

THE DOLL HOUSE

(m+f, prost, Mf, mF, MF, voy, exhib, oral, incest)

by Art Martin



Nick knew that his mom worked as a stripper and a prostitute, but he never suspected that her boss, the owner of The Doll House, was his biological father until the day he was brought into the business...

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“Uncle Nicky, do you think I’m pretty?”

I had just settled into a chase lounge out by my pool after swimming laps. I looked over at my young comely niece, ogling her generous tits straining at the too small bikini top and the practically non-existent bottoms.

“Turn around,” I said after taking in an eyeful. She turned, looking over her shoulders with a winsome smile, posing to give me a good look at her fine ass, the firm bare cheeks of which were completely on display by the thong bottoms. Definitely hard-on material!

“Does your mother know that you’re wearing something like that?” Knowing my sister as I do, it was a stupid question.

“Of course she does, silly! Who do you think bought it for me?”

“Just so long as she knows,” I replied.

She turned back towards me and stepped up to where I was lying, lying with a big boner tenting out my loose trunks. “You didn’t answer me,” she teasingly pouted. Then with a lilting laugh she added, “But I can see that you like what you see.”

“Oh, yes! I must admit... I certainly do like what I see, Mandy. I like very much. Any man would.”

“Mama said that if I asked you, real nice, that maybe, just maybe, I could talk you into buying me a car.”

“She did, did she?”

“Yes, and...”

“Is that when she bought you that bikini?”

“Yeah.”

“I see... In that case, take it off.”

I haven't gotten to where I am by being hesitant or worrying too much about propriety. My sister certainly knew that. She was one of my girls, a whore who made her living dancing naked at my club and on her back. I wasn't surprised or shocked in the least when Mandy reached behind her neck and untied her top.

“Very nice,” I said as the tiny triangles of fabric fell away from her generous breasts. Indeed her tits were very nice, magnificent tits in fact. Even without support, her big orbs stood proudly from her chest without the slightest hint of sag. Big firm orbs with big dusky pink nipples, big, prominent nipples that turned upwards, the kind of nipples that men love to suck. It was striking how much she looked like a younger version of her grandmother.

“You're not old enough to work at the club,” I said taking the liberty to lightly stroke her bared bosoms. Actually that wasn't much of a problem with a fake ID and the fact that her mother wasn't likely to complain. “But if you want a job... you can move in here, with me.”

“You'll buy me a car?”

“You'll earn it,” I replied leaving the ‘on your back’ part unsaid. The fact that she wasn't old enough to drive yet was a moot point, she was offering herself up to me. “Are you on birth control?”

“Of course.”

“Do you have gonorrhea, crotch rot or any other disease?”

“Uncle Nicky!” she said indignantly.

“Mandy, I don't know who you've been fucking, but I'd be very surprised if you weren't fucking somebody. It's the somebodies I'm concerned about. No telling where your boyfriends have

stuck their dicks... Look, I'll have the club doctor come over and check you out. If you're clean, you've got a job. If not, we'll fix it if we can."

"You make it all sound so... impersonal," she pouted.

"It'll be personal, sweetie, very personal... I assure you it will be personal. Then again, there'll be times when it will be just business. You'll be on call 24/7. I'll give you time off, plenty of time to take care of your personal business, but my business will come first. You'll go to school, sometimes you won't. You still want that car?"

"Yes!"

"Very well, sweetie. Go inside. On the table in the playroom is a bowl of condoms. Go get a handful. Then come back and give me a free sample of what we'll be selling."

Mandy slowly stood, and then headed to towards the house. Watching her fine young ass as she walked away, I muttered to myself, "You bastard!" The self-recrimination, however, didn't stop me from pulling off my swimming trunks. This wasn't just some dumb cunt fresh from high school who wanted to make some easy money, this was Mandy, my niece. Hell, for all I knew, she might even be my daughter.

I have always felt a little guilty about her mother, my younger sister. No doubt I would feel guilty about Mandy too, but a little guilt had never stopped me before. The girl wanted to be whore. Who was I to argue? Her mother was okay with her being a whore. Who was I to argue? At least she was going to be a classy whore; that is until the years and wear and tear began to show. Then she'd just be a whore... just like her mother and her grandmother.

As she disappeared inside, I mentally ran down the names on my special client list. Clients who would appreciate time spent with a fine young girl; lusting clients who would gladly pay big money to play "Daddy" with "baby". Yes, the fat cats would pay big money for a few hours or weekend with a discrete, stacked, willing, and best of all, a ripe under-aged girl.

I thought about Regina, Mandy's mother. She too was stacked. She too had been lusted after. I remembered back when we were in high school. Regina was Mandy's age then. I was a senior and Regina was a sophomore, a very well developed sophomore.

****** FOURTEEN YEARS BEFORE ******

Despite being from the wrong side of the tracks, I ran with a fairly well-to-do crowd. I was included in their select little group mostly because I could score dope or booze for them. But the main reason was that I knew a few girls from my neighborhood, trashy girls who made for a good time when they were drunk.

Sheldon Brooks was the richest of my “friends”. He was an arrogant prick, but I hung with him for the crumbs that he gave me. For instance, he’d give me half a bag of grass, just for taking the risks in procuring it. Sometimes I’d make a bad hook up, get rolled and beat up by some black dudes. Sheldon didn’t sweat it that I lost his money. He’d just give me more and I’d try again.

I had impressed Sheldon and his real buddies, other well-to-do-pricks, with my ability to get them whatever they wanted... for a price. Usually my price was just a piece of the action, sometimes cash, sometimes both.

He also had great parties when his parents were out of town. I’d be asked to get a girl and bring her over. For a few bucks, I always came through for them. The girls were poor white trash, like me, so they were always impressed by the show of relative wealth. I’d sweet-talk my date into calling her folks and telling them that she was going to spend the night with one of her girlfriends. The parents never checked.

At the party there would usually be a crowd early on. By the time things thinned out, my “date” would be drunk. We’d get her naked, and get after it. Usually there’d be four or five or us. Sometimes more. Next day, I’d take her home.

On the first day of school of my senior year, Sheldon came up to me, telling me about this hot new girl he’d seen. He was telling me all about her big tits, and the short skirt she was wearing. Telling me how he wanted to fuck her; telling me that he’d lay a hundred bucks on me if I could arrange it for this weekend when his folks were going out of town.

There wasn’t anything unusual in this. A hundred bucks was the standard arrangement. Twenty, twenty five bucks apiece was no big deal to Sheldon and his buddies. A day or two after the party, the girls were usually a bit indignant. Those that would still talk to me, I laid fifty on them. That usually soothed their indignity. Fifty bucks was fifty bucks, a lot of money for kids like us. Next time they weren’t so indignant. Of course, some never indignant at all.

I told Sheldon that I’d think of something. Later that day, he pointed her out. Fuck! It was Regina, my kid sister.

Sheldon had never come to my house nor ever met anyone in my family. I should have said something right then and there, but... I didn’t. I only thought about the hundred bucks. The days passed. Sheldon had seen me several times talking with her, but he still didn’t know the family connection.

“Well, dude, how ‘bout it?” he asked.

My conscience had been gnawing at me and I tried to beg off.

“I’ll make two hundred, dude. Just bring her over tonight.”

For two hundred, I put my conscience aside. After school I told my sister about tonight’s party, and that Sheldon wanted for her to come.

“Oh, he’s sooooo cool!” she gushed. She’d seen Sheldon at school and heard about him, not from me, but from some of the other girls at school. It was sickening how they thought that he was the coolest guy ever. I gave her a fair chance to beg off when I told her that there was probably going to be some sex at the party, that there was always sex at one these parties. Still she wanted to go.

I told her to tell Mom that she was spending the night with a friend. As usual, Mom was working that night and she said that it was fine with her.

Mom didn’t bother to ask me what my plans were. She knew that I would probably stay out all night. Maybe, just maybe, I’d show up home tomorrow sober. She never seemed too concerned with what I was up to.

An hour later, Mom was off to work, bartending topless in a strip joint. At thirty three, Mom still had a great looking body and big firm tits. Regina had inherited her tits from Mom. I’d never seen them, Mom’s tits that is, in the raw, but plenty of other men certainly had.

Regina set about getting ready for the party, showering, primping and all the other things women do to go out. When she came out of her room, ready to go, I let a low whistle. She was dressed in black knee-high boots and wearing fire engine-red short-shorts; shorts so short that the bottom of her ass hung out. She had a white short top that bared her midriff, showing off her navel to good effect. The top just sort of hung from her large tits. I could see the outline of her nipples, quite plainly. She was definitely braless and definitely a hot number.

Regina started to sprout tits when she was all of eleven. By the time she was fourteen, she was as big as Mom. I certainly noticed, but never did anything untoward. She was my sister after all.

Over the past few years while I was in high school and she was in junior high, we didn’t have any friends in common. I really didn’t know anything about her or her friends, just that she was usually home when I was there.

Mom never let either of us ever have a friend sleepover, as Mom never knew when some guy would pay handsomely to come home with her. Mom didn’t think it would be very cool for Regina’s or my friends to hear the bed racket coming from her bedroom. Mom didn’t give a shit if we heard, but none of our friends could hear. As such, we did all our socializing outside our home, at our own friends, and only very occasionally did the two mix.

“You know, dressed like that you’re gonna get fucked, Sis,” I bluntly warned. Regina screwed up her face at me making it plain that it wasn’t my business. “Does Mom have you on birth control?” I asked.

“Yes, if you must know! She put me on those years ago.”

“So you’re not a virgin?” We both knew the answer to that as a few months before I had walked in on her and some older guy doing it on the living room floor. Regina just laughed.

“Okay, let’s go.”

The party was a fairly typical affair, lots of kids drinking, smoking pot, making out on the sofa and screwing in the bedrooms. I plied Reggie with screwdrivers made with 100-octane vodka. Sheldon passed her the bong. It didn’t take too long and she was really messed up.

Sheldon asked me if they should use rubbers with her. I replied that she was on the pill, but that it wouldn’t be a bad idea. Sheldon grinned and said, “Fuck that shit! We’ll do the bitch bareback!”

It was still early, several cliques of “popular” girls were still there, hanging out, showing off and thinking how cool they were. These girls ran in packs, and for all practical purposes were mindless eye-candy. A half dozen or so couples were milling about, disappearing here and there and then reappearing a half-hour later, the girls a bit tussled and guys with big grins on their faces. A half dozen or so stag guys were milling about, occasionally talking to one of the clique girls, but mostly just talking amongst themselves and watching Reggie.

It was about nine thirty. Sheldon was dancing with Reggie. He was snuggled up behind her, hands up under her top. Reggie didn’t seem to mind at all. Everyone at the party was watching them. The clique girls were “oh, my godding” and the guys were sporting stiffies and elbowing each other. Sheldon managed, without much effort, to get her top up and her big tits out. In front of everyone, he made a big display of feeling her up.

Carl, one of his buddies, joined in. He too felt her up for a moment before leaning over to suck tit. Next thing I knew, Reggie’s shorts were open and Carl had a hand down her shorts. The threesome danced for a several minutes before my kid sister’s shorts somehow slipped off her hips. If anyone in the room hadn’t realized Carl was fingering her pussy before, they all knew it now.

The “popular” girls were wide-eyed, waging their tongues, pointing at my sister and her two suitors when Zookie, the star of the football team joined in. Moments later, Zookie and Reggie were lip locked. A gasp went up from the gaggle of whispering bitches; Zookie had his substantial cock hanging out. A few moments later, Reggie had the thing in her hand.

Not long afterward, with her top up around her neck and her shorts and thong down on her thighs, the three guys frog marched her to a bedroom. Someone shouted, “Gangbang time! All aboard! Whooo whoooooooo!”

The guys, some whom had brought dates, filed after them. The clique girls, feigning shock and disgust, made their exit.

Sheldon and his buddies had a system to determine who went first, who went last. Earlier in the evening, they had simply cut cards. By the time I got into the crowded bedroom, Reggie had been completely stripped. I arrived just in time to see Carl mount her.

Shirts, shoes, and pants were flying about the room as the guys made ready for their turn at my kid sister. With her ankles digging into Carl's butt, Reggie appeared to be enjoying the vigorous balling. It didn't take long before Carl's body jerked as he came.

It took a few seconds, but Reggie's demeanor changed. "Oh, no!" she slurred. "Oh, no!" No one paid her much attention as Carl rolled off and Raymond climbed on. Instead of locking her legs around Raymond, Regina fruitlessly flailed her legs in the air. Raymond was kissing her as he fucked her, muffling whatever she was saying into a series of, "Mmmfff! Mmmfff! Mmmmmfff!" Raymond made one last thrust, planting his cock deep inside. He raised his head grunting. Reggie whimpered, "Nooooo. Nooooo. Oh, gawd!"

Raymond yielded her body to Sheldon. She seemed to have sobered up some as she tried to bolt from the bed. Hands from every direction had her by the arms and legs, pinning her down on the bed spread eagle. Sheldon did her, their coupling noisy and squishy. He tried to silence her protests like Raymond had, except Reggie turned her head, this way and that, pleading, "Don't come in me. Don't come in me." Sheldon ignored her plea.

Zookie was next. He had the guys turn her over and get up on all fours. With a yelp from my kid sister, the big fucker shoved his big cock all the way in her semen lubricated cock way. Her entire body shook as he pounded into her, arching her back by pulling back on her hair. Reggie was wailing now as Zookie brutally fucked her. Me, I stood back and watched, loathing myself for letting this happen.

Zookie bellowed like a wounded beast and then it was all over. She'd be fucked again and again until the wee hours, but at least the worst was over. Or so I thought. An hour or so later, Reggie was still being fucked by anyone who wanted a piece of her. By that time she was gobbling cock while taking it up the ass, any and all reluctance a thing of the past.

Sheldon, the prick, coaxed me back into the bedroom where the action was taking place. "Nick, old buddy," he said while pressing my fee into my hand, "this slut's worth every penny of that two hundred bucks. Tell you what, me and the boys think you should have a turn too. Let me tell you, you're gonna love her pussy."

"Uh, thanks, but no thanks," I replied.

"Fuck her tonight, and she'll be fucking you at home from now on."

"Damn it, she's my sister."

"And you sold her ass to be used. We want to see you use her too... Com'on, free pussy, how can you beat that?"

I had a little too much smoke and little too much beer. Next thing I know, I'm balls deep in my little sister while my "friends" hooted and hollered about the hillbilly brother and his sister. Reggie, she just looked up at me as I sawed away, shaking her head side to side murmuring, "No, Nicky. God, no!" Like all the other clods, I came in her pussy. I rolled off and Zookie climbed

on her again for the third time. I wandered out of the bedroom, had another beer and then got back in line for another go.

Next day I was hung over something awful. My head felt like it had been split open with an axe; my stomach wasn't much better. After I wandered naked into Sheldon's back yard and threw up, I felt somewhat better. Then the reality of what I had done struck me. Not only had I set up my sister for a gangbang, I had taken part in it too. What had I done?

I found my clothes and after checking to be sure my two hundred dollars was still there, I gathered Reggie's clothes and dressed her to take her home. She could hardly walk, so I wound up carrying her in my arms the mile or so back home. I took the short cut through the alleyway and staggered inside through the back door. Mom was home, cooking up some breakfast for the half naked man who sat at the kitchen table. To make it worse, the way I had been carrying her, her cropped top had ridden up exposing her boobs.

The man I knew, or at least I knew who he was. It was Tony, my mother's boss and the owner of the strip club where she worked. Mom started to hit me with a greasy spatula. Amused, Tony stood up and intervened on my behalf. He grabbed Mom's arm and told her, "Let him be." Having taken charge, like he always did, he told me to go put Reggie to bed.

After I lay her down, I turned to leave, but Tony was in the doorway. He held his hand to keep me put and approached the bed. "What's that from?" he asked pointing to the dark wet spot in the crotch of her red short shorts. What could I say? His next order floored me. "Strip her." I knew better than to cross Tony in any way so I did, leaving my kid sister naked on the bed for my Mom's boss to inspect.

"Nice. Very nice," he said approvingly. "How much did you get for her?" Words would not form on my lips. "I said, how much did you get for her? Now answer me!"

"Uh, two hundred."

"I see. What will your cut be?"

"Uh, one hundred."

"Very good. I know a lot of men who'd pay four hundred to get between the legs of a girl her age. Tell, you what. You'll get your one hundred and she'll get her one hundred. I'll take two hundred. I'll give her a few days to rest up and recover, then I'll call you if I need her." He turned and left the room.

I had no illusions as to what had just taken place. I was to work for him and be my sister's pimp.

On the bright side, I wasn't now likely to be the object of Mom's wrath... Tony would see to that. And see to it he did. After he left, all Mom said was, "I hope you're proud of yourself." I don't know about being proud, but at least I was being treated as an adult for once.

When Reggie was feeling better later that day, I gave her a hundred bucks, her cut of the two hundred dollars. She was still pissed off at me, but fanning out the five twenties, she got over that real quick. “You think Sheldon will ask me to his next party?”

“You’re okay with all this?”

“For a hundred bucks? Yeah, I’m okay with it.”

“With everything?”

“If you mean you doing me too... yeah, I’m okay with it, I guess. You know that everyone at school is going to know that I fuck my own brother, but... so what? I’m sure a lot of girls do that.”

“So you’re saying that if I tell you to get your ass naked and spread’em for me...”

“If you ask me nicely... besides Momma’s at work, so... why not? There’s just one thing, Nick. I sort of lied to you. I’m not on the pill! Well, I am, but... I lost them for a few days, but I found them just before the party and took one. You think I’ll be okay?”

“Beats me,” I replied. Boldly I began unbuttoning her blouse, with no objections from Reggie. Yeah, I could fuck her, sister or not; that I was certain of. “You want me to use a rubber?”

“You think it really matters? I mean, I won’t get pregnant will I?”

“Fuck! How should I know? Listen, just don’t tell Mom. Okay? At least not until you know for sure.”

“I think I’ll be okay. I just missed a few days.”

“How many days?”

“A week maybe.”

“I better get a rubber,” I reasonably said.

“I like it better without.”

“Okay, sure... I like it better without too.”

A few days later in the late afternoon, Mom was at work when Tony called. "A car will be by to pick you up at 7:30 PM. Take Reggie to the Hilton on Western Avenue; Room 502. Wait for her downstairs and then take a cab home," I was instructed. "Call me when you are home."

I had just finished fucking her, so I told her to go shower and put on something pretty. Then at 7:30 a car pulled up to the house. Reggie and I got into the back seat. I gave the driver the address and silently we headed off for my kid sister's first gig as a teen prostitute. I waited downstairs in the lobby while she went up to Room 502. An hour and fifteen minutes later, she came back down, no worse for the wear.

We hailed a cab and rode back home as Tony had instructed. I was astonished by how much a cab ride cost. I called the club and was told that Tony would call me back. Five minutes later and he did. "I'll be over tonight after closing," he said and hung up.

Around three in the morning he did show up. He didn't knock because he had a key. Mom wasn't with him. He handed me the two hundred to split with Reggie. I told him about the cost of the taxi and Tony said, "Next time you can walk or you pay for a cab." That was my first lesson in Business 101... You have to spend money to make money.

With our business complete, he asked, "Where's my new whore."

"Uh, in her bedroom, sleeping." He nodded and went into her room, closing the door behind him. Ten minutes later you could hear the headboard banging against the wall. For fifteen or twenty minutes the steady racket continued. You'd think Mom was home! I wasn't sure what I should do, go to bed or wait up. I went to bed.

The lights came on and from my bedroom door, Tony said, "One more thing kid, I get mine for free." He turned and disappeared. A moment later I heard the front door slam shut.

Naked, Reggie rushed into my bedroom and hopped onto my bed, gushing about the wad of money in her hands. I was going to tell her that she had to pay her share of the taxi fare, but thought better of it. I coaxed her into a blowjob and then she bounded back to her own bed before Mama showed up, leaving behind a wet spot on my bed where Tony had leaked from her.

Next day, Tony called in the late afternoon and told me where I was to take Reggie that night. I asked him if a car was going to pick us up again. "You see that red Mustang convertible parked out in front?" How could I have missed it? It's yours, Nick. Keys are in the knife drawer in the kitchen. You can start paying me back next month, along with your insurance. Gas, oil and maintenance are on you." I could hardly believe what I was hearing. This whoring out Reggie was getting better by the day!

Behind the wheels of my almost-new wheels, I took her to the hotel and then waited in the lobby for her to come back down. I sat and I sat and sat; one hour, two hours, three hours and then four. I was going nuts just twiddling my thumbs as the minutes crept by. Finally after waiting nearly four and a half hours, she reappeared.

“What in the hell took so long?” I asked once we were outside.

“He was very nice,” Reggie began. “An older guy... gray hair all over. I don’t know, must have been in his sixties. He called me Princess! Very oral.”

“He couldn’t get it up?”

“Oh, he got it up, alright, several times. It’s just that when we weren’t screwing, he was eating me out or I was sucking him to another erection. They had this large whirlpool bath in the suite... God, you should have seen this place! Anyway, he liked to bathe me and have me bathe him. We took two baths plus a shower. He was a sweetheart.”

The hookups Tony arranged for Reggie were mostly like that, older men, well to do men who just wanted to spend an hour or two with a willing under-aged girl. The fact that she was stacked was a bonus. When Tony paid me four hundred to split with Reggie for the extended engagement, any annoyance on my part for the long wait evaporated immediately.

It was mostly hookups at various hotels around town, some posh, some very basic. Occasionally, I dropped her off a huge house and didn’t pick her for a day or two. The one, two day gigs were the best as our cut was six hundred dollars a day. For two kids who rarely had two nickels to rub together, the money was fantastic.

Quite often the gigs would be during the day, requiring us to miss school. We missed so much school that there were problems, and not just with our grades. Tony’s answer to that was that Reggie knew all she needed to know to be a whore. As for me, he wasn’t very concerned about that either.

For the most part the guys were pretty normal, but there some notable exceptions, like the guy who liked for her to ride on his back as he crawled about on all fours with a butt plug up his ass while she whipped his ass, or the guy who just wanted to lick her feet and her asshole. Some got a bit rough slapping her around, but that was fairly rare.

Of course the rare, genuinely abusive guys could be pretty rough. I took her to one place in the warehouse district. When I picked her up two days later, she was a mess, bruises everywhere and she could hardly walk. Of course I called Tony immediately and he came over to check her out. Satisfied that no permanent harm had been done, he told us that she would be better in a week and not to worry about it. Not worry about it! Then he peels off twenty five hundred bucks... Reggie earned every dollar of it. It was some BDS&M group who wanted a young girl to abuse. I suppose they knew what they were doing as all the bruising cleared up within a week even if it took a little longer for all the welts on her to completely fade. Reggie said that there were a lot of people there, men and women, who just watched as she was worked over. And there were the dogs, big dogs, dogs trained to fuck girls... for Reggie, the dogs were the worst, even worse than being pissed on.

It was after the warehouse incident when she was fully recovered that I was summoned to bring her to The Doll House, the strip club where Mom worked for Tony. Of course we didn’t go in

through the front door, but were directed to cut through an all night diner to the alley behind and then enter the club through a back door.

Some guy answered the buzzer and after we identified ourselves, we were let in. He led us through several doors and hallways, up a flight of stairs and into a small room that had a glass wall overlooking the main area of the club. It was simply furnished with only a padded platform and small table with a bowl of condoms on it. Not hard to figure out what this room was used for.

Reggie was directed to stay put in the room until someone came to get her. I suppose she figured that she was going to be fucked in there by someone, because I certainly did. I was then led back downstairs and eventually into an office, Tony's office.

I sat and waited; eventually Tony showed up. "How's things going, Nick?"

"Great!" I replied.

"Like the car?"

"Yes, sir... Uhhhh, I'm not behind on the payments am I?"

"No, no, no!" Tony laughed. That was a relief as I had already figured out that Tony wasn't someone you fucked with. "Sit down, sit down. You need something to drink? Maybe a blowjob?"

"Uh, I'm okay right now." I think that's the only time in my life I ever turned down a blowjob.

"Maybe later?"

"Uh, sure!"

"Let's see, you're going to be eighteen next week."

"Yes, sir."

"You want to work for me, full time?"

"I already work for you."

"Yeah, as a pimp, but do you want to expand your horizons? Would you like the opportunity to one day run this place?"

"I, uh.... YEAH, you bet!"

"What do you know about your mother?"

“That she works for you, and...” I restrained from saying that she was a prostitute.

“Yes, she is one of my whores. Actually I’m quite fond of your mother. Great tits and one of the best blowjob artists there is!”

“If you say so.”

“I do say so. She’s also one the sweetest women I know. A classy slut, if you know what I mean.” I really didn’t know what he meant, but I knew I had to listen and accept whatever he said about her.

“Do you know your father, Nick?”

“My father?” On my birth certificate he was listed as “Unknown”. “Uh, no, I don’t.”

“Yes, you do.”

“I’m sorry, Mr. Tony, but I really don’t and Mom has never told me.”

“That’s right, she never told you, because I reserved the right to tell you if and when I thought you should know. I think it’s time that you knew. Do you want to know, Nick?”

“I...”

“I’m just going to say this once. I’m your father, Nick. I knocked up your mother when she was thirteen.” He stood and gripping his crotch added, “You came from this set of balls.”

He sat and then asked, “Your grandparents... ever meet them?”

“No.” As far as I knew I was the only kid who had no grandparents.

“It didn’t think so. My dad, he ran a whore house and that’s where I come from... sort of like you. Your mother’s parents... they kicked her out when they found out she was preggo. So I moved her into my dad’s whorehouse where you were born. A few years later, your slut sister was born.”

“Are you Reggie’s father too?”

“You think I’d whore out my own daughter? Hell, no! She’s not mine. Who knows who her father is? The only thing that I know about him is that he paid cash for the privilege to get between your mother’s legs for a few minutes, and that’s all. What I do know for sure, is that she’s your mother’s daughter and your half sister. I always thought that that might be a problem, her being your sister, but you don’t seem to mind her being a whore.”

He broke into a big smile. I don't think I'd ever seen him actually smile before, but then again, I never spent much time in his company either. "So how about it?" he asked. "You want to learn the family business?"

I didn't hesitate to respond, "Yes, sir!"

"Good. You'll start at the bottom, mopping the floors in the morning, emptying the trash and cleaning up the special rooms after they have been used. Now, you're not going to be pimping your sister anymore. Her being your sister and all is a bit seemly, so I'm giving her to one of my best men. You'll still get a cut, 50% of what you're getting now."

"Fifty percent?!"

"You want less?"

"Uh, no, sir, it's just that..."

"I can cut it to zero if you like."

"Uh, no, no, no! Fifty percent will be fine."

"Then it's settled. Just to be clear, from now on, in addition to me, Rolo gets her free too. In fact, I imagine he's upstairs getting to know his new whore as we speak. Now let me show you around the place."

We went out onto the main floor of the club. It was mid afternoon and only a few patrons were there sipping overpriced beer and watching the early show on stage. Other than the naked woman up on stage, the few girls circulating there had clothes on.

We passed through a small connecting room guarded by a beefy fellow dressed in a pin striped suit. The guy dutifully greeted, "Good afternoon, Mr. Tony." Tony nodded to him as we passed and entered another area of the club. It was pretty much like the main area except it wasn't quite as large. There was of course another stage and a woman in the middle of her strip tease. But unlike the girls in the first area, the girls "talking" to the customers were all practically nude. I say practically because the only thing any of them wore was a thong and high heels, other than that, nothing but bare skin. This was going to be a fun place to work!

Nick explained that this was the VIP Room and that only selected guests were permitted in this area. I later learned to be a selected guest you had to have gained Tony's trust enough to be issued a VIP Card, which along with a photo ID and a \$100 cover charge, allowed you admittance to this sanctuary.

He led me to the bar and facing away was a shapely woman wearing nothing but a thong and high heels. He called out, "April!" To my surprise, my mother turned around. Actually I didn't recognize her at first as my eyes were glued to her big tits, big natural tits that had no sag in them

at all. The slight chill in the room also insured that her nipples were erect. Man, what a set of jugs! For a thirty three year old stripper, she had a fantastic body.

“Oh, my god! Nicky!” she exclaimed. The voice I recognized immediately. I knew she was a topless bartender here, and suspected that she was also a stripper and a prostitute, but I had only glanced at her body a few times at home. Boner babe, even if she was my mom! It was as I had imagined, she was naked behind a bar in a strip joint, I just didn’t think that she’d be so stunningly sexy.

“Turn around, honey, and let your boy get a good look at you.”

“Oh, Tony! Please...”

“I said, turn around... slowly.” Mom slowly turned displaying her body to me for the first time.

“She give you a boner, Nick?” Tony giped. To my vexation, I had popped a hard-on. “Great fuck meat, eh, boy? You want a piece of that?”

Mom spun about. “You can’t be serious, Tony,” my mother protested while covering her tits in a vain attempt at modesty.

“Put your hands down, April,” Tony growled. “No cover in the VIP Room... ever!” April... Mom’s name was Jennifer. I didn’t know the Doll House girls went by nicknames. “Get your ass up on stage and give us show,” Tony ordered my red faced mom.

“Tony, really...”

“Nick’s going to start working here full time next week on his birthday. From now on he’s going to be seeing you and what you do every night, so what’s the problem?”

“What about Reggie? Who’s going to be looking out for...”

“I’m giving her to Rollo. Now get your ass up there, slut.”

Mom looked like she was about to cry, but she mounted the stage and began to dance. She was already naked, so it wasn’t a strip tease, but it was obscene. I would come to realize that a lot of the strippers for the most part didn’t really know how to dance, just hump the pole and get naked. Mom on the other hand had taken dance lessons all her life up until she moved with Tony and his dad. She really knew the art of dance and Mom was the best in the club. After the dance she made the rounds and collected tips while being groped. So that’s how Mom had supported me and Reggie all those years.

After her rounds, Tony told her to come to the office with us. I thought that he wanted to talk in private, you know, a family talk. That’s not at all what he had in mind. In the harsh glare of the office lighting, she didn’t look quite as youthful as she did under the colored lights, but that’s not

the point... Reggie told me that as owner of the club, he had access to any girl who worked for him, whenever he wanted.

“Lean up against the desk,” he ordered her.

“Oh, please, Tony. Not in front of Nick.”

“Time he knew exactly what you have done for him since before he was born.”

Tony pushed her into a half standing position, dropped his pants, pulled her thong to the side and entered her. It was already somewhat of a shock to me to see her actually on the job and nude, but to see her fucked really blew my mind. Okay, I’d peaked in on her a time or two in the past and watched her rutting with some strange man, but to see her fucked close up, her big bare tits bouncing up and down in time with Tony’s violent thrusts was a sight I’d never forget. It was also a sight that I would witness rather frequently from then on. I realized then and there that Mom didn’t merely work for Tony, but that Tony owned her and he did whatever he pleased with her.

When he had completed the act, he turned to me pulling up his pants and asked me, “You want some of that, Nick?”

“Uh, no thanks,” I croaked.

“How about that blowjob? Ready for it now? Let me tell you, she’s the best with her mouth. ”

“Uh, not with my mom, Mr. Tony.”

“Mr. Tony? Kind of formal with your old man, don’cha think? But, the clowns around here don’t need to know I’m your father, even if everyone will know that she’s your mother. Understand?”

“Can I go now?” my mom asked quietly.

“As a matter of fact, no,” Tony answered. “Let’s go fetch your whore daughter and see what kind of dancer she is.”

Tony led the way back to the upstairs room where Reggie had been told to wait. It wasn’t a big surprise to me to see her being fucked on the padded platform, but I can’t say the same for Mom. She knew that I was pimping her for Tony, but she had never witnessed her little girl in a sex act until then.

“Rollo! Get that whore dressed and bring her down to the Blue Room.”

Rollo dismounted and pulled her up. “You heard the boss,” he growled as he reached around and slapped her ass. “Get dressed!”

Downstairs we entered a room much larger than the small room upstairs, but much smaller than the VIP Room, decorated in an opulent blue. There was a small stage set in a corner, framed on both sides and the back with mirrors, upon which a dancer was performing with a dildo. There was room for only three tables in the room, only one which was occupied by a group of middle aged men. The men paid us no mind, as their attention was focused on the lewd performance before them.

We sat at one of the free tables to watch the remainder of the show, however, I was somewhat distracted by Mom's bare tits just inches away. The performer then joined the group of men at the other table. Soon she had cocks out and kneeling before each of them, going round and round, sucking their cocks.

Tony sent Mom up on stage to dance which she did without props of any sort; the differences in the quality of the dancing was immediately apparent. Having finished her dances, she returned to the table.

Tony told her, "Suck my dick, slut," and fished out his cock. Mom hesitated, but she went down on him. While Mom serviced him, Tony told my little sister, "I know how you can fuck, but let's see how you can dance."

The striptease Reggie performed wasn't spectacular. For one thing, she was wearing street clothes and not a sexy outfit. Secondly, she wasn't trained as a dancer like mother had been before I was born. Still, all in all, I don't think the guys at the other table minded, especially when they were told that she was fifteen and available for hire. Rollo negotiated a generous price for her and he made his first dollar selling her ass.

When Reggie (now dubbed Brianna) came off the stage, the men had already determined who would do her first. Bent over a chair back, the first guy did her from behind. The second laid her on the table on her back and fucked her while playing with her big tits. The third sat in a chair and had her mount him. I have no idea what the fourth and fifth man did with her, as Tony told us it was time to go. "I have a club to run," he explained, leaving Rollo behind to make sure Reggie performed as expected and to make sure that none of the men got too rough with her.

I was told to go home, as I wasn't needed and Mom was told to get her ass to work. I didn't see Reggie again until my birthday.

Let me tell you, the floor of a strip club gets pretty grimy in just one night, as do the tables. Upstairs in the small rooms overlooking the main floor, there were used condoms to pick up off the floor. In the bathroom, someone had taken a dump and stopped up the toilet. I had to clean the place top to bottom before The Doll House opened for business at 1 PM in the afternoon. It was one hell of a way to spend my eighteenth birthday. School? I never saw the insides of Hebert Hoover High School ever again and neither did Reggie.

But there was a bright side. Once the club had opened for business that day, I was told to get cleaned up. Leaving the shower in the dressing room, Tony greeted me with a gorgeous buxom redhead. "Happy birthday, Nick," Tony declared handing me a token. I gave the token to the redhead and spent the rest of the afternoon up in one of the small rooms getting my brains fucked out.

The day after my birthday wasn't nearly so much fun. Believe me, I have a real respect for janitors, which was the object lesson Tony wanted me to learn... that everyone had a job to do and had to do it well if the club was to be successful. The club was very successful.

That first month was a bit difficult for me. The job was crappy, but not particularly taxing. The full time janitorial staff and yours truly finished up before opening and were then sent on our way. Not much opportunity to ogle naked girls. I'd go home and take a nap. When I woke up, Mom, if she had come home the night before, would already be gone to the club. Reggie... I rarely saw Reggie at all.

The evenings I had all to myself and rather than just hanging around watching TV or whacking off, I prowled around in my flashy low mileage Mustang. I'd see some of the neighborhood girls I had procured for Sheldon and his prick friends, and if the girl wasn't outright hostile to me, I'd give her a ride and maybe buy her a hamburger. We almost always wound up back at my house. Having the house to ourselves and no worry about any interruptions, we'd do the mattress mambo until it was time for me to take the girl home.

I got the brilliant idea that maybe I could recruit some of these girls for The Doll House. There was this one chick, can't remember the name, who had approached me to take her back to Sheldon's as she needed the fifty bucks. She wasn't even in High School yet, so I figured that some of Tony's select clients would enjoy meeting her. So one afternoon after finishing up work, I sought out Tony. He was up in his personal quarters on the second floor of the club, and after a bit of a hassle with one of his bouncers, I was allowed into that inner sanctum. He was still in bed with my little sister. She didn't even stop sucking his cock when I walked in.

"Yeah, what the fuck do you want, Nick?" Tony, my old man, asked.

"There's this girl I know who wants to make some money."

"Doing what?"

I pointed to Reggie. "Doing that."

"I see." He pushed Reggie off his cock and sent her out of his bedroom. "Tell me about her."

"She's pretty, I guess. Likes sex and she likes money."

"How old?"

"Fourteen, I guess."

“Fourteen... Runaway or does she lives with her folks?”

“Her folks.”

“Forget it, Nick. Too damned dangerous. A runaway is a safe bet, but a young cunt with a family... that’s asking for trouble, big trouble.”

“What about Reggie? She’s not a runaway and she has family.”

Tony snorted, “Do you really think your mother is going to cause a problem over her?”

“I suppose not.”

“You suppose correctly. Find me a runaway or find me a girl who is of legal age to fuck.” He reached into the drawer of his nightstand, pulled out a token and tossed it over to me. “Find me usable girls, Nick. Now go pick out a whore and bust your nut with her.” As the club had just opened, I had no trouble finding a girl who was happy to get an early start on her night’s work and get my token. And like every other “customer”, I had to use a rubber. You see, Tony was very cautious about STDs. Each and every employee, male and female, had to be tested once a month. Come up dirty and you were history. The only bare back fucking was with Tony or a girl’s sponsor. I was Reggie’s sponsor, so technically it was okay, except no one knew that we were fucking... you know, the incest thing.

That night, I picked up a girl I knew from school who was eighteen. I asked Amber if she was interested in a job.

“What kind of job?”

“Stripping... fucking.”

She sat up in my bed and glared at me. I was ready for her to tell me to fuck off, but her face softened and she asked, “How much?”

“Lots of fucking.”

“That’s not what I mean! How much can I make?”

Tony was very pleased with me for taking the initiative, and Amber proved to be a very good earner for me.

A few days after recruiting Amber to The Doll House, I was relieved of janitorial duties and became a club bouncer. For the most part there wasn’t a problem, but once or twice a week,

someone or someones, had to be physically ejected from the club. I was a big kid and had learned long before how to handle myself in a confrontation, so it wasn't a bad job at all. Getting used to the suit and tie was hardest part of all.

At first I worked only on the main floor. Everyone knew who my mom was, but other than comments about her gravity defying tits, no one busted my balls over it. It's not that my co-workers were particularly sensitive guys, but they all knew that Tony had a special relationship with her and they were all afraid of offending him in any way.

For a bouncer, I was making pretty good money. The job paid well to begin with, but I was getting royalties on Amber's and my little sister's cunt. Reggie (Briana) didn't hang around the club that much as it was too dangerous if the place was raided. For the most part she went to hotels and other venues outside the club, but she was home most nights, so I did get see her and take my pleasure with her on the nights we were both home and Mom was off after closing earning money for Tony on her back.

Suddenly Reggie seemed to get sick every morning. I didn't know what was wrong, but Mom sure did. Once I knew what the problem was, my first thought was that she'd have to quit hooking and that my income would go down appreciably. My second thought was, what would Tony do? I expected that she have a visit with a coat hanger doctor, but that's not what happened; not at all. Tony took it all in stride and the first thing I knew, my income was up. Seems that there are lots of men who would gladly pay big bucks for an hour or two with a preggie teen, and the bigger she got, the more she was in demand. I also considered the possibility that I might be the father. No one but the kids at school knew I had fucked her, and I wasn't about to let on to either Mom or Tony that we fucked on a regular basis.

As Reggie's belly swelled carrying my future "niece", Tony moved me from job to job. He always kept me at one job long enough to master it, before moving me to another job in the club. As a bouncer patrolling the VIP Room, I saw Mom quite a lot rubbing her naked tits into some dude's face while he rubbed her bare ass. I got pretty used to that, keeping in mind that in the club she was April, not my mom, Jennifer. At home she continued her modesty and never pranced around the house without at least a robe on.

From that job, I was moved to security, monitoring what was taking place inside the club as well as outside in the parking lot. About the only way a customer could score some pussy in the main area was to arrange an afterhours date. No so in the VIP Room... there it was just a matter of making the financial arrangements (cash or credit card) and taking the girl of choice upstairs to one the small rooms for sex. The way it worked in security was that the whore's name and a room number appeared on a screen. Switch over to that room and you could see and watch everything that happened in that room on one of several monitors. The name April popped up at least twice a night, or so it seemed.

The guys never tired of busting my balls. "Hey, Nick... April's in Room 3." They always switched a monitor over to April. "Wow, look at the size of the dick on that guy! Yeah, baby, suck that cock. Ya know, Nick, next token I get, I think I'll give it to her. Best cocksucker in the joint and those tits!" The tokens were awards of sorts that Tony passed out to his men every

month as a morale booster, good for one hour in a room with anyone you wanted when things were slow. Everyone knew what great blowjob my mom gave and the stories about the control she had over her pussy muscles were the stuff of urban legend.

Soon watching Mom being fucked by some no-name was about as troubling as watching any other whore plying her trade. Despite the voyeuristic aspects of the surveillance, the real purpose was the protection of the whores. A little rough play was alright, but if it got out of hand, the Calvary came riding to the rescue and the John was shown the door. If he was thrown out too many times, his VIP Card would be suspended or even revoked.

Reggie rarely made an appearance in the small intimate rooms. She, along with the other under aged girls, was mostly used for outside work, though she did work the small party rooms often enough.

After a few months of surveillance work, I was put in charge of making the financial arrangements in the VIP Room. A girl would signal me that her customer wanted some private time with her; I would then collect payment from the customer and send them off to whatever small room was available. As jaded as I was by that time, it was still unseemly to be selling my mother's ass to whoever had the money for a go at her. Thankfully, it helped to just think of her as April and not as my mom, Jennifer.

By and by I learned all the ins and outs of every job, with the exception of the girls' job. I even embraced the fact that it was all a business, just like any other business, at least in its financial goals of making a buck and providing a living for all involved, and that included my mother. It was remarkable how I was able to compartmentalize everything. At The Doll House, mom was April and I treated her no different than the next whore. At home it was completely different. She dressed modestly enough and she reverted to her role as Mom and I reverted to my roll of dutiful son. It was a rather schizophrenic relationship, but it worked for both of us.

After I was on the job for about five years, Tony up and died in his sleep. Actually he wasn't asleep. He was banging two girls when his aorta burst. Within a minute he was dead. It was late afternoon and I was delivering one of the young girls to the BDS&M outfit in the warehouse district. Due to her attitude problems, the sixteen year old runaway hadn't worked out. Fed up with her, Tony sold her ass for a lump sum to the BDS&M club and was done with her. Like a sheep to the slaughter, the bitchy stupid cunt didn't have clue what lay in store for her when I handed her off. By the morning she would be wishing that Tony would send someone to rescue her or better yet, had just stayed home and listened to her folks.

When I returned to the club, all hell had broken loose. The cunts were all crying and no one seemed to have a clue as what to do. The paramedics wheeled Tony's body out on a gurney and the customers were seemingly evaporating from the VIP Room. After all, who wants to spend money on a weeping whore? There wasn't much else to do other than shut down for the night.

After making the funeral arrangements for Tony, I spent the evening at his desk, calling everyone on the phone and telling them that life goes on and to be at work the next day. I arranged for the funeral to take place in the morning so that didn't interfere with business. No one told me what to do; I just did it and kept the business running as if nothing had changed. I was actually annoyed when an attorney called me to meet him right away at his office. It was during business hours and I was reluctant to leave for any reason, but I did.

Other than that one day, before my eighteenth birthday, Tony had never mentioned being my father ever again. As far as I could tell, I was just another employee doing his bidding. What a shock to learn that he had named me his sole heir! One minute I'm pimping my mother and sister in the VIP Room, and now suddenly, I owned the whole god damned place, whores and all. That took a little getting used to.

I banged my girls whenever I wanted as was my privilege for finding them in the first place, girls like Amber who had been there almost as long as I had. The other girls were more or less out of bounds unless I had been awarded a token for my good work on Tony's behalf. It didn't occur to me right away, but I now had privileges with all the girls. All I needed to do was take possession of what was mine. I began calling the girls to my office, one, maybe two girls a day. They'd show up and I would order them to bend over my desk. Before then, sex with one of the girls had always been for fun, now I used sex to assert my power. Every day, I took possession of another girl or two. After a month or so, I had my way with all but one of the whores, April.

Everyone from the janitors to the girls and the bouncers had fallen into line. Everyone that is, except April. She was somewhat uppity with me at the club. At home, she began to make demands. Demands like, she should run the girls and not me. She should run the bars and not me. She should do this or she should do that because she was my mother and I shouldn't be her boss, her equal perhaps, but not her boss. I put up with it as I really didn't know what to do.

Then one Saturday afternoon I was looking over some papers the attorney had sent to me. One was an automobile title and the other was the deed to a house. The automobile I recognized was the same make and model that Mom drove. The deed, it was the deed to Mom's house, except like the car title, it wasn't in Mom's name... it was in Tony's name. All this time I thought that it was Mom's house and all along Tony owned it. He certainly didn't do that for any of his other girls. Eventually it dawned on me that he had done it for me. Mom had been special to him because she was the mother of his son. That was as surprising to me as discovering that I was his only heir.

The next day was Sunday and the club was closed. We were home and it was late in the morning. Reggie wasn't home yet from her after-hour gig with some dude. Mom, as usual, was dressed in a robe fixing breakfast. We ate and I thanked her for cooking. "Then you do the dishes," she said as she stood and headed for the coffee pot.

"Turn around," I told her. She stopped and turned to face me. "Lose the robe, April," I told her.

"We're not at the club, young man," she snapped at me.

“This house... it doesn’t belong to you. It belonged to Tony and now it belongs to me. He owned it just like he owned you. Now I own the house, you and your cunt. So... drop the robe, April.”

Mom stared at me for a moment, her mouth half open in disbelief. “You can’t be serious, Nick,” she said hopefully.

“Drop the god damned robe!” Her hands went to belt. A few seconds later, the robe was on the floor and April stood before me in all her glory. I stood and approaching her, took a full firm tit in each hand.

“Nick, don’t...” she said in a whisper.

“You’ve got great tits, April,” I told her. “I hear that you have an incredible pussy too.”

“Oh, god...”

“I want you bent over the table,” I told her releasing her orbs. “You know the position. Now do it!” She hesitated for a moment, then she leaned over the table, spreading her arms out around the dirty breakfast dishes, spreading her ankles apart as she presented her fine firm ass to me.

I stepped up and ran my hand between her legs. She was soaking wet. “You really enjoy your work, don’t you, April.” Mom didn’t say a thing, but as I began playing with her slutty pussy she began humping her ass back at me. “You fucking whore! You really want this; don’t you?”

I unsnapped my boxers and let them fall to the floor. Grasping my fuck stick, I rubbed the head back and forth through her slippery gash. “Who owns your ass, April?” I asked her. “Tell me. Who owns your ass?”

“You do, Nick, I...” I cut her off in midsentence when I slammed my dick up my mother’s cunt for the first time, taking possession of her like I took possession of all the other whores who worked for me. “Oh, gaaaawwwddddd!” she moaned as I ground my cock into her. Almost immediately I felt the most incredible sensation all along the length of my cock as her pussy muscles began her trademark ripping effect, drawing or rather holding my cock deep inside her. It was true, Mom was the best fuck in the world.

I began moving inside her slowly, savoring the incredible feelings, but soon I had lost control and simply slammed into her again and again, inching the table across the room with each savage thrust into heaven on earth. Like all The Doll House whores, I fucked her bareback, leaving my incestuous spend in the vagina from which I came into this world. All the rumors were true; Mom was indeed a great fuck! Maybe Tony had a good reason to treat her special after all, and that didn’t necessarily include me!

Breathless, I staggered back, pulling my spent rod from her well used cunt. Mom lay prone over the table in the same position that I had fucked her. I slapped her ass, hard and told her, “Clean me up, whore.” Mom slid off the table and onto her knees before me, taking my slimy cock in

hand and then between her sultry lips. When she was finished, I led her to her bed and took her again.

It is now ten years or so later, since I took possession of the The Doll House and my mom, and my gorgeous niece comes from my house topless carrying a handful of condoms. Hell, under aged or not, with a forged birth certificate, maybe I'll go ahead and get her a car after all.

She skinned out of her thong bikini bottoms and modeled the goods. Damn, what a body! She sure as hell looked older than she was. If I didn't know better... But I did and that made it even better.

Taking the condom from the foil pack, she rolled it over my steely erection and straddled me. As she lowered her cunt to my waiting and eager dick, I grabbed her by the hips and stopped her from impaling herself.

"Hold it, sweetie." I reached down and pulled the condom off. "You and me, we're going to fuck bareback. Anyone else, they wear a condom. Understood?"

"Does that mean your gonna cum inside me?"

"Absolutely, Baby. I wouldn't have it any other way."

"Me neither, Uncle Nicky."

THE END