**Be My Guest**

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**Be My Guest Ch. 10: PRETTY IN PUNK**

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP!  
  
The alarm on Heidi Baker's cell revived her, eyelashes fluttering against the morning daylight illuminating through her skylight as well as through thin curtains over her Eastern window. She needed blinds, the curtain was completely sheer and facing the parking lot. Pretty compromising at night with her lights on exposing her. Not that she cared being prone to exhibition. This morning she smiled. Having not dared move an inch even to go pee she felt strong arms holding her firmly against her roommate's chest, every chiseled facet of his body pressed against her backside. Awe crept in at the realization that Zach still had a massive erection, and even in their slumber it still lay deep inside her pussy. Warm, and cozy it was.  
  
"You gonna shut that alarm off?" He mumbled beneath her blond hair masking his face. Blowing strands from his mouth he sighs, body tensing for a stretch. In his groan his cock slipped halfway out during his circulation process. Once done stretching he returned to normal and his dick entered deep all over again. Her mind was racing at even that amazing sensation, his dick thick and nearly nine inches in magnificence.  
  
"FUCK!" She shuddered sealing her eyes in that brief experience, while taking a deep breath, "I can't believe you're still as hard as last night. Am I that...?" She whispers for him to hear.  
  
"ALARM ALREADY."  
  
"Sorry, distracted." She giggles reaching out for her cell and silencing it, "I need to pee Old Timer."  
  
"So pee." He held her closer, his right hand palming her breast.  
  
"Ummm! Kind of held prisoner here Warden."  
  
Rolling on to his back he took Heidi along for the ride, now lying on top of him facing the ceiling. Even in that transition his beast tickled her G-spot, taking her breath away. Patting his forearm she whimpered, "My sheets are already damp."  
  
"Wash them today."  
  
"I work at Vicki's for six hours. I guess I could when I get home. I haven't used the laundry room yet, does it cost much for a load?"  
  
"Speaking of loads." He raises his hips beneath her, his dick tightening up inside her canal. Pure torture on her part, she could feel his beefy crown plunging even deeper.  
  
"Stoooooooppp!" She laughs, "I thought we weren't going there."  
  
"Going where?" He releases his arms around her and plants them beneath his head giving her the freedom to escape if she really wanted to. This would be his true test of her admitted resilience. He knew she liked his cock but the question remained, would she ride him or run? As if trying to look back at him she tilts her head over his shoulder enough for a good peripheral, waiting to see if he was going to reclaim her upper body. With no aggressive moves she peeled upward to sit on his cock, her weight sinking him even deeper. It was then that she herself stretched, arms over her head while yawning. Once relaxed she looks down between her legs at his balls mounded up beneath her pussy, his dick hiding out so deep she could only view scrotum. Patting his bulbous twins then squeezing them made him tense up.  
  
"We need to figure this out Tom. As lovely as this is, I still think we should..."  
  
"Fuck?"  
  
"Not where I was headed..." She shakes her head giggling, "Can we...just take things a tad slower? Roommates Tom..."  
  
"You called me Zach last night in your moaning."  
  
"Don't remind me. It was only a moment of weakness Tom."  
  
"Like your temptation to ride me cowgirl style?" He chuckles.  
  
Falling back she plants her palms on his chest and just its there. "Yeehaw?"  
  
"Only if you really want this."  
  
"I do, but...I don't. Quit messing with my head Tom Hardy."  
  
"You're the one on my head."  
  
"Uggggggggh! You know what I mean. Dammit Codger you're killing me."  
  
"I can feel that pussy trickling over my balls."  
  
"I hate you."  
  
"You're the one who insisted on just being my roommate even if I never officially asked you to. Not complaining, I needed you Dove."  
  
"Need me?" She shivers suddenly, "Oh, to keep a roof over your head."  
  
"You're the roof over Hardy's head right now." He removes his arms and extends them up to grip her shoulders, lightly squeezing them. Tilting her head, her lengthy blond hair caresses his forearms, eyes closing at the temptations he was enacting within her thoughts. "You moved in once."  
  
"I can easily move out."  
  
"Then, back in."  
  
"Out again." She sighs, "DAMMIT TOM!"  
  
Hands once on her shoulders slide in to palm her throat, encircling her entire neck. Her entire body went rigid. The control in his grip made her tremble. She wanted to ride that dick but her refusal rate was battling it. Even with his superiority moment she struggled to come to grips with reality. Just as his index fingers extended from his surrounding grip to lift her chin she whimpers.  
  
"You're going to be late for work."  
  
"Yup." Hands abandon her throat and she lifts away from his chest to sit upright. Rising slowly off of him she felt a sudden inspiration to taunt him one last time, perhaps to taunt herself. Halfway off of his cock she sat back down. The sensation made them both take a deep breath.  
  
"Sorry! Lost my balance there." She laughed, again attempting to rise only to slip back down a second time. "I just can't seem to get enough energy to hop off."  
  
"Keep trying." He chuckles rubbing her back with a single palm, his caress totally enjoyable.  
  
"Here goes nothing." She pulls all the way off up to his crown right at the final retreat then slams down on his thighs. The rapid thrust up into her sent shockwaves through her entire body. "HOLY CRAP!"  
  
"Here, let me help." He yanks her by her hair back down over his chest then rolls them over to lay on top of her.  
  
"This is your idea of helping?" She laughs as he kisses her shoulder before lifting up over her as if doing push ups. Arching her ass with expectation Zach shocks her and pulls out, climbing to his feet as she reacts with, "OH COME ON."  
  
"Already did last night. I gotta piss too." He walks out on her leaving her to roll over with a devious wince. As his muscular butt vanished from sight Heidi jumped to her feet and gave chase. Racing around him just as he reached the bathroom threshold she darts to the toilet and sits down laughing at making him wait. Eying her without waver Zach stands in front of her and grips his dick drawing his erection downward. Realization hit home fast, Zach began urinating into her lap. Awe inspiring her to open her mouth wide she felt his heated urine pelt her belly and thighs.  
  
"WHAT THE FUCK TOM?"  
  
"That's what happens when you get in the way."  
  
For some crazy reason she just let it happen, both peeing at the same time. Never in her life had she imagined this happening, pungent as the odor was she finished peeing first then crawled away to give him the toilet. As she evaded him he turned and pissed on her ass just for meanness. That made her laugh hysterically. "ASSHOLE!" Puckering he aimed for her asshole as if invited, soaking her butt crack. "OH MY GOD! STOP THAT."  
  
She manages to get out of range and he finishes over the toilet like any normal person. While he shook his final drops she starts his shower before grabbing his towel and cleaning up the piss all over herself, then the floor, using her foot to nudge the towel over the tile. He arrogantly moved around her and hopped into the shower shutting the door.  
  
"I'm flushing. Prepare to get a chill." She giggles triggering the exit of the toilet bowl drain. This time the water stayed warm. Leaving the towel crumpled wet on the floor she looks herself over and makes a gross expression, "I can't believe he just did that." The moment in time lost at staring with disbelief she recalled yesterday, when her friend Nastiya fucked Zach in the shower. The screams of pure unrestrained ecstasy made her ponder the risk. Should she jump in there with Zach? She was covered in piss. Just as her decision was made to open the door and enter she found Zach's hand on the top holding it shut.  
  
"Not this time Princess. You can shower when I'm done."  
  
"SERIOUSLY?" She fumed, "I'm wearing your fucking piss."  
  
"Five more minutes."  
  
"UGGGGGGGGGG!" She at least washed her hands at the sink and dried them on her own towel. Looking down at his towel on the floor she angrily plucked it up and tossed it over the shower stall watching it hit him on the shoulder. Taking her towel with her leaving him with no dry towel, she went to the linen shelf and took his only other towel with her upon leaving the bath. Sheer mischief she chuckled. Entering her bedroom she decided to choose her day's outfit and hang it on her doorknob, a cute black polka dot dress with pleated tiers, it's hem to her calf when worn. Heels selected to match she sets everything aside in favor of going to the kitchen and rewashing her hands before making coffee. Something she regretted not doing when selecting her dress. As the coffee pot began filling she stood emotionless thinking, zoning out more the case. What was going on here? They were both playing cat and mouse games.  
  
Hearing the shower shut off she smirked knowing he would have to air dry. Chuckling she opted to make herself a bowl of cereal. Fruit Loops always brightened her mornings. Bathroom door opening she stops mid spoonful to listen to hear if he was upset. Not a peep. Shrugging she ate two more bites before Zach appeared across the counter drying himself off...with her dress.  
  
"All yours."  
  
"Ohhhh! You didn't." She sneers setting her bowl on the stove to react with shock, "I really wanted to look nice today."  
  
"Let it dry and wear it anyway. I'm clean now." He winks with smugness.  
  
"Don't make me take a dump on your bed."  
  
"Let's not go that far. You need a ride to work today?"  
  
"I'll take the bus. Zach?"  
  
"Tom." He chuckles.  
  
"TOM!? Let's not pee on each other again."  
  
"Don't cross my path then." He lays her dress on the counter after drying his balls and dick with it. She shook her head trying not to laugh, as he headed to his bedroom to get dressed. From that point on the two roommates avoided one another. As Zach paused at the front door before leaving he banged his forehead lightly on the threshold with a sigh. Should he apologize? Leaving it go Zach Pedigo went to work. It would weigh heavy on him throughout the day.  
  
Heidi Baker? She showered up and pouted until her dress dried. Smelling the dress she captured his scent and sighed. "Wearing it." She looked gorgeous. No perfume today. Just Zach. He too would weigh heavily on her thoughts.  
  
Nearing lunchtime at the mall...11:15 AM to be precise.  
  
"Do you have these in black leather?"  
  
Heidi Baker follows a masculine voice behind her to its source. Holding up a pair of white panties stood the handsome boy from the Hot Topic ripoff store. Yes, the one with the spikey pink Mohawk. She poises a finger to her chin with a pondering look, "I think we just got some in. They have little silver spikes on them, definitely don't wanna wear them inside out. Oh, they might come in crotch less too. Are they for your cute little drummer?"  
  
"Perfect. I can rock out with my dick dangling. Wait! What?" He laughs, "Kismet?"  
  
"Doing a Billy Idol song in front of your mirror? Yes Kismet. You know the other day she stood outside the window there staring at me. Are you sure she's not your girlfriend?" She surmised differently after Kismet's crumpled up note that suggested Heidi set her up with her sister Kayla. Still, it was fun to see Weaver squirm.  
  
"Dancing with Myself." He expresses his facial features with Billy's trademark smirk. His look switched the second he thought about her thinking of Kismet as his girl.  
  
"That's the one. The song that is."  
  
"That's me, big fan of Billy. Kismet is NOT my girlfriend." He laughs, "You're Stella right?" She looks offended, but knew he was joking, "Heidi with the sweet ass."  
  
"You remembered. My ass anyway. Sorry I didn't show off its sweetness when my Dad was here a few days back. Too many gawkers ogling Cleo and I didn't wanna steal her thunder. So what's Kismet's deal?" She shuffles closer but searches for her boss Vicki. She knew talking to others was pretty much not allowed unless it was about lingerie. "What brings you to Victoria's well known secret?"  
  
"Checking you out. Cute dress." She smiled at his compliment, then remembered that Zach had dried himself with her dress earlier. It sent a thrill to all the right places. As if this handsome stud before her hadn't already inspired her hormones.  
  
""Longer skirt than usual." She shows it off, it was longer than the one she wore the first day they met, closer in length to the second day run in at the food court. Turning her back to Weaver she cautiously lifts the back up and steps closer to him. Clearing her throat she looks over her shoulder, "You gonna touch that or what?" Puckering he used both hands to rub her ass cheeks.  
  
"Yup! Sweetest...tightest...ass in the Mall."  
  
"Look closer."  
  
He lifts her skirt a bit more and bulges his eyes, "No panties. Hell yes."  
  
"So!" She pulls away allowing her skirt to return to it's normal coverage, "Stalking me, like Kismet?"  
  
"Damn straight. Even more so now that I know you don't wear panties."  
  
"Just today. I knew you would drop by."  
  
"Gypsy fortune teller?"  
  
"Maybe. You have crystal balls?"  
  
"Dressing room I'll show you. I'm guessing your future is looking...UP." He chuckles proving he had an erection by lifting his longer shirt up over his crotch.  
  
"Hmmm! Tell me about Kismet first." She notes Vicki heading toward her office, her fellow employee Gina arranging clothing racks. Taking Weaver by the hand she sneaks him toward the changing room. Opening a curtain she pulls him inside and closes it. Hands on her hips she awaits an answer.  
  
"Kismet's a lesbian. She's defensive of me is all, we go way back to childhood. She knew Cleo too, from school. I think she likes you."  
  
"Ummm, not me so much, "She giggles, "My sister. Either, or, I couldn't tell with her fist doubled up."  
  
"Like I said you caught her off guard is all. After I told her you were really cool she just shrugged, and said I'd scissor her. Maybe she meant your sister. TMI for my tastes. Her lifestyle, her choice."  
  
"Yeah? Maybe Kayla. She's moving into Bi territory more and more." She laughs, "As long as it's not actual scissors, tell her I'll see what I can do. Okay, she needs to say hi not give me the stink eye. I wanna know Kayla is gonna be safe from Wendy O'Williams."  
  
"Takes her a bit to warm up to girls she likes. Are you?" He looks leery, knowing better but was aiming for a flirty retaliation. "Wow! A girl that knows Wendy O', I think I'm in lust. Not many our age knows the older bands."  
  
"Totally gay. I just like letting random guys grope me to make girls jealous. NO! So not gay. Bi? On the fence. Pretty tall razor wire rolled on the top fence. Not against, just gotta be the right timing I guess. I was raised on 80's rock. Mom was a groupie, probably why I don't know my dad. Too young and trying to keep me safe she says. Whatever, my luck my dad is Vince Neil, we both have blond hair so maybe."  
  
"Hey! I don't mind sharing you. Want Kismet's digits?"  
  
"I'll talk to her eventually. For now...drop 'em." She points at his pants.  
  
"Wow! I like you already." He unzips his pants and shows that even he had gone commando. Flopping out a nice 8.4 inch pecker she nodded with a stiff lower lip. His size rivaled Zach's monster. Images flooding her mind of the two separate days that Zach had stuck his dick inside her but just remained idle gave her the shivers. Idle to Idol. She had to smile.  
  
"Nice dick. Lift it up and let me read your balls." Chuckling almost a whisper, Weaver Kytes does just that as Heidi kneels in front of him to examine some pretty full balls. "I see...I see...I see...you wearing leather panties dancing on a stage where hot girls tuck Mony Mony in your waistband."  
  
He nearly busted out laughing but held a wrist over his mouth to prevent them being caught. Singing to her via whispers he goes full impression Billy Idol yet quoting the Doors with a rendition of, "Come on, Come on and Touch Me Babe." That made her smile even brighter. He was really cute. Reaching out she grips his balls and squeezes them, his eyes went wide with surprise. With a mischievous glint in her eye she utilizes her left hand to grab his erection kneeling to use it as a mic. Shuffling his balls into a dance she does her own Idol impression with, "Rock the Cradle of Love. Rock the Cradle of Love."  
  
Hearing Vicki's voice Heidi releases him and jumps up, "Stay here and Dance with Yourself." She swiftly takes his hand and curls his fingers around his cock. "Be back in a minute." Weaver was left jerking off in the women's changing room. Dealing with Vicki over price tag mix ups it took ten minutes before Heidi could return to Weaver. If he was still there she might ask him out, against her morals.  
  
Opening the curtain there he was leaning against the mirror, dick exhausted but still erect. Hands wet from cum he rushes into Heidi and palms her face kissing her hard on the lips. His cum on her face making her whimper she kissed him back. She was really turned on by his approach, her cum on skin fetish intensifying her hormones. As they kissed she stroked his cock back to life then dropped to her knees and sucked him off, the flavor of his leftover cum making her eyes roll back into possession mode. While doing so sudden images of her roommate Zach flooded her thoughts yet again. Almost overwhelming her senses she fed on Weaver like a starving puppy. Hands on the back of her head locked Heidi in as she trailed her throat back and forth over his girth, tongue curling around his foreskin, her lips tight around him for a warm friction.  
  
"Gonna cum again." He softly shivers, straining with clenched teeth, then detonates into her mouth. She swallows every drop before pulling her lips away, lifting his cock to lick his balls. Standing up she kisses him fiercely, forcing him against the wall. His hands gripping her bare ass beneath her dress they Frenched for three minutes. Hearing customers Heidi peeled away and put a finger to his lips. "555-6969" she whispered. "Gotta go. Give it to Kismet too. Just tell her to be gentle."  
  
Cautiously waving the boy out after he zips up, he snuck past Vicki and Gina with little effort. Customers not even reacting to a male in the store made it all that much easier. Within ten minutes Heidi's cell vibrated. Hiding away behind a rack of teddies she looks at a text from Weaver, "My band's playing at a wedding in two weeks, it's on a Saturday. Wanna be my date?"  
  
"WHITE WEDDING!!" She types back with a dancing emoji. "I was going to ask you out. Love to hear you guys."  
  
His reply led to, "Yep! Punk Rock band. We're called Spitshake."  
  
"Very cool. Love the name. Do I dress punk?"  
  
"Hell yes. Leather up Bitch. LOL!"  
  
"I'll see what I can find. I'll text you tonight from home."  
  
"You could always invite me over. LOL!"  
  
Pausing before replying to both make sure Vicki wasn't watching her, and considering Zach she had an evil thought, typing back, "How about this Saturday? My Dad might be there though." She chose Dad over roommate as an insurance policy, Weaver already had met him as her Dad anyway. She really didn't know Weaver all that well so the lie would stick for now. Besides that, she thought it would be funny to put Zach in a situation that made him uneasy. She also knew that Zach might have the company of Khloe Vaughn their landlords caregiver. Things could get interesting.  
  
"Did he approve of me the other day? Pink mohawk. LOL!" He points at his scalp.  
  
"Hasn't said, too busy seducing Cleo. Do I care? LOL! He might act tough though, he's a really big guy."  
  
"I recall. If Cleopatra likes him he must be doing something right. I've never known Cleo to be that...openminded. LOL!"

"They were cute together." She fidgeted over saying that. Cleo was either going to be her bestie or trouble. The maintained lie of both of them having met Zach's ex-wife was still lingering. She really needed to talk to Cleo one on one and figure out how best to break it to Zach that his Ex might be coming for him. Cleopatra did look fun.  
  
"Awww hell! So much for hitting it then. LOL!"  
  
"If you're bold enough I'll fuck you." She offers a winking emoji. "On terms. LOL!"  
  
"Bold how? As right in front of him? LOL!" He was joking.  
  
"Chicken?"  
  
"No. LOL! Seriously?" He presumed that she was joking now.  
  
"My pussies realllllllly weeeet. LOL!"  
  
"Let's do it." Still joking but on the fence. If it meant making hot ass Heidi happy, he would bite the bullet.  
  
Giddy she types, "This Saturday work then? You can wait a couple days right? You can even drive me home."  
  
"See you then. I'll bring a condom. A whole box even. LOL! If things go good, me and the band are having a rehearsal on Sunday at my house. Garage jams, my Mom will be there though. She's off during the day but dances all night. BEFORE YOU ASK...NO NOT FUCKING IN FRONT OF HER. She's a stripper as it is. LOL!"  
  
"Too funny. We'll see how it goes. Seeya Spitsnake."  
  
"It's Spitshake...ohhh! I get it. LOL!"  
  
Saying a joint, "Bye!" the two had similar reactions. If they could physically see one another they would mimic the same motions, both of them clenched a fist and danced in step. Gina saw her dance and frowned at her behavior. Shrugging, Heidi just looked at her and said, "I'm happy."  
  
Answer enough. Of, course Gina had to point out Weaver's cum stains on Heidi's dress when they kissed so violently. Two for two. She wore Zach's scent, and Weaver's jizz. Giddiness fulfilled the rest of her shift.  
  
5:00 in the afternoon came along quickly and Heidi clocked out, bidding farewell to one fashion, eager to look for another. The problem was, she didn't have any money, having used her entire savings to get Zach out of hot water or be evicted. She had faith things would work out concerning their roommate status, he seemed dedicated now that she moved in to rescue him. Landing a job soon after only enforced her opinion on trusting him. Even sexually, he was giving her what she wanted without pushing so hard to nail her that she grew leery of him. Honestly, she loved his retaliations to things she herself set in motion, namely getting a bit of action for her sister Kayla, and their friend Nastiya. So far so good. Still, no money to buy anything to suit what she envisioned her goth look to be. Black was really it. Definitely no coloring her gorgeous blond hair, not even pink to compliment Weaver. She considered that for all of three minutes.  
  
Easing by the store that Weaver worked at she decided to go inside and explore what little fashion they had there as inspiration. Certainly, quite a bit of alternative clothing but nothing truly caught her eye. Weaver must have already gone home, he was no where in sight. Just as well, she really wanted to surprise him with whatever she put together for both that wedding and a date in general, maybe his rehearsal on Saturday. Although, saving her attire felt better. She would just dress sexy for him that wedding day gig. Changing her entire identity for any man was never going to happy. Roleplay, sure.  
  
"Need any help?" Came a male voice behind her. She recalled the face, this was the guy behind Weaver the day she first spoke to him. The boy was tall and thin wearing an Ice Nine Kills concert t-shirt and black leather pants. His hair short and buzzed on the temples certainly gave him a goth look to a point. Nose and ear piercings seemed a tad much but it was his life.  
  
"Hi. Did Weaver go home already?" She made conversation.  
  
"Yep. He got off at 3:00."  
  
"Earlier than that but that's another story." She chuckled. He smirked at her reading into her expression. "Anyways, I'm just getting ideas for a punk look to support his band. Any thoughts?"  
  
He looked her over from head to toe and nodded, "You have potential. Are you wanting punk sexy or punk subtle?"  
  
"Look at me...is there anything subtle about me?"  
  
"Honest?"  
  
"Yep."  
  
"You're hot but your fashion says rich girl."  
  
"So not rich. I just like nice clothes. I have to dress nice working at Victoria's."  
  
"What about on your off time?"  
  
"Bra and panties." She laughs, "If that. When I go out it just depends on what I'm doing. I dress for occasion."  
  
"Sweet. I can see that." He grins but tries to contain being too outspoken. "Okay, gonna stop picturing leisure time."  
  
"Love the leather pants but I don't think they would be me. I'm more leggings to fit form my booty."  
  
"Nothing wrong with that. So, you dating Weave?"  
  
"Working on it. Haven't yet. He invited me to a wedding gig his band is playing at next weekend."  
  
"His band rocks."  
  
"I haven't even heard them yet. I kinda met the band at the food court but the drummer looked as if she wanted to kick my ass. The others I saw on my way back to work. They howled at me." She giggled.  
  
"I can see why. Wayne and Garth are always looking for girls in heat."  
  
"That's their names?" She winces, "You're lying? Wayne's World?"  
  
"Yeah, they get that all the time. By the way I'm Ace."  
  
"Ventura?" She busts up turning red.  
  
"Not even close. My last name's Bigelow."  
  
"Bigbelow?" She winks goofily.  
  
"Big enough. At least you didn't make fun of my name sounding like Deuce Bigelow. They sound close. My parents are professional poker players in case you're wondering how I ended up with Ace."  
  
"Awesome. I love playing poker, even if it's not strip poker."  
  
"Maybe You, Weaver, and some others can get together and we can all play cards."  
  
"Sounds fun. Anyways, my sister should be here to pick me up soon, I need to get some ideas nailed down here." She turns to the clothing racks.  
  
"Knee high black boots, fishnet stockings with rips in the knee, and if you're daring, a cut off all black t-shirt that shows off the bottom of your chest."  
  
"Skirt? Ripped shorts?" She added to his speculation.  
  
"Wear spandex hot pants. Boy shorts style."  
  
"So lots of open skin from my boobs to my pubes?" She chuckles.  
  
"Belly bling too."  
  
"Never pierced my belly button." She hears her cell ringtone to the old tune Sweet Soul Sister and digs out her phone. "Sister's here." She texts Kayla her location then returns her attention to Ace. "Do you have fishnet stockings?"  
  
"We carry all of what I just described. I always give advice that makes a sale."  
  
"Can I try things on?"  
  
"Dressing room is right back there. The stockings might be too intimate to try on, once opened you'd have to buy them."  
  
"Even if I'm giving you a fashion show?" She bats her eyes.  
  
"I try not to mix signals. Weaver's a good guy."  
  
"I'm not asking you to bend me over...geez." She laughs and rolls her eyes. "I'll ask permission if you want me too."  
  
"I guess. I am the only one here until closing. Store goes dead about 6:00."  
  
"Let me tell Weaver I'm in the store with you and trying on things. I didn't want him to see what I'm wearing but I'll let you take pics to send him so he's in on the fashion show. Okay with that?"  
  
"If it kills the boredom." He chuckles.  
  
"Texting him now." She begins typing the second she stopped talking, "Hey Punk, I'm in your store with Ace. I'm going to try on a few things he suggested. Want a fashion show?" Sent, she follows Ace in locating the items he suggested. Discovering a half hoodie in red she fell in love with it. Thin chains even spoke to her in figuring out what made her feel unique. As they piled things up Kayla made her appearance with Nastiya right behind her.  
  
"What are we doing?" Kayla snuck up behind her placing her chin on Heidi's shoulder.  
  
"I'm going punk for Weaver. At least when I'm around him."  
  
"Fishnet...I have fishnet in my wardrobe." Nasty points out the stockings in her stack of items. Ace took one look at Nastiya and dropped his jaw. Nasty was wearing a ruffled black mini skirt and a dark purple button down top that had too many buttons left open revealing her bulging breasts, her lighter lavender matching bra lifted them higher. His eyes sank to new lows. Heidi and Kayla both noticed his interest immediately. A smirk between sisters they read the others mind. Nasty was going to be useful.  
  
"Hey." Ace nodded at Nasty with no other words found to follow.  
  
"He likes my boobies." She smiles brightly feigning a blush.  
  
"I'm gonna do a fashion show for Weaver. Ace here is going to record me, right Ace?"  
  
"Record? I presumed pictures."  
  
"I want to be in the fashion show." Nasty bubbles up. Ace nearly busted a nut over her dancing breasts. "May I try on clothing too?" She offers puppy dog eyes at Ace.  
  
"Sure."  
  
"I'm out." Kayla laughs, "Nothing here would fit my big ass anyways, these stores are for petites only."  
  
"You need to stop putting yourself down Missy. You are NOT fat." Heidi jabs Kayla in the ribs making her laugh. Ace discovered Kayla's tits even more jiggly, due to no bra. A tight black button down expressed cleavage and nipple hard on but not near as much crater as Nasty was showing off. Ace was sweating all around.  
  
"Weaver's texting." Heidi jumps at her ringtone of Mony Mony to reveal the callers identity. Giddy she tells everyone, "I set up the ringtone on break. Billy Idol."  
  
"We get it. He looks like Billy." Kayla rolls her eyes.  
  
"Whoaaaa! Ace..." She bulges her eyes at her cell screen, "You might wanna read this yourself." She shares her cell with the employee and grits her teeth. Reading the text Ace discovered more than he bargained for. It read, "Give that lazy bastard a show he won't ever stop bragging about. Burlesque Baby. LOL!"  
  
"No way." Ace grinned. Heidi then showed Kayla and Nasty who laughed. Another text back to Weaver, Heidi aimed to blow his mind. "Can I show him my bare ass?" Sent, it took thirty seconds to reply, "I DARE YOU." Again she shared it with everyone.  
  
"I would most like to show my bare bottom." Nasty added her own enthusiasm. Ace nodded favorably. This was the most excitement he had ever had on the job. He just hoped no customers ruined things. Prepping to move her wardrobe choices to the tiny single room changing stall Heidi stopped and turned to Kayla, "Oh! Call this number." She recalls the digits by memory, "555-3663." Nasty made a few choices quickly and playfully winked at Ace. Noting a very noticeable erection Nasty reaches over with her index finger and taps the tip of his tent. He nearly fainted as she turned away just as swiftly. Following behind them Ace stood guard over the changing room. As the curtain closed he could see in an inside mirror both girls reflection. A fast realization Heidi opens the curtain and passes him her cell. "Here! Get ready to film me." Hurrying back inside she shuts the curtain again, but this time it remained a tad more open than before. With Kayla looking away he rubbed his swollen crotch and sighed.  
  
"What? Who's number does that belong to?"  
  
"You'll find out. Have fun. We will." Heidi nudges Nasty into the dressing room with her. Giggling at the sudden blur in confined occupancy the girls just start disrobing one another, rather than themselves. This was a first for both, yet it was intensely adventurous. Nasty had enjoyed her bisexual experience with Kayla Trudeau, luckily Kayla found it intriguing too, it would have been a shame if Zach Pedigo's encouragement had placed a strain on their loyalties. Maybe the man had a wisdom that exceeded the soul, sensing what was equally right and wrong in a well balanced union. Three years ago that might not have been so evident.  
  
"This is quite fun to be undressing you." Nasty flares her gaze as she removes Heidi's dress leading to only a bra, no panties. Having had Heidi assist in escaping her own outfit just prior, both girls were similarly nude save for one garment each, both wore bras. Entangling each other they reached around one another to unclasp the other's bra and remove them. Chest to chest now Nasty took the ballsy road of shaking her tits directly over Heidi's in a nipple battle, the sensations made them both laugh that much harder.  
  
"Don't go getting kissy on me, or..." Heidi notes Ace slyly checking them out in the mirror and goes against her better judgment, dragging Nastiya in to her body to body, and laying a hardcore kiss on the Hindi beauty. Caught off guard Nasty guided Heidi back against the wall and felt her up. Heidi, wheezing at her first intimacy with a girl had to slow her down somehow. Eyes wide during their Frenching Heidi noted Ace ease the curtain back an inch more for a better view in the mirror. Inspired to exhibit them both so that Ace might brag to Weaver how wild she was, Heidi squeezed Nasty's butt cheeks and ripped her crack wide to offer Ace a solid view of her butt pucker and shadowy clam shaped pussy. Watching Ace rub his crotch harder was just perfect.  
  
With an attempt to control Nasty's newfound appetite Heidi pulled away in favor of kissing Nasty's neckline, whispering, "Calm down Hottie this is just a show, we're not lovers. Ace is watching us in the mirror. I think he likes you he's battling a stiffy."  
  
"He is very cute." Nasty whispers back as she applies her own lips to Heidi's milky white shoulder, the sensation made Heidi roll her eyes upward a bit. Who knew? Within her thoughts Heidi Baker had mixed feelings on the whole bi thing, she adored dick immensely, bigger, harder the better. That, and she was finding herself obsessed with Weaver Kytes. Zach who? Oh, yeah, Dad. She applied that designation just to keep her confusion level down. Zach was not her real dad, he was old, even if his body was incredible. Roomie! Roomie! Roomie! "Get out of my head Tom."  
  
Shaking his image from her mind she noticed Ace using his own cell to record Nasty from behind. "Fuck it." Heidi moved in for the kill and kissed Nastiya on the lips again, just to give Ace his moment in the braggers circle. Turning Nasty around to face the mirror in a mad pull away of their kiss, Heidi gave Ace his first full frontal of Nasty Iyamahorr, Heidi playing with Nasty's tits with one hand, kissing her neck, and exploring her pussy with her remaining hand. Nasty yelped the second her clit was stimulated. Spotting Ace recording on her own Nasty smiled and fluttered her fingers at him. He nearly panicked until Heidi nudged Nasty closer to the curtain opening. "Hey Ace? Nasty wants to say hi to you."  
  
"Me?" He choked and hid his cell thinking they hadn't seen him. It was still lit up and recording in his pants pocket. Too funny.  
  
"How about I dress out there and you and Nasty take a break together?"  
  
"Serious?" He swallowed dryly as Heidi whips the curtain open revealing their full nudity together without the aid of any reflection. His reaction was to slobber all over himself.  
  
"Sick him Fido." She pushes Nasty into Ace. With a hint of savagery Nastiya dropped to her knees and went straight for Ace's tented leather, her tongue licking over his erection rather than biting and tearing at his pants, destruction was not on her mind. Feasting on cock was. Grabbing her clothing choices Heidi moved out of the changing room then behind Ace. "Get a changing room." Crawling on her hands and knees Nasty returned to the room dragging Ace in with her. Heidi then closed the curtain. "You kids have fun. I'll change and let you know when I'm ready to film." All Ace could do was shudder and share a nervous, "Okay." Nasty already had his dick out and was deep throating it. Yes, he had enough sense to video his blowjob. Nasty gave him all the footage he wanted. He gave her 7 inches of that footage.  
  
Slipping on her fishnets only Heidi maintained her gaze for intrusive customers. With Kayla standing in the entryway talking on her cell to Weaver's drummer girl Kismet it gave her a slight advantage should a customer enter. It looked as if they were getting along. Good for them Heidi thought. Putting on her black hoodie that concealed her breasts, save for the lower curvature, her soft white tummy totally bare until the fishnet body suit that caught her lower hips took over. Seeing Kayla react to someone outside of her cell Heidi scurried behind the cashier counter wearing only what she had donned up until that point. Plucking up the black spandex hot pants with tiny embedded metal rings on three sides she prepped to put them on. Before she had time, three men entered the store and immediately noticed Heidi behind the counter. She swiftly leaned on to the glass top and smiled, "Welcome to Hardy Corps." She changed the name without thinking, the store was really called Hard Corps. There it was again, the image of Zach Pedigo's huge cock called Hardy. "What the hell Heidi?" She had to close her eyes and picture Weaver.  
  
"Hey!" A preppy young man that looked like Mario Lopez nodded, "I don't recall you ever working here."  
  
"Just started today." She notes his friends moving around toward the back side of the counter. She referred to them as Mark Wahlberg and Lucas Till in their early adulthood appearances. Remaining calm she just knew they could see her bare ass with only fishnet on, her hoodie only covering down to the middle of her back didn't help. Her skin was so white it was like a signal flare saying "Over here Boys."  
  
"Cool. No nametag." He points at her chest making her stand up straight without thinking. Yep! He noticed those curves of silky flesh. "Nice outfit."  
  
"Thanks. The store owner says we need to model our product." This was fun acting as if she were a real employee. She just hoped that Ace wouldn't get fired over her shenanigans. Of course, he was busy with Nasty so he had no idea what was going on outside the curtain. Even though his moans were becoming loud enough to attract attention all eyes were on Heidi Baker. Behind her Mark and Lucas had discovered her from behind, jaws dropping at her curvaceous bare bottom hidden, if you could call it that by her fishnets. Let's face it Heidi was nude outside of her hoodies bit of cloaking, her fishnet suit's spaced out netting revealed literally every asset she had. In resuming her slumped forward state she followed Mario's eyes realizing she was being checked out from behind. With a wink at Mario she whispered, "I'm being drooled over aren't I?"  
  
"Mind if I check out what my buddies are pointing at?"  
  
"Nope. Feel free to peruse." She smirked and decided to just let the trio of studs enjoy themselves. Instead she located Kayla outside the stores window, laughing and having a good time on the phone. It was good to see Kayla smile more, maybe this Kismet was just what she needed. More so than even Zach. Hearing whispers behind her Heidi just shakes her ass without even looking over her shoulder at the boys. Let them have a moment to themselves. Pondering the situation her one drawback was that her goal was to do a fashion show for Weaver. This was more for others than her cute punk rocker. She needed to prioritize better. Making a snap decision to lift away from the counter and turn to face the three men she now rested her elbows on the counter. Spying their eyes immediately zooming in on her pussy in full bloom along with her sunflower tattoo, the netting hid nothing. "Find anything you like?"  
  
"Oh Fuck yes." All three spoke in variations of the same reply. She grinned and said, "Wanna help me get employee of the month?"  
  
"How?" Lucas chimed in first, not his real name of course, in truth it was Byron. Not worth remembering mind you he was just useful.  
  
"Be right back." She wiggled around the counter and let them watch her butt dance a sweet side to side on her journey to the changing room. Not wanting to expose Ace she merely leans in through the curtain. "Pssst! I need my cell." Ace using his own cell lifted away from recording Nasty to capture Heidi's snooping. Fumbling a bit to reach his pants pocket around his knees and still enjoy Nasty's starvation he locates Heidi's cell and passes it over. "Thanks Ace. Loving it, Ace in her Face. Everything's under control. Keep having fun."

Retreating she turns back to the boys to find all three recording her with their own phones. Jaw dropping she wiggles an index finger without vocalizing her thoughts of, "Such bad boys." Not one of them lowered their cell, instead Mark dared to say, "Show us your merchandise Baby." With a chin move to her shoulder Heidi smiles and fans her hoodie up over her tits just once playfully giving in to their desires. Walking back toward the counter she made them follow her.  
  
"Okay, Loiterers. I need you to put your own cells down and use mine. I want you to record me for my boyfriend."  
  
Mario immediately stashed his away in favor of being her cameraman. Passing it off she already had it recording. As he panned on her face she spoke, "Hi Weaver. I decided to run the store while you were gone. Here's my fashion show, my way. Oh, I asked the help of some customers, Ace is kind of busy at the moment. I hope you don't mind." She blows him a kiss. "I tried on this outfit but I never had a chance to put any pants on. This is your first time seeing more than my ass, sorry if they got to see it before you did." Mario pans the cam down over her lower body, zooming in on her cute sunflower rising up from her clit. He even knelt down in front of it for a perfect view. In response Heidi used both hands to lift her skin just enough to tug her pussy up into a vibrant pink stretch that she then pried apart to open herself up to interpretation. Her hole glorious made all three boys around her comment on filling it. She flared her eyes, "Weaver only. You guys just get lucky seeing it." Of course, knowing Heidi her mind could be persuaded. For now Weaver was her focus.  
  
"I chose fishnet, but I'll be wearing spandex hot pants over them. Just, not this second." She giggles, "I'm showing off. See?" She lifts her hoodie up to share both of her stunningly perfect breasts, nipples cresting higher than most days. Pinching her nipples taunt while using her chin to hold her hoodie up, she nibbles her lower lip, "See what you're getting Saturday? I can't wait for you to fuck me hard. God, I'm getting so wet just thinking about it." Her fingers leave her breasts and fan downward over her tummy and back into her pussy, prying herself wide again. This time her wetness was more evident, sharing soaked fingers to the camera. All three boys huffed, "Daaaamn." No way could Weaver miss hearing their lust.  
  
"I'm thinking chains attached to my hot pants." She makes the walk back behind the counter to get her spandex. Mario films her putting them on and sighs, "Noooo don't cover up." She smirks at him planting her thumbs into the hip hooks on the spandex tugging the sides out as she walks around him back to the small display of chains, making her selection she clips a three way chain to both side hooks and the hook on the back of her spandex shorts. The other ends of the chains connecting to the hoodie in front used to keep the hoodie over her tits. She looked gorgeous in her attire. Boots came next, having found her size easily, she puts them on and struts her stuff. Offering a 360 view she stares at her camera and puts a finger on her cheek, "You like?" All three men nodded with expressions of needing to use their dicks, hands rubbing themselves only added proof of that necessity. Heidi was proud of her talents in getting guys hard.  
  
"I think I'll get Kayla's opinion. Follow me Weaver." She marches straight out of the store until the buzzers went off due to theft monitoring. Heidi was just as shocked as anyone. Hearing the alarm Kayla turned to see Heidi and dropped her jaw at her selections. That, and just how dumb her sister was. Telling Kismet, "Gotta go." Kayla hung up and darted over, pushing Heidi back into the store.  
  
"Are you nuts?" Kayla looked behind her fearing Security.  
  
Inside the changing room Ace heard the alarm signaling just as he nutted down Nastiya's throat and went into panic mode. Hurrying to pull up his leather pants he accidently topples Nasty over on to her ass. She was hardly mad, the alarm concerned her too. As Ace left her to find Heidi being filmed by the three boys he went behind the counter and shut off the alarm. One call later Security was informed that it was an accident. Saved by the Ace in Nasty's hole. Her mouth that is.  
  
The trio reacting to Ace was pure respect. Panic had left Ace behind once he had it all under control. Watching Kayla and Heidi feud over what Heidi was doing led Ace to look back at the changing room. Out walked Nasty wearing her own fishnets with no pants, a leather bra on was the final touch. Behind him he heard the three men switching focus on Nasty.  
  
"There's two hotties." Lucas chuckled.  
  
Prancing right over to Ace behind the counter she hopped up on the glass top and observed his eyes. Ace zeroed in on her cunt in 0 to 6 heartbeats.  
  
"You must pay me back." She lays back and grabs her ankles while spreading her legs, nearly knocking over a keyring display. Ace looked back at the front of the store then grew the nerve to bury his face in Hindi hotness. The trio filmed his hunger as Nasty began yelping. The new noise drew the attention of Heidi and Kayla.  
  
"I can't take you two anywhere." Kayla huffed.  
  
Heidi tugged at Kayla's shirt, "I kissed Nasty."  
  
"What? You did?"  
  
"Not bad. Kind of hot. I saw you got along with Kismet."  
  
"Yeah, she's kind of dark but funny. I think I might go hang with her next weekend."  
  
"Weaver's coming over Saturday. Zach is going to have Khloe over. Read my mind..." She expects their sisterly connection to be on point.  
  
"You're going to fuck Weaver in front of Zach."  
  
"God I love you."  
  
"I know you Bitch. Evil incarnate."  
  
"Shoot! Mario is focusing on Nasty. So much for the rest of my video for Weaver."  
  
"Were you going to try on more outfits?"  
  
"No money anyways. I just did the video for Weaver to let him know I was looking for punk clothes. He asked me to go to a wedding, his bands playing there. I wanna look legit."  
  
"Don't look at me I'm broke. We can't keep borrowing from Nasty."  
  
"Maybe we can ask her while she's crying out Yes, Yes, Yes at Ace's tongue." Heidi laughs. "If she says yes she has to hold up to her end right?"  
  
"Like I said, Evil."  
  
Joining the bunch at the counter Heidi leans over Nasty and says, "Cum already. I need to get home."  
  
Ace eyes Heidi peering over Nasty's belly with a look of despair, he was enjoying her company. Sensing it Heidi winks at Ace, "Eat up Ace. Can I stash my outfit here somewhere until I get paid?" Pausing Heidi as Nasty starts writhing uncontrollably, knocking things over now in her orgasm, Ace finishes her off in a nice squirt across his face. Backing away Ace licks his lips and notes Mark and Kayla picking up the toppled keyrings and trinkets.  
  
"Bag up what you need." He shrugs, "I'll just make Weaver buy them."  
  
"Nooooooooo! I can't make Weaver cover my expenses." Heidi pouts.  
  
"Just take them. You got me a blowjob."  
  
"A date..." Nasty whimpers, "You have yet to fuck me."  
  
"Steal the store." Ace laughs.  
  
"Bangles, bling, and lipstick?" Heidi adds to her needs.  
  
"We'll buy your stuff if you let us cum on your ass." Lucas dares to bring up what he and the other two guys had wanted since seeing Heidi's bare bottom. Well, they obviously wanted more than that but, would definitely settle.  
  
"Tempting offer...you have no idea." Heidi giggles knowing her cum fetish had a strong hold on her sensibility. It wasn't that she didn't want to, it was the worry that she might turn off Weaver should he find out. "Better not, I don't want Weaver to get mad at me."  
  
Ace chuckled loudly then apologized with a hand, "You don't know Weaver very well do you?"  
  
"Meaning what Space Ace?" She narrowed her eyes.  
  
"Known Weave a long time, trust me he's a freak. He told you to show me your ass right?"  
  
"Well, yeah but that's just showing you. I might be overdoing it showing them, let alone letting them jizz on my ass."  
  
"They may share their semen with my bottom." Nasty jumps at the chance. The guys puckered at her offer, leaving Heidi almost jealous.  
  
"Here!" Ace brings out his cell and texts Weaver himself, "Send Heidi a message telling her it's okay to let three guys cum on her ass. They said they'll buy her outfits for you." Text sent without permission Heidi cringed worried she had already lost her man. Seconds later she hears from Weaver. Holding her breath she reads his text.  
  
"You don't need my permission, I don't own you. I won't be mad, just send me video. LOL!"  
  
"Oh my God! I think I met my soulmate." She giggles, "Bring it into the changing room Boys." She had her chains unhooked and hot pants off before even moving from where she stood. Kayla just shook her head. Nasty pouted at her loss. Of course, she still had Ace.  
  
With the changing room confined Heidi found herself surrounded almost body heat to body heat. She fanned herself exhaustedly, claiming her cell to make her own recording. "Pants down. Let me record it all for my Man." Mario, Mark, and Lucas closed the curtain but found things just too claustrophobic. Rubbing their dicks on her body made Heidi shiver as she wiggles her fishnets down to her upper thighs. There really wasn't any bending room and it became obvious this wasn't going to work. Peering out the curtain Heidi noted there still weren't any new customers. Taking a deep breath Heidi turns to her Jerky Boys and smirks, "How bold are you guys?" She whips the curtain open and marches back out into an aisle by the T-shirt shelving. Taking her hoodie off in front of the men she stood topless. Nets to her boots now Heidi drops to all fours and lays forward on the carpet, ass in the air. "Fire away." She then poses her cell to her face for an intimate chat video with Weaver.  
  
"Just so you know I'm only doing this for you. You better be worth it Punk." She sticks her tongue out at her camera. "I'm glad you're openminded, it's going to make any adventure we have together that much more fun. I really like you Weaver. I hope you feel the same. Care to see what's going on behind my beautiful ass right now?" She lifts her cell to pan over her back sojourning over her curves to see her Valentine shaped butt dive into tunnels of love. All three guys were on their knees behind her jerking off like beasts. All of their dicks literally touching her ass. Lucas in the middle dared to ease a little too close and rub his crown directly over her labia. "Oooo!" She lowers her camera to her face again, "One of them is getting frisky." Eye brows wagging at her cell recording she lifts her cell higher to capture just how close things were getting. Her angle still hadn't shown just how close Lucas was. All she knew was that his lingering there made her wish for more.  
  
"Can you hear them wishing I'd let them fuck me?" She whispered into her camera with a look of excitement yet stress on her face. Mario and Mark took it upon themselves to rub her ass cheeks while they jerked. Defiant of her getting mad they just squeezed and even pried her cheeks wider for a better view, her pussy hole parting to say hello as they did. Lucas took that moment to tease her hole with a beefy six inch, his mushroom poised for a dip. "Slow it down Lucas." She trembled lifting her camera up. Mario seeing the camera again took it from her and captured the good angles. She let him video them pawing up her ass, and jerk off closely to her flesh, often touching it. In Mario's shot was Lucas zeroing in on her hole.  
  
"Your girl likes us being up close." Mario spoke without revealing his face. "Don't you Chica?" He called out to Heidi. In response she leered over her shoulder and said, "On, not in Amigo."  
  
Lucas in his knuckling grasp took his crown a tad inside Heidi making her whimper, yet not jump and tell him no. This made the three Amigo's eye their chances. Around them they heard Nasty moaning again. Ace gave in to his stupidity as long as Kayla stood watch for everyone involved, fucking Nasty from behind, against the register area of the counter. Knowing her fucking moans Heidi dropped her head into her arms and sighed, "Dammit. Now I want fucked. I can't. That's going too far, Weaver won't want the whole enchilada. Would he?" Temptation felt as Lucas sank even deeper, caught on video as she trembled. "Hand me my camera." Her arm flailed blindly to procure it. Mario didn't resist and passed it back. Taking the recording back to her face she speaks to Weaver. "I hope you still like me after this. Please like me after this..." She raises her cell and offered up, "Hit it 10 times Lucas."  
  
No words wasted Lucas rammed deep as Heidi shared her facial expressions at his thrusts. Eyelids fluttering, mouth open in awe, light moans of, "Oh, Weaver.", she drifted her cell back over her to view Lucas thrusting deep and gripping her ass cheeks tightly. Mario stole her cell again to record his friends penetration and his clarification of, "Fuck this pussy is tight." At 11 instead of 10 thrusts Lucas pulls out and scoots aside. Mark slips into the middle and doesn't even ask, he just hits that juicy cunt 10 times of his own. Heidi was loving it. As soon as Mark pulls away Mario makes his way in, recording his own deep thrusts. Heidi was whining compliments at her appreciative sensations. At 10 Mario backs out and the three of them jerk hard until all three drown her ass in white shots of gooey wet cum. Mario was a darned good cameraman. Her eyes rolling back led Heidi to reach under herself and finger her pussy. Watching her Mario placed her camera under her thighs for a magical spellcasting of fingers. White cum of her own making followed her fingertips out and in, until she let out a deafening squeal. Heidi Baker was a cum coated slut. Tasting herself brought on giggles. Tasting the leftovers of three studs only made her laugh hysterically, "OH MY GOD WEAVER!!"  
  
Mario filming her orgasm and it's quaking reactions led him to say, "We thank you Weaver. Your girl is really cool. Keep her Man." He then laid her cell beside her as the three got up and pulled their pants up. Moving to the counter watching the final moments of Ace fucking Nasty, hearing Nasty cum hard, they patiently waited on Heidi and Nasty to get their shit together. Fully dressed ten minutes later, Heidi made her shopping list real and the trio split the cost of her clothes three ways. Thanking her three benefactors with tight hugs and a kiss each the three men moved on, promising Ace that they would never reveal what he let happen. Luckily, Ace knew how to delete the stores interior cameras, chalking it up to the circuit breaker and him forgetting to turn the cameras back on.  
  
Ace asked Nasty out, she accepted. Heidi took her bags and the girls hooked up in the Mall aisleways. Kayla had kept watch from outside the store, having called Kismet back. Sitting on a sofa together in a rest area, Heidi sent her video to Weaver, fingers crossed.  
  
Waiting for ten minutes to give him a chance to watch it all Heidi was a mess, up pacing relentlessly, praying she hadn't let the men go too far. As she waited she received a text from Zach saying, "Chinese on me? Not the noodles. LOL!"  
  
"Extra fortune cookies, I need all the luck I can get. Thanks Codger. Be home in thirty minutes." She then wondered where he got the money. Duk Fu better be on time, her belly was growling. Cum was not enough sustenance. A text from Weaver made her lose her appetite. Trembling as she read it her eyes bulged.  
  
"HOT AS FUCK HEIDI. Am I dating a pornstar? Hope so. LOL!"  
  
"You're not upset I let them fuck me?" She quickly typed back.  
  
He took three minutes to answer just to make her sweat, "I'll get over it. Openminded on both our parts?"  
  
"ABSOLUTELY!"  
  
"You looked really pretty in punk."  
  
"Isn't that Pretty in Pink? LOL!" She recalled the movie.  
  
"That was their dicks. Pretty in your pink. LOL!"  
  
"OMG!! I'm not fucking anybody else until you make love to me Mister Kytes."  
  
"You had plans to fuck somebody else?"  
  
"You don't want me too after seeing that video?"  
  
"Maybe. LOL! You'd do that for me?"  
  
"I just did Goofball. Yes. As long as you're okay, I'm okay."  
  
"I'm okay. LOL!"  
  
"Me too, Freak." She added a tongue razzing emoji.  
  
"You working at Vicki's tomorrow?"  
  
"Nope. Not until Saturday again."  
  
"Darn. I was hoping for another dressing room BJ."  
  
"Oh, no. After I just fucked on the stores floor, you're getting bolder than that Buddy Boy."  
  
"Can't wait. Call me later?"  
  
"Phone sex?"  
  
"Damn straight. LOL!"  
  
"I'm using my toy." Her toy Zach, and his egg at the same time. Bedroom door wide open. Zach launching cum all over her belly as she talked with Weaver. He needn't know that much considering he knew Zach as her Dad. She had it all planned in her head.  
  
"Awesome. You can keep making me videos. LOL!"  
  
"I will." Yep! He was gonna watch her vibrating toy Zach fuck her silly tonight. "Gotta go Stud. My sister is hurling scowls at me. Oh, she called Kismet, they're getting along great. Tell Ace I said thank you for his help."  
  
"Calling him after we're done."  
  
"Done. Call you around 10:00."  
  
It would be 9:45.  
  
A pretty punk move.

**Be My Guest Ch. 11: WIFE COACH**

Zach's ex-wife Yushea wants him back at any cost. Why does Heidi not see that as bad?  
  
\*  
  
"I'm so stupid."  
  
Heidi Baker sat in the living room in her turquoise bra and panties waiting on Zach to get back from an errand. She had allowed his ex-wife Yushea to drop her off at home two days ago and the move had made her stressed over it ever since. Between keeping it a secret from Zach about even knowing his ex and the fact that Shea could just show up at any moment and discover their living arrangement would upset both of them. Worse still Zach's girlfriend, more slut on call, Cleopatra Teleki was keeping the same secret. Should either of them spill the beans both would suffer. Depression was hitting home. She should never have risked her home life. Yushea just seemed so...genuine. Learning about Zach's past from her was fun, yet spotty. Shea's choker was definitely Zach's beginning nod toward becoming dominant. He did know how to balance concern and control, yet he was still an enigma, one Heidi adored in such a short amount of time. He gave her what she wanted. Namely, fun and cum, without the sex. Not that she hadn't had close calls with her roommate, but he understood. Now that she had Weaver Kytes in her life Zach slowed his attraction toward sex with her to a minimum. Just cum. No penetrations that failed to venture past insertion, just a lingering fulfillment that she had been conquered. So, why was she continuing to tease him harder than ever?  
  
"So stupid."  
  
As she sat there stewing, curled up on the sofa her cell received a text. Plucking it up from the cushion next to her she smiles, "Weavy." Opening it she reads, "Miss me yet?" She chuckles, "Only until Dad gets home." but instead writes, "You know I do. Our phone sex last night was insane. You had me cumming like crazy."  
  
"Were you really wearing a vibrating egg in your ass and your dildo in your pussy?"  
  
"OH COME ON!!! I sent you a video." She rolled her eyes typing the response.  
  
"Oh crap! I forgot to open it. Hold on...gotta see."  
  
"What a maroon." She recalls the old Bugs Bunny quote. It only took five minutes to reply back with, "I'll never doubt you again. LOL! That was sizzlin' Baby."  
  
"I should break up with you for not watching me sooner."  
  
"Are we going steady? LOL! I thought you liked freedom."  
  
"I'm thinking steady with perks. Are you sure that you were okay with my letting those three guys fuck me in the store you work in?"  
  
"Totally. I'm a freak what can I say? LOL!"  
  
"So, you would want to see me do that again?"  
  
"I said I did. Now who's going braindead?"  
  
"HAHA! I just want to be on the same page Weavy."  
  
"If I'm going to fuck you in front of your Dad that should say something about me. Right?"  
  
"Yes." She giggles then texts, "Who do you want to see me play with?" Biting her lip she awaits an answer.  
  
"Want me to say my whole band? Kismet included? LOL!"  
  
She flares her eyes at the thought. His band was not nearly as cute as he was. Not that she wouldn't. She was loving Weaver's open mind. If he asked her too, she would. Even Kismet. After kissing Nastiya yesterday the bi thing was no longer outruled.  
  
"Only if you fuck Kismet." She adds a razzing emoji.  
  
"I would if she wouldn't stab me to death afterwards. LOL! For you, that is."  
  
"Are you bi?" She tortured him.  
  
"Ummm! Where did that come from?"  
  
"Just...curious. LOL!"  
  
"No."  
  
"For me?" A winking emoji followed.  
  
"Holy shit!!!!! I can't answer that. Only because I've never even considered it. For you? Please don't ask that of me. LOL!"  
  
"Foooooor meeeeee?" Hearts emoji sent him a guilt trip. It was fun making him squirm.  
  
"Fuck it. For you I'd touch my toes. SHIT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"  
  
"Awwwwww! He wuvs me. Don't worry your asshole is safe from everyone except me. I might use my toy on that ass though. LOL!"  
  
"Jesus Heidi. I never know when you're serious."  
  
"BUZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ! LOL!"  
  
"Is there anything you won't do? Be honest."  
  
"Probably not. Well, except animals and scat. I've been pissed on. LOL!" She recalls Zach nailing her with a stream as she herself sat on their toilet. While she awaited his next reply the front door opened and Zach came in bearing a small bag of groceries. Pretty much all he could carry on his Harley. Eying him she follows his closure of the door to the kitchen.  
  
"Still wearing underwear I see. I'm still waiting on total nudity to greet me every day." He looks her way as he unpacks his food consisting of fruit, lunchmeat, bread, and cans of chili."  
  
"Fine!" She hops up and unhooks her bra and tosses it on the couch. Turning her back to him she then wiggles her G-string down over her curvy heart shaped ass. That she tossed at him. Catching it he took a healthy inhalation of her scent. "Pervert."  
  
"Takes one to cum on one."  
  
"I think you've said that before. You sniff I gotta text Weaver back." She plops back on the sofa but this time stretches out over the entire couch to look at her cell. Knees fanning wide she played peekaboo with Zach, knowing he was looking right at her sexy pink pussy. With each parting of her thighs she made her hole appear and disappear, mistress of michief she was. Zach after putting his things away took time to remove his work boots then move over toward the couch and lift her upper body to take a seat under her, guiding her back to lay over his lap. She literally ignored him texting Weaver back to his newest reply of "You've been pissed on? Wow! Kind of gross wasn't it?" with, "Not really. It was warm and made me feel fuzzy inside." As she was consumed with texting Weaver, Zach found the TV remote beside the sofa on the end table between sofa and loveseat. Turning on the TV he flipped through what few local channels he could get, not much on outside of local news. Deciding to catch up on greater Seattle he left it there.  
  
"Daddy's home." She wrote back to Weaver, "Couch potato. LOL!"  
  
Reading her text over her chest, Zach plopped his left hand right on her tit and lightly played with it. She flared her eyes at his presuming it was alright to do so without permission. Leaning her head back she scowled at Zach, "Does that belong to you?"  
  
"At this moment...yes. We agreed to being able to touch one another if memory serves."  
  
"Oh, yeah! Squeeze away." She giggled and turned her attention back on Weaver. The trouble was Zach was pinching and tugging at her nipple giving her goosebumps. "Dammit Tom." She quivered trying to text Weaver. He persisted by releasing her tit and fanning his fingers along her upper chest bordering on her neckline. Slipping his hand around her throat he tilted her head back to look at him. "What are you up to Codger?"  
  
"Looking at those beautiful eyes of yours."  
  
"I never noticed this before, we have the same color eyes." She studying his, "Maybe you really are my Dad." She chuckles, his grip on her throat tightening just a bit. "Ummm! You're not a serial killer are you?"  
  
"Stabbed your Cheerios box when you weren't looking. I just enjoy taunting you Brighteyes."  
  
"Aw! Same here Blackeyes. Don't make me punch you." A laugh between them Zach merely kept his palm on her throat without squeezing and watched the news. She let him and continued texting Weaver. "Dad's being mean to me." She adds a pouting emoji then shows it to Zach before sending it.  
  
"You're getting awful clingy to this Dad thing. I'm not your Dad."  
  
"Keeping in character so I never slip up in case Walter comes knocking. So, how is Khloe? You two still getting along?"  
  
"Kayla never told you about Iron Jacks?"  
  
"Not really. Why? She fall off a cardio bike?"  
  
"You know she didn't. You two are glued at the hip. Can't tell me you haven't text one another."  
  
"All she said was she got laid."  
  
"Guy named Andy, he's one of the attendents, glorified towel boy."  
  
"She said best time ever. I guess that rules out when you and her got frisky in your bed with Nasty. Andy must have something you don't."  
  
"Khloe." He laughed.  
  
"What? Khloe?" Her head tilted back against his chest as his hand on her neck caressed her cheek, she enjoyed his touch with an expectant answer.  
  
"Yeah, I sent Kayla home with Khloe."  
  
"WHAT?" She tried to sit up shocked but he held her firmly in his embrace. "She really is into girls too. Wow! She...didn't tell me."  
  
"Let her find herself then I'm sure she won't stop chattering about it." She frowned at him knowing he was right. She would hush until her sister brought it up. She knew about Kayla and Nasty, but not about Khloe. Why was she being kept in the dark? Especially, when she gave Kayla the cell number of Kismet. It didn't rest well, not that Khloe was anything bad. There must have been more to their story that she just wasn't ready to talk about. All in good time.  
  
"Weaver says to tell you to be nice or he won't invite you to the wedding."  
  
"Wedding?" He winced, "You getting hitched?"  
  
"Not even. His gig at some wedding he's playing at next Saturday. I even bought...well three guys bought a few new clothes to perfect my Punk look. Just for Weavy."  
  
"Three guys? Say what?"  
  
"I'll show you." She pulls up the video she had made for Weaver and held it over her head for him to watch, his hand returning to her tit for more playfulness. As he took in her three Amigo's he heard Nasty cry out in the background.  
  
"Was that Nasty?"  
  
"Yep. She fucked the store salesman behind the counter."  
  
"I've created a monster."  
  
"Hate to tell you Old man, but Nasty was a monster long before you. Jealous?"  
  
"Nope. If she wants more she'll come get it."  
  
"You know she will. She's just carefree." She feels Zach's hand roll further down over her belly and finger her belly button, making her giggle and kick her feet at the ticklish sensations, "Stop that." He did, in favor of his roaming hand finding her clit. "Stop that too." She laughed. Not in the cards, he rubbed her clit knowing just how to make her squirm. "Dammit Tom." She didn't fight him, retaining her grip on her cell so that he could watch the three guys take turns fucking her for short intervals then join forces to cum on her ass. She whimpered at his persistent massage, the video shaking in her hand. Breathing heavily she jumped as his massaging fingers lowered further and sank two large fingers up inside her pussy. "STOP THAT." She tried to rise only for his free hand to clamp around her neck again.  
  
"Nope. My treat. Weavy just text you. Tell him I said I'll be mean if I want to."  
  
"Fuck that feels good Tom. Isn't this classified fucking?" She panted at his deep insertions digging for her G-spot. "Touching is not penetration."  
  
"I put that silver bullet in you with my hands. No different. I had my dick in this watering hole too. Ordering me to stop?"  
  
"No. But...fuck."  
  
"Daddy knows best Pumpkin." He chuckled.  
  
Exhaling loudly, she set about trying to focus on Weaver. Texting him, "I can't wait to fuck you." Sharing her text with Zach she sent it. Zach grinned at her as she stared up into his eyes, "I can't wait to fuck you too, Pumpkin."  
  
"That wasn't meant for you asshole." She laughed then expressed her enjoyment of his fingers, "I'm so gonna jack your lantern."  
  
"Tell me you don't like what I'm doing."  
  
"I don't...want you to stop." She whimpered pelting the couch with her fist.  
  
"Cum for Daddy." He winked.  
  
"Almost there...DADDY. Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" She arched her back and squirted all over her bra in the couch cushion under her. Feeling her pussy clench around his fingers he fucked her that much harder until she screamed out, "TOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMM!" A second flood of hot juices stormed his knuckles. Riled up hormonally she convulses over him as he releases her and trickles her own wetness all over her tummy and chest. She pouted heavily and sneered back at him before rising up and moving to the furthest portion of the couch. Curling up in a ball she just texted Weaver more. She didn't say a word, nor give him any further dirty looks. He caught what was left of the newscast.  
  
"Sam's Club. A new nightclub opening up, sounds fun. How Wally World is letting him get away with stealing their outlet name I'll never know." Zach acknowledged the news until the reporter brought the owner forward, "So much for that. Sam Orlan." On camera talking stood a large man with dark hair and a goatee, sporting a Seattle Mariner's jersey. Well groomed he even looked wealthy. A gold watch gave anyone who studied him a clue.  
  
"Who's Sam Orlan?" Heidi decided to forgive and forget, hardly forget.  
  
"My ex-wife's last beau. She saw him off and on when we were married. She ended up with him. The guy is loaded. She likes money. Wonder if they're still together?"  
  
"Have you thought about finding her and asking?"  
  
"Fuck that. I'm happier without her darkness. Y'know, if she just would not have lied about other men we might have worked things out. I wouldn't trust her as far as I could throw her."  
  
"People do change Tom."  
  
"Want me to change Dove?"  
  
"No." She tries not to laugh. "I just think people can change for the good if they realize how wrong they were."  
  
"Maybe. Maybe not."  
  
Across town within that new bar Sam Orlan sat in his club drinking alone. A bottle of Scotch and a tumbler his only company, until there was a knock on a window next to him. Outside stood the gorgeous Yushea Pedigo, name kept. She too looked very lonely. Sam scowled at seeing her shyly wave at him. It should have been his new girlfriend Cassidy. She however being a flight attendant was off on an overseas flight to Tokyo.  
  
Kicking back the last swallow in his tumbler Sam stood up and walked to the front door unlocking it. Shea met him there and offered a pouty look. Regardless of them having ended their relationship he still looked her over from head to toe, in her tight white leggings and white camisole. She always looked and smelled nice.  
  
"We're over with Shea. Why are you here?"  
  
"I'm not here to win you back Sam. I...I want to find Zach and make things work, if that's possible."  
  
"Doesn't explain why you're here." He refused to let her enter, baring her way with a muscular arm.  
  
"I...need your help. You owe me that much for your affairs."  
  
"Just like you owe Zach that much for playing with me and a half dozen other guys. Turn about is fair play they say. I'm with Cassidy now. She doesn't mind sharing so we're better for each other."  
  
"I...might have been alright if you had talked to me about it." Shea sighed.  
  
"Doesn't matter. Good luck with Zach."  
  
"That's where I need your help. Do me one last favor? Please?"  
  
"What?" He growled shaking his head.  
  
"Find him and put him on your VIP guest list for opening night. Give me a chance Sam. I want to reach out and fix the past. You knew him from your Hockey games."  
  
"Lost track after he found out about you and me. What makes you think he would even accept any invite from me?"  
  
"I just don't want it to look like I'm stalking him. A meet on opening night here I can at least try. If I fail I'll move on."  
  
"No clue where he is these days Shea." He shrugged.  
  
"I was thinking, he loved going to the gym to work out. You know a few gym owners, maybe make some calls?"  
  
"What's in it for me?" Looking her over a second time he realized lonliness sucked so close to his grand opening on Friday. Cassidy wouldn't even be there being on call all the time for the Airlines. Of course, he had other options, none available at this time of night. He decides to let her in. Locking up he motions her to his table and goes to get another clean glass. Pouring her a thin shot she just accepted it and shared a simple toast, "Here's to my new club and your new life. Hopefully with Zach."  
  
"That's sweet of you Sam." He looks over his cell phone for gym owners and locates his candidates. Three to be precise. "It's a longshot I know. Thank you Sam."  
  
He stands behind her as he dials, toying with her hair as she leers up at him over her shoulder, uncertain what to make of his attentiveness. Tolerance kept him on the phone so she accepted his stroking of her raven hair, thankful that she didn't get her planned perm. Her new friend Cleopatra talking her out of making a mistake was smart.  
  
"Darren? Hey, it's Sam Orlan, I'm looking for an old friend name of Zach Pedigo. You know him by chance? He's a gym fanatic. No? That's fine Buddy. Thanks. Oh, drop by the club opening night I'll give you a free drink. See you then." He hangs up, "No go." He lays a palm on her shoulder patting it. She just took it as comfort and to not give up. A warm smile shared he tried another number. After a second failed attempt he drags her camisole strap off of her left shoulder and squeezes her shoulders as if a backrub to relax her. A third call dialed still finds no answers. This time he sweeps her right strap off of her shoulder and her camisole drifts down over her bare breasts. She trembled heavily at it's escape.  
  
"Sam? What are you doing?" Pulling her top up she found him leaning down to kiss her neck, his fingers fighting her attempt to bring her straps back up. "Sam, stop." She whimpers at how good his kisses to her neckline were. "You said we were over. I agreed."  
  
"You're still the sexiest bitch in Seattle." He lifts his lips away just long enough to compliment her.  
  
"I...Sam...I can't do this. I've made up my mind to find Zach. I really do want to make things right between us, better or worse." She forces herself out of her chair as he grabs her from behind and yanks her blouse down to her waist, moving one hand up to squeeze her breast, the other to claim her throat. Tears began to well up in her eyes, "Sam, please stop." The liquor was taking control over Sam Orlan, his need for sex making him more aggressive than she was used to. This wasn't the man that she used to have feelings for, slightly still did. If not for their history she might cry rape. She still felt something for him if not love. Forcing her to face him he picks her up like a rag doll and sits her on his table top and clutches her throat again forcing her to fall back as he moved between her legs to lean over her and devour her chest, nipple to nipple, sucking, tugging, biting. "Sam...please don't."  
  
His free hand slides beneath the front of her leggings and finds her cunt amid thin pubic hair, fingering her as his lips feasted upon her. Her struggles waning she just lets him have his way. Getting her off with his fingers he drags them free and plants them gruffly in her mouth. "Taste what I taste." Seconds of feeding her later he pulls back and yanks her leggings over her ass and down to her ankles. Zeroing in on her pussy Sam Orlan ate her out like a bestial animal. She found herself lost in the moment and crying her eyes out at the same time. His tongue felt entirely too good.  
  
Hearing him unfastening his pants she panics and begins to fight until Sam riles his temper and slaps her in the face for the first time ever. Booze was not keeping his mind rational. Pants dropped he drags her from the tables edge and rolls her over, his hand gripping her hair and holding her upper body down on the table, chest crushing against the wooden table top. Ramming his cock inside her cunt he fucked her really hard.  
  
"You deserve this you fucking whore. This is for Zach too."  
  
Bawling hysterically she pleads for Sam to let her go. From cunt to ass and back he took her holes. At points she enjoyed herself, each time Zach's face flashing before her eyes. Maybe she did deserve this. Maybe Zach would even destroy her like Sam was doing. Her ass slapped hard over a dozen times Yushea Pedigo cums hard over his dick. Within her thoughts all she could do was apologize to Zach. Nutting hard inside her pussy Sam lost all energy and collapsed back into a chair, leaving her to spasm under the effects of a multiple orgasm. A few too many unwanted orgasms. Afraid to move she finally gets the courage and dresses herself, stumbling away toward the door with her purse.

"Be here opening night." Sam bellowed as she cried. While the sex was always great with Sam, this time it was too...  
  
"I'll be there." She choked up and let herself out.  
  
At the door just before Shea exitted Sam had an ounce of sympathy.  
  
"Iron Jack's."  
  
"What?" She sniveled.  
  
"Zach frequents Iron Jack's. That last call gave me the info. I just felt like keeping it to myself. Go get your man. I'll send him an invite to the gym."  
  
"Thank you..." She wanted to curse but just limped off to her car. Inside Yushea just sat and cried. "Zach...please want me again."  
  
Sitting there with her Lexus running she lifts her cell and locates a number. Not 911, which technically she should have called, yet Sam was drunk, and did help her find Zach, forgiveness this time. Instead she calls someone for the very first time.  
  
Back at Zach and Heidi's apartment Heidi had finally said goodnight to Weaver and began yawning. Zach was just stepping out of the shower and drying off as he walked to the kitchen nude. Pouring a glass of cold water from a pitcher he looked over at Heidi who appeared zoned out.  
  
"You okay?"  
  
"Just thinking."  
  
"About what?"  
  
"My real Dad. All of this play talk has me wondering just what he was like. My Mom just won't tell me. He must have been really horrible for her to refuse to let me in on his name even."  
  
"That's tough. I'm getting used to you calling me Dad. Surrogate if you want."  
  
"Aww! That's sweet of you Fingerman."  
  
Chuckling Zach took a healthy drink then decided to head for bed. She stretched vibrantly forcing him to stop in his tracks to watch her chest extend out.  
  
"Need jizz?" He smirked.  
  
"Always Old Timer. Might take a rain check tonight though. Wearing my own cum kind of tides me over. Tomorrow?"  
  
"Every night after. Night kid."  
  
"Night Pops."  
  
As he closed his bedroom door Heidi's cell rang. Looking at the caller her eyes bulged, "Oh crap. It's Yushea. Good thing Zach went to bed. Imagine if she had called when I was showing Zach my video earlier. He would have seen her name pop up and I'd be tossed out into the street. Gotta be more careful." Deciding to answer she spoke in whispers. "Hello?" as if she had been asleep.  
  
"Heidi?" Shea cried, her sobbing evident.  
  
"Yushea? Are you crying?"  
  
"Yes. I need a shoulder. Can I stop by?"  
  
Eyes bulging she panics pacing in a circle, "My Dad's up. I don't want him to ask a million questions."  
  
"Meet me outside?"  
  
"Let me get dressed. Tell you what...there's an allnight diner three blocks from here. Let me call Cheeky and have her come get me. She's supportive of you too. Give me thirty minutes?"  
  
"I know the diner. We passed it when I took you home. Thank you."  
  
"No problem. See you then." Hanging up she pulled her hair, "Fuck! Did she see Zach with Cleo or Khloe? Man this is messed up." Dialing her friend from the nail salon Chi Ki alias Cheeky the rings landed in voicemail, "Chi N.A. mean Not Available. Funny huh? Leave massage at parlor, I get back to you." Wincing at her friends humor she shook her head. Hanging up Heidi just got dressed in sweats and took off walking. This late at night it was risky, creeps were always in the shadows, luckily the streets were well lit up. At the diner she spots Yushea's Lexus and walks past it into the restaurant. Finding Shea in a booth she steps past the Hostess pointing and joins Shea, sliding into the bench across from her.  
  
"You came."  
  
"Hard." She thought of Zach's fingers in her, "Shoot! Not the time Freak. Be a buddy." Her thoughts becoming voice she reaches over and palms Shea's hands, "Talk to me."  
  
"I know where to find Zach."  
  
"What? Where?" Fear crept up, did she know her address?  
  
"He goes to Iron Jack's gym. My ex Sam..." She trembles at his name, "...made calls. Sam is going to invite him to the grand opening of his club. I'm so...scared."  
  
"Of Zach?"  
  
"Yes. No. Sam...took advantage of me." She wept harder, "I told him I wanted to rekindle with Zach and he did me the favor of tracking him down, but..."  
  
"Were you raped?" Heidi bulges her eyes, gripping Shea's hands tighter.  
  
"I...suppose so. I...he was really drunk. It just wasn't what I wanted. I mean Sam is a good man...just not tonight. All I could think about was that I was betraying Zach yet again. I was just getting over Sam. I'm sure he will call me in the morning and apologize. Trust me Heidi, it's okay. I think I deserved it, like Sam said, he even told me this is for what I did to Zach. It...hurt."  
  
"Do you need a doctor?"  
  
"Not that kind of hurt, I'm fine. My soul aches, I'm more terrified than ever to see Zach again."  
  
"This makes me sad." Heidi pouts just as her cell buzzes. Pulling her right hand away from Shea she reaches into her hoodie pouch for her cell. "It's Cheeky." She shares the message with Yushea, "Why you wake me Bitch?" Shea actually smiled.  
  
"You walked here in the dark?"  
  
"Ehhh! Ran actually. You can give me a ride back. I just didn't want my Dad to ask who you were and why you were upset."  
  
"I understand. I don't want to intrude."  
  
"He's just a grumpy old man."  
  
"Do you think I should let Sam invite Zach to his club after what he did to me? Am I being stupid?"  
  
"You know Sam better than me. I guess if you vouch for him it's on you. My advice? Don't go near him alone again. Just in case."  
  
"The timing was just...strangely I liked the roughness, I just wish...it hadn't been with Sam."  
  
"With Zach?" Heidi explored Shea's reaction, seeing her wearing her choker again, having put it on after being with Sam.  
  
"Zach would get rough too. He always complimented it with tenderness afterwards, he was really wonderful at balancing both sides of the coin."  
  
"Are you okay going home alone?"  
  
"Yes. My apartment is gated. I would have to buzz Sam in if he came over. Of course, he did pay my lease up for six months, part of our separation. It wasn't like we were married, yet he took care of me after we split. His new girlfriend Cassidy wasn't happy he did that. He just wanted me to get on my feet. Thankfully my Lexus is paid off already. I need a job here soon."  
  
"If there's anything I can do Yushea..."  
  
"Call me Shea? I prefer it. Zach called me that."  
  
"Gotcha." Chi Ki texts again, "I give you Crotching Tiger, Hidden Dragqueen if you no call me back." Laughing at Cheeky's text she again shows it to Shea who shares in her amusement. The second Heidi withdraws her cell another text came in. "Oh shit!" Heidi swallows coughing, "It's Zach."  
  
"What did Cheeky say that time?"  
  
"It wasn't Cheeky. It's my Dad. I didn't tell him I was leaving the apartment." His message was far different with, "You slip out with the Punk guy?" She took a second to reply, "Yep. Sex in his band van. It's a quicky I'll be in after I cum hard. Nosey!" With a razzing emoji.  
  
This was getting too close for comfort. Heidi felt claustrophobic between exes.  
  
"I'm sorry I drug you out this late. I'm so very blessed to have made a friend as caring as you are."  
  
"Don't mention it. I'm here for you."  
  
"Hungry? The least I can do is buy you a bite."  
  
"Ummm? Maybe something...creamy." She eyes the baby billboards on their table.  
  
"Milkshake? Sundae?"  
  
"Shake, two straws?"  
  
"Absolutely." Shea calls a waitress over and they decide on a strawberry shake. Within minutes they were giggling over competing straws. In a strange flash in her dirrty little mind, Heidi Baker saw she and Shea sucking two dicks instead of two straws. "What the fuck?" Heidi stopped sucking on her straw and sat back. Shea noting her troubled look had to ask. "You alright?"  
  
"Yeah...just tired. Long week with two jobs. I just found a boyfriend. Dealing with my stepsister. Lotta stress."  
  
"And, I'm adding to it. I feel terrible."  
  
"No. I like you Shea, if I didn't I wouldn't be here now."  
  
"I feel very close to you. Strange I know. So, your parents are divorced and remarried?"  
  
"Mom did. I...just found my Dad actually." Heidi froze up inside, maybe it was brain freeze from her shake. She hated lying to Shea and Zach, but what was she to do? She adored both of them. Was this what it was like to be from a broken home? "Speaking of, I better go. Thanks for the shake."  
  
"Let me pay up and I'll drive you home."  
  
Slipping from their booth they walk to the cashier and pay the check. A swift ride three blocks home Heidi unfastens her seatbelt and pauses to reach over and hug Shea. The woman sighed at the girls affectionate soul. What was really happening was Heidi feeling guilt. Once Shea tracked down Zach at Iron Jack's all hell was going to break loose. There would be plenty of hurt coming on all sides. She needed to just fess up.  
  
"Call me if you need me." Heidi informed Shea just before closing her door. Walking up the sidewalk she paused to watch Yushea drive away. Turning back she glances over into the parking lot and spots a familiar electric car.  
  
"Cheeky?"  
  
After a close look at her car and not finding her friend Heidi raced upstairs to her apartment and walked in on Zach and Cheeky talking on the couch.  
  
"There's my bitch." Cheeky pepped up, "Where you go? You no call back. I worry."  
  
"I called you? Must have butt dialed you by accident." She hid the truth.  
  
Suspicious Cheeky scowls at Zach, "You spank. She out after curfew."  
  
Zach chuckled sitting there in his sweat pants like the day he and Heidi first met. Sure enough there was his tentpole erection. Heidi shook her head laughing, "Really? Did you order Chinese?"  
  
"I here. He can order me all he want." Cheeky rubs Zach's leg.  
  
"She's funny. Actually, I did order some Lo Mein. Duk Fu should be here any minute."  
  
"Awesome. I bet Cheeky can do that noodle trick on the first try." Heidi razzed her buddy.  
  
"Me talented. I show you if you like." She wags her brows at Zach.  
  
"I thought you were going to bed." Heidi points at Zach.  
  
"Wide awake now. Blame her for pounding on our door."  
  
"Me want in." Cheeky wags her brows a second time then playfully adds, "You want in?"  
  
"Now that there is an offer I can't refuse."  
  
"Oh my God! I'm going to go change I'll be back."  
  
"Here! Take your bra to your room with you." Zach lifts it from the cushion next to him. "Panties are in the kitchen." Shocked by his evilness Heidi growls at him and retrieves both articles of clothing, "You two enjoy. Tell Duk Fu hi for me."  
  
"You no share noodle?" Cheeky smirked.  
  
"On a diet. See you at work tomorrow." Mumbled on her way to her bedroom Heidi adds, "Not Available, my ass." Heidi Baker stripped and hit her futon mattress in record time. Lights out, alarm set, cell in hand. A fast blown kiss to Weaver, a hug to Shea, and a texted "Goodnight Mommy." to her Mother, Heidi rolled over in an attempt to drift off to sleep.  
  
In the living room Chi Ki admired Zach's tent and winked at him, "You have big eggroll."  
  
"All he needs is some dipping sauce."  
  
A knock on the door Zach hops up, his tent wagging before her eyes. Answering the door the ever faithful delivery man Duk Fu politely greets Zach then looks over at Chi Ki, his eyes dancing at the girls beauty. Instant fireworks lead Cheeky to leave her seat and step next to Zach. "Me go now. I come back another time."  
  
"What? You're tipping Duk Fu then."  
  
"No. He tip me. Bye Mister Zach." A blown kiss later Zach stood in awe.  
  
"She ditched me for the delivery guy. What the hell?"  
  
Not every girl was after Tom Hardy. Some preferred take out, the opposite direction. Closing his door he turned to see Heidi Baker laying on the couch curled up.  
  
"I thought you were going to sleep."  
  
"Tossed and turned. Got up. I heard Cheeky leave you hanging."  
  
"Definitely not hanging." He looks down at his boy Hardy cocked high and mighty.  
  
"Sharing those noodles?"  
  
"I forgot fortune cookies."  
  
"Future's not looking bright anyways."  
  
"Something wrong?" He rested the food on the coffee table and sat down on the couch behind her, his palm touching her bare hip.  
  
"A friend of mine..." She starts to open up about Yushea but loses her nerve. Switching it up she finished with, "...just left my Dad high and dry."  
  
"My gut says Cheeky will come back around one of these days. She's more into her own I guess."  
  
"Lose the sweats Old Man. Raincheck ripped up. I need to smile."  
  
Nodding he stood up and took his sweats off and sat back down. Stroking his dick as Heidi watched from her curled up position she pouted and sat up easing under his arm to snuggle.  
  
"This is new? What's wrong?"  
  
"Remember our deal?"  
  
"No lying to each other?"  
  
She stares at his dick then closes her eyes to make up her mind on truth or secrets. Sighing she chooses the secrets.  
  
"No. The other deal."  
  
"Touching? Kissing on?"  
  
"That's the one." Heidi lifted away from his armpit and crawled over his lap facing him, his behemoth cock behind her ass. Kissing Zach dead on the lips she fueled her restrained passions and just made out with him, tongues swirling and moaning into each others mouthes. Behind her Zach stroked his cock faster and faster. After a good five minutes of Frenching, Zach rolled her over on to the couch and began kissing her throat, her chest, both nipples softly licked and tenderly sucked on. The final destination her lips again. She melted into his attentions. "Ohhh, Tom." escaped her exhales as his lips stormed her throat, chin, earlobes. Still favoring his cock Zach realized his time of detonation and lifts over her to pepper her belly in his load. She tensed up everywhere, toes curling, back arching, knees rubbing along Zach's hips. Easing away he allowed her hands to spread his jizz over her body, even her chin.  
  
"Low Mein?"  
  
"I needed that more than I thought." She whispered, dragging him back down into another steamy kiss. The hotter the kisses the more Zach needed to jerk again. "Put it in me. Just, don't thrust. Like you did before."  
  
"Only the head. I'm gonna jerk off into you."  
  
"Yes. Do it Tom."  
  
He lifts to his knee and hikes her right leg over his shoulder, then guides Hardy in to her hole. Panting heavily at his entry she palms his chest while he jerks off at an incredibly awkward angle.  
  
"You coming around to me?"  
  
"Don't ruin the moment."  
  
"What about your Rocker Boy?"  
  
"Shush! Just cum in me Tom."  
  
"Working on it Dove."  
  
Pampering him as he begins groaning she nudges him deeper without asking for it. A ball of sweat Zach just rams it in her just as he explodes. A shrill scream from Heidi's lips threw her body into a greedy spasm. Even after plunging balls deep and cumming, he still didn't thrust. Lingering there to catch his breath and let her bask in her orgasm there was an electricity sound in the air. As both of them relaxed Zach pulled out and stretched out over her, kissing her everywhere, her mind lost to his adoration she merely caressed his back with her nails, her toes teasing his calves.  
  
A finality of merging lips he kissed her for three more minutes then lifted away. Picking her up in his arms he again carried her to her bedroom laying her down softly. A kiss on the forehead he covered her up.  
  
"Night Kid."  
  
"Zach?"  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"That...was..."  
  
"You shush now. Go to sleep."  
  
"Save me some Low Mein."  
  
Smirking he closed her door. After he had walked away she jumped up and opened her door back up. Open invitation always, within reason. Returning to her bed she looked at her cell for replies to earlier texts. Weaver kissed her back. Mom hugged her daughter. Shea?  
  
"I miss Zach."  
  
"Me too Shea. Me too."  
  
She still felt stupid.

**Be My Guest Ch. 12: NO CONTEST**

It had been an excruciating three days since Heidi Baker had invited her play toy from the mall home with her. Videos and phone sex every day since kept them entertained. Today however was the day.  
  
"Are you sure your Dad is cool with my coming home with you?"  
  
Weaver Kytes followed Heidi Baker after leaving his band's van out in the parking lot of her apartment building. Having given her a ride home from work he appeared edgy about meeting her dad again after him dating his old classmate Cleo Teleki. Not really her dad, Heidi found it amusing to see the mohawk styled punk rocker sweat over the inevitable reunion. By referring to Zach as her dad it not only protected her new home, but gave her a sense of security considering she barely knew this young man that she was growing fond of.  
  
Working at the mall together but at different outlets while still seeing each other in passing over the last week, she enjoyed teasing him. Going so far as to give him a shocking BJ in the dressing room of her store, that same day fucking three men on video just for him. That was not planned, it just happened when she was looking for punk clothing fashion in the store he worked at. Meant as a surprise it became a much more vivid gift. He was hooked from that point on. What man wouldn't be? Heidi Baker could easily be the twin of actress Dove Cameron. Strangely enough the real Dove was from Seattle as well. Small world.  
  
"Relax Blomeo, my dad has a girlfriend over. He's probably too busy tapping her gorgeous ass to even notice us." He presumed it might be Cleopatra Teleki herself.  
  
"Blomeo?"  
  
"I blew Romeo...Blomeo." She giggled going up the single flight staircase, lifting her short skirt over her ass cheeks just to taunt him. Wearing a red G-string that was lacy let him see her clam's thin crease. His dick was having fits. Smirking at her mischief he sped up the stairs behind her just to grab that ass. Squeals of laughter led them into a joint dash for her apartment door. Stopping before entering Weaver made his move and pressed his body into hers against the wall next to the door. His hands on the wall to each side of her he went in for a smoldering kiss. She enjoyed the moment until they heard shrill moans on the other side of the door. Pausing their inhaling lips they listened to a startling admission of, "EAT THAT PUSSY ZACH. OH MY GOD!" Definitely not Cleo's voice. Weaver puckered as he listened more closely, her dad sure got around.  
  
This led Heidi and Weaver to snicker and continue kissing. Five long minutes the two shared tongues, Weaver daring to squeeze Heidi's breasts for a soft lingering adventure. Lost in their romantic interlude they tuned out everything, including Zach and Khloe Vaughn's sexual antics. Far worse neither teen had heard movement in the hallway behind them.  
  
"Get a room." A female voice chuckled.  
  
Shocked by the unexpected arrival Heidi peered around Weaver to discover new tenant Petra Monahan standing right behind Weaver winking at her. The busty redhead was in the process of moving into sneezy Herman's extra room, one that could have been Heidi's if not mistaking the apartment numbers when answering the roommate ad. Her long silky red mane pinned back into a ponytail offered a stimulating look at her neckline and cleavage, wearing a black camisole helped. Tight grey shorts, which shared a hint of curvaceous butt cheeks led the way down her long creamy white legs. Bangle jewelry accenting her beauty.  
  
"Petra? Hi." Heidi feigned a blush toward Weaver, "Moving day? I totally forgot. Need any help?"  
  
"I pretty much have everything. Besides, you two adorable lovebirds don't need to cool down over me." She fanned her features mouthing, "So cute." and pointing at Weaver as he nuzzled Heidi's throat. Just as they agreed sheepishly, Khloe on the other side of the door lets out a deafening orgasm, Petra flaring her eyes with an impressed grin. "Wow! Someone is having a good day."  
  
"My dad's plaything. I'm afraid to open the door." Heidi flares her own eyes then jingles her apartment key in front of them, "NOT!" Turning swiftly from Weaver's possession she unlocks the door and barges right in. Both Weaver and Petra had zero chances to turn away from viewing Zach Pedigo stretching at full height after a lengthy feast of Khloe's puss. Standing tall with a mighty erection poised directly at them he smirks as Heidi marches right on in and drops down next to Khloe on the couch. Hugging the nurse who was still quaking, and breathless Khloe bulged her eyes. Especially at Weaver's roving eyes, he found her just a hot as Heidi in every way, his erection tilting even higher beneath loose cargo shorts. Even Petra feigned a blush at Weaver's pup tent, mainly because Heidi pointed at it with a devilish pinky. Petra was amused but more into that beasty boy her so called dad was boasting.  
  
"Oh crap." Khloe tries to cover herself with her arms as Weaver stares. Just as swiftly she knew that was a mistake, even without Zach pointing at her to stop hiding. Petra just outside got a really good look at Zach's muscular physique and large dick. Awestruck but puckering her approval she merely made the gesture with her fingers designed to be a phone to her ear, and mouthed, "Call me." Zach wiped his chin and wiggled his eye brows. Using her fingers on both hands Petra measured his dick before his eyes and smiled. Sure enough she mouthed, "I want that." Shameless to say the least.  
  
"I'm thinking we need a Do Not Disturb sign for the door." Zach laughed and moved around a nervous Weaver to greet Petra with a wink, just before closing the door. Petra Monahan found herself unable to catch her own breath. Zach nodded in thought, "I'm surrounded by Scarlett Johansson and Billy Idol." It was a pretty funny assessment.  
  
"Dear Lord! That man is...Greek statuesque." Coming from a model that was a definite compliment. She went about her business but with each of three trips through the hallway she stopped to listen. Petra was going to have Zach on her mind all night long. Not even sneezy Herman was going to sway her hormones by his lackluster presence. Herman was no Zach the Adonis by any means.  
  
"How you been Spike?" Zach reintroduced himself to Weaver who attempted his best stiff upper lip to mimic Billy Idol. An awkward handshake shared due to dirty hands that were still wet from fingering Khloe made Heidi giggle. Khloe merely trembled, curled up in a ball with no where to run. Heidi rubbing her leg did not help. In a final exhale Khloe Vaughn relaxed her body and let Weaver see everything. Zach eyed her with his approval. She was getting the right idea.  
  
"Dad? Future stepmom?" She laughed then turned to Khloe, "Just kidding. Khloe? This handsome stud is Weaver. We're going to my room to...study. Emphasis on Stud."  
  
"But, I'm hitting the Y." Weaver laughed at his own additional jest to no shared chuckles. Obviously only he got it.  
  
"You don't go to college." Zach chuckled standing proud of his erection holding up.  
  
"Anatomy lesson. He's going to show me his pelvis." Heidi leaps to her feet and moves to Zach patting his abs, "Continue firing Soldier. Have fun Khloe." With a giddy wave she snatches up Weaver's hand and drags him behind her to her bedroom. Just before she shuts the door Zach calls out.  
  
"Wear a condom. I'm not ready to be a grandpa."  
  
"Take your own advice Pop. I'm not ready for a baby brother." He hadn't admitted to Heidi that he had already had a vasectomy, he and his ex-wife Yushea never having wanted children. Only his bosses daughter knew that out of all of his girls. The subject would come up again at a more opportune time.  
  
Just as Heidi makes her comment Weaver slips around her and marches back out to face Zach. Digging into the storage pocket of his cargo pants he produces a string of attached, unwrapped condoms. Tearing off two he hands them to a dumbfounded Zach.  
  
"I might need the rest." With a pucker of respect Zach looked back at Heidi standing in her doorway shaking her head.  
  
"He might be a keeper." Zach chuckles at Heidi. She merely rolled her eyes and took the remainder of Weaver's condoms from her punk rocker, tossing them over her shoulder into the hallway before pushing the boy inside her bedroom. Heidi was not fond of latex it seemed. Of course not, Miss Cum Fetish herself demanded a creamy assault.  
  
Door slammed, Zach looked down at his dick, then over at Khloe. She points at him with a threatening look. "What?"  
  
"Don't you dare cover that thing up, only if it's with my pussy." She realizes her assertive nature and grits her teeth, "Please?"  
  
"I love it when you talk dirty." His smirk relaxed her mistake.  
  
Knowing he was open to her outspoken aggression she added, "Get over here and fuck me."  
  
"Yes Ma'am." Zach bent over snatching up Khloe's ankles and drug her body to the edge of the cushion then forced her legs back toward her, grabbing her own ankles allowed him to claim both sets of limbs at the knees. Guiding his thick mushroom up to her cunt he lined up and pushed forward but halted his plunge to sneer at her. Wincing at her worried gaze he informs her with a nod at his cock, "Don't get lippy. That's his job." Khloe Vaughn pouted and mouthed, "Forgive me." He did. An instantaneous gasp let him know he was on the right track. Her eyes yearned for him so quickly that he paused to study them. "I think the bossy Nurse likes the feel of that." Nodding without words she merely whimpered. Deeper he went, her mind reeled at Zach's pop can sized girth stretching her tight pussy.  
  
"So big." She mutters, her eyes rolling back.  
  
"Hardy too much for you Nurse Vaughn?"  
  
"NEVER! Destroy me Cowboy...I mean Sir."  
  
"Oh, prepare to peel the paint off the walls and shatter some glass. Let's show the kids how it's done."  
  
"Zach? I'm just over Heidi's age."  
  
"Then, I guess I show you how it's done too."  
  
Hard thrusts devastate her G-spot creating loud yelps that escalate with each rapid hit. Khloe while watching every entry his dick made assisted in her sensations, the pure joy of seeing herself fucked sparked admiration, even her wetness upon his retreating beast whet her appetite. What was this older man doing to her mind? She was feeling emotion too quickly. Heart racing she expressed a deep desire to be his. Not even having a first date she fell for him, having known him only through their gym membership. Maybe the other day at Iron Jack's Gym, when he dominated her into showing off for a large number of bodybuilder types was his idea of a first date. If so, she was good with that. She had admired him for months, now she had him. Rather, he had her it seemed. Fear crept up suddenly, recalling him tell her he wasn't wanting a relationship. Could she maintain that request, or would her heart get stomped on by her own overzealous desires? Did it truly matter? For now? No.  
  
"FUCK ME ZACH. OH MY GOD...YESSSSSS!" That was the plan anyway.  
  
Inside Heidi's room she and Weaver cuddled. Having let him remove her dress, she his shirt, they explored one another with a tender symphony of goosebumps, and trembling nerves. Listening to Khloe's cries Heidi shivered and held her breath, pausing to allow Weaver to devote his kisses to her neck. It was difficult focusing, her body craved stimulation and Weaver was off to a good start. His fingers slipping ever so slowly beneath her red G-string drew her attention back toward her punk rocker with a warm exhale across her shoulder, reacting to his violation. Fingers delicately drift over her clit for a tempting rub. the intimate sensations arching her back. More cries of glory out of Khloe unsettled Heidi envisioning Zach destroying the nurse maid. It should be her. Wait! What? She shook her head just a bit to clear her thoughts. Huffing to herself, "What the hell Heidi? Stop that." Weaver had no clue that she was thinking of Zach instead of him. Lingering a bit longer Heidi rolled over forcing Weaver's hand from beneath her G-string. Climbing over him she sat on his crotch, palms planted on his chest. His eyes were mainly on her crushed together tits.  
  
"You ready to compete?"  
  
"Is this a contest?"  
  
"Yup! Can you make me scream that hard Billy?"  
  
"Idol? Hell yes I can." He grew smug, "Uhhh? We still doing it in front of your Dad?"  
  
"Open the door." She bats her eyes at him sending him to his feet as she wiggles out of her G-string tossing it aside. At the knob he pauses to perform a Catholic sign of the cross then grins at Heidi just before dropping his own cargo pants, no underwear beneath, leaving him in only his socks. Opening the door wide Weaver dared to look around the threshold to witness the lovers in the living room. Zeroing in on Zach's dick and balls plunging into Khloe made him bulge his eyes. Khloe was pretty hot. His thoughts were going to be on two different women today. Truth be known, Zach would be too.  
  
Gritting his teeth Weaver returned to stand over Heidi as he stroked his own well endowed beast, not far off from being as mighty as Zach's. Rising to her knees she winked and whispered, "Remember this pose?" He did indeed, from the Victoria's Secret dressing room. Admiring his beast she nodded with a puffed lower lip, "He puts the Man in comMANdo. Nice bazooka Arnold. Maybe I'll give him a nickname like dad does his."  
  
"He has a nickname for his dick?"  
  
"Yep! He calls it Hardy, because he looks like Tom Hardy."  
  
"Don't call mine Idol. Sounds too egotistical, that and it's not going to be idle long."  
  
He chuckled at his words just before she bit his scrotum tugging at it. Her eyes watching his as she gnawed at his fullness she makes him roll his eyes before stopping just long enough to offer a suggestion.  
  
"How about we call him Arnie?"  
  
"Seriously? Do I look like Swarzehowever you say it?"  
  
"No." She giggled fondling his cock above her forehead, "Therminator?"  
  
"Sounds like thermometer. Makes me feel tiny." He endures her lips sucking his left nut roughly seeing her thoughts still pondering a worthy nickname for his penis.  
  
"What about Cyclops? Billy Idol has a song called Eyes Without a Face. Your dick has one eye and no face." She laughs her tongue wagging over his urethra.  
  
"Eyes not eye. Keep trying." He chuckles. She returned to his balls and took his entire ballroom into her mouth, he nearly fell backwards, "Holy shit!"  
  
Releasing him she tries yet another moniker, "Blew Highway?" Her suggestion was more a mumble with her mouth full until she released his sack lunch. "I am blowing you and the highway ends in my throat." She laughs.  
  
"Seriously? My balls are blue though." He acknowledges, "In real life Billy's last name is Broad. How about Broadway?"  
  
"Mmmm! Broad strokes, I'm a broad." She jerks him off with both hands, his crown in front of her lips. "Your dick is pretty broad. Okay! Broadway it is, even if you don't have a future there." She winks, "Too punk for CATS, maybe GREASE though."  
  
"Daaaaaaamn! That's cold."  
  
"Let me warm you up then. Start groaning Billy." She swallowed his cock deep and held it firm in her throat until she had counted to ten before pulling back. Rapid throat thrusts led Weaver to reel his head back and leer at the skylight above. Groans became a deafening, "YEAAAAAAAAH! SUCK THAT COCK."  
  
She stopped just long enough to grin up at him, knowing Zach and Khloe could have easily heard him. Back at it she gave it all she had. Shocked by his resistance to cum immediately Heidi worked up a sweat. Over ten minutes of thrusting into her tired jaws Weaver Kytes finally snarls and floods her mouth in pure cane sugar. She gurgled on the massive load and released his cock just to show off his leftover pride. Inspired by it Heidi hopped up and raced out into the living room, tapping Zach on the shoulder as he pounded away at a screaming Khloe. Looking over at her with a stressed brow he observes her open her mouth and show him Weaver's load. He merely smirked and nodded aggressively for her to go away. Khloe appeared stunned by her actions, she being his daughter. Slightly weirded out Khloe closed her eyes and just enjoyed herself. She did not want to think about that whole scenario. Something feeling this perfect, nothing was going to change her devotion.  
  
Strutting back to Weaver he stared at her with awe. "Did you just show your Dad my cum?" Nodding rapidly, Heidi stormed his lips and kissed him hard, his cum rolling around on his own tongue made him nauseous, yet her beauty and her scent lured him toward a receptive embrace. A first for him tasting his own cum, he determined it to not be that bad. In a mad shove Heidi pushed them over on to her futon mattress and she straddled his cock. He felt dominated by her but let it happen. Once his dick slid up inside her he was all smiles.  
  
"Like that warm wet pussy Rocker Boy?" She gyrated over him, leaning forward to crush her breasts into his chest.  
  
"Worth the wait." He grins, Looks like you're the one with a future on Broadway."  
  
"You just want to see my titties do the Riverdance."  
  
"I love a good pair of stage hands." He laughed as she sat up straight and bounced up and down on his massive cock, his hands squeezing her breasts. He was easily as big if not quite as large as Zach, certainly close. Zach however had only entered her, not fucked her like this. This was war.  
  
Out in the living room Zach lifted the contorted Khloe from her embedded nature upon the couch cushions. Squealing as her body rose along with Zach until he stood up straight, she held her ankles tighter, trusting Zach to carry her dead weight as her entire body depended on his strength. She was blown away by his feat. He was fucking her hard without her even holding him in any way. Not even she suspected that was possible. It made her insane, gushing all around his cock, fantasizing about what else this God could do. Careful not to strain his back he finally drew her up toward him and cradled her, her legs released to wrap around his waist. Not once did his massive cock slip out. The fullness of her interior made her roll her eyeballs back to compliment her Lordship above.  
  
"God! I want to serve you." She whispered afraid to look him in the eye.  
  
"Serve me?" He studied her as she clung to him tightly, "Explain."  
  
"I followed your every command at the gym. I told you I would never let you down. That should be a clue. I did refer to you as Sir earlier."  
  
"Slave?"  
  
"Please." She melted in his grasp.  
  
"Dunno about that word. Just obey without hesitation going forward and we evolve together. Deal?"  
  
"Yes. I adore you Sir."  
  
"Let's go for a walk."  
  
"Where you go I follow."  
  
"That's my girl." He carries her to the hallway just outside Heidi's bedroom and plants Khloe's back against the wall and fucks her with a steady rhythm. Looking over into Heidi's bedroom he watched Heidi from behind as she rode Weaver. Her backside was so inviting he nearly dropped Khloe in favor of going in and taking Heidi away from her man. He knew that might be too abrasive. She had been accepting of anything he had done since she moved in, but taking her from a guy she obviously really liked would be over the top. Besides, he loved women in general. Khloe was every man's dream personified. So was Heidi Baker, yet there was just something about the blond. Something that made Zach crazy. The day he finally took her was going to make him convinced he had her hooked. He knew she was intrigued by him but was being apprehensive due to her determination to be just roommates. Maybe that was an excuse. Maybe, she was teasing him to the point of forced sex. No. That couldn't be it. She was just wanting to be herself. Her choice. He was okay just cumming on her every day. For now.  
  
Weaver finally caught a glimpse of Zach and Khloe and watched as Zach turned with Khloe's backside facing into the bedroom. Khloe rode his cock just as hard as Zach was thrusting up into her, a joint rhythm perfected that made Khloe cry out that it was her pleasure to lose her sanity. Heidi ignored Khloe's efforts and took Weaver in hard deep thrusts making her own series of high pitch squeals, her hands squeezing her breasts and reaching an early orgasm on her own without much work on Weaver's part. He knew it. As soon as she screamed and cum all over his cock Weaver took control. Rising forward he took her backwards to the carpet halfway off of her futon mattress. Snatching her ankles Weaver ripped her legs wide and stabbed his cock deep into her, offering Zach a perfect arrogant view of his youthful beast stretching his daughters cunt wide and rippling her pink recesses in and out. Heidi Baker loved every second of his terrorist act.

In her backwards arch Heidi realized that Zach and Khloe were in her doorway, Zach fucking the brunette with majesty, the girl holding on for dear life. Meeting eyes Zach and Heidi enjoyed the moment to tease one another. She knew the angle that Weaver was penetrating her was visible, and it made Heidi that much louder just to make Zach think he was losing the battle. "OHHHHHHH MY GOD WEAVERRRRRRRR! FUCK ME HARDER."  
  
Zach encouraged Khloe into releasing his shoulders and falling backwards, again relying on Zach's strength. In going back Khloe met eyes with Weaver who was a ball of sweat and adrenalin. Eying Khloe's breasts dancing about made him fuck Heidi that much harder. He needed to nut again very soon but didn't want to just yet, his stubbornness won. He even licked his lips wanting to sample Khloe's breasts. Two hot women in one room moaning like banshees was not necessarily new for the Rocker. He did know one thing, he wanted more days like this one. Having let Heidi fuck three guys before he even had her set the bar high. If she could have three guys, he should get three girls. Fair was fair. Someday.  
  
Even Zach was glued to Heidi's own dancing ladies. Darting his gaze between Heidi's tits and Khloe's he had to growl. Let the screams continue. Trench warfare at it's finest.  
  
Outside their apartment Petra Monahan had to stop to listen to the deafening screams of killer sex, now two women expressing just how good it was made her sit her potted plant down and plant her ear to the door. It had been a month since Petra had engaged a man, she was needy as it was. Lost to the world around her Petra slithered her hand beneath her grey shorts and rubbed her clit. The racket within Zach and Heidi's apartment made her hormones demand satisfaction. Switching profile she plants her back against the door to better torment her own body. One hand fingering herself the other up under her camisole squeezing a bare tit. Eyelids closed to fixate on the moans of two women, and the guttural grunts of savage men she hadn't noticed her own audience.  
  
Her new roommate Herman Barstow had ducked out of their apartment and was watching her intimate moment with awe. Hardly appalled, but less inclined to show his real thoughts he merely watched her whimper and moan. That is until another door opened in the hallway. Herman panicked and closed his own door.  
  
The next apartment over from Zach and Heidi lived Jaye Carlton and his best friend Bob Hargrove. Both having heard the hardcore sex next door felt drawn to explore it's origin. What they discovered was even better. Petra was so lost in her masturbation that she hadn't even realized her audience was standing right beside her enjoying the girls beautiful symphony of tender yelps. Drawing herself into climax she squeals and loses her balance, falling directly into Bob's arms. She found reality in that moment as he held her up, her amazing eyes shocked by their unexpected audience.  
  
"That was just beautiful." Jaye related, "So hot."  
  
"Was it?" She smiled while trembling hard, her grey shorts soaked between her legs. It was then a loud thud against Zach's apartment door spooked the three of them. Loud rumbling shook the door as they heard Khloe Vaughn's chorus of, "I AM YOURS. I AM YOURS. I AM YOURS." Zach heard to reply with, "CUM ON MY COCK YOU SLUT." Petra gravitated to the doorway and touched the door feeling every vibration, every slammed thrust Zach nailed Khloe with. She whimpered and slid down the exterior of the door, her hand never leaving its wooden texture as she mumbled, "I want that."  
  
Jaye and Bob looked at one another and made a fateful decision. Jaye took the lead and plucked Petra up from her collapse and tossed her over his shoulder, his left hand gripping her ass. Even in their aggressive stunt her hand reached out toward Zach's door begging to have what Khloe had. Bob followed behind his buddies lead, whipping his dick out and wagging it at Petra. Her eyes drawn to it she extended her hands as if wanting to obtain it. Into Jaye and Bob's apartment they went, door slammed shut.  
  
Moments later Herman found the courage to open his apartment door again. Seeing only the potted plant in the hallway he shrugged and went to carry it home. Hearing sex from Zach's apartment out of four different voices made him tense, his own dick rising to the moment. Wondering where Petra went he started back to his place. At Jaye's door he suddenly heard the sounds of more sex. This time he knew the voice. Petra Monahan was getting laid. Herman's dick was in need of punishment, sadly he had never once been with a woman at 30. His hand was all he had. He took it home to roost.  
  
With Zach and Khloe in the living room again, Heidi insisted that she and Weaver take it out there too. Weaver's confidence was in high gear by now. Pulling out of Heidi in a web of cum he launched to his feet and drug her up with him. Marching her right out into the living room Weaver shoved Heidi right against the wall next to Khloe, lifting the blond and ramming deep. Keeping up with Zach's energy was a mission. Zach nodded at Weaver as he made Khloe tug at her own hair screaming. Heidi beside her kept up once Weaver was on a fever roll to ignite Heidi all over again. Her legs wrapped around Weaver's hips she began her wailing. No words between men, only a challenging respect. There was that Billy Idol smirk.  
  
Dropping Khloe's legs to the carpet Zach turned her around to face the wall and took her from behind. Seeing this Weaver copied his move and did the same to Heidi. Eye contact between gents tried to anticipate next moves. As Zach reached up clutching Khloe's long brown hair tugging her head back, Weaver did the same to Heidi. Thinking before Zach this time, Weaver turned Heidi around to face the couple, Heidi shocked to look into Zach's eyes. Before the allure could fixate, Zach turned Khloe and the two women faced one another, hands in their hair holding their heads firm. A staring contest of emotions consumed both girls. Zach taking a step forward collided Khloe's bobbing tits with Heidi's. Weaver pressed further until the dancing stopped to form entanglement, the girls chins literally touching the others shoulder. Zach moving his face near Heidi squints at her tortured expression of ecstasy.  
  
"Lookin' good Kid."  
  
"Fuck you Tom."  
  
Weaver facing Khloe whispered his own message, "Fuck you're hot."  
  
Khloe had no reply, merely a smile and sparkling eyes. She was Zach's unless otherwise offered up. Message clear Zach pulled Khloe away and took her into a forced walk toward his bedroom. Stopping at the door Zach looked back at Weaver and nodded for him to follow. Weaver took the hint and picked Heidi up from behind and hauled her into Zach's bed, right beside Zach and Khloe. Both girls on their bellies, Weaver watched Zach trickle lube into Khloe's asshole, passing the tube over Weaver painted Heidi's pucker. As if joining forces the two men lined their cocks up and counted to three before taking the girls by storm. Easing in made both girls gasp and offer up shrill, unified, "Yesssssssssss."  
  
Tearing the beauties up from behind echoed through the walls. They soon found a third challenger, from directly next door to Zach's bedroom they heard a woman screaming, "FUCK MY HOLES. GODDAMMIT, FUCK MY HOLES." Zach puckered at her efforts, hearing not one, but two men yelling out, "HELL YES." and "DP BROTHER."  
  
"That's Petra." The momentary silence of Zach and Weaver halting their thrusts to listen. Heidi recognized the voice instantly. "Should have invited her in Dad. Snooze you lose." Heidi chuckled, Khloe smirking at her trying not to join her amusement to readily. They paused a bit longer just to hear the impact that their neighbors were having on the new girl.  
  
"Sounds like ScarJo is taking it like a trooper." Zach commented.  
  
"Hey! Stop letting her steal our thunder. Get busy back there."  
  
"Ready Kid?" Zach winked at Weaver.  
  
"Set! GO!" He beat Zach to the starting line. Heidi enhancing his zest with a ear shattering scream of, "MOTHERFUCKER!" That gave way to the sweet sounds of, "WEAAAAVVVVVVVVERRRR! FUCK MEEEEEEEEE!"  
  
"I give up. You win." Zach huffed as Khloe pouted, "PSYCHE!"  
  
Zach destroyed Khloe, the battle raged on until both men fired into both girls full throttle, cumming so hard that pulling out was a fountain. Creampie in the sky. Still, hearing Petra crying out even in their gloss filled exhaustion, Zach finally called it.  
  
"Red has lungs that's for sure."  
  
As both Zach and Weaver back off the mattress Zach dares to fist bump the boy.  
  
"That's showing my little girl who's boss."  
  
"How do you put up with my Dad?" Heidi huffed at Khloe.  
  
"Blame yourself. You hooked us up. I'm not going anywhere."  
  
"She is." Zach leans over and slaps Heidi's ass, making Weaver grit his teeth at their parent daughter closeness. "Get your ass to your own room. I need a nap."  
  
"Fine! Come on Droopy. I mean Broadway." Heidi crawls out of bed her limbs numb, yet energetic enough to flip Weaver's pink locks. Being so sweaty his mohawk was more nohawk. He trailed behind Heidi like a lost puppy.  
  
Shutting his bedroom door Zach crawled in next to Khloe, holding her at the hip as they lay on their sides facing one another. She couldn't stop smiling.  
  
"Thank you Sir."  
  
"You see the way that kid looked at you?"  
  
"Yes. The same way you look at your daughter."  
  
"That obvious?" He laughs, "You know she's not really my daughter right? Just fun and games talk. Long story."  
  
"I wondered. Thank you for telling me the truth."  
  
"Always planned on it."  
  
"You want Heidi don't you?"  
  
"Someday I'll tag her ass. No hurry. Like I told you I like being single."  
  
"Am I...useful if you want to be single?"  
  
"Trophy slut. You come when I call."  
  
"Agreed. Make me shine."  
  
"So shiny you're gonna blind a fella."  
  
"I'm serious Zach. I will do anything and everything you tell me too."  
  
"I heard you at the gym. Don't you worry I will be testing you further."  
  
"Naptime?" She snuggles closer.  
  
He nods until he hears Petra next door realizing a new round of screams. Both men Jaye and Bob were going back for seconds, holes switched up. Petra even in her throes of pure ecstasy truly hoped that Zach had heard her. Literally beating on his wall she yells, "FUCK ME...PLEEEEASE." Did Zach hear? Of course he did. Even Khloe grinned.  
  
"She must really want you."  
  
"Gingers have no souls."  
  
"Mmmhmm!" Khloe knew he would take her in time.  
  
"Suck my dick until I fall asleep."  
  
"Big baby."  
  
"Who's the big baby?"  
  
"You're lucky I like sucking big thumbs." She razzes him and moves down between his legs. She spends the next fifteen minutes tenderly taking him into her throat. Even as he begins snoring she continues. Khloe Vaughn loved this man's cock. Her fascination leaned toward obsessive. Pending on how long his nap was, he might just wake up with her mouth still around his beast.  
  
Lucky man.  
  
Thumbs up.