**Be My Guest**

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**Be My Guest Ch. 17: MOOLAH ROUGE**

"My money right?"  
  
Heidi Baker sat around a firepit along the back property of the Kytes residence after an extraordinary day of more than she bargained for. Everyone was gone home except the immediate family consisting of Weaver Kytes her boyfriend if not by a mere agreement, and his Mom and Dad, Jacki and Solomon Kytes. Now that the sun had gone down more clothing was worn, civilized at last.  
  
"You earned it Sweetie." Jacki took point sitting on Solomon's lap and hugging her man. Even in street clothes Momma Goddess looked sexy as fuck. 38 going on 21. Tight jeans and a turtleneck sweater even looked hot. Solomon also looked less barbaric in a polo shirt, or as Heidi teased him a Solo shirt utilizing his shortened nickname wherever she could. They were all getting along fabulously.  
  
"Do all of your girlfriends get big paydays?" Heidi winced at Weaver, she wore one of his long sleeve flannel shirts, nothing beneath it mind you, she merely pulled it over her silky legs and hogged the fireside.  
  
"He's never brought a girl home before." Solo grunts razzing his boy with a squint.  
  
"Daaaad!" Weaver chuckled blushing as he toasted a marshmallow over the fire.  
  
"Ah! Soooo, I'm the token slut for a bunch of bikers."  
  
"Aren't we all?" Jacki giggled, "Sweetie...I warned you earlier to only do what you felt comfortable doing. Obviously you felt right at home. If you want to further a career in dancing I can arrange a test run at Moolah Rouge, where Geneva and I dance."  
  
"I'll think on it. Here's the thing...jabbing a finger at you Soslow...I'm not certain I wanna pursue more of the Tribal Welder boys. No offense, it's no secret I love a good cum show, at least not anymore, but this whole family affair is kind of out there...and trust me I'm way out there." She laughs taking the offered marshmallow and blowing out the fire from its toasted texture. She and Weaver shared the same marshmallow from two sides then kissed as their lips met.  
  
"Aren't they adorable?" Jacki smiled warmly.  
  
"Something like that." Solo sighed swigging his beer.  
  
"Anyways...I like you guys...I really do...especially Rooster Boy. I just don't want to be...the life of every party."  
  
"First time for me too." Weaver acknowledged, "I owe it to you."  
  
Heidi squinted laughing, "Me?"  
  
"Yeah, You!!!" He fell back to sit in the grass.  
  
"Did I ask you to DP me with Big Daddy Slowmo?"  
  
"You're pretty lippy Kid." Solo shook his head.  
  
"Just playful...live with it." She razzed him with her tongue.  
  
"Be careful Sweetie...he might request that tongue."  
  
"Been there sucked that. Had bigger...just kidding...fucking huge Daddio." Solo acted smug at the recognition of his size. "Question...Miss Feather? This Moolah Rouge place...biker bar?"  
  
"A pleasant assortment of locals and bikers. You don't have to work there Sweetheart, it's just an open invitation when you're low on cash."  
  
"Uhhhh!" She lifts a baggy up with a wad of rolled up bills, "Five grand and a few tens. I think I have rent covered a few months. This will help Z...my Dad get caught up, before I found my Dad he nearly got evicted. My savings saved our asses."  
  
"Our son did tell us you just found your Father after never meeting him before." Jacki grew curious wagging her foot about, she was wearing tennis shoes tonight. Strangely Heidi was still wearing her gift of stilettos, determined to break them in or break her leg.  
  
"Long story." Not even a bit of truth, Zach was no relation but the act was ongoing, it was like a security blanket these days. "My mom had a few hookups in her teens...my grandparents moved before she found out she was pregnant with me. Never knew his name until a month ago. People Search online tracked him down." Bullshit!!! Cough!!! Cough!!! Truth only in her mom's hookups. She still didn't know her mom's true sperm donor. Someday maybe.  
  
"That's wonderful. Is he cute?" Jacki winks playfully.  
  
"Looks like the actor Tom Hardy on steroids. He works out a lot. Always doing pushups and sit-ups at home, lives in the gym couple days a week."  
  
"Harley rider you say?" Solo took interest.  
  
"Yeah, but like I said no affiliations. Just owns a bike over a car. Well, he had a beater car before I found him but money required he sell it to keep from living in it." She pauses to look at her cell, "Here I'll show you a photo of us together that Kayla took." As she searches she scrolls past the nude video she had sent Khloe Vaughn of Zach, the few nudes he also sent. Then quickly zipped past her own goofy nudes she had made for Zach when he told his bosses he had a daughter. Finally, the only pic together of them standing side by side in their living room fully clothed was produced. Sharing it she lifts up on her knees to pass her phone to Jacki.  
  
"Mmmmm! Mommy like." Jacki giggled hugging Solo, then showing him as well. He merely puckered.  
  
"Big fella." Solo nodded.  
  
"Yep! I take after my mom."  
  
"Is she cute?" Solo mocked Jacki for her lusting over Zach.  
  
"Crazy but she's still got it. She and my stepdad just got divorced a few months back after ten years together. He's a tattoo artist, has a couple parlors here in Seattle."  
  
"What's his name?"  
  
"Peck Trudeau. Big guy, bald with tattoos on his head, shoulders, and arms."  
  
"I know Peck." Solo smirks, "I wondered when I saw that sunflower tat over your clit. So Kismet's new rug is your stepsister? Peck's kid?"  
  
"Yep! Not to spill her thoughts but she's new to the bisexual thing. Few guys never a girl before our friend Nasty. I'm talking too much. Shutting my yap now."  
  
"What's ole' Peck think of your Dad?"  
  
Heidi froze and looked down, "They haven't met yet. Honestly, I haven't even talked to Peck since meeting my Dad." She was getting buried by her lies. If Solo talked to Peck about Zach he would get really inquisitive. Not only that but Peck would end up telling her Mom Aniston about it and she would pop a gasket. Her deception was going to get blown up here soon.  
  
"Your Dad is single then?" Jacki prodded further, almost hopeful.  
  
"Well, he has a lot of girlfriends."  
  
"Understatement." Weaver chuckles, "One of them is a girl I graduated with named Cleo."  
  
Jacki bulged her eyes at the revelation, "My your Father likes them young."  
  
"Yeah, he does."  
  
"Khloe's like 22 right?" Weaver added another bit of info to the mix.  
  
"Somewhere in there I forget."  
  
"Now probably Khloe's sister Kyndal, and the Barista with the blue hair."  
  
"He's a playa what can I say?"  
  
"His friends fiancée. The redheaded neighbor."  
  
"You need to shush Rooster." Heidi found herself overwhelmed by the thoughts. Zach had a gift for certain. Sadly, it was Heidi that hooked them all up with him, with the exception of Iris McNamara.  
  
"That's some menu." Solo smirked then winked at Weaver, "Maybe you should invite him to dinner sometime Boy. He can bring a guest or five."  
  
"If you want I can." Weaver looked at Heidi as if seeking assurance it was alright.  
  
"Ummm! I really don't want my Dad to know I did the things I did today. Us being so new to one another. I don't want him to think I'm a hooker or anything." She holds up the baggy of money.  
  
"Secret's safe with us Sweetie. Has he been to Moolah Rouge?"  
  
"I don't know, we don't discuss strip clubs." She lifts forward again to reclaim her cell from Jacki after a second look, in her angle her flannel shirt fell wide to offer a nice peek at her dangling breasts in the fires glow. She lingered there after noticing Solo looking. She was shameless for a few moments longer then sat back down. For a girl not wanting to go toward more of the events she experienced earlier she sure loved being wanted. Solo's eyes were hungry.  
  
"Will your Dad question you over that money?" Jacki asked.  
  
"Not telling him. It's going in the bank until rent is due. He was out of a job for a long stretch and I think pride is important. He's trying hard to be a supportive Dad. Now that he's working again I'll let him think it's all on him, I'll contribute with food and utilities."  
  
"It sounds like the two of you have it all worked out." Jacki lifts away from Solo's lap and moves out into the grass unzipping her butt zipper jeans to take a squat, pissing in front of everyone. Once done she stands up and stretches, "I need a nap before the graveyard shift."  
  
"I should be getting home too. Dad might start calling here soon."  
  
"Come back soon Sweetie. You're always welcome here."  
  
"Thanks Jacki. I need more dance lessons...without the sex involved."  
  
"Stop by the club. It's out by the shipyard."  
  
"Maybe. Night Momma Goddess." Heidi hops to her feet to give her a hug. With her back to Solo she staggers in her stilettos which weren't meant for grass and lurched forward to be caught by Jacki, her bare ass mooning the male Kytes. Weaver grinned at his Dad, Solo winked back, the son seeking his Dad's approval at all times. Once standing tall Jacki hugged Heidi and bid farewell.  
  
"I'll go grab my van keys." Weaver climbed to his feet and gave Heidi a kiss, before following his Mom into the house. Leaving Heidi and Solo alone seemed like a good idea until it actually happened.  
  
"DANCE!"  
  
"What?" She peaked an eye brow.  
  
Sitting up to claim his wallet he peeled two hundred more out and held it up between fingers. "In front of the fire."  
  
"Shit!" She sighed, "I don't..." Two more hundred dollar bills rose high for her to see. "Dammit! Is this some test Solong?"  
  
"DANCE!"  
  
Stumbling awkwardly to move in front of him and dance to the tune of a preprogrammed jukebox in his garage, she unbuttoned her flannel and used it seductively. Finally, the shirt fell to the grass and her hands went into her hair. She knew she was gorgeous in the glow, his hungry eyes enjoying her body. The song was Wicked Garden by the Stone Temple Pilots, a song Heidi loved. Her dance moves were erotic, proving she had stripper in her DNA. Turning her back to Solo she twerked to the best of her ability just for kicks even if it didn't fit the song.  
  
"WILD!" He snapped, sending her into a frenzy until her heels nearly toppled her into the firepit. Groaning at them becoming a nuisance she yanked them from her feet and resumed her madness. She threw her body forward at Solo and knelt at his knees, fanning them wide as her hair lashed at his crotch. Literally biting his erection she gave him wild. The sensation made Solo grit his teeth. Hopping up she turned around and sat backwards in his lap, grinding on his tentpole. Laying back against his chest she caressed his face taking a huge risk of slapping him on the face at an awkward pose. He didn't even flinch.  
  
Hands wrapping around her body he palmed and squeezed her tits, leaving marks in her flesh, his retaliation for the slap. Still she rolled about over his beast, her hormones were hitting overdrive yet again. Holding her against his chest his right hand lowered until fingers sank deep inside her cunt. He took her for a ride of his own. A violent finger fucking made her squeal and hold on for dear life. Heidi Baker squirted all over his knuckles. Releasing her pussy he brought his hand up to her face and smothered her cheeks with her dampness, then feeding her mouth with her taste. She sucked on his fingers feverishly then bit his hand until he pulled them from her lips. Fighting to escape him he let her go only to watch her turn and face him, hands back in her hair with a dark visual in her eyes. Charging him she straddled his lap and ground her wet pussy all over his jeans. He found himself impressed by her determination. Then came the kiss. She stormed his lips and fed on him as if he were the greatest lover alive.  
  
Wicked Garden ending the tune switched to Def Leppard's Animal...how fitting it was. Her bestial show drew blood as she bit his lower lip and took his hands to her ass cheeks. Squeezing them, prying her crack wide, her bloody kiss continued. Solomon Kytes enjoyed his son's slut immensely. Fingering her butt pucker drove her crazy, now hopping up and down on Solo's covered beast. Each impact made him wince. In a sudden turn Solomon fired off inside his jeans in a guttural snarl.  
  
"Now we're even." She growled along with him. A slap to Heidi's ass let her go. Nope! She sat up in his lap and looked him in the eye. "Don't think you're using me Nolo. I'm my own girl. Not that this wasn't a blast, it is. Just don't get the wrong idea. I like Weaver, I like you guys. My life."  
  
"When I call, you come." He challenges her.  
  
"Keep your money. I'm not your hooker."  
  
"Money's earned. So is the respect."  
  
Weaver watched from the side of the house, hands in his pockets, worried what was going on. Finally, Heidi crawls from Solo's lap retrieving Weaver's flannel shirt, putting it back on. Snatching up her baggy of large bills, then kneeling around Solo to pluck up her extra two hundred she tried not to laugh at her reality. He ignored her finishing off his beer almost arrogantly. Heels put back on she stumbles around Solo and approaches him from behind, arms entwining his neck with a hug. "Next time you dance for me." A kiss on the cheek she left him to shake his head. She was a force to be reckoned with.  
  
Meeting Weaver she noted him holding her hoodie, chains, and boy shorts on his shoulder. "You okay?"  
  
"I'm awesome."  
  
"Dad...hurt you?"  
  
"Nope!" She took her outfit from his shoulder, "We reached an understanding. Race you to the van." A wink later she tried to run, her heels made that impossible. Laughing at her Weaver gave chase and picked her up tossing her over his shoulder, listening to her squeal. Reaching the van still parked on the street he stood her up to unlock the doors. Heidi pounced again shoving him back toward the sliding door on the side ferociously devouring his mouth. Her clothing hit the street and laid there as they made out hot and heavy.  
  
Breaking away from her without her letting go, he reached over and opened the door he was pressed up against. Sliding it became a battle that he won until it was open enough to push poor Weaver backwards into the interior. Carpeted, the comfort at least made the back of the van more appealing. Luckily it was empty of band equipment.  
  
Legs dangling out over the threshold Heidi headed straight for his zipper, laughter all the way. Once achieving her goal of getting his pants down to his knees, she yanked his boxers down and crawled over him, mounting his cock in a very bad angle. An eventual, "Scoot up more." led them into the interior for room to work. The door remained open for the cool air to grace their bodies. Her flannel shirt unbuttoned and draping over her creamy shoulders she jumped his bones more easily, his cock impaling her wet pussy with a sensual ease. Sitting up on him she rode like a champ.  
  
"What's got into you?" Weaver moaned at her energy level.  
  
"Who hasn't? Blame your Dad for this." She leaned forward dangling her breasts over his face as she grinded on his dick obsessively. She just could not find it in her to stop, cumming time after time, the van rocking its shocks to peak performance. Being an older van there were screeching springs.  
  
"What's my Dad got to do with you raping me?"  
  
"Because I wanted to fuck him again ten minutes ago you idiot. I resisted because of you."  
  
"You did?"  
  
"Fuck yes I did. He knows all the right buttons to push with me. I can't promise I won't fuck him again Rooster, please don't hate me."  
  
"I could never hate you. You...like my Dad?"  
  
"NOOOOO! Just his dick. Shut up!" She stormed his mouth again into a French feeding frenzy. In her overheated state she took her flannel shirt off which housed her bag of money in a buttoned front pocket for safety. Off to her left it went. Fully nude she rode his cock raw. In their fevered sex neither heard the rumble of a Harley as Solo Kytes decided to go for a ride. Headlight moving toward the van down his driveway he stopped to bare witness to their passion.  
  
"Fuck me." He grumbled under his breath watching Heidi's ass bouncing insanely on his boy's cock, even from a distance he could enjoy her cunt, diving balls deep over him and rising mid shaft for another depth charge. Again and again, it was mesmerizing. Once Heidi realized her well lit voyeur, she flipped him off over her back. Her attitude made Solomon chuckle. In a rev of his bike Solomon left them to their fun.  
  
Feeling Weaver tensing up she pulled off of him in a blur and moved to suck his dick until the dam burst. He filled her mouth with a youthful stream of white Heaven. She swallowed every drop. Weaver knowing she was never satisfied took charge and pulled her over him, rolling them over so that he was on top to enact missionary. Her legs went into the air to his sides like jet fighter wings as he drilled his crown back into her. For another twenty minutes they destroyed one another. Within their final fits of madness they heard a knock on the side of the van. Outside looking in stood Jacki Kytes watching her son up close ramming his cock magnificently into Heidi's ripped wide pussy.  
  
"You two can use the house I'm off to work. Fire up the jacuzzi."  
  
"Cozy right here Momma Goddess. Thanks though." Heidi replied, halfway moaning and running low on oxygen.  
  
"You kids are so cute."  
  
"MOOOOOMMMM!" Weaver raised his left foot and kicked the sliding door.  
  
"Awwwwww! She's wearing my stiletto heels."  
  
"Stab her already." Weaver laughed.  
  
"I'm going. Have fun."  
  
Her Camaro on the street opposite the van Jacki started the engine and tooted her horn. Alone at last. In the confusion Weaver accidently came inside Heidi making her yelp. "Oh crap! I didn't mean to do that."  
  
"Let's not do that again Rooster Boy. I don't wanna make your Dad a Grandfather."  
  
"Or, your Dad." He chuckled. Hearing the counterpoint jest Heidi froze up. The Zach as Dad thing was getting out of hand. Patting Weaver's ass to pull out and get off of her they sat there in the darkness. He could tell she was troubled. "I'm sorry."  
  
"Not the cream pie Weavy. Just...thinking. I need you to keep the money thing from my Dad. Stop telling your parents Dad's every move too. It's not just you, I spoke way too much too. I...I'm just getting close to him."  
  
"Close? He shot his load on you last night. For only knowing each other a month you're awfully chummy."  
  
"So I'm a nympho slut cunt, I take after him in that aspect." She rolls her eyes. "I'm just...worried. Not just about him, but my mom too. She has no idea how I get, I've always played the good little girl around her. I'm such an idiot Weaver...my Mom doesn't even know I found Zach." Digging her grave deeper with lies, this relationship was likely hopeless.  
  
"What? So...I'm confused."  
  
"That makes two of us. Take me home?"  
  
"Are you...dumping me? Feels like it."  
  
"NOOOOOOOO!" She leaps to her knees and holds him tight. "I like you that's no lie. Tonight...heck this whole month has just been crazy. The one thing that isn't...is you. Just...be patient with me Weavy."  
  
"You got it."  
  
"Are you upset I fucked your Dad?"  
  
"How can I be? I joined him remember? That was so weird, fucking hot though. I've been around the guys enough to see it all, but I've never took part until today. I think I got jealous." He laughed.  
  
"See? That's what I love about you, you let me be myself. It's probably wrong to do things with others like I do, it's not fair to you."  
  
"Hey! I fucked Khloe in front of you last night, so we're even. I'm not stressed as long as you don't dump me. Keep being yourself...even if that means you doing my Dad again."  
  
"We're so ate up." She sighed.  
  
"Confession time?" He grits his teeth.  
  
"Spill it."  
  
"I...kind of like seeing you fuck others, get jizzed on, pretty much all of it."  
  
"Good to know, I'm pretty certain those will happen again."  
  
"Are you really thinking about being a stripper?"  
  
"Money's good. I just don't want...to get too bad. I'm getting there more each day. Maybe I need a sex therapist."

"Seen the pornos, you'd fuck your Therapist too."  
  
"Got me pegged." She giggled, shivering suddenly, "It's getting cold." He hands her the discarded flannel shirt and she puts it back on, patting her money pocket. Crawling out of the van to stand up he pulls his boxers and jeans up. Tossing her hoodie and boy shirts at her she catches them and rolls to move up into the front passenger seat. Slamming the side door Weaver ran around the front of the van and climbed into the drivers seat. As he starts the engine she turns sideways in her seat. "My turn. Confession time?"  
  
"Spill it." Her returns her own words.  
  
"I'm gonna regret this...I just...can't lie to you anymore."  
  
"You've been lying to me?"  
  
"Ohhhhhhhhh yeah!" She winces, "Here's where you dump me."  
  
"Not gonna happen."  
  
"Zach's not my Dad. He's just my roommate. No we're not serious in any way. We just...goof off. I've never even fucked him...well...he has had his dick in me...just not long term. We're freaks."  
  
"You said it best earlier. We're all freaks. You're serious though, right?"  
  
"Yes. That whole dad daughter thing only began to avoid my name getting put on his lease."  
  
"You sounded convincing when you told my parents about Zach as your Dad."  
  
"Speaking of which...let's not let your parents know differently. I'd rather they not look badly at me, possibly trying to persuade you not to trust me. I swear to you that you can. No more lies between us I promise. I just needed to come clean."  
  
Nodding as he glared at her he shrugs, "I'll take the risk. I think we should still let Zach think I believe he's your real Dad."  
  
"You're fucking awesome Weavy."  
  
"Wonder what Zach's doing right now? Better yet, who?"  
  
"Who knows. Stay the night with me?"  
  
"Every night if you ask me to."  
  
"I need a real bed. I can't ask you to crash on a flat futon mattress all the time."  
  
"Ummmm! You do have over five grand in my shirt pocket. Buy a bed."  
  
"That never even occurred to me." She laughs with a relieved conscience, "Maybe I'll call off work at Vicki's Secret Tuesday and go bed shopping. You with me?"  
  
"Only if we test the bed out in the store first."  
  
"Riiiight! You're not that brave yet."  
  
"Might surprise you."  
  
"Uh huh! Dare ya."  
  
"Challenge accepted. You hungry?"  
  
"Just ate marshmallows...and cum. Sure I can eat."  
  
"Chili dogs?"  
  
"Don't you think I've had enough wienies in me?" She giggles.  
  
"Never enough by the sounds of it."  
  
"Y'know what? I don't want to go home yet. Feed me more wieners then let's go watch your Mom at Moolah Rouge."  
  
"Haven't you had enough of my parents for one lifetime?"  
  
"Not yet. I like them, even if your Dad does like to take advantage of his son's girlfriend."  
  
"I recall my Mom doing that too. And, Geneva."  
  
"Yeah my nips are tender now that you mention it. That was hot." She teases her areolas with her shirt partially open. "Drive on Rooster."  
  
Shaking his head at her Weaver Kytes put his van into motion then turned around in order to leave his home behind. Knowing of a good hot dog joint known as WeiNerds three miles away they went inside and ate. Heidi did not add any more clothing other than her shirt, still unbuttoned halfway down offering cleavage. Male workers in the small fast food establishment took turns wiping down vacant tables just to get a look at her. Weaver found it amusing. Heidi found herself unable to stop teasing them. Tummies satisfied it was time to leave. Every man there was sad to see her go.  
  
"Did you see the bulges those guys were fighting?" Weaver laughed as they walked hand in hand back toward the van.  
  
"Why are you looking at other men? Do I need to worry about you going gay?"  
  
Weaver's lil Devil had a brilliant thought whispered into his ear. Yanking her to him halfway across the short well lit parking area he held her with her back to the restaurant. Every guy working there, two that were eating, two others with oblivious girlfriends were looking out at them leave. Tugging her collar he winks at her then peels the half unbuttoned shirt down over her creamy shoulders to show her off. The men were well aware of his gift. Kissing her, Weaver went for her neckline, forcing her head sideways to enjoy his roaming lips. From there his kisses drifted across her bare shoulder. She moaned at his sudden attempt at passion and whispered, "What are you doing to me?"  
  
He said nothing as his hands lowered between their bodies to further unbutton the only three buttons keeping her shirt together. Giggling at his territorial lovemaking she found her shirt slipping away at his encouragement until she stood naked, her, technically his, shirt at her feet. A rash of praising thumbs from the restaurant workers offered their mad respect. Everyone considered Heidi to be the hottest girl around. Nerds!  
  
Turning her to face the restaurant Heidi beguiled her viewers while Weaver kissed her from behind this time. "Using me to get free wieners?" She sighed.  
  
"You read my mind. Drive thru is quiet right now. Go up to the window and tease them."  
  
"There's a camera over the window." She flared her eyes.  
  
"I seriously doubt anybody looks at the footage unless they're being robbed."  
  
"I smell Weaver." She caught a brief scent of dried jizz from earlier in the day, having never showered. Of course the aroma did inspire her sluttiness. "You like flaunting me don't you?"  
  
"I do. Sunday nights are pretty quiet here. Go be crazy." He pats her butt then sends her off. He picked up his shirt from the ground as she wiggled away, her hands fluttering fingers at the workers in the drive thru window. Reaching the window she saw it open with an air of awe.  
  
"Fucking A!" One worker stared at her perfect tits, nipples deadly. Maybe she was robbing the place at gunpoint, she certainly had the bullets.  
  
"Titty fuck me with a hot dog?" She giggled crushing her breasts together. That sent a second worker to grab a polish sausage, returning with a thick juicy warm one, still sweating from the warmer coils. Reaching his arm out the window he dared to place it between her breasts just to help her request. Of the three workers present in the register area two watched from the sidelines as their co-worker moved the sausage up and down between her cleavage. "Mmmm! My man wants free dogs. Can you hook a girl up?" A third worker having taken their order earlier recalled their preferences and made some chili cheese dogs in a hurry, bagging them up. Returning with the bag to get a visual of his buddy still titty fucking her cleavage with the polish sausage he swooned. Lifting it higher Heidi lowered her chin and opened her mouth to let him lift it into her lips as if she were sucking on it. The guys were all about lust.  
  
Pulling the sausage from her tits she realized how greasy it made her, even as the guy slapped the sausage over her nipples to gloss them up as well. She watched his assault with a dropped jaw, "Are you taking advantage of me?" She pouted playfully. "Look how messy you're making me." His grease patrol continued as his friends laughed. Stepping closer Heidi literally planted both of her tits into the window frame and stood on her tiptoes, her stiletto heels already helping in her height. "Clean me off."  
  
Napkins in hand preparing to dab at her she pulled away and looked at them with disappointment. "Not that way." She shared a playful wince then returned her 38's in eventful fashion through the window. As difficult as it was two of the three found her irresistible and dared to suck on her nipples and lick the grease from her flesh. If they only knew that they were licking off the dried cum of six big bikers just a few hours ago. Too funny.  
  
The third worker feeling left out stepped out the drive thru side door and went around to her back side with the sausage, wagging it at Weaver with a vivid grin. Weaver just motioned his blessing. That sent the third employee into swatting her ass with the greasy polish, trailing it between her butt crack. Feeling his arrival Heidi laughed and leered over her shoulder, prisoner of two sets of lips on her nips. Insanity! "You better lick that grease off me Buddy Boy." Feeding her the sausage she let it dangle between her lips sucking on it as the third boy knelt behind her and licked her ass. Weaver just had to record it for future chuckles.  
  
Literally eating Heidi's butt pucker while he had the opportunity she squealed and found one of her nip nuzzlers holding the sausage's other end and took it upon himself to fuck her face with it. She opened her jaw wide and accepted it down her throat. Even she fought laughter. This whole fiasco was just plain stupid. Hilarious because it just proved to Weaver that she was capable of anything. Food for thought. Food for pleasure.  
  
A beeping noise distracted the workers as they realized a car had pulled into the drive thru, setting off the warning alarm. Her nipple tugger took his leave to take the order ending their fun. Butt licker boy ran for the door leaving her wet with saliva. Her sausage fest was over, bag of dogs passed through Heidi ran back to Weaver like a clumsy airhead, he recording her stiletto retreat laughing at her. She couldn't stop giggling as she put her shirt on just as the car that had given their order pulled forward, the woman's headlight beams casting over them. Into the van they went.  
  
"OH MY GOD!!!" Heidi bulged her eyes, "THAT WAS SO FUCKING HOT!"  
  
He shared his video of her backside before starting his van up, "Moolah Rouge?"  
  
"Are we even old enough to get in?" She suddenly realized.  
  
"Bouncers know me. Do you really think they'd turn your hot ass away?"  
  
"Not unless they're queer. You need to send this video to my cell."  
  
He would later, for now he was driving. She watched her ass being eaten five more times during the ride. Moving toward the docks Weaver found Moolah Rouge, a seedy looking two story building with plenty of neon lighting. Like right out of the musical Moulin Rouge there were glowing figures moving about in top hats and feather boas. At least the lights were pretty.  
  
"Place is packed." She notices very few parking spots, "On a Sunday night? Isn't that sacrilegious?"  
  
"We're talking Seattle here. You sure about this?" He finds a spot to park toward the rear of the club.  
  
"I just want to watch your Mom and the other dancers. Pick up tips."  
  
"Tips as in lessons, or tips as in another five grand?" He chuckles turning the engine off.  
  
"Don't tempt me. Zach could use a new couch too." She giggles.  
  
"Changing into your hoodie?"  
  
"I like your shirt. Having you close to me is...comforting. Keep me safe in here?"  
  
"Mom won't let anyone hurt you."  
  
"Is Geneva working?"  
  
"Not sure. I don't see her car over in the dancer parking, maybe not. There's Mom's car."  
  
"Motorcycles over there." She points further back, "Your Dad here?"  
  
"I don't think so, those bikes look more Emerald City boys."  
  
"Emerald City? Are they Munchkin bikers?" She laughed.  
  
"Do you see Mini bikes?" He added his own chuckles. "No, their MC is called the Emerald City Wizards."  
  
"Sounds weak, more like a bowling team. Not sure I'd wanna brag about being a member of a group named that."  
  
"I wouldn't offend them. They're a tough bunch. You remember the big projector image of the Wizard in the movie, the big head?"  
  
"Yeah? Saying they all have big heads?" She smirks.  
  
"Wouldn't know. " He shakes his noggin, "The embroidered patches on their jackets have that Wizard head with Dorothy's legs dangling from it's lips, ruby slippers and all. Kind of morbid."  
  
"Emeralds and rubies, all the same to me. Let's go." She opens her door.  
  
"In just my shirt and heels?"  
  
"Want your heels back Glenda?"  
  
"Haha! You're funny. Just saying...you might wanna wear more to keep the customers from getting handsy."  
  
"You worry about that after you let the WeiNerds eat me alive?"  
  
"Big difference and you know it."  
  
"Not chicken Rooster Boy. Wish I'd brought perfume with me, my stank is pretty sad." She whiffs at herself.  
  
"Mom probably has some you can borrow. Of course, smelling like sex might draw attention in good ways."  
  
"Or, draw flies." She climbs out and slams her door, moving to the back bumper to let him lock up. Accepting his hand they walk toward the front entrance. She had to razz him for being shorter than her in her heels. Not by much, maybe two inches. She found it funny now that she thought about it, how he must have had to stand on his toes earlier to kiss her shoulders. So cute.  
  
At the front door they stepped inside to be greeted by a huge Hispanic man with a buzzcut and goatee, ears and nose pierced. "Hey Paco." Weaver fist bumped the man in a white t-shirt and covered in necklace bling.  
  
"Sup Rocking Horse? Who's your blondie?"  
  
"My girlfriend Heidi. Mom told us to drop by sometime so my girl could learn how to dance."  
  
"Nice!" Paco glares at Heidi from head to toe, rubbing his goatee in thought. "You make plaid flannel sexy."  
  
"I know, right?" Heidi pinches her opened cleavage and shares more of her breasts as she looks her shirt over.  
  
"She be trouble Rocking Horse."  
  
"Don't I know it."  
  
"Why Rocking Horse? I know it's not like you're hung like a horse. Pony maybe." She nudges Weaver playfully.  
  
"Baby of the house. That and he rocks." Paco chuckles, his belly bouncing under his laughter.  
  
"We getting carded?" Weaver winced.  
  
"Naaa! Vivica pays off the popo. Tell Willow to give you a free drink."  
  
"Sweet! Thanks Paco."  
  
"Anytime Lil' Bro. Pleasure meeting you Heidi. Nice ass by the way."  
  
"Is it really?" She twists in step and lifts the flannel to show him her bare bottom, tight and heartfelt. She awaited his reply before lowering the hemline. Weaver had to grin at Paco's puckered nod.  
  
"I'd spank that."  
  
"Spank that until then." She points at his arousal.  
  
"Trouble I say." He shakes his head then grips his erection. He had a hunch the night was going to get good. Shirt lowered Heidi took the lead, Weaver following behind her into the den of wolves. Seeing over a dozen dancers circulating the audience, some sitting in laps, others just having conversations he nearly lost track of Heidi herself. She was exploring the house to sense the attention span of the testosterone in the room. There were two active stages in progress. One with a busty redhead wearing only a G-string prowling her stage, surrounded by awaiting tippers. Her G-string was already a skirt of tucked in currency. Her aggressive nature sent her to every corner of the stage to get the men riled up.  
  
The second stage had a girl with blond hair on one side of her scalp and shaved on the other, the hair side was French braided. Her body tattooed up with sleeves and complete shoulder pads while surrounding her neck was scintillating, the rest of her body pale white and perfect. Donned in a black G-string and a sheer black veil over her breasts, held on by a thin serpentine chain around her neckline she was mesmerizing. The commitment behind her belly dancing style utilized a pole to grind her backside on.  
  
"Her name is Nightshade. Penny off stage." A voice crept in behind Heidi. "The redhead is Jinger with a J." Jacki Kytes stood behind her placing her palms on Heidi's shoulders, lightly squeezing. "I didn't suspect you to drop by so soon."  
  
"Glutton for punishment I guess." Heidi smiles over her shoulder.  
  
"Wearing only my son's shirt? Brave girl."  
  
"For now. It might go bye bye." She giggles.  
  
"The more I hear, the more I believe you dream of the stage."  
  
"When I'm ready Momma Goddess. Let me mingle a bit and see how much courage I can muster."  
  
Weaver locates Heidi and his Mother and intrudes. "All good?"  
  
"Jacki and coke." Heidi winks at Jacki nudging Weaver away to get her a drink. He felt like a lap dog suddenly but took a walk to the bar. Jacki found her playful words impactful.  
  
"Giving yourself room to breath?" Jacki had a strong hunch.  
  
"Just thirsty. I guess a little." Heidi talks over the blaring music, of Black Label Society's song Stillborn. "I want him close by just not clingy is all."  
  
"You could send him home. I can give you a ride after I'm off."  
  
"Naaaa! He can watch me, just not hover."  
  
"Plan on getting acquainted with the customers?"  
  
"Maybe. Will that get me kicked out, considering I don't work here?"  
  
"Heaven's no. Not on my watch. Besides the owner Vivica is gone for the night. Just be careful."  
  
"Love your outfit Momma." Heidi admires Jacki's feathered boots, white bustier and white G-string, a lengthy feather in her hair. "No war paint?"  
  
"You're wearing enough for the both of us Dear." She catches wind of her stank.  
  
"Downwind?" She winces as Jacki nods winking. "I was gonna ask for perfume, but now that I think about it...I think my scent might just be alluring."  
  
"As I said...brave girl."  
  
"Slutty girl." She laughs, "Think badly of me?"  
  
"Of course not. That makes two of us. Well, thirteen of us." Jacki points at several other girls. On stage Nightshade was bending over her crowd and easing her G-string down over her ass, lingering there for a moment to share a healthy pose that glimpsed a steamy looking butt pucker. Circling her anal canal was a tattoo that resembled a ring of tiny flowers. Instantly, Heidi had the question of whether her stepdad Peck Trudeau had tattooed even Nightshade. It was pretty obvious that Peck got around.  
  
"I do adore Weaver."  
  
"I believe you Dear. Just as I adore and love my husband. In case you haven't noticed I've played with other men. Hardly just his MC Sweetheart."  
  
"Weaver says there's another biker club in here. Emerald City Wizards?"  
  
"Backroom stages dear."  
  
"More stages?"  
  
"Four in all. The back room allows...more open activities."  
  
"Oh shit! How much more open?"  
  
"Totally nude."  
  
"Oh! I thought..." Heidi points at Nightshade as she pulls her G-string back into place. "So, just topless out here?" Another finger directed at Jinger squeezing her bare breasts around the cheeks of a customer.  
  
"We go as far as possible out here, but behind that doorway we really let it all out."  
  
"Interesting. So, out here the men behave..."  
  
"In there they behave...badly." Jacki smirks finishing her sentence.  
  
"Ummm! How badly is badly?"  
  
"Care to take a peek?"  
  
"Let me get my drink first. Gonna need it." She spots Weaver returning with a Jack Daniels and Coke.  
  
"Here's your liquid courage."  
  
Claiming her drink Heidi sips through her thin straw and eyes Jacki who attempted to read her mind. Turning her attention to Weaver, Jacki tickles his nose with a feather and offers advice, "Darling boy? I'm going to steal your girlfriend here for awhile. After Jinger is done on stage tell her to give you a lap dance." Plucking a twenty from her bustier cleavage she hands it to her son.  
  
"Uhhh? Kicking me to the curb?" He looks at Heidi with a sadness.  
  
"Not kicking...just patting." She pats his ass to send him away. Weaver rolled his eyes and made a detour to watch Jinger dance. She recognized Weaver instantly and waved flirtatiously at him.  
  
"They went to school together." Jacki winked.  
  
"First Cleo, now Jinger? Who's next?" She thought to herself as Jacki hooked her arm to guide her away. Feeling Heidi teeter just a bit Jacki grinned looking down at her feet, "You're getting used to the heels. Wonderful!"  
  
"Work in progress. I love them."  
  
"You do look beautiful in them. Ready?" Jacki prepares to open the door to the back room. Being a sound proof room the music was different than the front area. Entering into a deep blue lightshow the stages had two totally naked girls on them. Bikers hugged the stages like swarming bees. Jacki could feel Heidi stiffen up, then checked out her expression. The dancers, one a black beauty with tight corn rolls in her hair, twerking up a storm, the other, a blond like Heidi but with shorter hair barely touching her shoulders. The blond was circling the stage and bending at the knee numerous times in sudden stops to fan her thighs wide and up close to the stages edge. Men were getting handsy, rubbing over her labia and clitoral arena. Money was flowing like butterflies in heat.

"Whoa!"  
  
"The blond is Tatum, the Nubian Princess is Nairobi. Should you meet Vivica, Nairobi is her niece."  
  
"Cool names. Can I just go by Slut?" She laughs sipping her drink further. "It's getting warm in here." Heidi unbuttons her shirt leaving only one button to keep her front concealed. Men were taking notice.  
  
"If you like." Jacki sighed, she knew the girl was magic. Becoming motherly all of a sudden she hugs Heidi to her side, "Care to try your hand out?"  
  
"One condition...you and I dance on stage together."  
  
"I can do that. How about you and I give these ravenous bikers a show they never forget?"  
  
"Uhhh? How?"  
  
"Follow my lead every step of the routine." She took Heidi by the hand and moved them around to the back of the left stage where Nairobi danced. A DJ booth with a good looking brunette girl whom controlled the jams eyed her with interest. Beside her sat a man in his 30's. "These two are Valerie and Jared." She makes introductions as Jacki whispers into Jared's ear, his smile growing at her instructions. Leaving the booth to do whatever he was told left Jacki to discuss a music selection. Heidi shivered at the eyes checking her out from every angle. "We need something sensual. Thoughts?" She asked Heidi.  
  
"Hi Heidi." Valerie extended a hand in friendship. The girl looked like a young Winona Ryder.  
  
"Sensual? We're not dancing wild?" She shook hands yet looked toward Jacki with uncertainty.  
  
"We can begin with that. Two songs, you like 80's metal right?"  
  
"Yes. Everything actually. I...don't know."  
  
"Suggestion?" Valerie spoke up, "Body Talk by Ratt?"  
  
"Nice! I can dance to that."  
  
"Keep up with the Goddess?" Jacki winks at her protégé.  
  
"Whatever!" Heidi wrinkles her nose.  
  
"Mika Lovely's the Venetian?" Val offers another option, suspecting sensuality was the key in Jacki's plot. Jacki flared her eyes at the selection adding a helpful, "Perfect. I love this girl." Jacki leans in and kisses Val on the lips. Val blushed but winked at Heidi. It was all in good fun.  
  
While the women talked further, Heidi continued sipping her drink when a waitress walked over, even the waitresses wore very little. This busty delight wore fishnet leggings similar to Heidi's, before their fatality. A pink stretchy micro mini skirt covered very little save for the good stuff, a thin pink halter without a back draped over her 36C's. Big blue eyes matched Heidi's in sparkle. Permed blond locks flowing over her shoulders gave her a distinct look.  
  
"Need a refill?" She leaned in to speak over the loud music. "They're buying." A point toward the bikers in the crowd made Heidi warm all over. She accepted their offer just to be social.  
  
"Sure! Thanks."  
  
"I'm Bekah. You're beautiful. Dove Cameron even."  
  
"That's what my roommate...and my Dad call me."  
  
"Going to work here?"  
  
"Not sure yet. Gonna see how the crowd reacts to me. I'm a newbie."  
  
"It's nothing for the girls to clear a couple grand a night. You have what they want. Beauty and...?"  
  
"Holes?"  
  
"I was going to say youth."  
  
"That too. You can't be much older than me."  
  
"21, 22 in three weeks."  
  
"Why don't you dance? Gotta be better money than waiting tables."  
  
"I haven't got the nerve up yet. Someday maybe." She grits her pearly whites with a shiver. "What are you drinking?"  
  
"Jack and Jill." Bekah looks bewildered, "Jill has a Coke problem."  
  
"Ohhhhh! Funny. What's your name?"  
  
"Heidi."  
  
"You should use Dove as your stage name."  
  
"Maybe. Tonight I'm just going by Slut."  
  
"Ooooo! You're just asking for trouble aren't you?" She giggles, "Be right back with your drink." Bekah took her leave for the secondary bar in the room.  
  
"Making friends I see." Jacki returns over Heidi's shoulder.  
  
"Bikers bought me a drink. Bekah's cute."  
  
"She is. I've tried coaxing her out of her shell. She certainly has what it takes, yet she's still too shy. I believe in the girl."  
  
"Awesome! When do we go on?"  
  
"One more song for Tatum and Nairobi. Then, a bit of stage set up for us. You seem eager."  
  
"Just wanna know my limits."  
  
"Are there any limits? I've seen what you did in my back yard."  
  
"Big difference Jacki. What's the capacity here anyway? Looks packed."  
  
"This room? 200 I believe. Likely the same in the other room."  
  
"That 200 might be in here now." She fans herself then flutters her fingers at her biker friends. Jacki noting whom she was waving at grinned.  
  
"Big money boys. The tall one with peppered hair is the leader of their MC. His name is Trek."  
  
"Star Trek fan?" She giggled.  
  
"Strangely enough, he is." Jacki joined her laughter. In the mood to be goofy Heidi offered Trek a Vulcan Live Long and Prosper hand gesture. Seeing her he nodded and returned the sign. That was a huge icebreaker in itself. The two bikers next to him patted their leader on the back as support. As if he needed any. Trek looked proud and definitely in control. All of them were in their mid to late 30's, Trek possibly 40. Older men had money.  
  
Seeing Bekah returning with her fresh drink Trek caught her and claimed the drink, kissing the girl on the cheek. From there Trek took over and brought it to Heidi for an introduction.  
  
"Who's our flannel, Feather?" He started with Jacki.  
  
"Heidi? This is Christopher Glenn AKA Trek."  
  
"Hi." She beguiled him with tempting eyes as she claims her new drink and nervously takes her first sip. This drink definitely had more JD than Coke. Wincing at the bite of alcohol she shivered it off.  
  
"Too much?" He admires her reaction.  
  
"I'll live. Thanks for the drink." As she huffs a bit he captures her scent and raises an eye brow.  
  
"Interesting...perfume." He dares to point out. Jacki merely bites her tongue awaiting a reply.  
  
"Like it? It's new."  
  
"Oh yeah?"  
  
"Yep. It's called Tribal." She winks at Jacki. Taken back by her answer Trek looks at Jacki for confirmation to his best suspicion. A shrug of possibly gave him a clue.  
  
"Ah! How is ole' Solo?"  
  
"Doing great. She's a free agent Trek. No worries. This is my son's girlfriend."  
  
"Can't be free if she has a man."  
  
"Free for a few hours." Heidi adds fanning her shirt open to cool herself off, offering Trek a visual of her left breast, nipple and all.  
  
"It is pretty warm in here." He chuckles.  
  
"Booze isn't making it any cooler." Heidi takes another healthy drink, feeling the heat in her chest. Final button opened her shirt revealed a lengthy strip of flesh all the way down. Spotting her sunflower above her clit Trek nodded with a pucker.  
  
"Peck Trudeau. Right?" He points low. Heidi sucks in her tummy and parts her shirt to touch fingers next to her tattoo. Trek enjoyed the reveal.  
  
"He's my stepdad. I think every girl in Seattle knows him."  
  
"He did my back." Trek turns around and lowers his vest, his white wife beater barely hiding his back piece of the starship Enterprise in flight. He was a hardcore fan.  
  
"Ooooo! Phasers on stun." Heidi giggles.  
  
"You should see my Klingon Bat'leth." He chuckles turning to pat his obvious erection.  
  
"I'll take your word on it. I'm more Federation. Emphasis on Fed and Ration." She herself patting fingers over her pussy.  
  
"Where did you find this Kid?" Trek beams at Jacki.  
  
"Tatooine. I'm more of a Star Wars girl."  
  
"Tatooine." Heidi snorts, "Tattoos."  
  
Hearing the music fade out and seeing the girls on stage collecting their hard earned money, Jacki pats Heidi on the shoulder, "Ready to make some money from Hogwarts here?" She winks at Trek. "Be generous to the new girl and she might come back."  
  
"Definitely! As long as she earns it."  
  
"Maybe I should paint myself green and call myself Marta." Heidi snickers.  
  
"Oh, now that would get my bank numbers." He laughed, "You know your Star Trek episodes pretty well."  
  
"Blame Peck. He made me watch all the old classics. Good memory." Moving around them Jared returned with some items in his hands, stepping on stage to set up. Watching him spread out blankets on stage made Heidi dart glances at Jacki. "Ummm? What are we doing?"  
  
"You'll see. First we dance. Then we get the men howling." She hugs her briskly to keep her confident. With a bit of help from a bouncer a large bowl of liquid was handed up to Jared once he was ready.  
  
"Oil?" Heidi bulged her eyes.  
  
"Edible oil even." Jacki flicks her tongue. Trek rubbed his chin and smirked. In response Jacki reaches over and pats Trek on the cheek, "You just save some room on that face."  
  
"Wait! What?" Hearing music start up Jacki grabs Heidi by her shirt and forces her to follow her up on stage just as Valerie introduces them over the PA system.  
  
"Get your wallets ready, welcoming a fan favorite and her new recruit...the ever delectable Feather and the blond bombshell...SLUT!" The men roared to life as Heidi met eye contact with everybody's applause. Just as Ratt's song Body Talks jammed Jacki stepped behind Heidi and began dancing, using her hands to tug at Heidi's flannel shirt offering glimpses of her body to the worked up clientele. In a bold move Heidi just escaped her shirt entirely and left Jacki behind. Heidi took the stage by storm. Hands in her hair and prowling about, slapping her ass to get whistles, the blond was on a mission. Jacki smiled and just did her own thing for the duration of the song.  
  
Noting Jacki oblivious to her, Heidi snuck up behind her and put her hands under Jacki's armpits and forced the woman to pause. Heidi began unlacing Jacki's bustier while Jacki puckered at her audience with an added shrug of, "Well now!" Once unlaced her bustier was guided open and Heidi's hands slipped under the material to palm her breasts. Jacki just encouraged her bustier off and tossed it aside. Both were topless now. Teasing Heidi from behind with her feathers still on her shoulders they enjoyed toying with one another. Heidi moved her hands to the music taking Jacki's tits along for the ride. One up, one down, with a swift pinch to her nipples Heidi made her escape, dancing around Jacki trying hard not to fall in her stilettos.  
  
Another do your own thing moment later, Heidi abandoned Jacki and circled the stage to show off her assets. Money was flying on stage from every angle. Noticing Trek and his biker pals right up on the edge of the stage Heidi swooped down to her knees and hovered in front of them, crushing her breasts and arching backwards, her pussy up close and personal. Her shoulders touching the stage Heidi felt herself up, tugging her nipples high as her mountains peaked for a beautiful panorama. She felt money rubbing over her clit and labia. The sensations made her quiver with delight. Wetness very evident.  
  
Behind her Jacki had her G-string off and over her feathered boots, kicking it into the crowd as a keepsake. Men passed it about sniffing it. From there Jacki prowled the stage a bit longer before removing her feathered shoulder pieces. In only her boots and the feather in her hair she dropped to the stage right behind Heidi's head and roamed her own body while looking down at Heidi in her own little world. Finally, catching a glimpse of Jacki behind her, Heidi made a bold move. Bringing her legs out from under her she somersaulted carefully to seat herself right between Jacki's legs and rubbed up on her body. Jacki merely let her tease her flesh, her blond hair cascading Jacki's breasts. A hug required, Jacki returned the earlier favor and reached under to squeeze Heidi's tits, dancing them about as the girl had hers moments before. Men were going crazy.  
  
Heidi Baker never felt more alive.  
  
As the song ended the women maintained their clingy stance. The next songs melody being softer led them to tease each other with fingernails. Heidi shocked Jacki by whirling in her clutches to face her, stealing a kiss to her lips. Tongues flicking one another's playfully for their audience. Seconds later Jacki herself makes a break for it, moving to her hands and knees to crawl toward their committed blankets. With a bowl of oil present Jacki coats herself with a cup and glosses her body up, the scent of strawberries lingering from the oil once removed from the bowl and applied. Sharing an erotic gaze with Heidi, the blond prowled around Jacki like a cat, circling the blanket before moving in to join her.  
  
Taking the cup from Jacki she withdrew more oil from the bowl and trickled it over her backside, then using her hands to rub it in. Kissing Jacki's shoulder led to her first taste of the oil. Yummy! Although not bi-sexual Heidi allowed her guard to go away in favor of putting on her best showing. Jacki was impressed thus far, not to mention quite aroused by her tender intent. As were the dancers Nairobi and Tatum still in the room watching. Even as they themselves circulated in the crowd for a better look, of course being pawed up along the way. That part was normal.  
  
The waitress Bekah resisted taking further drink orders once her attention discovered Heidi's oil bathing. The blond on stage had continued her oil basting by dripping more over Jacki's proud implants, Heidi's palms spreading her artistic hand slide, leading south over the border. Her perfect nails slithering along Jacki's belly, over her dangling button bling and into finely trimmed pubes. From her knees Jacki lifted her body higher as Heidi's hands claw succulently toward a pierced clit. Light presses over it sent Jacki's expressions toward stimulated delight. Showing her audience her shivering revelation of promised nerve endings saying, "YES! MORE OF THAT PLEASE."  
  
Instead of dipping too low Heidi leaped to her heels and prowled around Jacki to face her in her knelt stance. Legs wide and glossing her own oiled ass she whipped her head to look back at her audience with a single finger in her mouth, her lips sucking the oil off as if a dick. The crowd belted out a high pitch, "FUCK YES." at her temptations. Wagging her tongue at her fingertip Heidi left the men to their imagination and devoted her attention back toward Jacki.  
  
Deciding to crouch in front of Jacki between her fanning knees Heidi scooted in closer until their breasts fought one another in a duel of nipple hard on, using them to spread oil flesh on flesh. Jacki accessing more oil by dragging the blanket and bowl closer in order to fill her cup, found Heidi dropping her knees on to the blanket and fondling Jacki's legs from kneecap to thigh with her nails. Goosebumps followed her caress.  
  
Forced into almost a hug of full frontal contact Jacki doused Heidi's back heavily, glossing her milky white flesh to a shiny perfection. Cup set aside Jacki roamed the back of Heidi for the crowd and found her ass cheeks, prying them wide for a clamfest, a single freed up fingertip first teasing her butt pucker then delicately tantalizing her pussy. Crowd frenzy was uniting at the reactions of both women, as Heidi began kissing Jacki's neck.  
  
With their song losing steam Heidi whimpered at Jacki, "This can't be the end of the show already?" An answer came as Jacki lifted her left hand showing two fingers like a peace sign toward the DJ booth. Valerie took the advice and fired up an appropriate fallback selection of AC/DC's Cover Me in Oil. It didn't get any classier than that. Heidi loved that song. So did their horny patrons. Show continuing as if it never hesitated, the women furthered their passions.  
  
Palming Heidi's creamy shoulders Jacki nudged the blond backwards over her heels, those same hands glossing the oil on her breasts as Heidi lay as flat as possible over her contorted body, her fingers gripping her stiletto heels to hold her stance from weakening. Jacki roamed Heidi's full frontal and fondled her breasts for the crowd's approving sighs, tweaking her nipples tight with a smirk at the crowd. Heidi closed her eyes at how lovely the warm oil and tender hands felt over her every pore.  
  
Uncaring at this point where their playfulness led, Heidi felt kisses on her belly, then a swath of Jacki's tongue that moved from belly button to between her parted breasts. Back and forth Jacki licked between her tits finally moving upward along her left breast to tantalize Heidi's areola, flicking the nipple before winking at her audience of overheated men.  
  
At the stage ledge the bikers were tossing money like confetti. Rallying others to join them. Hearing them Heidi dared to open her eyes as her jaw dropped at Jacki's tongue moving over to her other breast for a repeat performance. This time however Jacki used her teeth to tug on the nipple, lightning striking Heidi's erogenous zone at just the perfect moment. Eye contact with Trek led to him pointing at her with a stern look. Heidi wasn't certain what it meant.  
  
Jacki's roaming hands fluffed Heidi's breasts as her tongue slid back over her navel and into sunflower territory. A flick of her tongue over Heidi's clit made the girl brighten up vividly. The crowd knew exactly where Momma Goddess was teasing. More nuzzling over her clit led to a writhing of her joints. Jacki Kytes took charge, full on feasting for a long dedicated minute. Jacki's tongue dug deep into Heidi's drenched cunt forming expressions of awe and surprise. Moans went unheard over the song playing but everyone knew they were very vocal.  
  
Lifting her hips gave the audience a better view of Jacki's hunger, her wink creating a flurry of cash on stage. Revealing her tongue to the crowd as it flicked Heidi's clit kept the money flying. Heidi took over squeezing and teasing her own breasts to free up Jacki in her appetite. With AC/DC ending the follow up continued the scenario with the incoming of the band KISS and their song Lick It Up. HELL YES!!!!  
  
Heidi's grip on her heels began slipping, and she needed to get out of this pose due to a straining back. Sensing her need Jacki pulled her tongue away and let the girl rise up. The second Heidi sat up she stormed Jacki with a steamy kiss and took Momma to the blanket. Rolling about kissing, Heidi found herself on top this time. Hands holding Jacki down Heidi located the cup to apply more oil. This time however Heidi made a bold move and filled her mouth by drinking from it. Setting the cup aside, she showed off her puffed cheeks to the crowd playfully, then leaned over Jacki to spit small amounts out like a fountain. The crowd loved it. All across Jacki's full frontal leading down to her pussy. It was time to return the favor.  
  
Mouth emptied along her journey she let Jacki gloss herself while Heidi flicked Momma's clit. Feathered boots flew into the air spread eagle, Jacki showing off her flexibility. Hips lifted to show Heidi's brewing hunger. However Heidi knew what got a girl going. Eating her pussy harder, Heidi's fingers savagely rubbed Momma Goddess, her swollen clit bringing out the best in her. Jacki Kytes came on stage, squirts spilling across Heidi's face, a face that relished in her cum, rolling it in the milkiness for a fully expressed facial. The crowd cheered like crazy.  
  
Song retreating at a perfect moment Heidi crawled over Jacki and smothered their faces together. Jacki licking her own cum from Heidi's face as they laughed and controlled their breathlessness. Hearing Trek begin a chant of, "WE WANT MORE! WE WANT MORE!", made the women stare into each others eyes.  
  
"Up to it Sweetie?"  
  
"I haven't cum yet. Guess what?"  
  
"What?"  
  
"That was the first time I've eaten another girl out."  
  
"Not bad for a first time. You can practice on me whenever you want."  
  
"Thanks." Heidi giggles, "Just how far can we go on stage?"  
  
"Anything goes. What's on your mind?"  
  
"I feel the guys need more participation."  
  
"Oh?"  
  
"Can they oil me up?"  
  
"Want the stage all to yourself?"  
  
"They can oil us both."  
  
"Tell you what...I need to go pee. You do what you want. I'll come back up after I freshen up a bit."  
  
"Am I...safe?"  
  
"No." Jacki winks giggling and rolls out from under Heidi and stands up, using her hands to display Heidi as if a gameshow model over a product. Looking back at Valerie she fans her fingers for two more songs. Plucking up a couple large bills Jacki looks down at Heidi, "The rest is yours. Make some more."

Leaving the stage Heidi found herself alone and acting shy. Crawling about the stage she sweeps the money with her hands back toward her blanket and lays out a bed of bills. The crowd without any music to dampen their words expressed their thoughts vividly. Every man there wanted her. Her mind was racing faster than her rapid heartbeat.  
  
"Oh my God! This is insane." She whimpered to herself, truthfully uncertain just how far she should go. Poor Weaver was left out in the cold while she was learning the ropes. Still, she wanted to see just how crazy she could make the men. Taking a deep breath Heidi stood up and looked to Valerie for her tunes. Valerie stared up at Heidi almost lustfully, her hesitation leading Heidi to caress herself just for the girl. Smiles met Valerie blushed and wagged a finger at her. Heidi shared her thoughts with, "Slow it up, then something rough and sexy." A thumbs up from Valerie the girl programmed something Heidi had never heard before, something decidedly instrumental for most of the song. The tune was Come This Far by the Cranes. Mood set Heidi circled the stage and dropped to her hands and knees right along the edge within reach of her audience. That of course meant that they could reach her as well. That went over like wildfire. Money was drawing her in from all angles.  
  
Reacting to her crowd she moves about sensually, reaching out to caress cheeks, drawing faces in closer to offer soft butterfly kisses to their lips, at six men she rolls over on to her back and lays down on the cool floor, her hair over the edge of the stage. Trek in front of her finds her hands outstretched toward him, reaching down to glide her palm over his erection through leather pants. Discovering its length and girth she flares her eyes at him. While she studied him his hand gravitated over Heidi's chest between her breasts and landed on her heartbeat. For some reason Heidi melted. It seemed intimate.  
  
Shivering she recalled her hands and rolled over on to her belly, her heels dancing in the air behind her gorgeous ass curvature. Knowing others awaited attention she puckered her lips to blow a kiss at Trek then reeled back, her ass rising up as her upper body slid along the stage. Hearing men compliment her curves Heidi rolled over like a dog three times before settling in front of a new batch of men. Eying them she lays her head in folded arms upon the stage to flirt with her eyes. One man laying a distinct fifty in front of her on the stage made her smile and pucker her lips. He took the risk of leaning in to kiss her. She embraced him lovingly, tugging his lower lip upon retreat. She had a hunch she could break the bank just by being a kissing bandit.  
  
Hips rising once again she wiggles her ass just before another set of rolls. Facing newer gents she slid away from their advances smirking. At a safe distance on stage Heidi rolled once more in place on to her back. Eying her targets before her she somersaulted up and over until her ass draped over the stage directly in their faces. Reaching one hand back behind her she pats her ass in an alluring manner. Moving her knees wider prevented her stilettos from defending her, allowing men to get closer and rub her ass. Gliding one palm under her tummy, fingers roll across her pussy to flutter a wave at her caressing fools. She had three hands on her ass at once. Juices upon her fingertips she points at one man who took the bait and licked her fingertip. The crowd went feral.  
  
In her stance a second man probed a teasing finger around her butt pucker before targeting it for a tender jab dead center. Heidi closed her eyes and held her breath. A second to react she pushes her ass back and his finger barely inserts before she abandons them. Cash came littering her trail.  
  
A retreat to her bed of money she lay back in it and finds her oil cup then douses her frontal. Her pussy facing the men she rubs herself, heels rising in the air for a spread eagle, fingers probing her labia with soft sensual caresses. Money! Money! Money! The stage edge was getting greener by the moment.  
  
Hearing her song in its closing verse Heidi prepped herself for something harder. A song that took longer to play than expected. Laying back she cranes her neck to locate Valerie in her DJ booth. The girl had gone missing, in her place a big burly man that she didn't know. Bathroom break? Further inspection she glared about for the other strippers, the second stage was empty, both Tatum and Nairobi were gone. No other strippers present. Sitting up Heidi looked out over the yearning men to realize the room had gotten more crowded. The capacity had reached, possibly exceeded it's limit. Not even the waitress Rebekah was serving any longer.  
  
"OH FUCK!" Heidi mumbled. She was the only woman in the entire room of possibly 300 men, 100 over capacity. Why was she so wet? Music starting she swallows dryly and proceeds in her act. This had to be some test Jacki concocted to see if Heidi would panic. She obviously didn't know Heidi Baker. The song playing hit home fast...Come Together by the Beatles.  
  
Coiling fingers toward the bikers of Emerald City, Heidi nudged the bowl of oil in their direction. Noting her call the three bikers became seven, as other members toward the middle forced themselves through the crowd, body to body. Removing their vests and shirts, leaving them with a Prospect they climbed up on stage and merged around her. Moving to her knees she smiled at each of them, then razzed the crowd along the stage.  
  
Bowl in front of her, between her knees now, she motioned them to kneel with her. Following her request she used her hands in the bowl before oiling one chest after another. From there she moved in for the kill pressing her breasts into Trek's chest, melding in to kiss him, his hands roaming her backside down to her ass with oil residue to gloss her as well. After her kiss left him she caressed his cheek taking her leave until she had repeated herself in attending each biker.  
  
Prompting them to stretch out on stage they obey, allowing Heidi to straddle each of them for a full contact grinding of her thighs over each man's concealed erection. Bouncing up and down on them she palmed their chests and trailed her nails. She made certain her audience saw her labia molding along the hard cocks of one biker after another, yearning glances toward her onlookers drove their hopefulness to the peak of nutting.  
  
Switching tactics Heidi returned to Trek and sat backwards on his chest, leaning forward to rub her face along his big boy penis, his hands squeezing her ass cheeks as he enjoyed her taunting. The audience admiring her attentive face rolling along his length with expectance Heidi pushed onward, licking his leather for a nice visual of an underachieving blowjob, seeing as his dick was still well covered. At his crown she showed her teeth to the crowd and clenched down over it just before taking her leave. She heard Trek exhale a deafening, "FUCK!" With the song already fading the music switched to S.E.X. by Nickelback.  
  
"Crap!" Heidi bulged her eyes, "I'm so going to get raped up here."  
  
Resistance waning she continues the risk and moves over to her next target and starts grinding backwards over him. In her fever she lays back over him to feel his arms surround her, her legs lifting up into another spread eagle, heels reaching for the ceiling. In that moment two bikers sat up and admired their buddy holding her, his hands moving from her upper body to entangle her arms drawing them to extend outwardly, gripping her wrists until she couldn't move, tits arching for attention. The two bikers sitting up moved to their knees and gripped her ankles prying her legs wider.  
  
"Motherfuck!" Heidi yelped. A fourth biker moved in and ate Heidi out while in her imprisoned spread. She began moaning loudly at a very talented tongue, fingers sinking beneath his wag to finger her cunt. The crowd cheered at her torture.  
  
Trek stood up and circled his boys with a cup of oil being poured down over her body between each man. Heidi was tensing up for a solid orgasm. Once coating her full frontal Trek looks out over the audience and points at a selected three outsiders. Motioning them on stage he guides them to her sides and lets them rub the oil in thoroughly, fingers squeezing her breasts. Another coaxing the men fed on her nipples. Heidi Baker was in a world of ecstasy. In a maddening gusher she flooded her biker's tongue. Trek crouched next to Heidi's head and patted her cheek to gain eye contact.  
  
"Show over Marta?" He referred to the Star Trek episode again.  
  
""Have I made ten grand?" She hissed, blowing blond hair from her face. Trek chuckled looking about at the cash flowing.  
  
"Getting close."  
  
"Then, no." She huffed as fingers rubbed her clit.  
  
"Miss the ladies?" He caressed her cheek with his knuckle.  
  
"Maybe Bekah. I could use a fresh drink." She laughed.  
  
"You have guts. I like that. Any other girl would be begging to go home."  
  
"Not yet. Wouldn't mind knowing my boyfriend is near."  
  
"Locked out. He doesn't need to be here. Does he?"  
  
"Not really. I just want him to know I miss him."  
  
"Young love."  
  
"Guys are getting quiet out there. Better play something good."  
  
Trek motions to his own DJ to start the next song. As guitars took to their ears the DJ turned up the song Blame It On The Boom Boom by Black Stone Cherry. Heidi knew she was fucked. As the singer rambled his verses Heidi was released. She wondered why, they had her right in their clutches, they could have easily all took turns fucking her. Regaining mobility she rolled over on her biker and slapped his chest hard, hopping her hips violently over his erection. The selected newcomers beside her Heidi reached out and grabbed their shirts pulling them closer. Kissing them one after another they melted in her possession. The song being short led into Adrenalize Me by In This Moment.  
  
As the speaking parts seductively enchanted her audience she switched kissing partners once more just before the beat intensified. Lifting her hands wagging them at Trek to claim she nods at him to drag her forward over his buddy beneath her. Sitting right on his face the biker buried his tongue as she gyrated over it. Trek could see her gaze switching from nerves to expectation. Releasing her hands they went directly into her silky blond hair and offered a show toward those still in the crowd. Maria Brink inspired moves she whipped her hair about in a frenzy. Falling forward in a blur she crawled away from her seat and prowled on all fours toward her audience. She had to brush aside money to take a seat, her legs dangling over the side of the stage. Hands were all over her.  
  
Stepping behind her Trek yanked her hair back and doused her front in even more oil. Hands rose to caress every inch to shine her up. Trek tossing the cup to another man to refill knelt behind her and tugged her head back, his free hand gripping her throat as he leaned in to kiss her. Controlled by his lips, she felt multiple mouths eagerly licking and kissing her inner thighs. Legs yanked wide by those in her close proximity.  
  
Fingers sinking inside her gaping pink pussy made her squirm. Her seat on the stage was losing room as her body slipped further forward. She was being coaxed off stage to mingle. Released by Trek she looked to her admirers kissing her thighs, men cowering low to even lick her ass cheeks. Huffing at her predicament she found herself losing stage. In a squeal her body fell away into their clutches. Heidi Baker was off the stage completely.  
  
Held by multiple hands her body became theirs. Lifting her arms and legs high and wide she body surfed the audience. Licked, fondled, groped, kissed, fingered, every hole defiled by fingers. She screamed then laughed just the same. Heidi Baker was home.  
  
Finally, her madness brought her feet to the floor. She had kissed over two dozen men. Song switching yet again to Up All Night by Hinder the crowd cheered along with the singer's words like an anthem. Fists pounding the air as she danced between assailants. Every inch of her body was being pelted in kisses, even her feet. Singing to her "We're gonna be up all night." made her laugh uncontrollably. It was true. Dicks were rubbing on her through jeans at every progression back toward the stage. No one was overly aggressive outside of wanting their moment to shine. Making her way to the edge of the stage she discovered the bikers all lined up shoulder to shoulder sitting there blocking her entrance. Growling at her gauntlet, still pawed up by guys around her she reached Trek sitting in the center, planting her palms on his knees for support. Hands palming her head he winks at her.  
  
"Had enough? You've probably surpassed that ten grand." In her stance she felt a tongue in her ass making her offer Trek a sudden expression of disbelief and fevered contemplation.  
  
"I don't think they've had enough." She feels her hair being pulled from behind even as Trek holds her head firmly. It was pretty obvious the crowd had not been satisfied. Shocked by her inner admission that even she wanted more she pats his hands to release her, "Be right back."  
  
Chuckling he lets her go, his biker buddies fist bumping each other at her energetic enthusiasm. Pulling away from her anal lover she storms out toward the center for a second helping of ravaging lust. This time however, she herself became more aggressive, grabbing at every bulging erection in her way. Guys were loving her new approach. She knew antagonizing them was going to be trouble but she just couldn't refuse her temptation to create chaos. Man to man she gripped and groped just as they had her earlier. The DJ playing Freak Like Me by the band Halestorm, finding it appropriate.  
  
Savagely Heidi went for blood, kneeling to literally bite crotch after crotch to aggravate their intent. Behind her men dry humped her ass just for the thrill of it. She just moved from man to man until they grew more aggressive on their own terms. Not as relaxed as they were before, she actually discovered dicks were being pulled free of their prisons and getting up close for a chance to touch her. She halted her biting and stood up to avoid the worst case scenario that someone tried penetration.  
  
Her fun was becoming less appealing now that her control was leaving her open to retaliation. Noting dicks of every size, shape, even uncircumcised she chose to just dance, feeling peckers grazing her body, front, back, and to each side. The wetness of precum teased her at times, her fetish craving more than those samples had to offer. She wanted cum, but knew that the risk of being held down and fucked could happen. No bouncers were even interfering with her troubled moments. She was on her own.  
  
Thoughts losing to her subjugation she let slip a single word, "Zach." In that moment she missed him. It was only a brief recollection of the times he jizzed on her, watching him jerk off as she eagerly anticipated her dessert. The observation of a single dick became dozens as she looked around her to find even more men daring to provide their own relief at her show. Nobody was ordering them to stop, so why be shy. They weren't.  
  
DJ Bruiser alternated songs befitting her situation. From Halestorm the next song was for the men. An older rock tune by the great Billy Squier called The Stroke. It was mainly played for laughs but Heidi knew the song well and bubbled up at it's tribute to ejaculation. Smiling brightly she allowed herself to offer assistance in short sessions with shy expressions, fingers curling dick after dick to stimulate their angst.  
  
The rhythm drove her from cock to cock, over two dozen touched with more in the wings. Up on stage she realized the bikers were all jerking off along with the room. Heidi had it all. Singing as one the men chanted, "STROKE, STROKE, STROKE" along with Billy. Before the song could end Heidi grabbed as many dicks in passing as she could until she could make her way back to the stage. A few dicks had already shot their loads on her in her travels, she could feel it. Her fetish screamed for more.  
  
Reaching the bikers lined up she yelled out, "PLAY IT AGAIN." The DJ honored her request. As the song restarted she spit into her hands then went from biker to biker using both hands in jerking them off. Looking up at them with doe like eyes she smirked. Behind her men lined up to pepper her ass non stop, rubbing their cocks along her pussy as she bent forward but never actually penetrating to her relief. Ten guys in a row flooded her cheeks. Repositioning slightly Heidi left one hand on her current cock and leaned a bit to handle a second biker. She just had to touch them all. Trek in waiting snapped his fingers at her. She looked over between her two adversaries and stuck her tongue out at him. He had to wait.  
  
Not wanting to wait the pack leader hopped up and moved to her current targets and nudged himself between them, her hands refusing to abandon them her arms flew full on eagle with her face directly in front of Trek's cock, he could feel her warm exhales. Tugging his leather pants lower his balls joined the show. Eying them Heidi puffed her cheeks and shared a smirk. "Fuck it." Heidi Baker buried her face in his bulbous scrotum and started licking, sucking, tugging as he jerked off above her hairline, her eyes watching his every motion. Her hands continuing their mission over his friends became challenging. Stroke ending a rival song by Lansdowne called One Shot fit the vacancy. She was waiting on a shot for certain. One of many.  
  
Out of no where a hand grips Heidi by her hair and guides her mouth upward in a forceful manner as Trek removes his hand from his cock. The bikers in her hands grab her wrists to maintain her grip over them. Behind Heidi her feet get kicked wider as mighty hands grip her hips. Cum dripping from her ass or not a very big cock penetrates her cunt as she gasps, her tongue washing over the length of Trek's beast until it met his crown, encouraged higher by her brutal captor Trek lowers his dick into her mouth and forces it deep. Heidi gave up and endured. Whoever was fucking her was strong and hitting her G-spot hard, she was screaming with her mouth full.  
  
Hands prompted into activity she jerked as best as she could. It wasn't as if she didn't feel the need to finish them off, it just became tricky dividing attentions. Ass slapped hard, feeling cum spit beneath each impact over the puddles she began cumming herself. The dick inside her was ripping her wide, a feeling she had earlier in the day. It had to be...Solo Kytes. FUCK YES!  
  
Squirting all over his plunging beast she fed on Trek with a viciousness, his help in holding her firmly in pace. An echo of deepthroat straining entered the now silent room, the music ceasing to keep the peace. It was all on her now. Men respected the moment and just watched, jerking off. Solomon moved his thumbs into her asshole exciting her tone of gurgling. Heidi had never been treated in this manner under such conditions. Panic was sinking in, her worry that every man here would take her. Where was Zach...she meant Weaver. Didn't she? She was so confused.  
  
Trek nutting in her throat led her to pull away in a spatter of webbing, cum mixed with a well of saliva. Solo snatching up her blond mane gave Trek the chance to escape, his buddies moving closer together again. Making things easier on Heidi she took better care of them until they came, Solo pushing her face under their fountain of cum. The moment made Heidi forget panic as her fetish cried out, "YESSSSSSSSSS!" In a blur Solo whipped her back against him and palmed her throat to stare him in the eye.  
  
"How's that cum fetish Princess?" She moans as he lifts her off of her heels to turn them both toward the audience. Without even being coaxed she reaches out as he bends her forward again and begins jerking men off. Cum was flowing in her face in epic release. One steps away, another feeds her thirst, jaw wide and begging. Nutting in her cunt Solo pulls out of her and shoves her to the animals. Falling to her knees she was swarmed by a circle of cocks. In her fever she jerked and sucked off as many as her ability could handle. More Emerald City Wizard's nudged in and plucked her up by her hair and arms and carried her deeper amid the room laying her on the floor. Boots held her down by pinning her arms to her sides, a heel over her throat to obstruct her view. She was helpless.

Man after man sampled her pussy for short durations of penetration. She let out a short breathless scream but the boot on her throat constricted her air. After ten cocks she was forced to roll over to another boot stomping. Hips raised her ass gets fucked by another five bikers, these from the Tribal Welders. As she accepted her fate the boots were removed and Heidi reared up, her mouth wide and feeling jizz fill her ass. There was no let up, one man leaves another takes over. Orgasm after orgasm Heidi Baker begged for more. Cum came showering over her even as she was nailed. This was what her fetish yearned for. Never having a gangbang before she had no idea just what her cravings would require. All she knew was she didn't want this to end. The money was awesome but, if all honesty spoke, Heidi would do this for nothing. Rolled over on to her back she endured missionary as men watched dicks entering and plunging balls deep. Men kneeling over her face to feed her throat to succulent fulfillment, Heidi swallowed it all.  
  
Two hours of nonstop jizz Heidi finally broke. She was raw in every hole and weeping. Some men didn't care, they hadn't had their chance but Solo and Trek prevented further pain. Solo picked her up and she melted into his arms, holding on to him tightly. Taking her back to the stage he lay her in her bed of cash. The bed had become much cushier, the bikers collecting the money from both the stage and the floor to add to her mattress. She looked around at her biker circle and trembled.  
  
"Where's Weaver?"  
  
Solo scowled, "Having his own fun. Jinger I think. Maybe a few others."  
  
"He...knows what just happened to me?"  
  
"He does not."  
  
"Can we...keep it that way?" She nearly cried.  
  
"That's up to you."  
  
"I'd rather he not know how bad I am."  
  
"Shower upstairs. Clean up, count your money. Spend it on goodies."  
  
"When do I start?" She sighs trying to contain a giggle.  
  
"She's a trooper." Trek chuckled.  
  
"Make up your minds." She rolls her eyes, "Star Trek versus Star Wars. Trek versus Solo. Starship Troopers or Stormtroopers." All of the bikers laugh at the remarkable elasticity in her admission of enjoying her environment. Her nerves were easing up and she sat up to sit Indian style. Looking around her at the money mounds she flares her eyes. "I might quit both my jobs and retire."  
  
"Jacki will get you on the schedule. Not every day is gonna go down like this." Solo stands over her with an extended hand to pull her up.  
  
"Then I don't wanna work here. I need the benefit package." She chuckles reaching up to pat his crotch, now that he was fully dressed again.  
  
"We'll see. Heal up."  
  
"Ummm! Condoms next time. On BC but I'm not ready to be a mommy."  
  
"Done."  
  
"Question? Was this planned all along? Locking me in with all guys?"  
  
"Jacki said you were up to testing your limits. I think we discovered those."  
  
"Did we Sluggo?" She rolls to her knees then bends forward, ass in the air awaiting more. Solo booted her in the butt and had the other bikers pull her to her feet. A trash bag was produced for her money. As bikers picked up her earnings she looked to Solo again. "I need a favor."  
  
"Name it."  
  
"While I take a shower upstairs...keep Weaver busy. Also, tip Bekah and Valerie with some of my money. Heck all the dancers need tipped. They lost money while I swiped the stage for so long. Be fair?"  
  
Trek steps up and points to his boy Spook, "Count the money Spook, don't pocket any. Whatever it adds up to give her five, the rest divide evenly. Gotta be fifteen grand in that bag."  
  
"Spook? We almost had a Star Trek Convention." She laughs, "Spook...Spock." More laughter as her flannel shirt is passed over to put on. Once cloaked they led her through the languishing masses. In passing she blew kisses, "I'll be back. Wait! That's from Terminator." Even the audience loved her humor.  
  
Led upstairs they leave her alone to shower and look presentable. Beneath the warm water she laughs at herself, "I'm bonkers. Hell, I just made enough money to move out into my own place. Who needs Zach...?" She freezes under the waterfall and shivers, "I do. Fuck! I can't let him know I did this he might lose it. I know he likes slutty girls but...I think I'm beyond that now. Hardcore nympho maybe. I'll just keep this job to myself. Stash my money for a rainy day. Get cable and internet to keep him busy. Shit! I can't quit my part time jobs he might drop by. Okay, only Sunday's here. I can manage that. I'll wait three weeks before I dance again. I'll use my money to buy a bed and some outfits, bank the rest. Small doses might not be noticed."  
  
In her thoughts she doesn't hear an arrival. Outside her clear glass shower door with multiple showerheads for the other strippers to share in the space she discovers another audience. This one all women. Undressing outside the glass was Jinger and Tatum. Entering they greet Heidi as if they had known her for months.  
  
"Hey Newgirl." Tatum smiles turning her own valve to ignite another current of H2O.  
  
"Hi."  
  
"Welcome to Moolah Rouge. Thanks for being generous with us. That shows you have heart."  
  
Jinger adds, "You're so lucky. Weaver adores you. All through my lap dances he spoke of nothing but Heidi. I got jealous, I used...still have a crush on him. We went to Norton Crosby High together."  
  
"I'll share him with you." Heidi winks sudsing up with a luffa, realizing her body was tender from being manhandled. Even her holes hurt.  
  
"Would he share you with me too?" She giggled, "I love your body."  
  
"Probably. I'll run it by him." Of course he would. Like Zach it made sense to set up Weaver with other girls to keep things less emotional.  
  
"Jacki's fond of you too. She worried when you got locked in." Tatum reported.  
  
"I thought it was her idea."  
  
"It was." Tatum added, "I've never been locked in before."  
  
"Me neither." Jinger pouted.  
  
"What happened?" They both grew curious, they truly didn't know.  
  
Heidi shrugged, "I danced. Oiled myself up. Probably made a fool out of myself."  
  
"You made a lot of money."  
  
"I'm the new flavor. They enjoyed what I had to show off I guess. Do you think the other dancers will like me?"  
  
"You just paid them for doing nothing. Why wouldn't they?" Jinger smiles washing her pits.  
  
"True. Just jitters I guess. I never want to feel like I'm stealing thunder is all. Every one of you are really hot."  
  
"She's sucking up." Jinger giggled. "Don't be mad but I blew Weaver in a lap dance room."  
  
"So not mad."  
  
Hearing the outer door open again, in stepped Bekah the waitress and Valerie the DJ, Tatum whispering to Heidi, "Lesbian." Frowning at the revelation spoken with distaste Heidi pointed at Tatum to behave. Looking back at the girls waiting on her patiently she notes both watching her, checking out her body. Clearing her throat with a low tone Heidi asks, "Ummm? Which one? They're both drooling over my ass."  
  
"DJ!" Tatum mouths. Heidi had a hunch but it was now confirmed. "Her mom Geneva dances here too."  
  
"Hold up! Valerie is Kismet's sister?"  
  
"Yep! Sibling rivalry." Tatum snickered, "Val's older by two years I think."  
  
"You know I can read lips Bitch." Valerie pounds on the glass. "That a problem Heidi?"  
  
Shutting her water off, Heidi wrings her hair out then slaps Tatum on the ass in passing, following it up by pinching Jinger's for a laughing yelp. Opening the door Heidi, dripping wet rushes Valerie and kisses her on the lips, rubbing her body on the girls clothes. Laughing together the kiss departed, "I needed a sexy towel."  
  
"You're evil." Valerie laughs.  
  
"Be yourself. I'll make out with you anytime you want. Not bi...not gay...just sociable." As they flirt Bekah hands Heidi a real towel and blushes.  
  
"Thanks for the tips. What you gave me was more than I make in two days."  
  
"So get your ass naked on stage and make more." Heidi pinches her nose playfully.  
  
"I'm not ready."  
  
"Get ready. I'm taking you on stage with me my first night." She leers back at Jinger and Tatum, "In the meantime, you skanks give her pointers."  
  
"We can do that." Jinger smiles, "We've always thought you were sexy Bek."  
  
"Really?"  
  
"I know I do." Valerie wiggles her brows toying with the waitress. Handing Bekah the towel back Heidi pats her own shoulder, "Dry me off."  
  
Valerie sighs, "I'll dry you with my tongue."  
  
"Oops!" Heidi looks at her chest, "Missed a spot." A droplet was clinging to her left nipple. Locating it Valerie jumps at the chance and licks up the water droplet and kisses Heidi's nipple. Pulling away beaming Valerie lowers her gaze to the rest of Heidi's body, hopeful for more missed areas.  
  
"Nice sunflower." Val notes. "Peck Trudeau?"  
  
"Does fucking everybody know my Stepdad?"  
  
"Peck's your Stepfather?" Tatum brightens her gaze then turns to face Heidi showing off her own flower tattoo stemming from her clit. "He did my Violet's." She shows off prying her pussy slightly upward to expose the purple flowers bordering her lips. Valerie drooled at the arrangement.  
  
"Yeah! I really need to stop by and talk to Peck one of these days. His flower fetish is probably what killed my Mom's marriage to him."  
  
"Does your Mom have a flower?" Jinger winced.  
  
"Not that I know of. So not asking her or that might mean admitting my sunflower."  
  
"Nightshade has...Belladonna over her cunt." Jinger adds.  
  
"Wonderful. Pretty poison."  
  
"Peck comes in here a lot. That's how we met him and got our tats." Tatum admits, "Free tats for lap dances."  
  
"Lap, lap? or," Heidi wags her tongue, "Lap lap?" All the girls laughed, they knew. "Go figure. His tongues gonna fall off."  
  
As they shared stories, in walked another surprise, "You about done?"  
  
"WEAVEY!" Heidi ran into his arms, throwing her arms and legs around him. He nearly fell over during their kiss. Jinger whined nasally at their closeness. Not far behind Weaver's entrance stepped Nightshade and another dancer that Heidi didn't know as of yet.  
  
"Get a shower stall." Nightshade slapped Weaver on the back of the head playfully, Heidi swatting the girls hand away like a fly in order to continue their feverish lip lock. Nightshade merely peeled her bra and panties off and stepped into the shower. The second girl Nectar closely behind. Nectar was Hispanic and drop dead gorgeous in a Penelope Cruz kind of way. Kiss losing intensity Heidi looks behind her at the four women in the shower. Evil speaking from the tiny Devil on her shoulder Heidi dropped her legs to stand in front of Weaver.  
  
"She's right. We need to cool off." Weaver finds himself in a tug of war with Heidi trying to prevent being drug into the shower. Valerie held the door open for Heidi laughing at her attempt. Bekah shyly nudging Weaver's back as if being helpful. She really wasn't.  
  
Eying the struggle Nightshade leaves her showerhead and steps out grabbing Weaver alongside Heidi. With an assist by Valerie they pulled him into the shower clothing and all. Door shut the girls within drowned the boy. Heidi stripped him naked and placed Jinger's hand around his cock. The others took note of Heidi's instruction and rubbed all up on him, tits everywhere teasing his flesh. Once he was consumed, Heidi pats Nightshade and Nectar on the ass and appeals to their mischievous side. "Have fun ladies." Out she went.  
  
Throwing her arms around the shoulders of both Valerie and Bekah they watched them terrorize her man. Valerie not as into their commitment looks to her left at Heidi.  
  
"Mmmm! Lots of droplets." Heidi shakes her head and removes her arm from Val's shoulder, "Clean up my mess." Val dropped to her knees and licked Heidi's thighs. Enduring the girls tongue Heidi winced tilting her head toward Bekah while pointing toward Nectar, "Does she have a cactus over her cunt?"  
  
Fidgeting Bekah agreed, Nectar had been touched by Peck as well. Pondering more over her Stepdad Heidi just mumbled, "That prick."  
  
Weaver shot his load over four faces.  
  
Welcome home Heidi Baker.  
  
She would pay for it in the morning.  
  
"Ow!"

**Be My Guest Ch. 18: x**