**Be My Guest**

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**Be My Guest Ch. 01: Eviction NoticeD**

"EVICTED? WHAT THE FUCK?"  
  
Zach Pedigo ripped the notice off of his apartment door and stared at it with a haunted glare. He knew that he was behind a month in rent but this was harsh. How could his landlord be so unsympathetic? Wasn't it against the law to evict someone until three months without payment gave them the right to push someone out? Aggravated he crumpled it up and unlocked his door. Entering he slammed his door out of spite then hurled the paper on to his kitchen bar, which separated it from his small living room.  
  
Tossing his duffle on the floor beside his sofa he took a deep breath and accepted reality. He knew coming up with the money to avoid eviction was slim. He had been out of work nearly two months, exhausting his savings just to survive. Finding another job was increasingly depressing. Not many employers wanted a man who punched out his boss whatever the circumstances were, good or bad. References stunk. Sad to say he might end up living in a cardboard box here soon unless he could figure out something.  
  
Tired and sweaty after a gym workout, one of the few places he had paid up for a year to be a member, he took his t-shirt off and whipped it out over his television, clinging to the screen. From there he unbuttoned his pants for circulation, stopping there in his disrobing. He needed a beer.  
  
Opening his refrigerator he procured the second to last bottle of Heineken in a six pack and twisted the cap off, guzzling it. Finally, leaning on the wall of his kitchen he growls to himself, "Lord I need a miracle here." Eyes toward the ceiling as if expecting a sign he got it.  
  
A knock at his door made his breathing freeze, "Please don't let that be the landlord." He chose to ignore it until two more knocks made him grow curious. Tiptoeing to the door he looks through the peep hole and bulges his eyes. "HOLY!" A swift turn of the knob he opens the door.  
  
"Hi. I'm Heidi, I called about the spare bedroom."  
  
Dumbfounded by beauty, Zach stared with awe at a devastatingly gorgeous blond with silky hair caressing her soft white shoulders. Piercing blue eyes and a perfect smile left him speechless. In response the girl lifted twice up on her toes as if awaiting a solid reply.  
  
"SHIT! Sorry, you just caught me off guard."  
  
"I can see that." She hesitantly points at his unfastened pants barely revealing skin near his pubic area, Zach lived commando.  
  
"Dammit!" He turns his back to her and quickly fastens up before returning to her. She blushed but stood her ground.  
  
"Can I see the room?"  
  
"Room?"  
  
"The vacancy. I'm desperate for affordable housing since I moved into the city. I've been staying with my mom but I want my own place. She and my stepsister share a one bedroom, so no room for me." She giggles.  
  
Zach nearly told her she had the wrong place when inspiration struck. Stepping aside he motions her to come on in. He did have a spare bedroom that he used for storage. This could just be his lucky day. Even if it was dishonest. "Sure, come on in. Heidi was it?"  
  
"Yep. You're older than I pictured."  
  
"Age matter?"  
  
"Not really. How old are you?"  
  
"35. You?"  
  
"19."  
  
"I could almost be your Dad."  
  
She blushes heavily and looks to her feet before snickering, "I guess."  
  
"Shit! I suppose I should put my shirt on. Got too comfy after hitting the gym." He looks for his shirt locating it on the 55 inch TV and starts to go after it.  
  
"You don't have to. I'm fine." She admits shyly.  
  
"Uhhh? You sure?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Anyone ever tell you that you look like that actress Dove Cameron?"  
  
"Anyone ever tell you that you look like that actor Tom Hardy?"  
  
"My twin brother."  
  
"My twin sister." She giggles, "May I see the room?"  
  
"Right! It's ten steps this way. Small apartment." He nervously takes the lead.  
  
"I don't take up much room. 5'5, 120. Mostly up..." She stops short of pointing at her chest, which had an amazing cleavage. 38C's behind a yellow camisole left them wide open to interpretation.  
  
"Well, I'm going to keep my eyes high. I certainly don't want to give you the wrong impression of me. Even though I've probably already done that." He chuckles pointing at his own chest.  
  
"It's a guy thing. I'm used to being looked over. Anyways, the room?"  
  
Stepping out of her way he opens the door to the spare bedroom which was roughly 10 feet by 12 feet. She squeezes around him face to face, her chest slightly grazing his sternum. He swallows at her trailing tits soft caress and reacting to him. Trying not to stare he saw nipple hard on, but quickly averted his gaze.  
  
"Small skylight over where your bed can go. Average closet. Ceiling fan. Nothing special really."  
  
"It's cute."  
  
"Yes it is." He lowers his eyes to her tight heart shaped ass covered by a white mini skirt, her long legs gently muscular.  
  
"You think the room is cute?" She snickers.  
  
"Well, it will be once I get all of my junk out of your way." He hadn't thought of that. Where was he going to put it? Grimacing, he figured the dumpster sounded good.  
  
"You know, your voice even sounds differently than over the phone."  
  
"Oh?"  
  
"You did sound like you had allergies. Hay fever you said."  
  
"I'm drugged up. So far so good." He was feeling guilty as the lies mounted up.  
  
"I can't recall your name." She fidgeted.  
  
"Zach." He extends a hand, "Zach Pedigo."  
  
"Heidi Baker." She frowns, "I'm in the wrong apartment aren't I?"  
  
"Yeeeeeeeah! Listen Heidi. I'm sorry I wasted your time. I'm not going to bother telling you why I let you in. All I can say is I'm sorry, I was considering a roommate and when you said...guess I'm...sorry. I'll walk you out."  
  
"So you were going to steal someone else's potential roommate?"  
  
Zach lowered his gaze and shrugged, "I'm a sad human being."  
  
"How much would be my rent?"  
  
"Say what?" He lifted his gaze and bulged his eyes.  
  
"How much?"  
  
"Well, half the rent is $700."  
  
"Wow! $1,400 for this small place?"  
  
"That's Seattle for ya. We're near the heart of the city. This is cheap."  
  
"You're so right. Every ad I looked at was crazy high. The guy I talked to over the phone was going to charge me $900. Who can afford that?"  
  
"Might be $900 with half the utilities." He winces.  
  
"I'll have to get a third job just to make that."  
  
"What do you do?"  
  
"Part time at Victoria's Secret and at a Nail Salon, I do intricate nail designs. I'm girly." She laughs.  
  
"Sounds like it. Listen Heidi, you don't have to rent from me. I'm truly sorry I led you on."  
  
"I'm considering it. Unless you're not wanting to now. I know the age gap must be awkward."  
  
"NO! No! That has nothing to do with it. I just feel horrible for giving you the runaround. You don't deserve what I just tried to pull."  
  
"At least you're being honest now. Can you continue being totally honest with me going forward?"  
  
"Absolutely. I just got evicted." He rolls his eyes.  
  
"Seriously?"  
  
"Yeah! That was my driving force in playing you. I'm on hard times myself. Lost my job two months ago, blown through my savings, struggling to stay afloat. I figured you might keep a roof over my head a bit longer until I got a job. Dammit!" He backs away aggravated with himself and steps into the living room arms crossed and pondering his life.  
  
"Bathroom looks bigger than my room." She follows him out but deviates her path to the front door.  
  
"What? You're looking at the bath when I'm telling you I was using you?"  
  
"Just saying. I like the glass shower doors. This place is better than I thought it might be."  
  
"I don't get it. I just admitted using you and you're not storming out calling me every name in the book?"  
  
"I forgive you. Like I said, going forward. My question is, will I pay rent to you only to be evicted next month?"  
  
"Hope not. Might sell my motorcycle. It's my sole transportation though. That might pay two months rent."  
  
"Don't do that. Mass transit sucks."  
  
"Not many options Beautiful." He grits his teeth, "Sorry again."  
  
"For what? Saying I'm beautiful? Thanks for noticing."  
  
"It's my day for notices." He laughs. "I just didn't want you to think I was being too forward."  
  
"Relax old man." She flips her tongue out at him, "I have enough money to pay that $700 plus $700 for deposit. I might have to live on celery sticks and peanut butter, but if I can help and put a roof over my, our, head I'll take the risk. Just...don't lie."  
  
"I won't."  
  
"Prove it." She studies him with a squint.  
  
"You're hot as fuck."  
  
"That's proving it?"  
  
"It's no lie." He chuckles. "Cute ass."  
  
"Ohhhh! So now you're admitting to being a pervert."  
  
"Aren't all of us old farts?"  
  
"35 is not old."  
  
"You asked for honesty. It's the only thing I could think of to prove it off the top of my head."  
  
"Do I have to worry about it getting out of hand? These perversions." He noticed a strange glint in her eyes, almost hopeful of a yes. He chose to hold on to that close inspection.  
  
"Too early to tell. If I do just set me straight." He moves to his TV and snatches his shirt, putting it back on. "There! Better?"  
  
"I liked the bare chest." She smirked blushing, "I have nasty habits too. I sleep walk. I know I snore. I live in bra and panties. Sometimes no bra. Sometimes no panties. Can you live with that?"  
  
"Can you start moving in, in like thirty minutes?" He grins heavily.  
  
"Tomorrow. I'll bring you a check for $1,400. I don't own much outside of clothes and extra batteries. A few odds and ends, laptop, etc."  
  
"No internet. I had to cut a few luxuries out. Batteries?"  
  
"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!" She giggles.  
  
"Vibrator?"  
  
"Tattoo gun. What do you think?"  
  
"Wow! I...don't know what to say Heidi. You just gave me..."  
  
"A hard on?"  
  
"I was going to say hope, but yeah, that's probably going to happen if you only wear a bra and panties, or...less. Can you deal with that?"  
  
"You're a man. It happens." She eyes her cell clock, "I need to go to work. Nails today. Can I bring a few things over later tonight? I'll just get the check to you today instead of waiting. Key?"  
  
"I have an extra around. Wow! Thanks Heidi. You saved my life."  
  
"Who knows, maybe you saved mine. That other guy sounded creepy."  
  
"Who was it?"  
  
"I only know a first name. Herman, I think. Your address is H15. Ha! I just realized that spells HIS. Too funny. I evidently wrote the wrong apartment number down. Must be fate."  
  
"Tell you what...I have just enough cash to order Chinese. You interested in supper when you come back?"  
  
"Get fortune cookies. I'm really superstitious that way."  
  
"I can do that. Oh, do you even have a bed for your room?"  
  
"Crap! Nooo! I'll just put a blanket on my floor until I get one."  
  
"Always the couch in a pinch. I'll clear everything out and have the room emptied by say 5:00?"  
  
"I'll be over by 6:00. Just need time to shower and change."  
  
"Perfect."  
  
"It is isn't it?" She looks behind her at her ass. "Quit drooling old man. I'm just teasing."  
  
"I'm not drooling." He wipes his mouth on his shirt laughing.  
  
"I think our humor bounces off each other pretty well. Just keep that honesty thing going and I'll move past any doubts in you."  
  
"Done. See you at 6:00 Dove Cameron."  
  
"Right on Tom Hardon. I mean Hardy."  
  
"Okay, much as I love the teasing, don't you think we should act like roommates?"  
  
"You're right. I'm young and impulsive, what can I say?"  
  
He opens the front door for her, "Go to work."  
  
"Before I miss my bus." She bulges her eyes, "Bye Tom."  
  
"Bye Dove."  
  
He watched her wiggle all the way down the hall until she headed downstairs. Zach Pedigo could not help himself, he hit his couch running, pants down, erection devastated, knuckling his cock as if he were 18 again. This was definitely his lucky day. "Get it out of your system Pedigo. Once she moves in you can't be doing this or she won't keep you out of hot water long. Fucccccccck! Now I'm picturing her in the shower." It was pretty steamy.  
  
After doing his best to clear out the spare room he discovered it wasn't as easy as he thought. Sure some things could be parted with but not everything. Cramming as much as he could into every closet there, outside of hers, he gave up and made the sacrifice. Who needed a fishing pole and bowling ball anyways. Down came that poster of Carlos Santana. Damn Zach felt old.  
  
By 5:30 he realized the time had ran away from him and he hit the shower in a hurry. Soaping up good he removed his Dove Cameron worship and felt presentable again. As he lathered up to shave his three day shadow he again heard the door pounded on. She was early. Grabbing a towel he wrapped it about his waist and trudged out, still wet. Reaching the door he just opened it and braced for the unexpected.  
  
"You're early." He managed until he realized Heidi wasn't alone. With him was another girl, with a few more curves in a deliciously overweight perfection. Brown hair to her shoulders with big brown eyes, rimmed glasses making her appear studious. Heidi stood behind the girl holding a box obscuring her view.  
  
"HELLOOO!" The brunette looked Zach over from head to toe. Turning sideways Heidi bulged her eyes at Zach in his towel.  
  
"This shit is heavy, move it Kayla."  
  
Swooping in to help Heidi before losing her grip, Zach snatched up her box and straightened up. So much for his towel. All it took was stretching a bit too much and it loosened enough to fall to his feet. "NOT ON PURPOSE I SWEAR." He used the box to conceal his penis. Both girls dropped their jaws as he backed away slowly. "Mind picking up my towel?" He marched backwards all the way to his bedroom then sat the box down in the hall to bolt inside and close his door.  
  
"Damn Heidi, he does look like Tom Hardy." Kayla sat her box on the sofa.  
  
"I told you. Pull up your halter Wench, before you start showing off too."  
  
"I wonder how big it was. Did you see it before..." She adjusted her white halter top to better conceal her 40D's. Those mounds were hard to hide and she was darn proud of it. With her few extra pounds they drew attention away from a very minor pudge about the waist, her ass round but tight in her pull up black shorts, butt cheeks ever so expressing themselves beneath the hemline over both muscular looking legs.  
  
"Noooo, it was an accident give him a break." Heidi wore grey leggings this time with a button down white and powder blue plaid shirt. Definitely less seductive looking than earlier in the day.  
  
"Even for an old guy he looked good. Maybe I should move in with you, just in case you need help fending him off."  
  
"Yeah, you can run interference right into his arms Hoochie. I'll stand back whispering don't hurt my sister. Help. Help."  
  
"You're hilarious. I'm not into old..."  
  
Zach barged out of his room cutting her thought off as he rejoined them in sweat pants and a Seattle Seahawk's t-shirt. "Sorry ladies. Caught me by surprise there. I didn't want you standing out there waiting on me is all."  
  
"No problem Tom." Heidi stood with hands on her hips, "This is my stepsister Kayla. She's single if you wanna date her." Kayla drops her jaw and shakes Zach's hand. In the shake her breasts danced for him, nipples popping out to say hello. Definitely no bra, surprisingly no sag. Youth kept her poise sturdy.  
  
"Hi Tom."  
  
"It's Zach."  
  
"Peeping Tom." Heidi razzed him after seeing his eyes take in Kayla's dance recital.  
  
"In my defense you were about ten minutes early."  
  
"I can see that. You still have shaving crème on."  
  
"Crap! I even put my shirt on before wiping my face. I'm such an idiot." Heidi hands him his discarded towel and watches him use it to wipe his face.  
  
"Keep the stubble. It suits you."  
  
"I think it looks sexy." Kayla adds.  
  
"Have any more things to carry in?" He changes the subject to avoid a brewing erection beneath his sweats.  
  
"Two more boxes and a stand up mirror. Better hurry up we're illegally parked on the curb." Kayla retreats to the door.  
  
"I'll bring in the boxes. You grab the mirror." He follows Kayla watching her ass dart from side to side. For being overweight that girl was rockin' out. Luckily, Zach liked a bit of baggage. Single, eh? Shaking off the age thing Zach stepped outside and grabbed the two medium sized boxes from the hatchback of a grey Ford Escape. Side by side they retreated as Kayla lowered the hatch until closed.  
  
"Hold up." She stopped him at the sidewalk. "I just want to say something without my sister around."  
  
"Sure, what's up?"  
  
"She's never lived on her own before. Even I think my sister is superhot. I just want to know if she's safe."  
  
"Outside of accidents like earlier? Yes, it was 100% an accident. Pretty embarrassed actually." He wasn't but it sounded appropriate.  
  
"That doesn't answer my question."  
  
"I'm not a pervert if that's what you think of me." He had his moments.  
  
"I don't. The single in me wishes you were though." She giggles. "Just...don't hurt my sis."  
  
"Not even. Chances are we'll barely see each other. Jobs and all." He refrained saying he wasn't working, hopeful that Heidi kept that secret.  
  
"Can I visit?"  
  
"Me or Heidi?" He winked.  
  
"Both. Wow!" She looks at herself in the mirror she was holding, "The girls are winking back at you."  
  
"Wink all you want. How much older are you than Heidi?"  
  
"I'm 22. Wait until you meet our Mom."  
  
"Stepsisters, Heidi said."  
  
"Yeah, she never knew her real Dad. She's only known my Dad. Her Mom didn't want her knowing him. Bad news I guess."  
  
"That's a shame. Getting heavy here let's head inside."  
  
"Right! Let me get the door." Once inside they head back upstairs to an opened apartment door, propped by of all things, a can of Peaches. Heidi was in her room unpacking the first box which consisted of sheets and a blanket. Not even a pillow. She had fanned out her bedding in preparation for the next nights usage. On her hands and knees straightening the bedding Zach had to huff at her doggy style stance, those grey leggings constricting tightly up into her clam for a sunken treasure status.  
  
"Here's your other boxes." Zach sat them on the floor, swallowing dryly.  
  
"Thanks." She rolls over to sit down on her bed, legs partly separated, leaning back on the palms of her hands. Looking up at Zach and Kayla she smiles brightly, "Home sweet home." After resting the mirror against a wall Kayla flops down next to Heidi and hugs her from the side. "Go home Wench, or Mom won't loan us her car again. I'll catch a bus later."  
  
"I wanna stay here with you." Kayla melts into puppy dog mode, that led into an attack from the side, sister on sister tickling match. Zach grinned watching them roll about laughing. In her tussle Kayla's top dangled low allowing Zach a full underside of dangling monsters. He had to huff a silent whistle of, "Oh yeaaah." As the girls slow their battle, they sit up straight chuckling when both go instantly silent looking at Zach.  
  
"What?"  
  
Both girls point at him and he looks down to see his erection, tent poling his sweats in tall order. Zach was hardly small down there. Turning his back to them he shakes his head, "I GIVE UP."  
  
"Chill out Old man." Heidi smirked, "You order food yet?"  
  
"Fuck! No, I haven't had time. Let me grab my cell." He darts away toward his bedroom where it was charging.  
  
"That dick is huge." Kayla expressed awe.  
  
"Go fetch."  
  
"Wish I could. Mom is probably reporting her car stolen already."  
  
"I'll be home later."  
  
"This is home."  
  
"I'll be home, home, later."  
  
"Okay. I'm visiting you a lot."  
  
"You just wanna jump Tom's bones."  
  
"I would too."  
  
"GO ALREADY."  
  
A kiss on the cheek Kayla crawls from the floor and steps cautiously across the hall to Zach's opened bedroom door. Leaning both hands to each side of the threshold, she looks in to see him on the phone making a delivery order. Catching him off guard she witnesses him fondling his erection from the outside of his sweat pants. Staring at him with a hunger lust she wanted to waltz in and help him out. That of course was interrupted by Heidi scaring the holy hell out of her by sneaking up and reaching around, under her halter to squeeze her breasts. A loud squeal lets Zach know of their intrusion and he looks back at Kayla's bouncing breasts while Heidi made them shuffle about from behind.

Ignoring the erotic display at Kayla's expense, he coughs up, "Lo Mein? General Chow's Chicken? Broccoli and Beef over white rice sound alright?"  
  
"Yep." Heidi removes her hands from Kayla's shirt and nudges her shoulder to shoulder. Hearing Zach complete his order, Heidi calls out, "EXTRA FORTUNE COOKIES." He abruptly stops the restaurant on the other end with the request. Hanging up he found both girls sweaty and laughing. "BITCH GO BEFORE YOU GET TOWED."  
  
"FINE! Bye Zach."  
  
"Nice meeting you Kayla. See you around."  
  
"You can't see around that Heifer." Heidi laughed hysterically. As the front door closed life calmed down. Sizing up Zach's room she realized he was into sports heavily. A hockey stick was mounted over his queen size bed. "Nice stick." Zach in turn looked down at his crotch. Eyes rolled at his response, she shakes her head, "Not that stick. Old man you have a one track mind."  
  
"Probably so. You're not helping it any."  
  
"So, you're into Hockey?"  
  
"Played when I was a kid up in Vancouver. Moved down here when I was your age."  
  
"Wow! I'm originally from Vancouver too. Small world. Mom moved here to get away from my real Dad. I don't even think he knows I exist. Someday maybe."  
  
"Met my ex-wife Shea here in Seattle at 22. Married up until three years ago. She found someone better and we split. Been single since." He plugged his cell back into the charger and folded his arms. His erection was still a problem but she chose to ignore it. Casual glances at best to realize it wasn't going down. "What about you? Boyfriend?"  
  
"Yeah, right! I date, but nothing serious. We all know what guys want." She fidgets a bit.  
  
"My hard on bothering you? I can pour ice cubes down my sweats. Probably the only thing that's going to cool it down. No offense."  
  
"Your apartment too. Be yourself, I will."  
  
"If I was myself you would run off like lightning."  
  
"Why you say that? Thought you weren't a pervert."  
  
"I suppose I'll have my moments. Can you blame me when you look that good?"  
  
"Nope! I turn myself on." She snickers. "I'm going to go finish unpacking until the food gets here." She starts to turn away then halts in step. Turning back she reaches into her cleavage and removes a folded up check from her black bra. "Before I forget, here's rent."  
  
"Perfect. Thanks Dove. Oh!" He turns to his dresser and picks up her apartment key, "Might need this tomorrow in case I'm out job hunting."  
  
"Awesome." She accepts it, "Hanging up my clothes now. I just realized you don't have a washer and dryer."  
  
"Every floor has a set. Six doors down by the pop machine."  
  
"More money." She grumbles. "Saves on our water bill I guess."  
  
"It all evens out. Let's just make the best of it. I'll do whatever I can to help you out, you do the same. Deal?"  
  
"That depends on what you want help with." She chuckles with a squinted eye, using her pinky to point at his erection.  
  
"Not even remotely what I was getting at. Stop looking at it, that's not helping."  
  
"Yup." She turns and returns to her makeshift bedroom to unpack what few things she had, mostly clothing, a small lamp without a shade, single cereal bowl and one set of utensils. He left her to herself, and went out into the kitchen. Zach made a bit of room in his cabinet for her, in doing so he realized just how much crap he had.  
  
Ten minutes of alone time he even organized the interior of his fridge to give her space for whatever she might buy. Tossing a quart of milk that was rank he scowled at his own necessity to grocery shop. "Gonna have to give blood again just for food." He raised his brows sighing. Depressed over the small things he shuffled back toward Heidi's room just as she stood up with her back to him. Not suspecting he was there she unbuttoned her shirt and removed it in favor of changing into something a bit more comfortable, namely a similar camisole shirt like earlier, only in a lavender color. It was the no bra the caught his eye, that and her beautiful bare back, and shoulders. Silently stepping back so as not to be seen, he peeks at her quick change. He was really hoping she might change her leggings out too, but he knew she would be leaving later and presumed that luck would fall on another day. He was struggling hard to be less pervy but his dick just wouldn't have it. Dove was just too perfect. He meant Heidi. The fantasy was going to hit home more often than not.  
  
As if sensing him she turns sideways looking at her opened doorway. With him not in sight she grabbed her cereal bowl and utensils and headed out into the hall. Predicting her exit Zach had gone quickly to the living room and was looking through what few DVD's he had for something to watch. A swift notice of three pornos in the batch made him snatch them out and hide them behind his back as she shuffled through.  
  
"Hiding the good stuff?" She smirked moving past him going to the kitchen.  
  
"Yeah, bachelor life. I didn't really plan on a roommate so soon. Tidying up your room took top priority. Forgot all about the silly things, like pornos." He confessed drawing them out from behind his back. "I did make space up in the cabinet for a few things."  
  
"Only a bowl, fork, and spoon. I live light. You can leave the girls out I don't care. This is your place more than mine considering. I like porn just like you do."  
  
"Nice!" He nodded with a pucker.  
  
"I actually considered going into that stuff if money got tight, like my ass." She pats her butt laughing.  
  
"Really?"  
  
"Not! Well, never know I guess. Flaunt it when you got it right?"  
  
"NOT HELPING." He growls loudly.  
  
"You really should go do something about that Tom." She shakes her head, raising her arms to the cabinet above to put her bowl away. She just left her silver with it. In her stretch he caught a glimpse of nipple hard on. Fucking perfect nips.  
  
"Food should be here anytime. Duk Fu is pretty fast."  
  
"Duk Fu?" She laughs, "Is that a racist comment?"  
  
"No. That's the guys name. I eat a lot of Chinese so we know each other by name. Really good dude."  
  
"I'll take your word on that. Can I steal some sink space for my toothbrush and stuff?"  
  
"All yours. Just nudge my things aside. Not much space on the sink so not a whole lot of room."  
  
"I'll manage. I can keep my deodorant and feminine things in my room. I'm sure you don't wanna look at a box of tampons."  
  
"I was married, so I'm used to things being mixed together. You can put them under the sink. No reason to clutter your bedroom."  
  
"Not much in there anyways."  
  
"Cute top." He points at her nervously.  
  
"You noticed."  
  
"Hard not to." He winks.  
  
"Yeah, the girls get pretty stiff when I don't wear a bra." She looks down at herself while leaning her palms on the kitchen counter.  
  
"Man, this is tougher than I realized." He looks away.  
  
"Calm it down Codger Tom." She shakes her head, "Look all you want just remind yourself that we're only roommates."  
  
"Never thought otherwise about that. You have no idea how grateful I am just to have you here. I really didn't want to move."  
  
"I hear that. This is my first move on my own. Mom just couldn't afford anything bigger than her one bedroom. Bad enough Kayla hogs her couch."  
  
"Why didn't you and Kayla get a place together? For that matter why is your stepsister living with your real mom, instead of you?"  
  
"Needed room to grow I guess. Kayla's not ready to be on her own. I am."  
  
"So you move in with a guy old enough to be your Dad."  
  
"Never knew my real Dad." He knew that from Kayla, "Maybe I have Daddy issues." She sticks her tongue out at him. "Think you better hide that before Fuk Du shows up? He might think you've missed him."  
  
"Duk Fu." He chuckled. "That's why you're answering the door this time."  
  
"Ohhhhh! My hard ons are better adverteasing that yours?"  
  
"Less disturbing to a guy though."  
  
"Ah! So Duk can go back to his restaurant with his own feathers ruffled."  
  
"That's on him. I'll go grab my cash." He heads to his room for his wallet. In passing they meet in the hallway and brush up against one another. She sighs and goes into her room, returning shortly with her hygiene products. Arranging the bathroom basin to accommodate her things she took time to pee. The door was left open so Zach thought little of it until he barged in to see her sitting, her leggings to her knees. Her soft hips visible he stares for ten seconds then turns away, "Sorry, Dove, you really should have shut the door."  
  
"Probably. With one bathroom to share I just figured..."  
  
"NOT HELPING!!" He yelled from the hallway. She merely grinned and wiped. Pulling her leggings up she washed her hands and rejoined him in the living room.  
  
"Why so red in the face Ace?"  
  
"I wonder." He shakes his head, plopping down on the sofa and settling back into a stretch. That tent was massive enough to make him just as quickly sit forward to mask it.  
  
"Damn Tom. Are you going to be this panic stricken every day?"  
  
"I've known you less than 24 hours Dove, let me get used to you."  
  
"I'm not annoyed by it. Be yourself." She hesitates, "Well, within reason."  
  
"Coming from Miss I parade around in bra and panties or less."  
  
"I lived with my Mom and stepsister. Not a guy." She laughed, "Even I need to get used to things."  
  
"Let's just agree to be ourselves and get past the nerves of...Fuck it." He sits back proudly and lets the flag pole wag beneath his sweats. "Gotta start somewhere so I'm just not going to hide the ride."  
  
"Hide the ride? Yeah, now I'm moving out." She acts edgy.  
  
"What? I didn't mean..."  
  
Laughing hysterically she points, "Calm the BP. NOT DP." She masks her teeth with a hand giggling, "I'm only joking." Saved by the bell, a knock at the door freezes her laughter. He quickly lifts the cash up for her to claim. With a deep breath Heidi opens the door to see a lank Chinese man with glasses, in his late 20's. Seeing her caught him off guard and he rechecks the address on the door before grinning.  
  
"Duk Fu, right?" She bubbles up.  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Hiya Duk." Zach leans over the arm of his couch waving.  
  
"Mister Zach." He waves back handing Heidi the bag of food. She in turn passes off the cash and wiggles away leaving the door open, in favor of placing the bag on the coffee table. Even Duk watched her cute ass, blushing as he looks swiftly at Zach for confirmation. A thumbs up shared between them gave Duk the giggles. Shying away Duk looked at the money, then actually shut their door for them.  
  
"Thanks Buddy." Zach replied just as the door latched.  
  
"Food smells delicious." She opens the bag waving the scent at her nostrils. "They gave us chopsticks."  
  
"Only way to compliment the Chef."  
  
"I've never used chopsticks."  
  
"Tonight you live a little."  
  
"Sounds like a plan Tom." She drags out each container and places them on the coffee table then places the bag on the floor. Moving around the table she sits down next to Zach and lets him reach out to sort the food. She opens their chopsticks in readiness. Attempting to figure out how to hold the wooden utensils she masters it enough to goof off. Using them as if snapping at him like a rabid dog she barks like a Pomeranian on steroids. It was too funny.  
  
"Down girl." He chuckles opening the Lo Mein, then the remaining containers. "Dig in Fido."  
  
"So I'm a dog now?"  
  
"If the tail wags." He winks, "I've got 2 beers left. Want one?"  
  
"Uhhh? Underage Mister Bad Influence."  
  
"Right! Didn't think."  
  
"As if that matters. Geez Tom! Yes, give me a beer."  
  
"Contributing to a minor, I dunnnnno?" He winces then hops up, erection bouncing before her eyes.  
  
"Now who's wagging his tail?" She muses then tries her hand at eating from a container. Mishaps led to a napkin wipe three different times, until finally being smart enough to lift the container under her chin.  
  
Returning with her beer he opens it before passing it down. Claiming it he stands over her prepping for a toast. "To my savior. Here's to good friends."  
  
"Tonight is kinda special." She chuckles, "Heard that somewhere." She clinks their bottles then takes a drink, wrinkling her nose at the first sip.  
  
"Not a big drinker are you?"  
  
"Not so much. More into Daiquiris. My Mom's the lush of the family. She's even gone to rehab. AA stuff."  
  
"That's a shame. She better now?"  
  
"Yeah, she hit the hard stuff for awhile when I was younger. My stepdad didn't help much. Thankfully she dumped him to get her life on track."  
  
"Good." He takes his seat next to her again, "So tell me more about Heidi Dove Baker."  
  
"Like what?"  
  
"Anything you care to relate."  
  
"Not much to tell." She nibbles on broccoli.  
  
"Boyfriend?"  
  
"Not really. Like I said earlier, I date a few people just for something to do. I mean I get asked out a lot but I'm picky I guess. You?"  
  
"Hand full of dates since my divorce three years ago. Guess I'm picky like you are. Go through the crap Shea put me through makes a guy think more clearly."  
  
"Other men?"  
  
"Ohhh yeah. She loved her rendezvouses. Might not have been so bad if she had included me." He laughs, "Openminded here but, when its all hidden not so much fun."  
  
"You're into other guys?" She grimaces.  
  
"NO!" He jumps at her judgment, "She was bi. I mean when she was with another woman. I could have even handled the other guy as long as he kept his distance from me."  
  
"All new to me. Never tried things like that."  
  
"Virgin?"  
  
"Noooooooo!" She scowls with a raised brow, "I meant the threesome thing. Not even the girl on girl. Why are we talking about sex?"  
  
"Sorry. You're right, not cool on our first day knowing each other."  
  
"Yeah, especially with you dealing with the coat hanger."  
  
"Not going down easy is it."  
  
"Better grab those ice cube trays and pack that thing." She giggles and loses another noodle. "Dang it! You make using the sticks look easy."  
  
"Practice. My ex was Korean. Shea was short for YuShea."  
  
"Wow!"  
  
"Yeah!" He holds a single noodle of Lo Mein in the air before smirking, "Holding this makes me remember our first movie together. Crazy I know, but it was Lady and the Tramp. Her favorite Disney flick."  
  
"I liked that one too. You guys do the shared noodle thing?" She snickers.  
  
"Not once. Always wanted to though. Stupid, huh?"  
  
"Not even." She turns sideways on her knee, "Let's do it."  
  
"What?" He loses color in his cheeks, then looks down at his erection.  
  
"Not sex you bozo." She snaps her chopsticks at him, "Up here. I'm talking the noodle kiss."  
  
"You want to kiss me?"  
  
"Noooo! Forget it Tom."  
  
"I'm not sure what you're getting at then."  
  
"It must take talent to hold a noodle between two people without breaking it as it's sucked in. Just trying to lighten up our night. No Biggy Tom. I'm over it."  
  
"We can try it."  
  
"Don't you dare kiss me when it gets close."  
  
"I was gonna say the same to you Lady."  
  
"At least you didn't call me Tramp. No, I don't have a tramp stamp." She laughs.  
  
"No tattoos?"  
  
"One, but don't ask I'm not telling."  
  
"Why not?"  
  
"It's...personal." She flares her eyes blushing.  
  
"Oh come on!" He rolls his eyes, "Now I gotta know."  
  
"Nope! Nyet! Nada!"  
  
"Alright! How about this? We do the noodle stunt, whomever loses their end first accepts a challenge?"  
  
"You're going to challenge me to show you my tat."  
  
"Probably. You know I am." He laughs.  
  
"Well, I'm not challenging you to show me that Big Tent Revival going on in your sweats."  
  
"Your decision what you challenge me to do. Wasn't even going there Dovey."  
  
"Uh huh! Dovey? No Lovey Dovey crap neither Tomcat. Wail in your bedroom on your own time." She busts up laughing.  
  
"We can just skip the noodle." He frowns.  
  
"Nope! You started this. Challenge accepted."  
  
"Even if I challenge you to show me your tat?"  
  
She shares a stern grimace with him, "I guess."  
  
"Not too late to cancel your rent check." He grins, "It's not in my bank account yet."  
  
"Don't tempt me." She breaks into a smile. "Noodle up Tomcat."  
  
"Alright, get those lips ready." He uses his chopsticks to pluck up a single noodle and puts one end into his mouth carefully. From there he slowly lifted the rest of it as she followed him until she could lower her tongue under it and ever so gently press her lips around it. So far so good. Sticks aside he uses his free hand to count to three before both begin sucking their ends of the noodle. Eyes flaring at their best attempt Heidi sucked too hard and it collapsed from her lips.  
  
"SHOOT! I was doing so good."  
  
Sucking the remainder into his mouth he chuckled, "Best two out of three?"  
  
"Do it!" She fans her fingers nervously anticipating his next raised noodle. Lips pressed into puckers the countdown led to his breaking it this time.  
  
"Well hell." He shook his head as she clenches a fist in triumph.  
  
"Get ready to be challenged Trampcat."  
  
"You be ready Lovey Dovey."  
  
"Grrrrr! Do it!"  
  
Last noodle attempt led to a draw as both of them bit too hard and the leftover noodle fell to Zach's lap. A two inch section dropped directly over the head of his erection and dangled. Heidi dropped her jaw laughing at his predicament.  
  
"Why are you laughing? Your end slipped before mine did."  
  
"Awwww maaaan! You're right. Hit me." She held her breath as he pondered his challenge. It would be too obvious to just tell her to show him her tattoo. He wanted to see just how bold she might go.  
  
"Eat the noodle."  
  
"Hand it here."  
  
"Nope! From it's landing spot."  
  
"WHAT??????" She turned beet red and posed with her jaw open. "No way." Still her eyes monitored the noodle curled up on his tent. The easiest part to nibble at was directly over his urethra if it were visible. "I can't believe I'm even considering this." She again fans her fingers nervously.  
  
"You don't have to." He felt badly just that fast.  
  
"No! I lost fair and square. Just let me compose myself. Don't you get the wrong idea here." She points with a wince. "Dammit Man! Even the dangling part is barely attainable." She leans forward trying to decide how best to beat the noodle and not actually touch his dick. It was nigh impossible. Whining she gets up from her seat and scoots his coffee table aside to give her room. Moving between his legs she peers over her brow at him, "Stop fantasizing Old Man."  
  
"He is getting bigger isn't he?"  
  
"GRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR! Stop that." Laughing at his goading he wasn't far off from the truth. His cock did twitch a few times. Her eyes noticed it tensing and she scowled, "I said stop that."  
  
"Mind of its own Dove."  
  
Pointing at his dick she told it, "Stop thinking." Tongue hoping to reach under the noodle without contact to his sweats, it took her three attempts to even find the noodle strand. Plucking it up not so easy. In her latest attempt she got too close and accidently touched her tongue directly on his erection. With a gross expression she withdrew a few inches and grumbled under her breath. She was certainly determined to succeed. Feeling her tongue made Zach huff and form a whistling pucker that refused to whistle. He didn't want her giving up.  
  
"I can do this." She giggles, "Don't judge me."  
  
"I got faith in you."  
  
"Only thing you will ever..." She bites her tongue before saying something that would get him thinking more on the sexual appetite side she was avoiding.  
  
"Going in again. Don't move." Her face tilts sideways as her tongue carefully tries to snag the noodle tip. Another contact to his sweats leaves a wet stain on his grey material. He wasn't sure if it was her saliva or his precum. Spitting at the taste of fabric she tensed her fists, "It would help if I could see the noodle when I go after it."  
  
"Giving up?"  
  
"NOOOOO! Enjoy this while you can Gramps."  
  
"Gramps? I'm not that old." He laughs at her pout, "Since when did this become Lady and the Gramps?"  
  
"Ha Ha! Hold still."  
  
"That's what I've been doing. Quit teasing me."

"I'm not...GRRRRRRRR!" With temper flaring she just goes for it. Tongue fully licking the tip of his covered cock until she could lift the noodle with success in sucking the noodle up through her lips until gone. That of course took three tries. Zach nearly shot his load at her persistence.  
  
"Daaamn! That was unexpected."  
  
"Got any mouthwash?" He merely hands her his beer. She takes a hefty swig and gargles. He had to chuckle and admire the wet stains all around the crown of his dick.  
  
"I will never ever forget that challenge." He laughs as she stands up finishing his beer to get the taste of sweatpants off her tongue. Sitting his bottle down she grabs her own then hands it to him as a replacement.  
  
"I'm scarred for life thanks to you."  
  
"I didn't force you to go that far."  
  
"I got the job done. Closest thing to a blowjob you'll ever get from me." She giggles and curls up on the couch again. Noticing something that caught her eye she immediately hops back up stretching over toward the moved coffee table, "Fortune Cookies."  
  
"Oh yeah! Forgot the cookie monsters."  
  
Tossing him one first, she tears the plastic of her own treat between her teeth, plucking her cookie out and breaking it in half. "Eat it first or the fortune won't come true." She chews hers as he opens his and joins her. After she polishes both halves off she reads her fortune wincing at it.  
  
"Need glasses?"  
  
"Nooooo! 20/20 vision thank you."  
  
"What's yours say?"  
  
"Two hands are better than none."  
  
"That's morbid." He chuckles.  
  
"Should have been your fortune Mister Monster." She points a pinky at his cock. "You're gonna need two hands."  
  
"One is sufficient. Two if I..."  
  
"LA LA LA LA! TMI!!"  
  
"Sorry. Hey! You started the trash talk Feathers."  
  
"Feathers?" She giggled, "Oh my God, Tom! How many nicknames are we going to have for each other?"  
  
"All in good fun Heidi."  
  
"I know. It is cute. All good Catnip."  
  
"Hey now! You tasted my catnip." He laughed.  
  
"Don't remind me." She grimaces then steals his beer to gargle a second time. Wagging her tongue with a gross expression she points his direction, "Read yours."  
  
Opening his fortune he nods, "Man running through Airport turnstile going to Bangkok."  
  
"It doesn't really say that does it?"  
  
"No! It's an old Confucius joke I read once. Bang Cock? He points at his tent.  
  
"Ohhhhh shit!" She busts up laughing. "That's fucking hilarious."  
  
"Man who stand on toilet is high on pot." He adds another proverb. She couldn't stop laughing. "Woman who stands on toilet has crack up." She didn't get that one. ""Passionate kiss like spider's web, soon lead to undoing of fly."  
  
"Oh my God! Stop before I pee. What's yours really say?"  
  
Looking at it again for real this time he pauses, "Life is short. Take time to smell the flowers." A shrug later he adds, "Nothing to be superstitious over in that one."  
  
Her jaw drops and she shivers, "I wouldn't be too sure about that."  
  
"Meaning what?" He poised an eye brow high.  
  
"Nothing." She turns away shyly.  
  
"Don't leave me hanging here. What's that all about?"  
  
"FINE!" She pats her heart nervously, "I believe in fortune tellers. That one hit close to home is all."  
  
"Annnnd?" He reacts with inquiry.  
  
"I'll show you my tattoo so you might see my point. Just...don't...well smell it." She sighs trying not to laugh. Standing up in front of him she lifts her shirt past her belly button and uses her mouth to hold the length of it, in order for it not to hide her body. With her mouth full she mumbles, "Ready?"  
  
"As I'll ever be." He studies her flat milky tummy with the most amazing sunken button. Nervously she uses both hands to roll the waistband of her leggings down into her pubic area. Suddenly a cute but tiny sunflower appears rising out of her thin strip of fur, very near her clit. She whimpered faintly at exposing it.  
  
"Wow! That's...beautiful. Now I really do wanna smell it." He grins with a wink.  
  
"Ugh!" She rolls her eyes, "Get it over with."  
  
"Seriously?" He looked with shock. Closing her eyes she awaited him to do just that. Shrugging at the option given he ran with it and teased her lower belly with the tip of his nose and inhaled, he then exhaled warmly over the flower. That was it. Heidi released her teeth and the shirt fell back into place. She steps back quickly and continued blushing. "You okay there?"  
  
"I'll live...a lil." She giggled huffing. "Felt a bit tingly there. We have to chill out on this crap."  
  
"I agree. Not helping me one damned bit."  
  
"Do something about that damned thing already." She sat back down fanning herself.  
  
"Want me to go to my room?"  
  
"You...don't have to, just don't...don't show it. Maybe just stroke it with your hand under your sweats. I'll turn the other way."  
  
"I can try, sweats aren't loose though. Can I take my shirt off to be more relaxed?"  
  
"Oh my God! You ask a lot." She waves a hand allowing it. In response he lifts his Seahawk tee up over his head and throws it at her. She growls and removes it from her shoulder. "Hurry it up."  
  
"You don't have to sit here. You can just as easily go to your room." He laughs.  
  
"Y'know what? I'm going to miss my bus anyway I'm just going to stay the night...in my own room." She sneers pointing at him as his fingers slither under his waistband and encircle his cock. She tries to look away but finds curiosity drawing glances. He knew it. Zach Pedigo watched her every reaction. It was priceless.  
  
"So who did your tattoo that close to the Garden of Eden?" He jerked slowly trying to keep her from getting too uncomfortable.  
  
"Promise not to think badly of me?" She turns her gaze to look toward the TV.  
  
"As long as you don't think badly of my doing what you suggested I do."  
  
"I'm good. You needed to deal with that. If we're going to be roommates I suppose we need to get used to one another's habits."  
  
"I agree."  
  
"My stepdad is a tattooist. He has his own parlor. I was stupid enough to let him get my pants off. Not sexually, just for the tattoo. I wanted something crazy and we decided on that."  
  
"No offense, but I bet he got as hard as I am right now."  
  
"Shut up." She laughs, "Yeah, he did. He's been wanting to pierce my clit too."  
  
"No shit?"  
  
"Yeah, but that's a bit much letting him get that close." She was fire red.  
  
"I can picture it that's good enough for me."  
  
"Great! Now you're picturing me naked."  
  
"Truth? I stripped you nude in my mind when you first showed up at my front door."  
  
"I figured as much. Hurry up already."  
  
"I told you it's not easy when the sweats are tight."  
  
"Who wears tight sweats?"  
  
"I work out Heidi. Old sweats don't shrink to accommodate new muscle."  
  
"Dammit! Pull them down." She totally turns her back to him this time. Smirking devilishly he just took the sweats completely off and tossed them over her head. She busted up laughing and ripped them from her scalp. "Fuck you Tom." She poises a finger over her shoulder flipping him off, "Not an offer."  
  
"Now I've got room to work."  
  
"I can't believe I'm letting you do this."  
  
"Me neither. Thanks though." His rhythm was stepping up, knuckles racing to get the job done. "Fuck this feels good."  
  
"You don't have to vocalize it." She laughs.  
  
"My side of the apartment. My rules." He chuckled, "It's nice and purple right now." He tormented her. "So earlier today...?"  
  
"What about it?"  
  
"You mentioned having bad habits. Sleepwalking and all."  
  
"Yeah! I never know when that shit happens. Everyone has caught me at one time or another. Mom found me in the kitchen holding the refrigerator door open at 4 A.M. Kayla came home from a date last year and found me in my bra and panties in the hallway. Luckily nobody in the complex caught me. When I was younger...not saying my age I...better quit while I'm ahead."  
  
"Tell me." He moaned a bit, she could hear how gruff his hand was being.  
  
"Mom was at work. Kayla and Pete were asleep. Pete's my stepdad. He woke up to go to the restroom and found me naked in his bedroom at the foot of his bed. Just standing there all stalker crazy like. I didn't know what I was doing at all. He took me back to my own bed."  
  
"Sure he didn't paw you up before that?"  
  
"I hope not." She sighed. "Getting close Tom?"  
  
"Feeling the build up. Gonna be noisy when I unload."  
  
"I'm loud too. Don't panic if you get woke up from hearing me scream."  
  
"Looking forward to it."  
  
"SHUT UP!" She shook her head laughing, holding her palms over her face.  
  
"You mind passing me some of those napkins on the coffee table? Gonna be really messy."  
  
Hesitantly, she lowers her hands and eyes the coffee table with her peripheral vision. Standing up she backed toward the table, brushing up against his leg. She shivered at the proximity but found the napkins and reached behind her to hand them to him.  
  
"Thanks." He breaths heavily, huffing and groaning a bit. She sat down again but this time closed her eyes and faced him. Not once did she peek. Feeling mischievous she blindly reached out and rubbed his leg. Her touch made him crease a brow.  
  
"Don't read into it Tom. Just offering inspiration."  
  
"Little more to your right." He laughed and moaned at the same time. She actually moved a bit higher up his thigh just for the hell of it. The vibrations over his flesh made her tremble. "Little more."  
  
"Come on Tom. I'm not going any further than this." She slips her knuckles inwardly on his thigh slightly until she feels his balls crush over her fingers. "SHIT!" She squeezes her eyes even tighter and doesn't move. "Not what I had planned Tom."  
  
He pants heavily and she feels his strength increasing, rapid thrusts of his fist pumping up and down gave her goosebumps. Each time his hand came crashing down his ball sack tightened over two fingers. She bit her lip at the sensations.  
  
"So close." He mumbles as she couldn't handle it any further, removing her hand she again turns her back to him just as he nuts really hard, cum shooting high, falling over his lap and her hand. Deafening grunts made her tense up. Without a word Heidi Baker stands up and shuffles away to her bedroom, he did notice she didn't wipe her hand off. Zach finishes his guttural exhaustion then calls out, "Heidi?"  
  
"Goodnight Tom."  
  
"Are you okay?"  
  
"I will be." He hears her soft reply.  
  
Cleaning himself off with the napkins he stands to stretch, then retrieve his sweatpants. Pulling them on he discards his napkins in the trash and washes his hands at the kitchen sink. Worried, he lingers just long enough to put their leftover Chinese food in the fridge. From there he steps into the hallway, realizing her bedroom door was wide open, but her room was smothered in pitch black darkness.  
  
"Did I upset you? If so, I'm really sorry." He stands in her doorway, barely visible to her in the living room light that was still on.  
  
"No." She sobs making his heart sink, "What's wrong then?"  
  
Silence for two minutes led him to shut the living room light out and head to his room in the darkness. At his door something stops him, and he listens intently. Buzzing noises brightened his eyes. She was using her vibrator. It was obvious that he had turned her on enough to isolate herself and take care of her own needs. Still, her door was wide open. Was that a hint? Surely not.  
  
"Night Heidi." He called out.  
  
"Tom?"  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"Stand guard at my door. New place and all."  
  
"Afraid of that cookie monster?"  
  
"Yes." Light moans follow her affirmation.  
  
"I'll be right here until you fall asleep."  
  
"Promise?"  
  
"No more lies."  
  
"Tom?"  
  
"Still here."  
  
"I'm...glad you lied to me."  
  
"To get you to move in?"  
  
"Yes." More moans.  
  
"Not too late to hit up ole' Herman?"  
  
"Noooooooooo!" She squeals a bit.  
  
"Maybe he's the cookie monster."  
  
"Save me."  
  
"Pussy feeling good?"  
  
"God yes."  
  
"Need that flower watered?"  
  
"Nooooooooo!" She lets out a laugh.  
  
"Why didn't you close your bedroom door?"  
  
"Establishing a trust."  
  
"Barrier is this threshold."  
  
"Thanks Old Man."  
  
"An old guy that got you worked up." He chuckled.  
  
"Tom?"  
  
"Again, still here."  
  
"Can I totally trust you?"  
  
"Depends on what we're talking about."  
  
"I want us to be really good friends...without...going too far."  
  
"As in all the way?"  
  
"Right."  
  
"Just...really close?"  
  
"Maybe. Can we agree not to take things all the way?"  
  
He puffs his cheeks imagining just that, going all the way with this cute little blond bombshell. Taking time to think about this she moans even harder. Light squeals escape her throat. The more he ignored giving her an answer the more she moaned. What was this about?  
  
"Can we agree Tom?"  
  
"Still thinking."  
  
"TOOOOOOOOMMMMMMM!" She stretches out her whimpering.  
  
"Taking my sweats back off."  
  
"Why?" She pauses.  
  
"Standing guard with my dick in my hand."  
  
She wiggles all over her bedding as her toy destroys her G-spot. In seconds she squirts all around her vibrator before crying out, "Yes Yes Yes Yes Yes."  
  
"Heidi?"  
  
"Yeah?" She pants  
  
"You make my dick really hard."  
  
"Already knew that."  
  
"You want nothing but honesty out of me right?"  
  
"Yes. Lies only make things difficult on everyone."  
  
"My dick will always be hard as long as you live here."  
  
"Your home too. I can't stop that."  
  
"Sooner or later you're going to see me jack off, looking right at it."  
  
She goes quiet as her buzzing stops. As if resorting to his earlier thoughts she remains quiet, listening to him groan under his breath. Finally she opens back up.  
  
"I guess you really are a perv."  
  
"Want that check back?"  
  
"No."  
  
"Can you accept watching me jack off?"  
  
"Can my sister watch?" She laughs.  
  
"Absolutely."  
  
"Can we reach that goal slowly? I'm open, but not on our first day. It was close enough as it was. You...shot jizz on my hand."  
  
"I'm fine by that. The slow part, sorry I shot you. Just informing you I don't want to hide it."  
  
"As long as that's as far as you go."  
  
"I can deal with that. It's...been awhile since...well, anything." Not totally true.  
  
"Can you live with seeing me in my undies every day?"  
  
"Do you really need to ask that?" He chuckles yet again, this time rolling his eyes. "Truth?"  
  
"Yep."  
  
"Go naked."  
  
"Once I fully trust you I can."  
  
"Test me."  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"Test my trustworthiness."  
  
"Now?"  
  
"Yeah."  
  
"Ummm! Okay. Take three steps into my room."  
  
He takes his three strides forward into the unknown. He had a rough recollection of where her bedding was laid out. If she was on it then he was less than three feet from her. "I'm in."  
  
"So are my fingers." She sighed, "Let's masturbate together in the dark. I trust you not to go further than you are right now."  
  
"Fair enough."  
  
"FAR ENOUGH." She laughed.  
  
"That too. I liked your tongue on my cock earlier."  
  
"Your sweats, not your cock."  
  
"Might as well have been. I felt your tongue."  
  
"I felt your fucking cock too. Shut up Old Man."  
  
"Honesty out of you too, right?"  
  
"Always."  
  
"You had fun doing that didn't you?"  
  
"Chasing the noodle? Yeeeeeaaaaaaah! Can you just zip it and moan with me?"  
  
"Might shoot cum on you." He grins.  
  
"You did that earlier. Try not to."  
  
"Are you under your blanket?"  
  
"Nope. Right on top."  
  
"Nude?"  
  
"Totally."  
  
"Dammmmmn! How close to me are you?"  
  
She extends her left foot and rubs her toes over his shin. "That close I guess."  
  
"Ohhhh fuck! That just sent the blood to my crown."  
  
"Cum for me Tom."  
  
"Cum for me Dove."  
  
It became a duel of moans, he hearing squishy noises of a really wet pussy, she thriving on his grunts and verbal caresses. Minutes pass before Heidi squirts a second round and begins convulsing on her sheet. As she let her hands roam her body in ecstasy, Zach detonates a massive round of jizz, firing blindly.  
  
"SHIT!" She exhales, "You got me."  
  
"More to cum gorgeous." He hits another cylinder of liquid heat. Droplets pelting her chest in the darkness.  
  
"STOOOOOOP!" She laughs, "That's soooo wrong. Go to bed."  
  
"Fuck that was amazing."  
  
"I have to work in the morning. Setting my cell alarm, but if I don't get up by 7:00 wake me up. I'm going to be dressed so don't get any ideas."  
  
"I meant what I said. You can trust me, but I might walk naked in front of you."  
  
"Can I sleep now?"  
  
"Sure. Night Dove."  
  
"Night Grampa."  
  
Shaking his head Zach Pedigo went to his bedroom, but like her left his door open. Maybe she might sleepwalk into his room and climb in bed with him, he thought hopefully. As he settled into bed fondling himself still, he heard that annoying buzz again.  
  
"Looks like she's as turned on by me, as I am of her. She's going to come around to me, I just know it. I'll be patient."  
  
One last round of shrill whines Heidi Baker falls silent, as does her vibrator. Exhausted she had forgotten that she was still wearing Zach's cum. Truth be known, Heidi Baker loved cum on her flesh. A fetish for another time. Yep! She didn't lie. Snored like a freight train on uneven tracks.  
  
"I'll show her Old Man."  
  
Fantasy worn off for one night, Zach joined her in slumber. From his room, not hers.  
  
Amtrak trains passing one another in the night.

**Be My Guest Ch. 02: paRENTAL advisory**

Wake up Zach.  
  
Fluttering eyelids inform Zach Pedigo of an early morning. His skylight filtering in daylight was a pretty good clue, yet not the only one. Hearing the sounds of running water assisted him in the comprehension that he was not alone in his once referred to bachelor pad. Not being accustomed to having roommates, he swallowed hard at the future. It was going to take some getting used to for certain. Not just any roommate either, this roomie was drop dead gorgeous in a Goddess quality. Youthful at that, being a good 16 years younger than he was. Hell, he lost his own virginity at that age. He still didn't know how to react to her sudden appearance at his time of need. Pure luck? Guardian Angel? He had no idea, all he did know was that she just kept the roof over his head awhile longer. At least another month.  
  
"Fuck I have to find a job." He stared at the ceiling, "After last night I don't want to lose Heidi. I can't believe what we did, without even having sex. All I know is I want to hang on to this girl as long as I can. Even if it is just as nothing but a roommate. She's fun. Makes me feel young again." Picturing himself in her room last night, standing over her nude as she masturbated in the dark was insane. Who does that after only knowing someone less than 24 hours? She let him get away with more than any other girl might have in this situation. Zach was suave in his own right and girls weren't really an issue for him. His past divorce had just set him in a suspended animation mode for awhile. Last nights events brought him out of his shell. Going forward he knew things were going to get crazier. For a guy saying he wasn't a pervert, he was right on track. Past motivations before he got married Zach had his moments of boldness. Maybe it was time to bring back his old self, the darker, more in control Zach Pedigo. Maybe, just maybe. That little incident over Heidi Baker in her bedroom certainly sent him down memory lane. Food for thought, for now he needed to regain her trust, for starters no more lies. With the strain of him lying to her, just to get her to rent his spare room instead of the one she originally came out here to look at he felt badly. Mistaken apartments worked to his advantage. If he hadn't fessed up she might have moved on and let him suffer. Luckily she seemed to have faith in him. He didn't want to ever lie to the girl again, not intentionally at least.  
  
The shower continuing to storm his hearing he realized something. "I need to piss like a Russian race horse." Crawling from his bed still nude from the night before Zach headed for his opened door. Then, it dawned on him a tough scenario, "One bathroom. I can't just barge in there and..." He dances in step trying to fathom options, there were none. "I can't hold it much longer. FUCK!"  
  
He looks around for his discarded sweatpants and starts to put them on, a pause to look at his dick he changes his mind. "I'm not getting dressed. She told me she goes nude sometimes, so why can't I?" Tossing the sweats aside he heads out of his room full swing, and stands in front of the restroom door. Gritting his teeth he dared to see if she had locked it. The knob turned. "Awful trusting of her considering." He decides to seal the door and at least approach this with respect, by knocking.  
  
Inside the shower Heidi Baker was glossy wet and sudsy. Having slept without cleaning off his jizz she dared to use his bar of soap to cleanse her body of his dried leftovers. She was still emotional over letting him even do what he did. Her hormonal state last night was off the charts. A strange man jerking off behind her on the sofa sent her to her bedroom to play on her own. Still, she took chances. He at least didn't rape her. Any other man might have. Of course, she couldn't blame him if he had, she did masturbate with her bedroom door opened wide. A surefire invitation to trouble. Heidi had always been a risk taker. That would never change. In her mind it made for a better orgasm. Of course, having a cum fetish that he wasn't quite aware of yet she relished in the moment. Hearing the knock she reacts with flaring eyes and freezes within her thoughts on last night.  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"Hate to ask, but I really need to take a piss. Can you cover up and let me in long enough to urinate? Sorry to invade your space."  
  
"Look away. It's open. I mean look the other way." She giggled.  
  
"You sure?"  
  
"Promise not to try and wash my back?" She laughed.  
  
"Tempting, but I just need to bleed the camel."  
  
"So, now your nickname is Joe Camel?"  
  
"If it gets me in front of that porcelain oasis you can call me whatever you want Dove."  
  
"Still on the lookalike nicknames, huh?" She thaws out and continues soaping her body as he enters. He tries not to look but come on, the girl was just too sexy not to. She turns sideways seeing him pass her steamed up glass door. He could see her through the fog, she could see him. Her eyes bulge as he pats the door on the way by. She shivered and grinned at the same time. Listening to his urination trumpeting into the toilet she bit her bottom lip. She had always been told you can tell how big a man's dick was by the power of his pissing. He sounded like Hercules.  
  
While Zach hovered over the toilet he arched his back at the relief he was feeling. Not just of an emptying bladder, but of knowing he didn't have to start packing, and searching for a new residence. That, and the fact that Heidi was just being too cool for words. He was grateful all around.  
  
"Which job today?" He makes conversation.  
  
"Vicki's. I'm running late."  
  
"Sleep good?"  
  
"Like a baby doll. Let's not talk about last night right now, please?"  
  
"No problem. Feeling a tad guilty anyways."  
  
"I'm not guilty, I'm edgy. That just stems from barely knowing you Tom."  
  
"Zach."  
  
"I like Tom better."  
  
"Dove it is. Unless you don't object to Gorgeous, Beautiful, or Blondie?"  
  
"Too soon Tom."  
  
"Right."  
  
Hearing his stream trickle down she winces, "Put the seat down Bachelor Man."  
  
"Planned on it Potty Princess." That made her laugh. Then came the flush and the rush. Cold water took over the hot making her jump to the back of the shower stall, and react with a shrill scream.  
  
"You did that on purpose."  
  
"Not really, but it sounded fun." He dares to peek at her covering herself and dancing in the corner of the shower until it warmed back up.  
  
"Pure evil Tom."  
  
"Not apologizing." He steps to the sink and washes his hands. "How late are you?"  
  
"What time is it?"  
  
"Nearing 7:00."  
  
"Gotta be there by 8:30. Vicki gets a wedgy if I'm late by five minutes."  
  
"There's a real Vicki at Victoria's Secret?"  
  
"Actually yes. Vicki is the manager. Bitchy redhead with a goddess complex. Ummm! Are you watching me shiver?" She winces at his barely visible image.  
  
"Sorry. Just leaning here thinking. If you need a ride, I planned on getting dressed and going out job hunting."  
  
"People still beat down businesses? Aren't applications all online these days?"  
  
"No internet, remember?"  
  
"Slipped my mind." As her warm water returns she moves back under the torrent. Dropping her bar of soap she bends over and accidently presses her butt cheeks on the glass. Zach took in her impression and grit his teeth. That ass was just plain perfection.  
  
"You using my soap?"  
  
"My body wash is still at Mom's. I hadn't planned on camping out here until tonight. Kayla's coming to pick me up from work so I can get the rest. This time she's borrowing her Dad's truck. Gotta text from her while sleeping, Mom bitched her out for keeping her SUV too long last night. Possessive bitch."  
  
"Gonna meet Mom for her approval of me?"  
  
"Best we avoid that as long as we can. She won't like the age gap. I've always been a rebel."  
  
"So, you date older men?"  
  
"Never said that. Are you going to stare at me showering until I'm done?"  
  
"Maybe. You want that ride?"  
  
"To work yes. Not the other kind though." She laughs.  
  
"Never crossed my mind."  
  
"There's a lie. You promised no more lies."  
  
"Being sarcastic Dove. You already know I'm fantasizing about you bouncing up and down on Hardy here."  
  
"So you adopted Hardy as your dick's name?"  
  
"Always hard so it made sense."  
  
"Not calling my twat Cameron. Even though Came and On are both in the name." She snickers. "I've never been on a motorcycle before."  
  
"Time to lose your virginity then."  
  
"Lost that ages ago. My hair will be all messy and wind blown."  
  
"Helmet."  
  
"You have two helmet's?"  
  
"No. But, I'll sacrifice mine for you."  
  
"That's nice of you. Sure, I'll accept the ride to work. I'm finished showering now. Privacy?"  
  
"Nope. I'm jumping in after you get out. Can't go jump hunting smelling all jizzed up can I?"  
  
"Guess not. Turn around until I can wrap myself in my towel."  
  
"Might as well get over the shyness. I'm holding your towel for you."  
  
"Grrrrr! Too soon Tom."  
  
"Time's a wasting Dove."  
  
"I'm sooo gonna regret this." She opens the shower door peeking out as he held her towel in the air with both hands. At least he was acting like a gentleman. Arm held over her chest she steps out and shuffles toward him. Claiming the towel she wraps herself. Shockingly he didn't look her over too closely. Once wrapped she felt more at ease. "Thanks...I think."  
  
"No problem." He ventures around her allowing her to capture a hard glance at his tight ass.  
  
"You weren't wearing underwear?" As if she didn't know.  
  
"Nope." He faces her from within the shower winking. She missed the wink and took in Hardy. Eyes bulging at finally seeing his cock in full glory she turned away blushing.  
  
"Dammit Hardy." She shivers laughing. "I didn't need to see that Tom."  
  
"Sure you did. If we're going to live under the same roof together we might as well get used to seeing one another." He shuts the door and hits the hot water while there was still some left. Fidgeting outside the shower stall she dries herself off and hangs her towel back up on a hook. Pondering his comment, it did seem logical considering she had warned him of her own bad habits. Of course, those would have been explored at a much later time once they knew each other better. This was moving pretty fast even for her. Freedom was one thing, sex another. After their strange encounter last night and wearing his cum on her chest she felt almost giddy. It was so like her to go that far with a man, well, one that she was dating at least. That was what scared her. Zach was just too cool, even if they weren't dating. It was fun last night, even if it stressed her that he might get too used to doing that. Of course, it might go both ways. There was no denying it, Heidi Baker had her hangups, cum splattering all over her was only the tip of the iceberg.  
  
"Tom? I agree and disagree both." She leans against the sink where he had prior to their trading places. "Last night...shouldn't have happened. I don't even know you yet. I mean...it was hot in a way, scary too. I want to totally trust you, but let's face it, you're not off to a good start. Not only did you lie to get me to rent from you, you coaxed me into letting you jerk off with me in the room. I'm bold but daaaaamn Tom, this is getting crazy too fast."  
  
"So, you're saying to stop being me, and be what you think I should be." He calls out over the water as he soaps his own body.  
  
"No. Be you, just don't be the pervert you. At least not every second. I can handle some but too much might scare me off." Not even close, but she felt it necessary to slow things a bit until she was positive this occupancy was the right move. He was old as dirt. Hot dirt though.  
  
"You don't seem to be in any hurry to race out of here. You're still standing there as naked as me."  
  
"You're right." She frowns at herself then lowers her gaze to see him stroking soap over his massive cock. "Ever measure that thing?"  
  
"Over eight, not quite nine. Why? You wanna break out a yard stick?"  
  
"No. Just curious. I'm a girl, we get curious now and then."  
  
"I think we just need to be open, speak our mind, enjoy the others company, and coexist."  
  
"Without sex. That's not what I'm after Tom."  
  
"All good. I'm still going to jerk off in front of you."  
  
"I'm fine with that. I like watching a guy cum."  
  
"Be honest with me now...you fantasized about me fucking you last night. Didn't you?"  
  
"No I didn't. I just got turned on by what you did. I wasn't thinking of more than my vibrator last night."  
  
"Your vibrator can't cum over your tits."  
  
"Yeah, about that..." She chuckles, "There's something I should probably tell you...I...like jizz shot on me. Major turn on, sends me into overdrive hormonally. Now that I've told you...let's not make it a habit. I just wanted to be honest about myself."  
  
"You fell asleep wearing me."  
  
"I was tired." She laughed, "Dammit Tom. I need to go dry my hair and get dressed. I'll meet you in the living room if you're still taking me to work."  
  
"Told you I would. See you in a few."  
  
With an evil grin she stepped over to the toilet and flushed it. Just as he had tortured her, she got even. Cold water made Zach snarl. "Fair trade Tom. Tell Hardy sorry I shrank him down."  
  
"Not even close."  
  
Without warning she steps to the shower glass and presses her tits against it laughing. Zach got his first glimpse of small sweet areolas and perky nipples crushed up nicely on the door. That helped Hardy...NOT! Ten seconds later she left the bathroom and isolated in her bedroom. Blow dryer in full force she brushed out her blond locks, smooth and silky. Make up applied, perfume alluring, she finally got dressed. In her isolation Zach had ended his own shower and moved to his bedroom. Even running behind her he was ready to go first.  
  
Awaiting her in the living room Zach had gotten dressed up in dress blue jeans, a button down navy blue dress shirt, stylish boots, and a white, grey, and blue necktie, pinned by an amber studded tie clip. He smelled like a man who knew what he wanted. Dark sunglasses atop his well groomed hair he stood ready to begin this new adventure. He had even shaved all but his goatee stubble, considering letting it grow out in the coming weeks. Zach knew it made him sexier still. It wasn't ego, he knew the reaction women had to it. At the moment he just wanted to see if his magic would work on Heidi, and her sister.  
  
Grabbing his motorcycle helmet from his hall closet he heard Heidi popping bubblegum on her way from her room, the scent of Bubblicious unmistakable. Turning to see her standing behind him he looks her over from head to toe. Hair perfect, blue eyes glistening, cleavage breathtaking, she wore a cream colored mini dress that covered her shoulders and a small section over her tits in see through lace. Down the sides of the dress were two inch wide sections of more lace that went from her arm pits down to the short hem.  
  
"Quit drooling Old Man."  
  
"As long as you wear things like that? Not gonna happen. Fuck you look amazing."  
  
"Still not having sex with you Codger. Get your mind and Hardy out of my gutter."  
  
"Your job lets you wear things like that? Those heels are even hot. Love the laces going up your calves."  
  
"Enough cattle rustling, I'm not going to make it on time." She nudges him forward with palms on his bicep. It gave her goosebumps once she realized just how tight his muscles were. Giving in, Zach jingles his key ring and they head out the front door, locking up behind them.  
  
Three doors down they pass someone exiting their apartment, also on their way to work. A tall lanky man with a bad case of the sniffles locks up and follows them out. Zach just knew that was Herman. So did Heidi who tried not to laugh. Seeing Herman Adler she was really happy that she chose Zach over him. Herman spelled gross as he wiped his nose on his shirt sleeve. They gave him a head start before tailing him out.  
  
At the front door stood an old man in his 80's. Zach grit his teeth knowing they were going to be stopped. Lingering back he warned Heidi of yet another setback.  
  
"Landlord."  
  
"He your brother Codger?"  
  
"Knock it off, he's like 82." He laughed. "I hear he gets handy with the girls so watch out he might pinch your ass."  
  
"Only if he wants to visit the ER."  
  
"Stay behind me."  
  
As they get closer the old man waves at Herman and confirms him by name. Spotting Zach the old man scowled, until he saw Heidi. Interest made him lighten up.  
  
"Morning Walter."  
  
"Get your notice?"  
  
"I did. Listen, can we tear that up? I have my back rent, I just need to cash a check. As soon as I drop off my..." He pauses as Walter smiles vividly at Heidi. Wincing a second he realizes she might be his ace in the hole in keeping the grumpy old man in his pocket.  
  
"Who's the young lady? She staying with you?"  
  
"She is."  
  
"Unless she's family, she signs a lease."  
  
Heidi flares her eyes at Zach then takes the lead, extending her hand toward Walter, "Hi Walter. I'm his daughter Heidi. It's nice to meet you."  
  
Zach swallowed dryly, then went with it, "She decided to camp out with me a few months. I was going to warn you a few days ago but got sidetracked looking for work."  
  
"She's a cutie." Walter winks at Heidi then shakes her hand, going so far as to kiss her knuckle. Heidi wanted to hurl.  
  
"Thank you." She chose to remain chipper until they escaped.  
  
"No lease needed. Maybe she can keep you from losing your happy home."  
  
"That's the plan Walt. I'll stop by with the money later. We both have job interviews. Wish us luck."  
  
"I'm all about getting lucky." He wiggles his brows at Heidi. She merely wagged an index finger at him to behave.  
  
"Running late Pop." She hurried Zach out the front entrance way. Once out of sight she gags, "Now my hand smells like Denture Grip."  
  
"Quick thinking Dove."  
  
"Shut up Dad."  
  
"Kind of funny."  
  
"Yeah? Don't start thinking I'm going to call you Daddy like some chipper airhead."  
  
"If the easy bake oven works Miss Baker."  
  
"Fuck you Tom."  
  
"God I hope so." He chuckled.  
  
"OH MY GOD! I knew I should have went with Herman Munster."  
  
He bit his lip on that reply and marched them out to the parking area. Hopping on his Harley he fires it up and revs it just a bit. He could tell Heidi was nervous. Passing her the helmet, she firsts adjusts her purse over her head so that she didn't lose it. Putting the helmet on she looked around through the tinted visor, "My hair is going to be crushed and sweaty."  
  
"Better than the alternative. That dress is going to rise up the second you straddle the seat."  
  
"Then, keep your eyes on the road Codger, not my G-string." She throws her right leg over the seat and settles in behind him.  
  
"Arms around my waist. Keep your legs away from the tailpipe."  
  
"Easy for you to say." She scoots closer and surrounds his abs with both palms caressing them, chiseled as they were she shivered at their steel hard texture, even through his shirt. Her tits mashing against his back was just plain heavenly, a fair trade of hard and soft to spark their imaginations.  
  
"Tighter." He advises. Suddenly, she lifts her legs and wrapped them around his hips. Her heels lingering over his boy Hardy. He had to laugh. "You really riding like that?"  
  
"Not risking my legs getting burnt. Dammit Tom, I can feel your hard on under my ankle."  
  
"Live with it Kid." He backed out and gunned the bike to the curb, traffic light on the street he made his turn. She held on for dear life and squealed every second of the eighteen minute ride. Traffic was congested long before hitting the interstate around Seattle. At stoplights Zach dared to rub her legs to calm her nerves. Said hand roaming backward up the length of her outer thigh. A car next to them eyed his journey, until Heidi dug her nails into his chest to stop his mischief. He knew he must have been close to that G-string band. She was even struggling to keep her skirt down. From behind drivers saw her butt cheeks. A horn tooting made her laugh. A tilt of his mirror gave him a link up her skirt, damned nice.

"I can't keep my dress down."  
  
"Show off."  
  
"I am. I should have worn something longer."  
  
"Never do that. Live a little Dove."  
  
Traffic moving she pondered his suggestion and clung to him like a second skin. He loved every second of her body against his. He even went so far as to grip her toes and forcefully rub her heel over his erection. She prayed that he wouldn't get them killed. It wasn't as if he could hear her complaints out on the interstate going 70 miles per hour. Oh, she was screaming.  
  
Getting off on the Mall exit ramp, the remaining few minutes he wound past slower traffic and reached the Mall entrance. Idling there in front of the doors he discovered that Heidi was still clingy. Unbuckling her ankles he teases his fingertips from toe all the way up to her hip. Finally, she snaps out of her trauma and slaps his hand. Crawling off slowly, she teetered on the asphalt to regain circulation, her hand holding his shirt to maintain balance. Her skirt was riding all the way up to her sunflower tattoo. He didn't even tell her as she struggled in removing the helmet. People going into the mall chuckled at her bare bottom exposure, her G-string bands lost in her crack. As the helmet came off, sure enough her blond hair was static enemy number one. It was then she heard a whistle behind her.  
  
"Might wanna chill out on the exhibitionist tendency. Mall cops might strip search you."  
  
"SHIT!" She throws the helmet at him then tugs her dress down into proper mode. "That was fucking awesome."  
  
"The guy whistling?"  
  
"Noooooo!" She pelts his shoulder with a fist. "Take me riding again when I'm not late for work."  
  
"Long as you wear dresses like that."  
  
"Whole closet full. Gotta go Dad." She didn't miss a beat, Heidi Baker kissed his cheek and wiggled away. Patting his erection he grit his teeth. Dove...Heidi was just too goddamned sexy.  
  
"Calm down Hardy Boy. Nancy Drew there, is going to say hi to you soon enough. Patience buddy." Melding back into traffic he set a course for job opportunity number one. He hoped this job would pan out, his bike was on fumes. A change jar at home would tide him over as long as he got a paycheck in no less than two weeks.  
  
Within the Mall...  
  
Heidi strutted her stuff like a runway model through the mall's hallway, passing multiple stores and center court vendors. With each store passed by guys checked her out. She knew it, some of them were on her own radar. Those she acknowledged with a wave, or better still, a wink. One of these days one of them was going to ask her on a date. She was not going to be the one asking. Feeling a bit insecure over her static filled hair she found herself using front windows to see what the damage looked like. To her shock it wasn't that bad. She was gorgeous one way or another.  
  
"You still look hot."  
  
Heidi froze at her reflection then turned to her right. Just on the other side of a cardboard cut out of Detective Pikachu stood a tall, lank young man with of all things, a pink mohawk. Otherwise he was pretty snazzy looking in a dress shirt and tie.  
  
"Thanks. First ride on a motorcycle. I had to wear a helmet."  
  
"Ahhh! Yeah! No mercy. Your hair looks nice."  
  
"So does yours. Does mine stand up like yours?" She giggles blushing, "I've never met anyone with a mohawk."  
  
"Your day of firsts then. My name's Weaver. Weaver Kytes." He waves at her with a smirk.  
  
"Hi Weaver." She shyly smiles with a mesmerizing sparkle in her eyes, "I'm Heidi." With their introductions made she uses her thumb to point away from her in the direction of her job, "I'm also late for work. Thanks for the compliment. Stop by Vicki's Secret sometime and say hi."  
  
"Niiiiiiiccccce! You wear the merchandise?"  
  
"Always." She winks and turns away, without looking back she flips up her skirt ever so briefly for a look at her underwear, as if he could see them, it was all heart shaped goodness. "Our secret."  
  
Weaver Kytes nodded with a respected grin, "Sweet ass."  
  
"I know." Heidi never looked back. Her employer was only seven stores away. Regardless she was ten minutes late. Reaching Victoria's she scurried in to face a scowling Manager.  
  
"Ten minutes Heidi?"  
  
"Blame my roommate. He volunteered to bring me to work on his Harley. Traffic sucked."  
  
"Male roommate? Boyfriend?"  
  
"Not even close. The guy was renting out a spare room. It was affordable, so I grabbed it."  
  
"Did you know him prior?"  
  
"Nope. Nice guy though, he looks like Tom Hardy's stunt double."  
  
"Interesting. Did you bother to even check out if he was a felon or something?"  
  
"He's not a felon. At least I don't think he is. I'll ask him tonight. You look nice today Vick." She was only making her feel at ease. "New dress?" Heidi looked over at the tall redhead's black dress that hugged exquisite curves, before ending at her upper thigh. A small cleavage window offered a peek at her 36C's, while her neckline surrounded her throat.  
  
"Old dress, rarely wear it. Your dress is cute too."  
  
"Thanks."  
  
"I can run a background check on him for you, if you want me to."  
  
"I'm good. He's been really cool in the 24 plus hours I've known him. He's a lot older than me so I think he feels as if he's my Dad." She snickers. "Actually, you'll laugh at this but I called him Dad just to avoid his landlord putting me on the lease. Clever I thought."  
  
"That much older?"  
  
"He's 35. Seriously, we get along great." She reflects for only an instant of his jerking off. It gave her goosebumps. Strangely, she hoped that he might do that again. "Get a grip Freak." She told herself. "You know he's going to jerk off every chance he gets."  
  
"Older men are pervy. I should know I'm an older woman. Older men chase after younger girls."  
  
"I can introduce you to Tom."  
  
"His name is Tom?"  
  
"No. That's just what I call him, y'know as in Tom Hardy? His real name is Zach. He's single."  
  
"Just keep your eyes on him, for me."  
  
"Oh, I will." She envisioned his cock, "Your concern is noted Vick. I'll be fine."  
  
"At least get me a picture." Vicki bubbled and put Heidi to work pricing new garments. Boring but it was a paycheck. Heidi concluded that Vicki was less concerned about her well being and more about her own primal needs. If he was a convicted felon Vicki Bishop would probably be all over him. She looked like the type to write someone in prison for kicks. Maybe that was her secret.  
  
Six miles away, Zach Pedigo found his target destination. Just off the interstate in a small industrial park was a warehouse with a huge sign facing the road identifying the place as Teleki's Vinyl Siding and Insulation. Out front were parked some pretty fancy cars considering the occupation. He worried he might be walking into an illegal Chop Shop. An African American woman stood outside smoking a cigarette. A pretty fine woman at that. Rhianna on a good day for certain. She eyed his every move as he left his helmet on his bike and took the walk toward the front door.  
  
"Morning." He opted to convey a greeting.  
  
"Better now." She cast her cigarette butt aside and placed her fingers in both back pockets of her tight blue jean shorts. He presumed that was to show off her dynamite 38E's in that black tank top she was hiding them with. Definitely no bra.  
  
"You work here?"  
  
"Off and on." She sizes him up with serious interest, "My ole' man owns the place. Looking for some home siding?"  
  
"Job hunting actually. I saw a help wanted ad on Craig's List."  
  
"Gotta love Craig." She explores him up with an approving, "MmmMmm!"  
  
"I'm gonna bite my tongue considering I really need work." He chuckles.  
  
"None where I see. You're looking in pretty good shape in all the right places."  
  
Whispering he winks, "I was thinking the same thing."  
  
"You just keep on thinking that way." She winces with a smirk then shakes her tits at him. "Gotta name?"  
  
"Zach. You?"  
  
"Angela. Call me Angel. Come on in Handsome I'll find My Italian Stallion."  
  
"Wasn't that Rocky?"  
  
"My man's name is Rocky." She chuckles, "Follow these." She pats her ass cheeks and opens the front door entering. He followed and tried to keep his eyes up. With a name like Rocky he didn't want a black eye. Inside the main office there was a girl around Heidi's age sitting behind a desk on the phone taking an order by the sound of it. Concluding Angel was around his age, the light skinned girl was most likely her daughter. The girl smiled at Zach and fluttered her fingers, he winked at her without even considering that black eye fear. She was pretty fucking hot like her Mom.  
  
"Rocky's in the shop, come on back Z-Man."  
  
"At least she didn't say C-Man." Zach chuckled thinking of the semen she was most likely hoping for. Angel was certainly trying to keep his attention. Inside were three other men, two black, one white. Each of them checked out Angel with lust. "Yeah, everyone is tapping the bosses wife." Moving around them into the interior of the building supply Angel called out, "Where's my Rock?"  
  
"Back here." A gruff voice came from behind a mountain of stored home siding. Daylight on the horizon behind it she led Zach around to see a back garage door open. A man driving a forklift was loading up siding onto a flatbed semi trailer. Overseeing it was a shorter, chubby man with a goatee holding a clipboard, checking off what was going out the door.  
  
"Hey Baby. Possible new recruit. This is Zach."  
  
"You must be the infamous Rocky." Zach grinned.  
  
"He looks fit." Rocky winced, then looks back at Angel's eyes exploring Zach.  
  
"Don't I know it." She winks at Zach a second time.  
  
"Keep your mitts off my wife."  
  
"Excuse me?" Zach lost expression.  
  
"I see you checking out her fine ass."  
  
"Uhhh! Was I?"  
  
"Don't pay Rocky no mind Sugar. He's just being territorial. Be nice Rock, we need a strong worker."  
  
"No you need a strong..." Rocky bites his tongue as his daughter steps out of the front office and tracks them down.  
  
"Mister Abraham just called about that back order of trim. He says it's on the way from Spokane."  
  
"Thanks Cleo." Rocky notes even his daughter curious over Zach. "Eyes off my kid."  
  
"I think I'll just go." Zach swallowed at Rocky's glare. Danny DeVito was on a warpath.  
  
Angel moved quickly grabbing Zach by the arm laughing, "Relax Handsome. My ole man is just testing your reaction. Don't you go running off."  
  
"Just busting your balls Buddy. I know my wife is hot. Daughter's off limits though. That gets you fired."  
  
"Ummm! I don't work here to even get fired."  
  
"Cleo?" Rocky squints at his daughter, "Take your barely legal behind back to the office."  
  
"Oh my God!" Cleo rolls her eyes before looking at Zach, "Run while you can." She twists in step after a beguiling smirk and scurries away, Zach had to avert his gaze, she was wearing a very short dress. It reminded him of Heidi's. Long muscular legs did not help his struggling eyes.  
  
"I'm considering that."  
  
"Ever work with siding houses?" Rocky enquired.  
  
"Not really. Fast learner though. I just really need a job before I'm living on the street."  
  
"Desperate, huh?" Rocky frowns, "It's your lucky day Buddy, I'm feeling ya."  
  
"So am I." Angel clings to Zach's arm, her right breast rubbing on his bicep. It made him sweat. It was time to stand his ground.  
  
"Hold up." He pulls away from Angel and uses his hand to persuade some distance, "As much as I like the attention, I'm really only here for the job. Can we just get past the sexual harassment stuff?"  
  
Rocky puckered his lower lip, "About time someone set my bitch straight. Put the man on the payroll Angel Soft. You start tomorrow at 8:00 sharp. Don't be a second late."  
  
"Really?" Zach looked surprised. "Thanks Rocky. I can almost hear Eye of the Tiger." He dared to jest.  
  
"Do I look like I run up stadium stairs to you?" Rocky pats his belly.  
  
"How do you keep up with the guy?" Zach chuckles at Angel.  
  
"Mmmm, Honey? How does the guy keep up with me? God love him." Angel reacts with a scowl then slides over to kiss her man. Rocky shocked Zach by dipping Angel and laying a wet one on her like a regular Romeo. In his dip her cleavage brightened up, bulging as if ready to burst free. She was definitely Rihanna with a tad more substance, it was hard not to stare.  
  
"Now that's what I'm talking about." Zach nodded as the lovers broke away breathlessly. Angel fanned her features and smiled up a storm.  
  
"Rock's a sweetheart. Just overlook his overprotective self. Welcome aboard Zach."  
  
"Can ya blame me? Look at that tight ass." Rocky rubs his chin. In response Angel faced her butt toward him and began twerking. Dancing in step behind her Rocky hovered a hand over her cheeks as if music were playing. It was too funny. Finally, Rocky grabs her ass and growls, "Now get back to work. Fuckin' hoochie."  
  
Angel laughed and stepped up to Zach grabbing him by his necktie, "Follow me Stud. Let's get you applicated up all regulation style. Uncle Sam...I didn't say Uncle Tom...might want your tax money."  
  
"Tom again?" Zach chuckled. "Heidi would have cracked up hearing that."  
  
Zach Pedigo had employment, and a hot roommate. Two for two. Maybe his luck was changing. After an hour of filling out papers in a side office with Angel batting her eyes nonstop Zach had to ask, "Are you seriously flirting with me?"  
  
"Oh she is." Came a giggle outside the office door, young Cleo was bored and eavesdropping.  
  
Reacting to the girl Zach leaned over in his chair to see the girl at a filing cabinet. Shared eye contact the golden girl intentionally bends over and touches the tile. Zach saw quickly that the girl was not wearing panties beneath her dress. Even as Cleo grins her Mother scowls at his attention wavering toward her daughter. Angel took that moment to reach out and rub Zach's upper thigh. "She's off limits. I'm not."  
  
"Paycheck only ladies. I don't want to get caught up in any affairs."  
  
"Who has affairs?" Angel winces, "Rocky doesn't mind what I do. Now, his daughter? He might send thugs after you."  
  
"Don't listen to her." Cleo snickers, "Those thugs fuck her more than my dad."  
  
"You hush Cleopatra."  
  
"Seriously? Cleopatra? That's unique." Zach tries to halt Angel just before her caressing fingers reach his bolstered erection. "I'm gonna have to ask you to behave yourself. I need this job, not the headache. Not that I'm not flattered."  
  
"He's got a big dick Cleo." Angel laughs.  
  
"Already guessed that Momma."  
  
"How do you keep employees?" He laughs.  
  
"You really have to ask that Zach?" Angel winks and attempts another seizing of his tented erection.  
  
"Ever had a sexual harassment filed against you?"  
  
"Never ever. Nobody turns me down." Angel boasted with a grin. "Are you turning me down Zach?" She rubs harder, scooting her chair in front of his lap in order to utilize both hands. Leaning over him his eyes lowered to her mounding chest. "See? Zach likes Momma Angel."  
  
"Not saying I don't. I'm just not wanting to lose this job before I start."  
  
"You won't lose your job." Cleo moves to lean against the door frame. "Momma and Daddy have an agreement. They both play around whenever they want."  
  
"Why are you eavesdropping Cleo?"  
  
"Taking pointers so I can grow up to be just like you."  
  
"Don't let your Daddy hear you say that."  
  
"I'm eighteen, I can do whatever I want."  
  
"By three weeks. You need to go back to your desk young lady."  
  
"That's it." Zach stands up and swats Angel's hands away. Moving to the door he stands in front of Cleo with barely an inch between their bodies. Cleo's eyes flared wide at how close he was to her. Zach swallowed looking down at Cleo before shaking his head. She was beautiful, even with that large, loose afro of golden hair. Her big brown eyes were stunning. "If we're going to work together I'll need you to behave Ms. Teleki."  
  
"Which one?" Cleo fanned her features trying to catch her breath.  
  
"Both of you. Look, I'm honored you find me curious but, come on now, let's keep this reasonable. I just need the job."  
  
"You gay Zach?" Angel frowned sitting back in her seat into a slouch, her long dark legs teasing one another with her bare feet, her shoes under her desk.  
  
"Not even close. You're both very attractive ladies, but I..." He lies to save himself, "I have a girlfriend. I won't betray her."  
  
Cleo nibbles her lower lip mesmerized by Zach's muscular chest. There was no stopping the admiration from Mother, or daughter, Mom not happy that her kid was becoming way too much like her but overlooking it. Cleo sighs inhaling his cologne, "You smell really good."  
  
"Thanks. I'll be back tomorrow." Before slipping past Cleo he looks once more at her and shakes his head, "Dress code?"  
  
"Guy-string." Angel chuckles.  
  
"Jeans and a tee it is."  
  
"Bye Zach." Cleo softly sighs.  
  
"See you in the morning Cleo. Thanks for giving me a chance Angel."  
  
"You owe me Handsome."  
  
"Tell Rocky I'm grateful."  
  
Zach struggled with his erection all the way out to his bike, his pants so tight he was in agony. Both of those women were Goddesses. Sadly, he was partial toward Cleo over her mother. Mom wasn't so bad either. Maybe having Heidi as a roommate struck a cord igniting interest in younger women. "Wonder if I should go tell Heidi I got a job? Too much snooping on her at Victoria's?" Helmet on he takes one last look at the front window. Both Angel and Cleo stood there waving. "Unreal! Could prove interesting I'll say that. I better just head home and leave Heidi alone. I don't want her thinking I'm a stalker, especially after last night, and this morning in the bathroom. I should probably chill out a few days and let her get used to me."  
  
Harley in motion, he headed to his bank and deposited her check. Time to pay the landlord and munch on leftover Chinese.  
  
1:00 P.M.  
  
"Hey Slut."  
  
Heidi pivoted in step at the voice of her step sister Kayla. Reacting with a clenched fist Heidi prepared to fight. Laughing at her Kayla pointed at a customer of sorts.  
  
"Brought the Bolly Dolly, huh? Hi Nasty."  
  
"Hello Heidi. I adore this bra." said a cute Hindi girl decked out in black leggings, and a white net like outer shirt, beneath it was a black bra that was completely noticeable. Shoulder less on her left side it still revealed quite a bit of cleavage. Sharing the garment for their inspection she showed off her big brown eyes. Her long black hair tied up atop her head with a white ribbon. Sunglasses on her brow barely hanging on.  
  
"Purple would look really good on you."  
  
"I will buy this."  
  
"Matching panties?"  
  
"I do not wear panties."  
  
"Of course not." Heidi chuckles, "India sent exposure?"  
  
"I do not understand."  
  
"Yes you do Ho Bag." Kayla busted up.  
  
"I am naïve."  
  
"NOT!" Kayla rolls her eyes then looks at her sister, "Lunch?"  
  
Heidi fidgets, "I ran late today. Might skip lunch."  
  
"Ohhhhhhhh no! I wanna hear why you didn't come home last night. You fuck Zach?" Kayla winced playfully.  
  
"Noooo! Really Kayla? I'm not going there..." Heidi frowned, "He did jerk off though."  
  
"WHOAAAAAAA!"  
  
Nastiya Iyamahorr quickly shuffled to their side, eyes like saucers, "I would like to hear of this."  
  
"You would, Skank." Heidi chuckled, "What's to say? We ate Chinese and he jerked off."  
  
"You watched him?" Kayla couldn't believe what she was saying.  
  
"No. I turned my back to him." She pauses, "He did toss his sweatpants over my head. Gross, so gross. I let him do it, but I went to bed. It was too late to catch a bus." That was all Heidi was willing to indulge. It was better not to tell her sister about Zach cumming in the darkness of her bedroom, over her tits. Even though Kayla knew of her stepsister's obsessions it was just safer to keep things quiet for the moment. Heidi could not grasp why she let that even occur. Nor, was she going to mention the shower situation. Although, hiding Zach's dick size was pure torture.

Kayla glared at her sister expecting more. When nothing else was shared, she changed the subject, "Did he ask about me?"  
  
"Not really. We just talked and ate takeout. He told me about his Asian ex-wife. Oh, he's also from Vancouver like us."  
  
"Cool. Dad filled his truck up with gas, so we're good to finish your move."  
  
"Awesome. I need to figure out where to get a bed. I really don't want to crash on the carpet."  
  
"My Father is throwing out a futon mattress." Nasty spoke up, "He and my Mommah broke the futon."  
  
"Karma Slutra gone wild?" Heidi ribbed the girl.  
  
"Perhaps that is truth. I did hear them wrestling in the middle of the night."  
  
"I thought you Indians were all into meditation." Heidi peaked an eye brow, "Sure I'll take the mattress. It's better than nothing."  
  
"I will ask Poppah. I am quite certain he will let you have it."  
  
"Can we swing by your temple and grab it while we have Peck's truck?"  
  
"Let me call Poppah and ask. You may ring up my bra."  
  
"I can't wait to flirt with Tom again." Kayla smirks excitably.  
  
"Who is this Tom?" Nasty lifts her cell to her ear calling her dad. "Is your new roommate not named Zach?"  
  
"Her roomie looks like Tom Hardy."  
  
"He calls me Dove Cameron." Heidi adds.  
  
"Was it Dove at first sight?" Nasty giggles.  
  
"You're a riot Bengal Tigger."  
  
Before another round of banter, Nasty acknowledges her father on the other end of her cell and steps away from conversation. Protecting herself from her father's scrutiny should he overhear anything remotely sexual.  
  
"You don't want me flirting with Tom?" Kayla asks without expression.  
  
"I don't care. Do what you want."  
  
"Do you think he would jerk off in front of us tonight?"  
  
"You maybe. He drops his pants I'm locking myself in my bedroom."  
  
"You don't want to watch him?"  
  
"No, I don't want to give him any ideas. Just roommates Kayla."  
  
"So I can seduce him?"  
  
"If he's game, he's all yours. I know you though...you'd chicken out."  
  
"No I wouldn't." Grimacing Kayla knew that she might.  
  
"Poppah has agreed to give you the mattress. Kayla and I will go get it before we pick you up from work." Nasty interrupts.  
  
"You're coming over too?"  
  
"I would see Tom Hardy's cock."  
  
"Oh my God! You two are..."  
  
"So are you. Don't bullshit me Heidi. I know you wanted to watch him last night. You just chickened out."  
  
"No I didn't. I just don't want him to think I'm interested in more. This is my first roommate situation I don't need it to have strings attached."  
  
"Mom is not happy you rented a room from an old guy."  
  
"She will get over it. Does Mom know his name?"  
  
"Nope! She refuses to even go see the place." Kayla frowns.  
  
A cleared throat in the distance heard, Heidi looks back at her boss Vicki pointing at a customer. "I need to go guys. I'm off at 5:00. Meet you out front by the JCPenis entrance."  
  
"Lunch time Nasty."  
  
"Don't eat each other." Heidi chuckles as Nasty batts her eyes.  
  
"I am open to exploration."  
  
"Not this lifetime Bombay." Kayla puts her palms up defensively.  
  
"It is called Mumbai, now."  
  
"Well, MumBAI BYE for now." Heidi chides her friend then offers her service to an obvious lesbian couple. Nasty had Vicki ring up her purple bra. Kayla while waiting explored lingerie, nothing much caught her eye, in her self esteem struggle she felt that nothing would make her look sexy. The rest of the day was boring. Heidi could not wait to go home. As much as she lied to her sister, she too rather missed Zach. There was just something about the man.  
  
"Ha! I forgot to tell them about the landlord thinking I'm Tom's daughter. Too funny."  
  
5:18 P.M.  
  
Zach Pedigo had spent the remainder of his day running around as much as his gas allowed. Tank running dangerously low he made a pitstop to see his parents Randy and Darla Pedigo in their quaint three bedroom house in the burbs. The excitement of a new job led to a late lunch of grilled cheese and freshly squeezed lemonade. In that visit he refrained from mentioning Heidi because that just brought on his Mother wishing he would grant her at least one grandchild before her passing, a subject he just did not want to hear. Randy, his father was less the whiner and always had his son's back. Before leaving for home Randy snuck a hundred dollar bill into Zach's shirt pocket. Zach short of funds accepted it after mowing their yard like a good son. That at least granted him a tank of gas and enough for a few groceries to survive upon, saving his change jar for absolute necessity. Hugs and kisses later Zach headed home.  
  
By 7:00 he had showered up and was back in relaxation mode. Realizing he didn't even have Heidi's cell number he worried a bit, almost as if she had changed her mind, cancelled her check, and ran for the hills. If that happened, it was game over, he would not get paid for at least three weeks. Bad enough he wanted to ask his parents for a loan but pride prevented it. A hundred bucks was enough in his dire moment. Nearing their retirement years he didn't like borrowing from them. Being an only child meant respect.  
  
Anticipation brewing Zach was already in his sweat pants, no underwear, no shirt. He knew Kayla was fond of his muscles and the thoughts of teasing her like he had Heidi had already activated Hardy, the new nickname for his nearly nine inch monster. Turning on his stereo for atmosphere he popped in a mixed cd of metal bands. Some old, some more current. His collection of mixed music was at the mercy of an old friend whom lived for the music scene. Seattle once known as Grunge was a staple for metal bands. Zach in his younger days having ran as a roadie for said friend Nico, short for Nicholas Bellamy. Now the proud owner of a small studio that looked after newer bands, nurturing their evolution.  
  
Revving up some old AC/DC he decided to stretch out on the floor next to the stereo and do some sit ups. Even at home he did his best to workout regularly. While singer Brian Johnson wailed to Back in Black, Zach maintained his exercise regiment. With his jams clouding his hearing he hadn't heard the front door being unlocked. In stepped Heidi, Kayla, and Nastiya carrying boxes. Lost in his world of push ups now, left him at the mercy of their eyes checking out his tight ass and firm musculature. Kayla nearly dropped her box. Nastiya had her jaw wide at the second his arms lifted himself high then lowered.  
  
"I would much like to be under him at this time." She whispered to Heidi.  
  
"Dare ya." Heidi snickered. Nasty was tempted but shied away. Chuckling, Heidi sat her box down and moved between the sofa and coffee table to stand in front of Zach in his rise and fall. Looking up spotting her legs he hesitated, playing ignorant of her arrival. Crouching in front of him snapping her fingers she got his full attention, even as his eyes were drawn under her skirt and locked on to her panties. She knew, she let him get a good look before saying. "Little help here."  
  
Cancelling his workout session he rose up on his knees and moved sideways to lower the volume of his stereo. "Welcome home. I was beginning to wonder if you changed your mind."  
  
"Nope. Stuck with me for awhile. You pay Walter yet?"  
  
"Shit! I forgot. I'll catch him in the morning."  
  
"Hi Zach." Kayla could not hide any longer. Looking behind him he discovers Kayla in a black stretchy mini skirt and a peach colored halter top. Not only that but a newcomer who stood trembling with an unblinking gaze. Nasty was in awe of his stature.  
  
"Evening. I didn't know Priyanka Chopra was in town." He winks at Nastiya.  
  
"He thinks I look like Priyanka." Nasty bubbles looking at Kayla.  
  
"You kinda do, only a miniature version." Kayla agreed. "HEY! Everyone here looks like a famous actor. Who am I dammit?"  
  
Everyone mulls it over a bit, Heidi standing back up, "I always thought you favored Barney the Dinosaur."  
  
"Bitch."  
  
"I think you look as if Katy Perry." Nasty smiles, "Only...more curvy."  
  
"I can live with that."  
  
Zach climbs to his feet standing tall in his 6'2 stature and sizes Kayla up, "I can see Zooey Deschanel behind those goggles."  
  
"I can't see without my glasses." Kayla pouts.  
  
"Not knocking them." He chuckles, "They fogging up?"  
  
"Noooo!"  
  
"Help us carry things in. Nasty got me a futon mattress."  
  
"Nasty?" He winces.  
  
"That would be me. I am Nasty."  
  
"It's really Nastiya." Kayla grins, "We just call her Nasty. You should hear her last name."  
  
"Oh yeah?"  
  
"It's Iyamahorr. Like I am a whore." Heidi laughs as Nasty stood with pride.  
  
"No kidding." Zach shook his head, uncertain if they were pulling his leg.  
  
"It is true. I am."  
  
"A whore?"  
  
"No. My name. You think I am a whore?"  
  
"Wouldn't look at you any differently than I am now."  
  
Behind him Heidi was mouthing the words, "Hard on." and pointing at his waist. All eyes dropped to check it out. "Happy to see us Tom?"  
  
"You know it. Let's get your stuff inside."  
  
"I was thinking the same thing." Kayla whimpered biting a nail. She needed sex badly, if not certain whether she could go through with it if he did offer, but kept it to herself outside of flirtations. She would be happy just to get a peek at that tented erection. Zach knew the girls were admiring it, he loved every second of their torture.  
  
"Lead the way Dove." He motions with a palm.  
  
"Save that palm for later Tomcat."  
  
"Excuse me?"  
  
"High five." She chuckled and headed for the door. There was that exquisite wiggle. A mighty erection just jumped higher. High five indeed, the other four joining in. Following Heidi, with Kayla, and Nasty exploring his own masculine butt, it became a conga line without the use of hands, even though they wanted to touch him. He found their young lust amusing. At his age that made him feel like God.  
  
Outside, in the parking lot this time, Zach was led to a small pickup truck, an older model blue Chevy S-10, it was pretty rough looking. Boxes slung on top of the futon mattress to hold it down were removed. Each of the girls grabbing one box each, Zach picked up the mattress and hurled it over his head. In stretching, his sweats sagged lower on his hips, slipping dangerously low on his pelvic region. He ignored it knowing the girls were checking out potential pubes if the sweatpants fell much lower, in behind his butt crack was shining as well.  
  
"Following the leader Tom." Heidi laughed as even she enjoyed that cracks reveal. Nobody even bothered to put up the tailgate.  
  
"Someone getting the door?" He blindly marched ahead, the mattress flopping about being so pliable obstructed his vision a bit.  
  
"Got it." Kayla danced ahead of him and sat her box down to open the door. Her jaw dropped at his lower abs. "I so got it." She exhaled under her breath as he entered carefully. Heidi rolling her eyes at her sister followed behind Zach. Snatching up her box Kayla joined in behind as the door closed. On the outside Nasty pouted, "HEY!" A swift nudge by Kayla reopened the door, only long enough to let the Hindi beauty in. She felt left out.  
  
Dropping the mattress against the hallway wall Zach opened his apartment door for Heidi. Stepping by him her eyes lowered to his waistband, "Might wanna pull those up before Kayla attacks you." Smirking at her he ignored her suggestion and held the door for the girls, Kayla and Nasty both looking down at his revealed flesh. Let them drool he thought. Once they were all inside and setting boxes down in her bedroom he drug the mattress into the apartment. Kayla opted to assist him in getting it to Heidi's room, where Heidi was already bunching up her sheets and blankets in order to lay the mattress out. Zach rubbed his chin as she bent over right in front of his tent.  
  
"Drop a load Tom." She looked over her shoulder before standing up and moving out of his way. Chuckling with a glint of unbelievable in his expression he folded the mattress out and used his bare foot to even out the folded edges. Heidi had a bed. Excited by it she changed her tune swiftly, "Everyone out so I can change clothes."  
  
The girls took that opportunity to grab Zach by his hands and escort him from her room. Before he even turned in the hallway, Heidi had her dress off and stood in her cute bra and panties. Smirking at her reflection in her upright mirror she picked up her small box of shampoo and hygiene products. Without getting dressed she leaves her room and heads into the bathroom. Zach only caught a glimpse of her in transit while the other girls drew him toward the sofa.  
  
"Take a seat Zach." Kayla placed him right in the middle of the couch. Nasty plopped down hip to hip at his left, Kayla his right. Slapping her palm on his leg Kayla smiles warmly, "I like your taste."  
  
"You haven't tasted me." He laughs.  
  
"No moron! Your taste in music. My Dad plays this stuff at his tattoo parlors. He's into hair bands."  
  
"Show's he has taste too."  
  
"I haven't tasted him either." She chuckles, "Well, not true I guess I licked his cheek once just to cheer him up. After he and Heidi's mom split up."  
  
"Wait! I thought you lived with her mom."  
  
"I do. My real mom ran off and left me with dad when I was young. Heidi's mom is the only mom I really knew."  
  
"That's sad. You and Heidi have similar stories then. Her real dad was missing from her life since before she was born I heard. Sorry to hear that."  
  
"About all I get are birthday cards. She calls me once a year around the holidays. She lives in Montana now, hooked up with a lumberjack."  
  
"Lots of wood over there."  
  
"Not funny. Lots of wood in this room." She chuckles eying his tree trunk reaching for the sky beneath a canvas of navy blue sweatpants. "Anyway, cool tunes."  
  
"I too like the rock hard." Nasty beguiles him with a perfection of pearly white teeth, her most amazing brown eyes thriving without blinks.  
  
"Heidi said you bought Chinese last night."  
  
"Your sister didn't lie. I did."  
  
Overhearing them Heidi ducks her upper body around the bathrooms threshold clinging to the trim, toothbrush in her hand, Pepsodent frothing her lips. Zach notes her reaction as she offers up, "Noodles were tough." Her hand motion severing her neck led Zach to conclude she didn't want him to admit her Lady and the Tramp routine. "Tasteless too." A toothpaste tongue razzes Zach just before she retreats back inside to rinse.  
  
"I didn't think they were that bad."  
  
Kayla grows suspicious at how Heidi snuck into their conversation as she had. Especially after telling she and Nasty of Zach's masturbation. There was more to the story for certain. "Okay! What's up?" She winces then points at Zach's erection, "Besides that thing."  
  
"No idea what you're talking about." She shrugs with a pucker as his penis twitches.  
  
"It is alive." Nasty shares with a look of awe. "It moves on it's own."  
  
Zach scowls shaking his head, "Why are you ladies so interested in something that you shouldn't be?"  
  
"My fault Tom." He hears Heidi from the bathroom.  
  
"Yeah, I think it's time I put on some pants." He lifts from the sofa, mid stance when both Kayla and Nasty reach out in a panic to grab Zach by the waistband of his sweats. He heard a very fearful union of two upset voices rallying, 'NOOOO!" In his upward retreat the added weight of hands tugging, yanked his sweats down revealing most of his tightly muscled ass. If he hadn't grabbed the front, his sweats would have been lost. Looking over his shoulder he creased a brow as both girls offered a worried reaction, their eyes both lowering as one to get a look at his bare bottom. Regardless they refused to let them go. Growling under his breath Zach Pedigo stood idle and let them stare.  
  
"Get back here." Kayla blushed yet laughed at their actions.  
  
Nasty in her shy grin concurred with, "Yes, you must be seated. A very nice seat it is."  
  
Listening from the bathroom, Heidi, now removing her makeup steps into the hallway to watch the battle being waged. Zach even in his trapped resistance notes Heidi in only her bra and panties. Still wiping her face she sighs, "No escape Old Man. You might as well get used to this kind of stuff. Sit down and give them a show like you tried to do me. At least they might watch you."  
  
"WHAT?" He panicked for all of thirty seconds then laughs, "She told both of you?"  
  
"It slipped." Heidi shuffles closer until Kayla could see her sister standing in her next to nothing undies. Jaw dropping further at the sight of so much skin Kayla looked at Nasty, who followed her gaze in looking around Zach's hip.  
  
"Damn Heidi! Feeling right at home?"  
  
"This is my home now." Heidi giggled, "Might as well be comfy. Right, Tom?"  
  
Zach gave up and fell back into the couch cushion between the girls. In his return he ended up sitting bare assed on the cushion with his sweats wrinkled up under him. He still held the front of his sweats in a modest reaction. Having released his waistband both Kayla and Nasty reposition on their legs to face Zach. They looked expectant.  
  
"Whip it out Codger. You know you want to." Heidi persisted with one knee on the coffee table, still wiping away makeup on an alcohol pad. Zach ignored the beauties to his left and right, choosing to take in Heidi instead. He was recalling her nudity earlier in the day and envisioning that bra and panties being taken off seductively. His dick was having fits.  
  
"You watching too?" He found himself considering it.  
  
"Naaa! Gotta pluck my eyebrows next. You three have fun." Heidi then twisted in step to face the stereo as a new song stimulated her attentions. It was Motley Crue's Kickstart My Heart. "OH MY GOD! I LOVE THIS SONG." Bending over to turn up the volume, her ass danced to the beats. In that simple moment Zach Pedigo lost all control and ruffled his sweats down to his feet and kicked them off, his right foot utilized as if kickstarting his Harley. The girls burst out into uncontrolled laughter. Flopping back into a slouch Zach ignored the girls. His sole focus was that absolutely perfect milky white bottom dancing with her back to his exploits. Gripping his mighty 8.6, he began stimulating his beast, Kayla and Nasty giddy at his decision to show off for them, their gaze glued to penis.  
  
"Holy crap Zach!" Kayla shuddered, "Your dick is enormous."  
  
Nastiya couldn't agree more as she fans her features, "If I should faint use CPR if you please."  
  
Knuckling up Zach enjoyed Heidi's bouncing about using a TV remote as her microphone, to sing along with Vince Neil. Whiplash hips allowed glimpses between her ass crack, her G-string band becoming visible off and on in her zest. For the most part it was still hidden amid paradise. His hand was coaxed into a full throttle exhaustion just watching her hair flip about. He wished she would hop up on the coffee table like a stripper and lose her underwear.  
  
Heidi knew very well what Zach was thinking. Tempted to do just that, she forced herself to play hard to get. It wasn't like she really wanted to fuck the old guy, she just liked torturing him. It was a passion of hers to tease men no matter who they were. Zach was just too easy. Sure she was wet. Sure she was extremely turned on, yet she didn't want to shed light too much on that fact. Not really knowing her new roommate did nag at her a bit. His actions last night and earlier in the morning kept her on her toes. Too much interaction might get her raped. So, why wasn't she slowing her game? Should this game go too far, things could get ugly. Was it really worth the risk to have her own place? As the song slowed up she chose a hasty retreat. Remote placed on the stereo she shuffled away as if he were not even there. Zach grumbled at her loss.  
  
For long minutes he stared at the bathroom door, hearing the shower activate. His driven attention was quickly rewarded. Having disrobed for her shower Heidi realized her towel was still in her bedroom, too which she just paraded right out of the bathroom and crossed the hall in all of her succulent glory. Returning with the towel she held it to her chest and stuck her tongue out at Zach before entering the bath, then her heated shower. He knew that she wouldn't be back. Therefore, it was time to enjoy those who were left behind.

A snapped glance at Nasty found the girl caressing her modest cleavage, her eyes sparkling at his cock's magnificent stature. A second trip visual toward Kayla found her less entranced, she captured his eyes looking at her and spoke up, "I love watching you Zach. This is sooo hot."  
  
"You two gonna drop by more often?" He smirked yet studied their reactions.  
  
Kayla nibbling a nail nodded, "If you do this every time. Heck, I might move in too."  
  
"Oh yeah? How about you Baby Priyanka?" He turns to Nasty.  
  
"I am moist wet right now."  
  
"Most wet?" He corrects her while chuckling.  
  
"Of that too." She squirms in her seat.  
  
"Not what I asked, but good for you. You should be." He pauses to rub Nasty's kneecap making her blush. Hand remaining there he turns his head to Kayla, "I could use some inspiration."  
  
"Like what?" Kayla grew flushed.  
  
"Rub my chest and abs.'  
  
"I can do that." Kayla leans in nervously and plants her right palm over his heart and begins a timid caress. He notes her large amount of cleavage crushing together in her repositioning.  
  
Almost jealous, Nasty gravitates her own hand toward his abs but refrains from contact. Seeing her self doubt Zach coaxes her in, "Don't miss out. Get in there Nasty girl." She flared her eyes and took a deep breath. Once contact was made she whimpered toward Kayla. Kayla shared in her emotional orgasm. His muscles were as hard as his cock. Stormed by the sensations of their timid palms Zach stretched back and took both arms with him. Planting both forearms behind his head he merely sat there, his dick unattended to. The girls lost in just his muscles hadn't noticed right off. As long as they touched him his dick was not going down. The music now playing Skid Row's 18 and Life made him enjoy the life these younger ladies had to offer. They might not be 18, but close enough, Heidi the nearest at 19.  
  
"Why don't you two snuggle up to me." He lures them in, unlocking his arms to reel them under his armpits until their heads lay on his shoulders, their bodies firmly pressed into his ribs, and hips. Arms holding them closely they coo and continue rubbing his chest and abs. Both girls found a strange relaxation within his body heat. Nasty shocked him more than Kayla, her fingers moving dangerously low into pubic territory, nails tangling between her frolicking. A chill overtook Zach and both girls felt him tremble.  
  
"Are we giving you the willies?" Kayla whispered.  
  
"Just loving this bonding session. You gals smell good."  
  
Both girls expel their thanks, replying with, "You smell good too."  
  
"This is relaxing ladies. I think I'm just as happy doing this as getting off."  
  
Sighing at his comment Nasty exhaled on his chest, her warm breath making Zach close his eyes to bask in it. "I bought a new bra today."  
  
"You did? Wearing it?" He tilts his chin to glance down at her beauty, her eyes lifting to receive his gaze. Nodding only she nestled closer. "You wanna show it too me?"  
  
"Yes." Without lifting away she merely lifts her outer shirt up and flashes her left cup to him.  
  
"Purple, nice. Matching panties?"  
  
"I do not wear panties."  
  
"Free spirit, eh?" He turns his chin toward Kayla and inhales her scented hair, "How about you? I know you're not wearing a bra, those nipples give you away."  
  
Peering up at him she smiles contently, "I hate bras. I'm the polar opposite of Nasty. I wear panties."  
  
"Show me." He winks.  
  
"Okay." Kayla peels away whining at her momentary loss of his flesh. Lifting up in her seat she drags her stretchy mini skirt clear up to her waist and stretches her legs out a bit. A nearly transparent red G-string revealed itself, a thin patch of pubic hair lifted it from her skin. It was something else that caught his eye though.  
  
"Is that a flower tattoo rising out of your pubes?"  
  
"You noticed." She smiles, "It's a red rose."  
  
He fidgeted a moment recalling Heidi's sunflower tattoo in the same location. Without admitting he had seen Heidi's flower he puckered, "That's different. Looks cute."  
  
"My dad did it. I know it's weird. I asked him to do it."  
  
"I have a flower too." Nasty admits as her fingers tease his pubes.  
  
"You do? Is this some crazy cult thing?" He chuckles.  
  
"No. All of us girls did it. It's kind of our commitment as friends. We're like a floral arrangement." Kayla nestles back under his arm and begins rubbing his chest again. "Your dick looks really lonely Zach."  
  
"He is. We'll get to him soon enough. You gonna show me that flower Nasty?"  
  
"I am most shy." She winces blushing. Kayla merely rolled her eyes knowing that was a bold faced lie. Nastiya Imyamahor was definitely not shy. A good actress maybe.  
  
"Oh come on now. No reason to be shy. Just look at me. I'm the one totally naked."  
  
"If I must." She tugs a lock of his pubic hair giggling. Sitting up she moves both hands to the waistband of her black leggings and tugs them lower. Her hips revealed silky soft smoked flesh all the way down to her tiny speck of raven pubes. Stemming from the hair was a beautiful white orchid. A glimpse of her clitoral area popped free in her tilt to let him see the flower.  
  
"That's gorgeous. Maybe I should get a flower tattoo." He chuckles looking at Kayla, "What do you think? Should I get a Sequoia tree?"  
  
"That is not a flower." Nasty giggles. "You already have a tree. A very nice trunk if I may say."  
  
"Guess I do."  
  
"That would make you look feminine." Kayla lowered her fingers toward his pubes now that Nasty had removed hers. Pinching them lightly she sighs, "Zach?"  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"You're really hairy."  
  
"Teddy bear?"  
  
"Tommy bear."  
  
"Never going to live down this Tom thing am I? I guess I'm just as guilty, I named my dick Hardy."  
  
The girls snickered at his admission. Kayla nuzzled her cheek into his chest and sighed vividly, "Tom?"  
  
"Yeah?" He laughed tilting his chin to peer at her fingers entangled in his hair.  
  
"Make Hardy cum for us."  
  
"Yes. He must." Nasty left her leggings lowered and hugged up to his side. Draping his arm over her tiny frame he planted his left hand on her bare hip, lightly rubbing it. Not wanting Kayla to feel left out his right hand lowered over her and caressed her waistline as well, fingers pinching at her G-string band gently snapping her with it, the intimacy of it asked her to snuggle even closer with a tender whimper. He had both girls where he wanted them, their eyes locked on to his beast raising hell for being ignored. As they rubbed him he made his cock twitch about.  
  
"See? I did not lie. It is alive." Nasty points a finger toward Hardy, without lifting her hand away.  
  
"He's just jealous is all. Hardy feels left out with all these hands in motion up North."  
  
"I think it's funny you calling it Hardy." Kayla sighs.  
  
"Blame your sister for making me name the big fella."  
  
"She's getting to you isn't she?"  
  
"Pretty girl your sister. You're all beautiful. Why do you think Hardy is so riled up?"  
  
"I'm fat." Kayla pouts. In response Zach hugs her to his side and rubs her arm.  
  
"Don't think like that. I felt plenty of muscle in that hip. Sure, there's room for improvement but you are far from fat."  
  
"You're just saying that."  
  
"If I were repulsed by you, would you be laying here with your skirt up to your waist? You're perfect as you are."  
  
"You find me attractive?" She stirs attempting eye contact.  
  
"Very much."  
  
"What of me?" Nasty shifts her gaze higher seeking fulfillment.  
  
"You both make that dick stay rock hard. He's there just for you."  
  
"And, for Heidi?"  
  
"She doesn't seem interested in it."  
  
"Whatever." Kayla rolls her eyes. "She lives to make guys hard."  
  
"Oh yeah? Do tell."  
  
"She's crazy hot Zach."  
  
"I suppose."  
  
"You jerked off in front of her before you even got to know her. That shows her effect on a guy."  
  
"That and maybe I just needed to get off. It's been awhile. As much as I say I'm no pervert I guess that's lie. Look at me right now. I barely know you two even. Still, I'm very attracted to both of you."  
  
"It's because we're young and you like young girls."  
  
"I like older girls too. That isn't even a thing. But, yeah, you little hotties do get me warmed up." His dick dances to their fascinations once again. "Just know this, I would never hurt any of you, least of all my roommate. You have my word."  
  
"You better not...or I'll have to choke this." Kayla couldn't resist her desires any longer, braving the unknown she reaches out swiftly and grips his cock.  
  
"Well now!" He nods his approval, "Moving right along. I get the idea Zooey."  
  
"Zooey?"  
  
"You look like Zooey Deschanel remember?"  
  
"Oh yeah." She smugly grins. "The New Girl."  
  
"Why don't you show Hardy there who's boss." He winks at her as her eyes bulge.  
  
"You want me to...jerk you off?"  
  
"You're the one threatening me. Make me well aware you mean business." Another pat to her hip gave her goosebumps.  
  
"I...I've only given one hand job ever. It didn't go so well. He got spooked by my Dad and ran off. He never came around again after that." She pouts heavily. "Not the guy I had sex with, another guy. No hand job with him though." She felt compelled to explain her entire sex life in one brief statement.  
  
"Give it a shot. Practice makes perfect. You can come by and practice on me anytime you want."  
  
"I can?"  
  
"What of me?" Nasty pats his abs, using her nails to get his attention.  
  
"Oh, you're going to be trouble aren't you?" He winces playfully.  
  
"Much trouble." She digs her nails into his pubes making him flinch. In his mind he wanted to fuck the holy hell out of this sexy Hindi. Moving his hand from her hip and under her ass he pinches her left cheek. Shrieking with giggles she lifts up and flares her big brown orbs.  
  
"Why don't you help out Kayla."  
  
"Me? I have never...I must learn." Total lie, She greedily swoops in over Kayla's hand and shares in gripping his cock. Her reaction was priceless, "It is most throbbing."  
  
"Hardy's way of saying welcome to his world. Have at it ladies. Show me what you've got."  
  
As he observes them stroking him slowly he realizes a rawness brewing. "Take turns spitting on it. The skin is getting raw and needs some lubrication."  
  
Eying each other, the girls wince at the thought of spit. Finally, Nasty leans closer, calling on her throat to produce saliva. Hovering over his crown a mere inch above, she releases a droplet of spit. With her own hand Nasty rubs it in and looks to Zach for affirmation that she did it correctly. "Perfect. Your turn Hotstuff." He eyes Kayla who grits her teeth at the prospect. Taking a deep breath she makes a raspy noise, seconds later she leans over his mushroom and literally touches her lips against his urethra and spilled well formed droplets on it. Moving away just as quickly she rubs her saliva in, the girls competing to stroke him harder. Having had her lips on his crown Kayla turned beet red and had a hard time looking at Zach.  
  
Cupping her chin in his fingers Zach winked at her, her eyes finally braving his. "Even more perfect." He whispers. She shyly smiles and tries to enjoy herself. Between the two girls they were giggle boxes.  
  
While the two beauties entertained themselves Zach heard the water shut off in the bathroom. Settling back even further he props his feet up on the coffee table. The girls were doing a great job of circulating his blood flow. Returning his arms behind his head as a pillow he huffed, "Work that Motherfucker." With his hands missing from their flesh the girls fawned over Hardy more seductively, doing their best to get into a perfected rhythm between two separate grips. Their giggling had relaxed, becoming more dedicated to making Zach happy. Although, he loved what they were doing, his eyes were focused on the bathroom door. He just knew Heidi was going to step out before he shot his load. At least he hoped so.  
  
Songs changing again, the music ramped up with Rob Zombie's Never Gonna Stop. As if cued the bathroom door flew open and out ran Heidi Lynn Baker in her tied towel. Her excitement led her back into the living room. "OHHHHH MY GOD! I LOVE ROB ZOMBIE." Her bouncing about sent her into a wet hair whip that showered rain drops toward the girls and Zach. Pelting them they all laughed.  
  
"Dance bitch." Kayla chuckled.  
  
Nasty nodded in unison, "Yes! Show off your booty." Zach couldn't agree more. He prayed that towel would fall away, leaving her nude and teasing him hard. The girls could tell by his throbbing that her arrival made him even more excited. The thrill gave them the desire to increase their efforts.  
  
Heidi reclaimed the TV remote microphone and turned to face Zach for the first time. Eying him she winked then climbed up on the coffee table just as he had fantasized. "Sing it girls." She barked to get them motivated.  
  
"NEVER GONNA STOP, YEAH! NEVER GONNA STOP."  
  
The hand motions were not stopping. Neither was Heidi's alluring performance. Using her toes she kicks Zach's feet off of her stage and really starts moving. Turning around again Heidi bends over in front of him and lets him see her ass, her tight clam peeking at him as she danced. Huffing his lust over it he said, "Harder you bitches." The girls doubled their efforts which included two more hands. Nasty's hands being tiny allowed room for both hands on his thick girth. Kayla's remaining hand went down to his balls and squeezed them. That sent Zach slouching even further back. "FUUUUCCCCKK!" He roared at their efforts.  
  
"NEVER GONNA STOP, YEAH! NEVER GONNA STOP." They sang along again.  
  
Heidi untied her towel but gripped it in both hands and fanned it out like wings, blocking his view of her backside. Nude in front it was taunting his imagination. Even the girls whistled at Heidi.  
  
"How's it coming back there Tom?" Heidi kept her gaze forward.  
  
"Turn around and find out for yourself." He snarled, really close to detonation.  
  
"Don't wanna see it. Song's almost over Tom. Better hurry."  
  
"He is almost there." Nasty informs them.  
  
"Cum on Tom." Kayla inspires his quaking body. "Give it to us."  
  
"DON'T STOP." He rallies loudly.  
  
"NEVER GONNA STOP, YEAH! NEVER GONNA STOP." They laugh singing the last chorus. In his final seconds Heidi turns around and hurls her wet towel over his head. His cock explodes missiles into the air and his hips rise high. The girls just kept stroking him harder and harder trying for further missiles, his growls loud and exhausting. Removing the towel from his obstructed vision he found Heidi long gone. Only Nasty and Kayla were still there slowing up to squeeze his cock dry of final eruptions. Their hands wet and slippery they show him his dirty work.  
  
"You are most milky." Nasty snickers.  
  
"Does a body good I hear." He exhales, his chest rising and falling swiftly, "Try it."  
  
Shaking their heads at tasting him both girls use Heidi's towel to dry off. Instead they gravitate back under his arms and lay there comforting him. Kayla first to ask, "How did we do?"  
  
All he could do was sigh and hug them tighter to his side. As they did Nasty took it upon herself to kiss him on the cheek. He smiled brightly. Kayla took it further and kissed his chest. This made Zach palm the back of her head and grip her by the hair. Tugging her away he draws her to his face and kisses her on the lips. A hesitation to gasp Kayla enjoyed his attention, her hand returning to caress his chest. Seeing Kayla's enjoyment Nasty shrugged and kissed his chest as well, multiple times, nuzzling amid his chest hair. His other hand palmed her hair just as he had Kayla's. This time though he encouraged Nasty to kiss lower, knowing cum had shot all over his lower abdomen. She didn't resist. Kissing over his pubes she felt wetness on her chin and right cheek. She accepted it with a deafening sigh. From there Zach removed his hand, curious if she would lift away or remain there. Nasty remained, teasing his cock with a fingernail up and down just to watch Hardy react. It amused her.  
  
Frenching Kayla his retrieved hand found Kayla's right breast. Squeezing it she moaned into his mouth and palmed his face, absorbing his attachment. While blinded by the two beauties Heidi returned wearing a new blue G-string, and a cut off t-shirt exposing everything below her 38D's. Only Nasty saw her moving about as she continued toying with Zach's cock.  
  
Music silenced Heidi switches CD's for one of her own and hits play. Once the song started she walked around the coffee table and stood between Zach's legs. Sitting on the table she scoots back, propping her feet up on Zach's knees. The song began and it attracted everyone's attentions. The song was Hailee Steinfeld's Love Myself.  
  
"Hi Tom." She looked him in the eye as he and Kayla parted lips. "Do you know what this song is about?"  
  
"Never heard it before." He listens intently as he watches Heidi slide her fingers beneath her G-string to rub her pussy. Not once did he see it due to her hand in the way. Instead like he and his sweatpants, her G-string became tented by embedded fingers.  
  
"It's about a woman who only needs herself. Self satisfaction."  
  
"Ah!" He nods with a pucker.  
  
"I need you Tom." Kayla nuzzles his ear.  
  
Lowering his gaze to Nasty she turns her cheek enabling her to look up at him, her hand again stroking his cock. "Do not forget me."  
  
"Never." He winks.  
  
Supporting her upper body on one hand, Heidi fingers herself vigorously singing along with Hailee. "Yeah. When I get chills at night, I feel it deep inside without you, yeah. Know how to satisfy. Keeping that tempo right without you, yeah." This bitch knew how to tease hard. "Pictures in my mind on replay. I'm gonna touch the pain away. I know how to scream my own name. Scream my name... I LOVE ME!"  
  
Zach took the hint. She didn't need him. That made him want her that much more. Kissing Kayla some more drew his attention away from Heidi. In his abandonment, Heidi uses her feet on his knees to play puppeteer and regain his attention. Her eyes were saying "Over here Tom."  
  
"Make up your mind." He laughs. His mind was racing. Between Heidi's insistence that he watch her hidden hand masturbating, Kayla nibbling at his ear, and Nasty's kisses growing dangerously close to his cock he was keeping his erection on rocket status. He could definitely get used to this. The question nagging at him was, why him? He was old enough to be all of their dad's. Not that he was complaining.  
  
His squeezing hand grazed over Kayla's shirt and slid under it, rising again to firmly grasp her bare breast. She tensed up, her nipple stabbing his palm. This led her to storm his mouth and kiss him even harder. Feeling his arousal increasing Nasty pecked her lips at the base of his dick, her nose nuzzling along a three inch width of his erection. Watching the girls enjoy themselves Heidi grinned. Lifting her hips she pulled her G-string down to her knees. Zach was too absorbed to notice her now bottomless and masturbating freely. This new obsession was making her crazy. Doing things without his knowledge, so up close that he could easily abandon her sister and friend and take her. Not that she wanted him to take her. Did she? Feeling her fingers graze her G-spot she whimpered and made a lustful expression. Lifting her right foot from Zach's knee she escaped her G-string. Using her left toes she dangled her G-string band over his cock and departed. Heidi was completely naked from the chest down. Using her teeth she lowers her chin to bite at her powder blue cutoff tee and drags it higher until her breasts pop out. Heidi fed her pussy hard.  
  
Abandoning Kayla's breast Zach let his hand roam over her tummy until it met her red G-string. Fingers sliding beneath it he rubbed Kayla's clit. The kissing intensified as her hips rose up to meet his insertions. Everyone was feeling overheated.  
  
Nastiya Iyamahorr discovered licking his cock of jizz was not so bad after all. The taste actually inviting her to lick harder, even with the scent of Heidi's G-string near her nostrils. Observing her friends newfound talents Heidi began trembling over her own invigorating fingers. The Dove was in flight, her knees fanning from side to side as she moaned. Why was Tom ignoring her? She pouted slightly just before cumming really hard and squirting around her knuckles. Lowering her feet to the floor she stood up and leaned over Nasty's head as she licked closer to his crown. Claiming her bath towel from Zach's shoulder Heidi realized that her sister was wanted more than she was. Good for her she thought. Stepping around Zach's leg Heidi discovers Nasty's bare ass in the air and slaps it for meanness. Nasty flared her eyes and nearly bit Zach's cock. Leaning down to the Hindi beauties ear Heidi whispers, "Just suck it already." A smile shared Nasty considered it. Stepping away Heidi ejected her CD and went to her room, shutting the door. She needed time alone.

Kayla although loving Zach's advances became skittish. Patting his hand inside her twat she halted kissing him and held his chin up to look her in the eye. "Too much too soon. God I want you but, not this very second. I'm sorry. Just terrified."  
  
"It's okay. I'm not making you do anything you're not ready for." A sudden warmth over his cock drew his scrutiny, "What the hell?" Reluctant to abandon Kayla's emotional state he was torn between her needs and Nasty's hunger quest. Priyanka Chopra's baby sister was giving him head, pretty decent head at that. Caressing her hair as she did he turned his focus on Kayla. "Listen, things are getting crazy here. None of this should have ever...is that Heidi's G-string over my cock?" His hand left Nasty's hair to pluck the underwear up and pull it over Nasty's face until she looked like Hannibal Lector. She could smell Heidi's pussy in it. Strangely, it made the girl suck his dick harder, peeling the patch from her mouth. G-string released he shakes his head and again looks to Kayla, "Sorry. Distracted there. When you want me just let me know."  
  
"You want my sister more."  
  
"HEY!" He grips her chin, "I'm not going to lie here. I want all three of you. I think you're all sexy as fuck."  
  
"Really? You think I'm sexy?" Her self esteem was dangling low.  
  
"Very fucking sexy. Stop thinking you're obese. Your muscle tone is tight. Sure there's room for improvement, I'll coach you on how to lose what little you need to." He pulls her closer until their foreheads meet, "I'm going to fuck the hell out of you when you're ready." She smiled at him trying not to laugh, removing her glasses she wipes her eyes of hesitant tears. While squinting at his blurred vision she fails to fully witness him tense up and growl. Just as she puts her glasses back on he unloads into Nasty's mouth. Holding the back of her head he keeps her there until he floods her mouth with three separate shots. Releasing her Nasty pulls off and sits up showing off her mouth full of cream. Whining at so much she doesn't know what to do with it. Dancing in her seat she flails her hands.  
  
"Swallow it." He directs her while using a finger to lift her chin and tilt her head back. Choking on it Nasty downed Tom Hardy's Venom. Coming up for air she laughs. "Not so bad was it?"  
  
"A Hardy meal." She snickers.  
  
"Much as I hate to do this Ladies, I start a new job in the morning. I need to grab some shut eye."  
  
"I need to get Nasty home before her Dad spazzes out anyway."  
  
"He will most assuredly spaz." Nasty concurs nodding.  
  
Lifting Nasty's chin he looks her square in the eye, "I'm fucking you sometime too."  
  
"I am still a virgin."  
  
"Ah! Maybe you should lose that to someone you love then."  
  
"She's full of shit. She's been with three guys." Kayla snorts hiding her mouth with her hand.  
  
"You little fibber." Zach grabs her and drags her body over his lap. Her leggings still down he paddles her ass five hard swats making her laugh really hard. A finger slipping up inside her pussy encourages Nasty to lift her upper body in order to snatch up Kayla's halter top, "You must save me."  
  
Licking his inserted finger of her juiciness Zach returns and fingers Nasty from behind. She had the cutest little butt pucker. Pussy trickling around his fingers Zach made her cum. She nearly ripped Kayla's shirt as she tensed up and squealed loudly. Pulling his fingers free he grabs Nasty by her ponytail and yanks her upward. In a steamy kiss he made the girl nearly pass out. Kayla fidgeted at seeing Zach enjoy the kiss so much.  
  
"You must kiss me again." She breathlessly panted.  
  
"Another day. Get your asses home."  
  
Kayla stood up and rolled her skirt back over her hips, while Nasty pulled up her leggings. Standing tall between them Zach stretched vibrantly. They nearly attacked him all over again. Hugging them to his sides he walked them to the door. One last kiss to each of them they swooned. Door opened they took their leave.  
  
Locking up Zach leaned his palms on the door and looked down at his still fully erect beast. Contemplating the nights events he realized that in his standing up Heidi's G-string had fell to the carpet in front of the sofa. Retrieving it he felt how wet the rug was. Holding the scent to his nose he knew it was Heidi's leftovers. "Fuck she smells good." Turning the living room lights out he strolled up the hall and noticed Heidi's light on beneath her door. A light knock he asks, "You up?"  
  
"Busy." Buzzing noises were heard. He chuckled.  
  
"Left your G-string on your door knob. By the way, I landed a job. I start at 8:00 A.M."  
  
"That's awesome. I hope you had fun tonight."  
  
"Would have been better if you had stuck around."  
  
"You did fine without me Roomie."  
  
"Maybe. Hey Dove?"  
  
"Yes Tom?"  
  
"Goodnight." He left her door and went into his bedroom. Like her, he shuts his door and leaves his light on. Laying in bed he fondles his cock, it was as if he took Viagra, the motherfucker was not going down. Ten minutes later he turns out his bedside lamp and settles in. A knock at his door threatens slumber.  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"Do you have any C batteries? My lover just died."  
  
"It's a dildo. Just use it."  
  
"Come on Tommmm! I'll even name my toy Tom after you."  
  
Chuckling he throws his covers off and marches to his door. Opening it she stood there totally naked wiggling her lifelike dildo in front of his face. "See? He went limp."  
  
"I don't have any C batteries."  
  
"Well hell Tom."  
  
"I have something better."  
  
"I bet you do." She rolls her eyes. While she mocked him he grabs her and tosses her over his shoulder and kicks his bedroom door shut. Squealing and kicking she finds herself carried in the dark to his bed. Tossing her on to the mattress she panics, "TOM STOP!" Roughly, he rolls her over and drags her to the edge of the bed. Face down her ass toward Zach she feels his cock slapping her ass cheeks.  
  
"Shut the fuck up and lay there."  
  
"Tommmm! Please don't." She begs. Holding her lower back with one hand he rolls the width of his cock along her butt crack. His knees held her legs down.  
  
"I said shut up."  
  
She clammed up and realized that he was jacking off behind her, only letting his crown tease her ass. "What are you doing?"  
  
"What I intend to do a lot while you live here."  
  
"Which is?" She trembled.  
  
"Let you know how badly Hardy wants you. Even if he never gets you."  
  
"Oh shit." Rolling his dick along her crack his crown dips into the impression between her legs and discovers labia. "Too close Tom." He continues rubbing along her labia as he jerks off. Wheezing and holding her breath she stares into the darkness and digs her nails into his blanket pulling it up under her for security. Hearing him groan and mumble she listens intently with wonder.  
  
"God I wanna fuck you."  
  
She remains silent, biting her lower lip as she considered letting him. She just couldn't say, "Do it Tom." Seconds later he shoots his load all over her ass and labia. She reacts with a lengthy squeal that sounded like a car screeching its tires. After he finishes he pulls her to her feet and throws her back over his shoulder and takes her across the hall to her room. Hovering over her futon mattress he stands her up and turns her back to him to watch his cum trickling over her ass.  
  
"Just plain beautiful." A quick slap on the behind he takes his leave.  
  
Just as he returns to his bed she barges right in and turns on the light. Looking around she finds her left behind dildo on the floor. "Forgot something. Night Dad."  
  
"Night Dove." He realizes as she shuts his door that she had called him Dad. "Never gonna live that down."  
  
Heidi used that less than lively toy for the next hour.  
  
She did indeed call it Tom.  
  
"Oooooooooh, Tom."  
  
Loud enough to hear if he hadn't fell asleep on her.  
  
His loss.