**Be My Guest**

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**Be My Guest Ch. 05: LIKE CLOCKWORK**

"Wake up Tom."

"Huh? Wha...?" Zach Pedigo jumped to attention as he found Heidi Baker kneeling over his slumbering form patting his chest. Trying to focus at the daylight from her skylight above he winces and sits up rapidly, "SHIT! What time is it?"

"Relax! I have your back Daddio. I knew you had to get up for work so I set your alarm clock to wake me up, so I could get you off to work on time. It's only 6:30 so go shower. I'll put on some coffee."

"Thanks. After last night I totally went blank about no alarm."

Claiming her cellphone from his side she notes a call, "You called Khloe from my phone?"

"Mine was in my bedroom. I didn't wanna go back and get it. Besides you had her number I didn't."

"Brave man."

"Yeah, she caught on that you recorded my video for her. Asked about it being weird, you being my daughter. I told her incest is best." He crawled to his feet, stretching over her, his dirty cock swinging in front of her face. She flinched to avoid an impact on her cheek.

"You did not." She smirked, "Better stop that swinging single or I might bite it off."

"You won't. Listen, about last night, when I...penetrated you. I shouldn't have done that."

"What's done is done. You nearly had me Tom. That swinger there felt entirely too good. For the record?"

"I'm listening."

"As much as that moment felt right, I think it's better we just keep things simple."

"You still gonna be naked every night when I get home?"

"I can be. I warned you I prefer being a free spirit."

"Girls still sleeping?"

"Yeah! I hope Nasty's mom doesn't lock her up for not coming home last night. I'll cover for her if she does get bent out of shape. Their culture is very reclusive."

"Ah! Showering with me?" He casts a thumb toward the bathroom.

"Better not." She shakes her head standing up nude in front of him. Rubbing his abdomen briskly she adds, "Wash your own pecker Buddy."

Wiggling away without looking back Zach enjoyed the dance. Growling at his dick reacting to her tight heart shaped bottom, he shakes off his lust and heads to the shower. Starting it to let the water warm up, he brushed his teeth and rinsed. Into the shower he sealed the door and began cleansing his sexual stank. Four minutes in he heard a soft knock on the shower door. Expecting Heidi changing her mind he discovered something just as sexy. Nastiya stood outside waving at him with begging eyes.

"I got time." He chuckled and opened the door. She stepped right in and melded into his torso hugging him. "Good morning to you too." Lifting her chin to rest on his chest she smiles warmly.

"You may fuck me against the wall."

"Don't mind if I do."

Lifting her 102 pound body was child's play. As her legs entwined his waist his dick found its target and slid in with a bit of snugness. He recalled her being tight, not for much longer. Up against the shower wall he braced her back and thrust deep. Her lips kissing his chest with desire led to faster insertions. In no time at all Nastiya Iyamahorr was crying out her innermost pleasure. The more she echoed the more ears heard her. From the kitchen Heidi Baker abandoned the percolating coffee and followed the racket. Walking into the bathroom it was evident that her friend wanted more of Zach. As she watched their passion Heidi found herself touching her own clit. Even after four orgasms a mere 5 hours prior, the scene was making her horny.

"I should have joined him first." Her thoughts found jealousy. "Noooooooo! Stop thinking like that. Only a roommate. Only a roommate. Dammit!"

"You being nosey?" She heard her sister step in beside her rubbing her eyes of sleep.

"Telling me you aren't? He's tearing Nasty up." She whispers. "He fuck you that hard last night?"

"He didn't really fuck us. More of just put it in and let us get a feel of it."

Hearing this Heidi felt strange. Zach had done the same to her. She was glad it happened to her but she knew Kayla wanted him, at least she thought she did, even if she was reluctant to give in so soon. Slipping by Heidi, Kayla plopped down on the toilet and peed.

Bestial snarls came from the shower as Zach nutted hard inside Nasty, her response to scream out, "AGAIN." Her begging rewarded, he kept on pounding the Hindi beauty. More screams followed as her hands clawed at his back, an orgasm devastating her reality. "AGAIN." She rallied as Zach chuckled and paused.

"Love your enthusiasm Nasty girl, but I gotta get dressed for work. Come by once a week and I'll give it to you."

"As you wish. As do I." He lowers her to the shower floor and holds her close to him. She hugged him tightly, almost clingy. Regardless, Zach liked her commitment. On the outside Heidi observed Nasty's attentiveness and fidgeted.

Overhearing his offer Kayla pouts and calls out, "WHAT ABOUT ME?" , just before flushing. Heidi clenched her teeth knowing the cold water was coming. Hitting the momentary lovers full on they complained loudly. Kayla bulged her eyes, "SORRY."

"WASN'T ME THIS TIME." Heidi tried not to laugh.

Shutting the water valves down Zach pushed open the shower door to find Heidi and Kayla standing side by side leaning on the sink. Nasty had to be pried from Zach at his insistence. Taking up his towel Zach took time to first dry off Nastiya then slap her on the ass, "Go to my room." With a start Nastiya wiggled away without even looking at the other girls. That made both Heidi and Kayla curious of her new behavior. It was almost as if she wanted to be obedient. Zach's reaction proved to both sisters that his thoughts were of something very similar.

"Well I'm out." Heidi pepped up, "Coffee's ready when you are Pops."

"Thanks." Zach dries himself off finding Kayla less in a hurry. "You okay Bright eyes?"

"Bright but blind without my glasses." She smirked, "I can still see you though."

"Good to know."

"Right! Can't miss Hardy there." She smiles blushing, "Can I tell you something without you thinking badly of me?"

"Go for it."

"Last night was incredible..." She blushes even harder, "Even what Nasty and I did...together. We would never ever, ever, ever, have done that kind of thing without your influence."

"Turning gay on me?"

"Ohhhh no! Bi maybe." She giggles and hides her eyes.

"Close enough, you should always go with what you like."

"I...like that." She shyly points at his dick.

"He likes you too. As I told Nasty...come by during the week now and then, I'll make your night."

"Can I...be alone with you?"

"Course you can." He sets about putting on deodorant and cologne. As she watches his every move he combs his hair before deciding he was ready to get dressed. Stepping closer to Kayla he gently lifts her chin and gives her an exceptionally tender kiss on the lips. "Just don't fall in love." Giggling dryly she went expressionless. In his mind Zach knew that his words were too late, both Kayla and Nasty were seeing hearts floating in the air. Heidi was a bit harder to read. Last night she seemed more open to certain things, then just that fast she seemed to revert back to being colder. Definitely a tease, but less open to all the way. He had a strong hunch he could break Heidi's will over time. It had only been three days and look how far he had gotten. He had more pussy in three days, even under moderate conditions than he had in six months. These three girls were certainly going to keep him occupied. Add in Khloe...busy man Zach. He had no clue just how busy.

Following him to his room like a lost puppy Kayla found Nasty on her cell, still naked but listening to her Mother yelling at her, Nasty winced as if ready to cry. Zach noticed her fear and stepped closer lifting her chin as he had Kayla's. Tenderly, he leaned in and lightly kissed her lips, then followed that by a peck to her nose. Nasty brightened up at his concern.

"Mommah? I will be home soon. Give Poppah my love." A stealthy hang up she fell back on to his mattress and sighed, "I must find my own place. I overslept my curfew."

"Why don't you two get an apartment?" Zach points between the two as he puts on a pair of socks. Underwear already on.

"That requires jobs." Kayla scowled.

"Neither of you work?"

"Her parents toss money at her all the time. She doesn't need to work."

"They do. Yet, if I move out they will stop. I must attend college very soon or even that will end." Nasty pouted, sitting up and launching herself into Zach, hugging him from behind and kissing his neck. Raising his hand up into her hair he pats her head enjoying the connection.

"Calm it down. Get dressed and go on home before you get into worse trouble." He then looks at Kayla, "You should find work. I hear you and Heidi's mom share a place. I'm pretty certain she must want time to herself too."

"I know she does."

"How come you live with your step mom and not your real dad?"

"Long story. My dad's...a drinker. Nice guy, just gets...out of hand."

"Not even gonna guess what that means."

"Thanks for not pushing it. I...don't like to talk about it. Like I said he's really cool when he's sober."

"Alright. Can I get dressed now?" He chuckles.

"I need to get home too. Mom probably wonders where I've been."

"Presumes you're here with Heidi I'm sure."

"Yep. Did you see the dresser we bought Heidi?"

"I noticed, too tired last night to look it over close though."

"Can you fix the broken drawer for her?" Kayla asks.

"I can do that. Now gather your clothes and get out of my room, both of you little hotties."

"Little? HA!" Kayla pats her tummy watching it jiggle.

"Stop thinking of yourself as fat. Lose that forty pounds and never go back."

"Personal trainer still?" She smiles.

"I'm usually in the gym Thursdays and Sundays. Drop by and you can ride there with me and workout. I can invite 1 person on my package for free."

As the girls pick up their clothing Nasty hands Zach her panties. "You may keep them to remember me by." Chuckling he sniffs it and winks. "Wait! I thought you never wore panties." It was then he realized the size of the undies.

"I do not. Those are Kayla's." She giggles as Kayla drops her jaw.

"I wondered where they went." Kayla sneers at her bestie, "Keep them Zach."

"Only until you come back." He puts them under his pillow for safe keeping. From there he stands up and puts on a clean pair of jeans and a Gym sponsored T-shirt. Watching the girls get dressed until ready, he guides them from his room with pats to their bottoms. Closing his door he moves into the kitchen to find a bagged lunch, using the bag from the adult toy store he had bought Heidi's silver bullet. In the duration of his getting ready for work she had hard boiled 2 eggs and put them in a Tupperware dish with the bullet's remote, just for laughs. Heidi herself was nowhere to be found. Laughing about it he adds bottled water and an orange that her Mom had left.

Pouring coffee into a sealed cup he sipped at it while looking through the apartment for Heidi, they determined that she must have snuck out. It was too early for her to be at either job so where was she?

"I gotta go, I hope she has her key." Zach grabbed his lunch as Kayla texted Heidi one last time, receiving no reply. A trio of shrugs later they all headed out the door. Heidi was on her own.

Parting ways into two different parking areas the girls found Nasty's small car and departed. Zach at the front door seemed worried. Did Heidi get upset over his giving the girls more attention this morning, than toward her? Surely not, although after last night when he penetrated the bombshell blond she did appear needy, if not opposed to sex. He merely chocked her reaction to emotions, she had just endured four orgasms over a few hours time. Any woman would likely be emotionally clingy toward the person whom gave her such sensations. At least that was his way of thinking. Obviously, he was no expert.

Eying his cellphone for the time he knew he needed to head out for work, not wanting to test the Teleki's on being late his second day on the job. Although he was pretty certain they would not give him too much grief, they appeared to like his character, Mrs. Teleki even more after seeing his cock. He still had a good chuckle at how he walked right into a job that was so openminded. Leaving the apartment entrance he headed for his motorcycle, helmet in hand. Rounding a corner he found his Harley with an unexpected rider. Two unexpected riders even.

"There you are." He grins at Heidi wearing only a T-shirt. One of his too boot, therefore long and loose due to their size difference. Behind her on the seat sat her new friend Khloe wearing her nursing scrubs, brunette hair pinned back. "Is that Nurse Khloe riding shotgun?" He uses swagger in his balance.

"Morning Zach. I sent a text to Heidi bright and early. She suggested I surprise you before both of us start our day."

"Hope you don't mind Daddy." Heidi smirked sheepishly at referring to him as her Dad.

"Not one bit my loving daughter. Close your eyes I'm gonna say hi to Miss Khloe." He hands Heidi his helmet, lunch, and coffee, then reaches out for Khloe's chin lifting it to shock her with a warm welcoming kiss. Overheated Khloe fanned herself until they parted lips.

"That was unexpected. Nice but, wow! Not even a first date and your dad is making out with me." Khloe squeezes Heidi's shoulders realizing she wasn't wearing a bra, not that it mattered to Khloe Vaughn, she wouldn't wear one either if she wasn't on the job. Hopping off the bike to stand next to Zach she sizes him up, having never officially been up close to him. "Taller than I thought."

"6'2. You're 5'7 maybe?"

"Right on the head."

"That's Saturday." He winks, "If you're still up for that."

"Wouldn't miss...IT!" She drifts her eyes down to the bulge in his jeans.

"HEY! Virgin ears on fire here." Heidi puts Zach's helmet on her head as if blocking her ears. It warranted laughter. In doing so she nearly lost his coffee, the lunch bag at least dangled from the handle bars.

"You have my number now. Text me anytime. Call after 5:00." Khloe offers then moves in to hug Zach, while Heidi was hiding her emotions behind the motorcycle visor. As they hugged Zach ran both of his hands down the back of her elastic waistband, directly under her G-string straps, and squeezed her tanned ass cheeks. Shocked, she stiffens up and boldly returns the favor with her right hand on his crotch. Sighing Zach whispered, "Sexiest nursemaid I've ever seen."

"Like my firm ass Zach?"

"As much as you like my hard cock Miss Khloe."

"Very much."

"Keep this moment on your mind." He winks, "Just don't get too worked up around ole' Walter. He might think you're fantasizing about him."

"Don't even go there. He gets handy enough as it is."

"No shit. There's always a harassment suit waiting on him, he's loaded."

"Not my style. Unless, he gets reeeeeeealy bad, I can handle his advances. He pays me well for what little I do."

"Say no more. I wanna envision you, not him and you." He laughs. Removing his hands he returns them to her chin for another kiss this time goodbye. She melted.

"IS IT SAFE TO LOOK?" Heidi grumbled through the muffle of his helmet.

This led the couple to break away from bodily contact. Zach tilted his visor up and winked at her, "Get off my bike and give Dear ole' Dad a kiss goodbye."

"OH HELL NO." She climbed off, her T-shirt riding high revealed her own set of creamy white butt cheeks. Khloe caught a fleeting glimpse of those cheeks but merely smiled, as Heidi balanced his coffee cup on the seat, tripping on the shirt's length as it toppled to her calves, Heidi lost her own balance and fell against Zach. Even in his helmet the blond was gorgeous. With Khloe watching, Zach removed his helmet from her and taunted Heidi with a pucker. She squealed and avoided his kiss at all cost. Khloe found it humorous. Bolting away lifting the shirt to enable her run she raced for the apartment.

"That's love I swear." Zach winked at Khloe. She stood with him as he straddled his bike and fired it up. The revving gave Khloe goosebumps. "Been on a bike before?" He called over the rumble.

"Yes. My Dad owns a Fat Boy."

"So do I." He pats his crotch.

"I recall. Maybe I'll see you again before Saturday."

"I'll be here, every morning about this time." He puts his helmet on and takes his lunch bag from the handle bar, tucking it in a saddle bag for safe keeping. Coffee cup a problem he just empties it out after a few drinks, tucking it in the saddle bag as well.

"May I?" She attempts one last kiss, awkward through a visor, but it was embraced. With a tug at her bottom lip, Zach lifted the kickstand and backed out. Visor down he headed to work. Khloe began smiling and dancing in circles before looking around in embarrassment. Heading into the apartments toward Walter's she heard a loud round of cursing. It was Heidi. Climbing the single flight to reach her apartment Khloe calls out, "What's wrong?"

"Locked out. Key and my cell are both inside."

"I can call your Dad."

"NO! Don't do that. He just left and he's running late." Heidi panics then thinks rationally, "Does Walter have a master key?"

"I'm sure he does. Let me sneak down and look. He might charge you for unlocking it if he has to do it. I'll be sly and swipe it."

"You're awesome."

"I know. So are you." They share a bubbly moment of shoulder lifts.

As Khloe takes off Heidi sits down in the hallway leaning against her door. Down the hall another door opened and out came Sneezy Herman. Walking toward her sniffling he stops in front of her, "Do you live here?"

"Yep. Hey Herman."

"You know my name?"

"Sure do. I met Petra yesterday, your new roommate."

"Ah, ok! She spoke about me?"

"Said you were really nice. Allergies?" She awaits him to sneeze three times.

"To everything, I feel cursed."

"That's a shame. Drink honey lemon tea. That always broke my allergies. It's not just to beat a cold."

"I'll do that." He looks down at her legs, in her seated position she had the floppy T-shirt up to her knees for comfort, not even thinking that anyone could see her pussy. He got a very good look.

"Shit! Sorry! I wasn't even thinking."

"I guess I should apologize for not warning you. What's your name?"

"Me? I'm, "She couldn't say Heidi in case he remembered her from his own room rental ad, the one she blew off when mistaking Zach's apartment number for Herman's. Then again, did it matter? Petra would tell him her name anyway. "I'm Heidi."

"Heidi? Interesting! I had a potential roommate named Heidi before Petra came along. Same Heidi?"

"Nope! Not me." She flared her eyes, "Living here with my Dad." She pats the door.

"Mr. Pedigo has kids? I never knew that."

"Long story. I just found him. We're just getting to know each other."

"I see. Are you locked out?"

"Yep! Took Daddy his coffee and lunch. I forgot my key and he locked the door on me by accident."

"I see."

Timed perfectly Khloe rushes back upstairs with a spare key and unlocks her door, Heidi climbing to her feet hugged her, "Thanks bestie."

"No problem." Khloe eyes Herman staring at Heidi's butt and clears her throat. He stammered slightly and bid farewell, Heidi waving at him at least made his day. "Who was that?" Khloe winced.

"I call him Spermin' Herman. He accidently saw my hoohaw while I was sitting down." She snickers, "He lives down the hall. Strange sometimes but, he's ok."

"Gives me the heebeejeebees."

"Me too. Thanks again Khloe, you're a life saver."

"You're welcome. Heidi?" Khloe fidgets with a look of uncertainty, "Are you alright if I date your Dad? I mean...I'm close to your age, more than his."

"Told you he likes younger. I'm cool. Just keep the screaming orgasms down when I'm watching Catfish."

"I bet Herman's a Catfish." Khloe grimaces.

"Never know. My turn to get ready for work. Later masturbator." She sticks her tongue out at her.

"Hold up!" Khloe pinches Heidi's shirt halting her entry, "Did you...watch my video?"

"Yep! SEXXXXXXY!" A wiggle of her eyebrows Heidi enters and shuts the door. From the other side she yells, "SEXXXXXXXY!" Khloe shivered and headed back to Walter's before he discovered her gone. Smiling and shaking her head every step going down.

45 minutes later, due to traffic, Zach followed a grey Camaro from the interstate, down along the frontage road toward his job. He noticed the car the day he first applied at Teleki's Siding & Insulation setting in the lot but wasn't certain who owned it. As their drive careened the series of curves leading toward the warehouse the car seemed to slow down. Catching up to the car Zach had a clearer view of at least the plates. Smoked glass although illegal kept his viewership limited. Not the side mirror however. In the mirror he captured a glimpse of the driver. Even with dark sunglasses on he knew the face, it was Cleo Teleki, alias the bosses daughter. She was driving slower only because she was looking back at Zach, even though she could not see his face for his helmets visor. Smirking devilishly he dodged her car, speeding up to zoom around her in the other lane. Leaving her in the dust he made it to work before she did.

Cleopatra Teleki pulled in next to Zach as he shut off his Harley and removed his helmet. Remaining on his seat but with the kickstand down he posed rather stud like. Eying him as she put her car in park, silencing her own engine she lifted her shades and smiled.

"I knew that was you." She winked.

"Nice plates, See Leo?" He grew curious of it's meaning.

"See as in the letter C. I'm also a Leo."

"Ah! Zodiac fan. Astrology isn't my thing."

"I looked at your birthday, you're an Aries." She remained in her car, her stereo playing Fall Out Boy's song Irresistible.

"That make us compatible?" He flirts dangling his helmet straps over his handle bar and resting back on his seat looking charming.

"The signs do match. Are you flirting with me Zach?" She toys with her long curly hair.

"Just seeing your reaction. Nice hair, you frosted the tips."

"You noticed. See...you're into me."

"Not yet, the day's young though."

Taken back by his blunt attitude she leans her arms on her car doors window sill, her caramel colored flesh a blend of African American, and Italian Caucasian gave her a perfect appeal. Her tiny nose ring adding to her beguiling smile. Sighing she adds, "You don't want my Momma?"

"I'm a free agent Miss Cleo. But...if I had a choice...I'd take ole' Stormy." Hearing him admit to wanting their midget employee, excuse the thought, little person, a midget wrestler on the side made Cleo giggle.

"I can set you up."

"I can do my own arranging. How about you? Boyfriend? Dating?"

"No one serious. I prefer being the one in charge of the asking. Sadie Hawkins rule."

"Good thing I'm not asking."

"I'll let you know." She wanted to blurt out that she wanted him but kept shy for the moment. She wanted him to notice more things about her first, just to seek his own reactions. If he really looked he would figure out her desires. As a moment of silence created tension Zach hopped off his bike and made a swaggered journey over to her car door. She removed her folded arms and closed her window. As he opened her car door like a gentleman she beamed. Fanning herself with her fingers first she sat there a moment letting him check out her long silky legs in a very short dress. The cream colored dress was designed as if it were knitted, tight yarn like material that had tiny gaps everywhere, revealing skin beneath. Zach definitely took notice.

"Nice dress."

"Like it? My Auntie made it for me, she's a designer uptown at a fancy firm called, Look See."

"Interesting name considering. Certainly makes a guy look to see."

"That's the approach." She snickers blushing. Braving her exit she raises her left leg to depart the car, in doing so a clear shot up her thigh high hemline offered Zach a stunning view of her inner thigh, a similar colored G-string tightened up into her camel toe. Noting his eyes lured to her admission she paused to take her sunglasses off her head and places them in a center console of the car. Having to stretch back a bit her G-string tightened even more. Before returning she grabbed her purse from the passenger seat and then made one further move. On her floorboard was a sun visor which she stretched to obtain. Her G-string exposed one side of her labia just that fast. Ignoring it she handed him her purse. "Can you hold this while I spread out my...sun shield?"

"Thought you said panty shield for a second." He laughed accepting her purse. Further stretching to fold out the windshield cover she went from parted legs into a half exit, so that she could plant a knee on her seat to lean across her dash to conceal the passenger side of her window. Yup! Zach took in that perfect ass. He could see her butt crack through multiple ports in the knitted dress, all the way down to her G covered clam.

"Are you looking at my ass?" She leered over her shoulder grinning.

"Trying not to. Failing miserably." He chuckled. With a giggle she shakes her butt a bit for his amusement.

"I twerk too."

"I bet you do." He winks then looks behind him at the sky, "Not sure why you're setting up your sunshield, looks like rain coming in from the west."

"Just a habit."

"We better get inside before your folks get the wrong idea."

"Let them. I'm 18. I know they can't stop me. Besides, how can they say anything knowing what they get away with? I hope you don't run off, but I wouldn't blame you. This place is a freak show."

"At least there's one freak here I'm curious about." He winks as she backs out to stand up straight, rolling her hands over her dress as if to remove wrinkles. There were none in a dress style like she had on.

"That's right. You have the hots for the short girl." She teased him over his earlier comment on fellow employee Storm.

"You're short."

"I'm 5'5."

"On your knees you would be. Or, all fours."

"Wow! Trying to get me to listen to Sadie?"

"Naaaa! I'm just messing with you. Here's your purse. I have to grab my lunch." He abandons her just that fast making her crease her brow. Shutting her car door and locking it with a remote on her key ring she moved on ahead to the front door of the office. In the windows reflection she notes him checking her out with a pat over his crotch. She hadn't noticed before now but Zach Pedigo was quite erect, his bulge restrained beneath tight jeans must be agony. If Zach could see her G-string patch now it would be soaked.

Awaiting him she returned the favor and opened the door for him. Into a blind moment as their eyes adjusted to the interior both were equally caught off guard by Cleo's mother Angel.

"WHAT ARE YOU WEARING?" Cleo grew agitated.

"A see through nightie. Don't I look yummy?" Angel sat at Cleo's desk finishing up a manifest for a delivery order, once done sending it to a copier behind her. Angel hopped up just that fast and gave them a 360 twirl to show off her total nudity behind the sheer nightie. Was it sad that Zach enjoyed the view of both women? He didn't think so.

"MY NIGHTIE!" Cleo snapped, "It's yours now, I'll never wear that again."

"Who paid you the money to buy this nightie with? Or, bought you that fancy ride. " Angel grew snippy with bulbous eyes.

"That would be Dad."

"It's me that does the payroll baby girl. Be nice to your Momma or I'll take out more taxes on you."

"Unbelievable. See Zach? See what I have to live with?"

"Ohhh I see." He chuckles trying to avoid sending Angel a mixed message.

"You like what you see Z. Don't you act all shy now, Mister I whipped my dick out in this office."

"WHAT?" Cleo dropped her jaw then looked at Zach, "Where was I?"

"School baby. Don't you worry your pretty little head, it was a really nice cock."

"It is. " Zach nodded with agreement as Cleo pouted at her misfortune.

"Here! Here's your silly nightie. I'll just work in the nude today." Angel removes the nightie and hurls it at her daughter, Cleo snatching it out of the air nearly dropping it. In her bending over for a second catch her knitted dress offered a further impressive outline of her butt crack. Zach was battling a stiffy at both women. As slutty as Angel was she had a body that any man would beg to take to bed. Well bought breasts did her shape justice. Of course, Cleo's tits were real and certainly playful when she walked, her bra lacy and hardly capable of containing her nipple spark.

"Daaaaaaamn Rihanna." Zach smirks whistling at Angel, "This place get many walk-in customers?"

"Only half the contractors in Seattle." Cleo rolls her eyes as she stashes her nightie into a desk drawer. She wouldn't really throw it out, just clean it really good. She knew it looked cuter on her than her slightly bustier mother. Not that she's had many chances to even wear it.

"Seriously?" He worried for a moment.

"We do good business here Zach." Angel prided herself on their establishment, "I'm Rock's business card." She added with a wink.

"She leaves papercuts." Cleo frowned taking over her desk and moving invoices around as she prepped her workload.

Eying her daughter with a glimmer of sarcasm Angel notices something that makes her move next to Cleo with more inspection. "You got your nails done."

"I did." Cleo smiles brilliantly then glances at Zach before slithering her hand under her desk to reside in her lap, almost embarrassed. It looked as if Cleo was moving in to touch herself. Hiding her expression by using her other hand to twirl her curly locks as a distraction. Only her right hand sharing her nails with her Mother.

"Awww! She wrote DADDY on her nails. Rock will be so proud of his little girl." Angel beams as if emotional.

"What makes you think she did that for Rocky?" Zach chuckles, "Might be for some mystery man she likes to refer to as Daddy."

Cleo bulges her eyes and swiftly avoids this conversation by hopping from her chair to go pour a cup of coffee. Angel notes her daughters reaction and winces, "Is that true Baby? Do you have a sugar daddy I don't know about?"

"NOOOOOOOO! I just wanted to be creative. It's for Dad." She was lying in a sly fashion.

"Mmmmhmmm!" Angel knew her kid well, she was hiding something. A glance at Cleo's other hand drew Mom in grabbing her wrist to examine Cleo's left set of nails. "I heart Z I P? What in the world? What is I love ZIP?"

"Leave me alone Momma."

"Not until you explain yourself."

"Oh look, Storm and the guys are here." Cleo aims to misdirect the conversation.

"Funny!" Zach chuckled, "ZIP is my initials...oh boy." He caught on slower than usual. Brows peaking he turns heal and opens the door for the work crew. In passing the men fist bump the new guy making Zach wince every time, his hands still swollen and burning from use without gloves yesterday. If he only knew the days ahead they would hurt far worse. As Stormy Belair enters she looks up at Zach and fist bumps his crotch, making him shake his head.

"What? I like that fist better." She bantered.

"One track minds around here I swear."

"Hello my loves." Angel migrates amid her male employees to greet them with kisses, their hands all over her. Cleo choked on her coffee, used to seeing her Mother be the social slut that she was, yet wondering if her nails were a bit too much, too soon. She really only did it to be flirtatious. Testing the waters if you will. With Angel occupied Cleo peers over her coffee cup exposing her left hand directly at Zach for him to visibly read if looking. Inquisitively he took the time to wink at Cleo with a light nod of respect. Eyes brightening up she returned to her chair and sat facing him. Legs parting while nobody was looking she shows off her cream colored G-string yet again. This time however she placed her left hand over her pussy and patted her nails. Definitely an invite and Zach knew it. Feeling bolder she used his locked in gaze to further inspire him by tantalizing him with a peeled aside G-string, revealing her thinly shaved runway and her very tight looking pussy. Using her nails in order she nudged Z between her lips, followed by the I, and finally the P. Once completed Cleo seals her pussy off with her G-string patch and closes her legs. Another sip from her coffee mug while sharing a sparkling set of eyes, she swivels her chair and gets back to work.

Zach sighed heavily and started to turn for the warehouse door to ward off his erection. He definitely did not need Angel or Stormy getting the wrong idea. Not that Angel wasn't appealing, nor Stormy in a very strange attraction, her being a little person. Stormy was pretty darned cute and curvy. Yeah, Zach had to bail.

Not in the cards Stud!

"Where are you going?" Angel broke away from her handy admirers and clutched Zach by a belt loop, halting his escape.

"Just going to find Rock."

"He'll be here shortly, don't you worry. I need you to look at me Zach." She uses two fingers for a confirmed eye to eye. Instead he lowers his gaze to her very aroused nips. "Okay, you can look there, I'm good with that."

"Hard not to look Boss lady."

"You bet your ass I'm hard to look at. I work hard on keeping this worthy of attention. I'm not naïve Muscles, I know you're looking at my Cleopatra too. Don't you dare hurt her."

"How many days on the job? You're naked in front of me, she has a crush, and Stormy is boxing my ball sack. What's next?"

Jaime Ruiz steps past Zach and stops cold to examine Zach's erection, "Mucho Gusto Mi Amigo."

"Thanks...I think. How do you people keep employees?" Zach laughs, "Scratch that, I know the answer." While rolling his eyes Stormy steps up and paws at his erection, "MEEEE FUCKING YOWWW! Nice scratching post Z."

"Enough already." He rumbles holding his temples as if stressed. "Look! I need this job guys. Can we just keep this sexual tension on the down low?"

"I'm down low." Stormy wags her brows and again pats his dick. "Looks pretty tense to me."

"I give up." He shakes his head thinking fast, "I'm not saying any of you aren't sexy as fuck, you are." A snapped glance at co-workers Gerald and Anthony he rules them out with a set of poised palms out of defense. Anthony shrugs looking at the elder Gerald. A comment that he knew he was sexy went over well. Gerald playfully confirming that. "I'm talking about the ladies. I just have priorities at home now...I just found out I have a daughter. She came to live with me and I need to provide."

"You have a daughter?" He hears Cleo appear shocked, locating her curiosity.

"Yep. Sure do. She's 19 now. I know...I started young." He again raises his palms chuckling. In doing so Angel took full advantage of them and stepped in front, pushing her breasts directly into his palms. Using her hands she squeezes his fingers around her tits and sighs. Zach froze and admired his hands gripping Momma Teleki's breasts. Definitely nice. As she removes her hands from his she was surprised he held on longer than he did. They were very, very firm. Shaking it off Zach growls, "I should have stayed in bed."

"Bed up in the loft Baby." Angel winks.

"Not going there Boss. Can I take the day off? I think it's gonna rain anyway." He laughs looking out the window at storm clouds rolling in. "Can't put up siding if it's pouring down."

"Mmmm! Just the thoughts of cum pouring down my sid..." Angel finds Zach's hand palming her mouth instead of her tit, one hand still lingering until he realized the delay. Removing the hand he points at Angel to behave.

"I need to go see my Psychiatrist." He chuckles directing his next vocalization at Angel. "You hush."

"You never declared any dependents on your tax deduction forms." Cleo recalls garnering Zach's attention. "I filled those out for you the day you got hired."

"Like I said, she's 19. Just knocked on my door and said, Hi Dad."

"Positive she's yours?" Storm added her observation.

"Can we change the subject?" He rolls his eyes, "Let me get used to the idea myself without you bozos giving me hell." His bluff was getting deeper by the second.

"No child support records either. I looked." Cleo grew suspicious.

"Stalker." He pointed playfully.

"Maybe." Cleo giggled, "Just checking you out like a good Human Resources would do."

"I never knew she existed, alright? Her mom and I had a one nighter at a party when I was 16. Young and stupid stuff. They moved away a few days later." Sounded good to him, "Can't tell me any of you were any different at that age."

"Not me." Storm puckered, "Still a virgin."

"Rigggght!" He sneers at her.

"I was 21." Angel shocked him.

"I'm not saying nothin'." Cleo giggled and placed her chin in her palm, elbow on her desk.

"Let's see a picture of your baby." Angel hugged him by the bicep, one breast to each side of his arm. Zach paused to look at her clinginess and envisioned titty fucking her before shaking the notion off.

"Not yet. Like I said she just found me a few days ago." He saw their disappointment and doubt enough to react swiftly, "Hold on, I'll have her take a selfie. She should still be home getting ready for work." Taking out his cell he texts Heidi who was drying off from her morning shower. Hearing the cell she looks at the text with a devious grin.

"Miss me that much?" She types back.

"Just send me a pic. Trust me. I have my bosses thinking I'm a father."

"Give me a minute Daddy." She laughs foregoing any LOL in her text.

As Zach waited he told the office community, "She's taking a couple." The group merely began talking about other things, namely Gerald who was a big Seattle Mariners fan. Luckily Anthony and he kept the tension down. Cleo however kept looking at Zach mesmerized by him. Angel had decided to lotion her body right in front of everyone. Storm hit the restroom. Zach himself was already regretting this lie. All he was trying to do was ward off the sexual tension in the office. His thoughts were already feeling guilt.

Five minutes pass before he receives his first photo. Opening it as the ladies grew interested again, he looks at it and bulges his eyes. A photo of Heidi's ass mooning him with baby powder on her cheeks was first with the caption of "Daddy took care of my diaper rash." So not funny. A connected pic had her sucking her thumb, caption, "Try as he might Daddy can't break me of sucking on things." Grimacing at her goofiness he holds the cell to his chest to confirm something to the ladies.

"Bad hair day. Let me have her try again." Texting her he writes, "BE SERIOUS. Just a smile." Seconds later he receives another pic, this time of her pussy from the side forming a tight smile. His boner was killing him. "KNOCK IT OFF. HURRY IT UP I JUST NEED YOUR FACE."

Finally he gets a sweet photo of Heidi, hair still wet but perfect otherwise. Just that quickly he shared the photo with Angel, and the returning Storm, finally, Anthony, Gerald, and Jaime. All of them appeared genuinely sincere in their admiration.

"She's beautiful." Angel fawns over his shoulder, "Come see Cleopatra." Cleo fidgets a bit then finally abandons her seat and moves next to Zach's other arm. As he shows her the picture Cleo bulges her eyes. "Isn't she stunning Baby?"

"Yeah! She is." Cleo knew that face. It was the girl from the nail salon. Concealing her reaction from Zach she departs just as quickly. Saved by the fact her Father burst into the office from the warehouse. Seeing everyone chipper, Rocky Teleki eyes his wife and offers swag in his step, moving to her side and turning her a bit before leaning in and biting her nipple. Squealing, as she held on to Zach's arm she pampers her husband's scalp.

"Dig in Pedigo. She's got another one." Rocky chuckles lifting Angel's other breast toward Zach.

"I ate a big breakfast. Raincheck?" He winced at even adding that, knowing Angel would be all over his reply.

"I'm holding you to that Handsome." Angel winks. Of course she was.

"What's wrong with my Munchkin?" Rocky notices Cleo pouting at her desk.

"Nothing. Just really horny these days and I'm not getting any." Storm chuckles, "Who are you calling Munchkin, Oompa Loompa?" She retaliates eying Rocky's own stunted height compared to his wife. He being 5'5, her 5'8.

"I'm talking about Cleo." Rocky frowns at Storm. "She mad because I'm still breast feeding and she's not?"

"SERIOUSLY?" Cleo raised her voice out of frustration, "Why didn't you two use condoms and spare me this life I lead?"

"Your father is just teasing you Baby. Show Rocky your nails."

Haunted by her mistake Cleo only flashes her right hand at her father. With his vision poor he makes his way closer to hold her hand reading DADDY on her nails in unison. Cleo hid her face shyly expecting a scene.

"That touches my heart little girl." He kisses her knuckle making Cleo blush. "See that Pedigo? She loves her old man."

"Lots of love it seems." Zach wanted to run.

"Anything on your other hand?"

"Luckily not a ring Rock." Angel snickers. "Show him Baby."

"Will you just butt out?" Cleo sneers at her mother, then hesitantly reveals her left hand to Rocky. Reading her nails he at first shrugged.

"I love ZIP? I don't get it."

"Zachary Ian Pedigo." Zach sighs. "Your kid has the hots for me." Beside him Angel Teleki flares her eyes and slides over behind Anthony, and Gerald for protection.

"Huh! At least you have a job to support my kid. OR DO YOU?" Rocky sneers then pats Cleo's hand, "Relax you moron. I know my kid likes ya. I saw it the first time she set eyes on ya. Kiddy crush don't you worry. Besides, you do her wrong I'll just make that Z into an R, as in R.I.P."

"Hey! I didn't start any of this Rock. Who was it that told me I could tap the kid if I wanted?" Zach rebels.

"WHAT?????" Cleo turns beat red laughing.

Zach adds more fuel while winking at Cleo, "That R.I.P could stand for Ride It Princess."

"OH MY GOD!" Cleo cracks up taking her hand back from her father's grasp, "You're as bad as they are."

"Where you hiding that bed Angel?"

"If I show you, I'm dragging you into it." Angel huffs fanning herself.

"Threesome with the Teleki girls? Hmmm?" He ponders with his eyes directed at the ceiling.

"Well just let me pop some popcorn first." Rocky chuckles, "Enough of this gab. Pedigo? Date my kid before you go seducing her. Spend your first paycheck on my little girl."

"Maybe my fourth check. I got evicted, but Heidi saved my ass for the moment. Gotta get caught up."

"Heidi? You already have a girlfriend? Ex-wife?" Rocky narrowed his eyes protectively.

"His daughter Rock." Angel jumped to Zach's defense.

"You have a kid? I took you for a bachelor."

"Sorry to burst your bubble. No wife, just an ex, Yushea. Not the momma."

"Interesting name."

"Crazy rich Asian." He laughed.

"Show Rock your daughter Zach." Angel prompted him into reviving his cell. Digging it back out he reproduced his only worthy pic of Heidi. This lie was getting out of hand. Admitting it was a lie now might get him fired, so he kept it going.

"Looks more like her Mom than me." He shares the photo with Rocky.

"I'd do her." Rocky smirks at Zach who went pale, "Chillax Pedigo. Now ya know how I feel hearing you wanna fuck my daughter."

"Did I..." Zach cut himself off not wanting to hurt Cleo. He actually did want to fuck her. "I'm not bringing my kid around you freaks." He chose to laugh about it all. That part was true. As the joking furthered a loud rumble clouded the room. Rocky moving to the window just as it began pouring down rain sighed, "Looks like we're working indoors folks. Anthony? Suit up you're blowing insulation today. Take Pedigo here with ya and get him a hazmat suit. That should get ya both through lunch. Gerald? Jaime? Sweep up the warehouse. Stormy? Hold my umbrella."

"Better get me a ladder if you expect that."

"I meant the one in my martini. Go make us a couple. We're gonna go watch some of your wrestling videos."

"Hold up Rock." Angel posed a finger, "Who am I playing with if everyone is busy?"

"You're getting Stormy's height." He lowers his palm to hover over his dick. Angel immediately grinned.

"Mmmm! Yes Daddy." A blowjob it was.

As everyone left the office Zach took a minute away from Anthony to return to Cleo. "Pssst!" She follows his call toward the warehouse door. "I'm honored. If I get back early enough wanna buy me lunch?"

"Me buy?"

"I'll return the favor when I get paid."

As he awaited her response Zach found himself bathed in two fluttering twenty dollar bills. Caught off guard he peers behind him to see Rocky holding his wallet open. Shaking his head at Zach he admits, "I wasn't gonna stuff them in your Fruit of the Looms. Go treat my kid to lunch, on me. I got faith in ya Pedigo."

"Thanks. You can deduct that from my paycheck."

"Naaa! My treat this time. Just put a smile on my kids face."

"I'll do my best."

"Maybe you two can go fishing. You can use Cleo's dress as a fishnet." He chuckled. Daddy had noticed her attire.

"Funny man Rock." As Zach watches Rocky wave his hand as he walks away, he turns his attention back on Cleo. At first eying her desk to find it empty he discovered the beauty on her knees in front of him collecting the fallen bills. Looking up at him with puppy dog eyes she smiles.

"I can tuck them into your Fruit of the Looms."

Motioning her up she rises to face him. Plucking the bills from her fingers he looks around for safety reasons and leans in to lift her dress up to her waist and tucks the bills under her G-string. "These look better on you. I'm going commando."

Shivering at his gesture she steps closer putting her palms on his chest. "I think Daddy likes you."

"So does Mommy." He laughs.

"She likes all men."

"I prefer you." He stares into her eyes.

"I know..." She begins to say that she knew his daughter, possibly his ex-wife, the Asian thing he mentioned giving her reason to suspect. Especially after hearing the woman at the nail salon say her ex-husband's initials were Z.I.P. Too coincidental. However, Cleo went mum. Why ruin a chance at Zach by sharing her info? She wanted him that badly. Changing the subject she makes fun of him, "Can't afford underwear? Should we stop by the mall and buy you a pair?"

Hearing her jest sparks an idea, "You know what? There's a really good restaurant out there. You like Mexican?"

"Yes."

"Sound good?"

"Go insulate. Tell Anthony to get you back here by noon. I'll be waiting in my car."

"Shit! If it's raining like this later it's gonna suck riding home on my Harley."

"You could take me home with you." She beguiles him while nibbling her lip.

"Date first. Daddy's orders. Besides my kid would be home. New to me stuff, y'know?"

"Oh." She wondered how long Heidi had actually been in town. After listening to her at the nail salon while waiting to get her nails done the girl appeared as if she had known her fellow workers quite awhile. Was there more to this than she was being told? Suspicion crept in yet Cleopatra Teleki kept it hidden well. Nothing was going to prevent her from fucking this man. Target in sight.

"See you at noon." He suavely kissed her on the lips and quickly pulled away.

"Seeya then."

As Zach walked through the warehouse to meet with Anthony he grinned, "Now I can see Heidi at work. Only thing is, how am I going to get away from Cleo? No reason they can't meet, right? Hmmm! Maybe I'll check out Heidi's boss and the punk rocker she mentioned too. Damn! My hands are getting full here."

They would still be sore tomorrow. Sorer still the day after. He just didn't know it yet.

**Be My Guest Ch. 06: STRIP MALL**

12:05 in the afternoon. Zach and Anthony were running late. Stupid thunderstorm.

Cleopatra Teleki sat in the office instead of in her car like she told Zach Pedigo she would. The rain was dropping cats and dogs so hard on the tin roof of the warehouse/office that she decided to wait. With no umbrella she didn't want to be soggy all over in her yarn like dress because of lacking in common sense. Already wet in the shadows of her G-spot was enough as it was. Zach had been glued to her thoughts since their morning flirtations. That, and her sneaky suspicions about so-called daughter Heidi, if she had known her last name Cleo might have done a people search on her. Cleo was smarter than she led on.

Watching the street, she finally notices the Teleki Insulation van pull off the street and into the parking lot. As Anthony drove through a rising garage door and enter it Cleo held her breath. "We're going to lunch. Why does it have to be raining so hard? Fucking Seattle weather. I had to wear this dress just for him. My luck the rain will make it shrink. There's always the nightie to change into." She giggles knowing that getting that sheer thing wet would be total nudity. Wrong answer. Bold she was, but not at the mall where he wanted to go for lunch. Of course, that might get Zach really horny and the idea of getting some of the muscular Mister Pedigo did sound more on the menu that any Mexican restaurant could offer. She needed tamale. HOT! HOT! TAMALE! Infatuation took on a whole new meaning. Look out Zach, Cleo was a tiger waiting to pounce.

Meeting him in the warehouse she gave him time to hang up his equipment and wash up a bit. He had acknowledged her via a pausing finger, in response she showed him three fingers, all with his initials on them. Unknown to Cleo, Zach was feeling pretty honored that she would go that extreme so soon in knowing one another. Fearless Zach was a risk taker, so Cleo being so bold so fast only amped up his desire to see what she was truly made of. If she was anything at all like her Mother, Zach was interested. Possibly due to the fact he loved younger women. His high energy for his age drove him in that direction. Zach Pedigo was a sexual beast. This week alone he had bedded down three women in two days, well Nasty was all the way, Kayla and Heidi were only sampled, but he knew he was going to nail all of them here soon. Another girl, his landlord's caregiver was on tap for the weekend. Now? Here was little Miss Goddess Cleo. They were both ready.

"Ran late, sorry." Zach approached her finally, "It's still pouring outside. Sure you wanna get out in this?"

"I'm positive. I want to spend time alone with you."

"Same here. Listen, about the Mall...we might stop in and see my kid, I'll introduce you. That alright?"

"Sure. There's only one problem..." Cleo grits her teeth for two seconds, "I already know of her. Well, kind of...when I got my nails done. I ended up going elsewhere...too many customers ahead of me." It was a partial truth, she wasn't going to mention his ex-wife. "But, I recognized her as soon as you showed me her pic."

"Okay then. She's a good kid."

"I hope she doesn't think bad of me, I kind of ran out of her salon in a hurry. I was running late getting here." Half truth. "I hope when she sees my nails she doesn't think bad of me...you being her Dad and all."

"She'll be fine." He looks Cleo over rubbing his chin, "I hope we don't get kicked out of the mall over that dress. It shows an awful lot of skin."

"I'm not changing so we just see what happens." She brightens up playfully, "I might even lose my G-string just for kicks."

"Livin' on the edge, huh? Might as well lose that bra too."

"I'll think about it. Would that...turn you on?"

"EVERYTHING about you turns me on Cleo."

"Are you okay with my liking you so soon?"

"Just don't rush it too fast. I'll be honest, I prefer being single. Anything else you want I'd never deny you."

"So, just a fuck buddy?"

"Oh, I'll give you some serious passion to go along with that, but...I will date other girls too. Rather stop here knowing that?"

"No. I'm good. Like my mom I love sex, I just don't do whoever is available. She does a lot for Daddy. They're pretty freaky."

"Noooo! Not the Teleki's."

"I'm a Teleki, watch it." She snickers, "I have my own freaky side."

"Rain's not letting up, we gonna run for it?" He opens the side door of the garage to look out at the torrent coming down. Gutters overflowing along the building were producing thin waterfalls which they would need to avoid going out this way. It was closer to her car though, so it made sense.

"Am I losing my panties now or later?"

'Let's lose those at the mall." He winks, "Damn that dress is just too sexy. You need to have that Aunt make you a few more of these."

"Already did. I have three of these in different colors. Wine colored, and a powder blue. I rock all of those shades. I have been considering another dress, only with wider holes to show off more."

"You just make that request and I'll show you off in style."

"I'll call Babs tomorrow. Color preference?"

"Bright yellow would accent that hair and your eyes. Maybe a grey color."

"I love your fashion sense. I'll have to buy new heels to go with them."

"Daddy's money?"

"You know it. He spoils me if you can't tell."

"That's what Dad's do."

"Have you bought your daughter anything since meeting her?"

Zach fidgets a bit, the only thing he had bought his made up daughter was a silver bullet vibrator and extra batteries. Nice guy that he was. "Not really, only known her a short time. That and no money."

"I could loan you a few dollars if you want to surprise her." Cleo thought that might be an icebreaker when meeting Heidi, after running off like she did at the salon.

"That would mean paying you back. I'll need every penny I make to meet the rent and feed myself. Thanks for the offer though, nice of you Cleo."

"Keep it in mind. I'm here to help as long as it doesn't get out of hand. Just...treat me good."

"Like this?" He yanks her body into his and kisses her hard on the lips, hand on her ass, finger inside a hole of her dress to tickle her butt crack. She melted and palmed his face not wanting those lips to retreat, even though that finger was tickling her. Cleo was determined not to give him reason to halt this passionate moment. Not even Anthony in the background whistling ruined their connection. Zach even pulled Cleo's dress up in back just to show Anthony her undiscovered cheeks, tight as tight gets. Hear that quarter bounce? Anthony looked around him for more eyes before rubbing his crotch. Out of respect for his bosses he had never reacted to Cleo before now. Well, other than glances. He knew the kid was pure volcano.

"Do NOT ever stop doing that. Shit Zach, that was...I'm breathless." She didn't even tug her skirt down just fanned herself. She just had to look down to see if he was hard, her curiosity was just too strong. Pup tent it was, hell a big tent revival. AMEN! "That looks really big. I can't believe you pulled it out in front of our entire crew. Wish I had been there."

"Lunch ain't over." He winks drawing her back in before patting her bottom like a drum with both hands. The second kiss was steamier than the first. Overheated by the tenderness Cleo grew exceptionally wet. Her tan G-string could not contain the stain. There was no hiding soggy. This time, as they separated Zach took time to look over her body, noticing the wet cloth. Puckering he darted his head from side to side, "Maybe we'll lose that G here, instead of the mall." He lifts her dress a bit higher in front and crouches down to seductively drag her G-string over her hips, down her legs and to her three inch heels. Stepping out Zach held them in his possession. Taking them to his nose he inhaled her beauty. Cleo was swooning. It was then she heard Anthony mutter, "Sweet Jesus."

"Hi Anthony." Cleo looked over her shoulder with sparkling eyes. Her ass in full view she stood proud. Zach in turn stood up and winked another time at Cleo.

"Dare you to let Anthony hang on to these until we get back."

"Dare accepted." She plucks her G-string from his grasp and turns to face Anthony, dress still high on her hips, exposing her clean shaven pussy's warm wet smile. Strutting toward him she takes his hand and plants her underwear over his fingers. "Can you hold on to those until the end of the day?" All Anthony could do was nod. Did that really happen? The Teleki kid. Turning around to return to Zach, Cleo let Anthony see her full dance recital, that ass was sanctuary. At least in the sense of knowing any man would want to reside there. She had never felt so exhilirated. Just as she reached Zach he grabbed her hand and pulled her out the door into the rain. Forcing her under the downpour of the gutters she yelped, drowning in ice cold water, her body going glossy and her dress tightening over her flesh like a prison.

"OH MY GOD!" Just as swiftly Zach pulled her out from under it and kissed her even harder. She melded her contours to his like a serpent entwining it's prey. Drenched from head to toe the both of them, it was going to be a long lunch full of body heat to dry themselves. A bolt to the car she had to dig into her purse for her keys. Zach behind her rubbing his crotch over her ass, she took her time unlocking the door, laughing her ass off. Once inside Zach raced around to the other side. Laughing she locked his door keeping him in the rain as she points at him. Finally, she let him in. Engine started, she kicked on the heater just to compensate their chills as they sat there a bit before leaving.

"I can feel my dress shrinking. Holy shit!" She pinched at her chest in discomfort, "Let's not ruin any more of my dresses like this. Auntie Bab's ain't cheap and I'll need a new one this color."

"Clinging nicely Miss Cleo."

"Yeah, this bra has to go before it cuts off my circulation." She arches forward over her steering wheel to reach behind her back and through her open ports to detach her bra. Easing under her armpits she drags the bra free and hurls it into her backseat. Zach could see nipples sticking through the ports. "Well? No hiding the knitting needles."

"The mall is gonna love you."

"Security won't."

"You worry too much. We'll dry off a little before going in. Start driving."

"My hair is horrid now." She eyes herself and primps into her rearview mirror. Luckily her hair avoided most of the downpours direct cascade, her body held under for the most part. It was still wet, just not as horrid as she felt it was. Growling at Zach she put her car in drive and they left the lot.

Seattle's famed Westfield Southcenter Mall...coming up on 1:20 PM...

"You ready to take lunch Ms. Baker?"

"Ms? You make me sound old Vicksen."

"Vicksen? You make me sound like an exotic dancer." Her manager Vicki grins almost accepting the compliment, "I like your nickname. You may take ten more minutes on your break."

"A whole whopping ten minutes? Now I don't have to pee and freshen my make up at the same time."

"Go before I change my mind." Vicki flutters her knuckles trying not to laugh, and still show her authority.

"I'm waiting on my sister. We're having lunch together. Can I hold off until she gets here?"

"And make the mad rush of ladies here to buy thongs wait on you?" Her boss finally laughed, "It's a slow day, take fifteen minutes more instead. I'll ward off the gauntlet."

"Awesome."

"Oh! Before you go, we haven't talked about that new roommate of yours more. Is he still being a gentleman?"

"Oh hell no. He's trying to get me naked every night." Heidi giggles, "I'm joking. Zach's been really cool." She wasn't really joking. Zach did want her to live her life as a free spirit, knowing Heidi had it in her to run free nude while at home. Heidi was not going to waste any time denying herself, besides her inner freak adored turning the older man on. It took a freak to know a freak. Vicki needn't know that. "Strangely, he's kind of fatherly." Only because of their game of Father Daughter kept her off the lease, and it just continued being utilized in conversation. It was fun.

"Sorry I'm late. I applied for a job at a few places. It's freaking pouring down outside. I had to stop a few times on the way here. Dad's truck needs new wiper blades." Saved by the yell, slightly older stepsister Kayla Trudeau arrived in a fluster. Vicki eying her attire of a concert t-shirt for the band One Republic and cut off jeans that were cut a wee bit too high for such thick hips. No bra left the girl's hefty tits bobbing in her hurried state. The fact her shirt was wringing wet only made it cling to her curves. Kayla could certainly polish up her cellulite, hardly fat, just needing work. Zach Pedigo had promised to get her in shape by taking her to the gym. She was ready to work hard when he was. The fact their sexual tension being so receptive only guided her vision. Even though he was into lots of girls she found him irresistible. Self esteem might be playing it's part. If it got her laid, or even kissed on Kayla Trudeau was embracing it, even if a certain reluctance at first kept her from going all the way. That would not be an issue going forward. At least she told herself that.

"About time. Vicksen here just gave me an hour lunch."

"Hour? Forty five." Vicki retaliated with a grimace.

"See you in an hour and forty five then. You're the best Foxy." Heidi grabbed Kayla by her t-shirt , wet fingers dragging her away.

"Foxy? Oooo! I like that one too. FIFTY MINUTES. NO LONGER." Vicki was losing anyway.

"So, what made you go looking for a job my less than energetic sis?" Heidi walked with Kayla away from Vicki's Secret.

"I guess when Zach said I should get a job it hit home. I really don't want to live with your Mom forever. Maybe after Zach's lease is up we can all get a house together."

Heidi paused for a second to imagine the idea, that meant calming her freaky side a bit. Kayla knew her stepsister pretty well, but not 100%. Even Heidi had her secrets. Being alone with Zach gave her the options to taunt him into giving her what she wanted every night. Namely, her fetish to be jizzed on. That part made her feel like a total slut. It felt good. Nothing nor anybody was going to prevent her from her warm bedtime milk. Having Kayla and their Hindi girlfriend Nastiya around meant Zach might be tapped out at the cow. Nope. Nyet. Nada. All Heidi's.

"We'll cross that bridge when we get there. Give me time to enjoy living my own life, this is my first time out on my own."

"You want Zach all to yourself don't you?"

"He's fun. I'm glad things happened as they did, my knocking on the wrong door. Something just clicked, even if he is old as dirt."

"Old enough to be your..." Kayla falls short of using the term Dad, knowing Heidi had been denied a real father all of her life. It suddenly dawned on Kayla that maybe that was what Heidi was exploring in a way, what it would be like to have a Dad. She did know they were roleplaying the family connection with their landlord. Kayla would listen a bit more closely for a true affirmation that her suspicions were on target.

"Dad? Yeah, as long as he doesn't start wanting me to act like I'm fifteen and begging for an allowance." Heidi chuckles, "Pleeeeeeeeese Daddy I want a new toy." She goes into a childlike voice.

"Ohhhhh maaan. That even turned me on." Kayla nudges her sister laughing, "Hey I love this dress on you." Heidi instantly looks over her burgundy colored dress with open cleavage, the skirt two inches above her knees.

"My new favorite outfit. I bet Zach would like it too, not that it matters what he likes."

"Heidi's getting a crush." Kayla recites goofily.

"Naaaa! He's just too old to get close to. I'll just torture his ass with my youthful exuberance. Did I tell you I met his ex-wife? I haven't told him so hush."

"No way. Really? Where?"

"Mrs. Chang's. She came in and got her nails done. Once I figured out who she was I nearly peed. She's actually nice. Drop dead gorgeous for sure. She's way younger than Tom."

"Wow! Why did they get divorced?"

"She had multiple affairs behind his back. I think she really regrets doing it now. All she talked about was her love still being there. Of course, she just got dumped so she's probably just rebounding and thinking she can weasel her way back in."

"That could be bad for you if they rekindle. You might be asked to move out."

"Come on!" Heidi smirked and fluttered her fingers over her body, "Look at mwah. Codger would rather keep me around because I'm smoking hot and barely legal." She laughs.

"You're 19, legal as it gets."

"I bet I can keep Tom if I tried."

"As long as you share him. I want that dick in me again. Used this time not just parked inside of my pink garage." Kayla excitably blushes.

"Lucky you." Heidi hides the fact he had done the same to her.

"How did you deal with that egg vibrator for so long. We heard you screaming for hours." Kayla flares her eyes, "You know he made us push the trigger a few times right?"

"What? You got me off? I HATE YOU." She laughs then feels strange about her sister torturing her. Zach was obviously evil to make her do that. Nastiya doing it too only made Heidi get goosebumps. "Wow! That's messed up."

"Sorry I gave you an orgasm."

"Stop before I vomit."

"Oh my gosh." Kayla pauses to point, "Look! That guy has a pink mohawk. Too funny."

"That's Weaver. He's cute. I might go out with him if he ever asks me."

"I guess. What do you think Zach would think if you brought that guy home?"

"Do I care? I'm my own slut. He's his own stud. If I was worried about what he thought I'd never have set him up with you and Nasty." Heidi had her reasons. There was that freak side, setting him up to get so turned on made her crazy inside. In her own dark corner she wanted him to come to her afterwards and sort of take out his frustrations. Imagining herself fucking another guy in front of Zach made her bite a nail. How would Zach take it?

"I set Tom up with a nurse who cares for our landlord. Her name is Khloe. Bitch is sexy as hell. They go to the same gym."

"Awww maaan. I have gym competition? I'll never lose weight."

"Bitch stop your whining, you're not that big, just puffy in a few places." Heidi pats her sister on the ass, then her tummy. "Flat tire at worst."

"Gee thanks Miss Supermodel."

"Oh! I met a model too. She says I should do some modelling, wants to introduce me to her agency."

"Is it legit?"

"No idea, but Petra looks like Scarlett Jo."

"She going after Zach too?"

"Hasn't met him yet. You think the old guy can keep up with that much pussy?"

"I'd put money on it, if I had any. You're paying for lunch."

"I just paid rent. Mom bought me groceries. What am I an ATM?"

"Taco Bell is cheap."

"Chalupa!" Heidi shook her head, they were already on their way to the food court.

Outside in the parking lot, Cleo Teleki finally found a parking space. With the rain falling so heavily people were battling for closer spots leaving Cleo quite a ways out. Zach sitting next to her rubbing her leg made her shiver, adding to her chills from being wet all over. While her skin was dry her crochet style dress wasn't, it was still creating creases in her caramel colored flesh where it had shrunk and tightened up all over her body. Strangely, it's snug fit made her crazy inside. Knowing Zach expected her to waltz right into the Mall without underwear only intensified her hormonal state. People were sure to see every inch of her barely concealed nudity, her dress being flesh colored only added to the magnetic look. Of course, being wet made the material a shade darker to compensate her own natural flesh tone. Fuck it! She felt naked, why not enjoy it.

"Close as we're gonna get." He scowls.

"Oh, you better get closer." She snaps a sneer at him then flicks her tongue his way.

"Not what I meant."

"Just being silly. Zach?" She lowers her gaze to his caressing hand on her upper thigh.

"Yeah?"

"I need that cock in me. You've got me crazy inside."

"Patience. You haven't even seen Hardy yet."

"Hardy?"

"Yeah my..." He started to say roommate, then daughter before biting his own tongue, "My friends say I look like the actor Tom Hardy."

"I can see him. Gonna inject his Venom into me?"

"As long as your pussy doesn't sport needle like teeth and try and eat me." He laughs, "I've seen the movie."

"I'll save the eating for you."

"Better do that before the Mexican cuisine. Might get gas."

"Eww! Ruin the moment."

"I'd gnaw on your clit even if you were singing in the background."

"You say the sweetest things. This rain is not letting up."

"That dress is going bondage on ya."

"I blame you and TLC."

"TLC?"

"Their song Waterfall?"

"Gotcha. I like that song."

"I'm...a bit scared here Zach. If I get arrested for indecency Daddy is gonna..." Cleo falls silent and considers her words, "...probably applaud me when he bails me out. I can hear him now, That's my Girl." She raises her tone to sound gruff.

"Freaky family. You know your Mom won't rest until she's had me right?"

"Do your worst. If that's what you wanna do."

"Not saying I want her, just saying my gut tells me she won't stop until I cave."

"Trying to make me jealous?"

"No, you know her better than me."

"She's gonna eat you alive."

"I'm gonna eat you alive."

"We braving the Great Flood?" She fidgets taking her keys out of her ignition.

"Let's go." Zach opens his door then races around to the drivers side to get her door. Even in a storm he was a gentleman. As she steps out squealing she locks up her car and stashes her keys in her clutch purse. Taking Zach's hand she starts to follow him when he turns to face her, backing her against the hood of her car. Gripping her hips he lifts her off of her feet and sits her on the slick hood. In awe of his boldness she finds her ankles snatched up, his grip forcing her legs high and wide. Her balance led her upper body into laying back on the metal. Seconds of positioning her Zach looked down between her legs at a glistening smile. That pussy was mewing. Digging in Zach ate said pussy as she hid her face from the pouring rain. Cleo Teleki was screaming at the top of her lungs. Even with people looking for parking spots, cameras all around, Zach was challenging her limits. Cleopatra was up for her Mark Anthony.

At first not many cars could actually witness the event in the angle they were parked, yet somehow the sight of sexy feet in the air drew attention, heels waving to them instead of hands. Horns tooting their fascination over objection only made Cleo louder. She discovered that being watched was a real turn on. Then, came the buzz kill. Pulling up behind her car was a Security detail in a white SUV. A black guy in his early 20's leered out an opened drivers side window.

"Is that you Cleo?"

"Shit! I know that voice." She laughed, Zach not letting up, his tongue digging even deeper into her cunt. Back arched she merely waves over her windshield, "Hi Dante."

Dante Owens put on his flashers and stepped out of the SUV to make the journey to their side. Hovering hesitantly as Zach peered over his brow at the guy Dante puckered with respect. "Wish I'd done that back when we was in school together."

"You missed out Track star." She moaned.

"Did he?" Zach lifted away from her pussy with a drenched expression. "You have two minutes Dante." Zach motions at her pussy with a nod. At first Dante grit his teeth looking around him, then down at Cleo. She had her jaw wide at Zach's unexpected offer. Without losing the opportunity Zach nudged her legs back toward her, "Here hold these." Cleo claimed her own ankles laughing as Zach stepped aside and let Dante dig in. Dante devoured her with a hunger that came flooding back. Cleo was always so fucking perfect in every way. No way was Dante not tasting her. Talent strikes and Cleo shrieks, "I'm going to cum Zach."

"Let him have it. Full force."

Body convulsing Cleopatra Teleki showered Dante with a rapid procession of squirts. Finishing his feast at Zach's pat on his shoulder Dante lifts away grinning, "Daaaamn! That was hot."

"Only gets better Buddy. You writing us a ticket?"

"Hell no. Thanks man."

"Let's get inside Wet Willamina."

Releasing her own ankles Cleo slides from her hood, nearly losing her balance under weak limbs. Her gaze between both men was sparkling as if her entire life was changing. She had just let two men eat her out. Dante was pretty darned good, she might need to track him down another day. For now, Zach was her Big Mac. ONLY ZACH. She was seeing hearts dancing around her head. Okay, she was just dizzy and drowning from the torrential rain hitting her face. She would not have ever said no to Zach even if he had asked her rather than just presume she would do what he was instigating. Not even allowing Dante to eat her out. Cleo got off on being what Zach wanted her to be. In her mind she hoped that this was only the first of many adventures he might take her on. Hook line and sinker. Fish in the body net. Yeah, that dress was pretty much useless now. Hiding was not going to be an easy thing to do. She embraced the risk going forward.

Hand in hand they sprinted up the lot and on to the curb, Dante following closely behind in his SUV enjoying Cleo's pretty much exposed ass. Her skirt was riding high on her hips. There was no tugging at the hemline until they reached the sidewalk in front of the Mall entrance. There Zach let her cover herself what little she could under duress. Cheekage was still visible, beneath and through the dress itself. Soggy from head to toe both Zach and Cleo managed to step inside for a tad bit of warmth, even with air conditioning circulating the Mall it was still better than the chill of the atmosphere outdoors. Dante would inevitably go park somewhere and jerk off.

"Oh my God! I'm freezing." She shivered folding her arms over her chest, knowing her nipples were full tilt and slipping through the crocheted material. To make matters worse her areolas were much darker than both her flesh and her dress color. Seeing her quaking Zach stepped in behind her and hugged her, using his palms over her arms as friction. That led him to peel her arms away from her breasts for a birds eye view. Guys were definitely looking.

"No hiding, let people see you."

"Daddy I need that bail money you set aside for my college fund." She giggled with an adjoining gasp. "This is crazy Zach. I love it."

"They love you." He throws his arms to his side drawing attention to them, then essentially bows before her Majesty Queen Cleopatra. Cleo primped at her wet hair and bit her lower lip as guys nodded and waved her way. Giddy at times, shy as they walked. Placing an arm around her waist he led them through the somewhat sparse gathering. Quite a good number of guys, half the ration women, if kids they were in strollers and unaware of what was before them. Zach did block the view of her near nudity when he felt it was required. Passing through the food court Zach looked around and spotted a boy with pink hair. He immediately knew the boy was Heidi's optional curiosity, recalling her mention of him. In his thoughts he compared the boy to Billy Idol. Not too tall, skinny, and smug. Chuckling he looked further down and spotted Kayla, she had been blocking Heidi until they moved up in line.

"There's my kid." He pointed out Heidi, "That's her stepsister. Let me introduce you properly. Try not to run away this time."

"It wasn't like that." Cleo gnashes her teeth, "I just had to go."

"For whatever reason, let's at least let her get to know you. That is if you wanna come over to my place now and then."

"Inviting me to spend the night?"

"Nights. I'm thinking once a week would be nice."

"Really? I'd love that."

"We'll be driving Heidi crazy, because I'm tearing you up when you're over."

"Mmmm! Can't wait."

"Sounds like a plan. If she's gonna live with me, the kid needs to know I'm not the average Dad."

"You should be yourself always."

"I guarantee that." He chuckles, "I'm not changing my lifestyle because of her. I've told her that." He was really using this fake fatherhood for all its worth, hoping Heidi would go along with it around certain people. As a fellow freak he had a hunch she would. Stopping him with a tug Cleo winced, sparking him to as, "You alright?"

"My hair is ruined, just feeling a bit conscientious. I don't like it when I'm not looking my best. Can I go use the restroom real fast? Stick my head under a hand dryer or something?"

"Ladies room right over there." He points out, "Hurry it up." At the very least he offers a peck to her cheek then pats her behind to send her wiggling on her way, his eyes never leaving her dancing ass cheeks until she entered the restroom door. In a heartbeat he turned fast and darted toward Heidi and Kayla.

"Afternoon hotties." He chuckled stepping up behind the girls as they poured their drinks from a fountain. Shocked by his sudden appearance the girls shared a glint of awe.

"Stalking me Tom?" Heidi scowled.

"Kayla actually." He kissed her on the lips nearly making her drop her drink.

"Whoa!"

"I'm messing with you guys. Cleo's dad, my boss offered to buy us lunch. I know a good Mexican restaurant here at the Mall. Muchacho's!"

"I was gonna say, Taco Hell isn't five star." Heidi chuckled. "Where's this Cleo?"

"You look worse than me." Kayla pinches Zach's wet t-shirt. He pinched her soggy top back, right over her left nipple.

"Raining like a bitch out there. Listen, when I had you send pictures earlier I used you as my daughter. Play along with it okay? I let on you just found me after all these years and I let you move in with me. She knows Kayla as your stepsister still, that's no lie."

"Gonna bite us both in the ass later, you know that right?" Heidi smirks.

"I'll bite yours tonight. Just go along okay? I'll tell her the truth another day, it's mostly to keep her mom off of my dick. She's hot but I don't wanna fuck the bosses wife unless I have to."

"But, you can fuck the bosses daughter?" Kayla snorts.

"Wait until you see her." He grins, "She's trying to dry her hair so she can make a good impression."

"Let's get a table." Heidi looks around finding one near a certain someone. The boy Weaver Kytes with the pink Mohawk was there in the court too, the thing is he was having lunch with another girl, one that looked more his speed in the punk rock scene. Heidi fidgeted a bit wondering if her consideration of dating Weaver was already dust in the wind. Still, she led her clan to the table, three over and sat down.

"That your Rockstar?" Zach nodded at him.

"Yeah, no idea who the girl is though." She did note Weaver writing something down on a napkin, probably his phone number. Her heart was already running low on gas. Maybe Weaver wasn't as interested as he let on, player most likely.

"Here comes Cleopatra." Zach waved over everyone to let her know where they were seated.

"Holy crap!" Kayla huffed, "Her Grandmother dress her in a doily? I see nipples."

"I see her whole body. Way to go Dad." Heidi tries to lighten her emotions.

As Cleo sees them and walks through the table arrangement, guys dart glances from all directions. Heidi, curious of Weaver's thoughts on Cleo glances his way, sure enough he was looking. So much so that he jumped from his seat and rushed over to Cleo. It became obvious that they knew each other. Zach puckered at Heidi as they both huff a diligent, "Huh!" Further watching as Weaver looks over Cleo's body with swagger they note Cleo point out her friends. Weaver pausing to look over at the table notices Heidi and smiles vibrantly, waving at Heidi. Together Cleo and Weaver walk over to their table.

"Hey Heidi." Weaver tried to be suave.

"Hi."

"Cleo and I went to school together. Just catching up since it's been a year."

"Have you heard Weave's band yet?" Cleo bubbles up, "They're awesome."

"No I haven't. Dad? This is Weaver." Heidi introduces them proving she could play the game. "And, this gorgeous creature is my stepsis Kayla." Kayla merely lifts her drink to her lips sipping through the straw with a wink back at him. She was more interested in Cleo's dress, possibly what was behind it.

"Nice to meet you Sir." Weaver offered a hand, the one holding the napkin. A quick retreat of the napkin into his other hand, they shook. "Sorry." He lifts his napkin to share a verse of a song on it. That made Heidi less apprehensive. "I had an idea for a song so I jotted it down on a napkin. So...you're dating Cleo?" He looked puzzled by the age difference.

"Friends with benefits. Right Cleo?"

"If the benefit fits, wear it I say." She smirks.

"Wait! I know you." Heidi realizes pointing at Cleo.

"Same here. Sorry I left so fast the other day. I forgot something at school, I go to Georgetown Campus." Nice cover up, too bad her nails gave her away.

"All good. I see you got your nails done elsewhere."

"I did." She fans them around for everyone to see. Kayla reading I LOVE ZIP sulks a bit but keeps her emotions in check. Her emotions were all over the place and she had no clue why. Definitely, not that time of month.

"So Weaver...who's your girl?" Zach nods at his table where the punk rock Diva that resembled Katie Perry waited, decked out in black everything.

"That's my drummer Kismet. We're waiting on the rest of our band. We meet once a week here to go over plans when we have a gig. Big one coming up next week."

"Love to hear you guys sometime." He keeps things light.

"I'll keep you posted on where we're playing. I better get back to Kiz. Talk later Heidi?"

"You know I'll be hanging lingerie."

"Nice. Good meeting you Sir." Another handshake leads Weaver into a quick hesitant hug with Cleo, trying not to get anymore wet than his first hug got him before taking his leave. Cleo then took a seat on Zach's lap, he guided her there and she graciously accepted. Eying Heidi. Cleo winked and mouthed the words, "I won't tell." Heidi immediately realized that she had meant the awkward meeting with Zach's ex-wife Yushea. A thin smile between girls created a mental bond. Not telling Zach about his ex was good for both of them. Kayla just kept quiet, her tacos were delicious.

"Don't pig out too much you're meeting me at the gym later tonight." Zach takes a breath to notice Kayla's feeding frenzy.

"I am? Even if it's pouring down rain like it is now?" His scowl made her retaliate with a palm held to silence him, "Umm okay. What time?" Noticing her hand as messy she pulls back quickly and licks her fingers of sour cream.

"8:00. You know the gym right?"

"The one by where you live? Iron Jack's?"

"Yep. Don't be late, and wear something flexible, no jeans."

"Like what? I have loose shorts and tank tops, but my boobs don't like to stay in tanks."

"Works for me." He rubs Cleo but flirts with Kayla. "No bra."

"What? Really?" Not that she ever wore bras.

"No panties either."

"Crap Zach. My legs will look all cottage cheesy in shorts."

"Knock it off. I've seen those legs, and that ass, there's no cottage cheese, do what I tell you."

"Wow! Okay Chief."

"Mmmm! I like it when you get bossy." Cleo snuggles up to Zach.

"Not being bossy, just direct. Certain people, who specifically asked for my help is going to follow my lead or I won't bother."

"Why no underwear?" Kayla fidgeted.

"Because I want you to get used to drawing attention to yourself. The more guys that notice you, the more you will want to work harder."

"Only guys?"

Everyone looked at her with interest. Heidi herself flaring eyes at her sister's question.

"I knew you liked Nasty." Zach gives her a hard time.

"No I don't. Not like that. I mean...I'm just...you started it Buddy." She points at Zach trying not to laugh. "I never once considered kissing a girl before you had me kiss Nasty."

"And, you ate her out." He reminded her.

"That...too. Stop you're embarrassing me."

"Good. So, the girls at the gym can admire you too. Anyways, 8:00 sharp."

"I'll be there. Dad won't need his truck after 7:00. He closes his tattoo parlor at 6."

"I thought you lived with Heidi's Mom. You seem to spend a lot of time with your Dad."

"I help him out every day for an hour at closing time. Sterilizing needles, sweeping up. Odd jobs. He gives me the use of his truck and a few dollars if it was a good day."

"Gotcha. Won't dig no deeper. I might with Cleo though. Reallllllly deep." His hand slides up her inner thighs and rubs her clit. Cleo took a deep breath through her mouth and held it, as a finger dipped inside her pussy. She said nothing but smiled up a storm.

Heidi had been preoccupied as they talked, her eyes finding curiosity over Weaver and this girl Kismet, that and the affection Zach was giving Cleo made her torn. Not jealous, merely conflicted. It almost seemed as if Zach was trying to make her jealous. She was not really the jealousy type, but after four days of living under Zach's roof so much had happened. She had beaten herself up the night he locked himself in his room with Kayla and Nasty, leaving her outside, when it was she whom set him up with the girls to begin with. Her fetishes liked watching and getting jizzed on, he denied her the watching but came after her once they were done and fulfilled her jizz needs. That and he planted his big ass dick up inside her wet pussy and just let her have a sample, without the thrusting. It weighed heavily on her mind that she had let him even do it. She worried that being roommates he might gravitate toward wanting more. She definitely didn't want a relationship. This led Heidi to apply herself in other directions to keep him off balance. If he realized she was into other guys he might not pursue her as hard. This boy Weaver kept her attention, she liked dating guys, loved sex on her own terms. However, with this Kismet shooting daggers at her when Weaver wasn't looking this boy might not be what she was after. It challenged her for certain. Weaver was really cute. If anyone seemed jealous it was Kismet.

Sizing the girl in black up became a three way obsession. Even Kayla was now discovering Kismet. First impression was short, skanky, and trouble. Heidi agreed without words, she was ready to just let it go. If Weaver wanted her he would chase her. Even with Kismet's visual threats, Heidi in her usually accurate intuition felt that Weaver was being legit. One would see.

Across from the girls Zach was all about Cleo, good for him. Heidi knew the more turned on he got over the bosses daughter, the more he might potentially come home and take it out on Heidi. She found his aggressive perversions to be exquisite. To call her a freak to her face she would agree. No relationship just fetish fulfillment. That was enough.

With Cleo sitting mid straddle across Zach's lap with his fingers toying with her pussy she snuggled up for warmth, her knitted dress still damp and giving her chills. She was dead set on letting Zach do whatever he wanted to her. Like Heidi his charisma could charm the skin off of a snake, thus she was taken in by him at first sight. It only took him two days to get her to feel a need to be his, even if it meant only sexually. Her lust for Zach was just too intense to ever deny him. Strange how puppy lust worked.

Noticing Zach's eyes wandering from her lap toward Heidi and Kayla she wondered if it turned him on to show off in front of them, using her. Her hemline slipped higher with every time Cleo lifted her hips to compensate his fingers massaging her. The excitement lended itself to her own often hidden desires. Maybe that was what drew her to Zach right from the very first meet. Cleo Teleki had freaky parents, it must be in the DNA. There was just something about Zach that brought the best out in her. All she knew was that under no circumstances did she want him to ever ignore her, even if this newfound obsession meant giving in to anything he had to offer. Cleopatra was totally in, as were three of Zach's fingers. So, that was why her eyes were glistening, wide, bright, and beautiful.

Kayla appeared curious as to Cleo's reaction, her big brown eyes were just too adorable. She had her suspicions, but wasn't totally sure, therefore an accidental swipe of her hand sent her napkin to the floor. Leaning down Kayla Trudeau glanced under their table to witness Cleo's pussy being invaded. That was definitely a very sexy pussy, with or without the fingers. It took Heidi to elbow her before she sat up straight and tried not to look obvious. Far too late for that. Kayla held her breath and kept her thoughts to herself. As if Heidi couldn't read her mind. Realization set in fast, Heidi Baker had to return to work before her employer Vicki's kindness would go against her in the future. A little longer she mentally agreed upon.

Even as Zach taunted Cleo with his fingers he chose to keep her based in reality, "So, did you go to school with half of Seattle? That's two guys in thirty minutes." His free hand slid up under her dress hem and fingers explored her belly, moving higher with each breath inhaled. "First Dante, now the Last of the Mowhawkins."

"Just coincidence really." Cleo shivered, "Pretty small school actually." A glimmer toward Heidi she struck up conversation, "You're about my age Heidi. Where did you go to school?"

"Me? Up in Vancouver. We moved here after I graduated. Kayla's dad opened a couple tattoo parlors down here. Then, he and my Mom...separated. Long story, less said." She was hiding something, even Zach sensed it. The hesitant eye contact between sisters gave him a suspicion, but for now he let them keep their secrets. When the time was right.

"Do you like it better here? Vancouver is beautiful, pricey I know. My parents have a cabin up there for vacations." In that brief revelation Cleo imagined Zach taking her there and making love for days. She might just suggest that should they keep this mutual attraction moving forward.

"Love it." Zach ignored Heidi, his sliding hand moving above the tabletop to be seen by both girls. That hand was now an entire arm prowling up Cleo's yarn dress to just below her breasts. Cleo bit her lower lip at his exposing his journey. Not only were the girls now seeing, but neighboring tables of men were admiring her even more lustfully. They all wanted to be Zach. She knew this. Regardless, Cleo tried hard to focus on Heidi.

"You're right there. Vancouver is expensive." Kayla added, "We're poor here, but up there Dad had his first parlor in a back alley behind a tire center. Friend of a friend helped him get started. We live so much better here in Washington."

"Daddy lived in Vancouver too." Heidi spoke up, "That's where I was conceived." She smirked, "I'd pat your hand Daddy but you're so busy."

"If you're gonna live under my roof you need to accept who and what I am." He winks at Heidi.

"Oh, I will. I do. I'm happy to be a part of your life now. You be you, I'll be me. I feel really lucky to have found you Daddy. Come on to all the girls you want, I'll just go to my room and find something to do until you need me." Kayla choked on her drink and turned red. She knew what her sister meant. That cum fetish Heidi had was well known between sisters who had very few secrets amongst themselves. A few regardless.

"How did you find your Dad?" Cleo huffed, Zach's fingers easing in and out of her drenched cunt, his traveling hand now squeezing her right tit, that dress was being stretched out.

"Our mom finally fessed up." Kayla intervened, "Her Mom, my stepmom."

"Right! I never knew about him until recently. Once I got a name I did a People Search and found him just that fast. One knock on the door later we were hooked up. So to speak."

Zach paused briefly to absorb her words, she was good. It almost sounded real, even the emotions in her eyes. A lightbulb turned on at her story, it could actually be true. They were both from Vancouver, and the age gap would be perfect. Naaaaaaaaaa! As fast as he pondered the coincidences she didn't look a thing like him. Of course, she could favor her mother. Zach had been with a number of girls at a very young time in his life. Most of the girls he could barely remember. Feeling Cleo's pussy juice up around his fingertips drew him back to reality. Cleo moaned softly into his ear, burying her head in is neckline shortly after, hiding her tender orgasm. It wasn't intense because he wasn't rushing it, it was just her letting him know she was loving what he was doing to her.

"Th...that's awesome." Cleo panted trying hard to maintain conversation.

"We can see your hand beneath her dress." Kayla spoke without expression, her eyes merely studying the revelation of so much flesh between the crocheted portions of her dress. Every guy around them saw it too. What few women venturing glances their direction fantasized about being Zach's toy themselves. Nothing like good ole fashioned cooperation. Not a soul seemed to be offended. Well, save one. The girl Kismet was still scowling toward their table. Hopefully, Weaver Kytes could keep her opinions contained. Either way, Zach Pedigo didn't care. Cleo Teleki? She focused her attention on Zach and Heidi, the rest of the world was welcome to enjoy her exhibition. Now she was understanding her Mother's lifestyle better.

"Why don't you two just have sex right here? You have everyone's attention." Heidi chuckled musing over their playfulness, "My dad the pervert. He's lucky I'm the cool kid."

"Am who I am Punk." Zach winked, "Take it or leave it."

"I guess it must run in our DNA. I like seeing this stuff." She laughs, "So...not going anywhere Codger. I just found you, it's going to take more than this to scare me away. I'm no Angel."

"Thank God for that." Cleopatra sighed, "My Momma's name is Angel, furthest thing from any halo."

"That dress is crazy awesome Cleo." Kayla remarked, "You'd rock a dress like that Heidi."

"I would, wouldn't I?"

"My Auntie is a designer. I'll give Zach her number later if you want to commission one. She works from home." She finds her words mumbled as Zach places his wet fingers in her mouth to let her suck on them. Cleo loved the taste of herself. Eyes shyly watching Heidi and Kayla the girls find themselves biting their own lips. Cleo Teleki was just plain sexy. Her faint, "Mmmmm!" left them speechless.

"You two want a taste?" Zach took his fingers from Cleo's mouth leaving her with a saddened look, until those fingers entered her pussy again. Moistening them up he again retreats to lift his hand across the table for the girls to inspect. Heidi flared her eyes but chuckled.

"Just ate."

"I'm still hungry." Kayla pepped up not hesitating to rise from her seat to lean over the tabletop and sample Zach's fingers. Neighbors were blown away by her boldness. Heidi, shook her head and blushed. Looking over toward Weaver she notices Kismet with her jaw wide watching Kayla lick his fingers. For some reason she didn't seem so offended now. Hmmm! Interesting. Maybe Kismet wasn't so into Weaver after all.

Cleo sat amazed at Kayla's expression, the girl was acting like her taste was the best thing ever. In her hiatus Cleo found it in her to observe others around her better. Guys were winking, blowing silent kisses, girls were licking their lips. It gave her a rash of new goosebumps, tingles in all the right places. A shy smile toward them confirmed that she was honored to tease them. They were equally honored by her beauty. In her intimate study of behavior she sighed at Zach, "Thank you."

"For?" He had to steal his hand back from Kayla.

"HEY! I wasn't done."

"Yes you were." He scowled then looked back to understand Cleo's gratitude.

"For?"

"Showing me...what I've been missing."

"Stick with me kid, I'll turn you into a freak that might put your Mom to shame."

"Freak? What if I'd rather just be what others like to view?"

His hand tangled up under her dress abandons her breast and slides up through her cleavage and palms her throat, tilting her into a sweltering kiss that made Heidi take notice and fidget a bit. Cleo's dress was pretty level with her waist now, bottomless and in full view. Guys around them had to adjust their junk fairly often. Women took to noticing the men. Mumbles of "Fuck yes." became audible. That was enough for Heidi. Her lunch was far exceeding Vicki's permission.

"Gotta go Pops." Heidi interrupted them by screeching both her palms across the table top until they looked her way. "I'm sure I'll see you around again Cleo. Keep in touch." Cleo in turn giggled, now that she was rubbing her own clit again, Heidi pointing directly at her hand.

"Nice meeting you again, this time under better circumstances." Cleo sighs.

"Same here. Drop by the salon again, I'll do your nails differently. We can write ZACHS BITCH. That's ten letters."

"Only if he wants that. We are just being...playful."

Zach nodded in agreement, "We'll see. Give your ole' Dad a kiss?" He puckers toward Heidi as she stands up stretching vibrantly, her chest offering some serious nipple action due to the activities close to home.

"Naaaa! Too soon. We just met. Let me get used to you more."

Following Heidi from their bench Kayla steps to Zach and slugs him on the bicep in a jesting manner, "Seeya Old Man." Narrowed eyes give Kayla a shiver, he wasn't exactly happy to be hit. "Sorry! Bye Cleo."

"Bye." She huffs at her massaging, feeling it generating heat and sensitivity. Even Kayla knew the tone and expression of a girl ready to cum of her own volition. Turning away to trail behind her sister Kayla bulged her eyes and fanned herself. Was it sad that Kayla got ferociously wet watching Cleo play with herself? That sampled taste was going to linger on her thoughts all day.

Passing by Weaver's table, Heidi stuck her tongue out at him once he noticed her. He had been ignoring his surroundings in favor of writing that song lyric stuck in his head. Kismet however saw Heidi and Kayla coming and sneered heavily, almost as if she were ready to snarl. Maybe she was, her barely audible reaction was just enough to capture Weaver's detection. Looking up at his drummer, he instead glanced left to see Heidi's razz. It made him laugh and razz her back. That shared moment was enough to send Kismet to her feet with a threatening pose. Heidi merely raised a brow and stood her ground. Kismet in turn just stared at her with a hint of hatred.

"Problem?" Heidi studied the girl, who in that moment decided to look over Heidi's body. A sigh led Kismet to shrug. Turning to reclaim her seat the shorter lass ran head on into Kayla standing next to her. In their gentle collision Kismet found her eye contact lodged directly between Kayla's breasts.

"Are you trying to motorboat me?" Kayla smirked as Kismet turned red. Weaver lost his shit instantly, which in turn made Heidi snicker. Humiliated Kismet turned tail and ran away, Kayla sort of felt bad for her. Pointing at her exit strategy Kayla looks at Weaver, "She okay?"

"Yeah, she's cool. She just likes to act all badass. Kiz is like my baby sister, protective of me."

"Gotcha." Heidi shrugged, not sure what to make of Kismet. With a brow offering a half way salute, Heidi bid farewell, "Gotta roll Rocker. You know where to find me."

"See ya Heidi. Ummm! Bye..." He couldn't recall if he had even heard Kayla's name.

"Kayla. Older stepsister to Blondie. I hope your drummer is cool. I totally freaked her out."

"Trust me, once she calms down she's gonna ask about you. Guarantee it." Weaver smirks with a thumbs up.

"Why?" Kayla stared clueless, then suddenly realization set in, "Ohhhhhhhh! Wow! When she asks about me...tell her I think she's cute." She then pauses to fan herself, "Can't believe I just said that. Bye Weaver...love the hair."

"Later." He laughs as Kayla bails swiftly into a shuffle, giving chase toward her sister. Spotting Kismet ahead of them Kayla blushes and scurries faster to catch Heidi. Kismet was talking with two taller boys also decked out in black, with chain wallets dangling and loads of bling. One had a pair of 20mm gauge ear piercings, and spiked hair. The other a twisted moustache and goatee, the 'stache wound long and tight at the ends. Heidi surmised that they were the remaining members of Weaver's band. Knowing she was dangerously late getting back from lunch she merely smiled in passing. Both boys instantly ignored Kismet and expressed a lingering lust that led to wolf calls. Kayla in response howled back, except she pointed at Kismet. The girl presumed that Kayla was just mocking her friends and flipped her off. Kayla cocked a brow and just kept on walking.

Heidi chose a more elaborate reaction, raising her voice she went full on ecstatic, "OH MY GOD!! It's SPITSHAKE." The boys froze looking around for further reactions from passing customers. Pointing with an evil grin Heidi added, "We'll be back for autographs." She then grabbed Kayla and hurried away laughing. Kismet was not impressed. Well, with Kayla's ass maybe. Heidi? BITCH!!

At Victoria's Secret Heidi found Vicki with her arms crossed, tapping her toe. It was easy to read that her Manager was not happy. "Sorry I'm late. Dad bought us lunch and we lost track of time." A worthy lie from someone that didn't appreciate lies. "I can work over 30 minutes if you need me to."

"Dad? I thought he was just a roommate?"

"Oh, yeah! We call him Dad now. Me and my sister here."

"You didn't bring him by for an introduction?" Vicki pouted.

"Maybe next time. He had...some other things to do." Namely Cleo.

Kayla just nodded and waved shyly at Heidi's boss. A quick hug between sisters Kayla readied to head out. "I'll be back to pick you up at 5:00. 5:30?" She wasn't certain if Vicki wanted that extra thirty minutes. With no words Vicki merely posed her hand with her fingers showing 5. "Cool. Bye Vicki."

"Clean out the dressing rooms. After you left I had ten customers trying things on and abandoning them."

"On it Vic." Heidi went back to work.

"Zach?" Cleo trembled heavily as her fingers sank in and out of her pussy. Zach still held her neckline, his arm up the front of her dress. Folks around them were patiently waiting on the girl to climax. "Am I really going to cum in front of all these strangers?"

"NOPE!!" He swiftly removed his arm from her dress and swats her hand away from her inner thighs. Tidying her dress a bit she whimpered, uncertain why he chose to ruin her moment, she was so very close. "Security." An uncooperative dress left her hips and thighs wide open, only closing her legs hid Cleo's appeal.

Two guards approaching with curiosity made Zach nervous for the first time since beginning Cleo's exhibition. She turned shy on him just that fast, trying not to panic as she tugged her dress over her lap as much as possible. The stretched out material exposed more flesh on her upper body due to the rain's effects added to Zach's destruction of it. Both of her nipples were easily seen through gaps in cloth. With the guards making their way over she nearly peed. Zach encouraged her to stand with him in a fast lift, ready to run. Suddenly, out of nowhere came a deafening verse of, "FUCK YOU MAN." which drew attention away from them. Weaver had noticed the guards and felt like being his savior, brownie points toward Heidi he hoped. As Weaver reacted to his bandmates joining him he pushed one of them trying not to laugh. His friend fell into actor mode and it appeared real. The guards chose to avoid violence over perversion.

"Let's go." Zach drug Cleopatra along behind him, her bare ass in total view of those around her. Tits bouncing about in her race to escape. Cheering could be heard all around them. Zach smiled to himself over their good fortune. It reminded him of cookies, then of Heidi. Fuck, his dick got hard all of a sudden. Was it Cleo? Was it Heidi? Was it just being one horny son of a bitch in general? All of the above. Laughing all the way to the exit doors they stopped at the glass to peer out at the torrential downpour, thunder cracks shaking the windows, luckily no lightning yet to be noticed.

"Great! Still raining like a bitch. We gotta make a run for it Cleo."

"I'll follow you anywhere." She giggled hugging his arm with an expression of pure adrenalin, eyes sparkling like diamonds begging to be spent. Cleo was happier than she had been in her entire short adult life. Zach had brought something to the surface that she had kept hidden for the most part, and in her mind there was no turning back. Maybe it was the Teleki curse.

Looking her in the eye he yanked her into his arms, smothering her breasts against his own chest and kissed her hard, tugging her hair back while aggressively sealing the deal. She grew lost in the few moments that he imprisoned her soul. Seconds later, the kiss broke and Zach pulled her along with him back out into the rain. By the time they reached her car they were completely drenched from head to toe. As she fumbles through her clutch purse for her keys, blinded by the waterfall over her brow, she finds Zach impatient. Taking her purse from her, he sits it on top of her convertible canopy and tugs her toward the front of her car. A return visit to lay on the cascading curves of her Camaro's hood, she falls back, legs wide, heels hiked up to be removed by Zach to prevent her scratching the paint. They too were tossed up on to the canopy, one made it, the other bounced to the asphalt below and stood upright as if ready to be worn. A Cinderella story for certain.

Shielding her eyes with her right hand Cleo watched Zach sneering at her as he whipped his sopping wet shirt off, uncaring where he threw it. In it's soggy nature it remained on the ground without washing away. His chiseled muscles were magnificent, wet and trickling in this outdoor shower. Pants undone and lowering, his boasting 8.6 cock known as Hardy popped high and eager, almost looking around for its target.

"HOLY FUCK!" Cleo trembled, "How did My Mom not tell me about that thing?"

"Didn't wanna get your hopes up I guess."

"More like saving you for herself for bragging rights."

"Get ready to brag when you get back to the office."

"Daddy is going to freak." She laughs as he scoots her closer by dragging her along the smoothness of her car hood. Lining his royalty up to her labia he glides it over and between for a tantalizing effect.

"Should I worry about him firing me for taking on his kid?" He chuckles as thunder rumbles around them, the sounds of traffic on wet concrete echoing as a tribute.

"Don't you worry about my Daddy. He's so far gone down the freak side there's no turning back. Fuck me Zach."

"Homeless or not I'm not leaving here without you seeing hearts circling your head."

"So sweet. Look..." Cleo doubles up her fist and shows it too him, "Your head is as big as my fist."

"Been fisted before?" He laughs ready to penetrate.

"No! First time, be gentle. NOT!" She giggled.

"Heads up." He nods with a smirk, his crown easing in past her entry point, no slowing down from there, Cleopatra Teleki took a full 8.6 balls ruffling up against her inner thighs, hiding her ass button from view. The mixed Goddess arched her spine to compensate the fullness ripping her vagina wide, majestic pink interior framing his beast with mad respect.

"OHHHHHHHH FUCK ZACH!" She wails to the Heavens, her hand abandoning her brow in favor of tearing at her dress to drag it up over her body until it rose in a rumple over her bouncing tits. Cleo was pretty close to being totally nude, shoulder pads only if you were getting technical. As he gripped her ankles, parting her legs wider, she rolled her eyes back against the rain. His rampage in and out of her cunt sent her mind to another reality. G-spot trampled each tour in and out made her cry out without concern who heard. "FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!"

"Tight fit Queenie." He chuckled watching his beast enter and exit with no room to let her thigh muscles breath. Perfection led him to be mesmerized by her beauty. "Get that dress off." He calls out, her mind barely able to comprehend his command. Once it sank in she fought with her ball of yarn like a good pussy and pulled it over her hair, using it as a pillow Cleo was now 100% nude. Her laughter made his day.

"This is soooooooo amazing." She palmed her breasts.

"Get those hands off those tits. NEVER hide those, if they hurt from dancing, relish in the agony." Instantly, her hands went away in favor of releasing her dance partners. Zach enjoyed their circling motion immensely. Uncertain where to replace her hands she decided to use her painted DADDY nails to rub her clit, her I LOVE ZIP set to show her appreciation. She refused to lower her nails the entire adventure. He found her respect and leaned forward to suck on the heart nail, she nearly cum at that very moment, her face distorted with expressions of ecstasy. Holding that nail firmly between his teeth he was certain the tiny heart was being removed. Interesting ploy it occurred to him. "Let's see how she reacts when that love is gone."

Cumming hard around his cock she squealed and shook like the thunder that was offering her a symphony of turbulence. Not far off as more thunder sounded loudly. She resorted to rambling, "Soooo fucking big. So fucking big." It made Zach smug and in his thoughts said, "That's my boy." From there her tone switched to pet like whines, building up another orgasm. She was magical, this young barely legal beauty willing to do it all. For her the same, this Sorcerer, old enough to be her..."DADDY." He caught a glimpse of her nails massaging her clit just above his monster's ball.

A vision of Heidi Baker crept in. Ever since the blond had come to his door at his time of need he wasn't acting his age. Being in his primal...prime, it was perfect timing...all he could think of lately was going home and getting kinky with her. Just focusing suddenly on Heidi in his thoughts, his energy levels tripled, taking Cleopatra on a magic carpet ride. Lost in Heidi, he hadn't realized his terrorizing thrusts had brought Cleo into a swift double orgasm. His own ambitions pounding deep like an out of control jackhammer, balls slapping her underside like whips. Scream after scream Cleo rallied her emotions. Zach? His thoughts were on creaming all over Heidi's face. Nice fantasy.

It took an aggressive car horn to break his trance just in the nick of time, pulling Hardy free of Cleo's swooning cunt he shot massive firepower out over her belly, clear up to her chest. Jerking his remainder violently over her pussy as she moaned in delight. Clit sensitive each time the merest shot pelted it Cleo reacted by lifting her hips.

Reality returning, Zach used his forearm to wipe the rain from his gaze in order to follow the horn. Off in the next row sat the Security SUV with Cleo's friend Dante nodding his respect at Zach.

"YO! THREE MINUTES?" Dante had his window down with a hopeful expression.

"NEXT TIME." Zach smirked rolling his hands over her belly retrieving his cum before feeding her ravenous lips. Her hands barely able to touch him for the trembling she just fanned them for circulation, too interested in devouring his leftovers with passionate suckling. "That's a good girl Queenie. Every drop Sweetheart." Her mumbles yearning for each finger between her lips, her tongue savoring his minty taste.

Another blare of Dante's horn led Zach to glare his way. "You two better go. Security is looking for you. I called in a no see, but the cameras probably caught you guys. My buddy Dean will delete the footage. I got your back Man. Good to...see you again Cleo."

"We owe ya, Dante." Zach nodded.

"Hot as ever Cleopatra." Dante let her hear before driving onward. She merely waved goodbye, still feasting. That is until she noticed her nails. Pouting at Zach she realized that her painted heart was gnawed off of her nail. She wanted to cry.

"Relax. You can always get a new heart." He pulls his jeans up, and retrieves his shirt from the lot. Leaving it off he eases her to her feet and finds her legs no use. She fell into his body and clung to him tightly. "Easy now. I have you."

"Yes...you do." She sighs on his shoulder, a breath away from him tugging her head back by her hair and kissing her hard on the lips, he could taste himself on her. Zach always did enjoy his own flavor. Guiding her to the passenger side of her car he reached over the canopy for her purse and procured her keys to unlock the car, making it evident that he intended to drive. Sitting her inside she felt like a puppet. A once around he snatches her dress from the hood and her shoe laying upright on the drivers side ground. Getting in he fired up the heater to battle against the chill of the rain. He knew sitting there much longer was a huge risk after finding out they were wanted, yet he did.

"Zach?" She reaches over with her left hand to touch his arm. He peers back at her, then down at her soft touch. "Do you really want me to love you?" Her vacant nail made her think otherwise.

"I want you to love my dick."

"No problem there." She smiled softly.

"You can feel anything you want Cleo, just don't get clingy. That's my job." He laughs.

"You get clingy?" She looked confused until he reaches over and grips her hair tightly. She got the idea quickly, grinning with approval, "Keep that up."

"You're mine when I want it."

"Agreed. Can we do this kind of...?" She looked as if begging suddenly.

"BET ON IT!" He raised his voice with a stern look that made her tremble and pinch a nipple.

"That made my heart flutter." She taps her chest directly over her heart with the once painted nail. Symbolic that even invisible now, her heart was his...when he wanted it.

"Never get jealous, accept other women, we'll be great together."

"Be honest with me." She whispered rubbing his leg, her words drawing him back to Heidi Baker wanting total honesty going forward, except when lies were agreed upon.

"About?"

"Heidi." She studied his face with a soft gaze.

"Not my kid. Just a roommate."

"I thought so."

"It matter?"

"No. Have you had sex with her? Not jealous, just trying to understand it all."

"Not officially. Had my dick in her setting pretty. Let's not tell your folks Heidi's not really my daughter. I used her as my kid to calm your Mom down."

"As if that will change her mind. Trust me Zach, Mom is relentless. If she wants you, she's gonna rape you."

"Worry about that set of clothes when I get to them."

"Do you...plan on having sex with Heidi?"

"If it happens, it happens. I'm not gonna...well might encourage it." He shakes his head, he did want his roomie pretty badly. "She's...against going all the way. Fetish stuff mostly...anyways..."

"All I want is honesty Zach. Even if I don't always like the truth. I want to be...yours. Any way you want me to be that is."

"She demands honesty too. Our Daddy/daughter lie was only concocted to avoid putting her name on the apartment lease. It just kind of hung around for laughs. Useful when it's needed I suppose. I like the idea of you being mine...sexually...if it goes deeper we discuss it like horny adults." He chuckles, "Concerning your Mom? Once I get used to your folks I'll probably break down and tap her too. She is pretty fucking hot."

"Hell, I knew that. I find my own Mother...you know what I mean..." She blushes, "Not so much." With a deep breath she turns sideways in her bucket seat and holds his arm with both hands, "Tell me exactly what you want from me."

"Pretty sure I know."

"Tell me."

"I've discovered something recently about myself...actually long before Heidi showed up. It's returning after being dormant for awhile. Bad marriage made me rethink what gets me going. Maybe, back then, I should have explored this side of me with Shea, she might not have strayed behind my back. Anyways...I want more than one lover for certain...trophy sluts to show off, share...with others."

"So, like my Mom and Dad." She giggled.

"Guess so."

"Just say it Zach...Slave? I'm half black, but I keep an open mind to that word."

"Naaa! Just say yes to everything I want you to do." He turns away grinning.

"I wouldn't tell you no even before you brought this up." She bubbles up leaning in to kiss his cheek, "USE ME!"

"You make me sound like a Pimp."

"If there's money involved I'm not splitting it."

"Fair enough." He draws her into a heated lip lock that led her halfway into his lap, not fully though. They only gave in to passionate loyalty. Lips parting she eases back just enough to show him her peeled nail.

"It's there still, in memory."

"I know you do that's all that really matters. Love me as deeply as you want. Just..." She halts his speech with a palm over his lips to invoke silence. Their eye contact was enough to seal the deal. Once realized she returns to her seat and buckles up. Nude without worry. With his hand on the gear shift putting the car in reverse she pauses his retreat one last time. Placing her hand that had DADDY written on the fingernails over his he eyed the letters.

"I hope you like kids." She winked, "You're my new Daddy."

"Guess I have lots of kids I didn't know about."

"No child support at least."

"I'm cut. No worries even in the future."

"So can I be Heidi's sister?"

"Fine by me."

As he backs up and puts her car in motion, something weighs heavily on Cleo's thoughts. As much as she encouraged honesty she just could not confess knowing his Ex Shea. At least visually. She swore secrecy to Heidi over an hour ago. They needed to discuss that predicament soon.

Back inside the Mall...

Heidi Baker was ringing up a customer purchase when she heard a loud rap on the window next to her. Attention drawn from her register she glances expecting it to be either Kayla, Zach, or Weaver. To her shock it was the drummer Kismet. Her sneer still stabbing at her she plastered a napkin against the glass with writing on it. Pausing briefly to bag the customers items Heidi lost track of Kismet. Once she was free Heidi looked back to find the girl gone. She hadn't even read the napkin. Taking a stroll to the store's entry way she searches for Kismet to no avail. She was gone like a ghost.

"That was unnerving."

A glance at the floor where Kismet had stood she discovered the napkin crumpled up. Retrieving it she unfolds the ball and reads it.

"Weave likes you. I like your sister. Hook us up." Heidi peaks a brow smiling, "Never saw this coming." Indecision spoke and Heidi decided to hold off telling Kayla. She herself needed to process this whole bisexuality thing that her stepsister was pondering.

For now.