**Be My Guest**

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**Be My Guest Ch. 18: RAW DEAL**

"OWWWW! Ow! OWWWW! MOTHERFUCKER!"  
  
Heidi Baker was miserable. Now matter how she lay in bed every muscle in her gorgeous body hurt like hell. Even worse her private parts were all raw and tender to the touch, fire in the holes they say. Trying to rest became difficult, one wrong move and every nerve in her body told her just how ignorant she was. She was in agony by her own greed and to a degree her own self gratification. Never again! Yeah right...  
  
"The only good thing to come from what I did last night...all day yesterday was bringing home $10,000 bucks. It was torture but worth it, now I can get on my feet better. Well, once I can walk again." In the same breath she wept at the lightning in her thighs, "My asshole hurts sooo fucking bad. Why can't guys use lube? I need to invest in a butt plug for next time." So much for never again.  
  
Calling off work at Vicki's Secret was an easy decision. She made enough money in ten hours time between Weaver's parents and dancing in a locked sound proof room at the strip club Weaver's mom danced at to not work the next three months. When going in to just see what the club was like her brain couldn't process the words, "No." nor, "No fucking way." Big money was just too seductive.  
  
She wasn't in so much pain when she agreed to dance one day every three weeks, not that she planned on being gangbanged like last night every time she danced. At least she hoped not. Smaller scale maybe, but not the entire fucking club. The problem wasn't just dollar signs though, Heidi's nymphomaniacal tendencies were off the charts. Between her hormones on full throttle and cash flying from all directions it consumed her.  
  
Technically making well over the ten grand her soft heart led her to share the wealth with the other dancers who lost money due to her. Even the waitresses and the female DJ were thrown out of the room before it was locked. Hogging all the glory...should it be called that? Glory? just didn't seem right to her. She wanted to be accepted by the girls. The sad thing was all of the girls seemed clueless as to the actual event of hardcore gangbanging even taking place. That, or they were sworn to secrecy. Either way once Heidi dispersed the funds the girls were pretty thankful of her.  
  
Not one that she actually talked to treated her bad. A couple sneers at best from those that she didn't strike up friendships with. Weaver's mother Jacki and her husband Solo encouraged her to keep quiet during discussions of further employment. She was good with that. She didn't even want Weaver to learn of just how many guys had fucked her. It was possible he could accept three like she had at the store he worked at, or his dad, but the boy didn't seem the type to want her hurt. Like Heidi, Weaver had a big heart. She didn't want to stomp on his. Bad enough she adored the punk rocker, but the real truth was she feared her roommate Zach would find out and not want any part of her. Heidi Baker liked her new home and the man she grew to care about.  
  
In her mind neither men could cope with just how slutty she truly was. She had secrets for certain, some not even her stepsister Kayla knew of. Definitely not this one. Not even she could learn of how much she endured. One slip up and her Mother might find out and disown her. She loved her Mommy. As long as none of the dancers found out the truth she was in business. Knowing that numerous dancers at Moolah Rouge had gotten tattoos similar to Heidi's from her stepdad Peck Trudeau only complicated things. Now that she had slipped up in admitting he was her stepdad there was the risk he too might find out. While Peck was more openminded than her mother they did still communicate. Slip of the lip...game and life over.  
  
"Owwwwwwwwwww!" Her teeth gnashed to suppress the painful throbbing in her thighs.  
  
The one solid thing she knew needed to be enforced was condoms. Although on birth control Heidi knew the Russian Roulette of so many men in her that had gone unprotected, not just the worry of getting knocked up, but of STD's. She had always taken care to prevent those cases until recently. While yes she had sex where the man ignored condoms, and she was hardly fond of the latex, it was just too risky. A random guy here and there was okay in her book, but triple digits one after another? Even she knew that was a death wish. Should she be this stupid again those pesky lambs needed to be worn or Bo Peep was no go.  
  
Fuck that, Heidi Baker was hooked. If she did get pregnant it would be her own fault and would deal with it as it occurred, there would be no father because it could be one of a hundred or more. Jerry Springer shit! Thinking about that hurt her, not knowing her own true father. Tough as nails Heidi Baker was not that tough.  
  
"Oh my God! I need to pee but I can't get up. Thank God Tom went to work, I don't want him to see me feeling this rough. I have small bruises in places I know he'd question me over. I don't need him thinking Weaver is abusing me. Worse still, I can't risk him telling Kayla because she might tell Mom. Fuck I'm such an idiot."  
  
Tears well up as she attempts to crawl from her futon mattress on the floor. Jolts of electricity strike her nerves, fire in both her asshole and her pussy. Heidi was tough but at this moment there was no one home to witness her bawl her eyes out. Limping to the bathroom she squats on the toilet to pee, even urinating hurt like hell. Terrified that she might actually have contracted an STD she leaned forward hands palming her face to hide her stress. Praying it was only the roughness of the actual sex itself in such volume and nothing requiring a doctor she loitered there for a good ten minutes before risking further movement. Normally, she would feel invincible. Not today.  
  
While wiping she heard her cellphone ringer, the ringtone didn't have a specific tune assigned to it so the suggestion was that it wasn't anyone in her contact list. It couldn't be a bill collector because she didn't have any credit cards or loans. A shrug as the ringing ended she washed her hands and took a hard look at her war wounds. She was bruised here and there on her arms and legs, a few slap marks on her ass still red from being aggressively spanked. Otherwise, faint hickies on her neck and chest but those could be explained by saying Weaver loved her tits. The neck was just passion.  
  
Technically, her main issue was just the rawness of her thighs. Sighing she turns and ignites the shower zoning out as the water heated up before entering. She hoped the hot water would loosen up her aches and pains, but quickly found it less than medicinal. Relaxing was not the word, the cascade on her bruises made her wince and hurry up in cleaning her body. Enough was enough.  
  
Drying off tenderly she hung up her towel and shuffled weakly back to her bedroom. Claiming her cell from her dresser she unplugged the charger and looked at the number which called earlier. Not recognizing the digits she turned to voicemail, the caller having left a message.  
  
"Hello Heidi, it's Jacki." Weaver's mother, "After last night I felt compelled to check in on you Sweetie. If you need anything just call this number I'll see to it you're taken care of. I've kept my word to you and have said nothing to my son, nor did I go in depth with the other dancers. They know locked doors traditionally means private parties, yet this party went a bit overboard. Blame it on the bikers. As I told you last night I won't go against my man or his club, far be it any other club. However, I do care about my son and he really likes you so I stand by you just the same. I did swear Solo to secrecy concerning Weaver, we both thought it best. Just a heads up, when I hired you last night I did that without talking to the owner Vivica, until this morning. She will want to meet you before you take the stage again when, and if you still do that third week Sunday. I will say this in your favor, Vivica keeps in touch with a vast majority of her clientele via email. You Sweetie are a hit. Rave reviews are coming out of the wood work. Anyway, call me to let me know you're alright, a text will do. We adore you Dear." As Jacki's message ended Heidi rolled her eyes with a hoarse groan. Sadly, even her throat was raw from being face fucked nonstop.  
  
"Of course you adore me, I'm easy. The audience knows that too now. Not to mention I probably made the house rich without even knowing. I'm pretty sure money exchanged hands more than what hit the stage. I'm so a hooker now." She was being harder on herself than necessary. It did seem that way to an extent. High paid hooker if true. "I do like the Kytes even though they used me...I used them too. I didn't even have to go to Moolah Rouge, I just let curiosity kill my pussy. I mean I made five grand just in Weaver's back yard. Greed made me take the risks. Testing myself to see if I had limits was the real reason. I guess I found my limits because I'm paying for it now. It only took a couple hundred dicks to realize my limits are limitless. I'm such a greedy bitch!"  
  
Setting her cell aside she shuffled to her closet and carefully knelt down, knees wide to keep her thighs from zapping her. Reaching into the closet for of all things the bowling ball case Zach had tossed out, which she rescued from the dumpster the day she moved in. She drug it between her legs and unzipped it, removing the ball. It was beneath it that she hid her stash of hard earned money, all ten grand of it. Maybe she was becoming a pack rat, the bowling ball didn't even fit her fingers. There was just something magical attached to that ball. Perhaps because it had Zach's name engraved into it. Naaaa!  
  
Without digging the cash out she just looked at it with a bit of pride, yet with a hint of uncertainty at how she received it. Said and done it was hers to keep. "I need to think clearly on how I spend this money. If I go blowing it like crazy Tom is gonna wonder where I got it from. It shouldn't matter but it does. While he's pretty openminded I'm afraid to let him in on what I'm capable of. Chances are he wouldn't believe me even if I told him the truth. He may see my fetish side and sex with Weavy but me with hundreds of guys? That could ruin our friendship. While I don't want a relationship with Tom I love the attention he tries to give me. This whole Daddy thing I started may be hilarious but each time he or I abuse it the act almost feels real. Probably more for me because I don't know my dad. Another reason not to get too close to Tom." She zips her bag back up and slides it back into her closet. Sighing she couldn't stand so just fell backwards on to her futon mattress. "Who am I kidding? I agreed to pretty much let Tom paw, kiss, and lick me whenever he wants to. Shouldn't have agreed on that...glad I did though." She was so indecisive.  
  
The longer she laid there thinking about Zach the more she stewed over that pact. Having had his dick inside her, although sitting idle, gave her the chills. At one point she found herself begging him to fuck her, thankfully he refused and pulled out. Still, the further he tormented her by fingering or eating her the more she craved. Torn between lust and reason, thus far they had not gone full on hardcore intercourse. She knew it was just a matter of time but his cum sure was delicious. That was enough for her. "DAMMIT! Stop thinking about Tom." Not yet.  
  
She used their age gap to her advantage, calling him dad seemed fun but it was also as a way of keeping distant. Pushing him away was best for their living arrangement. So why was she letting him get away with so much? Sure, being a nympho was the best answer to that. He was a hellfire chiseled dominant stud. Maybe that was her issue. She was too independent to be like Khloe or Cleo and let him order her around. They might love being submissive. Not Heidi. Heidi was the devils daughter. She was her own boss. Did that make Zach the devil? Two of a kind?  
  
Getting Zach laid a lot helped curb his urges to a degree, but his sex drive was beastly. For a man of his age he lived in a young man's world. It quickly became evident that he could keep up with the big dogs. No new tricks for him. Heidi wanted to masturbate but the slightest touch anywhere near her vagina was telling her absolutely not. All of this mental stimulation was torture.  
  
Zach had a huge heart even if he was dominant. Just in the short time that they had known one another she could see that heartbeat and knew he would look out for her. It was sweet. He made her laugh even when she tormented him. Their bond was tightening up. Would it last? She was fucking up royally in establishing trust. For someone who didn't like being lied to, she sure knew how to lie herself. How was she ever going to explain to Zach that in her quest to learn more about him she had made friends with his ex-wife Yushea? It just happened. In walked the ex and the girl seemed genuine. Sensing Shea's own heart she gave her a chance, even knowing Shea wanted Zach back. Could Heidi let that happen with her own feelings confusing her? Misery!  
  
Once Zach found out she just knew he would ask her to move out. Not only that but Shea would hate her for betraying her like she was playing some twisted game. It wasn't that, she just needed to learn about both of them. "Who am I kidding? Shea is going to stab me, after Zach throws me out. God, I need to talk to Cleo about all of this. She's in the same boat as I am in knowing Shea. She told me she wouldn't say anything but let's face it she's in love with Tom too. Sooner or later she's going to cave. Then again she risks losing Tom just like I will. Uggggggh! Why am I so freaking stupid? I need pain killers to numb my ass out."  
  
Making her painful stance upward she went back into the bathroom and checked the medicine cabinet for anything that might help. Not even aspirin. "Oh, but he has hair dye. No wonder I never see grey hairs." Exploring led her into Zach's bedroom, she seemed to recall a small bottle of Tylenol. "Go figure! He must have taken it to work with him. His hands are still sore. Why me?"  
  
Pinching the bridge of her nose she pondered her next move. "I could just call out and have a pharmacy deliver something to me I guess. Wait!" She realizes something, "Khloe might be at Walter's maybe she has access to his meds." Returning to her cell she dials Khloe Vaughn feeling hopeful.  
  
"Hello?" Khloe answered on the third ring.  
  
"There is a Goddess. I need your help Hot girl."  
  
"Heidi? What's wrong?"  
  
"Don't ask, won't tell. If I did explain it would place you in a position of having to lie for me. I love you too much for that."  
  
"That's nice to know. Tell me what you can admit to."  
  
"I need painkillers. I don't have a doctor, let alone insurance."  
  
"Painkillers? What did you do?"  
  
"Ummm!" She grits her teeth, "Pulled every muscle in my tight sexy body, among other things. FIRE IN THE HOLE!" She tried joking but that fire spread fast.  
  
"Zach finally take you?"  
  
"NOOO! Tom did NOT take me. Geeeez! Are you at Walter's today?"  
  
"Not until 4:00. I'm about six blocks away at Marion's."  
  
"Marion have painkillers? Uhh, who is Marion?"  
  
"A new client. I'm not stealing meds from an 83 year old woman."  
  
"UGGGGGH! Forget it, I understand. Not mad, just in pain."  
  
"I have some at home. Let me call my sister Kyndall and see if she has time to bring them by."  
  
"Sis not singing for her coffee today?"  
  
"She doesn't work Monday's. She either writes songs or does volunteer work at homeless shelters on her days off. I'm not certain what she's up to today. My bro...other sister Kendra 's birthday is next week she might be shopping for a gift. I take it you're not working today if you're in pain."  
  
"Had to call off, it's hard to move around a lot."  
  
"Just tell me what you did. You know I won't betray your trust even if both you and Zach technically lied to me about being related."  
  
"Sowwy Khloe. At least we came clean. I just confessed the truth to Weaver too."  
  
"How did that go over? He beat you up for lying to him?"  
  
"Nooo! Stop jumping to conclusions. I met his parents too. Weave and I agreed to not tell them the truth that Zach isn't my dad. Might be safer that way, his dad's a serious biker."  
  
"Ummm! So is my dad. Well, he was."  
  
"Tribal Welder? Emerald City?"  
  
"No. You know your biker clubs. Dad was in a small group called the S'AIN'T's. Apostrophe between the S and the A, then another between the N and the T. Essentially it means Ain't a Saint."  
  
"That was clever. Anyhoos...Solo and Jacki are pretty cool, different for sure. He's a Tribal Welder, she's a stripper."  
  
"Cool! What nightclub?"  
  
"Can't recall what she said it was." Heidi bulged her eyes not willing to give out details.  
  
"They tore you up didn't they?" Khloe knew.  
  
"I HATE YOU!" Heidi pouted, "Yes. Don't hate me."  
  
"Never. I just know bikers. Trust me I've had my fair share of..."  
  
"I don't hate you anymore. Please call Kyndall ASAP?"  
  
"Yes. We can tell one another stories later. I'll drop by before I go to Walter's and check on you. Leave the door unlocked if you're resting. I'll text you back what Kyndall says. Marion needs her lunch."  
  
"You're the best Khloe."  
  
"That's for Zach to decide."  
  
"Uhhh? Between you two lustbirds. Staying out of that stuff."  
  
"Just to clarify something...I won't betray you voluntarily, but if Zach asks me directly I won't lie to him. We might not be mates but what I'm building with him is a bond I don't want broken. If you don't want to tell me anything further I get it."  
  
"Loyalty is awesome." Heidi regrets not being so loyal, "What I've done...I just don't want Tom to misunderstand me. I'm not like you I don't want to be a slave. I'm a free spirit and I want him and I to always be friends. He...doesn't know what I'm capable of. I'm a pretty fucked up individual, I don't let people see too clearly if you know what I mean."  
  
"We all have our secrets. I'm here for you Heidi, no matter who or what you are."  
  
"Fuck it! I'm a hardcore nympho. I got outrageously gangbanged last night. My holes hurt."  
  
"Which bunch of bikers?"  
  
"Both."  
  
"Whoa! Brave girl."  
  
"Stupid girl. It goes further though...I danced on stage at Moolah Rouge, yes Weaver's mom's club. I was...thrown to the wolves."  
  
"So the gangbang continued..." Khloe whispers to avoid her client Marion from overhearing her, luckily Marion wore a hearing aid.  
  
"Yep! The whore is sore to the pore."  
  
"Cute."  
  
"I'm shocked my voice is holding up. I was face fucked for hours. There is a bright side, I got good tips."  
  
"At what cost?"  
  
"I know...stupid is my middle name. Don't rub it in unless it's some gel that stops the burning."  
  
"Preparation H? Marion does have that."  
  
"Funny Bunny! I'm just raw from guys not using lube. Next time I'll wear a butt plug two days before hand."  
  
"Next time? You want gang..." A brief silence due to Marion, "...again?"  
  
"Money's crazy good. I just need to plan ahead better. This time just caught me by surprise. OH! Don't talk about this in front of Weaver, he doesn't even know. So shush the next time you see him. His parents are keeping things quiet."  
  
"Okay. I need to go. You're crazy but I love you. Let me call my sister and I'll let you know. Need food?"  
  
"Chicken soup." She giggles.  
  
"If Kyndall's at the soup kitchen I'll suggest she bring some."  
  
"Thanks! I owe you guys. Wait! You have another sister?"  
  
"Ask Kyndall."  
  
"Has she asked about Tom?"  
  
"Of course. She's considering a threesome."  
  
"With you? Incest is guessed."  
  
"We've...played together before. There you have a secret of mine. Kyndall can tell you another later. Ask her about Kendra."  
  
"Okay. Why doesn't Kyndall have a man?"  
  
"Again, ask her she's open. Gotta go. Feel better." Khloe hangs up before any more questions can circulate. Heidi was certainly curious. Ten minutes later a text from Khloe completes her needs. "Hey Kyndall is at the kitchen. Give her an hour and she's off duty. Soup's on. She's going home to grab the meds then she'll be over. Stay tough."

"Stay tough? If I weren't tough would I have let myself get gang fucked to begin with? STAY TOUGH??? Owwwwwwwwww! Fuck me." Heidi Baker was tough, just not afterwards. It took everything she had to text back, "Wuvs you Khloe. Thanks." It was just a waiting game at that point. She had to pee again.  
  
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Miles away, Zach Pedigo dealt with spraying insulation, his least fond part of his new career. Having to wear basically a hazmat suit to protect himself was a sweaty agonizing job, time consuming at that. To make matters worse all it did was give him time to think, the job itself was just aim and spray. Even he had to laugh at that knowing how often he jerked off over various trophy lovers. Aim and spray indeed.  
  
"Do I take up Rocky's offer or not?" He grumbled, "I mean, I really could use the cash he's offering to fuck his wife. It feels wrong, mostly because of their daughter Cleo. She seems cool with the idea but, let's face it, the kid probably feels insecure knowing how hot her Mom is. Cleo is devoted to me I'll give her that, to let me do her Mom takes guts. Question is, is she only saying it's alright to keep me happy? I should probably sit down and have a serious talk with her." Seconds later he grows smug, "Hold up! Who's the Alpha here? If Cleo ends up losing it she loses me. Knowing her what little I do I don't think I have a worry in the world. Even this morning we made out in the front office before her parents came in late. She was all smiles and puppy dog eyes. Yeah, I'm good. Take the money and make her Mom pull her extensions out. More I picture fucking Angel the better it feels. As long as they don't get all clingy I'm good. Besides I told Rocky that Cleo had to watch us." He chuckles to himself, "That alone is worth the effort on my part. Rock is gonna lose his mind."  
  
Taking a break after finishing one wall he had to get out of his helmet. Wringing from sweat build up he set aside his equipment and stepped outside the ranch home he was working in and peeled his suit down to his waist. "Christ it feels like it's 110 in my shade. These suits are horrible. Maybe I should strip out of my clothes and just wear the hazmat." Shrugging he found the idea appealing. In his newfound attitude toward life Zach Pedigo removed his suit entirely and whipped his t-shirt off expressing his muscles. Taking a seat on the concrete porch of the home he untied and pulled his boots off. Leaving his socks on he stood up and began unzipping his jeans when a pearl colored SUV appeared out of no where and came to a stop on the curb. Taking notice of the driver he discovered it to be a very attractive woman, well dressed in a business outfit, namely a white button down blouse with a teal colored jacket, that was all he could see at that point. Her hair was brunette in a silky tight bob that touched her chin but left her neckline open for the luxury of appeal. Looking over at Zach she expressed awe that he was stripping so brazenly in a public setting. There were homes all around him.  
  
Rolling her window down she found herself divided between looking him over and scanning all of her mirrors for prying eyes. Convinced that the homeowners were all too busy to pay attention she vacated her SUV and shared the rest of her body with him, a teal skirt to just above her knees completed her attire, outside of white toeless pumps. Her legs were muscular and pretty damned heavenly. He merely stood proud with his boxers in view through unzipped jeans. He had a hunch she was curious about him, her nerves were showing. It was hard for her not to smile.  
  
"Morning." Zach nodded watching her stroll to her hatchback and lift it up. She finally got bold enough to look his way.  
  
"It is rather warm out for so early in the day." She then set about procuring a For Sale sign promoting her Realty to hammer into the grass.  
  
"CliMax. Bet you sell homes every two seconds." He laughed.  
  
"It's ReMax. Funny though. Do you always strip on the front lawn of your work environment?"  
  
"Hazmat suits like living in a sauna. Wanna try it?"  
  
"I'll take your word on it."  
  
"Selling this place before it's even done? There isn't even any drywall put up until I get done foaming."  
  
"It's just a sign. We like to get a temptation out there for new properties."  
  
"Wouldn't that be you? Hell if you stood in my yard long enough I'd consider buying."  
  
"Are you calling me a hooker?" She blushed toying with her hair while holding the sign. She had forgotten her mallet to tap it into the ground.  
  
"Never crossed my mind. Need some help?"  
  
"I think I can manage." She lets the sign fall to the yard in order to return to her vehicle for the mallet. In turning her back to him he captured a view of one very tight heart shaped ass. While her back was turned he dropped his jeans and stepped out of them to cool off. He was in no hurry to put his suit back on.  
  
Returning she immediately stopped cold and put a palm to her chest, a very healthy chest at that. She was a good 36C. "Do you intend to...remove the boxers too?"  
  
"Ask nicely I might consider. Don't panic I'm putting on the protection suit. I just couldn't deal with the heat in that thing."  
  
"No hurry. I'm not offended." She giggled and bent over intentionally to pluck the sign up from the lawn. He had a sure fire shot down her cleavage noting a black lace bra lifting her tits with pride.  
  
"Good. Losing the boxers then." He chuckles and just drops them before stretching vividly. In trying to look and still do her job she hits her finger with the mallet wincing with a shrill, "Shit!"  
  
"Yup, you need help." He loses his mind and just strolls over to her, dick swinging. He wasn't even erect and was still huge. Hardy was a mighty young man indeed. Stepping right next to her he takes the sign to allow her to fawn over her aching finger.  
  
"It's throbbing." She sighed wagging it about.  
  
"Good call. Hardy is throbbing pretty fierce too."  
  
"Excuse me?" She realized his dick was right next to her and bulges her eyes. "You're really doing this?" She blushes and searches the streets for prying eyes.  
  
"Relax I'm not gonna attack you. Give me the hammer."  
  
"Interesting choice of words." She lowers her gaze to check him out. He ignores her and pounds the stakes of the sign into the ground. Once finished he hands the mallet back to her then takes her hand. She began trembling as he took her reddened finger to his mouth and sucked on it. She couldn't believe the bravado of this charming Devil. Watching him suck on her finger her eyes dropped to his dick which was rising to the challenge right before her eyes. "I hope you don't expect me to return the favor. I rather like my job." Not that her mind wasn't considering giving him a blowjob. She rather liked that job too.  
  
"I'm Zach."  
  
"I'm...married."  
  
"Nice to meet you Married." He winks and releases her finger. She couldn't find it in herself to lower her hand while enchanted. Realizing it she huffed her cheeks.  
  
"Rebecca. Rebecca Greene."  
  
"Ah! Now I get the color scheme." He looks over her tight teal skirt.  
  
"As hot as this is...can you get dressed?"  
  
"Always the plan. You staying or running?"  
  
"Lingering a bit longer." She sighed watching him retreat. Her eyes flared at just how built Zach was. His butt was even muscular. "Not married Zach?"  
  
"You see a wedding band? I spotted yours when I sucked on your wedding finger."  
  
"I'll take that as a no."  
  
"Own a few beauties though. Divorced long ago, long story, definitely her fault."  
  
"That's what all men say. You have an extraordinary body Zach."  
  
"I hear that a lot. Not so bad yourself, what I can see."  
  
She observes him putting the Hazmat looking insulation suit on over his naked body until covered up. He left it unzipped down to his pubes intentionally. At least he was close to being presentable in public, less noticeable at least.  
  
"I'll accept that compliment. It's more than Alex ever offers me."  
  
"Alex? Husband?"  
  
"Pool cleaner." She giggles, "Yes, my husband. He's a Realtor like myself."  
  
"Joined at the hips?"  
  
"Only when we make love. Own a few beauties? That sounded ominous."  
  
"Let's just say I like variety on a collectible basis. I don't like to be tied down. I prefer doing the tying." He sits back down to put his boots back on. Standing ready he decides to zip up, taking a moment to reach inside his suit to adjust his massive cock right in front of her. He didn't want to zip up and get anything caught.  
  
"Oh!" She held her breath blushing. "That sounds...just as binding."  
  
"Good point. I should probably get back to the shooting gallery. Nice to meet you Rebecca Greene."  
  
"WAIT!" She peps up as he turns away. Approaching him on the concrete porch he stood over her by three feet. His erection was nearly face level with her. Gritting her pearly whites she digs into her jacket pocket and produces a business card. Offering it up to him she blushes.  
  
"Trying to sell me on something?"  
  
"Room for negotiation I suppose."  
  
"Just tuck that card into my pants pocket there." He taps his jeans with the toe of his boot. His boxers lay right on top of them. "I guess you better hand me my wallet. I don't need to lose that." He chuckled. Watching her nervously pinch his boxers and set them aside she retrieves his wallet and cellphone. Passing them up to him she just hands him the card. Taking it he looks it over before putting it inside his billfold. "So...is this a hint?"  
  
"We'll see. Maybe...fuck...yes it's a hint." She bit her lip.  
  
"A hint that you wanna fuck?"  
  
"Oh my God! I...don't normally..."  
  
"Cheat? My ex-wife did religiously. Every chance she could get. That was then...so I think I'll pass. Alex doesn't deserve that."  
  
"Oh, but I do? Alex has been cheating on me for two years. Some blue haired Barista if you can believe that." Zach stood there almost troubled. He knew exactly who she was talking about. The girl from Mugshots Coffee shop. Phoenix. Someone he himself had fucked behind the store during business hours. Small world.  
  
"If I call...I'm tying you up." He opted for ego with a stern look.  
  
"Own me for even an hour I think I'd feel...relieved." She expressed with a hint of frustration.  
  
"It'd be well over an hour."  
  
"I believe you. If I'm tied up I guess the concept of time goes out the window, doesn't it?"  
  
"Alex will miss you for a night."  
  
"I'll worry about that...if you call me." She seemed doubtful suddenly, Zach forming an opinion that she was feeling as if she were wasting her breath.  
  
"Give me your panties."  
  
"What? Here?" She bulged her eyes looking around for onlookers.  
  
"Do as you're told."  
  
Holding her breath she whimpered nervously then lifted her skirt enough to reach under and peel her white lace panties from her thighs. Dragging them to her heels she steps out of them and bends to pick them up. Reluctantly, she hands them up to him with trembling eyes. Smelling them he sighs, "I needed a respirator mask anyway." Fashioning her undies over his face he uses them as a ventilator making her giggle.  
  
"I never expected that. You are unique."  
  
"Take care of that finger."  
  
"I'll put it on ice."  
  
"Take the other ice off first. It eases the pain."  
  
"Words of wisdom?"  
  
"If it gives you something to reflect on, take my advice." He turns away leaving her behind. Once inside she eyes his boxers and swiftly snatches them up to inhale him as he had her. Only fair in her mind. His scent made her wet as hell. Retreating to her SUV she puts her mallet in the passenger seat and sits there stunned by the whole scenario. In her moment of reflection she realized that Zach had told her to remove her diamond ring and wedding gold to feel a sense of freedom. Doing so without thinking she placed them in her cup holder. Less than a second later her cell rang. Looking at the caller she didn't know the number. Answering it on an educated guess she was right.  
  
"Get that seat back. Skirt high, knuckles deep. DO IT NOW."  
  
Not even looking toward the house Rebecca Greene lifted her hips and drew her skirt high over her ass cheeks. Utilizing her seats controls she scooted her bucket seat all the way back and lay there looking at her sunroof, clear skies above. Fingers embedded up inside her cunt she moaned into the phone.  
  
"This is a sign Rebecca. Sell it."  
  
"OH MY GOD! FUCK ME ZACH. PLEASE."  
  
"Fuck yourself for now. I'm setting my cell aside. I better hear you screaming over my gun here. AM I CLEAR?"  
  
"YES! FUCK YES."  
  
For fifteen minutes Rebecca entertained Zach. She had multiple orgasms one after the other. He spoke to her offering how delicious she smelled through his mask. She cooed and told him how badly she wanted him to call her and meet. He kept her at bay verbally, telling her that was his decision, her dream. His grip on dominance was impressing even him. What was one more slut on his trophy shelf? He could always add another tier.  
  
Ending her performance she began laughing, "I so needed that. Thank you Zach."  
  
"Until I call on you."  
  
"I'll be impatiently waiting."  
  
Hanging up he grinned and finished his work. Rebecca Greene sat there another five minutes to collect her emotions. She had a house showing in thirty minutes across town. Back to reality for the realty. She should have stolen his boxers.  
  
\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*  
  
Back at Heidi Baker's apartment, she was peeing a fourth time in waiting on Kyndall Vaughn to arrive. Hearing a knock on the door she quickly dried herself and washed her hands on the fly by. Basically, two seconds of cleanliness without soap. Limping slowly to her front door she realized she was still naked.  
  
"Why be shy now?"  
  
Answering the door but hiding behind it she found the lovely Kyndall holding a bag of items. Meeting eyes Kyndall immediately found Heidi's appearance to be pathetic.  
  
"You look terrible."  
  
"Misery loves company. What's up Songbird? Ummm! I'm nakie. Too sore to get dressed. You cool?"  
  
"Let me in already."  
  
"That's what they said." She laughed at herself, picturing the gangbang at Moolah Rouge in a twisted imagery. She rather enjoyed herself, just not the day after.  
  
"Interesting choice of words. Should I read into them?"  
  
"Khloe fill you in?" She waves Kyndall inside then shuts the door throwing her back into it with a wince. Kyndall tried not to check her out but it was just impossible.  
  
"Bruises?"  
  
"Hickies. Same thing."  
  
"My sister just told me you had a rough date."  
  
"You could say that. They were certainly asking me out."  
  
"They? Oh, crap."  
  
"Fuck it. You might as well know. I got gangbanged."  
  
"Wow! Willing or...?"  
  
"Ehhhh! That's a gray area. Yes and no. I'm pretty sore everywhere if you know what I mean."  
  
"I can only imagine. Khloe speaks highly of you so I won't judge. I know my sister. Let's unpack groceries here." Kyndall moves into the living room and sits her bag on the coffee table. Digging in as Heidi creeps to the sofa and delicately seats herself, Kyndall sets out a Tupperware dish of chicken noodle soup. Following that coffee in a well protected cup. Adding a bottle of painkillers to the mix the final thing became more intimate. Salve. Lotion, and a medical kit.  
  
"You're a lifesaver. Feed me Shemour." Heidi opened her mouth wide, tongue wagging for a painkiller. Kyndall found her amusing.  
  
"Little Shop of Horrors, right? That guy from Ghostbusters? The talking Venus Flytrap?"  
  
"We should be partners in Trivial Pursuit. Toss me candy Bitch."  
  
Laughing at Heidi's attempts at humor Kyndall pops open the bottle of pills and reaches in to pinch one between her fingers. Holding it up in front of Heidi she snickered. "Who's a good puppy?"  
  
"Woof fucking woof. Scooby snack me Shaggy."  
  
"Making fun of my baggy pants?" Kyndall laughed.  
  
"So out with MC Hammer. You can touch this." She points at her body. "Only because I don't think I can touch myself. Might need an assist with that salve. Emphasis on the ass in assist."  
  
"You are so funny. You really expect me to rub salve on your butthole?"  
  
"I'd do it for you."  
  
"Really?" Kyn rolls her eyes laughing. "What's your dad think of your extracurricular activities?"  
  
"Doesn't know. Stays that way, I don't want him making me any sorer. He'd beat my ass."  
  
"Mmmm! He can spank me anytime."  
  
"Khloe told me you're thinking about a threesome with...dad."  
  
"Weird?"  
  
"No stranger than the shit he lets me get away with. Even I know he's sexy hot."  
  
"Aw hell! Incest?"  
  
"He's not my real dad. It's just a running joke. No incest but I've...dabbled. We really haven't fucked, we're just roommates. I mean...he's put it in me but...right back out." She fidgets, "Okay. He had it in me all night, but he never fucked me. I know, I know...just as weird."  
  
"That's between you two. Thanks for being honest."  
  
"You're awesome Kyn Doll."  
  
"That would be my brother Kenny...well...my sister...Kendra."  
  
"Huh?"  
  
"Khloe didn't spill the beans?"  
  
"Ummm? No. What am I missing?"  
  
"Our brother is transgender. You really couldn't tell unless he had his pants down. He even had a boob job. He's bigger than I am. She is that is. I know it's always been hard getting it straight."  
  
"DO NOT tell Zach about her...him...SH He."  
  
"Why?"  
  
"Because I wanna mess with his head." She laughs, "Hey! Pills bury that painkiller Doughgirl."  
  
"Oh! Right. Bottoms up." She tosses the pill at Heidi's gaping mouth. Catching it she swallows it and demands another. "Damn! Am I a Candy Striper?"  
  
"Candy Stripper. Hit me one more time."  
  
"Is that what you said?"  
  
"Hilarious. I probably did. It's all a blur."  
  
"You're nuts."  
  
"Theirs too. I seem to recall lots of squirrels hurling them at me."  
  
"Wow! You're...impressive."  
  
"Stupid too. But, I'll claim impressive. Grab me a spoon from the kitchen I'm Starvin' Marvin, that soup smells yummy."  
  
"Made it myself. I cook at the homeless shelter downtown. I like giving back."  
  
"So do I...that's why I'm beat up. Nympho."  
  
"Aren't we all? I know my sister is. I'm...not far off, just a bit more selective." Kyndall goes to the kitchen and finds a spoon in a dish strainer. Bringing it back she sits down and opens the Tupperware dish. "Might need to nuke it."  
  
"Naaa! Just hand it over."  
  
"Need me to feed you?"  
  
"I think I can manage. Just dab the corners of my mouth on your sleeve between slurps."  
  
"I can do that." She laughs watching Heidi dig in. An extra long noodle gets sucked up through puckered lips.  
  
"Reminds me of how I met Zach." Heidi snickers shrugging playfully. "When I came to look at his extra bedroom he ordered Chinese and dropped a noodle over his sweatpants. Dared me to suck it off. The noodle, not his cock."  
  
"Nice! You play Twister too?"  
  
"How do you think I ended up almost in traction here?" Heidi snorted then choked on the chicken broth. Reaching over Kyndall rubbed Heidi's back, afraid to pat it due to her tender state.  
  
"Slow it down Slurpy." She did indeed use her curled up shirt sleeve to dab the corners of Heidi's mouth. Heidi melted at her sincerity. "I got you."  
  
"That's what they said too. Quit bringing back bad memories." She smirks, "Not all bad. I'm really fucked up aren't I?"  
  
"Loony bin there."  
  
"You've been there too?"  
  
"God! You're so freaking funny. I love it. Even in agony you cut jokes."  
  
"Farts too. Stay upwind." In response Kyndall licks her index finger and gages the wind giggling.  
  
"So, tell me about you. No man? Woman?"  
  
"I'm straight. Well, I just ended a relationship two months ago. His name was Cain. Guitarist in a band called Chokehold."  
  
"Sounds like he's competing with Weaver's band Spitshake. Spit, choke, shake." She laughs.  
  
"Hold."  
  
"That's a plus. So why end it?"  
  
"We just had an epiphany one day. He wanted to tour. I wanted to stay with the coffee shop scene. It's more me. I'm the poet, he's the metalhead. We...clashed."

"Rocked the Clashbah, huh?"  
  
"Exactly. He's great...we just...found ourselves in two different worlds. We keep in touch but it's mostly just booty calls. Not complaining." She uses her fingers to share his dick size while wagging her brows.  
  
"Ever notice every guy out there has a monster cock these days? Weaver's that big. My dad...I mean Zach is enormous. Every guy that tore me up was 7 or longer. Like you not complaining. Well, mixed feelings there."  
  
"How many?"  
  
"I knew you would ask. Ugh!"  
  
"I promise I won't judge you."  
  
"Triple digits."  
  
"WHOA! Seriously?" Kyndall bulged her eyes. "That's...a serious threesome."  
  
"Stupid I know. But, the money was good."  
  
"You got paid to be gangbanged?"  
  
"It didn't start out like that. I wasn't planning on it going that far but the cash just kept flying in from the Cayman's."  
  
"Sperm Bank?"  
  
"Lots of yummy stuff. Call me Captain Cayman."  
  
"Caveman, too funny. Does this make you a hooker?"  
  
"GAWD! I told myself the same thing. Probably." Heidi rolls her eyes coming to grips with reality. "I don't wanna be. I'm only trying to build an empire. I want things I don't have yet. A car...a place of my own someday...insurance. As if Obama cares. I...have a few more times in me then I'll have enough to stop putting myself through hell."  
  
"Not real safe Heidi. Aids, syphilis, gon..."  
  
"Baby bottles, diapers, I get it. I'm not stupid...just...stupid. Trust me Kyn I don't want anything bad but I have to get ahead."  
  
"A lot of heads."  
  
"Is better than one?" Heidi finished her soup and pointed at her lips to be dabbed. Kyndall took the bowl from her and set it on the coffee table then eased forward over Heidi's lap and started to dab her sleeve then chose a different tactic. Before Heidi could react Kyndall licked the blonds lips of leftover broth then sat back grinning.  
  
"Couldn't resist. I love my cooking."  
  
"Ummm! I thought you were straight."  
  
"I am. I just felt evil. Don't read into it."  
  
"Ooookay! Do I dare bend over and let you salve my other pucker?"  
  
"Only one way to find out. Do I need a rubber glove?"  
  
"Don't even get me started on rubbers. Not one was worn."  
  
"Holy shit! Need a pregnancy test?"  
  
"I'll let you know. Hope not." Again she reflects on not having a Father in her life. If she did end up pregnant she didn't know how to handle it. Her bad! When and if she thought. "Okay! I'm gonna try and get up. Let's take this to my bed I need to stretch out."  
  
"Thought you'd never ask." Kyndall wags her brows flirtatiously.  
  
"Stop that you're turning me on and I'd be a dead lay."  
  
"Awww! We'll see just how dead when I put my finger up your ass."  
  
"Grrrrrrrrrr! You may be my new best friend."  
  
"That's sweet. I'll be gentle."  
  
"That's what they said. LIES ALL LIES."  
  
Giggling Kyndall stood up and offered Heidi a lift up. Claiming both hands she carefully pulled Heidi to her feet. Upright they faced each other chest to chest. Before Kyndall could react Heidi returned the favor and licked Kyn's lips just as she had hers earlier.  
  
"That makes for two evil bitches." Heidi laughed.  
  
"I deserved that. Need me to carry you to bed?"  
  
"If you do I'll seduce you."  
  
"Straight."  
  
"Same here. Don't mean I won't experiment."  
  
"Let's...not and say we did."  
  
"Hobble with me." Heidi took the lead holding Kyndall's arm. Taking it slow they reached her bedroom and Heidi lowered slowly to her knees and crawled on to her futon mattress. Collapsing on her belly she groaned. "Oh my aching clit. Those bastards bit it off."  
  
"Poor baby. Let me go get the salve. I'm gonna wear a glove."  
  
"Allergic to latex."  
  
"Seriously?"  
  
"Naaa! I just wanted you to sweat."  
  
"Evil. Love it." Kyn went back out to the coffee table and grabbed the salve and kit. Returning she dropped to her knees beside Heidi and checked out her ass. Being straight Kyndall still found the female anatomy quite appealing. Whistling at Heidi's ass she mumbled, "Hubba Hubba!"  
  
"Don't make me twerk. I might scream."  
  
"You do have a cute ass Blondie."  
  
"Same to you Brownie."  
  
"My ass is big. I need to start going to the gym."  
  
"Khloe knows one." Heidi laughs.  
  
"I heard. Zach made her fuck members of the gym. Crazy!"  
  
"I don't think he had to twist her arm."  
  
"I know. She's all about obeying him. I'm just not like that. If I do the threesome I'm just after the passion. A hot guy helps."  
  
"Dad is pretty hot."  
  
"You act like he's your real dad."  
  
"Just goofing off. I never knew my real dad so it's kind of fun roleplaying with Zach. You gonna grease me up Rizzo?"  
  
"You're the One that I Want." Kyndall began singing the tune from Grease, shifting her shoulders back and forth, her tits dancing without a bra to hold them prisoner.  
  
"I knew you weren't straight."  
  
"Blue Moooon!" She erupted into the Sha Na Na tune and rubbed Heidi's ass just for laughs, "I wanna slap it."  
  
"FUCK! What's one more bruise. Hit it Sandy."  
  
"We bounce off of each other so well."  
  
"Another that's what he said moment."  
  
"Just one." Kyndall draws her hand up and swats Heidi on the behind listening to her whine nasally over it. "Okay two."  
  
"OWWW! DAMMIT HANDY SANDY."  
  
"Danny on the fanny." Kyn laughs swatting her a third time.  
  
"I'm gonna kick your ass bitch."  
  
"You're laughing just as much as me."  
  
"Grease my monkey."  
  
"Fine! Hold still." Foregoing the rubber glove Kyndall squeezes salve on her pinky and gravitates toward Heidi's ass. "Spread 'em." Heidi in turn reaches around her body and pries her cheeks apart. Easing in between her crack Kyndall dabs and swirls around Heidi's anal canal. Dipping inside she coats the interior noting how brutally raw she was. Feeling bad Kyn gently adds a second coat. "You're really inflamed."  
  
"Fire in the hole."  
  
"All joking aside, I'm here for you Heidi."  
  
"I know. Goes both ways Kyn."  
  
"So you are bi."  
  
"Takes one to nose one." She laughs, "Not really. I mean I've kissed a girl goofing off but nothing Oui Oui Mamzell shit."  
  
"No French Connection huh? Need another coat?"  
  
"Quit that. They said that too."  
  
"Khloe told me you had a cum fetish."  
  
"Can't get enough."  
  
"I can relate. Cain used to love giving me facials."  
  
"Sooo jealous. Can I have his number?"  
  
"He would do it." She laughs, "Maybe we can have a threesome after Zach and my sister."  
  
"Sounds like a date. We licking each other if we do?"  
  
"Nooooooo! We'll see. I might try it, you are pretty sexy."  
  
"Dike."  
  
"Dick."  
  
"Thanks for caring Kyn."  
  
"That's what friends are for. When you feel better we should karaoke."  
  
"Obviously, you haven't heard my singing voice. Dogs wear earplugs."  
  
"Heidi? Your coochie is red too."  
  
"Anything to get me turned on, I swear."  
  
"No seriously. You should go get looked at."  
  
"I'll heal."  
  
"If you say so."  
  
"Painkillers are kicking in. Getting sleepy."  
  
"I'll go. Call me if you need anything."  
  
"I'll get your digits from Khloe. Text you when I wake up. Can you let yourself out?"  
  
"I can. Want your bedroom door shut?"  
  
"Yes. I don't want Zach coming home and seeing me lay here. I know him he'd lick my ass. Salve won't be tasty."  
  
"I'll volunteer to take your place." She giggles, "He can lick my ass all night long."  
  
"Sooner or later."  
  
"Can't wait. Rest well Heidi." She closes the door and takes her leave after cleaning up the mess. Leaving the painkiller bottle under a sofa cushion she would tell Heidi where they were, so Zach didn't find them. She didn't want to interrupt Heidi's rest. Just before leaving the apartment Kyndall took a brief tour of Zach's bedroom. Picturing him making love to her on his bed gave her goosebumps. She had to go or she was going to masturbate on his bed. Cain was called and invited over. Rock on! Cock in!  
  
Five hours later, Khloe called and woke Heidi up. Checking on her they agreed it was alright that Khloe headed home instead of visiting. Getting Kyndall's number Heidi texted her thanks, Kyn informing her of the hidden painkillers. Needing more Heidi got up and went out to locate them.  
  
While lifting the cushion Zach came home grumbling. She winced at his untimely arrival but held her ground.  
  
"Hey Punk. Can you believe I got an invite in the mail to my Ex's ex's grand opening? I hope his fucking bar burns to the ground. Some fucking nerve Sam has."  
  
"Are you wearing women's underwear around your neck?"  
  
"Yeah! Met a hot Realtor. You look like crap. You go to work today?"  
  
"No. I called off."  
  
"Are those hickies?"  
  
"Weaver attacked me. I have hickies in places I can't even reach. Crazy Rooster."  
  
"Damn! Good thing I'm wore out. I'd add to those."  
  
"Raincheck?"  
  
"After I rain...sure."  
  
No pain no gain.  
  
Heidi Baker let him cum on her face.  
  
It was good to see him, even with jizz dripping from her eyelids.  
  
"Great! Now I'll probably get pink eye."  
  
Raw or not...she would deal with it.