**Be My Guest**

by[SZENSEI](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3586621&page=submissions)©

**Be My Guest Ch. 07: CURLING IRON**

Iron Jack's Gym, Seattle, Washington. Late evening due to nasty weather. The storm had finally ended.  
  
Zach Pedigo had already been working out for thirty five minutes, cardio first then a planned regiment of weight lifting. He was waiting on his new trainee Kayla Trudeau, Heidi Baker's stepsister. Of course, she was running late, she had to wait on her Dad to get home to swipe his pickup truck. That, and being self conscious over what extra weight she had established over the years made any sexy outfit sightly. Her opinion of course. She had serious curves in all the right places. At 22 her huge breasts were still perky, no sag whatsoever. Thick upper thighs, a thin flat tire around her waist, and a more than jiggly butt made her worry what others thought. The kid was beautiful, she just didn't see it like others did. Using Zach to lead her in the right direction was her only hope. That and she found the Tom Hardy lookalike hot as hell.  
  
While waiting on her, another visitor found her way into his workout routine. As he lay back lifting a barbell of 300 pounds he felt a soft presence straddle his lap. Lowering his repetition back into its cradle he looks across his horizontal form. Sitting there smiling was the devastatingly hot nurse Khloe Vaughn, her long brunette hair pinned back into a ponytail, and wearing a cut off white tank top just below her large tits, nipples pointing at him hard. Below the cut off tank was her firm tight belly with a trinket of jewelry in her belly button, leading down to almost boy shorts yet spandex in a combination of pink and black.  
  
"Hey stranger." She looked around the relatively busy workout area before grinding over his thin cotton sweat shorts, his dick growing under her. Even with guys looking she just couldn't resist.  
  
"Evening Nurse Khloe. I've been looking for you every morning before heading out to work. Where you been?"  
  
"Walter switched my schedule the last few days and I took on a new client two blocks over. I should have told you. Heidi at least. I hope you don't think I've lost interest." She hops up and down on his crotch smirking.  
  
"Making up for lost time?"  
  
"Well, we haven't technically knocked boots. Saturday's right around the corner. Still want me to come over?"  
  
"Absolutely. You keep bouncing on ole' Hardy and Saturday might be extra credit. Guys are watching you and wiping their chins. That's a good thing."  
  
"They are? Even before we met they drooled over me. I like working out in skimpy workout clothes, it gives them something to look forward to. I guess I'm shameless." Her hands roll over his abs feeling his sweat. "Mmm! Me? I've checked you out ever since I became a member here. I'm really glad Heidi made the introduction."  
  
"You could have just walked up like you did just now and said hi."  
  
"I know. I guess I was hoping you might notice me and give chase."  
  
"None of these other guys have hit on you?"  
  
"A few. That big bald guy over there gave me a few training tips just to bend me over. He's a tad too Schwarzenegger for my taste though. I let him feel me up at the hips though. Nothing much after that because I didn't wanna get his hopes up."  
  
"He's staring hard. Hard HARD. No hiding his junk."  
  
"You act like that turns you on."  
  
"Won't lie, it does get me fired up showing off my girl and watching men wish they had her."  
  
"Oh really. So you want a trophy slut."  
  
"I think I made myself pretty clear that day at my bike. I like being single, I just want a sexy young freak to keep up with me."  
  
"Freak, huh? I might be a work in progress, teach me to be what you want?"  
  
"Everyone wants a teacher. Heidi's stepsister is coming here shortly to workout. I told her I'd get her in shape to make her feel better about herself."  
  
"That's nice of you. Fucking her too?"  
  
"Not exactly, might someday. Jealous?" He kept his single moment with Kayla to himself. To him a mere penetration without further thrusting just wasn't sex. A miserable excuse he knew but it just didn't feel like sex.  
  
"Not really. I don't do jealousy. I'd be content just to be a fuck buddy. If you want me you'll take me."  
  
"Oh, I definitely want you. After that kiss by my Harley the other morning, I figured you might want more."  
  
"More kissing absolutely." She lowers her gaze to his lap beneath her, "Someone is getting really hard."  
  
"Let's clarify here...I want you in my life Khloe, no relationship, just some hardcore loving. That term fuck buddy is close but I want some emotion behind it. Can you lose yourself around me without expecting true love?"  
  
"So, you want passion but no relationship."  
  
"Sounds perfect. Too much for you?"  
  
"Buddy I'm not going anywhere. I've had my eye on you too long to miss out. Like I said, teach me to be what you want and I'll work hard at being EXACTLY what you expect."  
  
"Into exhibitionism?"  
  
"Like this?" She lifts her tank up and shows him her well rounded breasts, giving him a healthy stare at her perfect pink nipples before dropping her shirt.  
  
"Your droolers saw that." Glancing about, sure enough six different men caught a glimpse of her titty flash. Every single one of them offered a smug congrats toward Zach. Mad respect instantly.  
  
"Oh, I'm sure they did. I expect to be hit on hard before I leave here."  
  
"Lap dance. Do it seductive." He narrows his eyes, curious to see if she was obedient toward his challenge. Eyes flaring up with intensity she reaches up into her hair and removes her elastic hair tie, shaking out her full brunette tress. Bending over him she grinds her thighs back and forth over his concealed beast. Rolling her palms over the contours of his chest then dragging her red nails back toward her, trailing down to the waistband of his shorts.  
  
"I love your definition." She whispers then leans forward again, this time scooting back slightly, low enough to kiss his six pack abs, tantalizing his belly button with a flick of her tongue. Gripping the barbell he laid back and sighed.  
  
"Show these fellas you're serious."  
  
"Is this more for them, than for you?" She kisses his chest after licking over two inches of muscle to reach it.  
  
"Making them wish they were me."  
  
"They will never be you."  
  
"You certain about that?" He winks.  
  
"Plan on sharing me?"  
  
"I said seductive. Talking is not seductive."  
  
"It can be. It depends on my words. I'm just conceptualizing what I'm getting into." She lifts her shirt up and taunts his chest with her bare nipples. Guys were definitely noticing more. She felt their glares and shivered.  
  
"A few new sets of eyes found you."  
  
"Good. I like being desired."  
  
"Make them rock hard Nurse."  
  
"Like you are? Or harder?" Her palms retreat over his chest as she sits back up, her tank caught between nipples and it's natural position over her chest. Half of her breasts were still out for air. Sliding her palms lower to rub his tented erection, she guides his cock back toward her thighs and holds it there, her hips gyrating tenderly, pushing her pussy into his shaft.  
  
"You're fucking gorgeous Miss Vaughn."  
  
"I prefer super hot. I can't wait for you to push this deep inside me."  
  
"Why wait. Hop on."  
  
"Here? Now?" Her eyes shimmer, "I will."  
  
"Before I leave here tonight, you're losing your clothes and riding Hardy. Right in front of all these guys."  
  
"I..." She pauses to catch her breath and smile at him, "If you want that I'll risk going to jail."  
  
"No one is going to jail. Do you really think any of these guys are going to call the cops on a hot girl giving them a show?"  
  
"What if girls come in. Heidi's sister?"  
  
"I'm pretty certain Kayla won't mind. I think she's finding girls...interesting."  
  
"Ah! A Bi coming out. What if she...likes what she sees?"  
  
"Like you or me? I know she likes me." He chuckles, "Are you bi?"  
  
"Never tried it, I would for you."  
  
"Sounds like you're wanting me to fall for you."  
  
"If you do...I won't walk away." She sighs, "I understand what you want from me. If I had reservations I wouldn't be sitting here stroking your cock. Now would I?"  
  
"Guess not. I want a girl that never lets me down."  
  
"Or never lets you up?" She giggles.  
  
"That too. So, Nurse Vaughn...gonna let me down?"  
  
"I believe in my abilities. Test me if you feel the need to."  
  
"I think you fulfilling nudity and riding me until we cum here at the gym will say a lot."  
  
"I do too. But, I want you to be 100% certain that I won't let you down going forward. I...want to enjoy my free time with you."  
  
"It won't always just be you Khloe. Like I said I like being single."  
  
"Date as many girls as you want. Call me and if I'm free...I'm all yours."  
  
"What part of seductive don't you understand?" He grows grim with a sneer. It gave her goosebumps and the thrill of pushing her limits. Releasing the barbell Zach sits up, pulling her closer to his thighs by grabbing her ass and lifting her toward him. Face to face she kisses him hard on the lips, feeding on him as if a succubus stealing his soul. Hips grinding on his withheld cock, as his fingers slide under her spandex shorts to squeeze her ass. It made her ignite a passion that she was sorely missing. Her hands were all over him. After a few minutes of savage French kissing she tilts her head back, letting Zach kiss her neck and throat. In a sudden burst of temptation Khloe Vaughn breaks her hands away and peels her cutoff tank up over her head and goes topless. Zach instantly arched her spine backwards and sucked on her nipples. She moaned and looked about at her viewers. Smiling at them she finds nods of respect in return. Eyes bulging she returns her attention toward Zach.  
  
"They seem to be appreciative."  
  
"Do they? Go visit your bald Fitness Trainer and ask him to hold your hips while you take those...shorts off."  
  
"Should i let him take them off for me?" She holds her breath without blinking.  
  
"Let him keep the shorts. Oh, and give him a wet kiss before crawling back to me on all fours like a panther."  
  
"Mmmmm! The pussy is purring."  
  
"Don't fail me."  
  
"If I do I'll just come back for more."  
  
"Make your move Nurse."  
  
Without a word Khloe hops from his lap and turns to face her admirers and puts her hands in her hair making her locks wild looking. Eying the bald man she struts toward him, until up close and personal. Playing with his chest hair she looks him in the eye with yearning eyes. He melted instantly.  
  
"Hi Hugo. I need your help."  
  
"You make my dick hard." He grunts without a smile.  
  
"I noticed that." She lowers her right hand and taps her index finger on his tented crown. Whirling in step to back up into him she whispers, "Take my shorts off for me?" He nods slowly, then plants his hands on her hips and crouches to remove them from her feet. Her perfect ass in his face he couldn't resist biting it. She yelped and let him lick her butt pucker before watching Zach point at the floor at his feet. Heartbeat quickening Khloe turned to face Hugo who nuzzled her clitoral area growling. Petting his bald head she entices his eyes up toward hers. "I have to go back to Zach." Releasing her she retreats and lowers to her knees and hands. Tits swaying from side to side in her prowl she followed orders perfectly. Reaching Zach he caresses her hair then points away from him. Following his instruction she notes two men talking and rubbing their chin.  
  
"What are you expecting?" She asks Zach.  
  
"Prowl over to them and put your face directly into both of their crotches. Bite down on their sweats and act like you're tearing them off. Return immediately after you've done both."  
  
"Whew! I'm getting a workout without lifting a muscle." Twisting directions she stalks her prey, making her presence known by rolling her nose directly over a man's cock, then biting his grey sweatpants tugging them about. Releasing her teeth she moves next door to the other man and repeats her performance. Both men laughed at their fortune with swagger. She crawled away letting both men rub her ass, stopping for a second to lustfully look at Zach who held a hand making her pause to enjoy their ass massage. Finally, a curling finger reels her home. The men shared thumbs up with Zach.  
  
"That was hot Khloe girl." Another directed point toward two more men makes her growl at him playfully. "Failing me Kittycat?"  
  
"Not today. What am I to do?"  
  
"See that workout mat in front of them?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Crawl over there and lay facing them. Legs up, pry your pussy wide and show off that cave system. Once they look it over, finger yourself for five minutes then come back."  
  
"Five minutes? I might cum in five minutes." She wiggles her ass toward her old Fitness Trainer just for meanness. Khloe Vaughn was liking this challenge to be more than she had ever been before today. Were there worries in doing it? Not at the moment. She just lived in Zach's fantasy, fulfilling it to the best of her ability. She wanted to be his fantasy, to inspire it. Now that he was giving her the time of day, thanks to Heidi Baker, she would let nothing ruin that. Failure was not an option.  
  
"Moan loud. Be proud."  
  
"On my way." She whispered with a puckered kiss before licking her lips at him. He grew harder in just that moment. Observing her heart shaped ass wiggling away he sighed and went back to lifting weights. She was on her own, without even knowing it. As her targets saw her coming they found themselves rubbing their sweats, swollen cocks of varying sizes tilting up beneath the canvas of glory. She refused to blink wanting them to admire her dedication to Zach's appointed mission. He said to make them want to be him. That meant going into envisioning them to be Zach himself. Not easy of course, but still she gave it her best imaginary seduction. Crawling out on to the mat she sat down first, then lay back as told. Legs wide, her hands reaching around her massive chest, crushing beautiful melons together. Fingers prying her labia as wide as she could, revealing a luscious tunnel of pink. The men took the risk of moving closer to her as she looked up at their eyes.  
  
"Damn that there is inviting." One man looked at her with hunger, massaging his beast by literally planting his hand under his sweats to stroke himself. Other men seeing his boldness felt the same, casually approaching her for a better view of her sensual pose. She heard their desires and trembled heavily, knowing that at any moment they might drop down and take her against her wishes. The question nagging her was, did her wishes matter if she wanted to impress Zach Pedigo? What was to gain by following him? He had made it clear she was just a puppet in a sense. Not wanting anything more than sex with a passionate twist. No true love. It almost appeared that feeding his ego fed her own. This whole scene was certainly erotic. Taking a deep breath Khloe Vaughn sighed, "I do this for Zach." They heard her clearly even in her shallow tone of voice. Her pussy muscles were contracting even beneath her fingers keeping her parted wide, almost as if it were talking to them. Calling out to be filled. It became a test for these watchers, all wanting to take the bait. Hands beneath sweats for four of six men jerking off, she panted at their yearning expressions, her own straining features cringing slightly due to the pressures of remaining in her frozen position. Mind racing, pussy dripping wet, Khloe needed release. So did these observers.  
  
Hearing barbells clank loudly Khloe jumped but held her pose. Not wanting to be distracted and fail Zach in her seductive approach she resisted looking his way. If she could see him she would discover that he had been approached by the on duty Attendant. Although their talk couldn't be made out due to six men groaning, that by itself made her moan without even being touched. Pride Khloe Vaughn, PRIDE. Just as Zach expected.  
  
In Zach's workout zone, his friend, a young man named Andy, whispered to one another, both of concern, and of knowing just how fucking awesome this was to see. Zach patted Andy on the shoulder and told him to let it play out. There was nobody in the gym that might object. Andy nodded and stood by Zach watching.  
  
"She's amazing Bro." Andy confessed, "I've never seen Khloe like this ever, you a Hypnotist?"  
  
"Maybe. I have this knack for getting girls to do what I want them to. They usually follow me like lost pups once I reel them in."  
  
"You need to teach me how to do that. I'd love to bust a nut inside Khloe."  
  
"In the future I might arrange that. Not today. Just enjoy her opening up. She's my butterfly at the moment, coming out of that cocoon."  
  
"Car lights outside." Andy nods toward the front window. Zach squinted to see the arrival and once the headlights shut off he knew the vehicle.  
  
"Relax. It's my roo...my daughter's stepsister." There was that lie again. It just seemed useful. "I told her I'd coach her on the right way to pull off a few pounds. She's got some extra jiggle, but trust me when I say she carries it well."  
  
"Looks cute. Big tits."  
  
"Even better without those clothes on." Zach brags a bit.  
  
"No way. You hit your own daughter's stepsister?"  
  
"Never said fucked Andrew. Just seen and helped her reach a goal." He laughed.  
  
"Gonna get her naked in here too?"  
  
"Haven't decided yet. She's a bit awkward right now. Unsure of what she wants in life. Could be steering toward girls, yet I know she enjoys seeing me in action."  
  
"TMI?"  
  
"TMI." He winks.  
  
"Fuck man, how is Khloe keeping that pose so long. She's beet red all over."  
  
"Determination it looks like."  
  
"Oh shit! Guys are whipping their dicks out." Andy tenses up worried he might need to intervene.  
  
"Calm down. They're just wanting to show her what they have. Unless they take it to the mat let it ride." Zach appeals to Andy's sensibility. Luckily Andy had an open mind, that, and knew that even he would love to tag that luscious brunette. Tempted to move in range for a good look at her perfect invitation Andy swallowed dryly, letting himself be intimidated by the larger men hovering around her, dicks wagging. Yeah, he would stay away.  
  
Watching as Kayla enters Zach waves her over. Almost giddy at seeing Zach and having him all to herself Kayla Trudeau starts across the gym then freezes in step to see the six men, four jerking off out in the open over something. Weirded out a bit she takes a different route around the edge of the fitness center, as it opened up more she discovered Khloe on her back, she had been obstructed from view by cardio equipment. Jaw dropping Kayla snapped a WTF? glare at Zach. He smirked and curled his finger calling her to his side. Hesitantly, Kayla shuffled the rest of the way there. So much for alone time.  
  
"What's going on? Oh my gosh Zach."  
  
Pulling Kayla to his side he introduces her to Andy, a distracted hello was all he got back. He did admire the fact that Kayla's big nipples were spiking the more she watched Khloe. For an overweight girl she was pretty well proportioned. Andy found himself equally tantalized by Kayla. His first thought led to, "Is Zach going to get this girl naked too? God I hope so." His erection stemmed from Kayla's beauty more so that Khloe's. Mainly because she was shrouded by too many guys right now. If Andy could see that yearning vagina he might change his tune. Khloe was literally letting her pussy suck air.  
  
"Keep your cool Kayla. You recall that Nurse Heidi set me up with?" Zach shared attention with her.  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"That's her."  
  
"Wow! You...move fast."  
  
"Just good at what I do." He winked and rubbed her upper arm, "Ready to get busy?"  
  
"Ummm? Working out I hope? That stuff she's doing...isn't me Zach."  
  
"Someday, you just need to realize the beauty you exude. Your self esteem needs work is all. I'm not going to rush you."  
  
"I...don't know if I wanna be like her. That's...pretty slutty."  
  
"Nothing like a girl who loves teasing and showing off."

"Like Nastiya?"  
  
"I dunno yet. I've only had her in my home, not out in public like this. Is Nasty capable of this kind of performance?"  
  
"I think so. She's pretty openminded."  
  
"I guess we'll have to test that theory sometime. For now, let's get you started. Andy here is going to help me work with you."  
  
"I am?" Andy grinned with his hands in his pockets. They were there to try and tame his erection from getting out of hand. Hearing six guys groaning, ready to unload over Khloe was only making matters worse. He wanted to be groaning too.  
  
"Is Khloe going to just stay in that position until they...cum?" Kayla covered her chest knowing her nipples were vibrant over the whole scene. It turned her on, but terrified her just the same. It wasn't just her self esteem holding her back, it was being unsure of what she wanted from life. The other night in Zach's bed with her best friend Nasty gave her a new perspective having been eaten out by her, vice versa. Not that having Zach plant his monster cock inside her was appalling, she enjoyed that too. Ever since that night she had been thinking about both men and girls. Maybe, she should be Bi-sexual, nothing serious.  
  
"She's held that pose for fifteen minutes. I can tell she's fighting to keep her legs up, she's probably going numb." Zach pointed out.  
  
"And...why is she doing this?"  
  
"Proving to me she can be my trophy slut."  
  
"Wait! I thought your bosses daughter was going to be your trophy slut?" Kayla looked puzzled.  
  
"A man can never have too many trophy's in his mancave."  
  
"Are you...trying to do this with Heidi?"  
  
"We've talked some, not sure what she's told you, but for now we're just roommates. Nothing serious."  
  
"Did you...after she took out that vibrating egg?"  
  
"Fuck her? Nope. Close enough though. I honored her thoughts on sex together. How long that lasts...remains to be seen." He offers at least some truth, "Andy? Why don't you get Kayla on a treadmill. I want you to walk one mile at a steady pace. After that, some toe touches, sit-ups. Get that cardio going first to burn calories."  
  
"Okay. Zach? I said it the day I met you...please don't hurt my sister."  
  
"Why do you think I'm spending time with other girls? It keeps my mind off of Heidi. I'm not gonna lie Kayla, I...like her, BUT...that's not going to lead me into hurting her. Unless her own emotions get the best of her we'll be fine as just roommates."  
  
"Heidi's tough."  
  
"I can see that. You know as well as I though, there's a freak side to her."  
  
"More than you know." Kayla snorts, covering her mouth while turning red.  
  
"I know some. If there's more I wanna hear it from her, not you. Alright?"  
  
"Yup. Get me started Andy." Kayla steps from Zach's hug and rubs her palms together. Andy in turn guided her near the guys jerking off, the treadmills were pretty close to Khloe. Hesitant, Kayla toughened up and found herself eying the six men, only four cocks were jousting, but she could tell they were getting really close to shooting off. As Andy explained to her how best to use the treadmill, hand grips, etc., Zach took a stroll behind the six men, looking over shoulders at Khloe's stance. His own cock was ripping at his shorts just admiring her gaping hole, she was drooling on the mat, her pussy was so wet that her inner thighs and ass cheeks were glossy and trickling.  
  
Seeing Zach behind her voyeurs she refused to veer her gaze from the men. Ever since she began this challenge she had pictured all of them as best as she could as Zach himself. Hard to visualize more than one Zach but she made the attempt to train her mind to focus. Therefore, the real Zach was just one of the crowd. Her eyes were even tearing up from long moments of trying not to blink.  
  
Her entire body was shaking, her skin torn between blue and red, breath held, her cheeks were blue, the rest of her was heated, thus red in tone. Zach had to give her credit, she was dead serious in following his lead. It was time to see if she could move on to the next step.  
  
"What happened to being seductive? All I see is stress." Zach called around the men. Immediately, Khloe altered her expression to that of deep desire, huffing almost a pout, yet letting the men know their mission was hers as much as theirs. Her trembling fingers still prying her labia wide attempt to dig deeper, trying even harder to spread her lips until her interior almost tried to escape. Whimpers left her lips with anticipation.  
  
"Isn't that cunt just fucking gorgeous?" Zach pats the shoulders of two men jerking furiously. Nods of agreement was his only response. "I think she wants some cock. Do you want cock Slut?" He winces at Khloe who didn't want to ruin the moment by a screechy voice, she wanted to beg with a "Yes.", but chose instead to nod, only repeatedly with a sigh of need. "Fellas? I'm gonna treat you to that pussy on one condition." They listen closely, "Each of you get to slide those dicks up inside her, BUT it's only a taste, nobody fucks her but me. This time at least. If you can't agree to my terms, just jerk off and coat her body white. Those that do agree...get to coat her face. Any takers?"  
  
Every single one of them agreed, even the two men who still hid their beasts from view. Nobody was remotely concerned that anyone venturing into the gym at this point even saw what they were doing. They just wanted this whore no matter how it happened.  
  
"Does my slut agree to this?"  
  
Finally, Khloe manages a soft, "Yes Zach." Doing her part to pry even harder for effect.  
  
"Good girl. Gentlemen...enter...savor...retreat. Understood?"  
  
One by one the men kneel between her legs, giving her a bit of relief by holding her legs for her, her exhales let them know she was eternally grateful. As crowns push deep she gasps and tries hard to not lose eye contact with them. Offering a seductive appreciation in her eyes. The lengthy term of her pried thighs made her pussy incredibly sensitive. The deeper each man plunged the more she moaned. Zach stood with arms crossed watching from behind the men. Her eyes never once deviated from her gents. With each dick balls deep she huffs, "Thank you Zach." The men had no idea she referred to them as Zach, over the true Zach Pedigo. She was pure magic.  
  
Andy continued monitoring Kayla in her sped up run, enjoying her monster breasts darting from side to side in her black tank top. Her cleavage nearly let them escape numerous times as she just kept in pace with the treadmill. Afraid to release her grip on the bars for fear of falling she just let her clothing decide on their own how they would end up. Her short shorts were already creased deep between her ass cheeks, and half of her ass was hanging out. She tried not to laugh at her predicament. Knowing full well that Andy was checking her out, she blushed. "How am I doing?" She attempted conversation.  
  
"Great. I...forgive me I'm trying hard not to look but, darn it I can't stop. Your body is beautiful."  
  
"Did Zach tell you to say that?" She winces.  
  
"No way. This is all me telling you that. I'm dead serious. For the record? I like a little extra. Too much muscle or too skinny is a turn off. In my mind...you're just right."  
  
"Thanks." She laughs, "I just know my tits are gonna bust out. Be warned."  
  
"I...kinda hope they do." Andy joins in on blushing.  
  
"Keep watching it's bound to happen. Why are you watching me and not the Pornstar over there?"  
  
"Like I said, I have preferences. Sure, Khloe is hot as hell, but...so are you. Sorry if I'm getting too...obvious."  
  
"Obvious about what?" She offered a bewildered expression.  
  
"Hard to hide my hard on with two hotties doing their thing."  
  
"I know the feeling. The girls have never been harder. Not sure if it's you, all those muscled dudes with their dicks out, or Khloe. HOLY SHIT! The guys are gonna fuck Khloe." She realizes seeing guys get on their knees between the girls legs, "Zach is insane."  
  
"She isn't doing this for herself I don't think. It's all for Zach."  
  
" He definitely has charisma." She laughs as her areolas slip into view during the booby dance. "Another half mile my ladies are gonna beat me across the finish line. I bet my ass is hanging out isn't it?" Kayla wanted him to look. The attention was making her wet. Worse still, her light grey shorts were staining under the dampness between her thighs. Andy noticed that long before her but kept it too himself, afraid she might stop and leave.  
  
"Love the butt cheeks."  
  
"Be honest...cottage cheese back there right?" She chuckled.  
  
"Not even. Just plenty of jiggle."  
  
"I'm getting tired." She huffs trying to hang in there. "I'm sweating like crazy." In that comment her left breast erupted from her tank and gave Andy full on nipple. He smirked with appreciation. "Yep! There she blows. I'm afraid to let go so you're gonna have to put up with Flabby Tabby there."  
  
"Works for me." Andy chuckles, "I think it's named Dancy Nancy."  
  
"The other one is called DeeDee." She lowers her chin panting.  
  
"Funny." His attention remained on Kayla over Khloe even as they heard her yelp at being penetrated by the guys one at a time.  
  
Zach observing Khloe's reaction to the man now inside her, grumbled a bit, "SEDUCTIVE ALREADY. I NEED TO SEE FIRE SLUT."  
  
Khloe intensified her expressions yet again, her lips beginning to form words without vocalizing them, letting those left in order to experience her informing them how good their dicks felt inside her, how badly she wanted it, biting her lower lip with devotion. Zach was impressed. So impressed that he decided to move closer and stand directly over her right shoulder. "ARCH THAT BACK. GET THOSE TITS UP." The prompt led to a dramatic launch toward the ceiling. Nipples steely hard and saluting her momentary lovers. Seeing her effort Zach looked at the two stragglers who had yet to join in the penetration mode, they still appeared leery of participation, likely due to other men seeing them. Some guys just can't go the group thing. Calling them over with hand motions they step up to hear his next offer.  
  
"I think those adorably perky nipples need bitten. You two up to that?" The two men shrug laughing nervously. "Does the slut want those beauties bitten?" He glares at Khloe who pleads with her eyes, and nods feverishly, her newest lover guiding his cock deep into her cunt, which made her yelp as his beefy head grazed her G-spot. "You can linger in that pussy a bit Joe." Zach used a palm to halt Joe Grainger's exit. He was more than happy to loiter in paradise. She whimpered at Joe's girth spreading her labia wide without any fingers in the way. "Rub your own clit."  
  
Khloe Vaughn released her finger spread knowing her hole was wide without her efforts. Tired fingers move in to taunt her clitoris. The simplest touch sent fire across every inch of her body. Mind reeling she murmurs, "Zach." over and over softly, sensually, seductively.  
  
The men that agreed on biting her nips choose a side and drop to their knees, leaning over her breasts and gorging on her succulent pink nips. Swallowing first, then sucking, before tugging between their teeth. Tender bites make her eyes roll, "Fuck." She sighs.  
  
"What was that?" Zach crouches behind her head and uses a hand to his ear expecting to hear her repeat herself.  
  
"Fuck." She raises her voice a bit, whining at her nips being pulled tight between dueling jaws.  
  
"WHAT WAS THAT?" He bellows.  
  
"FUCK!!" She lets it all out.  
  
"You say you want fucked?" Zach winks at her, caressing her hair.  
  
"By you." She begs tonally.  
  
"Who are they?" He caresses her cheek with a knuckle.  
  
"Zach." She recalls his expectation of all men being he.  
  
"Which means?" He points at the man inside her.  
  
"FUCK ME!" She expresses toward the man holding out in her pussy, as she rubs her clit vigorously.  
  
"You're up Joe. Three minutes, no longer." Joe bulges his eyes and grins like the Devil. Drawing his dick out he slams back in forcing Khloe to shriek at how good it felt. Back and forth Joe Grainger took that pussy for a spin. She moaned and squealed with pure delight with each and every balls deep impact. Keeping time Zach continued pampering her face with loving knuckles. She snuggled her cheek as best she could keeping him a part of her dilemma. She needed the real Zach Pedigo. Joe claiming her ankles ripped her legs wide for a triumphant show for the others still jerking. Everyone was ready to nut. Including the nip taggers, their hands beneath their sweats nurturing their erections as they nibbled.  
  
"SHOWER THIS SLUT WITH AFFECTION." Zach commanded nodding to each of the abusers. Each of them moved around her as Zach stood up, his missing hand making Khloe react through a soft, "Come back."  
  
Everyone lifted over her and masturbated harder than ever. Joe still pounding away with a minute and a half left in his fantasy realm. She was cumming hard and crying out, "ZZZZZZZZZZAAAAAAAACCCCCHHHHH!" He was proud of her.  
  
The two reluctant warriors finally got ballsy and lowered their sweats to reveal a pair of pythons. Both used to rub on her nipples as they ravaged their shafts. In the time expiring for Joe, both men nut on her tits with deafening grunts. Zach calling, "Time's up Joe. Pull out and cream that cunt." That the muscular middle aged man did. Her pussy was covered in jettisons of white, using his crown to smear it over her thighs. She gushed the second his dick teased her clit. The final three tagged her belly with snowflakes and streaks of sugary goodness. Khloe Vaughn lost it in that moment.  
  
"FUCK ME ZACH...PLEASSSSSSSSSE."  
  
Zach motioned everyone away, watching her wiggle about on the mat, her fingers spreading cum all over her like lotion. Content to watch more from a distance the six men gave Zach space. Zach faced her using his shoe to nudge her legs wider. Her pleas hoarse now but continuous he nods, "Saturday."  
  
"Noooooo!" She pouted sampling cum from her fingertips, keeping it seductive, her tongue sucking cream like a cat licking it's paws. "Please Zach."  
  
"I said Saturday. All night long. You're not done." Her eyes sparkle and a faint giggle makes her question his next temptation. "Who's left? Heidi's sister? The attendant Andy?" She recalled who might be left.  
  
"They're busy." He looks back at Kayla and Andy, forced into a doubletake. Kayla was touching her toes as instructed earlier, the only difference was Andy was behind her fucking her, her shorts down to her knees, tits bobbing like an earthquake was in action. He hadn't expected them to get along so well. Kayla waved at Zach as she moaned. A simple nod in return Zach gave them privacy.  
  
"Who then?" Khloe panted.  
  
"Your secret admirer."  
  
Eyes bulging Khloe Vaughn realized who he was referring to. Still working out on weights Hugo Franz had lost interest in hitting her. He wasn't into gangbangs so isolated himself to keep busy.  
  
"Crawl your slut ass over there and suck his dick. Failure ruins Saturday. Am I clear?"  
  
"I'm covered in cum."  
  
"MOVE!"  
  
She shivered at his tone and weakly rolled to her hands and knees. Prowling seductively, her sweet ass swaying from side to side she made her way to Hugo. He was so focused on his repetitions, earplugs in his ears to block noise so that he could enjoy a native German metal band called Rammstein, that her sudden appearance went unnoticed. Without using her hands Khloe nuzzled her face into his crotch, while he straddled his bench. Feeling her intrusion he carefully drops his barbells back into their cradles. Lifting his head only, to see her biting at his loose fitting workout shorts, Hugo poised a brow of curiosity. With her teeth she tugs his shorts aside to discover no underwear. Of course not. His dick free and arching high she huffed, that dick was as thick as a soda can, his balls bulbous and full. No denying him she began licking his nut sack and made him growl, removing his earplugs, the music could still be heard. Funny that the song playing was called Pussy.  
  
Sitting up awkwardly Hugo admires her hunger. Her tongue roaming the length of his dick from balls to crown, taunting him. He had pictured just such a scenario when he trained her a few weeks, at the time she was resistant to his advances, he didn't push it. Now, she was going after him at the command of another. Hugo lifted his gaze to see Zach talking to the Attendant and another girl. Someone else was getting lucky. Hugo puckered his lower lip at Zach's influence. Who would have thought?  
  
"You like that cock Little girl?" Hugo winced down at her. She fed him eye contact that secured the truth, she loved sucking dick. Perhaps not his, but she was not going to alter her seductive expression and make him think otherwise. Rising up, she opens her mouth wide and thrusts down over him, his beast tickling her throat, thankful her tonsils were long gone. Gagging at his girth she fed on him as if possessed. She grew lost in her mission until she felt his hands in her hair drawing her brunette locks back in order to perfectly view her dedication. He liked watching his dick vanish down her throat. Palming her scalp with one hand he held her head down over his beast until her chin mashed his balls under her chin. She accepted it like a true slut. Gurgling with a symphony of "AWK AWK AWK!" Hugo smiled, "This music's better than Rammstein any day. So, Princess, what's this Zach guy got that I don't?"  
  
Hands poised over him she uses her thumbs to point at herself. It was easy enough to translate. Zach had her. That was all Hugo needed to know. He face fucked her hard until he detonated down her throat. As he snarled Hugo heard Zach yell out, "PASSION." He wasn't certain what to make of it until he released her head so that she could lift her mouth away from his monstrosity. Kissing his crown she crawled upward using his knees and nudged him back on to the bench. Stretching out over him she kisses his chest, licking his pecs, nuzzling the well of his neckline. Finally, launching high into a steamy kiss to Hugo's lips. She shared his cum still held in her mouth without swallowing it all. Hugo rather enjoyed that. His hands treated to roaming her back side. Patting her ass their kiss ended. She sighed heavily and whispered, "Thank you Hugo."  
  
"Thank you Little Girl."  
  
Crawling backward off of him she kisses his mushroom one last time and draws away to her hands and knees. He sat up and watched that ass wiggle all the way back to Zach Pedigo. Her clam and butt pucker were just plain intoxicating. At Zach's feet she sat looking up at him. He ignored her outside of petting her hair. She looked content. With a sigh Hugo Franz plugged his earphones back in and left his dick dangling during another set of lifts.  
  
"I thought you weren't ready for sex." Zach chuckles at Kayla as Andy slaps and grips her ass cheeks.  
  
"Can't a girl change her mind? Quit staring at us."  
  
"As if I'm the only one watching." He shakes his head nodding toward the men who had taken Khloe. Kayla glanced over to see them giving her a thumbs up and suddenly a round of whistles filled the room. "See? Get that self esteem in check. You're a wanted woman."  
  
"They could be whistling at Khloe. By the way...hi Khloe. I'm Heidi's sister Kayla."  
  
"Hi." She shyly speaks as Zach continues petting her hair. She didn't want to ruin his attentiveness.  
  
"You're crazy hot." Kayla sighs, feeling an orgasm coming on at Andy's persistent thrusts from behind. "I hope you don't mind my saying that." Khloe merely winks at her.  
  
"What did I say about doing sit ups?"  
  
"Oh yeah." Kayla laughs and pulls away from a distraught Andy to turn around. Kneeling, Kayla opens her mouth and sucks Andy's dick, savoring the taste of her leftover juices. Andy was a happy camper.  
  
"Pushups." Zach snapped.  
  
Pulling Andy to his knees Kayla shoves him backwards on to his back. Moving his sweats out of her way she straddles his boner and rides, pushing up and down repeatedly, moaning loudly and getting winded. She cums on his dick three minutes later, then falls over Andy burying his face in her melons. He fed like never before.

"QUIT STARING AT US." Kayla laughed knowing Zach was. Actually, he wasn't. He had pulled Khloe up by her hair and held her in his arms, kissing her with more passion than she had ever known. No man had ever stolen her soul like Zach Pedigo. Khloe Vaughn was his. Even if it never blossomed into love. She loved the power he had over her. That was enough.  
  
Picking her up over his shoulder Zach snatched up his duffle and headed for the front door. Her clothing was left behind. Not that they mattered. At the door Zach heard Kayla have a screaming orgasm. Their reflection was enough to know she was in good hands. Andy was a good guy. The other men found respect toward Zach, so no one would tarnish her against her will. Out the door they went, into the cool night air.  
  
Khloe Vaughn found herself laying on her car hood as Zach ate her out. The street bustling with traffic. She had her own screaming fit one last time before Zach pulled her to him and lifted her into sitting on the hood facing him. Hands moving to palm her face he asked one question.  
  
"Sure you want this?"  
  
"I've never wanted anything more."  
  
"Trophy slut it is."  
  
"Show me off. Share me. Make me do unspeakable things. I am yours."  
  
"I knew that when we had phone sex." He winked then kissed her nose.  
  
"I swear to you...I will never deny, nor fail you."  
  
"Get on home."  
  
"Can I go get my clothes?"  
  
"You don't need them."  
  
"I might turn on my neighbors walking in nude."  
  
"Picture me."  
  
"That might mean getting laid in my hallway." She giggles.  
  
"Saturday."  
  
"All night."  
  
"Scream."  
  
"Make me."  
  
Nodding with a pucker he left her for his Harley. Tying his duffle down, he put his helmet on. Revving up his bike he waited until she got into the car. Before taking off she realized her bag with keys and cell were still in the gym. Fidgeting she peered at Zach using her hands to motion no keys. Before either could do anything out came Kayla carrying her bag and her clothes. Saved by the busty beauty. Finding Zach he motioned her to Khloe's car window. Skipping to the door she hands Khloe her things then out of no where Kayla leaned in and kissed Khloe on the lips. A steamy one at that. After two minutes their lips part and Kayla dances toward Zach. She was giddy as hell.  
  
"I couldn't resist."  
  
"Follow her home." He smirks.  
  
"What?" Kayla turned pale suddenly.  
  
Turning toward Khloe, Zach points at her, then at Kayla. Khloe understood exactly what he expected.  
  
"Have fun."  
  
"Seriously?"  
  
"Better get that before I change my mind."  
  
Squealing Kayla ran back to Khloe and leaned in to tell her she was following her home. Khloe in turn pulled her into one more kiss before starting her car. Kayla fanned herself and raced to hug Zach. He pinched her ass and said, "Don't fall in love with her."  
  
"Yeah, right." She chuckled almost embarrassed at the thought. Changing her expression, she sees Andy waving. She waved back laughing. "OH MY GOD! I REALLY AM BI." Her night was only beginning. She and Khloe would eat each other alive until 2 A.M. Khloe would text Zach and say, "Tastes like chicken. Goodnight Sir."  
  
Zach shook his head at Kayla's exuberance and drove off in a roar. He had a gorgeous blond at home that needed to be jizzed on.  
  
Heidi Baker was waiting.

**Be My Guest Ch. 08: Loose Lips**

"So you tagged my baby girl."  
  
"Morning to you too Rock." Zach Pedigo stepped into the front office of Teleki's Vinyl Siding and Insulation. For once Rockwell "Rocky" Teleki's wife Angel wasn't greeting him at the door. Zach, priding himself on being early left himself a target for just such a greeting. Mano to Mano.  
  
"I overheard my kid bragging to the wife about you. All night long I had to hear Angel begging me to pay you to fuck her. As if I'm fuckin' rich. Bad enough I paid you to take Cleo to lunch and you didn't even get lunch."  
  
"I fed her." Zach dared to chuckle, "She went back for seconds."  
  
"Yer a riot Pedigo."  
  
"If you want that cash back I still have it. Just so you know I'm honest about things."  
  
"Honest, huh? So, Mister Honesty...how was it?"  
  
"How was what?" Zach winced with a bit of confusion until Rocky's eyes gave away what he wanted to hear, "Are you asking how your kid was in bed? Well, hood of her car?"  
  
"Hood of her car? Tell me you didn't dent the hood."  
  
"Not a scratch Rocky. Her nails were in her hair." He laughed.  
  
"I'm not asking how good she was...I'm asking if she treated you right? If I've taught Cleo anything it's about respect."  
  
"She respects me. For the record? Hottest pussy this side of Italy."  
  
Zach rubs it in expecting to be yelled at. Instead Rocky Teleki clams up wagging his finger at Zach, "Don't let Angel hear you say that, it'll be a freakin' competition. God love 'em both. Alright, Pedigo...how much?"  
  
"How much? Do I like Cleo?"  
  
"Naaa! How much to tap Angel like she's never been hit before?"  
  
"Seriously? Rock I'm not a gigolo. Well, I could be, but I don't want your money unless it's for an honest days work. Even though my hands have calluses from hell I actually like siding homes. Not so much the insulation part, too hot in those breathing uniforms."  
  
"$500 bucks more on top of each paycheck for once a week. Keep Angel happy, I'll be happy. Long as I get that halo wrapped around my fat boy daily, I'm in her side of Heaven."  
  
"I gotta ask, do you even have sex with Angel?"  
  
"Course, I do. Just...not as often as I could. Me and the little blue pill don't always work well together. Seesaw effect if ya need the truth. She loves me and long as I let her do her thing she's dedicated."  
  
"There's always the other guys working here that keep her busy. I hear there's outsiders dropping by too."  
  
"True dat. She has a nice little black book for sure. Thing is...none of them make her primal. I need to see savage bitch Pedigo."  
  
"So, your plan is on watching me fuck your wife."  
  
"$600." Rocky seemed desperate.  
  
"What do you get from watching guys fuck your ole' lady? Not sure how I feel about you drooling over my ass." Zach chuckled as cars began pulling up outside. The midget wrestler Stormy Belair and a van of the other crew members, still no Cleo. "Cleo have school today?"  
  
"Until noon. She's meeting Angel to get all pampered. I heard you gnawed off her fingernail, the one with the heart. Trying to tell her something?"  
  
"In a way. She got attached overnight Rock. Don't you think she needs a reminder that, that kind of thing only works in the movies? I like the kid Rock, definitely not in love. We talked, I hope it sank in."  
  
"Raised my kid to be tough as...nails...yeah, she might need a few spankings to correct her thoughts." Her Dad laughed, his belly jiggling under pressure.  
  
"No problem there. I might consider a one time $800 bucks for a day with Angel."  
  
"8? I offered 6." Rocky grumbled with a grimace, "Fine. I'm watching though."  
  
"I have conditions. No comply not your guy."  
  
"Name it."  
  
"So I know you don't interfere you're getting tied to a chair and gagged." Zach laughs.  
  
"You're a bastard Pedigo. Done."  
  
"Cleo watches me too. While she's sitting in your lap." Zach was pushing just to hear him break the deal, he really didn't need the money that bad, yeah...he did. Dammit!  
  
"You gotta be kiddin' me? Cleo won't..."  
  
"She will. BET ON THAT." Voice raised Zach made a point.  
  
"Why you gotta bring my kid into this?"  
  
"You get respect your way, I'll get it my way. Mull it over Boss. The crew's here so let's talk about this later." Saved by the front door opening their words fade. As the male workers made their way to the warehouse, Stormy moved next to Zach's leg and tugged his jeans.  
  
"So, you taking the money?" She chuckled.  
  
"How the hell do you know...?"  
  
"Come on Mr. Universe, girls talk." A wink at Rocky meant another round of belly jiggles, "I'll pay you a $100 bucks just to finger me. Hell your digits are bigger than most dicks I frequent."  
  
"Do I even need to put up siding? I might as well just take the money and a week off."  
  
"You can take your own kid to Wild Waves." Rocky grinned pouring coffee then adding his favorite Irish Whisky to the mix. "Kids love water parks."  
  
"Making enough waves as it is." Zach rolls his eyes.  
  
Below him Stormy pulls a $100 dollar bill out of her wallet and fans it at him. "Take this with the fingers you plan on using up my sweet ass pussy Magic Mike."  
  
"I never said I'd..." The temptation became too great. With a paycheck two weeks away and the measly hundred his Dad gave him Zach was already broke. Except for the lunch money Rock gave him yesterday. Plucking the hundred from Stormy's stubby fingers made her laugh, "That a boy Zachy. We can use that mobile home counter I been dying to climb up on. Closest I'll ever get to any island hopping. I don't do planes. It's a height thing...don't you even make fun of that."  
  
Shaking his head Zach walked away. He knew desperation was the only reason he even accepted the offer. Not that Stormy wasn't cute, she was gorgeous, just in a pint sized package. Having muscles only added to her uniqueness. She was Emma Watson as a little person. That certainly would help if he took her up the Hermhiney. Even Zach rolled his eyes on that jest from Harry Potter. Chuckling to himself he said, "I'm sounding like Heidi more every day."  
  
Mrs. Chang's Nail Salon...  
  
"Oh, my God! I'm sounding like Zach more every day." What a coincidence, great minds think alike. Heidi Baker ate an eggroll brought to work by her friend Chi Ki alias Cheeky, mainly because the girl had slightly puffed cheeks, both on her face and in her behind. Like Heidi's stepsister Kayla she too had a few extra pounds, not as dramatically noticeable but still evident. The two girls had gotten chummy over the last four months that Heidi had worked for Margaret Chang, confidante level to be precise.  
  
"Why you say that?" Cheeky chewed her eggroll aggressively.  
  
"Just thinking out loud. Tom...Zach...I call him Tom a lot because I feed his ego."  
  
"So egoroll?" Cheeky giggles lifting her Tupperware dish of eggrolls.  
  
"Works for me. He's kind of like sweet and sour sauce. Really sweet but can kind of get dominant. Don't think the worst, he hasn't hurt me in any way. What I mean is he's fun to be around, kind of like the Dad I never had in my life, yet, almost older brother I never had too."  
  
"You like him." Cheeky teases her with an index finger tapping the tip of Heidi's nose.  
  
"I like Weaver, a boy at the Mall. Zach's cool, just too ancient for me. Besides that, he prefers other girls, especially when I set him up. Just in the week I've known Tom he's hooked up with 4 other girls, a fifth I'm pretty sure I could arrange, once she moves in officially."  
  
"He get around." Cheeky flares her eyes, "he man whore."  
  
"Only because of me. Three of those girls I set him up with. The fourth is...do you remember the other day when that girl sat down at your nail booth then jumped up and ran out?"  
  
"Gemma Chan? I love her."  
  
"No, the black...mixed girl, superhot?"  
  
"Yes, she was cute. I like Gemma better."  
  
"You into girls?" Heidi winced at her friend suspiciously.  
  
"Are you?" She winced back just before laughing.  
  
"Nope. Don't even think it Cheeks. Anyways, the mixed hottie is the daughter of Tom's boss. He had her in his lap in two days on his own. Car hood in a rainstorm even. The old fart has game that's for sure."  
  
"Set me up."  
  
Heidi freezes for a moment pondering the possibility, then she considers that Chi Ki being Chinese might give Zach flashbacks to his ex-wife Yushea. Better to let this one slide, of course testing the theory by just a friendly visit could discover how he feels about Asian girls these days. That, and Heidi was always hopeful for a creamy launch when Zach took it out on her body as appreciation. His cum was so powerful and yummy that she could literally place it at the head of the table amid her dietary needs.  
  
"Give me a ride home later. If he's home you can offer him a few of these eggrolls for dinner. Just don't...talk about Cleo...that I told you about her and Yushea." Eyes erupting the second she mentioned Yushea, Heidi closes her eyes and grits her teeth.  
  
"Who Yushea?" Just as she questions the name Chi Ki caught on, "Ohhh, Gemma Chan."  
  
"Grrrrr!"  
  
"Zach know Gemma?"  
  
"Wench if you say a word I'll...ugh! Yushea, Gemma is Zach's ex-wife. That day here was the first time I'd met her. I didn't want to tell her I was Zach's roommate because she was still in love with him. I don't need the drama. I haven't even told Zach about meeting her because it's none of my business. Soooo...zip it."  
  
"I rather unzip it. Him I mean." She winks playfully.  
  
"I'm going to regret having you drop by tonight aren't I?"  
  
"You set me up."  
  
"Cheeky? Please don't tell him about Cleo or Yushea. Promise me?"  
  
"I only talk about him. Guys like it when it all about them." A sudden pout makes Chi Ki look pathetic, "Besides, me lonely."  
  
"I hate you."  
  
"You looooooooooove meeeeee." Chi Ki gets goofy and swoons around Heidi, "Customer. Lunch over."  
  
"So is my life if Zach finds out about Yushea. I'm so toast."  
  
Honesty was not always the best policy. Maybe lying wasn't so bad after all.  
  
"I just had my hair done Momma."  
  
"A lady needs to stay ahead in the beauty department Cleopatra. Just look at me...perfection." Angel Teleki twirled in step wearing a similar yarn style dress as Cleo had worn to the mall yesterday, only in black to accent her chocolate flesh. Luckily, the rain had ended long ago, this dress would not be ruined. Cleo had been forced to toss it out at work and wear sweats after lunch yesterday. Thankfully, her Father had no questions, unlike her Mother. Momma Slut just knew. Twenty questions with ten of those questions recycled led to a giddy Mother/ daughter evening at home. Rocky's poker night gave them a reprieve. Today? Angel felt like splurging, her daughter made her very happy hearing of she and Zach's exploits. It would be Mommy's turn soon enough, now that Rocky and Angel had spoken over the phone just before work. Rock could not figure out how to access customer accounts on the computer, He could not run a business without his lovely ladies. He would need to now, both girls had shut their cells off.  
  
"Why aren't we going to Auntie's to get our hair done? I can order a new dress while we're there."  
  
"Your Aunt is booked. I checked. She always comes first, you know that. This is a one time in the moment adventure. We rarely do these now that you're older. I miss my baby."  
  
"Still your baby. Just of age now." Cleo giggles, "Zach likes my hair with the frosted tips. He said I reminded him of the 70's looks."  
  
"Get Christy Love? That man needs a reality check, this is 2019. I love that look too." Angel hugged her daughters arm, while eying her hair, "It is cute. Okay, let me get my hair done at least. Maybe...we can stop by Zach's daughters nail salon. You can fix that chipped away nail, I can get mine done to shock your Father."  
  
"Mine stays blank. Zach told me it was his invisible touch. Oh my God! I can still feel him gnawing the paint off as he sucked my fingertip."  
  
"I hope he doesn't get sick ingesting the paint."  
  
"Yeah, I hear fingernail paint can make dicks go limp."  
  
"It better not. I wanna sample of that big boy."  
  
"It'll happen, you know that."  
  
"So he did talk about me."  
  
"Some. He just doesn't want the job to suffer because of attachments. He needs us as much as we need him."  
  
"Stormy and the boys did say Zach was a go getter on the job." Angel fidgets a bit as they enter the hair salon. Being in a primarily African American area of Seattle, the salon favored black in both customers, and hair stylists. A sparse mixed variety of both in tiny numbers. One white female stylist, one Asian customer, two black male stylists that were obviously gay men so far out of the closet they probably hung their fur coats from chandeliers. Freezing as a stylist approached, Cleo noticed the Asian woman. Before they could sit Angel, Cleo confirmed in her mind just who the woman was. Sure enough it was Zach's ex-wife Yushea. Without directly telling Angel she pulled her back with an expression of worry. "What is it Baby?"  
  
"Can we go somewhere else. I just...recognized someone I really don't want to talk to."  
  
"Who Baby?"  
  
Growling under her breath Cleo points at the Asian woman drying her hair under a dryer. Using Angel to hide behind helped, Yushea did look their way as if curious.  
  
"Who is she?" Angel whispered.  
  
"If I tell you, you cannot tell Zach. He doesn't know about my knowing her, nor about Heidi meeting her. Heidi and I know the trouble she caused him while they...were married."  
  
"Married? That girl is Zach's..." Angel stares, "She's cute. Too bad. I say we get nosey and learn about Zach."  
  
"I knew you were gonna do this the hard way. I'll wait in the car."  
  
"Excuse me. Didn't I run into you at Mrs. Chang's nail salon the other day?" Too late. Busted.  
  
"Ohhh yeah! You were in the seat next to me, I remember. Hi." Cleo worked her wonderous personality.  
  
"You ran off so fast after telling the girl what you wanted done." While caught in the middle Angel patted Cleo's shoulder with a wink and joined her stylist, leaving her to deal with Yushea on her own. Excusing herself with a smile Angel bid farewell to the women.  
  
"I forgot something at school. I go to college. I didn't want anyone stealing it...iPod. Not cheap for vintage ones."  
  
"Ah! I thought perhaps it was because of my saying the initials of your man were the same as my ex-husbands. Z.I.P.? Zachary Ian Pedigo."  
  
"What? Nooo! My man is African...Z'ak...uzz'I P'ditris." Cleo froze trying to come up with a viable replacement name. There was a Pediatrist next door, and a Jacuzzi sales across the street. Goofy she knew, but it worked. Yushea seemed shocked as she rolled the name across her thoughts, something was wrong here. "He's French Congo."  
  
"I see. You do know Zach, don't you? Please be honest."  
  
"I definitely do not know any Pedingo." Cleo added a letter humorously to his name. His dick was huge and Mandingo was a book her Mom talked about often.  
  
"Pedigo." Shea corrected her suspiciously, "I'm so very sorry if I seem stressed. Zach, my Zach and I had a rough marriage, I won't get into it, again I'm truly sorry."  
  
"No need. We've all had rough relationships. Ummm! Is your hair dry?" Cleo points at Shea's wet mane of black hair. "Are you getting a perm?"  
  
"Shoot! Yes. Come sit with me?" Shea drags Cleo against her will to the hair dryer and sits her in the vacant seat next to her, lowering the dryer back over her head. "I wanted something different. I've never tried a perm before."  
  
"Can I be honest with you?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Don't go curls, it's gonna make you look old."  
  
"Really?" Shea freaked for a moment, "I...don't want Zach to see me as...old."  
  
"I thought this Zach was your ex?"  
  
"He is. I've been considering trying to patch things up with him. I...just want to look my best."  
  
"Need to lose the perm idea. Try dressing better too."  
  
"This is not what I normally wear. I've been looking for work, thus the business suit." Shea was wearing black dress slacks, and a white button down with minimal cleavage shown, even though she had fairly large breasts. A choker about her neck made Shea, share a bit of intimate fashion. As she fondled it Cleo took note.  
  
"Love the choker."  
  
"Zach gave it to me just before we split up. It reminds me what I lost. I was just...too young and naïve to realize what and where he was going. I...sad to say, liked the company of other men, without Zach knowing. I'm sorry if I'm making myself look bad."  
  
"You have my attention. I have to wait on my Momma anyways."  
  
"You're so sweet. I really do need someone to talk to. My confidence these days is very low. I was seeing a man named Sam, he's opening a new bar uptown soon. We broke up a month ago, and it's been solely Zach on my mind since. I...think I realize now what I let go. Zach was always...different."  
  
"Different how?" Cleo took interest.  
  
"I really shouldn't be talking about our past. I'm certain he's moved on anyway, he's very handsome, very in shape..." A wink toward Cleo led to..."Well endowed."  
  
"Awesome." Cleo giggled, "Keep going, I'm all ears." As if she didn't already know.  
  
"He...was getting...freaky toward the end, this choker...kind of ownership?" Shea winced not wanting to mention slavery in an all black establishment.  
  
"BDSM?"  
  
"Yes, that."  
  
"Now you have me hooked, keep talking." Cleo settled closer smiling up a storm. "So, you couldn't be like that for him?"  
  
"Oh, I could." Shea grinned, almost blushing, "I just ran off with another man before exploring it with Zach. Trust me when I say I've wondered how things would have been should I have stayed with Zach, and evolved along with him. The man I left Zach for was wealthy. I let money lure me. Sam...my latest, lured me even further, yes he had money too but it wasn't that...Sam just...knew how to please me. Oh my gosh. I really should stop talking I'm embarrassing myself."  
  
"Question..." Cleo poises a finger, it just happened to be the one without paint. "...how can you be embarrassed, if BDSM intrigues you? Isn't that all about sucking up humility and living to be what your man wants? I...read a lot."  
  
"You did have your nails done." Shea takes note, reaching out to pluck up Cleo's hands to look them over, "They're lovely. Why do you have the heart missing? I recall exactly what you asked the girl at Mrs. Chang's for."  
  
"My man chewed the heart off, he wants love to be invisible, my actions the only reaction. Yep, we're exploring that BDSM stuff ourselves. Exactly, why I'm listening intently to you. I'm fascinated by the stories of others."  
  
"I wish I had more to tell, I left Zach before fully studying the lifestyle. Perhaps, we can help one another...oh, my name is Yushea, forgive my neglect to introduce myself."  
  
"Cleopatra. It's a pleasure."  
  
"I adore the name. You're right."  
  
"About?"  
  
"No perm for me. I'll have Beatrice take these curls out before it goes any further. Hopefully it's not too late."  
  
"Straightener does wonders." Cleo genuinely liked Yushea. Was that a bad move? "We should keep in touch. Want my digits?"  
  
"Absolutely. Bless you for listening to my rambling."  
  
"Like I said, I'm into BDSM. We can learn together what we discover. Right now, my man Z'akuzz'I is more about public display. He loves showing me off, trophy slut style. I just cannot tell him no."  
  
"Oh my! I...want to be more open like that...but, I need to conquer my nerves."  
  
"You have the body that's for sure." Cleo takes in Shea's curvature making Shea blush.  
  
"That is the one thing about Zach that has never left me. He kept fit, and I enjoyed working out with him, not as aggressively mind you, just enough to keep toned in all of the necessary checkout points." Shea giggled, lifting her dryer away from her now dried hair. In that same moment something dawned on Shea, "I think I know where to find Zach these days."  
  
"You don't know how to find him?"  
  
"We lost track. Both of us has moved multiple times. Changed numbers, things like that. Jobs even. I do know where his parents live, but that seems too stalker. I know they liked me, but I'm afraid Zach would be upset with me if I went there to find him, possibly giving them hopes we might rekindle. I...don't want to hurt them, nor make Zach mad a me forever."

"Gotcha. So where do you know to find him?"  
  
"The gym. I mean there's probably thirty fitness centers in Seattle to look, I have time. Rushing this might only lead to further heartache, right?"  
  
"True. Your stylist is coming I think. Want my number still?"  
  
"Please. Thank you for being here for me, and understanding my loss."  
  
"Anytime. Text all you want to I'll write back." Numbers verbalized Yushea enters Cleo's number, then texts her to see if it went through. Realizing her cell was still off Cleo growled playfully, "Sorry! Trying to keep my Daddy from prying into my business." Turning her cell on Cleo accepts Yushea's request adding her number. Standing with Shea, a light hug shared, Shea returns with her stylist to fix her hair. "Stupid Cleopatra...UGH! At least I can run interference for Zach to protect him. I just...can't let him find out I'm doing it. Game over if he does. That would definitely hurt." A fan of both sets of nails she misses her heart.  
  
Angel would grill her daughter for over an hour about Yushea.  
  
"GODDAMMIT!" Zach Pedigo struggled with interlocking the vinyl siding he was working with. Up on a ladder at the corner of a manufactured home he dealt with competing angles. His hands were raw and losing feeling.  
  
"You okay up there Tightass?" Stormy called up at him as she steadied his ladder.  
  
"Getting blisters on my hands. I'm not used to this kind of work, especially without gloves on. I just can't work wearing any."  
  
"Save your fingers for my Kitten, I already paid you."  
  
"Not happening today Squirt. Pardon the pun." He tried to laugh but his palms were too tender as he finished locking the corner, before coming down. Watching Storm as he descended he noticed her shirt open, a large amount of cleavage showing off large breasts. For a woman 3'6 even her body was rocking in curves, only stunted muscular legs offered a hesitation amongst men. Big tits helped. Looking like Emma Watson even more. He hadn't noticed before now her chest tattoos, nothing sightly, just dueling female wrestlers wearing outlandish costumes.  
  
On the ground she stepped out of his way and placed her hands on her hips. "How's the weather down there?" Zach had to chuckle looking at her chest.  
  
"Making fun of my name or my nipple hard on?"  
  
"Both. Why are you standing there with your shirt unbuttoned?"  
  
"Minus a bra even." She smirked, "I'm hot. It's 85 out today. Rain just increased the humidity."  
  
"Interesting tats." He crouches down to be eye level with Stormy. It was then that she just whipped her shirt wide open and showed him the entirety of her breasts and down to her tight tummy. "If my fingers aren't in any shape to finger fuck you, I don't think squeezing tits is gonna be any more enjoyable. Nice tits though."  
  
"You gotta mouth on you Pedigo. Make it useful. I'll add $50 to eat me out and suck on Thelma and Louise here."  
  
"Hold up Spunky." He chuckled rubbing his hands, "I never committed, other than holding on to your money. I'm still on the fence about you people whoring me out. Why me?"  
  
"A gal has needs. You're worth every penny."  
  
"Thanks. I think."  
  
"Small bottle of hand lotion in my bag. Use it."  
  
"On your tits?"  
  
"Your hands Moron. Gotta get those puppies in shape. I want the full effect tomorrow."  
  
"Ah! IF I agree. I'm not so much into being the bottom half if you get my drift."  
  
"Into bondage there Toppy?"  
  
"Building toward it."  
  
"You hurt my Goddaughter I'll murder ya."  
  
"Not going to hurt Cleo, relax." He wrinkles his brow, "You're her godmother?"  
  
"Naaa! Just protective of the kid. She's barely legal Stud."  
  
"I'm aware. We taking lunch now?" He stands up looking for her lunchbox near a tree on the lot.  
  
"You are. Soften the hands Toppy." She points at her lunch, leading him to retrieve it and open the pail. Finding the lotion he coats his hands and rubs it in. Thoughts were running through his mind on just how much he did need the extra money both Storm and Rocky Teleki were offering him. It wasn't him to feel so used but, the cabinets were bare. Water and Power bills were overdue, with 2 weeks still before payday. With their thermos of cold water quenching his thirst he realized just how hot it was himself. Shaking his head, Zach removed his t-shirt just to tease Stormy. Why the fuck not? It was harmless, money was needed. "That's the spirit Toppy. Lovin' the chisel marks."  
  
"Why am I the only one without a shirt?" He chuckles.  
  
"Ohhhh! The Topper wants to see the girls again?"  
  
"Can't kiss on those with that overcoat you're wearing."  
  
"Overcoat? Mocking my attire now? You try being barely 3 foot 6, and finding clothes that fit. I shop at friggin' Baby Gap."  
  
"No hands." He holds his palms up, "You have my mouthy for thirty minutes. No extra $50, the $100 is enough. Rocky can't be paying you that good."  
  
"Wrestling does. Why you think I drive a hotrod? Speaking of hot rods."  
  
"My mouth Stormy. Not my dick."  
  
"$200 if you fuck me for fifteen out of thirty minutes."  
  
"Unbelievable. We going inside the mobile home?"  
  
"Naaa! Let's live a little. Kids are in school around the park here. We're on a Cul-de-sac, no neighbors in the newer homes. Grass stains here we come." She loses her shirt completely. Lifting her tits for a dance to turn him on she laughed, "Wanna titty fuck these beauties Humplstiltskin?"  
  
"You always joke about height?"  
  
"Don't you? I can play that game too. So what if you're over 3 feet taller than me. At least I can stand up straight and suck you off without bending over."  
  
"Plan on doing that to me?"  
  
"Only if you're paying me $50 bucks back." She laughs unzipping her pants and wiggling them down to her feet. Shoes kicked off, Stormy stood in socks and a red thong. Zach had to admit, this was out there even for him, but Stormy was pretty, stubby legs and all. At least they weren't hairy, guessing only, by the smooth fit of her thong that she shaved even down there. Sure enough, as the thong left her hips it was smooth sailing. A nice tight pussy smiled brightly at him.  
  
"Nice bod Omphaloopa." He wasn't even certain he said the fictional name correctly. Close enough.  
  
"Oh hell no. You didn't." She waited until he had his pants to his ankles before running at him and toppling him over into the grass. Before he could say a word Stormy was straddling his face, pussy smothering his mouth. Laughter became difficult. "EAT ME BITCH BOY." She tried for Top dog status. He gave in for the moment, licking her lips just before burying his tongue up inside her. Stormy Belair toyed with her nipples moaning. "THAT'S MY BOY. Damn you got talent Toppy. Oh, wait! That's my name. You're the bottom feeder." Zach knew she was taunting him hoping he would take the lead when he was ready. She just wanted her money's worth. Licking her clit he discovered that it was pierced. He hadn't had time to thoroughly examine her features, until she lifted her thighs just enough to give him a better look. "Smell the yellow rosy of Texas?"  
  
Halting at her words he grips her hips enough to realize something further, "You have a flower tattoo over..." He recalls Heidi Baker, her sister Kayla, and their best friend Nastiya having flower tats just like this. Before he can question her she smothers him in pussy again. He ate her hard until she cums over his face. The wrestler knew how to ride. After the succulent flood Zach had his fill of being on the bottom. Forcefully he rises up and rolls over on top of her. "ALWAYS THE TOP!" He snarled making Storm flare her eyes.  
  
"Prove it."  
  
Looking over her yellow rose for inspiration he nods, just before ramming his cock inside her. Stormy took it like a champ, moaning and hissing like the wrestler occupation taught her. Win or lose do it like an animal, her trainer told her. Damn straight. Zach found her pussy tight but smooth, in and out. Rising up over her he merely thrust without touching her. She lay back looking up at him with a sneer that switched on and off, giving way to a moist yearning. It was Jekyll and Hyde every time he penetrated. Storm went so far as to plant her muscular arms behind her head and enjoyed his statuesque build. Tiny ankles within his grasp pulled up over her torso led to a downward deep thrust, balls deep. That made her take notice.  
  
"FUCK THAT PUSSY. LOVIN' IT TOPPY."  
  
"Shut the fuck up." He glared. Clamming up Storm just let him wail on her cunt. It was too damned good to goad him into stopping. Her breasts bobbing about only intensified his desire to pound her harder. The wrestler was pinned to the mat. Yard that is. Building up for his own detonation, she squalled like a cat before beating him to the punch with a body quaking orgasm. As she shook Zach pulled out of her cunt and savagely rolled her over. She fought a bit knowing where this might lead. Sure enough he spat on her ass then plunged deep into her butt pucker. Storm was not happy about that.  
  
"MOTHER FUCKER! I NEVER SAID YOU COULD DO ANAL."  
  
"Live with it Rosey."  
  
"GRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!" She tried to wrestle herself away but his body weight very nearly tripled hers. Taking it for ten minutes she calmed the more he hit it. Suddenly, Storm who had never done anal before today began laughing, so hard it nearly broke his sweaty concentration. Seconds later Zach Pedigo pulled out without cumming. Standing away from her she became numb. Rolling over with a squint she found Zach with a troubled look in his eye. "You okay Toppy? I'm not mad, you just caught me off guard. First time up the wazoo."  
  
"Saving something is all."  
  
"Jizz? Seriously? Who does that? You that tight on cash you're stopping by the sperm bank?"  
  
"Nope. Where did you get that flower tattoo?"  
  
"I was seeing a tat artist for a spell. Guy named Peck. I called him Pecker. Dude was hung like you. Little too chubby for my tastes though. Why? You wanna rose?"  
  
"I know a few gals with flower tats right above their clits. Starting to feel like he's a chain florist."  
  
"Peck do theirs too?" She sits up concerned by this strange information.  
  
"I know his daughter. She has one. My new...daughter has one too. At least I heard she did. Peck's stepdaughter is my daughter." Nice lie, needed keeping to protect his already existing lies to the Teleki's, save for Cleo. He trusted Cleopatra. "Their friend supposedly has one too." He knew Nasty had one but covered his slut side for now. "I haven't met this Peck yet. I might need to pay a visit."  
  
"Never knew he had a flower fetish. I wonder how many other gals have similar?"  
  
"Worth finding out. You keep in touch with this Peck?"  
  
"Been awhile. My wrestling job took me on the road a spell. I've only been back with Rock and Angel three months. Needed my space from the world I guess. Peck's not a bad dude, but this does strike me as odd. Want me to dig?"  
  
"Nope. I'll do the digging."  
  
Without warning he dove back at her as she had him earlier. Going in for another round of anal he had Storm hooked, this time he didn't save his jizz. She took the Jetstream right up her backside, her only digging was into the grass. She would need a manicure. She now had something to brag about to Angel. Angel was going to be pissed that everyone was getting Zach but her.  
  
Kayla Trudeau had been extremely lazy all morning long. Not even taking a shower, she just grew lost in her own little world. Now that she had been with two girls her mind needed to confirm her desires going forward. She liked dick, what few she had in her past. Zach's fit incredibly well, she did want that again, yet, her bestie Nastiya showed her what being with a girl was like. She enjoyed herself, and knew she wanted to try more. Zach encouraged that just yesterday at the gym with his girl Khloe Vaughn. Sending her home with the girl for her first full on bisexual alone time. Khloe was an incredible teacher. She knew that Khloe was most likely a one time event, so her thoughts led her to wonder where she might find another lover. Those thoughts would have to wait.  
  
The front door to their tiny one bedroom apartment opened up unexpectedly. In walked Kayla's stepmom Aniston Baker carrying groceries. Noticing Kayla brooding on their sofa she sighed, "There's two more bags in the Escape. You mind?"  
  
"Nope! I could use some air. Be right back." Kayla hops up and shuffles out the door. As Aniston kicked her heels off at the door she set about putting her frozen food in the freezer. Hearing a ringtone of an 80'S rock song from Kayla's cell on the couch cushion she knew it was her daughter Heidi. Curiosity getting the best of her Aniston walked around her counter to reach the cell. It wasn't locked so a visual of the text was easy enough to read.  
  
"Do you think Zach likes Cleo?" She read to herself, "Who is Zach and Cleo?" That name Zach bothered her immensely. Shaking it off she started to sit the cell down where it was until a second text came through. Peering out the window to confirm she wouldn't be caught snooping she read the next text. "I like Weaver but...oh, almost forgot...that drummer Kismet likes you and wants me to hook you up. Thoughts?"  
  
"Now who is Weaver and Kismet? My kids never talk to me anymore. God, I feel old. It's bad enough my baby just moved in with some guy my age named Tom that she doesn't even know, now there's all these other boys names being mentioned. I really wish these two were not so head strong, and would take their Mother's advice." Sitting the cell down Aniston notes Kayla on her way back inside from the parking area. Returning to the kitchen she continued putting things away.  
  
"I locked the Escape." Kayla nudged the door open and sat her bags on the counter.  
  
"Thank you. Any call backs on the jobs you applied for?"  
  
"Yep. Interview at that Lawn and Garden place near the interstate, A Touch of Eden. Sounds like an adult bookstore doesn't it?"  
  
"It does. Let's hope it's not."  
  
"It's not." Kayla smirks, "I'd totally work at one of those though."  
  
"You're starting to sound like Heidi." Aniston frowns yet, pats her stepdaughter's cheek, "Oh, your cell went off earlier. I believe it was Heidi texting you by the ringtone."  
  
"Okay, I'll see what she wants."  
  
Her conscience getting the best of her Aniston groans, "I peeked. Sorry, I couldn't resist."  
  
"Anything bad?" Kayla played off no concern, inwardly panicking at what could have been said. Reading the texts it seemed innocent enough.  
  
"Who is Kismet? A drummer Heidi said." Her Mom spoke with her back to Kayla.  
  
"Ohhhh, just a...boy." She knew the drummer was a lesbian, her gut just told her so. Fearful of letting her stepmom know of her newly opening bisexuality Kayla maintained the boy story. "Weaver is the lead singer in this punk band. He has a pink mohawk." Kayla giggles.  
  
"Oh Lord. So, Heidi likes this lead singer?"  
  
"I think so. We all had lunch at the mall yesterday when it was raining so hard. Zach..." She froze mentioning the name.  
  
"Yes, who is Zach and Cleo now?"  
  
"Weaver's school buddies." She recalled he and Cleo going to High School together, Zach just fit into the story.  
  
"I see. I don't much care for that name Zach. It brings back bad memories. I...anyways, tell Heidi she should bring this Weaver over for dinner sometime."  
  
"Where are we eating dinner? Kitchen, couch, bathroom, bedroom. No dining room Aniston."  
  
"Mom."  
  
"Stepmom, but yeah...no dining room Mom."  
  
"How is Heidi doing with her new roommate, Tom was it?"  
  
"So far so good. They get along great. Zach is really cool."  
  
"Zach? I thought we were talking about Tom?"  
  
"What?" Kayla bulged her eyes, "Oh, I was thinking of Zach and Cleo. Just got my names mixed up. I think I'm getting old timers disease."  
  
"Hmmm! Maybe I should bite the bullet and go meet this Tom for myself. I trust your sister but I don't trust men. I just don't want any bad mistakes like I had when I was younger. I had Heidi at 16, well 17. Conceived at 16. Being a teen mother was not much fun."  
  
"Heidi's 19. She can handle herself."  
  
"I know. It's just a Mother's job to worry. Are you going to text Heidi back?"  
  
"Maybe later. She's probably just texting from work on a break. I don't wanna get her in trouble with that Chang lady. She scares me."  
  
"She is rather dark isn't she?"  
  
"Right! Evil Chinese Mobster type. Fifi Manchu." Kayla laughs, "So not right."  
  
"Funny but yes, not right. I'm sure she's very nice."  
  
Mrs. Chang's nail salon...  
  
"Do I pay you two to gab all day? You have nails to do. Customers lining up. You two no smoke so why take break?" Margaret Chang bellowed out the back door at Heidi Baker and Chi Ki Chang, her granddaughter.  
  
"Slave driver." Chi Ki pouted at her grandmother. "Fingers too tired." She begins to lift a middle finger but Heidi leaps in front of her blocking the offensive move.  
  
"On our way Mrs. Chang. Just stretching our legs."  
  
"Fingers too." Chi Ki snidely comments as her grandmother rolls her eyes and retreats back inside.  
  
"You were really going to flip off your granny?"  
  
"Old bird deserves the bird."  
  
"Old bird pays your college tuition, apartment, and your rickshaw."  
  
"I have no rickshaw...ohhh, you mean my Electric car Babs."  
  
"Why do you call her Babs?"  
  
"Battery Always Bad...SHIT! BABS!" Chi Ki goes dramatic then laughs at herself.  
  
"Huh? Oh, wow. That's really out there even for you. Try plugging it in at night."  
  
"What you whine about. You had dead batteries too."  
  
"In my vibrator." Heidi chuckles, "Okay, you got me. Let's go back to work." She then turns, "Zach bought me new batteries. So there!" A simple razz later both girls entered the salon. Giggling as they made their way to their seats they found unexpected visitors. Taken by surprise Heidi merely stares at Cleopatra Teleki and her mother Angel, both smiling vividly at her. Chi Ki nudges Heidi from behind.  
  
"You in trouble now. She no run this time."  
  
"Quiet down Cheekypoo. Just don't talk okay. I don't need any more stress." She moves to her seat waving Cleo in, "Hey Cleopatra. How are you today?"  
  
"I'm awesome. Mom? This is Zach's daughter. Heidi, my mom Angel."  
  
Chi Ki hearing the comment bulges her eyes and steps away to her own table. She had a customer waiting. It was safer three feet away.  
  
"Hi."  
  
"You're absolutely gorgeous." Angel drops her jaw, "Your Father just started work for my husband. He's such a...sturdy man."  
  
"I hear that a lot." Heidi giggles, "Here to get your nails done? Unlike other people who gets theirs done by the enemy." Another razz toward Cleo makes the girl blush, "Sorry. I should have came back here instead of going elsewhere. This is how I knew who Heidi was Mom. Small world." Angel frowned at her daughter, whom had lied about who truly did her nails. Conversation for later.  
  
"True that." Heidi fidgets.  
  
"You can do my nails Heidi." Angel quickly sits down, "Zach tells us that you just found him after all these years."  
  
"Does he? Yeah, I never knew he existed until recently. People Search did all the work once I knew his name." Lies, lies, all lies.  
  
"You must be so happy to have such a handsome, caring Father. To allow you to just move in so quickly, shows he has much to make up for."  
  
"I guess. I just needed a place to live. What am I doing with your nails, Angel?"  
  
"After Cleo got hers done I think I'll do the same for my ole' man. How about, the I, with the heart next to it with his initials, R.O.T.?" Once she says her husbands initials out loud she grits her teeth, "Maybe not."  
  
"Rockwell Orson Teleki." Cleo snorts hiding her laugh.  
  
"Trying not to laugh." Heidi winced, "Failing miserably." The three women burst into the giggles.  
  
"You're so right Cleopatra, she is adorable. Welcome to the family Sweetheart. We already consider your Father as part of ours."  
  
"Not because I'm seeing your Daddy." Cleo felt compelled to point out, "That's purely...well, you know."

"Hardcore?" Heidi smirked.  
  
"Something like that."  
  
"Ooooo! My baby is sounding so grown up."  
  
"Mom?" Cleo shies away beaming.  
  
"My dad has his thing, I have mine. Yes, Mrs. Teleki I know my dad's a freak. Strangely, I don't care. I'm just really happy to be a part of him again. We're...learning to cope as we go along."  
  
"Sweetie! We live in a world of freaks." Cleo nods without words, pointing at Angel without her noticing. Heidi laughed even harder until Mrs. Chang stepped over to hover above the blond bombshell.  
  
"Time money."  
  
"Sorry. Friends of the family Mrs. Chang. Just catching up."  
  
"Just write the initials as R.O.C.." Angel intervened.  
  
"Better yet...how's about, I heart S.E.X. with DADDY on the other hand like Cleo has?"  
  
"Do it." Angel bubbles up suddenly. "Oooo! Maybe I should let her do my toenails too."  
  
"Do we really gotta see your boney toes, Momma?" Cleo hopes to spare the entire salon.  
  
"Awww! I was really hoping to write SUCK with an M on my left foot, with a Y to match the M as MY and TOES on the other four."  
  
"OH MY GOD! Let's do that." Heidi burst out laughing. Agreeing to do it Cleo whispered, "Always got your back Sis." Heidi paused to wink, whispering her own silent, "Ditto."  
  
It took a few hours to get perfect but the end result was beautiful artwork. Angel was giddy. Paying the bill, Angel tips Heidi $50. Everyone was happy. As the Teleki girls decided enough was enough they took their leave. Pulling away from the salon they narrowly missed another arrival. Without noticing Cleo, Yushea Matsuda Pedigo parked to enter the salon. With Angel driving it allowed Cleo to text Heidi, their numbers shared through Zach.  
  
"Yushea's coming in. Be careful. I spoke to her earlier. All safe Sis."  
  
Reading the text Heidi rolls her eyes, "Great! Lucky day."  
  
Yushea marched in smiling up a storm, "Hi! I hope I'm not catching you at a bad time. I ran into that girl who got up and left so fast the other day. She's really sweet. Anyways, I felt compelled to come say hi again, our talk the other day meant so much to me. You did say I could drop by anytime."  
  
"Hey, Shea." Heidi took time to wave as she put her paints away, it was getting close to time for her to go home. "No problem, as long as I'm not busy. I'm getting ready to go home here shortly."  
  
"Do you need a ride home?"  
  
"No, my girl Chi Ki is giving me a ride."  
  
"Oh, ok! We should go for drinks sometime."  
  
"Underage, remember? I can drink a Coke though. Just saying."  
  
"Right! My ex...you recall my mentioning Sam? He's opening a new bar uptown next week. If it weren't his grand opening I wouldn't bother going, but I feel the need to be supportive of him. If you'd like to tag along. It's on Friday."  
  
"Can I let you know? Sounds fun."  
  
"I go." Chi Ki meddles, lifting her hand as if asking permission.  
  
"If you'd like to go too that's wonderful." Shea brightens up.  
  
"Let me get back with you Shea. A lot going on for me this next two weeks. Just met my Dad, a guy from the Mall wants me to hear his band, wants me, wants me." She chuckles, "Who doesn't right?"  
  
"If you don't have time I understand."  
  
"Any luck on the ex-hubby?"  
  
"No. But, I thought of a way of finding him. We used to work out together. I need to track down his new gym without it looking like I'm stalking him."  
  
"That would look bad. Don't get too crazy or you might lose your chance to rekindle."  
  
"Oh my God. What would I do without you girls being my voice of reason. Cleo told me pretty much the same. I'll figure this all out and do it wisely." As Mrs. Chang begins to hover yet again, Shea places her palms together apologetically, "Forgive my intrusion." Shea actually teared up at the possibility that she was creating trouble for Heidi. Sensing a bit of guilt Heidi grits her teeth and looks to Chi Ki. Chi Ki rolls her eyes.  
  
"BABS dead anyway. Go."  
  
"I love you Cheeks." She swiftly rushes to hug Mrs. Chang and tells her she will see her in a few days. The elderly woman merely winks at Yushea, letting her know she wasn't really mad over her presence. Dancing around her counter after grabbing her purse Heidi hugged Yushea by the arm. "I will take that ride home."  
  
"Really?"  
  
"Drive Wench, before I change my mind."  
  
Rushing out together she hops into Shea's car, a white Lexus. Shocked by her ride's pristine shape Heidi puckers, "Nice chariot." It was then that she noticed the small photo in a dangling frame from her mirror. A picture of she and Zach on their wedding day. "Is this...?"  
  
"Zach and I? Yes. I dug it out after we met the other day. I'm using it to remain positive. It was better days after all. I found this choker too." She points at her throat, "He bought it just before we parted. Don't ask...it was...during freaky times. Part of what scared me about Zach. He...was evolving, I wasn't ready for that. The man I left him for was...less evolved. So to speak." She fires up her ignition. "Where do you live?"  
  
"Three miles from here. That way." A dramatic point East led Shea out into traffic. In her thoughts Heidi knew the risk. She hoped for Zach's sake that he wasn't home already. It was still early. Ten minutes at worst Shea pulled up out front of the apartment complex. Eying the area she shrugged to herself, it could be worse. Shea was just used to more extravagant living conditions.  
  
"It's not much," Heidi knew her reaction well, "All we can afford."  
  
"I see. I'm not knocking it. Let me know if you want to join me Friday."  
  
"I will. Thanks for the ride Shea. I hope your search for the Ex works out for you."  
  
Door opened Heidi felt compelled to hug the woman before departure. Shea really did seem nice. Mistake or not, she at least made her smile. The future would be tedious at best should she befriend Zach's ex going forward. This could very well end her happy home if he found out. Still, the thrill of the risk made Heidi Baker hornier than hell. She needed Zach's cum, more than ever.  
  
"Bye Yushea." She waved on the curb until she was gone. As soon as she turned Heidi raced to her apartment and ran inside. Clothing removed swiftly she sat with her cell and took a few nude selfies just for the future. Alone she wandered about until daring to venture inside Zach's bedroom. It was unlike her to be nosey, yet she decided that she wanted an intimate adventure and admired his bed. Nibbling her lower lip she found his mattress calling out to her. Crawling in she sits in the middle wondering if she should even be here. It was not her bed, nor did she want a relationship with Zach Pedigo. He was her roommate with one perk, to offer her his cum on a daily routine, feeding her fetish just for kicks. Still, she had felt his dick inside her even if it was just a lingering moment. It felt really good. Too good.  
  
"Fuck I need to cum."  
  
Laying in his bed, her head on his pillow she spreads her legs and begins rubbing her clit. Fingers dipping inside made her tense. She was lost in her world of temptation when she heard the rumble of a motorcycle. That ended her fantasy, out of his bed she sprang and into her own bedroom she ran. Her thoughts were ravenous at the moment, tempted to fire up her vibrator she decided to prolong her hormones and see what kind of mood Tom...Zach was in. Her wait seemed to take forever. Peering out her bedroom window she spotted him wearily trudging along. She knew that he was exhausted. Yet, she needed to act as if she was chipper. A fast run into the living room she turns on some of his music, rather loud. The 80's band Skid Row to be precise. Trotting to her bedroom afterwards she could only wait it out.  
  
"Hurry the fuck up Tom."  
  
Keys jingled.  
  
The wait would be excruciating.

**Be My Guest Ch. 09: KArMA sLutra**

Zach Pedigo was beyond exhausted. Yesterday was easy spraying indoor insulation only half a day, today not so much. Not to mention his ordeal with the Little Person. After siding an entire mobile home throughout the day he just wanted to relax.  
  
Unlocking his apartment door he literally used his foot to prod it open. Turning the knob was even painful, having blisters on his hands. Gloves were just not useful when interlocking vinyl siding. As the door swung in he stepped into his apartment and kicked the door shut. Music blaring on his stereo to the tune of Skid Row's Youth Gone Wild, he realized that his roommate Heidi had dug into his cd stash. Puckering he looks at the couch and just collapses on to it. Beat was an understatement. He couldn't even take his boots off.  
  
Quite aware of his return home Heidi Baker paraded from her bedroom dancing to the song wearing a recently put on pink G-string, her tits bouncing about to Sebastian Bach's vocal wailing. Feigning being caught off guard by seeing Zach home she ignored him at first, still grinding about like a stripper. Maybe there was a future in that trade. She was shameless. Of course, he did talk her into being nude more often when he got home just to let her feel the freedom she desired. It still blew his mind that knowing this young blond bombshell in under a week they acted as if they had known each other forever.  
  
"TURN IT DOWN." He bellows over the music making her frown and lower the stereo's volume.  
  
"What? Don't like hot teen ass shaking?" She sneers.  
  
"It's not that. I'm just hurting everywhere. This job is a workout." He wasn't going to let her in on fucking his coworker Stormy. He just needed to relax.  
  
"Awww! Poor almost evicted Tom. It's a bitch when you have to make a living isn't it?"  
  
"At least I got a job quick. You might have been evicted even after you bailed me out. I can cover my half the rent now, well, in a few weeks." Again, he omitted the money Stormy paid him for sex. "I know I probably haven't said it Dove, but thank you."  
  
"Whoa! Kindness? You already thanked me." She shuffles around the coffee table and sits next to him with her legs under her perfect little ass. "You do look rough."  
  
"Tell me Kayla and Nasty aren't coming over tonight. I'm too tired to play."  
  
"Nope. Not tonight. Kayla took your advice and actually landed a job today. They start her in the morning."  
  
"No shit. What type of job?" He attempted to raise his right leg to untie his work boot but failed miserably. Giving up he sank more into a slouch and exhaled with a groan.  
  
"A gardening shop. Cashier mainly." She pities Zach seeing his traumatizing struggle, "Here I'll take your boots off." She hops up and sits on the coffee tables edge and lifts his foot into her lap. Untying his boot she tugs a bit to remove it. Just the sensation of it's removal made Zach sigh loudly.  
  
"You're a life saver."  
  
"You owe me." She grins and proceeds to remove his other boot for a similar effect. "There! I did my good deed."  
  
"You smell nice." He compliments her, "Takes away the smell of my sweaty feet."  
  
"Quit sniffing you're not doing what you did to me last night. I've had time to think about that dick in me, not that it wasn't nice, but you hit me in a time of weakness Tom. You're right we can't take that any further." Not what her fantasy mere moments ago said. She could tell stories too.  
  
"Too exhausted to even try Kid. My body is numb."  
  
"Against my better judgment, I'll undress you if you need me to." She fidgets at her offer wondering why she suggested it. Oh, she knew. Darned fantasy.  
  
"You just want me naked. By the way...you told me you'd be naked every night I got home. I see a slingshot."  
  
"Close enough." She was five minutes earlier, "Like I said I agree with you what you said last night. While it's been fun, we need to keep things less interactive."  
  
"Strip me Kid." He attempts to sit forward as she stands up leaning over him to tug at his t-shirt, her breasts dangling in front of his face. Struggling she sighs and halts her efforts.  
  
"Straddling your lap. Don't even get touchy feely." She crawls into his lap right over his cock and again stretches over his back to grab the shirts hem to drag it up over his head, then escaping two very muscular arms. His hands found her hips the second the shirt came off. "What did I say?" She points at his nose.  
  
"Sorry, just seemed natural."  
  
"I am not Khloe, Nasty, or my sister. I'm your friend nothing more."  
  
"I hear ya Princess."  
  
"Good! Then kindly stop rubbing my legs." She eyes both of his hands caressing her outer thighs. She was getting goosebumps. His chiseled chest drew her eyes briefly and she found herself biting her lower lip.  
  
"Pants too?"  
  
"I told you I would help you." While still in her straddling pose she reaches down and unbuckles his belt, then lowers his zipper. More skin revealed itself, a thick patch of pubic hair disguised his hard on still beneath his jeans. Shifting her weight she stood up between his legs and set out in pulling his pants over his ass, then down his legs. Over each socked foot they went. As his dick snapped to attention she growled under her breath. "Stop that."  
  
"Stop what?" He chuckled, "Getting hard over you?"  
  
"Exactly."  
  
"Y'know looking at ole' Hardy there I gotta say, since you've moved in he's gotten bigger than usual."  
  
"Rigggggggght! Nice try Tom." She takes his pants and shirt to his bedroom, then wiggles back to place his boots by the front door. "All done. Can I turn the music back up? I like this mixed cd."  
  
"Gonna dance for me?"  
  
"You got twenties to stuff in my G-string? Oh, that's right you blew all your cash on buying me an egg vibrator." She laughed. "And, Batteries for my toy."  
  
"Dance for me." He winks.  
  
"Why? So you can get even more turned on?"  
  
"Yeah, you're probably right, not a smart move. My hands are so blistered I couldn't even jerk off." He shows his palms to her, red and looking ugly.  
  
"Holy crap Tom. How are you going to keep working like that?"  
  
"No choice. Wearing gloves isn't easy when interlocking siding. I'll just band aid up."  
  
"Now I wanna dance for you." She chuckles razzing him with her tongue, "I can torture you and you can't do anything about it."  
  
"Evil."  
  
"You know it." She pivots on her heel bending over the stereo fast forwarding tracks looking for a song she liked. Her heart shaped ass was already dancing a nice tight side to side garnering Zach's attention, eyes drawn to it like a magnet. She was perfection. Even her milky white skin was flawless, not a single mole anywhere. Not often did you find such exquisite skin without some type of bruising at least. Once she locates a song called Can't Shake It by Great White she jumps and keeps her back to him, the beat coaxing her muscles to react as she leers over her shoulder with a wild look in her eye. Swaying to the rhythm she slaps both butt cheeks at the same time, then digs her fingers beneath her G-string straps, tugging and shifting them about. Zach settled back and just let his dick get harder and harder. Something then dawned on him.  
  
"Y'know, now that I think about it you remind me of the girl on the cover of that album. Remind me to show you when you're done toying with me."  
  
"Toying? I haven't even begun to toy with you Tommy." She faces him holding her tits and shuffling them about. Taking a single step she climbs up on top of the sturdy coffee table and releases her tits in favor of running her hands through her hair seductively.  
  
"Just why are you trying to turn me on when we both agreed to not going further than we did last night?"  
  
"Because I can. It's time we had a talk old man."  
  
"About?"  
  
"The fact that we're both freaks. I'm not denying that you turn me on Tom. You do. Just like I know I drive you insane. I think I sensed that the day we met. I mean...come on, I let you jerk off over me only hours after I agreed to move in. I like a guy who isn't afraid to whip it out and shower me with affections." She giggled taunting him by pulling her G-string up inside her pussy lips.  
  
"So, you like me."  
  
"Not so fast. Like yes, but not enough to go all the way. Yes, I like being sexy for you. Basically for any guy though. Exhibitionist me enjoys getting guys hard and watching them jerk off."  
  
"Glad I could help. So, you liked my silver bullet and making you wear it?"  
  
"You literally putting it in me is what made me keep it in and endure it. Yes, I loved your gift. I'll wear it anytime you want me to. Even in public." She drags her G-string down leveling it on her hips to reveal her sunflower tattoo extending up from her clit.  
  
"Why did you set me up with your sister and Nasty?"  
  
"Because I like getting you worked up, like right now. Getting pretty purple there Chief." She uses her toe to touch the crown of his cock, nearly losing her balance in the process. Teetering she regains her dancing without too much effort. "You didn't fuck Kayla or Nasty at first. Why?"  
  
"Just felt Kayla wasn't ready. Nasty? I wanted to see her pursue me, which she did, and I rewarded her in the shower."  
  
"I heard. Bitch nearly shattered our shower doors screaming so loud."  
  
"I had something to do with that." He grinned and folded his arms behind his head, wincing at tense muscles.  
  
"Here's the thing Tom...I want you to think about fucking me 24/7 even though it's never gonna happen."  
  
"You begged me to go back in after I put Hardy in that pussy, then took him out."  
  
"Yet, you didn't. I told you the vibrating egg set the tone for my giving in. Now that it's said and done we can agree that it was for the best that it didn't continue." She makes the move of stepping from the coffee table to the sofa cushions next to him. In his centered posture on the cushions she found room to stand with one foot to each side of him. Dancing became difficult so she fell forward and placed her hands on his biceps, her tits dangling directly in his face. Nipples literally tickled his nose. "You want to kiss these tits don't you?" A lower side to side caress glides both nips over his lips.  
  
"You know I do, but hey...just roomies."  
  
"I never noticed just how hard your muscles were until now. Me likey." She sits down on his abs, her butt crack riding right up on his erection. From there she lifts away from his arms and sits pretty, pinching her nipples tight and deadly. Eying his chest she relocates her palms to his pecs and softly probes his chiseled body. "Me likey A LOT."  
  
"For someone who doesn't want to have sex you're trying awful hard there Kid."  
  
"Am I? I just want you to cum really hard for me...on me." She whispers with her lips near his ear.  
  
"If you expect that you need to put your hands to use Dove. My hands are shot for tonight."  
  
"Shit! I forgot. Just as well." She starts to climb off of him when his arms dart from behind his head to encircle her waist preventing any further escape. She flares her eyes at his sudden determination to keep her close. Lowering his arms he coils his fingers in her G-string straps. Slapping his chest she scowled. "You think holding my bands will keep me?"  
  
"So far so good."  
  
"I'm an escape artist Tommy." She arches backwards offering a succulent visual of her body as she lays back touching the table in front of them. Slithering out of her G-string became adventurous, his eyes enjoying her pussy slipping into full view as she crawls out of her G-string. It was pretty darn amazing to witness. Once free she sat on the coffee table pulling her legs behind her head before patting her fingers over her tight clam. "See? HoudiMe."  
  
"Nice move. Pretty damned sexy in that pose."  
  
"I know. Did I hurt your dick bending over it like I did?"  
  
"Now that you mention it...ow." He winces in pain playfully.  
  
"Do you think I have a cute pussy Tom?" Even in her contortion she reaches in and pries her pussy lips wide showing off a gloriously pink tunnel.  
  
"Not as cute as your sisters."  
  
"WHATEVER!" She laughs, "Are you wishing you could put Hardy in this pussy?"  
  
"If I want it I'll take it."  
  
"Oh really? Isn't that rape?"  
  
"Not when you want it, and I KNOW you want it."  
  
"Not really. Just your cum Codger. There's nothing better than being shot by hot streams of liquid fire. But, I guess that's out for tonight isn't it?"  
  
"Unless you get those hands over here and do the dirty work."  
  
"Be right back." She shows how strong her limbs are by somersaulting backwards over the table to land on her feet. Pushing up from the coffee table she stands upright and wiggles away. He rolled his eyes at how fucking horny he was. She was one hell of a seductress. While she was away he inhaled her G-string and growled.  
  
"Christ! She smells like peaches, and I got the cream."  
  
Returning with a bottle of lotion she wags the bottle before his eyes, "I'm feeling generous. Body massage?"  
  
"Only if I can return the favor when my hands are less useless."  
  
"Accepted." She pampers him with a bashful smile. "Stretch out on the couch."  
  
"How about we take it to my bed? More room."  
  
"I'm not sleeping in your bed Tom." Even though she had frolicked all over it before he came home. He didn't need to know that.  
  
"You did last night."  
  
"Yes, and you slept in my bed. Not together."  
  
"Did I ask you to sleep next to me?"  
  
"Not yet." She laughed.  
  
"I just want to stretch out comfortably." He seemed sincere enough to give her a reason to believe him. With a timid scowl she conceded.  
  
"Fine! Let me help you up."  
  
"Already done that." He points at his dick. Without her help he manages to stand up, holding his lower back with an irritable look. "Fuck my back hurts."  
  
"I can walk on it. I painted my toenails before work today so I might look really adorable trampling you."  
  
"If I get on the floor to let you do that I'll be sleeping there until morning." He shuffles slowly around the coffee table and aims for his bedroom, she followed behind him with concern.  
  
"You gonna be able to work tomorrow?"  
  
"Not much choice. It was tough holding my handlebars on the Harley even. I might call Stormy and see if she'll give me a ride tomorrow." Chuckling at having sex with the midget wrestler earlier when she rode his face.  
  
"I wish I had a car to help. I do have a drivers license but I can't afford a car. That's on my to do list."  
  
"I'll manage. Go heat that lotion."  
  
"Ummm! It might explode. It's not oil."  
  
"Remind me to buy some after we pay rent again."  
  
"Are you going to blow every paycheck at an adult bookstore?" She sighs.  
  
"Looks bad doesn't it?" He reaches the doorway then looks back at her with a sad expression, "Sorry if it seems like..."  
  
"Like what? That we're lovers?" She frowns and gently rubs his back, "Get over it Old Timer. We're just two perverts in a pod. I get off torturing you, and so do you. Oh, I might bring that guy Weaver home here soon. You okay with that?"  
  
"The boy at the mall?"  
  
"Yep. That is if he wants to. I've only flirted with him but I know he's interested. He's really cute in a goth kind of way." She laughs, "He has pink hair, mohawk even."  
  
"I recall. Met him remember?"  
  
"Oh, Yeah, he's sexy hot though. I need laid it's been awhile, not counting your forced entry and hasty exit." She laughs. Truth be told it hadn't been that long, a mere two days before she showed up at his door.  
  
"Good, I kind of feel bad about that."  
  
"No you don't." She nudges him into his bedroom, "You liked making me gasp at that big cock going in me. I've had bigger but you're pretty close there Swinger."  
  
"Swinger?"  
  
"Side to side as you walk."  
  
"You must study it a lot."  
  
"Of course I do. I love seeing a huge cock get excited by me. Even if it doesn't get me."  
  
"We both know it's always going to get riled up around you Dove. You're too damned sexy to ignore."  
  
"Flattery will only get you a massage Tom."  
  
"Every inch?"  
  
"All but eight inches." She chuckles.  
  
"Almost nine."  
  
"Get in bed slowpoke."  
  
"You'd like it if I hit you slow and sensual."  
  
"Not gonna happen."  
  
"We'll see." He winks and carefully crawls into bed, collapsing on to his belly. She climbs in next to him and helps reposition him so that she has plenty of room on both sides of his large frame.  
  
"Keep dreaming Stud. Just be thankful I find you enough pussy to keep you happy. Three girls and we've only known each other a few days. Three for three Matchmaker me."  
  
"Gonna keep finding me girls? You and Khloe seem close. Do I need to find more?"  
  
"Never enough Princess. She and I have a healthy understanding."  
  
"And, Cleo?"  
  
"Same. I call they cum."  
  
"Nice. See I could never be like that. I like being in control."  
  
"Uh huh! You just keep lining up the pussy."  
  
"I'll do my best." She squirts lotion on his back and sets the bottle aside. Leaning over him she begins rubbing along his spine and working her way to his shoulders and neck. "Obviously, I can't find a new girl every day, but between Nasty, Khloe, Cleo and Kayla you should get worn out pretty fast."  
  
"I'm still gonna jizz on you every night."  
  
"Strangely, I'm good with that." She laughs and puts her weight into her massage technique.  
  
"You have some strength hiding in there Dove. Keep that up."  
  
"Long as I can. Might need small breaks, but...I won't let my hands leave your body when I do."  
  
"Second skin, huh?"  
  
"Sure. Can I suggest something?"  
  
"I'm listening."  
  
"Without sex...I'll let you touch me anytime you want to. As long as I can do the same."  
  
"Even when your pink punk is here?"  
  
"Be nice he might be your future son-in-law...DAD!" She laughs and leans further over him letting her nipples tickle his shoulder.  
  
"Still stuck on this Daddy daughter scam aren't you?"  
  
"It's kind of fun making people think that we're related. Like when you wanted my picture to show your boss. You even told me you told them I was your daughter. Why?"  
  
"Cleo's mother Angel wants me bad. I figured she wouldn't wanna come over if I had a daughter at home. Her husband lets her do whoever she wants. Me? I'd rather have her daughter Cleo."  
  
"I'm cool if you bring girls home that I don't know. Only fair right? By the way, I met Angel today. She and Cleo came by to get her nails done and to meet your cute daughter."  
  
"Oh boy! Are you scarred for life?'  
  
"No." She laughed. "Angel seems cool. I'm really liking Cleo. Good choice Dad."  
  
"You gonna keep trailing my back with those nipples?"  
  
"You like it." She huffs, working on the back of his neck.  
  
"Never answered my question. Am I allowed to touch you even if your punk is here?"  
  
"Ehhh! Might scare him off if Dad touched his kid inappropriately. Maybe as long as he doesn't see it."  
  
"When you say touch...that include my dick rubbing on you?"  
  
"On yes, in no." She snickers.  
  
"My lips allowed to kiss on you?"  
  
She hesitates briefly to consider it, "I get really turned on when my neck gets kissed. You talking kissing my nipples?"  
  
"Nipples...clit...your mouth." He chuckles.  
  
"Might not go that far. Don't expect me to kiss your dick."  
  
"You said anything, anywhere."  
  
"When we're alone I can agree to that I guess. As long as you get really worked up and shoot your load on me. That's my fetish, I love cum on me. I'm a freak."  
  
"You can sit on my ass if it helps the massage angle.'  
  
"Planned on that anyway. Don't rush me." She rears back retrieving the lotion bottle and coats his back again, this time dribbling over his ass cheeks and legs. From there she massaged the back of his legs, eying an extremely bulbous scrotum. Tickling his balls she giggles, "Looking pretty full in the gas tank there Tom."  
  
"All yours Princess."  
  
"Thank you Daddy." She playfully offers a childlike voice.  
  
"Gonna say it again...I'm glad you decided to be my roommate. Now that the shyness is gone it feels really comfortable having you here."

"Doesn't take me long to get past things." She begins kneading at his ass cheeks, teasing his butthole with a roaming index finger. "You into kinky stuff?"  
  
"You put that finger in my ass I'm putting my fist up your cunt."  
  
"Whoooaaa! Relax there Tom Thumb. I'm too tight for a fist the size of yours. Dare you to do that to Nasty though."  
  
"She into that?"  
  
"No idea, but it'd be funny to see her reaction. You do have an adorable pucker Tom." She circles his anus tenderly then departs. Deciding now to cast her leg over his hips and straddle his muscular backside. Her backrub intensified as she lowers over his body to lay on it, tits mashing against his shoulders. "How am I doing?"  
  
"Pretty darn awesome. This what they call Kama Sutra? Definitely relaxing the tension. Ready for the frontal when you are."  
  
"So, your pecs even ache?" She snorts.  
  
"Every inch Dove."  
  
"I was just getting comfy." She sits up straight and bounces her ass over his. He could feel her wetness dampening his flesh. With a growl he rolls over under her gentle lift. Settling on his back she sits down on his upper thighs, his dick tall and mighty between her spread. Peering down at it wagging she flares her eyes. "Damn boy!"  
  
"Massage me."  
  
Exhaling nasally she trickles more lotion all across his chest down into his pubic hair. Once coated she casts the bottle aside and leans over him, her tummy nudging his boy Hardy forward until it pressed against his abdomen. Heidi's palms prowled his muscles with interest, fingers kneading amid his chest hair. Meeting eyes she goes without blinking in favor of almost a staring contest. He lost.  
  
"God you're beautiful." He hisses. She merely stares at him.  
  
"Loving these muscles Old Timer."  
  
"Rub your pussy over my dick like I did you last night."  
  
"Don't try anything Tom. I'm game as long as you can control yourself."  
  
"I wanna feel your wetness on my dick."  
  
Scooting higher she bites her lower lip, studying his reaction as she molds her pussy lips around his girth and gyrates slowly. He began to reach for her hips but she pointed for him to keep his hands to himself. As she palms his chest with both hands she rises and falls along his shaft, glossing it up under her succulence. It made her close her eyes while letting out a soft sigh, nails gently digging into his skin.  
  
"Fuck this feels good." She whispers, using his crown to taunt her clit.  
  
"Pussy is hot Dove. You getting tempted?"  
  
"Yes..." She melts with an emotional yearning. Her act changing swiftly to, "Had you going didn't I? You thought I was going to cave and fuck you."  
  
"Nights not over." He winks.  
  
"This pig in a blanket is though." She backs off and fans herself with both hands. "Gonna do your legs now." Crawling off of him Heidi turns around, casting her leg back over to sit on his abdomen. With her back to him she rolls her eyes and holds her breath. In her thoughts she whimpers, "Who's torturing who here? SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!" Lotioning his legs more she leans over his cock and lets her tits tease it, stretching out to massage his legs down to the kneecaps. In her layover he defies her and rubs her ass lightly, his hands in agony wouldn't let him grip her cheeks. As she had done earlier to him he places an index finger into her butt pucker making her jump and shriek. "Don't you dare." Instead he circles her hole as she had him, giving her goosebumps.  
  
"Delicious looking ass Dove." She does a quick twerk, not her finest moment she laughs. Noting how much her clam glistened he toys with her pussy watching tiny squirts attack his touch. She drops her head on to his upper thighs and moans softly. Hearing her, and feeling her body tighten up Zach makes a bold move and uses what little strength he had to lift her hips and legs and drag her 120 pound body back over his chest. Against her will she finds her pussy directly over his face.  
  
"TOM!" She yelps feeling his tongue digging inside her. Helpless she realizes his dick was in her face. Grimacing at it's massive attack along her chin and cheek she whines, "Toooooommmmm!" His tongue was winning her over. Fingers moving over her ass he pries her butt cheeks apart and grips her tightly. Oh, the pain in his fingers was worth it. "Fuuuuuuuuuccccck!" She rallies with a thunderous huff, he was going to make her cum on his face. That would be twice today after Stormy. Squirming on top of him she bulges her eyes at dealing with his cock smacking her face, the memory of joining him in the shower hit home.  
  
"Massage me." He lifts away from her thighs to remind Heidi of her unfinished job. In her delightful dilemma she reaches out and rubs his legs again, his dick pelting her cheeks with vigor in the process. Giving in she just grips his cock and begins stroking him, her eyes wonderous at her lapse in judgment. Whimpering she relaxes her own muscles and begins jerking him with both hands. This was not how she planned things. Not that she was bitter, or complaining. No, she was reeling at his attentiveness, which fueled her desire to make Zach happy. Head resting on his thigh she watched her hands do their best work to date. It was those gigantic balls that kept jiggling near her temple that drew her in. His groans made her conclude that he liked her efforts.  
  
"SHIT! Tom...I'm gonna..." Frozen in time Heidi Baker had an orgasm, her jaw wide and in awe of his ferocious hunger. Still he ate her even as she floods his expression. The stimulations making her hands work that much harder to compensate leads her lips toward his balls. Nibbling and tugging at them as she nurtured his beast. She was not escaping his folded arms around her waist holding her down over him. For a brief moment she panicked, then, just as swiftly lost her mind and began sucking his cock. Deep in her throat she relished in it's fullness and gagged, yet maintained her constricting throat muscles, a blessing that she had her tonsils removed at age 5. She enjoyed his girth and size beyond her imaginings. Feeling him tense and snarl she pulls away and marvels at his crown. Jerking him insanely hard she hovers over him until he detonates a string of creamy strands peppering her face in multiple shots. She just could not stop jacking him for every droplet. In her mouth, on her cheeks, chin, and brow, her entire face was milked up. Laughter made her sane. "I NEED A SELFIE!"  
  
Tossing her off of him like she had cooties he rolls over and fluffs his pillow. Looking back at him she creases her brow, licking her lips of minty cream.  
  
"Are you going to sleep?"  
  
"Yep. Go to your room young lady."  
  
"Seriously?"  
  
"You got your cream Kitten, time for beddy bye."  
  
"It's early." She crawls further off of him. Sitting up she wipes cum on her fingers and eats every drop. Hearing him snore she could not believe he was out so fast. "Fucking old farts." She got up and took her lotion with her, leaving him to sleep it off.  
  
Heidi Baker shuffled to her bedroom fidgeting at being jilted to a degree. Her response was to snatch up her dildo vibrator and drop down on to her futon mattress. Legs wide she massaged her clit and introduced her toy, just using it without it's wiggling vibrator mode. It took two minutes before she was moaning at how good she felt, then she hit the switch. The power surge brought out a more vocal symphony.  
  
In his bedroom Zach was not really asleep, having only dosed a few short minutes after cumming so hard, now he merely curled up listening. He heard her mutter, "Ohhhhh Zach." No Tom in the house that time he puckered at her admittance to his real name. Sitting up in bed awkwardly he continued overhearing her cries of ecstasy, the kid had lungs, not to mention an angelic singing voice.  
  
Easing from his bed with a wince he quietly went first to his dresser to obtain a couple Tylenol to ward off his back pain. His attention went to popping both pills without a water chaser. With a bitter expression on his face he licked his lips and rediscovered Heidi's taste. Even after a good ten minutes or longer it was yummy. Looking down at his boy Hardy as he respectfully referred to his cock, he noted a revival. Hearing Heidi's continual repetition of shrill howls he tiptoed to his opened bedroom door and peered across the hall into her room. Gloomy but still with a bit of skylight offering dusk he watches her. She had moved from her back to her hand and knees, ass in the air while using her toy the best she could with one hand. It looked tedious.  
  
Smirking as he stroked his dick he made the silent journey into her room and stood behind her, Heidi in her own world had no idea of his presence. In her slouched upper body angle Heidi's silky blond hair had toppled over her face obstructing her view, which was scarlet and tormented by sensation after sensation. Even saliva formed into tiny spatters of spit each time she squealed. She was a thing of pure pleasure to Zach's thoughts. Just watching her made him defy his hand agony to jerk off harder and faster, trying to keep his reaction quiet by gritting his teeth. Not wanting to interrupt her private moment, he realized his hands were not as sore as they were. That or his adrenalin was making the pain temporarily go away. Time would tell.  
  
The observation of her dildo entering and emerging with a stretch of pink interior each time made him sweat. Calling out his name again with him in the room this close was not in her best interest. Rubbing his chin stubble he crouches behind her tempted to take her dildo and use it on her, she was struggling with it. Tug of war in his thoughts, should he ruin her moment? Should he back out and leave her to her fantasy? Should he just fuck her until she admitted how badly she had wanted him all along? It wasn't helping his decision when she promptly muttered, "Fuck me Zach. Stretch my pussy to it's limits." Did he just hear that? Squinting his eyes he studies her face from the side. Her eyes were closed what he could tell. Choosing honor Zach Pedigo took a seat behind her and let her bring herself to a devastating climax. Gusher after gusher she stained her bedding. The echo of, "ZZZZZZZAAAACCCCCCH!" rang loud before she collapses into a riot of convulsions. It was amazing watching every tremble, every twitch, from her butt, to the dildo still lingering inside her without a hand to hold it. She was exhausted and spent.  
  
Noticing her lotion bottle on the floor next to her futon mattress he grinned. Carefully reaching over her he picked it up and filled his hand in lotion. Silently he moved in next to her and began to caress her body, starting at her shoulders. Her reaction to his touch seemed delayed almost as if unwanted in her spasm. Settling down she felt him sweep her hair aside to avoid the lotion. The tenderness was welcomed.  
  
"Shut off my toy." She managed to mumble. He ignored her knowing it was still wiggling a bit inside her, instead he pushed it back in deeper. She tensed up instantly, enduring it she allowed her massage to proceed. Zach was devious indeed. Without words he massaged her entire backside, spending time over her tight little ass and again teasing her butt pucker. She sighed heavily then made a realization that lifted her head feeling stupid. "You heard me call out your name."  
  
He didn't reply, he merely added lotion to her legs and continued to her feet. Ticklish she jerked within his grasp but buried her head into her pillow to resist the urge to tell him to stop. That damned dildo was destroying her hyper sensitive G-spot again, eyes fluttering she moans and curses into her pillow for a muffled, "FUCK!" Each time her thigh muscles lost traction on the toy letting it slip, Zach nudged it back into place more powerful than ever. She was losing her mind.  
  
Zach knew what he was doing to her, her body was squirming with a trapped desire, wanting out but staying in check. Taking her foot to his mouth he sucked her toes, she gasped and pounded her fists into her pillow, squealing softly at his expertise. Feeling her next orgasm creeping up fast she took her second pillow and covered her head entirely to mask her energetic cries. Without expression he monitored her body writhing and reached over with a free hand to press a single middle finger in the quick of her spine, just above her butt crack. It was almost as if an authority took over in her mind, a measure to stay on course. That simple contact sent her body through dimensions, spiraling out of control, breath held, mouth wide beneath her pillow.  
  
The flood erupting from Heidi Baker's cunt sent her toy swooshing out like a fish out of water wiggling about, her persistent convulsions firing two more streams to follow. Zach continued sucking her toes and holding his middle finger firmly on her lower back. As she began to fall silent Zach lowered his finger toward her crack as if taking baby steps. Each move she lifted her ass a fraction higher. Holding her toes between his clenched teeth he freed up his other hand to remove her dildo out of the way and cease it's quivering. Tossing it aside, he took his hand and planted a finger up to her juicy hole and found her swollen clit. Just lightly touching it sent her into theatrics, juices spilling over his knuckles. Using his right leg he guides her own legs wider and scoots up between her thighs more. In a contortion of her left leg lifted over her ass he continued sucking her toes, touching her clit with light compresses, and pressing that middle finger precariously close to her anus. The final equation led to his erection caressing her labia. Juices were never ending.  
  
Should he?  
  
She wasn't begging him not to. Not this Tom...time. Breathing held Heidi pondered his next step. She had exhausted her reservoir of resistance. Zach was going to fuck her. She just knew it. Too tired to tell him no she merely trembled at his probes, awaiting the inevitable. Releasing her toes he let her foot drop to his side, only it decided on caressing Zach's hip carefully, as if thinking on it's own. His crown snuggled deeper into her wetness and his tapping middle finger seemed to coax her hips higher. The pressure on her clit encouraging a lift. Her mind found it inspirational. In the end she moved to her knees and lay as she had when using her toy behind her back. It was then that Zach pushed forth, his near nine iron snaking slowly into her cunt. Again Heidi squealed in the concealment of her pillows. Balls deep she gasps and crushes her pillow tightly. It felt fucking awesome, both of his fingers still controlling her position and poise. Dramatic pause he doesn't move for over two minutes. Her mind was off the charts crazy by now. Tossing her pillow off her head she moans, "Do it Zach."  
  
Instead he removes his fingers from both clit and spine and grabs her hips for a monumental pry of her ass cheeks just to see his embedded cock stretching her pink pussy to its limits. He wanted to slap her ass but knew the extra agony on his palms might not be so kind in their current irritations. Instead he released her mounded bottom and slid his palms up her back crawling over her. Hardy still deep inside her he uses his arms to drag Heidi against his chest and follow his lead on to his side. Kissing her shoulder he whispers, "Wake me up at 6:00."  
  
"What?" She bulged her eyes, "You're going to sleep with me?"  
  
"At least, it's not the other way around. You didn't wanna sleep in my bed with me."  
  
"You're...not going to fuck me?"  
  
"Too tired. Let's just cuddle."  
  
"With your dick in me?"  
  
"Not removing it."  
  
Awestruck she whimpers with a competing pout. Mind blown she felt him nuzzle her neckline and drift off to sleep. Even out cold his dick never went down. Frozen in time at his brazen move she accepted her fate and reached carefully for her cell to set the alarm. Biting her lip she chose to take a selfie of him snuggled up to her. Eying the photo she smiled. Contentment crept over her soul. Like a second skin she melded back into him. Eyes closing to bask in the moment she feels her cell vibrate and cautiously looks at an incoming text. It was from the gorgeous nurse Khloe Vaughn.  
  
"Is it bad of me to say I can't wait to fuck your Dad?" She wrote.  
  
Heidi sighs and fidgets setting her cell aside without replying.  
  
"That makes two of us."  
  
Her thoughts were troubled but clearer than ever.  
  
"Time to amp up the tension...Tom."  
  
Heidi was on a mission.  
  
"Night Zach."  
  
Upon her final whisper Heidi fell asleep in his arms. Her pussy keeping his dick warm. His dick would not go limp.  
  
Probably a one time thing, right?