Cyn didn't really feel like shopping, so she went home. Her mom was at work leaving Cyn the privacy to cry as she fixed herself some dinner without having to explain her tears. In spite of the tears, and the feelings of humiliation, it was the feel of the man's cock moving back and forth across her lips that Cyn thought about while she rubbed her crotch to a toe curling orgasm just before she fell asleep that night.

The next day at school Cyn found it impossible to think about anything other than what it had felt like to have the theater manager hold hand fulls of her hair while he pushed his huge hard cock deeper and deeper into her throat. Three times during the day Cyn locked herself into a stall in the girls room and rubbed her cunt to relieve the tensions created by her uncontrollable thoughts.

"Where do you think you're going?" Cyn stopped and turned to face the woman in the ticket booth.

"In the theater," Cyn answered hesitantly.

"Not without a ticket."

"But..."

"But, nothing," the woman said looking at Cyn in a manner that made Cyn blush bright red, "in fact you have to buy two tickets."

"Two? Why would I have to buy two tickets?" Cyn put her hands on her hips and tried to look tough.

"One for you," the woman said with a superior sneer, "and one for your, ah, friends." Cyn's defiance melted into total humiliation. She dug money out of her pocket and handed the bills through the hole in the window.

"That will be two adult tickets," the woman continued as she put the money into her own pocket without giving Cyn any tickets, "if you're old enough to suck cock, you're old enough to pay adult rates." Cyn felt like crawling, wishing she could hide behind the posters hanging in the glass display cases, as she walked to the door. She had assumed that what she was doing would have been a secret between the Manager and herself.

"Wait here," the high school aged girl behind the candy counter ordered as soon as Cyn had stepped into the lobby. The girl picked up a huge, old, black telephone handset and held it to her ear.

"The whore's here," she said into it after a momentary pause. Cyn wanted to run just as far away from this place as she could. She felt hot tears rolling down her warm red cheeks as the candy girl hung up the phone. "You can go on in now," the girl paused as Cyn took a step toward the theater's office/store room, "cocksucker." She finished as Cyn walked across the old worn maroon carpet. Cyn was on the verge of sobbing as she opened the door. She froze half way through the door when she realized that there were two other men in the room besides the Manager.

"Come in and shut the door," the Manager said brusquely, "these two men," he continued, not waiting for her to obey his order, "are vice officers." Cyn stared at the two men, her heart racing as the door clicked shut behind her. "They are the ones who will arrest you," the Manager paused while all three of the men enjoyed her look of total betrayal and panic, "if you don't do exactly as you are told." Cyn looked at the faces of the three men in the room with her. None of them appeared to be someone she would choose to be with in any way, but she just knew that being arrested would be the most pleasant of the things that would happen to her if she did not do what they told her to do.

"Now take off your clothes," the Manager ordered. All three men watched as Cyn unbuttoned her blouse with fingers that were trembling so violently they threatened to rip the buttons from the material. Tears continued to stream down her face. "You're going to have to pay these two gentlemen one quarter of everything you make," the Manager informed Cyn. As she pulled her blouse off and reached behind her back to unfasten her bra, Cyn wondered if there was any end to the people who were going to demand a share of her money.

"You will also have to suck their cocks whenever they want," the Manager added as Cyn pushed her skirt down her skinny legs and stepped out of it. When Cyn pushed her panties down her legs one of the vice officers leaned back in his chair and, after unzipping his fly, pulled a half-hard, meaty looking cock into view.

"Like right now," he growled with a nod of his head toward his exposed dick. Cyn swallowed a couple of times like she was trying to keep from throwing up then got down on her knees and, with obvious dislike, took the officer's cock into her mouth.

"There's also a beat cop," the manager said as the vice cop's dick grew thick and hard in Cyn's young mouth, "but you get off lucky with him, he only wants blow jobs." As she moved her mouth up and down on the shaft of the officer's dick, the other policeman leaned forward and ran his sweaty hands over Cyn's body, making

her skin crawl wherever he touched. Cyn had already come to the conclusion that there were only two types of men; the ones who sat back and let the female do the work, and the kind who grabs the girl by her hair and pumps her mouth up and down on his cock while he fucks her face like it was a cunt. Cyn was sure that both of these disgusting men would be in the second category, so it didn't surprise her when the officer whose cock was in her mouth grabbed double handfuls of hair and fucked her mouth with enthusiasm. While the thick hard cock pumped in and out of her face, Cyn felt fingers roughly probing into her virgin cunt and ass. They made her wince several times, but her mouth was too full of cock to tell them, not that they would care. By the time his cum filled her mouth, Cyn's lips were numb from being pounded into the police officers pubic hair.

"Come over here, bitch," the second officer said as soon as the first one's spent dick slipped from her lips. His cock wasn't as big around as the first, but it was longer, and Cyn gagged a couple of times before she remembered how to let the invading flesh slip into her throat. This, Cyn thought sadly, is not what I thought it was going to be. Yesterday she had been flying high, thinking about all the things she could buy with her new-found source of income, and all she had done since then was give her money away to men and suck their cocks for free.

Out of the corner of her eye Cyn saw the flash, then heard the whirring sound as a Polaroid camera ejected an undeveloped picture. Another flash, and another whir, Cyn felt fresh tears roll down her cheeks as she realized that the manager was taking pictures of her, naked and down on her knees as a man in a suite fucked his hard dick in and out of her mouth. Unlike every other male whose cock Cyn had sucked on, this one pulled her head out of his lap and, much to her surprise shot his cum onto her nose and cheeks. Without letting go of her hair, he then turned her head to face the Manager's camera.

"That's it," the Manager said as the strobe temporary blinded Cyn, "that's a good shot. Hold her still while I get a couple more." The flashes continued while he concentrated on getting close up pictures of Cyn's face with the officer's cum dripping from it.

"That's enough for now," the man from the Vice Department said as he stood up and, leaving Cyn laying on the floor, pushed his cock back inside his trousers and zipped up, "we can get some better shots later."

"You behave yourself," the other officer, the first one she had sucked off, said as he leaned over and, grabbing Cyn's hair, forced her to look up at him, "or we will arrest your skinny little cocksucking ass and throw you in jail for being a dumb little whore."

"And now we have pictures to prove it," the second man said with a

laugh that sent fright chills down Cyn's naked back. "As always," the first man said to the Manager as they shook hands, ignoring Cyn lying on the cement floor, "it's a pleasure doing business with you."

"Yeah," the second man chimed in nudging Cyn with the toe of his shoe, "a real pleasure, I hope our business partnership lasts a good long time. I'm really looking forward to having a steady supply of snatch again." All three of the men laughed as the two officers left the room.

"Up off the floor," the Manager said as he walked around his desk, then sat in his desk chair. "Put these on," he ordered, throwing a couple of pieces of clothing in Cyn's general direction. Cyn leaned over and picked up what initially appeared to be not much more than a couple of scraps of material. As she sorted them out she realized that the Manager wanted her to wear a cut-off T-shirt and a short, pleated plaid skirt. Cyn pulled what was obviously intended to be her 'work' clothes over her head and up her legs. The shirt just barely covered her nipples, and the skirt didn't even completely cover her butt. After looking down at her not-quite-flat chest, and twisting around to see her less than half covered ass Cyn was just opening her mouth to protest when the manager spoke again.

"I knew you wouldn't be dressed properly," he said, "so I picked something up for you." He looked up from the Polaroids spread out on his desk, "I'll deduct their cost from your share of tonight's ticket sales." Standing up, the Manager picked up a roll of tickets and walked around the desk. "I've been selling tickets," he explained, "to the men who want to shoot their cum in your cute young mouth." As he talked the Manager slipped his fingers under the bottom edge of the cut-off T-shirt and gently pinched Cyn's nipples. "That way you don't have to worry about collecting money from your admirers." Cyn blushed, the way the Manager looked at her was somehow different than the other men. It was both scarier, and more exciting. Cyn could tell that the other men had just wanted to fuck her, but from the Manager Cyn got the feeling that he wanted to do things to her that she couldn't even imagine, exciting and definitely unpleasant, things. "You will suck the cock of any man who gives you one of these tickets," he explained, holding the roll of tickets in his left hand. Cyn felt shivers run down her back as his right hand moved down over her flat belly and, lifting the edge of the skirt, pushed between her legs. Without thinking about it, Cyn moved her feet apart, making room for his fingers to explore her young virgin pussy. "After you suck all the dicks I send in to you," the Manager put the roll of tickets down on the desk and stepped closer to the young girl, towering over her ominously, "you will come back to my office where you will take care of whatever sexual needs I have and collect your share of the money."

The Manager pulled his right hand from Cyn's moistening cunt and

moved it up to rest on her chest with his fingers wrapped lightly around her neck. Placing his left hand on the back of her neck the Manager leaned over and, bringing their mouths together, pushed his tongue between her trembling lips. While he explored her mouth the Manager slowly increased the pressure of his fingers around her neck, not hard enough to choke her, but just enough to let her know that he could, if he wanted to. Cyn had never been kissed by a man, or a boy, before and she wasn't sure if the spinning sensation was part of the kiss, or part of almost, but not quite being throttled by the Manager's fingers. Cyn had sucked cocks, but with an instinct that fit well with her new life as a whore, she had never let any of them kiss her.

"You," the Manager said after breaking the kiss, but with his mouth still so close to Cyn's that she could feel his warm breath on her lips, "are my bitch now." She could feel his hard cock pressing against her stomach through his trousers. "You are going to fuck whoever I tell you to." Cyn shook as shivers ran up and down her body.

"The only reason I'm not fucking that tight little virgin cunt of yours right now," the Manager released his grip on Cyn's neck, "is because I can sell it for a tidy sum." Releasing his grip on Cyn's neck, the Manager walked back around his desk and sat down.

"I'm going to pass these pictures, and some more we take after you're done sucking cocks for the day, around to a few pervs I know and let them bid on who gets to fuck your pussy and ass first." After taking a close look at the picture of cum oozing down Cyn's face, the Manager placed it back on his desk with the others.

"Don't worry," he said, noticing Cyn's distress, "you'll get your share of the winning bid for your cunt. Now get your whore ass out of my office, go park it in the middle of the last row and wait for your first stiff dick to show up." Acutely aware of, and embarrassed by, the amount of skin she was showing Cyn vainly tried to cover parts of her body and ignore the comments of the candy counter girl, as she slinked across the lobby toward the theater. Cyn could still feel the sperm drying on her cheek as she walked to the center seat in the last row and sat down. As Cyn squirmed a little, trying to get used to the feel of her naked pussy rubbing against the slightly rough fabric that covered the seat, the remaining lights dimmed, and the trailers started.

Cyn shivered, and her nipples hardened almost painfully as an icy blast from the air conditioner blew down across her almost naked body. The first trailer was still running when a man sat down next to her and handed her a ticket. Intentionally avoiding looking at the man's face, Cyn unzipped his fly and, digging through the opening in the front of his boxers, pulled the man's already half-hard cock out of his trousers. She could feel the warm flesh growing and getting firmer in her hand as she lowered

her face towards his crotch. As she took the stranger into her mouth Cyn could feel his hand moving over her back working its way down toward her fanny. As the man's hand moved lower on her body he gently pulled her butt off the seat. It wasn't difficult to figure out what the man wanted. Even though Cyn was still hesitant to let strange males touch those parts of her body, she felt trapped by the situation and, not wanting her 'customers' to report her uncooperative attitude to the Manager, she, without letting the hard cock slip from her mouth, raised her butt from the chair. Standing with her left foot on the floor, and her right knee on the theater seat, Cyn continued to move her warm, wet mouth up and down the hard shaft of flesh that protruded from the man's trousers while his hand explored the back of her legs, her inner thighs and, finally, her cunt and ass. His touch was much gentler than the officer's had been and Cyn reacted with growing excitement and wetness as his fingertips gently moved up and down the outer lips of her pussy. The Manager's comment about her ass, as well as her cunt, being up for bid had not escaped Cyn's attention, and her anal sphincter twitched with a bit of fear as the man's fingertip gently moved around the crinkled opening then probed, just barely, into her.

Cyn was saved from further digital exploration by a flood of cum filling her mouth to the point that some leaked out in spite of her series of rapid swallows. Cyn licked the stray sperm from the corner of her lips while the man tucked himself back into his pants and zipped up his fly. Once he was 'decent' the man pulled a bill from his pocket.

"Something just for you," he whispered pressing it into her hand as he stood up then walked to the end of the row. Cyn's spirits, and her enthusiasm for the job, soared as she looked at the ten-dollar bill in her hands. It had never occurred to her that she could get money from these men above and beyond what they paid the Manager for her services. Since she had no pockets, Cyn looked around for someplace to keep her money. She pushed the bill into a crack between the cushion and the metal bottom of the seat on the other side of hers then turned back just in time to be handed a ticket by her next customer.

The prospect of getting a little extra cash that she did not have to share with the Manager dissolved the last of Cyn's reservations about being touched by these nameless men. In fact the exploration of her pussy and ass by her first customer had left her wet and excited. When Cyn reached for this new clients zipper he pushed her hand away then slipped his hand under the edge of her cut-off T-shirt to pinch and gently 'milk' her already erect nipples. Cyn surprised herself by moaning softly as the fingers gently tugged on her hard flesh.

Assuming it would increase the size of whatever tip this man was likely to give her, Cyn spread her legs and, lifting her left knee, draped it over the arm of her chair when his hand moved down

across her stomach to her crotch. In what seemed like a blinding revelation, Cyn realized that these men whose cocks she was sucking, and who were paying so much attention to her pussy and ass with their fingers, would undoubtedly be bidding on the right to be the first to fuck her. Cyn's cunt warmed and moistened, not so much in response to the finger probing gently between its lips, as from the thought of how much money he might be willing to pay for the privilege of replacing his finger with his cock.

As the exploration of her pussy continued, Cyn leaned back in the chair and, closing her eyes, imagined herself lying on a bed, her legs open as a man, looming over her, pushed his hard cock inside her never fucked before cunt. Since Cyn had avoided looking at this man's face, just as she had the first one, and had only a vague idea what he looked like, she imagined the Manager's face on the man about to fuck her in her fantasy. The thought of being fucked by the Manager, a man who both frightened and excited her, caused Cyn to moan and thrust her hips forward forcing herself further onto the stranger's finger.

"You ARE the hot little whore AREN'T you?" The man whispered as he pulled his finger from Cyn's wet pussy and ran its lubricated tip back and forth over her clitoris. "I bet you just can't wait for one of us to fuck you." The man pulled his hand away from Cyn's crotch, leaving her excited and unsatisfied.

"Now," he said, placing his hand on the back of Cyn's neck, "suck on the cock that's going to outbid all the others." Cyn opened her eyes and leaned over the man's lap. His large hard cock was already exposed and seemed to Cyn to be twitching in eager anticipation of her mouth. Keeping one hand on the back of Cyn's neck, the man placed his other hand on the top of her head and moved her face up and down as he thrust his hips and fucked her mouth. Cyn was helpless to do anything but hang onto the armrest that separated their chairs with both hands and concentrate on grabbing breaths of air as the man forced himself deeper and deeper into her throat. Just like the second officer, this man seemed to get some extra thrill by pulling Cyn's mouth off his twitching cock and spewing his cum onto her face. Cyn sat back, trying to relax and recover her composure as the man stuffed his softening cock back into his pants.

"Just one more thing," he said. After zipping up his fly, the man reached over and scooped his cum from Cyn's face with one of his fingers. Pushing his hand between her legs, he forced the cum covered finger into Cyn's cunt.

"Even if I'm not the one who gets to fuck you first," he said triumphantly, "my sperm was the first inside your whorish little box." Pulling his finger from Cyn's body, the man wiped the rest of the slime off on her belly then stood up and left the theater. He was the only one during that long afternoon who did not tip Cyn for her efforts.

Cyn quickly lost track of how many hard cocks she had sucked and how many finger tips had probed and explored her pussy and ass. Cyn would have been hard pressed to say truthfully whether it was the exploring hands of strange men, or the growing wad of bills tucked into the chair, that kept her inexperienced, almost hairless slit wet through the double feature.

"Hey," Cyn heard a hissing voice and looked over toward the isle where the candy counter girl was looking at her disdainfully, "whore, the Manager wants to see you." The girl turned and left without saying any more. Cyn pulled the stack of bills from the seat next to her and sorted through them while she tried to figure out what to do. She just knew that if she walked into the office with this money in her hand the Manager would take half of it away from her. Folding the bills in half twice, Cyn clutched them in her fist as she hurried through the lobby toward the women's restroom. So concerned was she with finding a place to hide her money, that Cyn was totally oblivious to the fact that her skirt was up around her waist, exposing her naked crotch for all to see. Grabbing a couple of paper towels, Cyn folded them around the money then carefully slid them down between the used towels and the metal side of the trash receptacle.

Only after stashing her tips did Cyn catch a glimpse of herself in the mirror. Her lips were puffy, her hair was sticking out in every direction, and there were smudges where dirt had stuck to the dried cum left on her face by several of the men she had serviced. She went into the stall to pee, and only then did she realize that she had displayed her ass and cunt for everyone in the lobby to see. She blushed at the thought; her embarrassment was only mitigated by the knowledge that there weren't that many people in the lobby. Cyn wiped, smoothed her skirt down to at least half cover her ass, then hurried on to the Manager's office.

"Hand it over," the Manager said, holding out his hand, as soon as she came through the door. Cyn was overwhelmed with disappointment even as she tried to put an innocent look on her face.

"Don't even try to lie to me," the Manager said taking a threatening step toward her, "go get your tips from where ever you tried to hide them and come back here." Cyn cringed, afraid that the Manager was going to hit her.

"Now!" He yelled when she didn't move quickly enough. Cyn turned and ran from the room with tears streaming down her cheeks. Once in the bathroom she retrieved the money with trembling hands and, taking all except the two twenties which she wrapped up and put back into the trash can, Cyn hurried back to the office.

The Manager took the money from Cyn's outstretched, trembling hand and, after dropping it on his desk, placed his hands on her

shoulders and pushed her down to her knees. Unzipping his fly and unbuckling his belt, the Manager let his trousers and shorts slide down his legs. Holding the base of his cock with his right hand and the top of Cyn's head with his left hand, the Manager slapped her face with his hardening shaft as he spoke.

"If you ever try to hold out on me again I'll punish you in ways you cannot even imagine." The meaty cock made soft 'splat' noises as it hit the tears rolling down Cyn's cheeks. "I'm going to keep all of your tips tonight instead of just half of them," the Manager pushed his now completely hardened cock between Cyn's lips, "you hold out on me again," he continued as he moved one hand to each side of her head and fucked Cyn's mouth with long powerful thrusts, pushing deep into her throat each time, "and you'll have bruises to remind you to do as you're told."

Cyn's lips were puffy and tender from being smashed against men's bodies as they thrust their cocks into her mouth, and the back of her throat was sore from the battering of cock heads fucking into it. She whimpered in pain with each thrust of the Manager's cock and held onto his thighs with both hands. It was obvious, even with Cyn's lack of experience, that he intended this oral fuck to be a punishment for trying to hide her tips. Again and again her hurting lips were smashed painfully against the Manager's body as his cock pushed unmercifully against the back of her burning throat.

"Yea, bitch, this is going to seem like tender lovemaking compared to what I'll do if you try to hold out on me again." Each thrust of his hard cock into Cyn's mouth and throat felt like a searing pain shooting completely through her skull. After what seemed to be an eternity for the suffering young girl, the Manager held her nose buried in his pubic hair while his pulsing and twitching dick pumped cum directly into her throat. When he pulled his still dripping cock from her mouth, and released his grip on her head, Cyn collapsed on the floor in a limp heap, her shoulders heaving with sobs. After pulling up his shorts and trousers, the Manager zipped and buckled up then cleaned off the center of his desk.

"Stand up," he ordered. "I said stand up, cunt." He repeated, giving her a not too hard kick in the ribs. Cyn struggled to her feet, sniffing and wiping the tears from her face.

"Take off your clothes." It only took a second for Cyn to strip off the cut-off T-shirt and short skirt that he had given her to wear. "Sit up on the desk," the manager ordered, seeming to ignore the young girl's naked body. Cyn, moving stiffly, did as she was told.

"Lean back," the Manager ordered as he picked up his Polaroid camera, "spread your legs and put your feet up on the desk." Cyn could feel her face burning as she followed the instructions. Sucking anonymous cock in a darkened theater is entirely different

than exposing yourself to be photographed in a well-lit office/storage room. "Now reach down with both hands and spread that cute little virgin pussy of yours open. Cyn hesitated and it was only the fear of physical punishment that forced her to pull herself open for the amateur photographer.

"I've got to have some good pictures," the Manager said as his camera repeatedly flashed and ejected undeveloped pictures, "you wouldn't believe how much more money we can get for your first fuck if we have some good raunchy beaver shots to show them." Cyn desperately wanted to use her hands to cover her red, burning face, but dared not release her cunt lips. As the Manager continued to take pictures of Cyn's young pussy, she noticed a warm, excited feeling beginning to spread from her crotch. She could feel herself getting wet, and felt even more humiliated that the Manager would notice and know that getting her cunt photographed was turning her on. Laying her head back, Cyn closed her eyes and concentrated on the warm feeling spreading over her slim, naked body. She jumped, and actually yelped in surprise when she felt his hands on her inner thighs.

The Manager pushed Cyn's hands away and held her open with his fingers while he knelt and, lowering his head into her crotch, extended his tongue and tasted her young virgin pussy for the first time. Cyn moaned loudly as the tongue moved up her slit and flicked lightly over her clitoris. Cyn often touched herself and made herself feel good before falling asleep at night, but never had she felt anything like this. The manager's tongue seemed to know just how to touch her cunt and clitoris; just how to make her feel like her insides were melting and her head was going to explode. Then it did, or at least it felt like it did. Cyn's muscles tightened and relaxed rhythmically, her toes curled so hard her feet cramped and her vocabulary was reduced to "...oh god, oh god, oh god...", as her hips moved in a series of sharp jerks, each one smashing her cunt against the Manager's face. When it was finished the Manager kept using his tongue on her until it happened all over again.

After Cyn's second orgasm the Manager stood up and, after helping Cyn to set up, held her naked body in his arms. Cyn leaned her head against his chest and enjoyed the feel of his warm skin touching hers as his hands gently caressed and soothed her naked body.

"I can make you feel wonderful," he said as he gently stroked her sweat matted hair, "or I can make you hurt. It's all up to you."

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Cyn Turns Pro  
Part 02

By  
Norm DePloom

Cyn left the Manager's office/storage room feeling both loved and abused. She went back into the women's restroom to collect the forty dollars she had managed to hide in the trash can. It wasn't there. Cyn wept as she dug through the wet and soiled paper towels looking for the one that had her money folded up in it. Giving up her search, Cyn collapsed onto the floor and held her head in her hands while she cried. She knew, without being told, that the counter girls had taken the money. Between all the people who expected a share of her earnings, and the 'Junior Whore Uniform' that she was sure the Manager was over charging her for, Cyn was going to leave the theater with less money than she had when she walked through the door after school. She had sucked all those cocks, swallowed all that cum, for nothing. After a few minutes, Cyn wiped her eyes, climbed to her feet, and left the restroom. Cyn tried to ignore the smirks of the two counter girls as she walked across the lobby to the door.

"See you tomorrow, whore," she heard the shorter of the two girls behind the counter say as the door swung shut behind her. As she walked home, Cyn wondered how she was ever going to make any money if everyone she ran into kept taking it from her. By the time she got home Cyn had decided that paying the counter girls was just going to far, she was determined to stand up to them the next day. Cyn's mom was still at work, so she fixed herself a peanut butter and honey sandwich and sat down in front of the TV. While she ate, Cyn spread her legs and gently ran her finger up and down her pussy lips as she tried to imagine what it was going to feel like to have these men forcing their cocks into her instead of their fingers. After finishing the sandwich, Cyn went into her mother's bedroom, took her mother's vibrator from the bedside table and, laying down on her mother's bed, spread her legs wide and ran the narrow rounded end of the vibrator over her cunt.

Cyn had known for a long time that her mother had a vibrator and what it was used for, but she had never used it herself. She was surprised to discover that using her mother's vibrator filled her with more guilt than she had felt sucking on men's cocks in the last row of the theater. The narrow part of the white plastic vibrator seemed to slip naturally and easily between Cyn's pussy lips and, as she pictured herself being fucked by one of the men who's cock she had sucked that evening while the rest of them watched, the vibrator sank ever deeper inside her body. As it slipped fully inside her, Cyn wondered if her mother ever sucked on men's cocks, or got fucked. She knew, of course, that she wouldn't have existed if her mother hadn't fucked her father, but Cyn wondered if her mother was fucking somebody now. Somebody Cyn wasn't aware of. Did her mom sneak into a closet at her job and fuck one of her coworkers? Or get down on her knees and suck on his cock?

Moving the vibrator in and out of her pussy while she imagined her mother spreading her legs and getting fucked by one of Cyn's

'customers' made Cyn feel incredibly guilty and incredibly excited. She came twice before she pulled the vibrator from her crotch just in time to wipe it off in the bed sheets then quickly stuff it back into the drawer as her mother walked into the apartment. Cyn dashed into the bathroom, sat on the toilet and was wiping the vaginal discharge from her crotch when her mother came into the room.

"Hurry up, Cynthia," she said, obviously in some distress, "I've got to go." Cyn reached behind herself and flushed the toilet before she stood up and let her skirt drop down and cover her crotch. Cyn's mom hiked up her skirt, pulled down her panties, and sat on the toilet as soon as her daughter vacated the seat. Even though Cyn's mom had always been casual about bathroom use around her daughter, Cyn still found it a little embarrassing hearing her mother urinate. It was even worse tonight since she had just finished fucking herself while she imagined her mother servicing one of the men at the theater. Even though she knew she never would, Cyn was tempted to ask her mother if she liked to suck cocks.

"God, I thought I was going to piss my pants on the subway." Cyn left her mother sitting on the toilet and wandered into her bedroom. She sat cross legged in the middle of the floor and pretended to read her history book while she obsessed over the image in her mind of her mother fucking a man and sucking his cock in a small closet while their fellow workers walked by outside the door.

When Cyn arrived at the theater the next day the woman in the ticket booth made her buy two tickets again then, as soon as she was inside the lobby the candy counter girls approached her. Cyn took a couple of steps back as the drew closer.

"From now on," the smaller of the two girls said, "you have to pay us each twenty dollars every day you work."

"I wont do it," Cyn crossed her arms and stood her ground, "why should I?"

"Because if you don't, we will tell HIM that we caught you sucking cock out in the alley." Both girls smiled as Cyn's face turned white, she knew what the manager would do if he thought she was trying to keep money from him. "And he'll beat the crap out of you and take all your money away from you." The girl continued as they stepped in front of Cyn.

"What do you have down there," the taller girl asked lifting Cyn's skirt, "that men are willing to pay for it?"

"Let's take her into the store room and see for ourselves what she's got under her skirt." The shorter one suggested. Giggling, the two girls grabbed Cyn and forced her into the same

office/storeroom where Cyn had sucked the cocks of the manager and the police officers.

"Strip," the shorter girl ordered as soon as the door closed behind them, "strip naked or we will rip your clothes from you skinny little body." Despite her experience sucking cocks and having her orifices probed by male fingers, Cyn was quite shocked that other females would be interested in looking at her naked body. Having no doubt that her tormentors would follow through on their threat to rip her clothes, Cyn pulled her shirt off over her head, then pushed her skirt down her legs and stepped out of it.

"What makes you think any man would pay to play with these pathetic little wanna-be tits?" The shorter girl asked as she grasped each of Cyn's nipples between a thumb and finger and pinched them ferociously while twisting them in opposite directions. Cyn winced, but was determined not to cry out. To her great surprise, Cyn's pussy became wet from having her nipples abused.

"She must be really good with her tongue," the taller girl said, "they're obviously not paying for her skinny little hairless body." Using Cyn's nipples, the shorter girl pulled her over to the desk.

"Let's find out," she said as she released Cyn's throbbing nipples and, sitting on the edge of the desk, pulled her skirt up and spread her legs revealing a moist cunt surrounded by a lush growth of pubic hair. "Lick my cunt, whore," she commanded as the taller girl put her hand on the back of Cyn's head and pushed Cyn's face down into the other girl's wide open crotch.

"We want to know if you can eat pussy as good as you suck cock," as she spoke the taller girl pushed her hand between Cyn's legs and fingered her cunt just like her male customers had done. "She must have liked it when you twisted her nipples," the girl said to her friend as two of her fingers slipped easily into Cyn's wet pussy, "her cunt is wet and ready to fuck." Cyn could feel her face burning with humiliation. The girl who's pussy she was licking placed a hand on each side of her face so she could guide Cyn's tongue to her most sensitive areas. With two fingers deep in Cyn's cunt, the other girl pushed a finger from her other hand into Cyn's ass. Cyn wondered what she had gotten herself into, whether they were giving her money, or taking it away from her, everybody at this theater wanted to fuck and abuse her body every time she saw them. The girl on the desk held Cyn's head more firmly in her crotch as she moaned loudly and fucked her cunt against Cyn's face.

As soon as the shorter of the candy counter girls finished cuming on Cyn's face, the taller girl took her place and pulled Cyn's mouth tight against her cunt. While the two girls could have been a bit more diligent with their vaginal hygiene, Cyn found the

pungent smell and taste of their pussies not unpleasant and even a bit stimulating. If she had the choice, Cyn would definitely prefer tonguing their cunts to giving them money. After they both came, the two candy counter girls put Cyn up on the desk and, pushing her legs wide, took turns licking her cunt until she orgasmed.

"Don't forget the money," the shorter girl said as they smoothed the front of their skirts and left the room, leaving Cyn laying on the desk naked and with her legs spread wide. Only after they left did Cyn realize that she did not have the foggiest idea what their names were. But then she didn't have the foggiest idea what the names were of any of the men whose cocks she had sucked and whose cum she had swallowed. The same was true of the manager and the vice officers, she'd sucked their cocks, she'd swallowed their cums and she had no idea of what their names might be.

As Cyn put her shirt and skirt back on the full import of what was happening to her landed on her shoulders like a ton of concrete. She was being whored out to a group of men; of them, those who were not old enough to be her father, were old enough to be her grandfather, and she did not know any of their names. Before her life had been taken over by the Manager, Cyn had always known the names of the boys who paid her to suck their cocks. Tonight they were going to be bidding for the right to be the first one to fuck her, and she was sure that when they were all done and she was walking home with their sperm oozing from her pussy, she still would not know their names. All of this she was doing for a man who had already demonstrated the ability to be cruel if he was disobeyed, and who she knew only as the Manager. The fact that she was rapidly losing control of her life and moving closer to being this mans total slave did not escape Cyn. She was on the verge of bolting from the room, running home, and hoping this man would never find her when the door opened. The Manager and the two vice officers stepped into the room.

"There you are," the manager said, "take off your clothes." While Cyn took off the clothes she'd just put on, the two officers settled into the same chairs they had occupied the day before. There was no need for psychic powers for Cyn to know that she would soon have hard cock in her mouth.

"From now on," the Manager said, as all three of them watched her strip, "if I'm not here when you arrive, you come into my office, strip, and wait naked for me to get here." The air conditioner came on and sent a blast of icy air over Cyn's naked body, causing her nipples and areolas to crinkle and become erect as she laid her clothes on the desk.

"And whenever you approach me, unless I tell you other wise, the first thing you will do is get down on your knees and suck my cock." The three men waited, and watched, until Cyn realized what they were waiting for and, getting down on her knees, unzipped the

Manager's fly, pulled his cock out of his trousers, and sucked it into her mouth. Having just had her tongue in two wet pussies, Cyn recognized the taste of dried cunt secretions and dried male cum on the Manager's rapidly growing cock. The three men continued to talk about their plans for making money with Cyn's twelve-year-old body while she worked her mouth up and down the hard shaft that was protruding from the Manager's fly.

As soon as she had swallowed the Manager's cum and put his softening cock back inside his trousers, a grunt from one of the vice officers indicated his desire to be fellated next. Cyn walked on her knees across the cement floor then, after unzipping the officer's zipper pulled his cock from his fly and took it into her mouth. Cyn tasted the same combination of vaginal secretions and dried sperm on this cock that she had tasted on the Manager's. As the officer stretched his legs out on either side of her body, grabbed her by the hair, and thrust his already hard cock deep into Cyn's throat, she came to the realization that all three of these men must have taken turns fucking the same female. She was equally sure that tomorrow they would be taking turns fucking her. While she worked her tongue over the underside of the hard dick that was fucking through her mouth and into her throat, the men's conversation turned to distribution channels for her 'first fuck' video. As she swallowed the vice officer's cum, Cyn imagined what she'd look like getting fucked on the big screen.

The second officer already had his cock out of his pants and was stroking it in anticipation when the first officer pulled his spent dick from her throat. As she expected the second officer tasted of the same sperm/vaginal secretion mixture as the first two. This one was more passive, leaning back and making Cyn do all the work. He moaned softly, and contributed considerably less to their planning for the exploitation of Cyn's body as she stroked the base of his cock with one hand, massaged his balls with the other, and worked his cockhead with her wet, cum coated, mouth and tongue.

"She sure can suck cock good for a twelve-year-old." Cyn heard the Manager's comment just as the second officer made his contribution to the layer of sperm coating the inside of her mouth and, distinctly remembering her claim to being fourteen, wondered how the man had discovered the truth. The fact that he had exponentially increased the air of sinister power that seemed to radiate from him. Once all three men had emptied themselves into Cyn's ever compliant mouth, the two officers straightened their clothes and, saying good bye to the Manager while they ignored the naked girl on the floor who had just had them in her mouth, left the office. As soon as the door closed the Manager tossed Cyn's 'whore uniform' to her without even looking up from the papers he was reading on his desk.

"Time for you to go suck some cock."

"Can I ask you a question?" Cyn asked with a nervous tremor in her voice as she picked up the tight blouse and skirt and pulled them on.

"What?"

"The two girls at the candy counter say I have to give them twenty dollars each every day," Cindy said in a rush after a brief hesitation.

"Tell Monica and Beth Anne that if they want extra money they can turn tricks just like you do."

"They said that if I didn't give them money they would tell you that they saw me sucking cocks in the alley and that you would beat me and take all of my money away from me." The Manager's attention was pulled away from the papers on his desk.

"If I ever catch you sucking cocks, or fucking anywhere or anytime I haven't told you to I will very definitely beat the crap out of you and take all your money." The Manager paused seeming to enjoy the expression of fear on Cyn's face while he considered what to do, then he turned and, opening the doors on a cabinet behind the desk revealing a television and recording equipment, turned on the monitor. The screen divided into several squares, each one showing a different view.

"That," the Manager said indicating one of the scenes by taping the screen, "is the alley." The implications were clear to Cyn; the candy counter bitches did not know there were security cameras (Cyn found herself watching the lower right hand square which displayed the two girls behind the candy counter); one of the cameras was aimed at the seats where she did her 'work'; and, it was likely that she would be risking both her earnings and her well being if she tried to cheat the Manager again. The Manager closed the doors, covering the TV, then walked across the room and opened to door into the lobby.

"Get your asses in here," he demanded, speaking to the girls behind the candy counter. The two candy counter girls entered the room with terrified looks on their faces as they glared daggers at Cyn. Cyn found the prospect of them getting punished exhilarating, she stepped back against the shelves lining the back wall and watched.

"What the hell do you two bitches think you are doing?" The two girls did their best to look innocent. "If you want more money you can get down on your knees and suck cock just like Cynthia. You two fucked my whore," the Manager said, giving the two candy counter girls a stern look, "and you're going to have to pay for it, Cyn doesn't fuck for free." Cyn wondered how he had figured that out while she watched the two girls exchanging nervous glances.

"Both of you lift your skirts and bend over my desk." The two girls wept and trembled as they pulled up their skirts and bent over the desk. The Manager unbuckled his wide, heavy, leather belt then slipped it from the belt loops on his pants.

"I'm going to allot each of you twenty blows from my belt." The candy counter girls obviously knew it would only make matters worse if they begged, but their fear of the Manager was apparent in their trembling, sobbing bodies. First the taller girl, then the shorter one wept, moaned, and sobbed piteously as they received their punishment. Their fannies and the backs of their thighs were glowing bright red by the time the manager returned his belt to its proper place. The two girls remained bent over the desk waiting for permission to stand up and lower their skirts. The Manager picked up his camera and took pictures of their red asses.

"Stand up and turn around." With red eyes and tear streaked faces the two candy counter girls gently rubbed their abused butts while they waited to find out what was coming next.

"You will go back to work now. When Cyn is finished fucking all the men who want to use her cunt tonight the two of you will lick her pussy clean before she goes home." Much subdued the two girls went back to their station behind the candy counter.

"Now, you," the Manager turned to face Cyn, "get your ass into the theater and suck some cock." Cyn scurried out of the storeroom/office and stuck her tongue out at the two girls behind the candy counter before she pushed the door open and walked into the auditorium. Watching those two bitches getting their fannies tanned by the Manager had left Cyn with a warm glow in the pit of her stomach and between her legs. She settled into 'her' seat in the last row and watched the trailers as she waited for her first customer. The movie started before anyone sat down beside her. Unlike previous days it was quickly apparent that the movie playing today was pornographic. Cyn watched with considerable interest as the first sex scene developed on the screen. The cock sucking and cunt licking were familiar to her but she paid particular attention to the vaginal penetration.

"You like that?" The gruff voice startled Cyn, she had been mesmerized by the sight of a huge cock entering an equally huge, wet cunt on the screen that she had not even realized that a person had occupied the seat next to her. For the next two hours Cyn heard, more than saw, porno movies while she sucked cocks and made her pussy and ass available for examination at the back of the theater. During one break she did manage to witness an anal penetration which the actress on the screen seemed to enjoy just as much as she had enjoyed the vaginal penetration that preceded it. Cyn found this believable since she had come to enjoy the fingers exploring her ass just as much as she enjoyed the fingers

exploring her cunt. In truth, for Cyn, the enjoyment of a finger in either orifice was a product of the anticipation of the money she knew she would be paid for allowing it. Cyn made no attempt to keep track of how many cocks she sucked, or how many fingers probed her cunt and ass. Whenever she looked around the theater Cyn only saw male faced reflecting the flickering light being reflected from the projected fuck scenes on the screen. Cyn was free of customers to watch the final scene. One naked female with a cock in every hole and one in each hand while a couple of other men masturbated and showered her breasts with their cum.

"To the office, whore," the taller candy counter girl ordered, then turned and left the auditorium just as the lights came up. Cyn gathered up her tips and, without bothering to pull down either her skirt or her top, walked across the lobby to the storeroom/office.

"That's all my tips," Cyn informed the Manager, dropping the crumpled bills onto his desk.

"Good, you learn fast, I really hate working with a stupid whore." Cyn walked around the desk, knelt in front of the Manager and, after unzipping his trousers, pulled his cock out through the fly and sucked it into her mouth.

"Very good," the Manager said stroking her hair as she sucked on his dick. The Manager absent mindedly played with one of her nipples while he continued reading papers on his desk. He came with no warning and, seemingly, without even being aware of it. Cyn swallowed his cum, pushed his softening cock back inside his fly, then zipped up his pants. Not knowing what to do next, Cyn sat back on her ankles and waited.

"Get naked and follow me," the Manager finally said as he stood up and, stepping around the kneeling pre-teen whore, walked towards the door. Cyn pulled off the two pieces of clothing she had been wearing and hurried after the Manager. Back through the lobby wasn't too bad, only the candy counter girls were there, but the long walk down the center isle of the theater, with the lights on and every male in the auditorium looking at her naked body brought on some serious feelings of humiliation and embarrassment. The screen was now covered by a curtain and on the narrow stage in front of the curtain Cyn saw a dirty old mattress and an equally ratty overstuffed arm chair. Three tripods were set up with video cameras on each one. Cyn followed the Manager up onto the stage and had to struggle not to cover her nipples or her crotch with her hands. The Manager positioned Cyn on the chair with her legs hanging over the arms and her almost hairless cunt on display for the men in the audience.

"Masturbate," he ordered then stood beside her and waited. With a bright red face, and her legs spread wide Cyn worked her clitoris with one hand while she slipped fingers in and out of her pussy

with the other. Despite the embarrassment Cyn could not stop herself from looking at the faces of the men who were approaching the front edge of the stage and standing just a couple of feet from her naked cunt. Not unsurprisingly non of the men seemed to be interested in looking at Cyn's face.

"Alright, gentlemen," the Manager addressed the crowd gathering to look at the young naked whore, "this is what you get to buy." Cyn doubted that there was a single 'gentleman' in the theater. Cyn was fascinated by the amount of lubrication her pussy was producing. Her clitoris seemed to be even more sensitive than usual and she could already feel the discharge from her cunt dampening the cushion of the chair under her fanny. In the silence that followed the Manager's announcement Cyn, and the men closest to her, could hear the slurpy, sucking sounds as her fingers fucked in and out of her overly wet pussy. Cyn could feel the lust and desire of the men gathering in front of her. Much to her astonishment Cyn realized that she was getting more excited knowing that these men cared nothing for her, that their only interest was in using the holes in her body to make themselves cum. Knowing that these men would pay more if she gave them a good show, Cyn continued to work her clitoris with one hand and moved her other hand further down and pushed one of her lubricated fingers into her tight ass.

"God, you see how wet the whore is?" One of the men asked nobody in general.

"Look at her fucking her asshole with that finger."

"I can smell her cunt all the way back here." A man in the back of the crowd observed.

"This whore is so horny she should pay us to fuck her."

Cyn came, rocking her hips, humping her ass on her left hand and her clitoris on her right hand while her cunt muscles contracted rhythmically. Each contraction of her pussy sent a wave of her natural lubricant flowing out of the bottom of her slit. A virtual river of cunt juice ran down across her ass keeping her finger lubricated as it fucked in and out of her crinkled brown anus. Cyn moaned loudly and the men watching her applauded.

"What's the first bid?" The Manager asked. Cyn continued to moan and groan, enhanced for the show but not faked, as the men bid against each other for the right to be the first one to slip his cock into her wet, virgin, cunt.

"Come on men," the Manager exhorted as the bidding slowed, "how often do you get to fuck a virgin twelve-year-old pussy?" That's all I am to any of them, Cyn thought, just a pussy they can fuck.

"Hurry up," Cyn moaned as she tugged on her swollen clitoris, "I

need to be fucked." Another round of bidding brought the purchase price for Cyn's virgin cunt to just above one thousand dollars. Her knees had been up on the arms of the chair, displaying her cunt, for so long that she had trouble walking and had to be helped by the Manager as she moved from the chair to the dirty old mattress on which she would be fucked for the first time, or more likely the first forty or fifty times.

The rest of the men gathered around the mattress as the high bidder stripped then knelt between Cyn's legs. Cyn propped herself up on her elbows so she could watch as the man's hard cock entered her body. Cyn honestly could not say whether her excitement came from the knowledge that she was about to be fucked for the first time, or from the knowledge of how much money she was going to be paid to be fucked for the first time. As she watched, with more than a little excitement mixed with curiosity, the man held his hard cock at its base and rubbed the head up and down over her wet, slippery cunt. God, Cyn wanted to scream, just put it in already. She felt her pussy lips separate, then begin to stretch as the man's cock head pushed into her.

"Oh, god, it feels so big," Cyn moaned.

"Just wait until it's my turn," a voice from the back said, "I'll show you big."

"Oh, god," Cyn moaned again, she knew by instinct what these men wanted to hear from the whore they were fucking, "it feels like it's ripping me open." The man pulled part way out, then forced the rest of his cock into the naked twelve-year-old virgin whore laying under him. The man pulled his cock almost all the way out and thrust it back in again, then Cyn felt it twitching inside her as he anointed her vaginal walls with his sperm. The look on his face was a combination of wonder and disappointment. As he pulled his spent cock from Cyn's pussy the other men lined up for their turns to fuck the whore.

The novelty of having a hard cock fucking her cunt soon wore off and it quickly became, like blow jobs, a job. Not that Cyn didn't have a few orgasms while she was pulling her first train, but not nearly as many as the men fucking her thought. Since fucking the whore was not free, and most of them had already pumped cum down her throat earlier in the evening, there were not many who fucked her more than once. As the crowd thinned out, the Manager called for the candy counter girls.

"Get down on the floor and lick the whore clean," he ordered, then sat down in the chair to watch. After Cyn's much fucked cunt was cleaned to his satisfaction, the Manager took her back to the storeroom/office. She was expecting to be fucked one more time before walking home, and was genuinely disappointed when the Manager handed her share of the money to her and dismissed her.

"I don't really like to fuck whores after they've been fucked by their customers," he explained when Cyn did not immediately leave, "I will fuck you tomorrow when you are nice and clean." Despite the number of men who had just fucked her cunt, Cyn had not felt really dirty until that moment. At least she had a sizable wad of cash to accompany her home.

\*\*\* END \*\*\*