**Be My Guest**

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**Be My Guest Ch. 19: MAN UP**

"Get a move on Pedigo, I wanna go home before I clock back in tomorrow."  
  
"Tall order Munchkin." Zach Pedigo laughed at his co-worker and site boss the adorably spunky Stormy Belair. She being a midget the heckle went over like a brick.  
  
"Tom Hardy har har!" She replied connecting his resemblance to the actor. "Don't make me use that dick of yours as a step ladder to punch that smile off your face." She was ready to pounce. "I miss that bad boy by the wayside."  
  
"One time thing Andrea not the Giant."  
  
"You're on a roll today. Do I gotta bring the hay?"  
  
"I just said one time only Stormy. I'm not going to make a habit of having sex with my co-workers." He finished his last connection of siding to the mobile home they were working on. "Cleo is the only exception."  
  
"I thought you was taking Rocky's money to tap Angel. She's a co-worker."  
  
"Again...one time only. I'm still regretting taking Rock up on that offer. Only reason I'm considering it is I wanna see DiVito squirm from how much I make his wife scream." He pauses with a shit eating grin, "That and him trying to resist a hard on with Cleo sitting in his lap."  
  
"Might get ugly." Stormy chuckled. "Especially if he doubles up on his Viagra."  
  
"That's his problem."  
  
"Cleo agree to that?"  
  
"She laughs about it but yeah, she's not gonna tell me no."  
  
"Penis whipped, huh?"  
  
"Something like that. Let's pack up I need a beer."  
  
"Beer? Lightweight! I need a few shots of Jack."  
  
"I'm not jacking off over you." He laughed. "Although it might put some hair on your chest."  
  
"Sayin' I'm manly?"  
  
"You broke a nail earlier. Man in MANicure. You should drop by my daughter's nail salon and have her fix that. Oh, wait! She called off work today. Not feeling so hot, her boyfriend roughed her up in a good way." If only Zach knew that was the furthest thing from the truth. Still relying on his reference in calling Heidi Baker his daughter just to keep the crew from calling him a liar, it was becoming habit forming.  
  
"Lucky her. Only time I get roughed up is in the ring." Stormy being a wrestler it was pretty often. Helping Zach haul their tools back to their van she sighed heavily. "I have a bout coming up here soon. You should drop by the arena and root me on."  
  
"I'll consider that." He puckered just as his cell rang, "Hold up it's my buddy Nick." Answering it Stormy tosses her tools into the van's bed while listening to him. "Hey Nico! What's happening brother?"  
  
"We haven't talked any more about Iris and our agreement. Got time to meet me for a drink after work? I'm buying." Nick Riley sounded chipper.  
  
"I was craving a Budwizzer. We're loading our equipment now. Twenty minutes to get back to the shop and clock out. Let me run home and shower then I'll meet you at Wet Willy's?"  
  
"Wet Willy's!" Stormy chuckled. "I can help with that." She reached for Zach's zipper while he dodges her laughing.  
  
"I'll be waiting."  
  
"You bringing Iris?"  
  
"Nope! I want to discuss this just you and I and plan things out."  
  
"My plan is simple. I call, your bitch cums."  
  
"Gonna take some getting used to Buddy. I trust you and all but...damn!"  
  
"You'll get used to it. Just know I'm not stealing her away...EVER!"  
  
"I believe ya. 6:30 at Willy's?"  
  
"I'll be there. Save us a dart board."  
  
"Gotcha!" Nick hangs up on Zach who lowers his cell to see Stormy struggling to carry their ladder. Hurrying to her side he takes it from her hauling it the rest of the way to their van.  
  
"Who's Iris?"  
  
"My bud's fiancée, my slut." He had to brag. "Oh! I met a realtor lady yesterday. I'll probably tap her here soon too."  
  
"Take a number, eh?"  
  
"Long line. I have to admit my sex life has gotten crazy since my kid moved in with me."  
  
"Incest?"  
  
"Not what I mean." Zach appeared edgy, "Just...a lucky charm I suppose." He frowned, thanking God that was not the case. While he was all over Heidi Baker, if she were his real daughter it would be a bitch. Thankfully, she had set him up with enough gals to mold his old persona back into what it used to be when he was married. His persona alone but not ex-wife Yushea's cup of tease. She had her own agenda playing behind his back at every chance she got, not into his newly acquired taste of dominance. That was then. He was much happier without her.  
  
"Oh get this...my ex-wife's boyfriend sent me an invite to his new Bar opening. As if I'd give that bastard the bragging rights of showing up so he can rub it in my face."  
  
"I'll be your date. I can kick his ass for you."  
  
"I'm not going Stormy. Thanks for the offer though, he deserves it." More than Zach knew. "It's better I just steer clear of him and my ex. I...don't want those memories back."  
  
"I get that. It's always better to look the other way before crossing any road. Just know I have your kneecaps."  
  
"Thanks Munchkin."  
  
"Munch on this." She pats her inner thighs through her jeans.  
  
"You don't give up do you?"  
  
"Nope! You're gonna chow down on this again one of these days...without my paying you to do it. I got faith."  
  
"We'll see." He laughs. "Get in I'll drive."  
  
"Course you will, I can't reach the gas pedal. Fuck you Pedigo."  
  
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"GOD HELP ME! I know I don't deserve your help but please stop the burning in my asshole. All my freaking holes while you're at it." Heidi Baker carefully inspects her privates using a hand held mirror finding bruises that weren't there yesterday. Heidi Baker was enduring a beating, after her first beating to boot. Her gangbang at Moolah Rouge was taking it's toll. "Forget I asked God. I did this to myself I'll get through it. You help those who help themselves right? I guess I helped myself too much that night." A giggle escaping her agony she rolled her eyes. "I sure know those horndogs did."  
  
In her misery she heard her cell ring, rolling over to get it next to her futon mattress, she had relocated everything low to avoid getting up save to pee or eat. "Cleo!" She answered it quickly, "Hey Girlyfriend."  
  
"Hey yourself. I had a few minutes after classes. I saw you texted me." Cleopatra Teleki sat in her car on campus.  
  
"Yes. I need to talk to you about a couple things. Are we going to Yushea's club opening to support her?" She prayed she would be in shape before then, even more so before that wedding Saturday. Weaver's band was playing there and she was not going to let him down considering she had been avoiding him over the last two days to heel.  
  
"Can't drink but we can go if you want. I'll drive seeing as you don't have a car."  
  
"Working on getting one." She pondered over her piggy bank which was in the shape of a leather bowling ball case.  
  
"Awesome. My Uncle Rudy has a car lot if you need a deal. He would drop prices if I sat on his lap." She laughed. "Don't read into that. I used to do the horsey thing on his knee when I was a baby. He's my Mom's brother."  
  
"Ride 'em Cowgal."  
  
"I shouldn't have told you that." Cleo busted up. "I heard you called off work the last two days. You alright?"  
  
"Fell off my own horse is all. Don't ask...too many knees."  
  
"Uhhh? Okay! Do I even want to know?"  
  
"Of course you do, but I don't want Tom to know. So therefore I can't tell you."  
  
"You know I won't rat you out."  
  
"Come on you and Zach are tight."  
  
"I'm loosening up...because of him if that's any consolation."  
  
"Can you drop by tomorrow morning and take me shopping?"  
  
"I have classes in the morning but...screw it, I'll skip...shopping sounds fun."  
  
"I need something to wear to a wedding. The goth garb I had bought to wear I abused when I met Weavey's parents."  
  
"Oh boy! You met Solo?"  
  
"I did...he met me."  
  
"Ouch!"  
  
"You're telling me." Heidi winced at a sting in her ass hole.  
  
"So...if you met him, you met Weaver's stripper mom."  
  
"I did just say his parents."  
  
"Right! She's a trip."  
  
"Yep! Tripped me good."  
  
"You stripped at Moolah Rouge didn't you?" Cleo guessed.  
  
"You're good. So...tell me my fortune Miss Cleo."  
  
"Funny! My Mom named me after a phone psychic named that. She's into all that fortune telling crap. Of course that psychic did predict I would be born on a certain date. I was only off by two days, I call that mistake second guessing. Anyways...you need a dress...my Auntie makes dresses. Maybe we can swing by and she might have something that fits you. I need a new dress too after the one I wore to the mall shrank into a tank top."  
  
"I loved that dress. I'd rock in one of those. Yes! Let's visit Auntie."  
  
"Pick you up at 10:00?"  
  
"I'll be ready...just don't expect me to be moving fast."  
  
"You worry me Heidi."  
  
"I worry me."  
  
"Text me if you need anything."  
  
"Will do. Thanks!"  
  
What Heidi Baker needed was another pain killer.  
  
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"Come on you piece of junk."  
  
Having clocked out for the day at Teleki's Siding and Insulation, Zach Pedigo was finding his Harley acting finicky. Several times trying to start it his boy Manned Up and fired. Grimacing, he knew more money was going to be put out soon or he would be riding the bus like Heidi. So not his style. "Sorry Buddy I didn't mean to insult you. You're not a piece of junk, you just need some new blood probably." He had checked the oil it was needy but not dark. Spark plugs seemed tight but hey he was no mechanic. Zach might look rugged and tough but he had his faults.  
  
Hitting the highway he was home in record time, trying his best to be on schedule in meeting Nick Riley. Hurrying inside the back door he found an unexpected surprise. In his way going downstairs to the laundry room with a basket of clothes was the beautiful Petra Monahan, her flaming red hair up in a ponytail. A revealing black halter top and tight white shorts with a pleasant see through vibe to them prevented him from going up to his floor, technically hers seeing as she lived down the hall from him.  
  
"Hey Handsome!"  
  
"Who?" He winced.  
  
"Oh my God! MASTER!" She giggled, "Sorry I'm trying to process it. I swear I'll improve."  
  
"I'll leave my dirty clothes inside my apartment door. Wash mine when you're done."  
  
"Seriously? I mean...I will."  
  
"When my clothes are in the washer you will strip naked and sit on it until ready to dry. AM I UNDERSTOOD?"  
  
"Umm? Other people use the...YES SIR!" His gaze made her weak, she adored this man and any chance she got to be with him she would do as told.  
  
"Selfies sent to my phone to prove it. Fail me and flame over."  
  
"Flame? You mean game?"  
  
"Nope! Flame. I'll turn you over my knee and blister your ass until it's redder than your hair."  
  
"Mmmm! I want you so bad."  
  
"I'm sure you do. Let me by, I need a shower." She steps around him in the tight quarters, the basket beneath her tits lifting them until her halter barely held them in. No bra, no undies, just as Zach enforced she was loving the sensations. Finding her irresistible in that moment Zach went out of his way to remove her halter straps from her shoulders and loosened the halter dramatically. Her eyes were sparkling at his approach. "Stop hiding."  
  
She nodded with trembling lips that begged to be kissed. It didn't happen. As he hurried upstairs she enjoyed his muscles until he faded from view. Sighing she winced in thought, "Did he just say stop hiding, or stop Heidi? Oh my God! That man makes me crazy." Off to the laundry room she went. One of her neighbors whom she had sex with last week who lived right on the other side of Zach's apartment by the name of Jay was in there as well. While not interested in him for further sex unless instructed to she would merely use poor Jay to take pics for Zach. He was more than happy to.  
  
Entering his apartment Zach saw Heidi Baker limping nude from the bathroom toward her room. He could tell she was drugged up with pain killers but still aware that he was home. "Still under the weather?"  
  
"Come on Tom you know I'm not sick." She held one hand on the wall. "Let's skip my facial tonight okay?"  
  
"You must be in agony to ask that. Ready to confess anything? Weaver rough you up?"  
  
"I told you no."  
  
"Then who was he?"  
  
"Who knows?" She rolled her eyes, "Not like I asked names."  
  
"More than one? Weaver's band?"  
  
"Oh hell no! No way am I doing anything with Wayne and Garth."  
  
"Good! Recalling Wayne's World I think of Tia Carrere, she reminds me way too much of Yushea. I avoid partying on like the plague now."  
  
"Funny man. Quick favor so I don't have to call for help?"  
  
"No time! Gotta shower and meet Nick. You're tough."  
  
"Fuck you Tom!" She watches him slip behind her and head into his bedroom. Unable to move at the moment she grew whiney, "DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAD!" Hearing her exaggeration Zach grinned and removed his clothes in prep of showering, gathering his laundry into a basket. Carrying the full basket from his room he stopped behind her.  
  
"Carry this to the door for Petra, she's going to do my laundry."  
  
"I can barely move Tom."  
  
"You do what I ask, I'll help you out."  
  
"Why are you torturing me. I'm your baby." She pouted.  
  
"If you really were my kid I'd send you to your room for a month. Do it!"  
  
"Fuck!" She grits her teeth miserably and hobbles just to turn around. Taking his basket she limps very slowly through the apartment. Seeing how red her inner thighs were he shook his head. He found just how red when she struggled to bend over and set his basket on the carpet. Even her clam was on fire. Palming the door she hissed in agony. In just that moment the door opened up on her and pushed her backwards. In her unsteady stance Heidi fell back on to the floor crying. "WHAT THE FUCK?"  
  
Ducking her head inside Petra Monahan cringed in expression. "Oops! Sorry." She quickly reached for the basket of clothes and drug it out into the hall and shut the door.  
  
"I don't need to see any more red. Dammit!" Heidi wept laying there. Moving over her Zach hovered directly above her face, his dick dangling down over her. "Rub cream on my butthole Tom."  
  
Without another word Zach carefully repositioned and delicately picked her up as if on their honeymoon, carrying her into his own bedroom rather than laying her on the futon so low to the floor. "Easier for you to get up when you need to. Camp out in my bed tonight."  
  
"Not sleeping with you Tom."  
  
"Shut the fuck up Baker. I'm doing you a solid." He then left her laying on her back while he ventured into her bedroom for all of her necessities, cell, ointments, painkillers, etc. "Roll over."  
  
"I can't." She pouted heavily.  
  
"Christ!" He looks at her pussy cautiously pulling her legs wider for a better inspection. "You should see a doctor."  
  
"Nooo! You're my doctor."  
  
"Knock it off Dove, that's some serious raw there." He decides to grab a towel from the bathroom and return with something else. A bottle of baby powder. Laying the towel on his blanket to protect getting powder on it he ever so tenderly sprinkled powder over the extremity of emblazoned flesh.  
  
"You never did that when I was a baby. It's nice to know you can Man Up now that I'm all grown up."  
  
"HAHA! We really should stop this whole daddy daughter lie Heidi."  
  
"Why? It's fun to taunt you."  
  
"Oh yeah?" He pressed a finger up inside her pussy making her scream. She shut up fast. "This will help. If you're not better by the day after tomorrow I'm hauling you to a doctor's office."  
  
"No insurance. Why do you think I'm suffering?"  
  
"Where did you get the painkillers?"  
  
"Kyndall. I begged her to, so don't give her grief." He begins applying ointment to her butt pucker. "Please don't put your finger up there too. I might piss on you."  
  
"Kyndall huh? You two chums now?"  
  
"I called Khloe to see if Walter had anything but she refused to steal from him. She suggested Kyndall might help. Did you know they have another...sister?"  
  
"I heard rumblings. Kendra I think."  
  
"Yep!" She tried not to laugh knowing Kendra was transgender. She wanted him to be shocked if he had all three members of the KKK in bed at once, not funny but she thought it in her evil little mind. Khloe, Kyndall, and Kendra! Zach would likely strip the sheets off of his bed anyway.  
  
"Done! Get some rest. I need to get ready."  
  
"Tom?"  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"Read me a bedtime story."  
  
"Sure! Once upon a time there was a Big Ole' Guy with a huge cock that didn't care what..."  
  
"STOP! Go away." She giggled, "Please don't get hard! Please don't get hard."  
  
Not on Zach's agenda, that was his cue to get showered. A fast ten minutes he returned dried off and fresh. He found Heidi snoring on her belly. Eying her beauty he sighed, "What are you doing to yourself Kid?" Getting dressed up a bit he looked dashing. Cologne on he got ready to leave when he snapped one last look Heidi's way. Strangely, he found himself lured back to cover her up with the other half of his blanket. Kissing the top of her head he whispered, "Sweet dreams Princess."  
  
"Night Daddy." He heard her mumble. Yeah...too close for comfort. Zach headed out.  
  
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Wet Willy's Pub...not the finest Sports bar in Seattle but usually hopping...after hours even more...come on, it was a pickup place.  
  
"About fucking time." Nick Riley yelled across the bar as Zach Pedigo found his way through the crowd of drinking patrons. Hot girls everywhere usually meant three guys to every girl. Tonight the ratio was only two to one. Sadly only one in ten was gonna get laid. Then again...Zach was enjoying a large number of ladies checking out his arrival.  
  
"Sorry I'm a little late my bike's sputtering. I hope I get home later. Might wanna wait and follow me just in case." Zach joined him at his table near the dartboards. Nick turning side saddle in his seat peers out at the patrons and takes notes on just how much his buddy was drawing attention their way. Since their night with Iris and finding out his old friend was quite the womanizer he was determined to understand why and how he had changed so much. Bad enough his fiancée wanted Zach as her Master even though still agreeing to marry Nick the processing of it all was hard to swallow. He could tell Iris worshipped him, but on the flipside she worshipped Zach too. Only in a different kind of way. "Will you look at all that pussy squirming in their seats since you crossed the room?"  
  
"I saw!" A waitress made her way to Zach as he took his outer shirt off in favor of a black wife beater. Even as she waited on him to drag his pullover from his body she checked out his muscles and flared her eyes. Nick was observing her closely. "He'll take a bottle of Bud, you can spin it with him when it's empty." He chuckled. She barely heard Nick at all in her mesmerized state. Realizing it, Nick hissed and rolled his eyes.  
  
"Can I serve you? My name is Jodi. I mean I'm here to serve you." She rambled. Blushing she had to hide her face behind her fingers, "Sorry! What can I get you?"  
  
"What he said." Zach pointed at Nick, "Start listening to the boss." He then winked at her. Fidgeting she decided to look at Nick expecting a repeat order.  
  
"Give him a Screaming Orgasm. Every other girl does." Nick laughed. Jodi smirked then returned her sheepish gaze toward Zach who sat down and slouched.  
  
"Is that really what you want?" She nibbled her lip. Jodi thinking to herself, "Gladly!"  
  
"Bottle of Bud! We can spin it after you get off later." Zach used Nick's earlier comment.  
  
"Mmmm! I'm off at 2:30." Her reaction made Nick shake his head, he wasn't even in the bar as far as she was concerned. Zach fluttering his knuckles for her to go away made the adorable tattooed brunette in pigtails scamper off smiling. Spin the bottle sounded fun if he fucked her after hours. She would be hopeful the rest of the night. Wet beneath her mini skirt too.  
  
"That shit is just insane Z. She didn't hear a word I said but followed every fucking syllable you uttered."  
  
"Women like a guy in control. Ask Iris."  
  
"Don't remind me. I'm still coming to terms that I'm letting her serve you."

"Tell me why."  
  
"Why? Because I love Iris."  
  
"She loves me more."  
  
"Fuck you Pedigo."  
  
"Nico you'll understand as time goes on. She's going to make you a good wife, just give her a lil' room."  
  
"How many guys are in that room." Nick shook his head trying not to laugh at himself.  
  
"Better get used to that. She wants that option of tight quarters. Just relax and breath Buddy. I won't fail you we have too much history you and I. Would you rather lose her over not letting her be her?"  
  
"Not particularly. It's just sinking in a slower than I'd like."  
  
"From what I'm getting she prefers things sinking in pretty hard." Zach rubbed it in playfully as Jodie returned with his beer. Nick didn't bother to offer a harsh banter back as cute Jodi rested his beer on a coaster. With Nick wagging his empty bottle at her she frowned, "Couldn't have said you needed a refill before she went to get mine? You're a douche Riley. Isn't he a dick Jodi?" Zach winked at the girl. "He's buying by the way."  
  
"I know right?" She nodded and sneered at Nick. "I'll be back Dick." She giggled then repeated her journey for the bar. Seeing Nick set his empty bottle aside Zach retrieved it and began tearing the label off to kill time.  
  
"I know that look in your eye Z. What are you planning?"  
  
"Watch and learn." Zach sighed.  
  
Out on a tiny dance floor girls flocked to an incoming song over the speakers. Being in an 80's mood the song playing was Pour Some Sugar on Me by Def Leppard. It was a timeless song for hormonal energy. With more girls than men on the dance floor it seemed the appropriate time for the ladies to stir up the lust in the men around them. Pick up bar remember?  
  
With Zach and Nick's table directly next to the floor, numerous young hotties in extremely short dresses horded close to them offering a vibe of, "Look at me." Zach ignored them even as Nick couldn't resist. Noting his friends attention span Zach chuckled, "If you stop drooling, they'll try harder."  
  
Nick winced at him with a sigh and turned away from eying the clustering young ladies. Sure enough a batch of four college level cuties moved in closer to gyrate their hips and go out of their way to be noticed. Zach finished peeling the bottle's label and looked up just as Jodi returned.  
  
Resting Nick's beer in front of him she noticed Zach laying the empty bottle on it's side. "Spin it." He motioned to Jodi. Eyes hesitant she smiles.  
  
"If it lands on you, can I suggest you take your tank off?"  
  
"I'll agree to that." Zach returned to his slouch.  
  
"What if it lands on me?" Nick laughed.  
  
"Then she can pour your beer over your lap to cool yourself off." Zach winks at her.  
  
"Now I'm liking this. And, if it lands on me?" She grew edgy in a playful way.  
  
"Then you remove your G-string and give it to Nick there to keep."  
  
"What? You don't want...wait! What if I'm not wearing a...yeah, I'm wearing a G." She blushed. "You don't want it?"  
  
"Nope! I have better ideas for the next spin."  
  
"Mmmm! Okay, I'm in." She bent at the knee just enough to hold her serving tray and spin the bottle. All eyes on it, it landed on Zach. "YES!" She bubbled dancing in step, "Take it off."  
  
"Man of my word." Zach stood tall and swiftly removed his wife beater and showed off his amazing musculature, his abs tight and rippling. Jodi nearly fainted. Laying it on her tray he said, "You're now the proud owner of something of mine."  
  
Women dancing just behind Jodi grew envious at the Spin the Bottle act and closed in around her, "We wanna play." A giddy young blond with green eyes, wearing a stretchy mini dress of yellow infiltrated their presence.  
  
"What do you have to lose?" Zach eyed her with a grin. Jodi suddenly felt like chopped liver. "You're not wearing panties." She bulged her eyes with a vivid grin.  
  
"You been peeping?' The blond giggled. Her friend a redhead nodded smirking to confirm he was accurate. Nick just sat back in awe and swigged his beer.  
  
"Certainly not her virginity." The redhead added razzing her friend.  
  
"Nothing to lose, no reason to spin." Zach eluded to failure on her part. The blond winced at him then peered around her at the bar.  
  
"I'll lose my dress in private."  
  
"Nope! Right out in the open." The redhead flared her eyes at Zach then folded her arms over her healthy chest at not only how ballsy he was, but that she knew her friend would consider it. Nipples cresting at his insinuation she might actually agree the redhead nervously eyed her.  
  
"Sabrina? I fucking dare you."  
  
"Fuck!" Sabrina Tooney gnashed her teeth, "Deal! But if it lands on you I get your pants."  
  
"Fair enough." Zach didn't even seem worried, Nick was doing that for him.  
  
"Hold on!" Jodi looked leery, "I don't want anyone kicked out."  
  
"You go tell Willamina that Zach Pedigo's playing for keeps."  
  
"You know the Owner?" Jodi seemed impressed.  
  
"He does." Zach nodded at Nick. "Tell her she can keep my boxers if it gets that far."  
  
"Holy crap!" Sabrina fanned herself, her other friends moving in to call her crazy. Jodi shrugged and left the group to speak with the bar owner Willamina Stone. While waiting introductions were offered, "I'm Sabrina, this is Kirsten, Dolly, and Mona." Zach merely grinned at the ladies. Mona was easy enough to figure out, with a well toned body she obviously worked out quite a bit. Brunette hair pinned up into a bun she looked as if the one less into this game, yet Zach found her intriguing. Dolly also brunette, her hair in a bob, short but stylish was a tanning nut, her complexion dark but sexy. All in similar dresses. The redhead Kirsten had amazing green eyes and 38D's. The other three beauties roughly 36C.  
  
"I'm Nick...he's Master." Nick felt like mocking his friend.  
  
"Ooooo!" The quartet seemed intrigued, "Kinky man." Dolly winked at Zach who nurtured his beer while eying the bar where he could see Jodi pulling aside a 40 year old with a curly mane of dirty blond hair. As busty as Kirsten, the bartender slash owner peered through the crowd to see their table. Zach toasted her his bottle from the distance as Nick joined him out of respect.  
  
Leaving the bar Willamina wearing a cut off t-shirt sponsoring a vintage Bon Jovi concert in her youth that said Slippery When Wet made her way toward them. Jodi forced to take care of other tables had relinquished Zach's wife beater to her. Carrying it over her shoulder like a bar towel Willamina scowled at the boys until reaching them. Balling up Zach's tank she sniffed it once then hurled it at him. Catching it Zach laughed.  
  
"You can stay. Nicky has to go."  
  
"Wait! What?" Nick winced.  
  
"You ladies' don't want this guy. Dinky dick maybe two inches."  
  
"Oh, you're harsh. No worse than you having a dick." He flipped her off then leered to the ladies offering a measure of eight inches to prove how wrong Willamina was. Shaking her head Willamina cracks up laughing and eases into Nick's lap, an arm over his shoulder.  
  
"You love my dick Nicky. Especially when I ram it up your ass."  
  
Zach nodded at the girls, "It's true." They each had a varying response of giggles, Mona more of a poised brow of uncertainty as to what was even happening. Regardless her eyes were all about Zach's broad shoulders and six pack abs. If nothing else she would have been happy just talking workout routines.  
  
Sabrina and Dolly were the bubbly duo flirting with Zach to the point of whispering to one another what they wanted to do to him. With exceptional hearing Zach heard that word Master muttered between them. A good sign he was on the right track with his decision making. Kirsten was more intrigued with Willamina even knowing these two gentlemen.  
  
"What the fuck ever." Nick offered a defeated look. A kick under the table by Zach made him liven back up. "...and I'm back bigger than ever."  
  
"Been awhile Nicky." Willamina changed her tone hugging him a tad more tighter than she had already. Leaning in to whisper, "Heard you got engaged. Darn! I was hoping to be the next Mrs. Riley and well...live the life of Riley."  
  
"You always were after my money Willy. Sorry if Zach there is creating a scene."  
  
"Are you kidding me? That man can do whatever he want as long as I get to lick every muscle on that gorgeous body."  
  
"Seriously? How's come you never used to chase after him?"  
  
"You don't know everything Handsome." She smirked, "While I've never spoke up before now it doesn't mean I don't look. He doesn't come in much these days so I'm making up for lost time."  
  
"Huh! Learn something nude every day. You know if you let him he's going to play Spin the Bottle right here until everyone loses their clothes, right?"  
  
"Sounds fun." She pats his cheek then turns her attention to Zach, "What's on your mind Handsome Zach?"  
  
"Livening up this bar of yours. Where the hell is everyone? Last time I was here the body count was capacity plus."  
  
"I think the crowd is saving up for the grand opening of Sam's club." Even she knew Zach's arch enemy.  
  
"Their loss." Zach bit his tongue on putting Sam down even though he was bitter over he and his ex-wife Yushea. Better not to ruin the momentum of what he was building with the ladies. Too much agitation might turn them off. "Give Jodi back my shirt she earned it fair and share."  
  
"Don't you mean square?"  
  
"Nope! I know you two will share it later." He laughed.  
  
"Wear it maybe." She tugged her cut off making her titties jiggle in her toying with it.  
  
"It'd look good on ya."  
  
"So would you." She winked.  
  
"Pool table after hours?" He dared to suggest. To his right Sabrina raised her hand offering to be Willamina's replacement should she pass up the offer. Zach grinned at Sabrina, "Always room for three." Sabrina pumped her fist giggling, "So in."  
  
"That would make two of us." He patted his crotch. Her friends opted to spread out around their table and ask if they could join them before actually taking a seat. Dolly sat to Zach's left hardly hiding her skirt's opened view of her G-string tightening up into her labia, sopping wet and begging to be noticed. He spotted it but for the most part played it cool. Just knowing he peeked made her begin rubbing her right leg sensually.  
  
"Spin the Bottle, eh?" Willamina removed her arm from Nick's shoulder and repositioned to sit on his left knee only, Nick enjoyed a healthy butt crack under her low riding jean shorts. Reaching across the table she pinched the bottle on its side, "One round before I have to go back to work?"  
  
"All in?" Zach looked to the ladies. Every one of them grit their teeth, they really didn't have much on to lose. Caving to his allure they agreed.  
  
"Fun! Fun!" Willy winked, "Here's my proposition. If it lands on Zach there he wears my shirt and I wear his."  
  
"Won't fit me Willy." He chuckled.  
  
"You think I don't know that Tom Hardy?" Hearing her reference to the actor Heidi Baker had been calling him since the day she moved in made him picture the girl laying in his bed laid up from a bad night of sex with somebody, but refusing to talk about it. For now apparent reason he shrugged.  
  
"My condition..." He counters, "...seeing as it's quiet in here outside of down on their luck Fella's wishing for some action."  
  
"Down on their luck ladies included." Kirsten interrupted.  
  
"Don't you worry Red." Zach winked, "That's gonna change. So are you if she agrees."  
  
"Excuse me?" Kirsten blushes.  
  
"Wait your turn Riding Hood."  
  
"Riding you I hope."  
  
"Ah ah ah! Keep interrupting me the Wolf's clothing won't come off any faster." Sabrina quickly palmed her friends mouth and howled like a wolf laughing. Zach returned his gaze to Willy. "If you wear my shirt tonight that's all you wear."  
  
"Hard bargain Hockey Stick." Willy recalled his enjoyment of Hockey in talks past. "You're just lucky I'm horny and on good terms with the local PoPo."  
  
"Makes this even better don't it Corner Pocket?" He pointed at the pool table guiding her interest like a beacon.  
  
"After hours promise? Me and you on that table?"  
  
"Done!" He offers a handshake that she graciously accepted. Nick was just amazed by Zach's confidence level.  
  
"Squeal!" She polished off their promise. "I spin."  
  
"They sin." He waves a finger to the ladies, in a fly by shooting.  
  
"Wait!" Mona winced, "What are we doing again?"  
  
"Whatever Master wants us to do. Quiet over there." Sabrina giggled.  
  
"Master?" She scowls then shakes her head, her frown becoming a grin. Once her eyes stopped rolling she glanced at Zach just staring at her with a cold expression. Shivering at his delivery she found her nipples peaking right before his eyes.  
  
"Spin the bottle Willy." He directed the establishment owner. Shaking her own head she went ahead and did it, then stopped it mid whirl.  
  
"What if it lands on anyone other than you or I?"  
  
"Whomever it lands on gives me a lap dance, but..." The girls easily perked up at the invitation. "She has to point at one of her friends, her choice and that person gives my boy Nick a lap dance. Duration of one song of Willy's choice."  
  
"Rock on." Willy puckered in agreement. "Let's get this going I gotta do my job. My new girl at the bar is wet behind the ears. Mixedupology if you get my drift."  
  
"Rock hard." Sabrina coyly points at Zach's bulging jeans.  
  
"Spin cycle!" Zach motioned and guzzled his beer, casually landing his free hand on Dolly's knee. Wiggling his index finger while she glanced at his sudden intrusion she flared her eyes and spread her thighs for a better view. This was fun.  
  
Willy sent the bottle spinning, it's slowing velocity teetering to land between Nick and Willy herself. Strangely the ladies pouted as one. Nick feeling bold reached over to the bottle and flicked it enough to land on Willy. "Closer to you."  
  
"That was then. this is now Rockstar Riley." Willy laughed, "Swap shirts Puck Boy." In hearing it Zach hurled his tank at her. Catching it Willamina sighed loudly then stood up giving Nick feeling back in his leg. Peering around at the patrons of her bar knowing how their eyes were focused on the gathering she took a deep breath then pulled her concert t-shirt off and let her stunning and still gravity defying tits flop out and dance. The ladies were in awe of her boldness, each of them worried of their own bravado should the time come.  
  
Tossing Zach her shirt he caught it and watched Willy slip his wife beater on. With her chest being large the shirt hugged her hips but wouldn't go lower than pube level unless she pulled it down and held it firm. Doing that her tits were dangerously susceptible of falling out the cleavage of the tank. Jean shorts still on she showed off. Hearing others out in the crowd whistling at her she did a 360 just for shits and wiggles.  
  
While attention was elsewhere Zach tried to put on Willy's shirt but couldn't get both arms in so just removed his covered arm and left it a scarf around his neck. Nick just shook his head and finished his beer. Good times!  
  
"Forgetting something Will U Are?" Zach drew her attention back. Sighing with a sneer Willamina unfastened her shorts and dropped them to her sandaled feet stepping out of them to more applause.  
  
"Leaving my G on. I can barely cover my coochie now." She tugs it low then gives up, "You losing your pants?"  
  
"If you're keeping your G I'm keeping my boxers."  
  
"After hours still happening?" She wanted confirmation.  
  
"I break!"  
  
"Damn Zach!" Willy fanned herself, "Keep him worked up for me ladies." She then leers back at Nick who tugged on her G-string snapping it to get her attention.  
  
"Couples match?"  
  
"Naaa! Cheater!" She razzed him for being engaged but still leaned down and pecked him on the cheek. Wolf calls of, "Hey Bartender!" behind her made Willy shake her butt, "Drinks on me."  
  
"Body shots?" Nick chuckled.  
  
"My belly button is the only pot hole you get Nicky."  
  
"In a rut as always." He scowled, then peered at the ladies, "She's just lucky I fill in those pot holes with my glue gun." He pats his own crotch to zero interest. All eyes were on Zach.  
  
"SPIN!"  
  
On Zach's command Sabrina took it upon herself to lean over the table and share her cleavage in twirling the bottle. All eyes on the Budwizzer bottle circling menacingly it slowed down, the neck pointed straight at Dolly. Eyes bulging she grew excitable, standing up quickly to claim her prize. In doing so she lost Zach's hand on her knee which made him shake his head at her. Realizing she basically pushed him away she pouted, "Crap! Sorry Zach."  
  
"I bet you are. Choose your dance partner."  
  
"You?" She crossed her fingers continuing to pout in case she offended him.  
  
"Not wearing that slingshot you aren't." He scowled. With a hiss she lifted her stretchy dress and slithered her G-string from her hips down to her ankles. Guys sitting behind them getting a perfect view of her glossy clam. Lifting it triumphantly she whipped it around her head like a stripper. Her girlfriends whooping it up with her.  
  
Offering it toward Zach he lifted a palm refusing it, "Naaa! But, those fellas back there seem to like it." Leering sheepishly over her shoulder she realized just how cute her neighbors were, still her goal was Zach. Taking his hint she seductively strutted toward them, playfully making her way from one man, then over to his buddy, placing her panties up to their nose for a sweet scent. She then stood erect lifting it over the table at eye level before opening her fingers and letting it drop to their table. A tug of war to own them ensued. She loved their greedy lust as she scurried back to Zach.  
  
"May I offer you a lap dance Sir?" She played on the Master angle hoping to reel him back in. Zach hearing her pondered it then paused her with a finger, "Choose your dance partner." She realized he wasn't referring to him recalling the deal earlier of having to appoint a friend to lap dance over Nick. Without haste she pointed at Sabrina, she knew the girl just wanted to have fun.  
  
Bubbly Sabrina shuffled toward Nick and threw her left leg over his to straddle him, turning his brimmed hat around while shaking her shoulders from side to side. Nick facing toward the dance floor allowed onlookers to see her butt cheeks peeking from beneath her skirt. She truly didn't care who saw them.  
  
Music cueing up from behind the bar at the service of DJ Willy, cracking up at her choice it was a slow build tune of AC/DC's The Jack. Laughter erupted in the bar as Zach turned his chair so that Dolly had her back toward her panty raiders. She too in crawling into Zach's lap found her butt hanging out to the rejoice of many. Dolly was nervous to say the least until Zach took her arms and put them around his neck. "Get into it or get off."  
  
"I'd rather get you off." She sighed smiling, "My first lap dance ever."  
  
"What did I just say?" He winked at her. As the song progressed through Angus Young's musical dialogue the girls seductively gyrated in their loveseats. Sabrina was stripper quality as it was, so she had Nick's dick primed in seconds. Neither wearing underwear their labia's found it stimulating to mold around their concealed erections, both well defined to enable a smooth grazing. The friction made both women moan.  
  
At the chorus of the song where Angus quoted, "She's got the Jack..." Willy used her PA mic to change the word Jack to Zach. The bar loved her goofiness. Lifting their bottoms both women hopped up and down on their thrones, each time their dresses riding higher until both girls mooned the crowd.  
  
Sabrina went so far as to peel her dress straps over her shoulders clear down to her biceps to reveal more cleavage, wanting her hops to make her tits bounce along for the ride. Nick certainly enjoyed her recital.  
  
Not wanting to feel left out Kirsten joined Sabrina, moving behind Nick and using her own chest by surrounding his neckline. Nick was liking his head rest peripherally seeing nipples punching out to both sides of his profiles.

Mona merely moved behind Zach and offered a massage to his bare shoulders, Willy's shirt nudged out of her way in order to squeeze harder. He ignored her at first then lifted his arms over his head to draw Mona closer, fingers clutching her own dress straps. Without permission he lowered her straps over her shoulders then pulled her closer to him, her hands still rubbing. Before she realized it Zach had both of his hands surrounding her neck like a collar. Eyes bulging Mona Franklin found herself held captive. Normally she might show more restraint but today she was the one restrained.  
  
At the end of the song where the chant took over repeatedly speaking, "She's got the Jack. Jack! Jack!" the whole bar changed it to "Zach! Zach! Zach!" without Willy's verbal intervention. He had to grin.  
  
Song ending the ladies pouted. Dolly wanted to go another round feeling more confident in her abilities. Mona suddenly afraid to offend Zach by asking for her freedom merely continued massaging him. Across the table Sabrina hopped off of Nick but pinched his cheek smiling. Twirling to see Zach keeping both girls captive as another song started with more AC/DC, this time the song Dirty Deed's Done Dirt Cheap.  
  
"Reverse cowgirl." Zach prompted Dolly.  
  
"Oh shit!" She busted up laughing, "I can't keep my skirt down now without..." His expression made her look up at Mona and shrug, "What the hell."  
  
Easing off his lap she stood only long enough to turn around, flutter fingers at her panty keepers then sit back on Zach's tentpole. Slightly embarrassed in exposing her pussy to the world, the feel on Zach's monster fold rubbing along her ass gave her enough boldness to forgive herself. While yes she enjoyed some teasing this was quickly becoming far more exhibiting than she was used to.  
  
As she grew more comfy in her ride she found the men holding her panties a nice focus to gage their lust for her. The whole duration of the song she snuggled back on Zach and reached up behind her to caress Mona's cheek while Zach maintained his human collar over her. Mona was finding it disturbing yet erotic all the same. Knowing her own skirt was well above her cheek line in back she just swayed to the music and tried to overcome her own fears. Why was Zach doing this to her?  
  
Kirsten replaced Sabrina in Nick's lap just to keep him company, almost feeling sorry for him. While not performing reverse like Dolly she still enjoyed the thick cock gliding across her inner thigh. Her chest crushing together gave Nick plenty to ogle as he held her hips.  
  
Folks out on the dance floor were filtering closer and closer to get a better look at the fun. Guys less fortunate earlier were suddenly discovering interest from other women turned on by the lap dancing hot chicks. Before long the whole bar became obsessed with adult hijinks that bordered on risque acts of fondling and gyrating up on their chosen targets. Very few were left out but sadly there were some. Such was life.  
  
By the end of Dirty Deeds the music stalled to make the heat in the room cool down. Willamina worried that a mass orgy might befall the bar. Letting Zach and Nick get away with things was one thing but the entire bar? She felt a timeout period was necessary. Sending her waitress Jodi to their table with fresh drinks was a good start. Not knowing exactly what the quartet were drinking Willy just sent Screaming Orgasms just for laughs. The girls each claimed those.  
  
Dolly didn't want to leave Zach but his interest seemed more into Mona at the moment so she just kissed his neckline, avoiding the shirt scarf, and got off his lap. Winking at Dolly he did say, "Don't go far." That alone made her heart race.  
  
Releasing his human collar he let Mona stand up straight and pull her skirt down. Fanning herself at his interesting way of hitting on her, Mona greedily took one of the drinks. Before the waitress could take her leave Zach reached out and grabbed her wrist drawing Jodi back to him, sitting her down sideways in his lap. Whispering something into her ear made her smile and whisper back. The girls were getting jealous but thankfully their orgasms were smooth. With a pat to Jodi's hip the girl crawled away back to the bar.  
  
At the bar Jodi relayed Zach's message to Willamina in just two words. "Hey Willamina? Zach told me to tell you...BATCH ALLURE."  
  
"Bachelor? Ahhh hell! There goes my liquor license."  
  
The party was just getting started.  
  
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Back at Zach's apartment building Petra Monahan sat on the building's washing machine taking selfies in the nude. Having finished her own load and returning them to her apartment before sinking her fingers into Zach's load she was all his now, Jay gone home long ago. Alone and giddy at the spin cycle's rumbling torment she sent the pics to Zach's cell then fingered herself until the machine died off. Cumming hard she hopped down and stretched. Remaining naked she unloaded the dryer and started folding Zach's laundry. At his boxers she inhaled deep craving what she knew they hid away when worn. "God that man makes me crazy."  
  
Switching the wet clothes over to the dryer she received a text back from Zach while he was using the restroom. "When my clothes are done carry them to my apartment totally nude. Pics to prove it. Learn to like being seen. Check on the kid for me. I left our door unlocked so take my clothes on in and put them away. Keep the boxer's you been snorting." She giggled wondering if he was psychic. "Sleep in my bed with Heidi tonight. Thinking she needs a friend right now."  
  
"Sleep with her?" She mistook the message. Texting back he corrected her into just staying the night to keep an eye on Heidi in her agony. "First I'm his housekeeper, now I'm a babysitter. What's next? Better be your lover Buddy." She giggled. Texting back one last time she said, "I live to serve you Big Guy."  
  
"I'll be the judge of that." His reply.  
  
"Uggggggh!" She sighed with a deafening exhale, "Crazy I say."  
  
So crazy she wore his boxers on her head like a hat. Thirty minutes later Petra proudly marched upstairs nude covered only by a laundry basket and his plaid colored hat. With each step taken she recited, "Please don't let Herman see me. Please don't let Herman see me." She had to pass her own apartment, her roommate Herman was home.  
  
Invading Zach's apartment without running into a single resident she quietly moved into his bedroom. Finding Heidi Baker nude on his blankets she realized the bruises and hickies all across her body.  
  
"Oh man! What's up with that?"  
  
Hanging up his laundry and filing away what needed to be put into his dresser, she put her own stashed clothing over a chair in their living room. Not tired she simply sat down with his boxers. Not expecting a text she jumped at the ringtone. Opening it Zach asked, "Hallway pics?"  
  
"Fuck! I forgot." She gnashed her teeth, "I can't let him down." Hopping back up she cautiously stepped back out into the hallway and hurried to the staircase continually praying her roommate didn't step out and catch her. At 8:45 he was likely still awake. Hell most everyone that lived in their building was still up.  
  
Deciding to make a video instead she stretched her arm as far as it could go to record herself in transit. "Sorry I took so long. I couldn't carry your basket and take pics at the same time. I hope this video makes up for it. I put your clothes away first and checked on Heidi, she's out cold on your bed." She pans her camera over her body at every angle, front and back as she danced in her hallway trying to look sexy for him. "Notice I'm wearing your boxers on my head?" She giggled. "I like keeping you near me. I'm not certain what you want so I'm going to improvise."  
  
Moving from wall to wall like an erotic pinball she playfully touched herself all over. She even went so far as to lay in the middle of the hallway and finger her pussy, then her ass. Tasting herself she offered him a sample but of course he was at the bar, she was there.  
  
Moving to her hands and knees she fingered herself some more doing her best to capture impossible angles. In her predicament she heard a door open to her right. Shocked by the sudden noise she looked over to see her neighbor Bob whom she had screwed the day she first set eyes on Zach just to try and get his notice.  
  
"What are you doing?" Bob chuckled. His buddy Jay had already told her of her insanity.  
  
"Taking video for someone. Care to be my cameraman?" She sat up giggling.  
  
"Can I be in it?"  
  
"Okay!" She did a quick closeup of her face, her camera still recording. "Bob found me. He's going to watch me play for you. Here's Bob." She handed him her cell, Bob shining it on himself and chuckling, "Take 24."  
  
Recording her she went back to ass in the air and using both hands to finger her pussy and her ass at the same time. Bob was mumbling things like, "Pout Baby Pout!" and, "I remember those holes." So did she. Petra Monahan followed through until she came on video. Uncertain what to do next she just hopped up and reclaimed her cell. Still recording she started to say goodbye, when Bob snatched her up and tossed her over his shoulder in a loud shrill squeal. Taking her into his and Jay's apartment he slammed the door.  
  
Hearing the loud disturbance Petra's roommate Herman opened their apartment door looking around. He swore he had heard Petra but she was no where in sight. Shrugging he went back inside.  
  
Delivering that video was going to be delayed. Bob and his own roommate Jay recorded having hard rough sex with her. She had no say in the matter.  
  
Zach was busy too...  
  
It could wait.

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