**Be My Guest**

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**Be My Guest Ch. 15: HerMan**

Sunday after coffee...the day was still young. Namely noon.  
  
Zach Pedigo decided to head home early after Khloe and the darling couple Heidi and Weaver went off on their own. Rest sounded great but it was not in the cards. Roaring into his apartment complex on his Harley he noted a certain redheaded neighbor outside sunbathing. Although pale of skin, Petra Monahan found that her complexion resisted the traditional burning that pale flesh normally endured. When done in moderation the girl could manufacture a golden color, one that she was working on this fine warm day. Going without hearing his arrival due to listening to music, earplugs in her ears she didn't discover him walk up on her and stand over her lithe little body. One leg to each side of her hips he stood tall, waiting on her to notice his shadow blocking her sunlight. Her eyes closed to the sun, shades minimally helping, she was surprised when his boot toe tapped her on a rib.  
  
"Oh shit." She yelps yanking her earplugs from her ears, "Sorry, I didn't hear you come up. Hi."  
  
"Why are you wearing that bikini?"  
  
"Umm! Public decency?"  
  
"Why do I even bother with you." He lifts his right leg over her and prepares to leave.  
  
"WAIT! Why do you torture me so? I gave into you last night in your apartment. I joined in on playing with your friends."  
  
"Did you do what I told you to start doing?"  
  
"Herman?" She appeared haunted, "Not much. I'm just not finding him...attractive."  
  
"Useless." He moves another foot from her, forcing her to reach out and grab his pant leg.  
  
"Please. I'll work harder at it. Just tell me what you want."  
  
"I want a slut that can keep up with Khloe and Cleo. You're not even close." His ego was increasing more and more.  
  
"I fucked two guys right next door to you that I'd never met before doing it. How is that not being a slut?"  
  
"That was for Jaye and Bob. Not for me. Go be their little whore."  
  
"I WANT TO BE YOUR LITTLE WHORE." She hopped to her knees and crawled over her blanket to kneel in front of him, her hands gravitating toward his crotch with a hopeful balance of seductiveness and aggression. Swatting her hands away he leaned over and gripped her chin firmly. Spitting in her face made her tremble like a leaf. That was new for Zach, yet it worked in showing her just how unworthy she was. As a model her self esteem took a hit.  
  
"I sent you home to taunt Herman. If that's not being fulfilled, I have zero use for you."  
  
"I'll start right now. He's working from home today. What...how far do you want me to go?"  
  
"Impress me or never look my way again. Improvise! Hand me your cell." He points at it laying on her blanket covered partially by a fashion magazine, headphones dangling as it played Adele. Slipping away she snatched it up and handed it to him, music shut off. Using it he dialed his own cell number then tossed her phone back at her. "Call me without him knowing, I'll listen in. I better hear Herman asking you what you're doing. Coax him out here and have him lotion you up. Among other things. No hesitation or..." He turns and walks away. She sat stunned for thirty seconds then got up with her phone and made her way inside, the spit had not even been wiped away, it would just be noted as sweat. Watching him unlock his door she waited to see if he would look her way. Not even a glance. That was the nudge she needed. Into her apartment she went.  
  
Within she found Herman Barstow on his laptop at the small dining table they ate at. Eying her sudden return wearing only her black bikini he swallowed dryly. When she had left the apartment she had a long T-shirt over it. Now he was able to see quite a lot more skin. Not to mention an extremely healthy chest bulging against the bikini tops moderate cups, strings otherwise tied behind her back and neck. The same for her bottoms in their string held patches in front and back creeping dangerously into her heart shaped butt's crack.  
  
"Hey Herman." She smiled brightly, masking her true thoughts of "Ewww!"  
  
Removing his reading glasses he explored her assets with a glimmer of hesitation, fear mostly, "Tired of sunbathing already?"  
  
"No. I just got thirsty. It's really hot out today. Does it look like I'm getting darker?" She walks a slow 360 in step to let him check her out. It was then she realized that she hadn't even called Zach. All of this preliminary work was lost.  
  
"I...can't tell. I haven't seen you like this until now to judge."  
  
"That's true. Be right back, gotta tinkle." She uses the bathroom as her excuse to call Zach. As he answers she whispers, "I started teasing before I called, you missed a bit. Sorry. Stay with me...please. I'm going back out there now."  
  
"Hang up and let me call you. When you answer in front of him act like you're talking to a guy you like being with. Turn it to your advantage."  
  
"Okay." She swiftly hangs up and flushes the toilet, washing her hands as fast as she could. As her cell rang she walked out of the bathroom and stepped into the kitchen. Answering it she went into her dramatic implementation. "Oh my Gosh. Stevie! Where have you been? You haven't called me in three weeks. Yes, I just moved into my new place. Yes a male roommate. My roommate is really sweet." She leans around a corner to flutter her fingers at Herman. He smiled at her compliment. Ducking back she obtained a bottled water from the fridge and paraded back into Herman's zone. Moving to the living room she stretched out on the sofa with one leg on the floor, her bikini bottoms tightening up between her thighs.  
  
"When are you dropping by to see the apartment? No, I don't believe Herman would mind. Would you mind if my...friend Steven dropped by sometime?" She posed the question to Herman as his eyes locked in on her thighs, her bottoms constricting into her labia a bit without revealing lips.  
  
"Not at all. Wait, does he have pets? I don't need dander or I'll be a mess for weeks."  
  
"Not even a cute little pussy."  
  
Instant sweat beading up on his brow at that devilish word, considering he was still a 30 year old virgin, left Herman shaking. That and the fact she was pinching at her bikini bottoms a bit as if straightening them for comfort.  
  
"Oh my God! I can't believe you just asked me that..." She giggles ignoring Herman, "A very skimpy black bikini...satisfied Mister Snoop? What? No, I don't think so..." She now looks at Herman with a worried expression, "Herman? Does my laying here in a skimpy bikini bother you?"  
  
"No, of course not. Feel free, you pay half the rent after all."  
  
"Whew! I was worried there. I don't want to mortify you. I guess I should ask, is my talking out here keeping you from your work? I so don't want to be impolite."  
  
"I'm not getting much done anyway. You're fine, I'll let you know if it becomes bothersome."  
  
"Thank you Cutie." She winks at Herman. He had to let it sink in that she thought he was cute. Even he knew he wasn't. "Stevie? Why aren't you here to lotion me up? I was out sunbathing a minute ago. I'm going back out shortly. You're always too busy. How can you not want to lotion up this hot body of mine? I bet Herman would." She waves at Herman mouthing, "Sorry." He sat back and just looked at her with curiosity. Just what she wanted, well, what Zach wanted. She wanted Zach...you get the idea.  
  
Laughing aloud as if at something Steve had said she pinches then lifts her bikini bottoms in front as if peering beneath them. Lowering her voice she says, "I shave still. It might need touching...up a bit. Stop being nosey before I blush." Herman heard every word, saw her lift her bottoms, his mind was running wild. Fingertips teasing her tummy back and forth as she bantered with Steve, she wished that Zach would talk. He was no assistance what so ever. She knew very well this was her show, his test. One that she was determined to pass. "Steeeeviiie! Stop, before I have to go to my room...and...you know." She flares her eyes at Herman and fans her face. "So, not right. Yes, I miss you too." She pouts as she listens to a non existent voice, "You have really got to stop." Her fingers slip beneath her bikini bottoms as if uncontrollably drawn to it. Literally rubbing her clit she snaps a shy glance at Herman just before pulling it away and squirming a bit in her cushions. "Sorry Herman."  
  
"For what?" He played it off, his erection building was becoming hard to hide as he attempted to act as if reading over his monitors opened page. Herman Barstow was a book Editor for of all things a Romance novel publisher. The job was his sole learning curve for anything intimate. Things he tried to use in real life on women was turned away every time. His being taller than most men, lanky build, and nerdy Rick Moranis look was not in his favor. A dry personality gave women the creeps. Petra could empathize with the other women. Still, if it kept her in Zach's orbit she was going to make Herman crazy. Let him think she liked him.  
  
"Is it hot in here?" She giggled.  
  
"The central air is on, it's 70 degrees."  
  
"No wonder the girls are pointy today. Yes Stevie it's partially due to you. You've always had that effect on me, making me do...stop vocalizing Petra. Oh my God! You must think horribly of me Herman."  
  
"Pardon? I was reading."  
  
"Just as well, your ears might burn." She stands up quickly, her chest bobbing about as if begging for freedom. Having strategically set her bottled water next to the sofa on the carpet, she slyly kicks it into a roll under the loveseat. "Dang it." Dropping to her knees with her back to Herman she bends forward to reach under the loveseat to locate it, her fingers nudging it further back on purpose. Her ass in the air, bikini bottoms sinking within her crack she continues her salvage mission.  
  
Herman enjoyed her ass immensely and adjusted his massive tentpole beneath navy blue sweatpants. Her curves were just insane, flawless flesh stretched so tight her ass was even shiny. "Come here you." She softly spoke to her bottle, but used her words as if meant for Herman. Mistaking it Herman stood up and walked over behind her and glared down at her ass with gnashed teeth. In peering down he realized just how visible his erection was and posed its tent pervertedly right between her crevice so that it looked as if he was fucking her from behind. "OH MY GOD! Why are you being so elusive. Well, fuck me." She pulled her arm away and moved upward fast, turning to face Herman, his tented behemoth directly in her face. Mouth wide in awe of him being right behind her she lowered her gaze to witness his size. He immediately lost his nerve and turned away.  
  
"HERMAN! Get back here." His eyes bulging at her commanding request, he slowly faces her again, hoping that she wouldn't bitch him out or call him names. "Stand where you were." He swallows dryly, unprepared for any admission of guilt. "Here." She points at her knees. Another step forward he was right back into her face. "Hold on Stevie. My water bottle just rolled under the loveseat." She rests her cell face down on the carpet, "Herman is going to...lift it up." She eyed his beast hiding in the bushes waiting to pounce. Shyly, she raises her eyes up at Herman in his 6'4 tower, mouth still gaping in amazement. He again looked directly down and lined up his tents crest where it looked like he was getting a blowjob. His fantasy was making his heart pound.  
  
"Lift the loveseat for me." She pouted.  
  
"Right!" He shook off his perversion and crouched next to her and gripped the loveseat heaving it a few inches. Leaning down again, this time facing him she guides her left arm under the furniture and plucks up her bottle, her tits were ready to topple out of her bikini top. Rising back to her knees, she holds the thin bottle between her breasts thankful for its return and crushes her melons around it as if being titty fucked. The chilled bottle made her shiver. "Thank you Sweet Herman."  
  
"Always here to help." He admires her bottle trapped within her creamy white mountains barely embracing a tan and clears his throat.  
  
"Oh! Shit! That looked bad didn't it?"  
  
"I...would never say bad." He shyly coughs up, his allergy raising up having touched a slightly dusty underside of the loveseat. He rose back to his feet, his dick wagging a tad in front of her, she winced slightly, confused by his monstrosity for one, that he was obviously not wearing underwear for another.  
  
"Help me up?" She raises her hand a mere inch from his cock's attempted swagger. His own hand claiming hers he pulled her to her feet. Standing very close to him she felt his beast graze her stomach. "I would not know what to do without you Herman. Oh shoot, Stevie." She forgot her cell was still on the carpet. Turning her back to his, in a blur she bent over to obtain her phone, her ass directly touching his cock. Jumping upright as if startled she laughs, "That wasn't at all compromising, was it?. I'm so sorry Herman." A pleading look made her feign a blush.  
  
"Accidents happen. It was...a nice accident."  
  
Fanning herself she shares a flirty grin then lifts her cell to her ear, "Still there Stevie? Oh my God! Do you have to know every move I...yes I was on my knees. No, I wasn't...Stevie, he's my roommate. I was not teasing him." She looks at Herman staring at her without walking back to his work. Using her free hand she forms a measure of an inch and mouths, "Maybe a little." Herman nearly fainted.  
  
"Okay, I'm going back outside before I lose the sun. Sure you won't come over and lotion me up? You know how I adore those big hands of yours." She sheepishly looks at Herman's own trembling hands. They were large, like other appendages. "Your loss Sexy Man. I'll just find someone else to paw me up. Call me when you have time to give me some attention. Bye Stevie. See you at the Agency." Acting as if hanging up on Stevie, she hides her cell behind her back as if scratching an itch as she pouted vividly, "Why do I bother with him?" Zach was still listening.  
  
"Who exactly is Stevie?"  
  
"A photographer at the Talent Agency I frequent. Model remember?" She poses like Cindy Crawford in her heyday, giggling at herself. "Remind me to share my portfolio with you sometime. It's still at my old roommates house boxed up. I absolutely crush all of the girls in this region. Stevie's been trying really hard to get me to pose nude. I'm slowly seeing myself doing it. Surprised I haven't already?"  
  
"Not really. You seem down to Earth."  
  
"I was raised well. Good Christian home. Any wonder why I moved away?" She dances for him in the moment then sighs lowering her arms to her side. His eyes were glued to her every move. "Well, I'm taking my wet...water bottle here outside before anyone steals my BTS blanket, shirt, and lotion. I guess I'll just lotion myself and hope I get the...hard to get to spots good enough." She pats her left butt cheek playfully. "I'll let you get back to work."  
  
"I...can lotion you. That is...if you're not...opposed to our roommate agreement to give each other space."  
  
Forcing her eyes to sparkle she shyly smiles, "Can you...behave?" She points at his erection, noting a tiny wet spot over his cloaked head. He loses confidence in a single breath.  
  
"I better finish up my editorial duties."  
  
"You had my hopes up Herman." She pouts her lower lip and expresses sadness.  
  
"I did?"  
  
"Come with me." She battles holding her cell and bottle to her bosom and takes his hand. He had to open the door for them. Leading him downstairs and out into the backyard she releases his hand and wiggles toward her blanket. Herman was reluctant, looking everywhere for prying eyes, the parking lot, windows, the sidewalks, not a soul in sight outside the occasional car driving by. Maybe this would not scar him for life after all.  
  
Stretching out on her belly she lowers her sunglasses to mask the dread in her eyes, should Zach be watching. This was going to be awful. Herman was just not her type in any way. She liked her men rugged and strong, handsome, and demanding. Not sweaty palms, geeky features, and wheezes. Of course, his sneezing hadn't given him too much trouble since she had his imagination locked down. Maybe his allergies were all in his head. Staring up at him she found him a few feet away still.  
  
"You can't rub lotion on me from way over there." She plucks up her bottle of sunscreen and poises it upward at him. As she awaited his nerves to relax her cell rang. Had Zach hung up on her? Lowering the bottle to her blanket until Herman grew some balls she checked out her cell. Zach's number was indeed calling, she had yet to have time to log in any identity in her contact list. She might just enter it as non existant Stevie just for kicks. "Hello again. Change your mind about lotioning me Steven?"  
  
Zach answered back with, "I'm watching you from your bedroom window. Do not let him come inside. TEASE HARDER." Zach immediately went silent. He certainly had some big kahones sneaking into their apartment and her bedroom. Looking carefully at Herman, then up at her bedroom window sure enough Zach Pedigo was glaring down at her, cell to his ear.  
  
"Mmmm!" She hummed to her thoughts then vocalized, "Too late I have another stud lined up to gloss me up. Okay, yes it's my roommate, does it matter? He has bigger hands than you." She giggled and again lifted her lotion toward Herman coaxing him in. Caving Herman Barstow dropped to his knees next to her and claimed the bottle. "Blocking my sun Herman. Can you move to my other side please?" In his current position his body was blocking Zach's viewpoint. Herman stood up and moved around her easing back to his knees. He wasn't even stressed that his erection was in the way. That part of him was bold, even if the rest of his body was shy.  
  
"Stevie? I can't talk dirty to you right now. Herman is getting ready to squirt lotion on me. NO, not cum. You're terrible." She leers back at Herman mouthing, "I'm so sorry." Shrugging it off he squeezes a large amount of lotion into his palm and sits the bottle aside. Hands shaking he touches her back smoothly applying the lotion, fingers fanning to both sides of her ribcage. Her eyes flare at his covered territory, cooing a bit for effect, "Mmmm! That's nice Herman. What was that Stevie? I was distracted, he's doing my back. Do I really have to give you a play by play?" She feels Herman's fingers get tangled in her bikini tops strings. Taking a deep breath she whispers, "Herman? You can untie my top if you need to. No tanlines would look better anyway." Again, Herman Barstow turned white pondering the idea. Should he?  
  
"Oh my gosh Stevie. Do you have bionic hearing? Yes I told Herman he could untie my top. You as a photographer know that tanlines are photoshoot killers. Yes, I might even risk losing my bottoms. Are you jerking off over there?" She laughed as she felt Herman's sweats caressing her butt cheek, his erection impossible not to recognize. Hearing the questioned ejaculation of Steve, Herman eased one hand away and dared to slide it under his sweats, applying lotion as if lube without even considering the fact as he grips his monster...or was it Munster? Zach let her know that Herman's hand was stroking his cock.  
  
"You are jerking off aren't you? Don't embarrass me in front of Herman, he's doing wonderfully." Fearing being caught Herman removed his hand and returned it to her back, deciding to be brave and untie her top from her back and her neck. Lifting a bit afterwards Petra felt her breasts lift out of her cups, offering Herman a sideline inspection of her curvature. Moving her ponytail out of his way she lured Herman into rubbing lotion on her neckline and shoulders. His grip took her breath away. "Wow! I may let you give me massages more often Herman. Loving that manly grip. You might just be better than Stevie." Laughing at herself she played on her words, "I wouldn't know if he was better than you in that area Stevie. Stoooooop! I'm turning red, and it's not from the UV rays." She hides her face peering up at her bedroom to see Zach nodding his approval. "Holy crap! Zach has his shirt off in my bedroom. Oh my God! I'm so wet right now. Zach!!" Her thoughts were stimulating her hormones hard, tuning out Herman's looks and picturing Zach giving her this massage. In her unexpected fantasy she squirmed a bit on her blanket, her ass rising and lowering nervously. Herman took it as a hint that she needed lotion down there. Instead of placing lotion in his hand this time he just squirted streams over her ass. Instantly she pictured Zach shooting his load on her perfect little butt.

"Yesssss!' She whispered, Herman leaning closer to hear her mumbles. Moans more apparent.  
  
"Am I rubbing too hard?" Herman worried.  
  
"God no. You're doing perfect. Untie my bottoms Herman. No lines remember?"  
  
"That would mean...you would be naked."  
  
"Ohhhhh Stevie, what are you making me do?" She trembled hearing Zach over her cell jerking off. Using her own hand Petra reaches back to untie her left hip, then switches her cell to her other hand to release the right hips tether. Literally tugging the clothe from between her legs Petra set her bottoms next to her. Herman was ready to lose it. Hovering his hands over the still lingering lotion on her butt he swallowed hoarsely and just went for it, gripping both cheeks as she rose her hips to the occasion. Releasing his fingers compressing into her flesh he rubbed the lotion in. "Yes, my bikini is totally untied. He's lotioning my butt now. Oh my God! I'm letting my roommate...please don't stop Herman."  
  
Confidence rising Herman grips her cheeks again and rolls his lotion deeper into her buttcrack with his thumbs, his pry revealing her cute butt pucker and her wet little clam. He avoided those like the plague, fearing her sudden change of mind. Gasping at his thumbs so near her holes she whimpers vibrantly. "Stevie! Don't ask me to do that. Herman's my roomie, I...can't...tell you no. OH MY GOD!" She rolls over as Herman's hands withdraw at her actions. Leaving her bikini top behind she lay full frontally nude facing Herman. Lifting her glasses to her hair she expresses sorrow and pleads, "Forgive me Herman." Her fingers instantly relocated to her pussy and began massaging her clit. All he could do was stare. Watching her slide two fingers up inside her pussy she fucked herself whining nasally at his eye contact. "Yes. Herman's watching me play with my pussy. I so want to hate you Stevie. If he kicks me out...I have no place to go."  
  
"I...won't kick you out." Herman manages to exhale.  
  
"Thank you Sweet Herman." She mouthes and adds a third finger up inside her sloppy little cunt. "What? He stopped lotioning me when I turned over. He's...just being a gentleman." She begins breathing heavily at her fingers destruction on her G-spot. "Stevie wants you to lotion my tits." Frozen in reaction he just plucks up the bottle and fires off squeezes of lotion all over her tits, splattering as if being jizzed on. The sensation made her head fall back and she cried out, "I'm going to cum Stevie."  
  
Herman not wanting to miss out on his good fortune leaned over her and rubbed the lotion into her heaving breasts, fingers frolicking around her areolas and letting her nipples ride up between his large fingers. She began shaking violently, her hips raising as fingers sank deep and fast, creamy white cum began oozing out and around her embedded fingertips. Sloshy sounds of pure ecstasy made Herman pant. He needed to touch himself badly.  
  
"STEEEEEEEEEEVVVVVVVVIIIIIIIEEEEEEEEE!" She kept in character even under duress, Zach was definitely impressed, even though she lost her ability to hold her cell and it toppled to her blanket. Rediscovering her sanity she pulls her fingers out and draws them to her lips sucking the cream off with a pleasureable pout of enjoyment. Eyes studying Herman as she mumbled at her delicious taste, she noted his hand under his sweats jerking off. Trembling she spotted Zach motioning from her window. He was standing up on her bed now, fully nude and pumping his cock majestically. Seeing him point at Herman, then at his own dick jerking, she knew what Zach wanted her to do. Finding her phone she spoke, "Still with me Stevie? I kind of lost my mind there. What? Yes, Herman's still here. He's..." She pauses to explore Herman's tortured gaze and just sits her cell aside. Crawling to her knees she moves closer to Herman and dips both of her hands under his sweats and joins in his jerking off, offering her own gentle stroking. He was bigger than Zach if you could believe it. With doe like eyes and a soft whisper Petra encourages Herman to lay back on the blanket. Like a falling tree she could hear it scream. The blood flow in his cock was throbbing so hard it made Petra flare her eyes. In a single breath she tugged his sweats lower to reveal 9 plus inches of nerdy Godhood. The veins within that Redwood tree were magnificently rising out of his beasts girth. His balls alone were like baseballs side by side.  
  
"Holy shit Herman." She whispered as she stroked him with dual hands, starting slowly just to watch his reaction to her. He was terrified. Poor baby. "It's okay Herman. I'll be gentle." A fevered shake of his head in a negative manner she knew he didn't want gentle. "Faster?" She asked to an affirmative nod, "Harder?" Of course, another firm yes without words. "Do me a favor?" She melts a bit just for him as he watches her hands moving up and down rapidly.  
  
"Anything." He dryly acknowledged.  
  
"Tell Stevie I'm busy and that I'll call him back another time."  
  
Hesitantly, Herman found her phone and mumbled, "Hello?"  
  
"This Herman?" Zach altered his voice a few decibels in tone, so as not to ever be recognized.  
  
"Yes. Petra told me to tell you she's busy, she'll call you back."  
  
"She's all yours Herman." Zach severed the call for him. Placing the phone aside Herman enjoyed his hand job reeling back and staring at Petra who studied her work, she was totally amazed by what she was holding in both hands. Maybe Herman had promise, she was a model and knew fashion, a change of wardrobe style might enhance him. New haircut perhaps. Contact lens. Hmmm!  
  
"Good lord! His crown is as big as my fist, it's length nearly my entire forearm. This is unbelievable. I'm not failing Zach. This freak is going to cum on my face." She ravages him harder and harder, hearing Herman grunt favorably. "You like that Herman?" She whispered.  
  
"Yes. My...first time." He dared to reveal.  
  
"You're...still a virgin? No way." She dropped her chin in shock. Not really, she believed him but the actress was still on the casting couch.  
  
"It's true. Thank you."  
  
"I'm not done yet." She takes a deep breath then leans forward to kiss his urethra. He nearly busted then and there. Molding her lips around his mushroom cloud expecting the fallout upon her lips she flicked her tongue on his foreskin. His reaction priceless as he covered his eyes with his palms to avoid his tears. She found the tears of joy inspirational. With a roll of her eyes at what she intended to do she just went for it. Swallowing a mere four inches she nearly gagged. Sucking his dick feverishly she stroked him as well, left hand cupping his balls with tender squeezes. Herman strained hard to hold himself in.  
  
After a seemingly forever two minutes Herman Barstow exploded in her mouth, her lips frothing at his massive load. Pulling away from his cock in a web of jizz that drooled from her lips over her chin, she jerked him off harder and harder, her face right over his crown. In swift realization another round of rapid shots pelted her nose and brow. Convinced he had more to give feeling his swollen balls she squeezed harder. A third motherlode shot her cheeks. More still she rises her chest over his volcano and splattered her tits in cum. His every shot was met with deafening grunts.  
  
In total shock over his outcome Petra shot a glance at her bedroom window. To her surprise she discovered jizz all over her window pane. With the word, "SLUT" smeared in it. Even Zach had unloaded a masterful amount of jizz. Petra smiled and laughed at her drooling expressions. Herman's jizz tasted really fruity. Licking her lips she swallowed her mouthful, then wiped her face with her fingertips to feed her appetite. Herman heard a pair of car doors and panicked, darting his head side to side. It was close. Too close.  
  
"WHAT ARE YOU FREAKS DOING?" Belted a female voice. Racing up on Petra, Heidi Baker hugged her from behind laughing, "Hey Spermin' Herman." Heidi notes Petra's face coated in white. "Whoa! Gotta love the Seattle snowfall. Nice dick Herman. Bye now." Heidi Baker joined her man Weaver casting a thumbs up at the distraught Herman. All of a sudden Herman broke out laughing.  
  
Petra sat on her knees deciding her finale. If Zach was watching from somewhere else to bare witness to her actions she intended on a full meal squeal. Before Herman could react Petra crawled up on his lap and guided Munster up for penetration inside her soaked cunt. Easing on was difficult, her expression as his crown passed the point of no return left her speechless, only shrill strain as her pussy lips ripped wider than she had ever experienced. Herman held his breath and froze. Feeling her heated pussy wrapping his beast tight he just fell back and let her ride. Tits unattended to bouncing wildly in opposite directions gave the man his finest hour. He let her do all the work.  
  
Audience beware, she was screaming her fool head off.  
  
Inside the apartment complex Heidi and Weaver met Zach leaving Herman's apartment. Shocked by his exit Heidi pointed at the door, then toward the backyard. She knew he was behind the festivities outside.  
  
"High five." Heidi was impressed as her palm collided with Zach's. Weaver was boggled yet amused.  
  
Dancing ahead of Zach and Weaver in the hallway Heidi sang a song. Flashing her ass from beneath her stretchy mini skirt, wiggling it side to side, she serenaded them with..."His milkshake brings all the girls to the yard...And they're like, it's better than yours." A twisted version indeed.  
  
"Better prove her wrong Kid." Zach patted Weaver on the back.  
  
"He will at band practice. Changing into my punk outfit then we're out Daddio."  
  
"I thought you were gonna do that in Billy's van on the way there?" Billy being Weaver's resemblance to Billy Idol.  
  
"I am. I just forgot the fishnets in my hurry. You just mind your own bees wax Tom." She walked into their apartment and went about her business. Weaver just scratched his head watching them both. Their relationship was nearly as crazy as his with his family.  
  
"No problem." He turned around and headed outside through the front entrance to the apartments, walking around the side to stalk his prey as both Herman, now dressed and Petra headed inside the back way. Once they entered he gave them a reasonable amount of time to reach their residence before stepping out into the yard where they had laid out. Looking up at Petra's bedroom window at his cum splatter still streaking in it's final liquid state before drying. Sure enough he discovered Petra hopping up on her mattress to examine the mess. To his surprise Zach watched her first press her tits over the glass as if wanting to wear his jizz. Zach had to pucker at her greed. As she did her eyes found Zach down below and shared a smile with him. Seeking to impress him further she removed her tits and leaned into the glass to lick her window pane. Pride set in. Zach nodded and pointed at his cell for her to call him. She took the bait.  
  
"Have I pleased you?" She whispered.  
  
"So far so good. Every day here on you tease Herman. Fuck him only if I tell you too. For now, don't let him forget what he just had. Just keep him crazy wanting you."  
  
"Bra and panties, nighties, from here on I promise. Towels after my showers. I might let him lotion me. Is that to your liking?"  
  
"Every inch of you."  
  
"Without sex, I promise."  
  
"Let him jerk off in front of you if he wants to."  
  
"That shouldn't be a worry. I think he's already doing that from his room. I can hear him."  
  
"Alright! I'll be in touch. Keep up the good work and I'll reward you over the course of this week."  
  
"Sex?" She appeared excited in the window.  
  
"Not so fast. Push it, you lose it. Just follow my lead."  
  
"You drive me crazy Zach."  
  
"Hover under the nuthouse ScarJo." He laughs, then hangs up on her and heads for the back door. Coming back outside Zach discovered Heidi Baker wearing her fishnet leggings with her stretchy skirt over them, the rest of her outfit already in Weaver's van. On the stairway she modelled them for Zach right in front of Weaver. Lifting her skirt she had nothing on but the leggings, her bare ass and vertical smiles were greeting him with zest.  
  
"Looking good Kid." He winked and stepped around her, his crotch caressing her butt in passing through. Patting Weaver on the shoulder he added, "No curfew. Fuck her 'til dawn." Weaver just smiled at his good fortune. After everything he had seen so far this weekend he had mad respect for Heidi's Dad. If he only knew.  
  
Heidi left her skirt up just for Weaver. Let the world see.  
  
Zach? Naptime.

**Be My Guest Ch. 16: SEX CYMBAL**

"Your Dad is freaking insane."  
  
Weaver Kytes grinned as he drove his band van through the suburbs of Seattle, namely Issaquah, 15 miles east of the big city, careening around the scenic Lake Sammamish to reach the edge of town. Definitely a beautiful place to live.  
  
"Isn't he though?" Heidi beamed with pride for a man who really wasn't her Dad, yet the more she called him that, the more it felt like he was. Their goofball game was becoming fun. Even though Zach had recently told his girls Cleo and Khloe the truth, others still had no clue that they were just roommates. The lie was not meant to be hurtful, but it depended on the person. "Is Kayla still behind us?" She leers across Weaver to look through his side mirror, her sides mirror an empty housing, having had the lens broken out. "You need to fix that mirror before you switch lanes and take out a car."  
  
"On my list for payday. Yes your sister is dogging my tail."  
  
"A nice tail it is." She shares a sparkling glance at him that makes him stare a bit too long and swerve until Kayla honks at them. Her new punk clothing was risqué and showed off a lot of sexy milky white pristine flesh. Having changed while he was driving was an event unto itself. It wasn't easy getting into fishnet leggings without ripping them. Her boy shorts style pants crept in toward dangerous depths. Of course, Weaver knew her fishing hole well. Still, he nearly ran over a dog, almost a mailbox, and dodged two stoplights. Bad boy!  
  
"Watch the...curves." Heidi trailed her fingertips across her bare tummy, admiring her own punk outfit purchased at his job, consisting of said fishnet leggings, those cute boy short style hot pants, and a black hoodie with a hemline so high it barely covered her braless tits. Three chains hooking into her hot pants kept the hoodie low, and the hot pants high. Black heels and dark shades completed her sexiness. It was pretty distracting, even for Heidi.  
  
"So...explain something to me...do you always let your Dad cum on you?"  
  
"ALWAYS! Isn't that normal?" She giggles, "That's just how close we are. Don't worry I don't need therapy. Well, maybe in a year."  
  
"Not knocking whatever you and your Dad do, I just wanna know what I'm getting into dating his hot daughter."  
  
"Smoking hot daughter, get it right."  
  
"Oh...and what's with calling him Tom?"  
  
"Inside joke, looks like Tom Hardy, he even calls his dick Hardy. Ego much?"  
  
"Hilarious. So...you and he...the incest thing?"  
  
"Ohhhh yeah. Like rabbits." She laughs, "Ditching me for that?"  
  
"NO FUCKING WAY! As long as I get some."  
  
"Threesome sometime?" She felt evil.  
  
"Uhhh! Didn't that happen last night when your Dad, his friend Nick, and I jerked off over you?"  
  
"Doesn't count unless all my holes are filled at one time."  
  
"Holy fuck."  
  
"It would be if all three had dicks in them."  
  
"You're awesome." He chuckled, "Almost home. I hope my Mom doesn't scare you. She's..."  
  
"A stripper...I know. All good. With my habits how can I possibly knock hers?"  
  
"Yeah, too old for that but she's still got it. Makes killer tips, enough to buy our house."  
  
"I recall, no need to keep retelling the history lesson. Where's your Dad?"  
  
"He's a biker so he's on the road a lot. See? You do need a recap. I talked about him too. I think you were too busy drooling over your dad."  
  
"Sons of Anarchy? Guns and stuff?"  
  
"I don't wanna know. He's a good Dad though. Always there when I need him. Never misses birthdays, or my graduation, not even my soccer games back in school. He keeps Mom happy too, so until he's in the paper as a criminal I'm not asking questions."  
  
"Gotcha. Nice neighborhood." She checks out the medium scale housing around her as they turn on a street named MYSON ROCKS.  
  
"Notice the street name?" He slows to point it out, "Dad fought to have it changed when I began rocking out. This is why I don't ask questions. If he can get the City to change the name of the street in my honor...not knocking it."  
  
"Just rockin' it." She adds marveling at the power his Dad must have. Interesting news indeed. "Let me guess, your house is the one with the boulders in the front yard."  
  
"Yep. Notice Kytes engraved on the left one?"  
  
"Oh...yeah I see it. I hope Kismet gets along with Kayla. They seemed to over the phone that day at your store. I still worry for her, this whole bi thing is new to my sis. Kismet being full lesbian might spook her if she attempts to push too hard."  
  
"They'll be cool, don't worry. Kismet will relax the more she knows you guys. She's...awkward I guess, her family and mine have been close since we were babies. Her mom and my mom danced together years ago when they were in their prime. We're almost like brother and sister. They just recently started working together again."  
  
"Sure you're not brother and sister? You know bikers." Heidi had to push the button.  
  
"What? Naaaaaaaa..." He paused to mull it over then added a secondary, "Naaaaaaa! Nothing like me."  
  
"Ummm! Bandmates. Both freaks..."  
  
"Don't ruin my day with you by making me think about shit like that."  
  
"Just saying..." She giggled and reached over to give him a wet willy, her finger in his ear.  
  
"HEY! Not while I'm driving. I don't wanna hit the boulders."  
  
"What do you think Wayne and Garth will think of me? As if I can't guess."  
  
"Hard on central, guarantee it. They usually flirt with my mom. She teases back. Knowing I'm bringing you home to meet her expect Mom to get you swinging on her stripper pole."  
  
"She has one of those at home?"  
  
"Backyard stage. Dad had it built to keep her active. Even at 38 Mom can keep up with the young girls. Works out religiously."  
  
"Personal trainer to have an affair with?"  
  
"A couple of those." He laughs, "I try not to keep close tabs. I'm in the garage a lot when weather allows it. Dad set up a recording studio in there. He gets us gigs too." He reaches the boulders and starts to turn when he realizes there were six Harley's in the driveway. Stopping cold he sighs, "Looks like you get to meet my Dad too, him and a few of the Tribal Welders."  
  
"You know that name sounds stupid right?"  
  
"Don't you dare make fun of them. Dad would spank your ass in front of everyone. Bare ass at that."  
  
"I'm so going to make fun now. Thanks for the tip." She laughs as he backs up to park across the street until the bikes were pulled out later. Turning the van off Weaver unhooks his seatbelt and turns in his seat.  
  
"Listen, I love your attitude and your crazy lifestyle but don't push the bikers. I like you Heidi, I don't...want anything bad to happen."  
  
"Bad? They gonna rape me?"  
  
"Let's hope not. A hot young girl can make guys who are used to getting their way do crazy things. Just...try not to be over the top..."  
  
"Wearing this outfit? Dancing lessons on a stripper pole? How can I top that?"  
  
"By stripping." He chuckles, "My mom will try to get you naked on stage. She's always looking to promote talent. You have stripper written all over you."  
  
"You think so?" She beams with flaring eyes, "I've considered it."  
  
"Uggggggggh! Fine...it's your life. Just don't bring the wrath of your Dad down on me. My dad wouldn't take kindly."  
  
"You my studly Idol worshipper need to relax. I'm a big girl and you did agree that I could do...crazy things."  
  
"With other guys too...just...it'd be safer not choosing this bunch to do that with."  
  
"Afraid I'll seduce your Dad...Solo? That name still kills me. Solo Kytes, so contradictory."  
  
"Come on, let's head in, Wayne and Garth are already jamming." He hears a tap on the passenger window, Kayla Trudeau outside looking stressed. "There's your sister." She had parked in front of a house down the street and hoofed it.  
  
Opening her van door Heidi climbed down and met Kayla, who looked her stepsister over with widened eyes. "That's so hot."  
  
"Quit drooling over me. Not licking you." Heidi goofily pushed on Kayla's forehead.  
  
"Not even going there Wench." Kayla laughed then had to slap her own cheek to avoid checking out Heidi's cleavage to lowest ab ratio. There was a lot of open skin. She grew wet without even trying. Sisters just shouldn't have those kind of thoughts. Kayla began her search for Kismet to avoid her attentiveness to detail. Heidi waited for Weaver taking his hand in walking across the street, his canvas trench coat fanning in the breeze. He did look snazzy.  
  
From the garage at the end of the drive guitars ceased jamming in favor of eyeballing Heidi. Wayne and Garth were instantly making errors anyway upon ogling. Kismet was hidden way in the back playing her drums still, even without the accompanying guitars. Her drum solo was pretty wicked, noticing the incoming groupies the goth girl chuckled and conceived a drum roll inspired by a seductive strut. Hearing it Kayla turned beet red and stopped in her tracks. Heidi just laughed. The second Kayla began to follow Kismet started her drum roll yet again. Each time Kayla stopped so did Kismet.  
  
"STOP THAT!" Kayla yelled breaking into laughter. Kismet ignored her save for a wagging tongue to greet her new friend. Every step of the way the drum beat met Kayla with lustful thoughts. Before reaching the garage Weaver stops the sisters in a sudden inspiration.  
  
"Wait right here." Both girls halted and watching him whip his trench coat off as he ran into the garage to talk to his band. The bands reaction to whatever he had told them was inspirational. Both Wayne and Garth set about to join in with Kismet on a very erotic version of Nine Inch Nails song Closer. The theatrics led into Weaver singing for the great Trent Rezner. Mad respect for sure.  
  
Heidi dropped her jaw at just how good of a rendition they were playing. Observing Weaver carrying his mic out to greet the girls during the verse of Fuck You Like an Animal, Heidi and Kayla acted like groupies. Heidi danced about seductively as Weaver touched her belly from behind, her hands over her head wildly frolicking in her blond mane. Weaver got so into it he whipped his shirt off and prowled around her shirtless, utilizing his Billy Idol smirk. Mesmerized by them both Kayla just stood her ground swaying to the beat. Her eye contact with Kismet was enjoyable enough.  
  
During the song, the side door to the Kytes home opened up and two women exited to admire the playfulness before them. One was Jacki Kytes, the mother of Weaver wearing a skimpy hot pink bikini that hid only the essentials, the other woman, raven haired like Jacki, wore a white bikini that withheld even less. Both women might as well have been naked. Some guitar strings were missed in the steamy visual.  
  
A disappointed wag of index fingers toward Wayne and Garth by both women made the boys stay focused. Once the group got in synch the melody became entrancing. Mothers joined in on the erotic dance moving in around Weaver and Heidi. Jacki winked at Heidi to share in her approval of the young woman that had her son under her spell. The second female tried to coax Kayla into being more lively. Laughing uncontrollably Kayla did her best to attempt a more playful array of provocative moves. Kismet nodded her approval and actually hit her cymbals out of step to make a whistle heard by Kayla. Hilarious!  
  
With the song winding down, out of the house filtered the men. Six big bikers vested and adding their own bit of atmospheric whistling at the women joined the festivities. Weaver didn't falter for even a second. His mother and her friend abandoned the kids in favor of tantalizing the men. It was a tough crowd, all of the bikers had their eyes glued on Heidi. Toasting her with raised beer bottles Heidi reacted with a hint of uncertainty. A simple wave as she grinded on Weaver at least made her feel welcome.  
  
On the final note Heidi turned in step to attack Weaver, leaping into his arms to plant a steamy kiss across his shocked expression. Whistles were heard from everywhere, including a loud male voice that called out, "THAT'S MY BOY." Weaver in his make out session merely cast a thumbs up toward his dad. All eyes were on Heidi's tight little ass still grinding yet facing Weaver, it was as if she wanted the bikers to experience her lustfulness first hand. It was pretty easy to see the girl had talents.  
  
Clinging to Weaver the boy dropped his mic on the grass next to the driveway and utilized both hands to keep Heidi aloft, her legs wrapped about his waist. While clutching her hips his fingers discover the chain hooks holding her hoodie's high hemline down by connecting to rings on her boy shorts. Tugging the hooks upward her boy shorts constricted up between her cheeks for a better view of her fishnet covered ass, not to mention it tightened between her thighs. The sensations made Heidi feed on his lips as if ready to make love to him right then and there.  
  
Kayla grew nervous over her stepsisters behavior, she knew Heidi had her wild side but in front of a bunch of big mean looking bikers? Stress took over until a certain drummer made her appearance.  
  
"Just another day at the Kytes. Follow me." Kismet took Kayla's hand and led her away. Whining at abandoning Heidi she succumbed to the goth girls allure. Of course, Kayla wanted to get to know Kismet better, she concluded that Weaver would keep Heidi safe. Around the back of the garage they went.  
  
Jacki Kytes moved next to her husband Solomon, a burley man with Native American cheekbones and pinned back raven hair, easily resembling Gerard Butler, yet far more muscular. Hugging him from the side she explores first Heidi and their son's heated connection, then Solomon's interest in the girls tight lily white bottom. She knew her man well, he was curious just what this blond was all about. Protective of his son, yet wanting him to grow up to be more than a measly rocker. It was Solomon's mission in life to groom his boy the best he could.  
  
"She has a really nice ass." Jacki winks at her man, knowing his friends were divided between Heidi and Jacki herself, not to mention her friend Geneva.  
  
"That she does." Solo Kytes nods.  
  
"Our son is growing up so fast." She reaches a soft hand down to her man's jeans and palms his brewing erection, "As is his Father."  
  
"That I am." He nodded again barely looking at his wife.  
  
"You want her don't you?"  
  
"That I do."  
  
"What about Weaver? It appears he really likes this girl."  
  
"That he does."  
  
"Perhaps..." She bites her tongue then kisses him on the cheek, she knew better than suggest anything to her man, he had his own thoughts.  
  
"Let's break up the lovebirds." He sighs then reacts to Jacki in a less obsessed manner, "Introduce ourselves Feather." He held her hand and walked up to the devouring young adults. Clearing his throat Solomon takes his cold beer and runs it up the spine of his shirtless son. The chill made Weaver jump and break away from their lip lock.  
  
"FUCK!"  
  
"If I didn't do that you two might have gone that route." Solomon smirked as Heidi lay her chin on Weaver's shoulder sharing her big beautiful eyes with his parents. Jacki smiled back with a hint of wanting to call the girl a tease. She knew one when she saw one.  
  
"Gonna introduce your chippie?" Jacki hugged Solomon from the side, her right hand caressing his t-shirt, fingers lifting the material to reveal his chiseled lower abdomen just to see if Heidi's eyes would follow her lead. Heidi chose to merely be coy about it. Eye contact was needed right now.  
  
"Mom, Dad? This is Heidi Baker."  
  
"Solomon, call me Solo. This is Jacki, call her Feather."  
  
"Jacki is fine sweetheart."  
  
"Hi." Is all Heidi could manage as her legs released Weaver to plop back down on the driveway in her heels. Adjusting her hoodie to cover her lower cleavage better, yet leaving her shorts lifted up in the right places Heidi stood with smugness. "Weaver tells me you're a stripper."  
  
"The best." Solomon winks at his wife and pats her butt, fingers slipping through the blind side of her bikini bottoms for a full contact feel. Jacki didn't even jump, she was used to being pawed up in public.  
  
Weaver coughed up the one thing he knew would relax his Mother into liking Heidi, instead of scrutinizing her, "Heidi said she's considered being a stripper."  
  
"Really?" Jacki brightened up, "With a body like yours you would rake in big money."  
  
"Lord I could use the money." She rolled her eyes briefly, "I don't know though. I mean I'm comfortable in my body but..."  
  
"Being manhandled by lots of horny men doesn't sound intimidating?" Jacki laughs, "You get used to it."  
  
"Oh, I'm good with that." Heidi shifts her gaze to Solomon, his wince studying her every word and expression, "I'm not sure my Dad would approve." Again, she used her roomie Zach as a fall guy. "He rides a Harley too by the way."  
  
"Does he now?" Solomon took interest, "Patched anywhere?"  
  
"Tire patch maybe. He's just an enthusiast Dad." Weaver took point.  
  
"Right! No vests, no Kurt Sutter inspirations. He's an insulation, vinyl siding guy, until a better job comes his way."  
  
"It looks like your friend and Kismet ran off together." Geneva joins the family moving to the opposite side of Solomon to partake in his chest, but more toward his pecs, Solomon's shirt showed off lots of musculature thanks to the bikini sisters. His gaze never left Heidi however, only his hand, which tucked his beer bottle into the back of Geneva's bikini bottoms like a huggee, then palming her bare ass. Geneva had no shock value in her expression either.  
  
"My stepsister Kayla. Kismet likes her, this is their first date."  
  
"I see." The raven haired beauty smiled, "I'm Kismet's Mother, Geneva."  
  
"HI...di." She waved playing with her wording. In Heidi's mind she chuckled, "No way is Weaver and Kismet not brother and sister. Crazy!"  
  
"Heidi has aspirations of being a dancer." Jacki shared with her bestie.  
  
"Wonderful, more competition." Geneva winked, "I'm joking. You would certainly bring up the house."  
  
"Isn't that bring down the house?" Both women lift a single index finger as if a dick growing erect. That answered that. "Oh! That's funny."  
  
"We need to get practice started." Weaver drew Heidi's attention, hearing Wayne play a few chords as a lure.  
  
"I have a wonderful idea." Jacki trailed her nails along Solo's beltline. "Weaver? Why don't you and the band be our DJ and we can show your beautiful girlfriend here how to dance."  
  
"I knew that was gonna happen." Weaver shook his head glancing at Heidi with a scowl. "You wanna do that?"  
  
"I'm here for you Rooster Boy." Heidi flicks his pink mohawk, "I've never swung on a strippers pole before though."  
  
"You sure?" Weaver leers over his shoulder at the rest of the Tribal Welder's drinking away and ogling Heidi. A secondary glance toward his Dad made him swallow dryly. He knew that any form of disrespect toward Solo and his club was forbidden. Solomon took note of his son's stress and sighed pinching the butts of his wife and her friend making them jump. Removing his hands from their bikini bottoms Solomon reclaimed his beer from Geneva's butt huggee and drank what was left of it.  
  
"Play some dance songs Boy."  
  
Nodding Weaver retrieved his mic from the grass and began to step away from Heidi when she stopped him to whisper, "I'm a big girl, just breath for me. Open minds remember?"  
  
"Yeah, but..." He exhales just as she places fingers over his lips.  
  
"Five Finger Death Punch?" She winks.  
  
"Under and Over it?"  
  
"If you're lucky." She licks the tip of his nose, she knew just what to say. Twisting in step she swats Weaver's ass from behind like a suave pro and eyes his parents, "Show me the ropes Ladies." She was hoping for ropes of cum, not really. Ehhh? Debatable.  
  
"I like her." Jacki puckers toward Solomon. Taking her by the hand Jacki led Heidi toward the other members of the club. A point toward each made swift introductions, "Forge, Butane, Gutter, Lash, and Chokehold."

"Oh, those names aren't intimidating at all." Heidi laughed being drug along, after a shaky flutter of fingers to say hello.  
  
"You're safe. Just enjoy yourself Sweetie."  
  
"I can do that." Off to the right of the garage was a large yard with a wood deck stage, complete with a canopy and a shiny stripper pole, surrounding it wooden benches without arms. As they crossed the yard they heard Weaver over his mic calling out for Kismet with, "Pull your pants up Skank, we're on."  
  
Heidi laughed then looked left to see Kismet stepping around the corner of the garage rear wiping her face, lipstick awry. A closer glimpse spotted Kayla buttoning up her shorts. "Holy shit! Kismet moves fast." Too funny. Before leaving Kayla behind Kismet grabbed her by the hand and took her into the garage with her. Kayla was so enthralled by the girl she completely overlooked Heidi in the yard. "Bet she has black lipstick on her clit." Heidi just shook her head.  
  
Reaching the stage Jacki took her up on to the platform. "I think my son is smitten."  
  
"Ya think? I have that effect on boys."  
  
"Such passion." Jacki winks, "Men should worship us."  
  
"I've always said that. I like worshipping guys more though." She laughs, "Don't think badly, just saying. I like Rooster Boy."  
  
"On this stage...we get worshipped for what we offer. It's our job to bend men to our will, not vice versa. Our bodies are a temple."  
  
"Couldn't agree more Momma Goddess."  
  
"Mmmm! You just might be a keeper."  
  
"Day at a time...ummm, I have a question..."  
  
"Ask away." Jacki fiddles with her bikini a bit.  
  
"Why are your Husband and his buddies looking at me and whispering?"  
  
"You get that in any establishment. Should you work at a club you're going to hear lots of wolf calls. Solo is just planning to make your experience special."  
  
"Oh! Uhhh, how?"  
  
"You'll see. Relax my lovely."  
  
"Nerves aren't too bad. Haven't started dancing yet though." Heidi explores the pole, rolling her fingers along its steely exterior, marveling at the smooth, chilly temptation. "Can I swing around it?"  
  
"That's what it's there for Sweetie. Show me what you think is the right way to do it."  
  
Heidi brightens up palming the pole with both hands, her eyes almost crossing as she sees her reflection in the metallic surface. Stepping out of Heidi's way Jacki awaits the girls attempt. A single twirl around the pole Heidi nearly trips over her heels. Stopping her momentum she lifts one foot at a time and removes her shoes. Jacki smirked, "You can do that for now but you need to learn how to navigate in heels. Even heels that are much taller. Stilettos are what men want us in. That's about all too." She giggles.  
  
"Right. Just let me get a feel of the pole first. I can put them back on."  
  
"What size are your shoes? We look to have similar size."  
  
"Seven."  
  
"Perfect. You keep practicing I'll go get you some real heels." Jacki takes her leave while Heidi twirls the pole multiple times. Alone for only a few minutes Solomon and his friends Butane and Forge approach the edge of the stage to watch her. She knew they were there but kept focus on her style.  
  
"Looks like a natural." Butane nodded at her.  
  
"I'm trying."  
  
Both Butane and Forge compliment her with a flurry of two bills at the same time. Heidi in her rounding to face them catches a glimpse of money on the stage. Dropping her jaw she slows her routine to look down at the cash.  
  
"Is it really that easy?" She laughs.  
  
"Only the beginning Blondie." Forge chuckled rubbing his goatee. Eying the cash Heidi didn't know how to react at first, a stare at it made her stutter.  
  
"A-are those fifty dollar bills? Two hundred for just a few twirls on the pole?" As the music begins with Heidi's song request she bubbles up at the growls coming out of Weaver over the mic, his tone nearly as gruff as that of Ivan Moody himself. She shivered and swung on the pole twice more pondering the whole situation. "Easy rent money. If I went home with a wad of cash I could toss it at Zach and say look who the bread winner really is."  
  
Another two rotations Solomon adds his own funding, "Holy fuck! That's a hundred. No way!" Choosing to ignore them to gather her thoughts and to feel the music Heidi gave the pole a ride, trying her hand at a one handed swing, with her left hand toying with the chain attached to her hoodie and her boy shorts. Tugging on her shorts they crept up higher on her butt cheeks than they already were. That warranted another pair of twenties. The remaining bikers moved to the opposite side of the stage and tossed more twenties. "Oh hell yes! I'm so draining these bad boys dry." She laughs at herself, "Cum and cash." There was that fetish begging again. She needed to reel that in.  
  
Geneva stood to the sideline watching from Heidi's left, forming her own opinion of the girls newness, she did catch on pretty fast. Noting a continual repetition of the same moves Geneva just had to intervene. Stepping up on stage Geneva shares her experience. "Try hooking your toes around the base of the pole, circle twice then grab the pole with both hands."  
  
"Show me." Heidi stepped back but just for effect slapped her netted butt cheeks toward Solomon's group to keep their attention. Leering back she grinned, "Hang in there." at them. The men smirked with affirmative nods, Solomon approving of her spunk.  
  
Careful observations of Geneva's technique the woman coaxed Heidi back to perform her own version of the moves. A good student Heidi did it perfectly, Geneva applauding her actions. "Good! Reverse hook now." Heidi in a switch of hands used her opposite toes to swing low and wide. In her spin she called out, "Oh come on guys, I deserve compliments." Laughing with her another twenty was tossed on stage.  
  
"Teachers get paid too." Geneva scolds the men, a five dollar bill each made her flip them off. She knew it was in good fun, so did they.  
  
"Use the pole to engage your audience. Let me have the pole." Geneva motions Heidi aside, this time she bends over facing Chokehold and Gutter slapping her ass then waving at them between her legs. That deserved another ten dollar bill each. Heidi giggled then trained her focus on Geneva who hugged the pole, placing her well crafted 40D's to both sides of the pole squeezing them around it as if she was being titty fucked. Crouching down the pole rubbed her inner thighs as she fans her knees wide then hides her bikini patch just as quickly.  
  
"Oh that's hot G-string." Heidi complimented Geneva with her own nickname.  
  
"Love the moniker. You try it."  
  
Heidi pinches her hoodie with the chains holding it down to conceal her breasts. "Ummm! Kind of pinned down." Shrugging at her predicament Heidi detached the chains from her hoodie and let it become more flexible. Without so much as a blink of hesitation Heidi lifted her hoodie and showed off her tits, her bright pink nipples erect and begging for attention. They got them. A fifty dollar bill from each biker graced the stage. Moving to the pole she gripped the sides of her tits and smothered the cold pipe, leaving her nipples in full bloom for their enjoyment. More fifties flew in view. Her heart was racing as she slid low to do as Geneva had by riding the pole up close, her pussy right up against the metal. Fifties fluttered down like butterflies.  
  
Jacki Kytes returned stepping to the side of the stage that Geneva had hopped up from. Sitting the stiletto heels down she climbed up and just sat down Indian style to watch. She admired not just Heidi being close enough to topless, but all of the money spread out. The guys were being generous today.  
  
Song ending Heidi stood up and relaxed, her hoodie only half concealing her breasts, one nipple holding up the material until she moved around. Once covered she fans herself with her hands. "Hi Feather."  
  
Jacki waved back then stood up, "Looks like you're coming into your own."  
  
"It's not hard, but they are." She laughed pointing at the bikers in a fanning gesture. Everyone agreed. "Show me more." Hearing her enthusiasm the guys whistled and added, "SHOW US MORE."  
  
"I'll take care of that part Sweetie." Jacki unties her bikini top and takes it off, tossing it at Solo who shook his head grinning.  
  
"Holy shit! Momma Goddess has nice tits." Heidi verbally complimented her. "Pornstar tits even."  
  
"Cost enough." Solomon chuckled.  
  
"Worth every penis Big Boy." Jacki stuck her tongue out at her man. The men lowered there gaze and bit their lips, of course they all agreed.  
  
"Might as well join the party." Geneva took her top off too and also tossed it at Solomon. He dangled one bikini bra over each shoulder. Heidi exhaled a silent whistle and bulged her eyes.  
  
"Already seen the girls so what the heck." Heidi shrugged and removed her hoodie to reveal her entire upper body. The whistles escalated in a single breath and every biker there tossed another hundred on the stage.  
  
"They like you Blondie." Geneva laughs.  
  
"Well, duhhhh!" She winks then practices on the pole a few more times, "Where's my jams?"  
  
Butane left the gathering and walked over to the garage and gave the band a few ideas. Not one of them were on their playlist until now. Weaver rolled his eyes and stepped around the corner of the garage to see Heidi and his Mother topless. A huff of "Why me?" led them into a GnR song, namely Welcome to the Jungle. Weaver did his best. That is once Kayla and Kismet stopped kissing. Kayla was too into her own surroundings to even check on Heidi.  
  
"Love this song." Heidi bubbled up.  
  
"Time to work the crowd." Geneva took point dancing closer on stage in front of Gutter, Lash, and Chokehold. Hands in her hair like a wild woman Geneva shook her tits then dropped to her knees to run her hands over her body, going so far as to patting her pussy beneath her bikini bottoms. Watching her work it Heidi danced to the song in her own comfort zone at the moment, merely picking up tips in Geneva's actions.  
  
"See what she's doing?" Jacki stepped in to talk to Heidi.  
  
"Ummm? Making them want her?"  
  
"That's the priority when you're a stripper Sweetheart. Men need to be ravenous yet can't act on it."  
  
"Right! Bouncers beat them off." She laughs, "Wait! That sounded gay."  
  
"You're adorable. Nice tits yourself by the way."  
  
"They're real. No disrespect." Heidi points at Jacki's implants.  
  
"None taken. The time will come Sweetie. Trust Momma."  
  
"Ways off. Soooo are we just watching G-string there?"  
  
"Oh, no. Do what you feel comfortable doing. I don't want my son to be disappointed in you."  
  
"Not worried. He and I have an agreement."  
  
"Interesting." Jacki didn't even ask what it was. Heidi suspected it didn't matter.  
  
"Follow me." Jacki made the distance toward Solomon and the boys and began her own seductive dance, she lay down on stage with her back to them and arched her spine to lift her massive melons, nipples darting toward the canopy. Fingers pinching them, teasing her areolas. Money came fluttering over her breasts.  
  
Heidi took a deep breath then joined Jacki to her left and did the same move, only Heidi licked her lips and wagged her tongue at them. Legs rising straight up, Jacki fanned them wide back and forth running her hands down between her legs as her back arched even higher. More cash was flipped over her body. Repeating her every move Heidi got into it, money mounting up around her. She was in absolute awe of the amount of money being wandered. She was afraid it was only a show and the cash wasn't hers to keep. Oh well. It was fun regardless.  
  
Guns & Roses ending Weaver relinquished his voice to another. In a surprise outing a female singer entered the property line. The women stood up and tugged at their bikini bottoms and yanked them down to clitoral level. Heidi swallowed and looked toward the garage.  
  
"Is that Kismet singing?" She was actually pretty good. Her song choice was In This Moment's Whore. Laughing at the timing Heidi felt like one. Watching Jacki and Geneva both leave the stage together toward Solomon and his side, they encouraged the men to sit on the wooden benches and crawled up into their laps. Jacki on Butane, Geneva on Forge. That just left Solomon until the other side joined him in standing before Heidi. Money was continually tossed at Heidi's feet every few seconds making her eyes flare up. This deserved at least a dance. She did her best in touching herself and dropping to her knees on the edge of the stage. Kneecaps hanging on the rim she met with Solomon and grinded seductively up close to his chest, daring to run her nipples up along his belly. In reaction Solo lifts his t-shirt up to his chin and lets her trail her nipples along his muscles. Heidi tried to remain calm and go with the flow. She hadn't planned on going into close contact moves. For some reason the money made her curious. Too curious considering Weaver was right across the yard in the garage. Regardless of their openminded agreements this was his Father.  
  
Behind her roadblock of testosterone Geneva and Jacki were going the extra mile. In their lap dancing they were literally rubbing their labia's over hard concealed erections. A snapped glance between men Heidi realized this and softly whispered, "Whoa!"  
  
Dare she? Not yet, let her confidence brew a bit more. Falling backwards Heidi lifted her legs in the air and fanned them wide as she had earlier alongside Jacki, only this time facing the men. More money drowned her belly. How much had all this calculated up to? "Gotta be over a grand. God I hope I can keep it all."  
  
Using her feet this time Heidi caressed Solo's chiseled abs, then switches one foot over to touch Lash directly over his erection. That got her a hundred dollar bill shown to her just before being flicked on to her thighs. The thin chains that were still clipped to her boy shorts dangled about until Gutter picked up one and lightly tugged at it. Heidi merely watched him toy with the ring pulling the chain taunt until the ring stood tall.  
  
Chokehold claimed a second chain on her opposite hip and tugged it as well, she could feel the shorts want to peel away. Hips raising without even thinking of doing so she swayed her hips sensually, trying hard to keep her feet active, using Lash and Solo as leverage. Lash spotting a third chain leaned over and snatched it up. That just left one chain unaccounted for. Solomon nodded at Heidi and noted the final clip. Heidi followed his eyes to the links to her side and lowered her hips to allow herself mobility to procure the final clip and actually offer it to Solo. Once in his possession she lifted her hips again, using her shoulder blades to support her as she squeezed her breasts together.  
  
"Fourplay?" Lash chuckled just as the song ended. Bad timing it was, Heidi was getting wet as hell. With only a brief intermission the mic went back to Weaver, leading the band into Pantera territory with the song Drag the Waters. Befitting the situation Heidi dropped her head to the stage laughing. Without a struggle all four bikers yanked on her chains at once and peeled her boy shorts from her hips like a grape. Down past her upper thighs her lovely peach revealed itself, her legs lifting away in order for them to pull her shorts completely off, leaving her only in fishnet. Everyone but Solo complimented her pink pussy.  
  
"Oh, that's one nice snatch." Gutter praised her.  
  
"Did you say snatch...or catch?" Heidi laughed tugging at her fishnet leggings. "Call me the Little Mermaid."  
  
Solo cracked his neck then snapped a glare toward the garage to be certain his son wasn't looking before making his mind up on his next move.  
  
"Answer me this..." Solo glared at her, "Are you worth all this money?"  
  
"I'm worth way more, but I'm not greedy."  
  
"Keep up with the wife and the slut." Solo turns and walks away taking a seat between his boys Forge and Butane with Jacki and Geneva in their laps grinding hard, tits smothering the men's faces to both sides. The standing boys offer her and hand up and she sits on the stage to take their hands. Pulling her to her feet she struts directly toward Weaver's dad and admires the women's frolicking, a closer inspection found their pussies rubbing hard on their crotches. She thought so.  
  
Fanning herself she crawled into Solo's lap and drew her breasts up toward the sides of his cheeks as the girls were doing. Riding his pent up tent her eyes rolled back at the sensations of her labia wrapped along his girth. Her thoughts were off the charts. Was this a mistake? Her hormones told her no. Her fondness of Weaver told her yes. Why wasn't she stopping?  
  
Solo's hands found her fishnets and rolled them down over her ass cheeks, fingers sliding beneath the roll to palm both of her cheeks at the same time. Throwing glances from Jacki to Geneva, Heidi explored their actions. No longer were they smothering the profiles of their seating arrangements, they were now just planting their tits directly in their faces, mouths wide and kissing their nipples. Both women ignored Heidi, devoting their rides to Forge and Butane. Whimpering a bit at seeing teeth biting at nipples Heidi glares at Solomon.  
  
"Losing money Hotstuff." Solo growled.  
  
"Weaver's worth more," She leaned in to kiss Solo on the cheek, "but, I'm stubborn. Keep your money, I'm proving myself for free. Uhhh? Changed my mind I need money." She pinches his mouth open and lifts up to place her right nipple into his lips. Solo took the bait and devoured her tit. One hand still on her butt cheek the other roamed her soft back up to her neckline. Heidi gave him a worthy show for certain, her thighs gliding over a bulldog beast cock. "You like that nipple Daddy Kytes?" She leans in to whisper. Tugging it between clenched teeth he nods taking it with his head movement. Her palms held his cheeks with a warm reception. "You should try the other one."  
  
"That one's mine Sweetheart." Jacki leaned sideways and moved Heidi's other breast at an angle to suckle it. Mind blown. Between both of Weaver's parents she was rolling her eyes back.  
  
Lips leaving both tits Solo questions her further, "What's your intentions for my son?"  
  
"Anything he wants I'll deliver. I'm good like that."  
  
"Next lesson." Solo snaps at Jacki then at Geneva. Both women return to Butane and Forge sitting upright to begin unbuckling belts. Heidi observing this looks over her shoulder at the standing bikers.  
  
"Hey! I don't see money flying." Everyone chuckled just as the song quieted down. Expecting Weaver to take a break Heidi fidgeted a bit. What would he think of seeing her naked in his Father's lap? Would he break their open relationship off? She was free to do what she wanted, but hurting him was not what she wanted.  
  
Buckles swinging wide pants were being unzipped with the eager aid of Jacki and Geneva. In seconds they were dragging out large dicks and fondling them. Heidi had to question this, "Ummm! Do you two do this kind of thing where you dance?"  
  
"No. But, at this resort we do." Jacki winked.  
  
"Keeping up?" Solo narrowed his eyes.  
  
"Are you?" Heidi mimicked him then went for his buckle. Encouraging his jeans open she lifted a monstrosity nearly ten inches out for air. "Now I see where Weaver gets his from. Loving the DNA."  
  
"We're loving the TNA." Gutter chuckled.  
  
"Couldn't tell you tightwads."  
  
"She's got bite Solo." Chokehold nodded with a puckered lower lip.  
  
Stroking Solo's cock Heidi leaned down to spit lube it before devoting two hands in jerking him off. Avoiding glances at the garage, still without jams she just went with it. Suddenly, Weaver walked up behind the bench to face Heidi. He held his mic up to his mouth just as his band began playing. He didn't seem bitter. "Hi Weaver. I'm going to get your Dad off."  
  
Shaking his head Weaver's only reply was a reinvention of REO Speedwagon's Riding the Storm Out. A quick glance left and right found Geneva and Jacki jerking off their men with vigor and seductive expressions. Then came the money over Heidi's shoulder down on to Solo's belly. Watching Heidi, Weaver sang to her directly, leaning over his Dad's shoulder and patting his back. Solo smirked up at his son and snapped his fingers. Weaver stepped back without losing air.

Both Geneva and Jacki crawled from their laps and knelt in front of the bikers, moving in to suck their cocks. Heidi blew the strands of blond hair from her eyes before patting Solo on the cheek. "Going all the way aren't we Daddy Sol?" She then stood up and looked back at the standing bikers. "A little help here?" She pinched at her fishnets. With a round of sighs both Chokehold and Gutter gripped her leggings and ripped them from her body, she fell forward into Solo's lap as her feet got yanked out from under her in order to remove the leggings completely. Now Heidi Baker was naked.  
  
Hands returning to Solo's cock she fondled him a bit more then joined in on up close attention. Watching Geneva sucking on scrotum and Jacki swallowing Butane's dick six out of eight inches Heidi dug in mouth wide. Taking in Solo's crown she forced her jaws wide and took him deep. Planting his hand on top of her blond hair he held her mouth firm hearing her gurgle. GAME ON! Heidi took him in deeper and felt like hurling at so much in her throat. It was impossible to swallow ten inches but seven? Maybe eight carefully? Fuck that..."Going for nine Motherfucker." Barely able she impressed Solo, removing his forced hand to see if she pulled away. Hell no! She struggled hard for the full ten. With no tonsils she hoped to succeed.  
  
Sudden flashes of giving head to her roommate Zach entered her head recalling their 69 during a massage, that alone made her want to beat the odds. Hearing the bikers groaning around her Geneva took in Forge until he stoked the fires in her throat, cooling them with missiles of cum. Butane followed suit in a rapid fire down the gullet of Jacki Kytes. All Heidi could do was hope Solo wasn't holding out. Fingers squeezing his balls she ran her free hand up his t-shirt to play in his chest hair.  
  
Hearing Weaver's voice trail off but the band still playing Heidi whimpered. Did he finally get mad and charge off? Eying Solo he noted him looking behind her, in that instant she felt her hips lifting and a big cock penetrating her from behind. Weaver Kytes was fucking his girl from behind. A flood of cash billowed over them just as Weaver leaned over her back to whisper, "We both have really fucked up families."  
  
"Fuck that pussy Boy." Solo prodded his son. "Hit 'em." He furthered advice to his standing boys. Pants flew down to their boots and Gutter and Chokehold took Geneva and Jacki doggy style. A symphony of howling bitches attacked the air. Not Heidi, her muffled moans were low volume. Weaver fist bumped his Dad over her shoulder just as both Kytes began to snarl. Four minutes later Weaver pulled out and nutted all over Heidi's ass. Solo held off but nudged her back until he could stand over her. Gripping Heidi's skull he face fucked her until he nutted down her throat. All while she ran wild nails along his hips. Pulling out of her mouth slowly she kissed his crown upon passing her lips. Choking up his jizz she literally hurled over Solo's beast. Feeling badly for it she leaned forward and started licking his cum off of him. He stood tough and nodded his admiration over her. Observing her tongue swirling his cock Solo decided to take her further. Gripping her hair he shuffles back to reclaim his throne and draws Heidi back up into his lap. Her mouth never left his cock until she had no choice. Grinding over him her labia molding around his girth she planted her forehead on his.  
  
"KEEP IT UP!" She licked his brow then reached under him to grab his beast. Lining up into her Heidi sat back on it proudly. From there she looked back at Weaver with a soft, "Kiss me Rooster Boy." Shaking his head no knowing she had just vomited up his Dad's load she pouted then shrugged, "Always another Kyte to string along."  
  
She then kissed Solo full on the lips. Steamy as fuck she had his shirt up to his neck as she rode that big ass cock. In minutes Heidi Baker had her own array of orgasms to compete with the ladies. Without giving her a chance to catch her breath Weaver took on a new strategy. He moved in behind her and trained his own eight plus deity up to her ass and spit on it. Pressing deep Heidi gasped and fed on Solo's lips even further. Jacki and Geneva having finished their rides slipped to both sides of Solo and set about caressing Heidi's hair and body. Another brief orgasm Heidi had to leave Solo's lips. The realization that she was being swarmed made her dizzy. Both women moved in to kiss Heidi on the shoulders and neck, panic was rising. Although incredible to the senses she felt overwhelmed. Fear struck her that every biker there might gangbang her. Where was Kayla in all of this chaos? Caving in Heidi shared kisses with Jacki and Geneva as the men fucked her DP. She was losing the battle.  
  
Strangely even in her fever of ecstasy she felt her feet being touched. Out of no where someone was putting Jacki's spare stiletto heels on Heidi's feet. Leering back with Geneva kissing her throat, Solo palming both of her breasts she discovered Wayne and Garth one applying each shoe.  
  
"Now you look like Cinderella." Garth chuckled until he and Wayne were pushed away by the other bikers. Weaver using her heels to hold her made her pant heavily.  
  
"Worth that money Blondie?" Solo smirked as her lost gaze gradually rediscovered him.  
  
"Weaver?" She mumbled searching for him, finally finding him leaning in to hear her better.  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"I want to go..."  
  
"Home?"  
  
"No...I want to go..." She pouts at him, "...longer. Fuck me Weaver."  
  
Hearing her unexpected announcement Geneva and Jacki moved over her body with lengthy licks. Seeking her chest Heidi arched back to allow them entry, both nipples devoured by the mothers. Solo now had his hands in their hair, while Weaver gripped Heidi's. Sweat was rolling in rivers. As were pussies. The inevitable happened as Weaver withdrew in order to cum on her ass a second time. Jacki winking at her son made him suddenly aware of just how stupid this all was. Weaver's conscience was getting the best of him. Finally, standing back to watch his Dad and the women he shook off his sweat and grew some balls.  
  
"That's enough. I really like Heidi."  
  
"I like you too Weavy." She reeled back with Solo palming her throat, still fucking her. Even Jacki realized the stress in her son's voice and patted Geneva to halt her feasting over Heidi's chest. The women easing away, Solo went...well...solo. Picking Heidi up with his dick still balls deep he walks her over to the stage and lays her back on it. Gripping her ankles he pries her wide and works on finishing his job. Heidi was a moaning, shrieking mess. Weaver just paced back and forth talking to himself in a miserable tone until his Dad began growling. Worried his Dad might unload into her he called out, "DAD!!" Just in the nick of time Solo pulled out and peppered Heidi's cunt with more gooey snow. Quite a lot actually.  
  
Once satisfied Solo lays over Heidi supporting his upper body with massive arms, his vest tickling her ribs. "Be good to my boy."  
  
"That all you got?" She sighed wiping cum from her pussy to show him. Her fetish was crying for more. As Solo rears away Heidi crawls backwards and lays there rubbing his cum all over her abdomen. He shared a wince with Weaver, uncertain what she wanted. Rolling his eyes, Weaver pinches the bridge of his nose.  
  
"Cum fetish."  
  
"No shit." Solo then looks at his club, "Let it rain."  
  
All six bikers hopped on stage and surrounded her, whipping their cocks out to begin another round. None of them ventured to fuck her merely standing tall and jerking off. As they battled Heidi lifted her head and appealed to Weaver, "Kiss me Weavy." Without haste this time he didn't care, Weaver Kytes stretched out behind her head and kissed her lips upside down. She held his head to avoid his escape. For nearly ten minutes the bikers took turns nutting down on Heidi's hot white body. As Butane ended the storm her entire front was creamed over. Rolling her hands in it she continued kissing Weaver until the silence heard a deafening scream. Lifting away Weaver scanned about until he saw Garth pointing into the garage. A second scream was heard, only from another voice.  
  
"Kayla?" Heidi hopped up and crawled from the circle of bikers. In her tall heels she stumbled across the yard and pushed Garth out of the way. Behind the drum set she found Kayla and Kismet naked in a 69 position, Kismet on top totally nude. Shocked by the event Heidi busted up laughing. "I KNEW IT!"  
  
"What?" Kayla lifted her drenched chin from Kismet's pierced snatch.  
  
"She left black lipstick on your clit."  
  
"Why are you covered in cum?"  
  
"Why are you?" Heidi mocked her sister.  
  
Kismet sat up on Kayla's bare breasts and bounced on them playfully. "We still jamming?"  
  
"Rock on Bitch." Heidi laughed, "Love the pierced nips."  
  
Kayla chuckles and pulls Kismet back by her hair over her and pats the girls pussy, "Pierced clit too. I think I want one."  
  
Wayne tuning his guitar drew their attention his way. Singing his own tune he sounded horrible but it was befitting. "Weaver's mom has got it going on." Fountains of Wayne.  
  
Four more songs, more lap dance lessons, parents making small talk.  
  
Heidi liked the Kytes.  
  
The Kytes loved her.  
  
TING! TING! TING!  
  
Gotta love metal.

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