**Britney**

by**[SZENSEI](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3586621&page=submissions)**©

**Britney Ch. 01: Oh Brother**

"Come on in guys. My parents aren't home right now. We can hang out a couple hours at least." coaxed Lance Foxx.   
  
Lance and his family had moved last spring from Vermont, to the great state of Florida. Their transition was awkward to say the least. Lance himself had a difficulty making new friends. Being eighteen only a week and a bit of a rogue socially left him hanging out with the outsider crowd. Not that he complained. Still he managed to befriend fellow skateboarders Evan and Styles. Both young men his own age and stunted in height. Each of them had yet to escape 5'5 status.  
  
"Nice crib, Foxx." Styles nodded checking out photographs on the wall.  
  
Evan joins Styles observing family portraits.  
  
"Hey Bro? Who's the hot chick?"  
  
Lance grins mischievously, "That's my twin sister Britney. A senior. Eighteen last week like me. Even I think she's fine."   
  
"Set us up, Dude." Styles jokes with a hint of seriousness.  
  
Lance puckers and rubs his chin, "What's in it for me?"  
  
Evan shrugs, "Eternal friendship?"  
  
"Yea, no. It's has to be worth my effort."  
  
Styles nods, "You can date my sister."  
  
Evan chuckles, "You can date my mom."  
  
"I hear a shower. That's her. She stayed home today. Hooky."  
  
"She's in my third period class I think." Styles ponders, "Algebra."   
  
"Maybe. I don't really know."  
  
Lance admires a photo of his sister from a past prom. Her long brown hair silky smooth and flowing over her shoulders. Big blue eyes that cry seductive. A bulging cleavage that her dress barely contained.  
  
Evan looks over Lance's shoulder at the same pic, "Dang. Those tits must be double D's."  
  
"34D's" Trust me I snoop." Lance chuckles with a sly grin.  
  
"You see her naked?" Styles enthusiastically asks.  
  
Lance nods, "Twice. She doesn't know I did. I caught her masturbating once. Awesome. She's a screamer."  
  
Brilliance strikes Lance as he motions for the boys to wait for him as he heads down the hall toward the bathroom. At the restroom door he listens to hear his sister humming as she showered. Hesitantly he tests the door knob and finds it unlocked. Easing it open he peers in to see Britney through a foggy set of glass shower doors. Her body was perfect. Lengthy legs even for her 5'3 stature. Firm belly and solid hips and tight ass. He almost whistled.  
  
Carefully shutting the door he returns to his buddies.  
  
"Ten bucks each I'll let you see her in the shower."  
  
Both boys looked at each other and began digging through their wallets and pockets.  
  
Coughing up the amounts barely they hand over the cash. Lance then headed back down the hall and motioned them to follow. At the door he listens again and makes certain that her status had not changed. Convinced, he opens the door and looks carefully inside at the same basic stance she had been in earlier. She was washing her hair now.  
  
Guiding the boys to the door to peer in they nearly fell over at her nudity. Even as much as the fogged up glass revealed. They were speechless and each hogging space for a better look.  
  
Finally, Lance forced them out of the way and closed the door.  
  
Hurrying back to the living room they sat down and marveled over what they had seen.  
  
"Damn dude. That was awesome. What's twenty bucks get?" Evan laughed.  
  
"I don't want your money guys. This was just a teaser." He hands their money back.  
  
"Wow! Dude you're cool as hell." Styles nodded.  
  
"I know. Besides, I know how to sucker Brit. She's extremely naïve. Might be I can sucker her into teasing you guys. If I do though you can't let on that I set her up."  
  
Evan smirks, "I dare you to get her to come out here in a towel."  
  
"Dare, huh." He chuckles, "Buy me lunch tomorrow."  
  
"Breakfast the day after even." Styles adds.  
  
"Deal. Wait until she heads for her room."  
  
Patience led to Lance activating his Xbox and quietly playing "Grand Theft Auto", while they waited. Ten minutes into their game they heard the bathroom door open up.  
  
Lance sat back with his controller and paused the game to effectively get his sisters attention.  
  
"Hey Brit? Come here a second. It's urgent."  
  
After a brief hesitation his darling sister shuffled down the hall toward the living room. The boys had dominated the sofa, each settling in on one arm of the couch. Out of her immediate sight.  
  
"What's wrong?" She pleasantly asked as she dried her hair with a smaller towel. Covering her lithe body was a broader towel that barely concealed her bulging chest, while also mischievously rode extremely high on her thighs.  
  
"Dad called. He said he and mom were going out for dinner and we had to feed ourselves. He said you had cash for a pizza."  
  
She reaches the threshold of the living room and enters, still obstructed at first from her admirers. Once she realized they were there she froze in her step and dropped her jaw.  
  
"I didn't realize you had visitors. Awkward!"   
  
Evan speaks up fast, "No problem. We both have sisters. Seen it all. I'm Evan. This is Styles."  
  
She bites her lower lip nervously and slightly covers her chest with the hand held towel.  
  
"Hi." She smiles then scowls at Lance, "You could have warned me."  
  
The brother smirks, "Guess so. Sorry. Wanna play GTA with us?"  
  
She eyes the paused video game on the big screen TV. She loved playing video games. She grits her teeth and exhales loudly, "Sounds fun. Let me get dressed real quick."  
  
The boys both look at her with pitiful gazes of disappointment. This made her realize they were obviously virgins or close to it. Rolling her eyes she smiles at them.  
  
"Okay. I can dress later. I'm covered right?" She marches straight for the entertainment center to locate a pink controller on a charging dock resting on the lowest shelf. This required her to bend over to obtain it. In doing so her bare ass popped into view for the boys to catch a glimpse. Not to mention a flash of her pussy lips. It was ever so brief.  
  
Their eyes popped out as she grinned sheepishly out of their field of witness. Standing up she twirled on the ball of her foot to face them. She then acted as if her towel was loosening. She catches it, dropping the other towel to her feet. Tightening the larger towel she acted as if holding the controller made things near impossible. She chose to prop the controller under her chin holding it against her cleavage.  
  
Once adjusted she scurries to the couch and drops into the cushion in between the two lads. They had trouble keeping their eyes off of her toned legs.   
  
"Get me in Baby Brother." By all of thirty minutes he grumbled.  
  
Lance took a few minutes to set up dual players and got her started. As the minutes passed the two of them raced a gauntlet of intersections filled with chaos.  
  
"I'm beating you Lance." She giggles.  
  
"Not going to happen." He claims.  
  
"Bet I do."  
  
"Bet you don't."  
  
"How much you wanna bet?" She coughs.  
  
"No money. Can't bet what I don't have."  
  
"Let's make this interesting." She pauses the game.  
  
The boys took immediate interest in her wager quest.  
  
She sits up and props one leg under her and stretches her arms over her head. In thought she looks between the two boys.  
  
"Should I humiliate him?"  
  
They both nod feverishly and try not to laugh.  
  
"Traitors." Lance joked.  
  
She felt confident, "If I win you have to run around the outside of our house in your underwear."  
  
"Yea right. Okay I'll bite. If I win you have to dance naked for my friends here."  
  
Her eyes bulge out then darts a glance between the two.   
  
"Ummm!" She fidgets before locking her eyes on Lance, "Length of one song."  
  
"Nope. Three songs."  
  
"Three? That's like ten minutes."  
  
The guys mumble and call her chicken.  
  
"I am SO NOT chicken. Matter of fact if I lose I'll give you lap dances naked. But, if I win not only does Lance run around the house he has to give you two lap dances." She then laughs hysterically slapping her right leg.  
  
Styles and Evan grimace at the thought of Lance dancing and hold their hands up in retaliation.  
  
"Now who's chicken?" She offers a guilt devising expression.  
  
Lance rolls his eyes, "Do we have a deal?"  
  
"Let's race bitch." She shivers with excitement.  
  
The challenge endured for nine long breathless minutes before Lance defeated his sister. He leaps up and jumps around triumphantly. After a moment of ego that resides he points at his sister.   
  
"Dance!"  
  
She sat silent and expressionless for a minute then lowers her gaze.  
  
"Wow. That sucked." She muttered.  
  
Lance found a set of prerecorded songs from the games archives and started one from the band "Five Finger Death Punch".  
  
Britney blushed and started shaking her head, then forced herself to stand up and move in front of them.   
  
"You never said I had to dance in front of you Lance. Go to your room or I won't do this for them. It's too weird in front of my own brother."  
  
"Nope. Dance."  
  
"Dang it Lance." She growls and begins swiveling her hips and reaching her arms over her head. The music became hypnotic as she closed her eyes. Before long she untied the towel as she turned away from them to hide her full frontal pose. She lifted the towel higher and revealed her bare ass shaking her cheeks like a professional.  
  
The boys drooled and gave Lance their approving nods of respect.  
  
Peering over her shoulder at the boys she smiles and licks her lips. Soon after she eyes Lance and sticks her tongue out at him before expelling "I despise you."  
  
"Whatever." Lance laughs, "Shut up and dance."  
  
Lowering the towel back over her cheeks she unfolds the width to display her bare hips from the left profile. Closing out she taunts them with a view of her right hip and full leg. As the boys sat forward they stared at her with pure lust.   
  
Cloaking herself she turns to face them and steps within three feet of their knees.  
  
She then bent over in front of them and loosens her towel to give them almost a full titty shot. Only her nipples were hidden. Full cleavage dangling made the boys bulge their eyes.  
  
"Like that?" She moves in to whisper from Evan's ear then over to Styles.  
  
Nodding hoarsely they stare straight at her chest. In response she shakes her tits under the towel. Stepping even closer she forces Evan to sit back so that she could crawl into his lap and straddle him.  
  
Evan had an instant hard on as she wiggled in his lap.  
  
"Somebody's getting a woody." She giggles.  
  
His hands roam her back over the towel as she leans forward to press her chest into his face. In the process she releases her grip on her towel and decides to let the burden stay or fall of its own decision.  
  
As Evan snuggled between her mounds he inhaled her scent and sighed loudly.  
  
Styles to her right leaned over and caressed her leg moving his hand under the towel to discover her hip.  
  
She sighs and winks at Styles while continuing to grind on Evan. Her writhing hips made Evan groan. With his groan came his hand moving down her spine until it reached the towel's hem. Sliding under it he grips her ass cheek, forcing Britney to squeal.  
  
She darts a glare at her brother eying them and she shivers.  
  
"Your friends are getting brave. Shouldn't you be defending my honor Little Brother?"  
  
Lance stands up and casually steps over to them. The boys gaze up at him with a pitiful expression. Finally, Lance reaches in and grips the towel ripping it off of her body. She now sat totally nude in Evan's lap. Her nipples grazing his shoulders.  
  
"Oh my God! Lance!"  
  
"Shut up and keep dancing. Two more songs. Besides, your bet was naked lapdances."  
  
She whines , "You're right. I did say that. I was hoping you had forgotten."  
  
With that she sits up straight and grinds her hips with a fierce rhythm. Evan took the chance and reached both hands up to squeeze her tits.  
  
"Hey! Did I say you could do that?"  
  
Evan doesn't let go instead he crushes them together.  
  
"Okay. That felt good. You can keep doing that." Brit sighs closing her eyes, gently tilting her head back.  
  
Styles rubbed her ass and tickled his fingers along her anal cavity. This gave her goosebumps .  
  
"Lance? I never said anything about being pawed up." She whines.  
  
"You just told Evan he could keep playing with your tits."  
  
"Yeah. But Styles here is fingering my ass." She trembles letting him continue.  
  
"This songs almost over. Switch laps." Lance notes the guitar riff fading.  
  
She starts to crawl off when Styles just reaches over and yanks her into his lap. This time her back was against him. She yelped as his hands clutched her tits tossing them about.   
  
As the second song started, from "Metallica", she realized the song playing was like twelve minutes in duration. Her eyes widened at Lance.  
  
"This song's really long. No fair."  
  
As she growled under her breath Evan sat up and began rubbing her inner thighs. She observed his fingers toying in her thin strip of pubic hair. Finally, fingers graced her clit. He massaged her lightly at first which made her crease her brow.  
  
"Lance?" She frets.  
  
"You made the bet. Live with it."  
  
"You suck, Lance."  
  
"That's your job. Not mine."  
  
Evan chuckled and slipped fingers up inside her pussy. She in turn started to lurch forward but found Styles holding her with his folded arms. After a few moments her nerves calmed and gave in to Evan's mission. It did feel awesome.  
  
"See! My friends like you."  
  
She blows hair from her eyes, "I still hate you. Just because it feels good doesn't give him the right to do it."  
  
"Don't make bets then. You know you never win."  
  
"Not true." She suddenly whimpers as Evan's fingers found her G-spot.  
  
"Come on Sis. I'll tell you what. Let's make another bet. If I lose you don't have to finish the next song. We can stop after this one."  
  
She shivers finding her nipples stabbing ever higher.  
  
"What's the bet consist of?"  
  
"Evan there's fingering you. If you cum before the end of this song because of his fingers then I win. If you hold out and the song ends you win."  
  
Her eyes bulge. That could be a challenge. She knew her body was already acknowledging his finger's quite sensitively.  
  
"What if I lose?"  
  
"Three more songs. You suck both these guys off."  
  
"What? How is that even fair?"  
  
"It's not. Your call Chicken."  
  
"Stop calling me that." Brit hated being called anything near a failure.  
  
"I'll jack them off if I lose."  
  
"Nope! Suck their cocks."  
  
Styles grumbles, "No way she can win that bet. She's shaking like a leaf."  
  
Evan pulls his fingers from her and shows them dripping wet.  
  
"Definitely! No way."  
  
She whines and pouts, "FINE! But, if I win you suck their dicks."  
  
Lance scowls at the thought, "Not gay sorry."  
  
Evan returns to merely massaging her clit making her thoughts confused.  
  
"Then, you have to jack off in front of them and they have to watch. No wait. All of you have to jack off in front of each other."  
  
Lance snickers, "I can do that. You have to kneel under all three of us as we cum."  
  
"Oh my God! You're my brother."  
  
He moves to the music selection and pauses the song.  
  
"I'm starting the song over. If you don't cum we stop and jack off, you just watch us. If you do cum then you suck their dicks."  
  
Brit quivered chilling from the possibility of losing. Then she felt a burst of adrenaline and narrowed her gaze confidently.  
  
"I have a better bet."  
  
"We're listening." Lance smirks.  
  
"If I fail before this song ends I'll fuck your friends."  
  
She believed in herself.  
  
"If you lose you not only fuck them, you become their sex slave for 24 hours each. 24 for Evan. 24 for Styles."   
  
The boys swiftly look at each other. They were excited by the chance.  
  
"Why don't we make it 48 hours each? Bitch!" She grew egotistical and over confident, "I'll agree to 48 hours. If I win then they become my slaves for 48 hours. Anything goes!"  
  
Evan and Styles grit their teeth. That might be bad for them.  
  
Lance shakes his head, "Same goes if you lose. Anything goes!"  
  
"Agreed." She laughs at him, "Also, if I win, You Brother Dear do whatever I tell you to for 48 hours."  
  
"Whatever. You're going to lose. Get ready." He then starts the song over.  
  
Evan crawled to his knees in front of her as Styles repositions to not only hold her but use his own legs to hold hers wide. Sadly, Britney loved this risk.  
  
Three fingers inserted Evan began digging and probing her. At first she rolled her eyes at his efforts. Then, he found her G-spot all over again. Terrorizing it, Evan studied her face and realized that was his target center. He thrust his knuckles in vigorously and rubbed her clit at the same time. She began straining and whimpering. Both boys felt her body convulsing under their activity.  
  
Lance leaned over his sister and grabbed her chin forcing a stare, "You're only four minutes into a twelve minute tune. Not going to make it Sis."  
  
She grimaced and pouted trying to remain calm, "Leave me alone."  
  
"Just imagine how badly you want my bud's here to fuck you. It has to feel even better than this."  
  
"Shut up Lance. I'm not losing."  
  
"Maybe I should go get that pink vibrator from your bedside stand. The one you hide from mom and dad. Not me though. I've seen you use it."  
  
Her eyes flare up, "WHAT? You've seen me use it?"  
  
"Yep! Screamer. Even with the music up."  
  
The thought stabbed her hormones. He had watched her. He must have liked seeing her. Gross. Interesting. Sick. Wow!  
  
"Seven minutes." Lance walks away and returns with her vibrator buzzing it to life.  
  
"Lance don't. Please." She cringed as Evan moved in and out of her like a straining mad man.   
  
Lance chuckles and touches the tip of it to her clit. The vibrator destroyed her senses.  
  
"You're my brother. Stop!"  
  
"Nine minutes. Can she survive this guys?"  
  
Both men grumble, "Hell no."  
  
"Lance. I FUCKING HATE YOU!"  
  
She tenses and without another warning squirts all over Evan's hand. His eyes crossed at her gusher.  
  
"Holy shit!" Evan murmured.  
  
As the boys release her she slides to sit on the floor between Styles legs. Evan falls back across from her. Lance stood up wagging the vibrator zooming it around like an airplane.  
  
Shutting it off finally he crouches beside Britney who had retreated into her own world having an orgasm.  
  
"48 hours each. Including me." Lance brags.  
  
She looks up finally, "You cheated."  
  
"Never once did either of us say how it would be won. Styles? You get her this weekend. Evan the next. I'll get mine during the weeks in small doses."  
  
"Get yours?" Britney perks up, "I'm not fucking my own brother."  
  
"ANYTHING GOES!" He points out smirking.  
  
She offered a look of hate then an expression of dread.  
  
At a loss she stands up and gathers her towels before looking back at Evan and Styles.  
  
"See you in two days Styles."  
  
Styles reaches over and grabs her wrist, "Hey! Stop moping. I think you're beautiful."  
  
"I don't feel beautiful. I feel very used."  
  
Lance groans, "Hey You made this bet. No reneging on it."  
  
"I'm not. I'll honor the bet. Even if I hate doing it."  
  
She trudges down the hall to cry her eyes out. As she fades into her room Lance knuckle bumps his friends.  
  
"Dude. That was insane." Evan holds his fingers up.  
  
Styles stands and pats Lance on the back, "What does Anything goes entail?"  
  
Lance shrugs, "Whatever."  
  
"You weren't lying. She's naïve as hell."  
  
"Dumb blond in a brunettes body." Lance chuckles.  
  
Opening the front door Lance lets his friends head home. He had other things in mind.  
  
As soon as the door shuts Lance heads to Britney's bedroom. Opening her door he finds her in a fetal position under her covers. He plops on her bed and rubs her leg.  
  
"Cheer up. It's only 48 hours."  
  
"No. It's 144 hours. Total. I'm such a loser."  
  
"My friends think you're hot."  
  
"They're kind of cute. I guess. I liked teasing them."  
  
"I knew you did. You were getting into it."  
  
"Yeah, but not like this. Lance you're evil."

"That be me." He jests.  
  
"I can't have sex with you Lance."  
  
"No problem. Do everything else but fuck me and I'll be happy."  
  
"What?" She decides to sit up facing him, her back to her headboard.  
  
Lance stands up and unbuckles his pants. Down came both his jeans and his briefs. Before her stood her brother with a rock hard eight inch monster.  
  
Her eyes bulge.  
  
"Did I cause that?"  
  
"Hurts like a bitch too. I think you need to nurse it."  
  
She winces, "No way."  
  
He throws his body on to her bed to lie on his back.  
  
"Jerk me off."  
  
"Lance..."  
  
"48 hours. YOU AGREED!" He belts.  
  
"I hate you."  
  
"I know."

**Britney Ch. 02: Jerk!!!**

Having lost a world class bet with her twin brother Lance, eighteen year old Britney sat troubled. On her bed outstretched with his pants to his ankles lay Lance stroking himself.  
  
As uncomfortable as the situation was Britney did find his dick interesting. It's size and girth were formidable. Something she chose when dating guys. Her sex life had been active since she was sixteen. She loved sex. But, that was with boys of her own choice.  
  
She hadn't dated anyone serious in five months. Her hormones had been used against her today. Even if it had gone too far.  
  
"Jerk me off. My hands tired." Lance coaxed.  
  
"God, Lance. This is soooooo wrong."  
  
"Could be worse. I could expect sex. You did agree to Anything Goes."  
  
"You're not that cruel. You love me."  
  
"True dat. But, I still want things."  
  
She marvels over his erection and frowns, "So you watched me masturbate?"  
  
"Yep. Recorded it on my cellphone too."  
  
She leaps to her knees letting the sheets fall from her naked body. Her tits bounced under her shocking movement. Lance took immediate notice.  
  
"You What? Lance why?"  
  
"Better than most pornos I've seen on Dad's laptop. Somewhere on that laptop I hid the downloaded version."  
  
Her hand covers her mouth, "What if Daddy see's it?"  
  
"He might jerk off like I did. Damn Brit, stop being na茂ve. You're a freaking pornstar. Your body is perfect."  
  
She tries not to laugh then sits back on her calves.  
  
"Every guy I ever dated said the same thing. Then they broke up with me."  
  
"Their loss."  
  
"Thanks. I think. Can you please stop rubbing your dick."  
  
"Rub it for me then."  
  
She fidgets growling, "If I do it's the only time ever."  
  
"Nope! 48 hours. If I want this 20 times in that length of time you gotta do it."  
  
Sneering she grabs a pillow and dives on to him as if to smother his face. He fights laughing at her assault.  
  
Finally, she leaves the pillow over his face and grips his cock. Sliding her fingers and palm up and down it several times she stops long enough to spit into her hand for lubricant.  
  
He removes the pillow to watch her tower over him and massage his tilted erection.  
  
"That feels freaking awesome."  
  
"I know." She smiles smugly then groans at her own simple pleasure.  
  
"Give me the best handjob you ever gave."  
  
Rolling her eyes she moves her hand to squeeze his balls a few times before returning to his dick. Her hesitation followed.  
  
"Really? Lance come on. This is way too weird."  
  
"I'm not letting you off. You lost the bet. Don't make me find that video for Dad by accident."  
  
She freezes up, "So now you blackmail me?"  
  
"Not what I want to do. But, I will."  
  
She strokes his cock harder suddenly. Her expression haunted.  
  
"That's better. You go Sis." He gasps.  
  
"I will get revenge." She narrows her eyes.  
  
"Bet you won't." He chuckles.  
  
"Bet I will." Her hand continues while raising an eyebrow toward him.  
  
"Okay. Let's bet."  
  
Brit rolls her eyes, "As if I'll fall for that again."  
  
"That's cool. You would lose anyway."  
  
"Knock it off. I would not."  
  
"Damn, that feels good. Now I know why your boyfriends used to brag about you."  
  
"They did? Who?" Her curiosity stormed her senses.  
  
"Derrick. Craig. Rick. Those are the only ones I know about."  
  
"What did they say? To who?"  
  
"Whole school. They bragged about how good you sucked dick. That you were a screamer when they fucked you. Of course I knew that."  
  
"Really. I never once heard them tell anyone."  
  
"Heck, I heard Rick tell his basketball coach. I was eavesdropping outside his office during P.E.. Coach Dawson said he would love to hear that."  
  
"He didn't."  
  
"Yes he did. I could record you from that video and sell him a copy."  
  
She stops jerking him and sneers hatefully, "DON'T!"  
  
"Then obey our bet. Lean over and blow on it while you jerk me off."  
  
"UGGGGGHHHH!" She echoes before gripping him again. Bending over him she cringes just before exhaling all over his crown.  
  
"Yeah! That was great. Don't stop. Get your lips right over it."  
  
Another groan later she puckers to blow a mere inch from him. Before she does he rears his hips and touches the tip of his dick to her lips. She jumps back scowling.  
  
"HEY!" She pouts with a leer.  
  
"Kiss him. You hurt his feelings."  
  
"No!"  
  
"Hey Coach Dawson? Remember how bad you wanted to hear my hot sister moan and scream? I can do one better. Here's a copy of her masturbating on dvd."  
  
Tears well up in her eyes. She knew he would do it.  
  
Without another word she arches her spine to lean over him. This time she kissed his crown tenderly. Nuzzling the foreskin she exhales the full length then kisses his balls. After the kiss she molds her tongue around his fullness and licks all the way up his shaft to the crown. Then another kiss.  
  
Lance was speechless.  
  
He watches her open her mouth over his head and close her lips around his crown. He could feel her tongue rolling around it.  
  
"Don't stop, Brit. Suck it."  
  
"Yes Sir!" She rolls her eyes then proceeds to swallow six of eight inches before closing her mouth around it. She taunts him with her tongue while engulfing him. Eyes meet and finalize his needs and her sudden willingness.  
  
Finally, she grips his balls massaging them while her jaw moved up and down rapidly. Her constant rhythm made him close his eyes and hold his forehead with both palms. She gagged numerous times but maintained her mission. As he began shaking like a leaf she moved her mouth away and jacked him off. Her chin returned to a better angle to blow on him.  
  
In minutes he squirts literally two feet into the air. She gasps and pulls back, but not fast enough to avoid his current. Splatter's caught her forehead and left cheek.  
  
"Ewwwwwwwwwww!" She grimaces.  
  
"Taste it."  
  
"Ewwwwwwwwwwww!"  
  
"Do it."  
  
"Fuck!" She rolls her tongue along her left cheek and tastes a bit of cum. Aside from this being her brother, he didn't taste terrible.  
  
"More. Suck some from my dick."  
  
"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" She obeyed again wrapping her lips to suck the trickles from his foreskin. Swallowing it she discovered she wanted more. In his grip she squeezed his balls and made him strain to offer the last in his reservoir.  
  
"Daaaaaaamn! You liked that. Didn't you?"  
  
"SHUT UP!" She cursed trying not to laugh suddenly.  
  
"Be honest." He demanded.  
  
"Yeah!" She frowned, "Not bad little Brother. Let's not make this a habit."  
  
"48 hours. Over the next two weeks. Hour here an hour there."  
  
"Seriously?"  
  
"I want that every day after school. Before Mom and Dad get home."  
  
Her jaw drops, "I disown you Lance."  
  
"Only after I'm done owning you." He laughs.  
  
Growling she roars, "I WILL GET MY REVENGE."  
  
"Bet not."  
  
"Stop that."  
  
"So bet me."  
  
"I'm going to brush my teeth." She picks a pubic hair out of her lower teeth grossly.  
  
"BET ME! I dare you." He insists.  
  
Rolling her eyes she slaps her pillow using it to cover herself.  
  
"If I win. I don't have to do anything with any of you creeps."  
  
"Alright. If I win I control you sexually for one full month. The guys still get you for 48 hours each."  
  
"A whole month? I'm not having sex with you Lance."  
  
"The bet includes sex IF I decide I want that."  
  
"What's the bet?"  
  
He leaps up and pulls his pants up long enough to retrieve her vibrator. Tossing it on the bed she reacts sheepishly toward it.  
  
"Use it. Whoever cum's first wins."  
  
"I just had an orgasm. You just got my bed messy. Neither of us has anything left."  
  
"I do. I'm good for three in a row."  
  
"Seriously?" She bulges her eyes.  
  
"Yep."  
  
"Will you delete the video too?" She pouts hopefully.  
  
"Sure."  
  
"No bullshit?" Hesitantly she doubted his sincerity.  
  
"Nope. I swear. I won't go back on my word as long as you don't."  
  
Britney fidgets picking up her vibrator and resting her pillow behind her. She still wasn't sure this was the logical move but she felt hornier than she let on. Every time she gave blowjobs her hormones grew so intense that she had to have sex or play with herself. This was her brother though. Her sexual appetite would have to be her own self inflicted pleasure.  
  
Waving the vibrator at him she gave him a stern glare, "Okay. I'll take that bet. You should know I'm fast."  
  
"Get ready to lose. I'm gonna shoot the ceiling." He teases her.  
  
"Yeah, right." She had to giggle as he again dropped his pants and crawls in to lay side by side.  
  
"Hip to hip? Really? I need room."  
  
He fondles his timid erection back to life in seconds. Just inhaling his sister's shampoo scent made him hard.  
  
Before he committed to beginning he pulls his t-shirt over his head and sits naked beside her. She blushed for some reason.  
  
"Get ready to lose Little Brother."  
  
Lance elbows her forearm, "Fire up your jackhammer."  
  
She turns on the vibrator and listens to it hum for a second. She takes a deep breath then begins to move it to her clit for stimulation.  
  
"I'll even give you a head start." Lance winks at her.  
  
His cocky attitude intimidated her slightly. Thirty days was a long time to honor any bet. Least of all one that put her in such a compromising position. Still, she had to try and beat him at his own game. That video could present a whole lot of unnecessary heartache. Her Dad would kill her. The Coach seeing or hearing her just made her sick.  
  
Finally, the vibrator struck a chord within her. She jumps at the sensations then looks over at Lance who grinned at her shivers.  
  
"Quit staring at me." She hisses trying to concentrate.  
  
"I can't help it. You're tooooooo sexy."  
  
"No fair. You're trying to break my mood."  
  
"No, I'm trying to turn you on more."  
  
"Lance? Come on now. I'm your sister. That's just not right."  
  
"Here I cum." He jests as he begins masturbating.  
  
Her eyes darts from his face looking at her, to his hand coordination. Watching him did turn her on but her reality check toward family kept her grounded.  
  
"I like the way you shave your bush." He goads her.  
  
She did her best to tune him out. Focus on her clit led her to massage it vigorously with her fingers while inserting the vibrator inside her pussy. She knew just where to apply it for maximum pleasure. Her g-spot screamed under the vibrations. It was just a matter of minutes she thought. She had this.  
  
Thirty seconds later Lance snarls and blasts a geyser of jizz all over himself. She hadn't even noticed in her zone until she felt the wetness of his cum soaked knuckles rubbing all over her face.  
  
"Ewwwwwwwwwwwww! NO WAY! How did you beat me?"  
  
"I told you. You're too sexy. 1 to 10 you're an easy 9.5."  
  
Her interruption forced her to stop rubbing herself to wipe his cum from her cheeks. She turned beet red from her loss. Anger mixed with despair.  
  
"Finish." Lance prodded sitting forward to observe the vibrator still inside her.  
  
"I can't believe you. That's not possible. So soon after I got you to cum earlier? How?"  
  
"What can I say? I got game."  
  
"And zero girlfriends. You must jack off constantly."  
  
"I do." He cracks up, "Finish. I want to watch you up close."  
  
"Sicko." She has to laugh with him. Once her sights were set she resumed massaging her clit. Having troubles suddenly Lance decides to rub her inner leg softly. Her eyes flared at how good his caress felt.  
  
"Come on Brit." He whispers, moving closer so that his drooling erection touched her hip. The closeness made her seal her eyes from further distraction. It was difficult enough having him watch her play. Him touching her made her queasy.  
  
After five more troubled minutes she squeals and cums all over herself.  
  
"Oh my God. That felt so good." She hisses with a dramatic sigh.  
  
"One full month. I'll delete that video when you fulfill your end of the bet." He offers a sincere expression.  
  
"You better Freak. I'll honor the bet. Just don't make me do anything too crazy. Please?"  
  
He crawls to his knees facing her and folds his arms.  
  
"Don't tell me what to do. You're my slut for thirty one days. Tell me no one time and the Coach gets the video first. Tell me no twice Dad see's it. A third time I'll find a way to play it over the school's P.A. system. Everyone can here you."  
  
She cringes at the thought. She knew her brother was evil. But, not this evil.  
  
Acceptance sets in. She covered herself up and wept. As he got up and left her room with his clothes, she made sure he heard her final thought.  
  
"JERK!"  
  
Lance shrugged and thought to himself.  
  
"SUCKER!"

**Britney Ch. 03: Sound Advice**

As the second night of their bet was coming to a close, Lance Foxx sat in the living room with his Dad "Keith". They were watching a baseball game together that was less than eventful for the team they rooted for. His dad had gradually drifted off in his recliner. His mother had long since gone to bed. Nobody awake to hound him about it being a school night.  
  
He felt devious and tiptoes from the living room and down the hall to his sister's bedroom. He didn't even bother knocking and just opens the door. She was brushing her hair in front of the mirror on her closet door.   
  
"Try knocking next time." She frowns.  
  
He hushes her with a finger to his lips. The motion made her uneasy.  
  
He silently closes her door behind him and steps into her space. Face to face he whispers, " Mom's asleep in her bedroom. Dad's knocked out on the couch."  
  
"So?" She grimaces.  
  
He eyes her body noting the clothing. She wore pajama pants with "Minion's" on them from the movie "Despicable Me", and a canary yellow bra that was partially see through.  
  
"Ready to obey me?" He wiggles his eye brows.  
  
"Now? I'm getting ready for bed. Can't you wait until Mom and Dad aren't home? We seriously can't get caught. If we did then your bet is pretty much worthless."  
  
"There's copies hiding I can use even if Dad did find the video."  
  
"You suck Lance."  
  
"Not as good as you do. Wait. That didn't sound right."  
  
She begins giggling at his word malfunction. After a second to share their amusement Lance pulls out the waistband of her pants. She was wearing matching yellow panties. They too were partially see through.  
  
"Peeping Tom." She frowns.  
  
"Okay. Here's where you prove to me that you won't be disobedient."  
  
"Ummm? Meaning what?"  
  
He yanks her pajama bottom to her ankles and looks up at her.  
  
"Step out of these."  
  
She fidgets then lets him remove them from her.  
  
"Now, I want you to walk out into the living room and accidently turn the tv up loud. Tell Dad you were just shutting it off and hit the wrong button."  
  
"Are you insane? Why don't we just share that video with him now. If he see's me strutting around in my bra and panties he will paddle my ass."  
  
"So, you're disobeying me already?"  
  
"Oh my God, Lance. Do you want to get me grounded? If I do there goes your new friends controlling me for 48 hours."  
  
"Wake Dad up then if he doesn't get mad sit and talk to him. Tell him you need advice about boys."  
  
Her jaw drops.   
  
"Yeah, that will go over well. Are you trying to get me to turn Dad on?"  
  
"Not trying. I wanna see Dad's reaction. You know you're his favorite. He's always hugging you."  
  
"With my clothes on. Not in my undies. Lance please."  
  
He grips her by the shoulders and spins her around to march her toward the door. At the threshold she tries to halt her exit and stomps her foot.  
  
"This could go bad. Why would you do this?"  
  
"Trust me."  
  
"Yeah, as if that's ever been wise."  
  
He opens the knob and shoves her 112 pound form out into the hallway. She squeals and feels a chill creep over her. Her nipples responded vibrantly. Hugging the hallway wall cautiously she looks back to Lance at her door. He follows her quietly listening at his Mother's snoring for safety.  
  
She reaches the living room and takes a deep breath before telling herself to just do it and get it over with. Shuffling without care she finds the remote laying on her father's chest, held there by his arm. Picking it up gently she aims the remote and blares the volume. She shrieks quietly and immediately turns it down. Her back was turned to her Dad so that her butt was near his field of vision. Hesitantly she looks back to witness her Father staring at her groggily.  
  
"What's going on here Princess?" Keith Foxx focusses his vision to see her better.  
  
"Sorry Daddy. I saw you asleep. I was just going to shut the tv off and go to bed. I know how you hate when we waste electricity."  
  
"Thoughtful." He nods rubbing his chin, "So what's with you parading around like Big Bird?"  
  
"Big Bird?"  
  
"Yeah, all this yellow." He waves a hand swirling it toward her.  
  
"I grabbed a drink from the kitchen and noticed you. I really thought I could get back to my room without waking you."  
  
"It's all good Sweetheart." He sits up and stretches trying not to look at her perfect body. Least of all her long silky legs and perky tits. He was failing miserably but wouldn't admit to it.  
  
"Do you need anything before I go to bed?" She offers biting her lower lip as she blushed.  
  
"Yeah sure. Grab me bottle of Corona. Get one for yourself."  
  
"On a school night?" She winces.  
  
"Oh yeah. Right. One won't hurt you. I have to work in the morning too."  
  
"That's the first time you offered me a beer. Me being underage to drink."  
  
"You're at home. Not driving. Not around objecting people. Enjoy."  
  
She ponders her father's decision then goes to the kitchen returning with two beers. Handing him one she watches him open his bottle with a twist of his fingers. He then tilts the beer back while admiring her.  
  
She struggles to open her own beer and opts to lift it toward him.  
  
"Help me Daddy?"  
  
"Sure Kiddo." He claims it tucking his own bottle between his legs until his mission was over. Keith then hands it back to her watching her take her first swig. She grimaces at it's taste.  
  
"This is awful." She admits.  
  
Chuckling Keith pats the cushion beside him, "Come sit by your dear old dad."  
  
She fidgets then does as he requests. She had Goosebumps traveling her entire body. As she sat down her eyes flared wide thinking to herself, " Oh boy."  
  
"So, how's classes? You never talk to me much these days."  
  
"I'm passing them. So, good I guess."  
  
Nodding as he takes another sip, he notes her shyness suddenly.  
  
"Something wrong, Princess?"  
  
She lowers her gaze and puckers, deciding how best to discuss boys with him. He had no clue she had ever even had sex.  
  
"Daddy? I need your advice."  
  
He again nods and senses her confusion. Hesitantly he reaches out and rubs her back.  
  
"Ask away. I'll do what I can."  
  
His touch made her quiver. He rubbed his hand from shoulders to lower spine. It felt really nice to her. Yet awkward.  
  
"There's this boy I really like at school. A senior like me. Eighteen like me."  
  
"He as good looking as your old man?" He jokes.  
  
She laughs and glances at him, "Nobody is as handsome as my Dad."  
  
"Good answer. Go on. What's the problem?"  
  
"Well! He asked me out this weekend. He's been asking me awhile now, but I keep telling him no. I want to go out but I've been making sure his intentions are good."  
  
"A parents dream. Good girl. So how is this a problem?"  
  
She sits her bottle like he did, between her legs. The chill caught her off guard and she squeals.  
  
"No pants. I'm so stupid." She giggles with a wrinkled brow.  
  
"Happens to the best of us. Go on, I'm listening."  
  
"Anyway. Even though he's been patient I think he wants to get to first base. Possibly second."  
  
His hand squeezes her neckline under her hair. She loved his grip.  
  
"Wow. I didn't realize my neck hurt until you squeezed it."  
  
"Did I hurt you?"  
  
"No. It felt great."  
  
"Tight muscles?" He probes her back gently, "Yep. There's a couple knots."  
  
She tenses up at his fingertips kneading gently at her trouble center.  
  
"So he's running the bases without going to bat?" Keith chuckles.  
  
"I feel ready to experience small doses as long as he doesn't go too far." She winces then leers back at Keith, "This feels weird talking to you about boys."  
  
"Better from me than hearing your Mom. She would tell you to tighten that chastity belt."  
  
"I know. I'm glad I came to you first, Daddy."  
  
"Me too. I trust you to make the right decisions."  
  
"So, what should I do if he goes for second base?"  
  
"You even know what second base is?" Her father laughs.  
  
"I know he will kiss me. I want him to. He might get handy. I'm not sure how I will react to that. How far is too far without going all the way?"  
  
He exhales loudly as his hand pauses. The topic was suddenly close to home.  
  
She shivers and leers back at him.  
  
"Why did you stop? I like your massage. I need one. Or, should I let Jake give me one?" She offers a dumbfounded expression.   
  
"Let's hope Jake doesn't see you dressed like this when he tries to give any massages." Keith suggests as he grips her arm and carefully pulls her from the cushion into his lap. She bulged her eyes beyond his vision.   
  
"I'll make you sleep like a baby." He widens his legs to allow her space on the cushion he was seated on. Once settled in he used both hands to give her a back rub.  
  
"Oh my God! That feels incredible. I remember when you used to give me backrubs as a kid. You always left welts. Please don't leave welts." She giggles.  
  
"I'll try not to be so rough."  
  
His eyes trail her back and he grits his teeth. His little girl wasn't so little these days. With each squeeze she melted. His thumbs prodded along her spine until he reached her neck.  
  
She pulled her long mane of dark hair around her shoulder and over her chest. This gave him easier access to her shoulders and neckline.  
  
"Your old man doing a good job?"  
  
"Heavenly." She tilts her head forward.  
  
He glides his fingers beneath her bra straps and fidgets there.  
  
"So, do you want Jake to do this?"  
  
She shivers at his fingers under her bra clasps, "If he's half as good as you. Maybe."  
  
"You do realize that second base usually means the guy gets your bra off?"  
  
Her eyes bulge wide and she tenses up.  
  
"Really? I always thought second base just meant fondling through clothing." She nibbles her lip.  
  
"Nope. Second base normally means getting the girl's clothes off. Then the fondling begins."  
  
"Daddy? You stopped rubbing."  
  
He decides it best to knead her spine all the way to her lower back. She bends forward to give him room to work. In doing so she realized then that she had given her father an erection. Stunned she remains in that position afraid to let him know she discovered him.  
  
His thumbs continued pressing deep into her lower back. He eyed her butt crack coming into view as she bent over.  
  
"How am I doing Princess?"  
  
"You found a tender spot. If you feel uncomfortable you can stop. I know this has to be awkward for you." She suggests praying her mission for Lance was nearly over.  
  
"I'm fine. As long as you are." He grits his teeth hoping that she would stay. As wrong as it was.  
  
"A little while longer then." She agrees after spotting Lance in the shadows of the hallway. He waved at her to continue. Only Lance saw her roll her eyes and show her teeth like a rabid dog.  
  
"Good. Glad to help." Keith nods as she glides his palms up her ribs and to her bra strap.  
  
"Daddy? Would you be upset if I let Jake get to second base?"   
  
He pauses with fingers under her strap again.  
  
"That's not my decision to make. You're responsible. Just don't make me a Grandpa yet." He chuckles.  
  
"I hope his hands are as gentle as yours are."  
  
"Me too. I'd hate to have to castrate him for abusing you."  
  
She giggles at his protective nature, noting his fingers cautiously prying at her clasps as if struggling to massage that area. With a glare toward Lance she see's him motion for her to unhook her bra. She expressed a look of terror. To her that was suicide. Just because her Dad had a hard on didn't mean she wouldn't get in trouble going too far. She respected her Father.  
  
Finally, she caves in as Lance shows her his cellphone. He had been recording their every move. She hated her brother more and more.  
  
"If my bra straps in the way I can unclasp it. As long as you don't think bad of me. I know it's weird."  
  
He stammers at her offer and tells himself no. But, his lust was getting the best of him. After all his wife barely gave him any attention these days. Hissing he couldn't resist.  
  
"Your decision Princess. It's not like I haven't seen more of you than anybody outside of your Mom and the Doctor."  
  
"If it helps you hit those knots better. I guess I'm okay with it."  
  
Brit holds her beer bottle over her shoulder for him to hold. This assist allowed her to reach both hands behind her and unclasp her bra. She then pulls the flaps to her sides. Reaching for her beer she decided to take another swig.  
  
"Taste any better?" He asks while puckering for a silent whistle as his hands roamed her bare back. His grip becoming more intense. She couldn't help but express moans of relaxation.  
  
"I'll finish it before you're done. I won't waste a drop."  
  
His imagination went wild hearing that comment. Even she felt his erection flutter against her ass.  
  
"I'm going to drag these shoulder straps down over your arms. Better grip with them out of the way."  
  
Brit shivers as his fingers guide them down. Her hands held the cups in place. She was afraid to look over at the hiding Lance out of fear he might encourage her further. He was testing her as it was. The torment of his blackmail scheme made her want to bawl. However, she knew if she did that her father would feel terrible. As if it was his fault.  
  
Keith's hands graced her bare shoulders and did his best to keep it clean. Just seeing her this close to topless made him regret his perversions. Not enough to stop. Not yet.  
  
As Brit dared to glance at Lance her worst fear was realized. Her damned brother expected her to remove her bra completely. She turned pale and closed her eyes.  
  
"Daddy? Can you squeeze my shoulders and neck more?"  
  
"Absolutely. Lay back against me better." He could literally bust a nut as she wiggled her ass on to the cushion closer as she laid back against his belly.   
  
As she arched back his massive hands moved gently forward. His grip on her shoulders expanding to her clavicle. Brit propped her beer bottle between her breasts without thinking. She tensed up with his grip crushing her 34D's around the bottles neck. Of course her bra's cups being in the way was less dramatic.  
  
"I love you Daddy."  
  
"Daddy loves his Princess."  
  
Eying Lance who was being an ass in motioning her to discard her bra, Brit expressed her middle fingers to tell him to fuck off. He merely pointed at her.  
  
"Daddy? If you were Jake would you find me pretty?"  
  
"If he's that blind he won't find first base unless you get him a seeing eye dog."  
  
She giggles and pats his fingers while maintaining both her beer bottle, her pulled forward hair, and her slipping bra.   
  
"This is the best massage ever. Thank you Daddy."  
  
"Had enough?"  
  
"Never. But, if your fingers are tired I'll understand."  
  
He cups his hands around her throat and squeezes while shaking her laughing. As he jolted her she threw her arms to her side and acted as if she was flailing. Laughing together she maintained her ruse allowing her bra to slip further down her chest.   
  
"I'm good. Better catch that bra before you lose it."  
  
She stops her arm movement and leaves the bra dangling low. Not low enough to fall off or reveal her nipples. But, low enough to give him an awesome cleave shot.  
  
"As long as I don't move forward it won't fall off. Unless it makes you uncomfortable."  
  
"Naw! Only if your Mom or brother decides to wake up. Looks pretty compromising. We know better though, right?"  
  
"Yes. We do."  
  
"Tell me more about Jake. Get as personal as you want." Keith encourages. His fingers probing dangerously deep toward her cleavage made Brit tremble. His thumbs were nearly at the top of her shoulders.  
  
"I can tell you anything?"  
  
"Always."  
  
She looks at his fingers creeping into the upper definition of her bulging breasts. Finally, she says to hell with it and removes her bra entirely. This move made Keith stop and question her.  
  
"Why did you do that?"  
  
"I want to know I can let Jake do this. If I can let my own father see me then I think I can let him."  
  
Keith cracks his knuckles over her chest then returns to squeezing just her shoulders. His eyes observed her breasts swaying with each squeeze. It was beautiful. Her nipples taunt and stabbing toward the ceiling.  
  
"You sure have grown." He stutters.  
  
"Have I? Oh, you mean my boobies. They're huge. Are you looking at them?" She tilts her head back to eye her father.   
  
"Hard to miss Princess." He glares as Brit pinches her right nipple.  
  
"I can lay on my tummy on the floor if it makes you more comfortable. That way my boobies are face down."  
  
"If you feel more at ease then go for it. It might be easier to work your lower back."  
  
"Okay." She swiftly pulls away and sets her beer bottle on the end table beside them. Following that she sprawled out on the floor. Facing her still sitting Father she smiles up at him.  
  
"You might need a back rub after all this." She giggles.  
  
"Sounds like a plan."  
  
He knows she spots his bulging jeans as he sits forward to drop to his knees beside her. Her eyes gave her away. Keith knew his perversions were caught on too.  
  
"Work your magic, Daddy." She sighs and stretches out more. Her legs wider than they once were. Her arms folded under her chin.  
  
He began rubbing her shoulders again before moving under her armpits. His fingers grazing the crushed breasts.   
  
"I think Jake should get to go this far."  
  
She shifts her profile to smile at him, "Really? You approve of my letting him see this much of me?"  
  
"Sure. Just behave. It's only touch right?"  
  
"Yes. I love being touched. Well, as much as I've allowed that is. Mostly legs."  
  
"I say experience it. Just save the sex until marriage."  
  
"So, totally naked is acceptable?" She wiggles for comfort on the carpet.  
  
His hands reach her hips and stop at her thin panties. He could see her shadowed butt crack within the material. Swallowing hoarsely he looks around him and easily hears his wife's snoring.  
  
"Sure. Give ole Jake a show."  
  
"Oh my God! I adore you Daddy. I will. He can see everything. Touch everything. No sex though. I promise."  
  
He decides to move past her panties while gritting his teeth. He hesitates touching her legs, and realizes that he would be overstepping their bond. She had faith in her father he thought. So far he hadn't done anything too taboo.  
  
From behind her Father's profile Brit see's Lance telling her to remove her panties. She found herself loving the deception now. Her Dad was surprisingly receptive to her story. His hard on was self explanatory.  
  
"Daddy? Can I ask you a really crazy favor?"  
  
"Depends. What is it?" He returns to her pelvis and lower spine.  
  
"I'm afraid to ask." She feigns a blush.  
  
"Just ask."  
  
"I want to experience what you think Jake should experience. That way I know exactly what to allow. You said totally naked right?"  
  
Keith's eyes flutter out of disbelief. She was asking him to touch her how he found it appropriate.  
  
"Well, yeah. Are you asking me to touch you?"  
  
"It's stupid of me. Forget I asked. It just dawned on me that I'm so inexperienced that I don't know what I should let Jake get away with. If you showed me every detail then I'll know right from wrong."  
  
Keith again listens intently for his wife's snoring. He wondered if Lance was out cold as well. He must have been. Satisfied he returns his gaze to Britney.  
  
"Okay. As long as you understand this is only to help you. It's bad of me to do this. But, I would rather you know if he's going overboard."  
  
"You're the best Daddy. I won't tell anybody. I swear."  
  
"You better not. I'll ground you until you're eighty."  
  
He straddles her hips and returns to his massage. As he squeezes her shoulder he grips her hair and tugs on it, wrapping it around his wrist. Her eyes bulge at his brusqueness.   
  
"Wow! That's interesting. So, my hair should be played with?"  
  
"Yep. He should pull it. Harder than I just did. This is how you let him know it's okay to be a man."  
  
"Okay. What else?" She spies Lance doubled over silently laughing. She wanted to join him.  
  
Keith released her hair and began massaging her back at a stronger grip. She bit her lip trying not to moan too loudly. At her spine he leans over and whispers.

"Okay. This parts awkward but I'm going to do it. Don't freak out."  
  
Too late she thought laughing inwardly.  
  
He leans down and kisses her shoulders and nuzzles her entire back. Then he proceeded to kiss her spine, vertebra after vertebra.  
  
"That tickles. I should tell Jake to do this?"  
  
"If he doesn't do it on his own. Yeah sure why not."  
  
"Okay. Now what?" She coaxes.  
  
He reaches her panties. His fingers pry under the thin material and gently peels them lower.  
  
"You should raise your hips for him to remove these."  
  
"Like this?" She stuns him by her actions. Seductively taunting her father.  
  
"Yeah. Exactly."  
  
Pulling them off of her ass and thighs he encourages them off of her body entirely.  
  
"Oh my God. I can't wait for him to do that. I hope he does."  
  
"Encourage him Princess. Guy's need the girl to teach him too."  
  
Her hips lower back on to the floor. She was now totally naked and actually getting quite wet. By her own father. How gross was that? How erotic was that? She was so mixed up.  
  
His hands massage her bare ass and lightly slaps both cheeks. This made her squeal and raise her hips again.  
  
"Jake should slap your ass harder than I did. I just don't want to wake the house up."  
  
"How much harder?" She hides her expression.  
  
"It has to sting. It may hurt but it's going to make Jake know you want him to show strength."  
  
"Okay. I'll tell him to spank me really hard."  
  
He leans forward and kisses her ass succulently almost licking where he had swatted her. She had to cover her face to avoid gasping loudly.  
  
"That shows you that even with pain there must be passion as reward. You will like that part I'm thinking."  
  
"I know I loved that just now. Is that all? Just a massage naked. Spanking."  
  
"Oh no. Lot's more." He gives in to lust completely. His daughter was gullible. He needed to do more.  
  
His thumbs pry her ass cheeks apart and allows him a good look at her anal cavity and tight pussy. Taking a deep breath he leans in and licks her ass six good lashes then wags along the rim.  
  
She yelps and whimpers at how far he had just gone. Looking at Lance was pointless. She herself needed to go further. She was horny as hell now. Dad or Lance or whomever.  
  
"That was incredible." She hisses.  
  
"You have to make sure Jake hears how much you liked that. Again, encourage him to do that. Loudly. Beg for it even."  
  
"Wow. Are you sure he won't expect sex? This is serious foreplay. I think that's what it's called."  
  
"He might. Just tell him no. You're in charge of you. If you don't want to go even that far then don't."  
  
"I can handle this so far. Teach me more."  
  
"Okay. Roll over."  
  
She giggles and turns over to lay on her back. Watching her Father crawl between her legs she marvels at his determination to go as far as possible. His next move was to raise her foot to his mouth and suck on her toes. This made her squirm and fight her ticklishness.  
  
"That's indescribable. Oh Daddy."  
  
He moves to her opposite foot and offers the same gentleness. She was cooing like a dove.  
  
"He can do that much longer than I did. I just wanted you to get a good feel of that."  
  
"I can handle that for hours."  
  
"Okay. Now let him lay between your legs like so." He stretches out over her mid torso and reaches out to squeeze her breasts. Crushing them together and playfully tossing them about.  
  
"Mmmmmm!" She pouts up toward him with puppy like eyes.  
  
He then lowers his face to crush her breasts around his cheeks as he kisses between them. Gradually he moves in to suck on one nipple at a time. Tongue teasing around her areolas. This made her arch her back dramatically and run her fingers through her Dad's hair.  
  
"Oh Daddy. Jake is going to have so much fun. I'm going to have fun too."  
  
He doesn't reply, instead choosing to kiss her belly and move downward. Her eyes bulged and darted toward Lance. In the darkness he stood smugly and motioned with his fingers to fuck him. Britney nodded and felt her Father's tongue licking her clit. His fingers spreading her labia wide so that he could let her hole swallow his tongue for long moments.  
  
There was no containing her moans now. She couldn't help herself. He fed on her pussy for five minutes as she held her hands clamped over her mouth. Finally, Dad reared up and glared at her.  
  
"Beg him to do that. "  
  
"Yes. I will. I've never felt anything like that in my whole life. Show me again Daddy. I want it to be perfect."  
  
"Last time." He tells her with a scowl. Laughing was turned into sheer ecstasy. It was her only solution to avoid Keith from knowing he was being played.  
  
This time as his feeding frenzy increased he chose to slip a finger inside her pussy. He realized during this whole session that his daughter was hardly a virgin. He suspected as much. Keith could play the game too.  
  
She squirms frantically as he adds a second finger and cums instantly. Her moans made even Lance double check on his mom's slumber. Still he recorded every second. Tiny video after tiny video.'  
  
Brit mashed her breasts together and giggled at her outcome. She trembled erratically as Keith sat up observing her.  
  
"You're going to make Jake a very happy guy this weekend."  
  
"I didn't expect to do that Daddy. Are you sure what you do is acceptable for Jake to get away with? It was just like sex."  
  
"You're not a virgin."  
  
"I am. Kind of. I used my vibrator and broke my hymen. Yes I own a vibrator. I'm na茂ve but smart enough to keep my body to myself until the time was right."  
  
Keith nods with a pucker, "Okay. I believe you."  
  
"Thank you Daddy."  
  
"No problem. And, yes it's acceptable. You can still go further if you want."  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"If you really like this Jake you should take him as far as you can without him thinking he can finish the job."  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
Keith towers over her on his knees and unbuckles his belt. Before her eyes he unzips his pants and lowers them past his ass. Boxers followed suit. There her Father stood with a nine inch python of a cock. He began stroking himself, favoring his grip.  
  
"Daddy!"  
  
"Calm down. You wanted to know everything he should be allowed. Right?"  
  
"Yes. Everything."  
  
"Okay then."  
  
He crawls forth and uses his knee span to widen her thighs. Once close enough he smothers his crown amid her labia and rubs it over her clit. Time and time again. Her eyes grew to the size of saucers.  
  
"Holy shit." She gasps softly.  
  
Then, he used his cock to slap her clit harder and harder each time. She whined and whimpered with each impact.  
  
"Let him get close like this. He's going to want to go all the way. You only compromise."  
  
"Compromise how?"  
  
"You let him get a feel of inside but no thrusting."  
  
"Really?" She pouts and nips her tongue between her teeth.  
  
"Like this."  
  
He lines his cock up with her hole and carefully guides his monster inside her pussy. She reaches up and clutches her Father's t-shirt. Her eyes yearning.  
  
"Oh my GOD!" She shudders and bats her eyelids rapidly.  
  
"Let him stay there and bathe in your beauty. If he gets this far and accepts no for an answer. He might be a worthy son-in-law."  
  
All she could do was lay there with an expression of fearful delight.  
  
"Daddy? Is there more?"  
  
"Well. If he respects your decisions I suppose rewarding him in other ways would be acceptable."  
  
"Can I reward him with a couple thrusts as long as he's cooperative?"  
  
"Only you know how many is right from wrong Princess."  
  
"Five?"  
  
Keith moves his hips in and out watching at an angle that allows him to observe his dick emerging and inserting. Five times felt really good to both of them.  
  
"Five more?" She whispers.  
  
"I call that sex don't you?" Her dad chuckles under his breath.  
  
Softly she ushers, "Can I reward you for being a good teacher?"  
  
"How many?"  
  
She giggles biting the nail of her pinky, "Three hundred?"  
  
Keith nods with a scowl and power fucks his daughter while clamping his hand over her mouth. Her legs wrapped around his waist tightly and held on for dear life. She loved his girth destroying her hole.  
  
From the shadows Lance panicked at the sight. His Dad was tearing her pussy up. He stressed over his mom hearing and hugged her door to maintain awareness of her snoring rapture.  
  
Britney stared lifelessly into her father's eyes. Her lids fluttered rapidly with his shear force of thrust. She heard and felt his balls slapping roughly against her ass cheeks and inner thigh.  
  
Keith removed his hand as he slowed down to tenderly fuck her.  
  
"I think you should just fuck Jake."  
  
"Ohhhh Daddy. This is so wrong. I love your cock." She convulsed with each thrust and withdrawal. Her pussy stretched and followed his abandonment like taking a breathe.  
  
"Our secret Princess."  
  
"Yes. I'm going to cum soon Daddy."  
  
"Hold it in."  
  
"I'm trying."  
  
"You should kiss Jake hard."  
  
"Like this?"  
  
She leaps to her fathers lips and smolders within the heat of his liplock. Tongues intertwining and swallowing each other. She was more breathless than he was.  
  
Once they separate Keith plants his forehead on hers.  
  
"Jake will love that." He winks at her.  
  
"I know he will."  
  
"He will like this too." He pulls out of her making her gasp and whine dramatically at his loss. Reaching under her he rolls her over and positions her on her hands and knees. Doggy style ready he re-enters her pussy and terrorizes her for five long minutes of held breath and sporadic moans. It was near impossible to mask her brewing screams.  
  
Keith lowers his arm under her and rears her back into his chest. Allowing him to squeeze her breasts and kiss her throat. Britney feverishly pelted her Father's hair and cheek.  
  
After a few more minutes he shoves her down and pulls out of her in a stream of her juices. He then spits on her ass and slips his crown up to her anal cavity.  
  
"Jake HAS to do this."  
  
She spasms at her first time getting anal. Even in her horror she grit her teeth and accepted it. She fell in love fast. Then came his hair pulling to add to her pleasure.  
  
"Daaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaadddddyyyyyyyyyyyy!" She whined hoarsely.  
  
"Cum for Jake. Cum for Daddy."  
  
"Yeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeessssssssssssssssss!" Orgasm after orgasm she let out a bloodthirsty scream.  
  
Keith panicked and held her mouth and nose tightly. Eventually he pulled out and forced her to face him. He then stood up and guided her mouth to his dick. She swallowed him deep and gagged repeatedly but never wavered as his hand gripped the back of her scalp. He face fucked her until snot ran from her nose and cum from her Father's detonation in her mouth frothed around his girth.  
  
Finally, Keith pulled out and nudged her lifelessly to the floor.  
  
Breathless he observes her twitching limbs.  
  
"Tell Jake to call you a slut."  
  
He gathers his clothes and starts for the hallway. While he retrieved his wardrobe Lance snuck into the kitchen amid the darkness. His Dad walked straight to his bedroom. In minutes he was out of the picture.  
  
Palming the top of his head out of awe, Lance silently shuffled to his sisters side.  
  
"You okay Brit?"  
  
Kneeling beside her he tries to touch her but she swats his hand away.  
  
"I don't hate you anymore." She whispers.  
  
"I didn't expect that. I swear." Lance barely hisses.  
  
"Thank you Little Brother."  
  
"For what?" He leans confused over her.  
  
"For the best sex I ever had. Who knew Dad had that in him. Poor Mom."  
  
"Seriously?"  
  
"I'm fucking Dad more often." She reaches up and grabs his shirt, "So incredible."  
  
"You're still my slave for thirty one days."  
  
"Lance? After that you own a nympho."  
  
"Good. I can pimp you out." He chuckles softly.  
  
"Whatever you want. I'll even give you thirty two days after that."  
  
"Awesome. Maybe you should fuck Coach Dawson."  
  
She fidgets, "Lance? I'd even fuck you."  
  
"I planned on that anyway. I'll show you that I'm just as good as Dad."  
  
"God I hope so." She sits up and finds her bra and panties.  
  
Lance grins and snatches her garments from her. Standing he points down the hall.  
  
"Crawl to your room."  
  
"Yep."  
  
She does indeed.

**Britney Ch. 04: Bumpy Ride**

Britney Foxx hadn't slept a wink all night.   
  
After the nudged seduction of her Father via her evil little brother's blackmail scheme, she realized something. She was a very talented seductress. She had her father believing her every story. At least she thought so until the very end when he fucked the holy hell out of her and left her laying on the living room floor without a care. His last words made her stare at the ceiling all night long.  
  
"Tell Jake to call you a slut." Somehow the term was magical.   
  
Brother Lance got his morbid way and built a better slave for the next thirty two days. Her skills at making bets and losing every time seemed more and more appealing.   
  
As she stands under a scalding shower to wake herself up Britney closes her eyes and smiles. Her reluctance to be so bold had faded in just one night. Her dad literally devoured her thoughts. Obeying her Brother filled that extra tiny void left over.  
  
"Oh my God! I wish Dad would walk right in here and fuck me in the shower."  
  
Of course that was not going to happen. Her Mother was awake and having breakfast with him. She wondered if last night was the only time he would take her. She knew it was a distinct possibility.  
  
After ten minutes she ceased the stream of water and dried herself off. Wrapped only in her towel she moves from the restroom across the hall to her bedroom. As she opened the door she heard rustling in her closet.   
  
"Lance? What are you doing?"  
  
"Dressing you for school." He winked as he rifled through hangers of outfits.  
  
"Don't get me kicked out of school."  
  
"Don't you want to make guys crazy?"  
  
"I can do that on my own." She growls playfully.  
  
"True. But, today and every day we take it to a whole new level of crazy. No bra. No panties. Tight skirts. Low cleavage. This and that."  
  
He hands her a lavender shirt with a v neck cleavage. Followed by a white mini skirt that was stretchy.   
  
"Today. I'm going to call Styles and have him meet you during third period. His sister has a vibrator egg and a remote control. When he gives it to you put it inside your pussy. He can use the remote on you during class."  
  
Her eyes flare wide as her jaw drops.  
  
"Sounds fun. I might scream in class. Then it won't matter who you play that video for." She points out mischievously. "Oh well. I can still sell copies and make out like a bandit."  
  
She pats his cheek and frowns, "Speaking of which. I want a copy of Dad and I. It was so freaking intense."  
  
"Yeah, I know. It blew my mind that Dad really went that far. We should be worried about Mom."  
  
Brit pouts, "I know. It makes you wonder why they rarely have sex."  
  
Both of them stare into each others eyes at their revelation then shrug it off. That was their parents business.  
  
Claiming the white skirt, Brit drops her towel and wiggles into the skirt. Her damp flesh made it tedious. Before taking the shirt she eyes it.  
  
"These don't match well silly." She then moves into her closet to locate another lavender blouse that didn't have a V-neck. This blouse was rounded and slightly more revealing. She pulls it over her head and looks into the mirror to primp herself . The shirt had no sleeves. It's hem crept above her skirt by an inch. This revealed her belly button magically. Without a bra her nipples introduced themselves vividly.   
  
"See? Much better." She turns to face Lance.  
  
"I can see your areolas almost."  
  
"Isn't this what you wanted from me?"  
  
"Well, yeah. Dress code violations."  
  
"I'll cover myself when I can. When teacher's aren't looking. When they aren't I'll let guys see."  
  
"Awesome. Wish I could be there."  
  
"You could meet me at lunch. Use that remote then. I'll sit near the Teacher's. We can tease carefully." She decides that she likes this game.  
  
"Cool. I won't sit with you just nearby. That way it doesn't look weird."  
  
She nods, "We better get breakfast and head out. Bus will be by shortly."  
  
Lance carefully follows her out as she gives him the coast is clear motion. He then opens and shuts his own door to make it look good.  
  
Following each other out into the kitchen they ran into their mother. Brit carefully held her book bag up to her chest to avoid a good look. "Rita" Foxx merely smiled and moved by them.   
  
Sitting at the kitchen table Keith Foxx their father drank coffee from a large mug. Lance took the lead and made toast. Brit however took time to greet him.  
  
"Good morning Daddy. Did you sleep well?" She lowered her book bag to show him her nipple hard on. He smirked and raised his mug to his lips.  
  
Taking a seat beside him she held her arms in front of her with elbows on the table.  
  
"Like a baby. You planning on seeing this Jake today?" Keith grins.  
  
"He's all I can think about now. I'll follow your advice to the tee."  
  
"I'm sure he will thank me later."  
  
Lance jumps as the toast pops up and he quickly butters it before sitting down to eat.  
  
"Who's Jake?" He feigns making conversation.  
  
"Your sister's date this weekend." Dad continues to smirk.  
  
Her eyes brightened up toward Lance as if to shut up.  
  
"Cool. I'm gonna hang out with Styles and Evan. Skateboard. Which reminds me. Can I crash at Evan's Saturday night?"  
  
Keith shrugs, "Go ahead. Your Mom's going to some conference out of town. I'll just watch the game and maybe go grab a beer."  
  
Brit felt sad suddenly, "I can cancel my date if you want company."  
  
Keith scowls, "Nope. You go have a really good time with Jake. I'll see you when you get home."  
  
As they make eye contact Rita Foxx returns.  
  
Their mother was a beauty in her own right. Taller than the kids but thin and built like Britney. Only her hair was cut shorter with highlights of blond mixed into her brunette locks.  
  
"Mow the yard before you leave Saturday, Lance. Your father works hard to provide. He deserves a break." She stands behind Lance squeezing his shoulders avoiding his rolling eyes.  
  
"I will!" Lance sighs.  
  
Rita then looks at Britney smirking with a disturbing glare. She moves toward the living room then turns using her finger to call her daughter to her side. Brit stood up and folded her arms before walking into the living room.  
  
"No bra young lady?" Rita knew, "So unlike you."  
  
Brit lowers her arms feeling no need to hide further.  
  
"I'm trying to impress a boy. Please don't make me go put one on."  
  
"If I get a call from the school about this I'll ground you. This boy must be very special."  
  
"He is." She blushes thinking of her father last night.  
  
Nodding Rita tries not to laugh, "Take one just in case. Humor me please."  
  
"I can do that. I love you Mom." She then hesitates, "Conference?"  
  
Rita puckers smiling, "Last minute. Mister Layman expects Tiffany and I to go. Truth be known I think he wants her and I to be eye candy for perspective clients."  
  
"Makes you sound like an escort."  
  
"Shhh! Don't let your father get ideas." Rita hugs her only daughter.  
  
Behind them they hear the horn of the school bus tooting. Brit looks at her mom as she realizes there was no time to grab a bra. Rita shakes her head, "Go on."  
  
Lance hands Brit her book bag and they both dart out to the bus. On the way Lance eyes his sister's ass swaying and tits bouncing. He noted the bus driver taking interest in her arrival as he opens the door.   
  
Passing the driver Britney winks at him. Lance following closely behind leaned toward the middle aged man, "Try living with that."  
  
The driver could only shrug. Commenting meant bad things.  
  
Claiming seats in the back half of the bus both of them passed the "Bolger Brothers". Twin giants who were 18 recently as well. They were the stopping point for any of the younger riders. They ruled the bus and had proven to be a fear to anybody attempting to step beyond their territory. Obviously hey enjoyed Britney enough to let she and Lance isolate away far from adolescence. A good thing considering what was going to happen very soon.  
  
On the way to school Lance texted Styles about the vibrating egg and got his approval response. He would be ready before class.  
  
Each of them were seated across from each other. Brit against the window.  
  
Lance the same from the opposite side of the aisle. Upon the next stop a trio of 18 year old Senior boys entered the bus and made their way back. On their way past the Bolger Brothers one of them joined Brit.  
  
"Hey." The rugged jock with blond hair nodded at her.   
  
"Hi Jacob." She marvels at his perfect smile. Then his biceps.   
  
The other two young men sat down in the seat behind them. They too offered their presence known by leaning over the seat and ogling Brit's low cleavage. They didn't care about her brother Lance seeing them and their pervasive acts behind her. Lance kept to himself toying with his Ipod, yet still spotted them acting as if they were jerking off behind her.  
  
"Hi Angus. Hi Dalton." She smiles leering over her shoulder at them.   
  
Jacob leaned over to inhale her perfume, "Dang you smell good. You always do."  
  
She smirks and bats her eyes at him, "Of course I do. I like getting attention."  
  
"Definitely have ours." Angus chuckles gripping the seat's back while closing his eyes to inhale his own delirium.  
  
"Thanks for noticing." She giggles offering her flirtations.  
  
Jacob notices even more as he eyeballs her nipples protruding through her snug blouse. It was impossible not to notice them.  
  
"You can't be cold. It's like 85 degrees already." He points at her chest.  
  
She looks down at herself and smiles playfully.  
  
"Who said that you could stare at my tits." She crosses her arms playfully and sticks her tongue out at him.  
  
"I did." Jacob reaches over and unfolds her arms. She hardly resisted.  
  
"Okay. You win. I felt like my freedom for one day. Maybe more if I don't get harassed at school."  
  
"If you do just let me know. I'll change their minds."  
  
She giggles with a drooping jaw, "Even if it's Principal Harding?"  
  
"I'm MVP. If he does I won't play the rest of the season." He jests.  
  
She turns sideways sitting on her right leg, her back now to the window. Looking back at Angus and Dalton she points at Jacob with batting lashes, "My hero."  
  
Dalton leans forward on their seat back to get a good look at her nipples, his eyes bulging, "Whoa. Let's skip class."  
  
She giggles, "I can't. I have too much to do today."  
  
Angus joins Dalton for a view, "Like giving everyone in school boners?"  
  
"As if I didn't before?" She frowns with a half smirk.  
  
" Nice ankle bracelet." Jacob points out reaching down to gently pick it up for a better view.  
  
She swiftly uncurls her leg and props her right foot up on the seat. In doing so her mini skirt revealed her pussy easily. Jacob continued touching her bracelet to make certain her leg didn't move. He drooled over the sight. He had imagined what she looked like down there for months. He had heard rumors from her past boyfriends but had yet to get his own chance.  
  
"I like it. I bought it at the mall last week. Birthday present to myself." She prides herself eying his touch.  
  
"Look at this guys." He awkwardly lifts her foot to show them. In the process she whimpered and caught her balance from falling off the seat.  
  
"Nice!" Dalton noticed her cute landing strip of pubic hair as Jacob held her poised for their better view. Angus looked more obvious than anybody as he rubs his chin and acts as if he's wiping the corners of his mouth.  
  
"That reminds me I missed breakfast." Angus chuckles.  
  
She used her left hand to attempt a cover up by pushing her skirt down in front. But, Jacob wouldn't have it. He lifts her foot even higher as if he were examining the bracelet closer. As he did her butt slid further toward him, the skirt wrinkling up under her cheeks. Her pussy was even more out of the shadows.  
  
"Hey. Give me back my foot." She blushes.  
  
Jacob holds it tightly and leers back at his buddies with a devilish grin. Their eyes were glued to her snatch. She chanced a glare toward Lance across the aisle who tried to avoid eye contact. He faced the window looking out and leaving her to fend for herself.  
  
Jacob removes her pump and begins massaging her foot. The sensation made Brit bite her lower lip and smile with her eyes. Both Angus and Dalton noted her beguiling gaze.   
  
As Jacob held her captive, Angus looks over to make sure her brother wasn't looking before dropping his right arm over the seat. His fingers rub her upper thighs just below her pussy. In doing so Brit flared her eyes at him.   
  
She allowed him to trail his fingertips closer and closer. Jacob nodded at her as she continued biting her lip. Her desires were held in silence. Only her eyes relayed her acceptance of their attention.  
  
Once Angus reached her pussy he teased her pubic hair petting it gently. Then his thumb burrowed into her labia carefully. The reaction was priceless.  
  
Her hand gripped Angus by the shirt sleeve dramatically clutching it. Her eyes frozen on his and trembling. Jacob had halted massaging to run his own hand down her inner leg back and forth. Her foot still held high.  
  
Dalton had no choice but to just watch. As much as he wanted to participate there was no room to join in. Still it was obvious to him that Britney was hardly resisting. This led his thoughts to the future and possibly fucking the hell out of her. He was rock hard.  
  
Angus looked over at both Jacob and Dalton as Brit whispered, "My brother's right over there."  
  
Jacob looks over and shrugs before raising her foot even higher, "Here Dalton. Hold on to this."  
  
Her body slid down until her hair touched the bottom of the window. She whined at her predicament as Angus used his thumb and index finger to pry her labia wide for the appearance of a sweet little tunnel. As she continued gripping his sleeve she observed Jacob lower his hand to her pussy and guide two fingers inside her. This made Brit shiver harshly. It felt awesome.   
  
After Jacob took over, Angus removed his fingers and slid them under her shirt until he squeezed her right breast. That made her eyes dart from boy to boy to boy to brother.   
  
"You like that?" Jacob whispers toward Brit as his fingers move in and out slowly.  
  
She trembles and barely hisses, "Yes."  
  
"These fingers should be my dick. Shouldn't they?" Jacob again whispers.  
  
She nods her affirmation noting Angus peeling her shirt up to show them her heaving tits.   
  
Suddenly, she didn't care if other students around them might be curious. Luckily any underage students hogged the front seats out of the line of sight. This was incredible.  
  
Her left foot raises from the floor to press down on Jacob's erection. He smirks.  
  
"Ohhh yeah. She wants what's under my jeans."  
  
Her shoe is removed carefully so she could massage his bulge more comfortably. Jacob leaned over her as far as possible to still finger her but also bite her left nipple. Tugging on it she gasped, watching Angus pinch her right nipple at the very same time. This made her crazy inside.  
  
Unfortunately, the bus picked up more students and the boys became aware that their mischief needed to end. Too many younger kids now. Other girls that didn't approve. Seating closer forced them to behave.  
  
Dalton releases her foot and Angus settles back into his seat. Jacob? He was indecisive. He wanted to keep going. Finally, he sits up and lets her return her body upright. His fingers were drenched.  
  
Brit lowers her shirt and sets up straight. Finding her shoes she puts them back on.  
  
Once she was presentable she grabs Jacob's hand and places his fingers into her mouth as she leaned over to avoid complicated eyes around her. He was even more aroused by her feeding frenzy.  
  
Finally, he stops her and uses that same hand to caress her cheek.  
  
Brit smiles and huffs a deep sigh, "You need to sit with me more often."  
  
He pulls her closer to whisper into her ear, "I WILL fuck you."  
  
She giggles, "I WILL fuck you."  
  
He then returns to whisper, "Angus and Dalton WILL fuck you."  
  
With an expression of anticipation she whispers, "God, yes."  
  
He felt like a deity.   
  
After ten more tense minutes the bus reached the school. Jacob made sure to let the students behind them all vacate. Even Lance headed off the bus leaving Jacob, Angus, and Dalton alone with Brit in the back half. Even with students leaving the bus Jacob unzipped his pants in a blur to reveal a large seven incher. He looked ahead and yanked her up into his lap and guided her skirt up to her waist. She straddled his dick and fucked him right then and there. It was quick but eventful. Nobody saw nudity but them.  
  
Angus and Dalton got out of their seat and moved to the seat in front of Jacob as a living wall. They observed him clenching her ass cheeks as she rode him hard.  
  
Her intensity led to moans and deafening but concealed squeals. Nobody leaving was even aware.  
  
As the bus emptied out, so did Jacob's scrotum. In his haste it took no time at all to detonate inside her. Risky but neither cared at the time. She yelps and hugs him while quaking at her own orgasm.  
  
Finally, Dalton whispers, "We have to go."  
  
Jacob guides her off and back into their seat to get her composure straightened out.  
  
He put his beast away wet and stood up triumphantly. Gallantly he reached under her seat to retrieve her book bag as she smoothed out her clothing.  
  
Awkwardly unbalanced she crawled out of her seat to stand in the aisle.  
  
She faces Angus and Dalton.  
  
Pointing breathlessly at them she huffs.  
  
"You tomorrow. Dalton the next day. Back seat next time. Be there."   
  
Both boys nodded with excitement.   
  
Giggling she led them down the length of the bus and down the steps. On the sidewalk stood the bus driver. He was more aware than he let on. His erection gave him away.  
  
As the band separated in different directions, Lance stepped up to the driver with a frown.  
  
"Bumpy ride."  
  
He then walked away.  
  
The driver grumbled under his breath, "I'll bet."

**Britney Ch. 05: Scrambled Eggs**

After an eventful morning, Britney had freshened up.   
  
Her first two classes were English and History. During those courses she did her best to conceal her constant nipple hard on. During English not so much, the teacher "Mr. Phelps" was a striking male and even she had a minor crush on him. He noticed her today. More often than not. This made her intrigued. She would explore his reactions more tomorrow and next week.  
  
However her History teacher, "Mrs. Donahue" was less than respecting of Brit's actions and dress code. She hadn't bit her head off at least. Even though Brit was violating the school's dress code by the shortness of her skirt which should only be just above her knees. Going braless was a big no no also. Her fellow students either scowled or drooled. All of them however had a code to mind their own business. Thus far nobody ignored that school pact. It wasn't like she was naked.  
  
Leaving Donahue's classroom she went to her locker to drop off her books. She waited there until "Eddie Styles" reached her.   
  
"Hey sexy." He grins collapsing his back to the locker beside hers.  
  
"Morning Stud. Bring me breakfast?"  
  
He cautiously retrieves a tiny egg shaped vibrator from his shirt pocket and hands it to her. She examines it fidgeting.  
  
"Eggs Benedicked." She chuckles.  
  
He offers a thumbs up amused by her word play, "Awesome."  
  
"Cover me. I'm inserting it here. No time to go to the restroom and do it." She says as she faces her locker and lifts the front of her skirt. Squatting at an angle she slips the egg up inside her pussy and does her best to force it up toward her G-spot. Once convinced it was deep enough she stands up straight and lowers her skirt.  
  
"That should do it." She smiles and claims her Algebra book, then shutting her locker.  
  
Styles then hops erect and offers her an arm, "To class with class Milady?"  
  
She giggles and takes his arm snuggling to his side for a moment. It made his day.  
  
Within minutes they reach their class. He releases her arm and bows giving her the cue to enter first. She shakes her head and follows other students through the door. As soon as she stepped over the threshold she felt the vibrator roar inside her. The sudden torrent stormed her nerves. She yelped out loud and nearly lost her balance. Inside the door stood her teacher "Mr. Beatty", a tall thin but fit man, bald on top with a band of hair as a crown.   
  
He catches her arm concerned by her pale expression.  
  
"Are you alright, Miss Foxx?"  
  
She shivers getting used to the tremors within.  
  
"Yes. Sorry. I got lightheaded for a second. I'll be okay." She smiles warmly at him. He notices her nipples immediately and has a glint in his eye.  
  
"If you feel that way again. I'll help you to the Nurse's office."  
  
"Thank you." She moves toward her seat eying Styles with a squint of "I'll get you for that." mischief in her gaze. He wanted to bust up.  
  
Everyone in their seats "Beatty" shuts the door and heads toward his desk.  
  
Sitting down he begins his routine of going over homework. Step by step he went through the questions on paper and garnered responses.  
  
Styles winked at Brit just before pushing the button remote in his pocket. The jolt of activation made her grip her desk with both hands dramatically. Holding her breath and eyes flaring, she gently whimpers.  
  
Eyes around the room realize her emotional changes. Including "Beatty". He decides to get up from his seat and walk around the class casually as he continues going over the homework.  
  
She freezes holding her homework notebook under flared fingers. Lowered gaze she turns pale then rosy. Beatty steps up to her side and lightly squeezes her shoulder out of concern. She looks up at him with puppy like eyes and makes him realize that she was trembling.  
  
A warm smile toward him makes him move on hesitantly. He continues his stroll. Back to her now, he hears a clatter. Turning he spots Britney picking up her notebook from the floor. She had difficulty as her legs became putty.   
  
Beatty moved back to her and bent down to assist her. As he did her legs parted giving him a bird's eye view of her pussy. On her chair between her thighs was a tiny puddle of her trickling juices. His eyes wanted to focus on her but he knew the students would quickly realize he was staring.  
  
Without another word he stood up and placed her notebook on her desk. She thanked him softly.   
  
He felt his dick begin to rise and made his way back to his desk. Seated now he was out of the direct eye sight of his students. This gave him time to try and lose his stimulation.  
  
Forcing himself to concentrate on the homework he avoids looking at her. Even though he knew something was going on by the whispers around him. On the final question he hears a shrill whine and a gasp. This forced him to look her way.   
  
Brit had her legs stretched out beneath the chair in front of her and was postured into a sunken position. Her eyes were batting erratically. Lips trembling as she bit at them spontaneously. She decided to place her pen in her mouth to avoid biting her lower lip too hard.  
  
Beatty noticed guys around her eying her strange behavior. As a matter of fact every guy in the room was ogling her every move. The girls in the class seemed to understand her actions. They knew she was building up for something.  
  
Beatty found himself dropping a hand into his lap and rubbing his crotch. He did his best to continue on teaching but his words were unconvincing. Not that it mattered. Nobody was really listening to him.  
  
Britney suddenly sat up straight and hovered over her desk nervously. Her palms held her up by her forehead. She huffed and exhaled dramatically, just before looking up to inhale with her eyes closed. Opening her eyelids quickly she stared directly at Beatty and creased her brow.  
  
Just as swiftly she glanced around her meeting eyes with random people. She saw the men in the room encouraging her to continue in her fits. Some knew. Most didn't realize why she was acting this way.  
  
Gritting her teeth around her pen she then sucked on it for a moment. Her head tilting back just before pulling the pen from her lips in a popping noise.  
  
Stretching out again she arches her back to express her heaving breasts. Her nipples were full tilt aroused beneath her shirt. Everyone noticed. Whispers of awe surrounded her.  
  
Beatty struggled hard to maintain his composure. This young lady had captured even his attention. He felt like unzipping and jerking off but had the smarts not to give in to his perversions. Instead he growled and rubbed his crotch even harder.  
  
In a dramatic spasm Brit knocks all of her books on to the floor and acts embarrassed by it. Yet, she didn't get up to retrieve them. Her hands once again gripped her desk top tightly. Her expression agonized and straining.  
  
With a glare she expels a deafening moan that echoes through the room.  
  
Styles smirks and gets up to gather her books from in front of her. As soon as he looks at her she fans her legs wide. She shows him her pussy as it glistened from the vibrations terrorist act upon her G-spot. The boy's in front of her took notice as well. Fortunately all were 18 years of age.  
  
Styles stands up and places her books back on her desk then casually returns to his own seat. Once seated he looks at Beatty with a shrug. Beatty wasn't home. The man stared obliviously at Britney.   
  
Her eyes meet others intimately as she quivers and holds her breath. Beet red now she loses it and cries out, "MOTHER FUCK!"  
  
The room wants to laugh as she convulses like a woman possessed. Her sudden outburst led to loud moans and squeals of delight. She had cum in her seat.   
  
Breathless she spots Mr. Beatty stand up and move to the classroom door cautiously hiding himself until he could use the threshold to mask his girth.  
  
"Miss Foxx. Join me in the hallway please."  
  
Britney held her hand over her mouth as she noted a girl silently clapping her hands toward her with a thin smile of approval.   
  
Guys offered gestures of thumbs up and expressions of wonderment.  
  
"Miss Foxx?" Beatty again expressed.  
  
"Coming." Brit mutters loud enough to hear.  
  
The room chuckled as one as she peeled herself from her seat and limped toward Beatty. As she reached the door and exits with Beatty he shuts the door facing her.  
  
Before he could say a word Brit reached out and palmed his bulging erection. Just as swiftly she removed her hand, but not before he jizzed within his underwear. Her grip was enough to finish him off.  
  
He himself turned pale looking down at her. She cringed at her bold move and toyed with regret.   
  
"Sorry." She whined softly.  
  
He trembles in his step sharing a brief silence then opens up.  
  
"Don't be. It never happened. Our secret."  
  
She sighs with relief then stands in his gaze awaiting further words.  
  
"I have nothing." He chuckles.  
  
She giggles and points at his crotch where a dampness had shown through his slacks.  
  
"Obviously, you had something."  
  
"Dammit." He growls.  
  
"Should I go back to class?"  
  
"What possessed you to do that?" He had to know.  
  
Her thoughts led to concealing the truth and to add opportunity. She lowers her gaze and whispers, "I have a crush on you."  
  
His eyes bulge, "What?"  
  
"I'm sorry." She hisses convincingly.  
  
"I don't know what to say." He hesitates, "What should I say?"  
  
She keeps her eyes averted from his when she sheepishly expresses.  
  
"That you want to send me to detention. And, volunteer to punish me in person?"  
  
He stares numbly at first then grumbles, "I'm on detention duty anyway."  
  
She smiles without looking up at him. This was way too much fun.  
  
"I can't promise I won't be unruly in the future."  
  
Beatty sighs, "Looks like you might get held after school quite a lot."  
  
She fidgets then whispers, "Held after or held down?"  
  
"Young lady you have to stop. I can't go back into my class with a hard on."  
  
"My skirt is stained too. Should I go get a roll of paper towels for my chair seat?"  
  
"No. You can't go back in there. It looks too bad. Go on and clean up. I'll hold your books until detention later in the day. Classroom "D" at 3:00 sharp."  
  
"Yes Sir."  
  
She turns away and wiggles off. As she shuffles down the empty hallway she lifts her skirt up to let him see her bare ass. He grit his teeth and turned away. Too late to avoid his erection. He would have to live with it.  
  
"A crush on me. That's a first."  
  
Beatty couldn't wait to punish that little slut.  
  
Britney couldn't wait to torture the poor bastard.

**Britney Ch. 06: Detain Knees**

The lunch room was packed as Britney joined by Styles moved with their trays through the crowd. All the time that they waited in line Styles commented on how awesome her performance under the eggs influence was. She laughed it off and kept her news to herself until her brother could join them. Finding a table they sit down and await Lance.  
  
During the wait she spies upon Jacob and Angus in the distance. They were eying her. From another table in the Teacher's quad was Mr. Beatty. He too looked at her. She tried not to look guilty of stalking Beatty. She merely smiled and nibbled at her salad. Too much attentiveness would spook him. The game she played had her hormones in a frenzy. It wasn't her intention to interest Mr. Beatty really. But, the more he grew intrigued the more she wanted to push him along. What's a good teasing hurt during detention she thought. Besides there might be others in detention as well. That would keep things in check. She refused to accommodate anyone under 18.  
  
As her thoughts drifted Lance decided to show up and sit across from her and Styles at their table.  
  
"Earth to cum sucking slut. Come in cum sucking slut." Lance chuckled snapping his fingers.  
  
"I'm here." She seductively purred.  
  
"Styles said you were screaming in class."  
  
"Not screaming. I haven't completely let go yet. I'm still getting used to being this wild."  
  
"Could have fooled me. I heard screams." Styles teased.  
  
"You will know when I scream. Maybe tomorrow Mister 48 hour man." She winked.  
  
Lance nodded at Styles, "About this weekend. I wanna hang out the four of us. You can go do your thing alone Bro, but I want us to create some CHAOS." He sang the last part laughing.  
  
"I'm good with that. As long as I can make sweet lust to Britney here for a few hours."  
  
She fans herself, "A few hours? I might need to be carried to the ER."  
  
"I'll just make the paramedics fuck you too." Lance boasts.  
  
Brit smiles and hisses, "I have a secret."  
  
"What secret?" Lance awaits.  
  
"Mr. Beatty gave me detention. He's overseeing the time I spend there." Her eye brows wag playfully.  
  
Lance mulls that over with a smirk, "That sounds fun."  
  
"I thought so. We might have to walk home together because of missing the bus." She points out.  
  
"Wearing the egg again in detention?" Styles wonders.  
  
"I won't need it. I'm just going to torment Beatty like crazy."  
  
Lance puckers in thought, "I wonder how many other idiots got detention?"  
  
"She might be alone with Beatty." Styles chuckles with a eerie sound.  
  
"If not I'll improvise." She winks.  
  
Lance rubs his chin, "What did you have in mind?"  
  
"This is my time. I'm not under your control." She sticks her tongue out.  
  
"My month says I own you every second.. So yes you are MINE." Lance glares.  
  
"Fine! If I'm alone I'll kiss him. Let's see how far he will want to go. He's probably afraid of losing his job."  
  
"If you're alone you suck his dick at least." Lance orders.  
  
"Okay. If there are others there?"  
  
"As you said Improvise."  
  
As they chat Brit notices Angus and Jacob walking toward them, now joined by Dalton.  
  
"Got room for us?" Jacob steps up beside Brit.  
  
She looks up at him and smiles. Across the table Angus nudges Lance over to occupy his space. Dalton merely stands by Angus.  
  
Taking a seat straddling the tables bench Jacob pauses then smiles brightly, "Doing anything after school?"  
  
She frowns, "I got detention earlier. I have to stay over."  
  
Jacob grimaces, "Damn. I was gonna see if you wanted to go get a pizza."  
  
"Another time? I'd like that though. Raincheck?"  
  
"Absolutely." He admires her beauty.  
  
Angus growls, "We heard about Beatty's class. Wish we had been there."  
  
Lance groans, "Innocent little Brother's ears here."  
  
"Only little by thirty minutes. Ignore him." Brit chimes in.  
  
Angus chuckles, "Then go away."  
  
Brit glares at Angus, "Hey. Just because of that I got detention. And, my brother is the coolest so leave him alone."  
  
Angus holds his hands up, "Sorry Man. My bad."  
  
Knuckle bumping with Angus to accept the apology, Lance had a brilliant idea.  
  
"If you want to spend time with my sister why don't you guys get detention too." He plays it off as a joke.  
  
Jacob eyes Angus and Dalton inspired by the jest. They read his mind. It was only an hour of time lost.  
  
Angus leaps up and hurls Styles lunch tray toward Jacob yelling out "FUCK YOU ASSHOLE."  
  
Jacob jumps up and charges over the table to attack Angus who plays the victim. Dalton in response tries to break them apart then ends up getting into a three way grudge match.  
  
The teachers table automatically leaps into the fray and breaks the group up. Detentions were easy enough to get. However Beatty felt sad that he now had new prisoners. A look to Brit at the table Beatty offered a disappointed expression. She pouts and cautiously pinches her nipples for him. Maybe there was hope.  
  
Lance smirked at Styles.   
  
Pure evil.  
  
As the school day ended most students returned home. Others not so lucky were subjected to detention. Leftover stragglers offering up bad decisions.  
  
At the selected classroom for today's misgivings awaited teacher William Beatty. He had reached his destination ten minutes prior to everyone else. Having had time to re-evaluate a plan Beatty structured the seating so that the majority of seats faced the back of the room. While a single row of seats faced forward. This would give him alone time he thought. At the best he could look up Britney's skirt.   
  
The other students would be declined a good look. He had hoped.  
  
Today, there were only six students. Besides the trio of jocks Angus, Jacob, and Dalton. Then came a rebel Goth reject by the name of "Norman" who's only reason for being there was being ever late to class. The fifth was "Emily Grace" a lanky blond with glasses that was hardly unattractive yet her attire classified her in terms of over reserved. Her skirt met her ankles. Her shirt closed around her throat. Blame her parenting. Both were 18 barely.  
  
Finally, joining them was a freshened up Britney. She fluttered her fingers toward Beatty and gave him a beguiling smile. This was noticed by everyone there.  
  
Before she could sit Beatty stood and pointed.  
  
"Seating arrangements as followed. Boy's face the back of class. Girl's face forward. This will keep any rounds of communication to a minimal. You're here as punishment, not as chat centers. Failure to remain silent will get you more detention days. Looking behind you is not an option. Outbursts of any kind even in actions will get you expelled. Yes, I can make that possible."  
  
Groans all around they take their seats which had gaps between them. Beatty watched their acceptance become evident. Even the jocks were being obedient. This might work.  
  
Brit and Emily sat forward in front of Beatty. As the girls smiled at one another Brit recognized the girl as the one who clapped silently at her performance under the egg's vibrational influence.   
  
As Beatty settled in at his desk he eyes Brit who frowns at first then lifts a finger to let him know she had a plan. He cautiously allowed her to stand and tiptoe over to Emily and relay a barely audible whisper. The words made Emily's eyes flare wide and once again silently pat her palms together. Satisfied Brit returns to her chair.  
  
Beatty narrowed his eyes with curiosity.   
  
She began by wiggling in her seat and batting her eyes at him. The creaking of her chair was annoying. She grit her teeth and held a hand over her mouth to avoid laughing. Inspiration strikes and she opens her notebook and writes, "Sounds like bed springs during sex." She then turned the book to let Beatty read it. He too tried not to laugh. What freaked him out was when Brit allowed Emily Grace to read it as well.  
  
Emily blushed and offered Beatty a smile then nibbles her lower lip.  
  
He had no reaction outside of amazement.  
  
Brit grinned then spread her knees wide allowing Beatty to see her pussy. His jaw dropped. Heart racing he felt his cock begin to raise.   
  
She wrote in her notebook, "I hope you like my pussy."   
  
As he reads it he inhales deeply and looks at Emily who also reads it. He realized Emily was still amused and encouraging at the same time. Emily herself pulled her lengthy skirt up to her knees. This was the first time he had ever seen Emily's legs. They were cleanly shaven and rather muscularly toned.  
  
Brit gives her a thumbs up before carefully lifting her butt in her seat and pulls her stretchy skirt over her butt cheeks. She was essentially naked from the abdomen down to her sandal like shoes. Her legs went wider. A single finger teased her clit.  
  
Beatty was monster high in seconds and gritting his teeth at her. Emily sat with eyes wide at Brit's boldness. Her eyes literally glistened out of excitement.  
  
Glaring at Emily, Brit motioned for her to get braver. She shivered and quickly looked behind her to see the boys observing only the back wall. Convinced she was safe Emily sat up slightly to pull her skirt higher and expose her white panties. Her own legs parted as she blushed.   
  
Brit had to silently clap just as Emily had been so fond of doing. This gave Emily confidence. Stiffening up Emily rubbed her fingers over her pussy getting wet instantly as she eyed Beatty watching her.  
  
William Beatty had to reposition his crotch as it tightened up his slacks. His hand below the desk made Britney smile brilliantly and then lick her lips. As a returned favor she pries her labia apart and lets him see her glistening hole. He rolled his eyes back for only a second.  
  
Emily sat with her eyes like saucers at their shared responses. Finally, Brit turns to her and winks. A nod for her to go further made her again look behind her. Again convinced they were not looking Emily pulls her white cotton panties aside and shows her tight virgin pussy surrounded by pubic fur. She noted Beatty eying it and quakes from adrenalin. He liked what he saw, she could tell.  
  
Another thumbs up by Brit and a scribbled, "YOU ARE AWESOME!!" in bold print made Emily Grace giddy.  
  
Brit turned her attention back to Beatty who had his hands in his lap. It was easy enough to tell he was unzipping his pants and removing his burden. A look of relief on his face meant his cock was free of his slacks.  
  
She writes, "Stroke him or I will." with an evil grin.  
  
Reading it he nods cautiously and swallows hard before stroking it. He nervously eyes Emily who leans forward with a curious glimmer in her eye.  
  
Brit lifts her shirt up over her tits and exposes her breasts to him. Her nipples were steel. Pinching them only gave Beatty the exhilaration to jerk off harder.  
  
Emily merely released her skirt and watched until she noticed Beatty offer a disappointed look at her . This made Emily look to Brit. Brit shrugs leaving it up to her how much further she could go.   
  
Looking back yet again she bites her lip and unbuttons the middle of her blouse, leaving the collar snugly fastened. Four buttons open she pries her blouse apart to reveal her white bra. Shivering she lifts the cups up to let Beatty see her 36C's. They were beautiful.   
  
His gaze bounced from girl to girl as he gripped his shaft to wag it, before again masturbating at a steady pace.  
  
Brit looks behind her before gently standing up from her seat. She carefully kicked her shoes off to avoid the clatter of them on the floor. Tiptoe she glides around his large oaken desk and looks down at his dick. An expression of awe made her tremble at Emily.  
  
Brit motions Emily to come see but she freezes in her seat. Finally, she drew a breathe and crawled out of her seat and holds her blouse together. Creeping around the other side of the desk she dropped her jaw at his girth.   
  
Britney licks her fingertips and touches the crown making him rear his head back and abandon his grip to let his cock stand proudly on its own.  
  
His right hand reaches out and caresses Brit's bare ass making her move closer and lean forward over his desk to let him rub her freely. As he did Brit winks at Emily who nervously dances in step. She quickly lifts her own skirt high and bends over the desk just as Brit was doing.  
  
Beatty now had both hands on their asses. His left hand slides beneath Emily's white panties and makes her whimper lightly. Her boldness made Brit love this girl.  
  
Finally, Brit stands up and crouches to Beatty's hip and applies her hand to his cock surrounding it with her fingers. She began silently jerking him off.   
  
Emily darted her eyes from his cock to the boys in the back who were oblivious. Giddy she reaches over and squeezes his crown between her thumb and index finger.  
  
Beatty gasped and held his breath.  
  
His hand stroked Brit's long brown hair and eyes her adoring smile. She must really like him he thought. Emily Grace was an added bonus.  
  
Brit lowers her face and plants her lips on his exposed balls suckling them for a mere moment. She then looks at Emily. The girl turned as red. She felt her boldness slipping. However, Brit offered her a sad expression which made the girl feel horrible.  
  
Emily herself kneels to his left hip and shares a grip on his cock. Brit shows her how to stroke it then removes her own hand to squeeze his balls with it. He was trembling like mad at their attentions.   
  
After moments of observation Brit lowers her tongue to swirl it around his crown before lightly puckering up to kiss it. Backing away she smiles at Emily. Her eyes bulged at her silent request.   
  
Shaking her head no reluctantly Emily grit her teeth then swiftly pecked her lips on his crown. She bolted up with an expression of her own amazement. Shocked that she allowed herself to go that far.  
  
Brit pats her hands silently.  
  
Looking up at Beatty she winks and mouths the words, "Cum for us."  
  
He reaches his hands out to caress both of their cheeks lovingly. In doing so Beatty noticed Brit join Emily with another hand. Two hands jerking him off at once.   
  
The girls watched each other with zest as they challenged each other mentally. Both wanted to be the one to make him explode.  
  
It became a game suddenly. Emily loved the energy of it. Feeling his cock throb under her palm. In the process Beatty tightened his fingers in their hair as the strain was becoming unbearable. Holding his breath and gritting his jaw tightly he froze just before detonating all over his slacks, their knuckles, and his desk.  
  
Emily dropped her jaw and watched out of admiration. As she removed her hand she looked over the splattered droplets on her knuckle.   
  
Brit lifted her own hand smiling then licked his cum from her fingers. It tasted minty. She then winked at Emily. The girl sat frozen until Beatty lifted her own hand to her mouth. She sniffed it before barely dabbing her tongue on a drop. It was awesome she thought, then licked up every trickle.  
  
He groaned silently and fastened his pants up. Both girls stood up and pulled their own attire into place. With a peck to Beatty's cheek by Brit she crept back to her seat and put her shoes on.  
  
Emily blew him a kiss and sat down as well.  
  
In ten minutes Beatty heard the ending bell.  
  
"Detention's over. I don't want to see you people here ever again."  
  
He then points at the girls winking and mouthing the words, "Except for you two."  
  
The boys in back jumped up and stretched, turning to face Brit and the others.   
  
Brit stepped over to Emily and pats her hands out of friendship.  
  
"We should hang out. I can help you with your fashion dilemma."  
  
Emily smiled warmly, "So awesome. I want to be just like you."  
  
"We can do that." Brit concludes, "You should come sleep over some night."  
  
"Just say when." Emily Grace choked without thinking. Her parents would never allow that.  
  
The boys huddle at the door as the girls walk together and join them.  
  
"Guy's this is Emily Grace. Adore her."  
  
The guys shrug and admire her.  
  
"Not too shabby." They all versed.  
  
Emily Grace blushed.  
  
Brit smiled and pulled Jacob aside.  
  
"Does anyone ever call you Jake?"  
  
Inspiration struck.  
  
So evil.

**Britney Ch. 07: Line Drives**

**10:12 A.M**  
Strolling through the park, 18 year old Britney Leanne Foxx enjoyed the bright sunny day.  
  
Wearing bright yellow stretchy pants that ended at her calves, and a white tank that exposed her belly button and firm abs, she felt alive.  
  
Forsaking panties her pussy had a well defined camel toe expressing through her leggings. A thin white bra kept her breasts hidden. Yet thin enough to affirm that the breeze was exciting her nipples.  
  
Dark sunglasses, sandals, and a yellow ponytail band finished off her attire.  
  
Wandering she noted children playing on swings and merry-go-rounds. Still the park was never ending and there was plenty of wide open spaces to avoid discovery.  
  
As she continued on the sidewalk before her she heard a noise coming from behind. On a skateboard rolled her brother's friend, 18 year old, "Eddie Styles" aka merely Styles.  
  
"There you are." She grinned.  
  
"Sorry. My Dad's weekend with me. Had to help him load up the truck for softball practice."  
  
"Don't you want to go watch him play?"  
  
"We can for awhile. I can show you off."  
  
"You can tell him I'm your girlfriend if you want." She teases.  
  
"I like that idea. Wanna go steady?"  
  
"Noooooooooo! But, I'll play along. I can't act too sexy though. The team might get jealous."  
  
He admires her ass. The stretchy pants hugged her every curve dipping deep within her butt crack.  
  
"Hell my Dad might whistle at that ass." He chuckles.  
  
"Would that upset you?"  
  
"No. Might be funny. Bunch of guys my dad's age though. Probably no one is under 35 and up." He scratches his head.  
  
"That's okay. I love teasing older men." She wiggles her eyebrows.  
  
He found that strange.  
  
"For somebody who put up a fight about losing a bet, you sure seem eager to be slutty these days."  
  
"Blame my dufus brother. I've always loved sex but on my own terms. Now that I've agreed to get through this bet it's opened my eyes to a new world. Being slutty is kind of fun."   
  
"Awesomeness! I'm glad. I have tons of ideas." He chuckles.  
  
"Do tell." She awaits with zest.  
  
Eddie pulls a small back pack from his shoulders and unzips it. He reaches inside and pulls out a dog collar and a long leash. He grins dangling it in front of her.  
  
"Ohhh, so now you think I'm a dog?" She smirks with sparkling eyes.  
  
"Never! But, my mom and dad used to be into all that freaky stuff. I thought maybe we could steal a few ideas from them."  
  
She picks up the collar and examines it. It was thick leather and had spiked studs embedded within.   
  
"I say we do this after the softball practice. Your dad might ask questions." She suggests.  
  
He points out dramatically, "Or, He might pat me on the back and yell, THAT'S MY BOY!"   
  
She smiles at his playfulness, "The other players might freak out and put your dad on the spot. Don't you think?"  
  
"Maybe. I know most of the guys though. All they do is talk about sex and getting drunk. I doubt it would be a shock. If anything it will get them talking."  
  
"This is part of your 48 hours to control me. I guess I have no say in this. I'll obey if that's what you really want to do."  
  
"I'll hold off on the leash until later. I'll get a feel of the team before I bring it out."  
  
She sighs, "Good call. I'm not saying I don't like the idea of you leading me on a leash." She offers a brilliant smile before sticking her tongue out at him.  
  
"Man! I'm glad your brother invited us over the other day. You are the coolest."  
  
"Sexiest. Sluttiest." She adds.  
  
"How can you not be the most popular girl in school?" He wonders.  
  
"Maybe because I never showed off like I have lately. I mean, I talk to a lot of guys but I still kept things casual. I think after yesterday though I might find it harder to remain what others used to think of me."  
  
"That's for sure. You were the talk of the halls at school."  
  
"Good or bad?" She giggles biting a nail.  
  
Styles laughs out of irony, "Both. Good with the guys and most girls. But, we both know there are the bible crowd. Heck, I even heard a few of them sinning out loud."   
  
"I'll convert them to the dark side." She grins evilly.  
  
"Let's get going. Dad's practice is on the other side of that batch of trees." He motions with his chin while putting the leash back in his bag.  
  
Gathering up his skateboard they begin walking across a long stretch of grass to reach the row of trees. A short path through the shrubbery around them they reached the ball diamond.  
  
They stop to survey the situation.  
  
"That's my dad over there wearing the "Cubs" t-shirt and ball cap."  
  
"Wow! He's cute." She giggles.  
  
"Yeah, yeah." Eddie rolls his eyes.  
  
"Seven guys. I thought there were nine positions." She frowns.  
  
"Either running late or can't make it. Who cares."  
  
"There's two of us. We can offer to be the other players."  
  
He scowls, "I'm not into baseball."  
  
"Neither am I. But this could be fun. Me wiggling all around the bases. Them fumbling the ball just to watch my ass. I could remove my bra and put it in your bag." She laughs.  
  
"Let's not be obvious too soon. Let's work up to things. Come on." He sits his bag and board down in the grass and takes her hand. She grins at his holding hands idea.  
  
Walking up to the dugout Eddie waves at his dad at first base. His dad tilted his hat up and offered a puzzled grin.  
  
The pitcher spotted them and stopped his throw to look over at Eddie's dad, "Gary".  
  
"Yo, Gary? You need a minute?"  
  
Gary Styles jogs over to the dugout.  
  
"Who is this? My son with a girl? I thought you were gay." He teases his boy.  
  
Before Eddie could reply Brit jumps in with, "CERTAINLY NOT GAY."  
  
Gary is taken back by her statement watching her hug his sons arm.  
  
"Well that settles that. Who have we here?" Gary probes.  
  
"This is Britney. My friend Lance's older sister. She's 18."  
  
"Girlfriend or friend?" He chuckles.  
  
She offers a hiss of excitement, "We shall see."  
  
Eddie perks up fighting a blush. He liked this situation.  
  
"Don't embarrass me Dad."  
  
"That's what Dad's are for. Nice meeting you Britney. At least I know my son knows how to pick 'em. You're quite a looker."  
  
She feigns a blush of her own, "Awww! Thank you, Gary. I notice your team only has seven players."  
  
He rubs the back of his neck, "Couple guys were too hung over to make it. Happens to the best of us."  
  
"Can we watch you play?" She smiles devilishly at him.  
  
In his perverted mind Gary wondered the same of watching her play. With herself that is. He stammers looking obvious of his thought. She caught on instantly.  
  
Trying to keep it cool Gary puckers, "Sure. Have a seat. We're just getting warmed up. I'll introduce you to everyone in a bit."  
  
He glances over her body just before turning away to return to first base.  
  
Brit pulls Eddie into the dugout and sits with him on the bench.  
  
"Your dad stripped me with his eyes. Did you notice?" She giggles.  
  
"Yeah. Obvious as hell." He frowns.  
  
"Did you not want this to happen?" She creases her brow.  
  
"I'm just trying to keep us from looking too obvious that you're teasing. So far you haven't done anything and the whole bunch is watching us right now."  
  
"Good." She pecks him on the cheek shocking him.  
  
He grins at her just as she jumps up and sits in his lap sideways and wraps her hands around his neck. She hugs him tightly then looks back at the players. She wanted Eddie to feel a part of this was about him.  
  
The batter kept missing the pitch, looking back at them after every swing. The catcher in turn bellowed, "The field is that way, Carlos."  
  
Everyone chuckled including Carlos. Finally, the Hispanic gent hit the ball which fouled out backwards over the dugout fence. As they all looked behind them Brit leaped up and raced away. The entire seven watched her wiggle around the dugout and retrieve the ball in the grass. She made certain to bend over with her ass facing them. She swivels in her step raising the ball over her head to yell out, "I got it."  
  
Running back around the fence she sprints out to the pitching mound to hand it to the pitcher.  
  
"Here's your balls. I mean ball." She giggles faking another blush.  
  
The pitcher smirked, "My balls were in your hand. My ball I mean. Thanks kid."  
  
She lifts her sunglasses and glares at him, "Do I really look like a kid?"   
  
Turning away she wiggles even harder back toward the dugout. She rejoins Eddie who shook his head. The pitcher literally repositioned his crouch in front of everybody.  
  
"There's one erection." She chuckles leaning on Eddie's arm.  
  
The team continue to play to the best of their ability for ten minutes. Brit in her boredom got up and paced the dugout. Eddie joined her by leaning with his fingers gripping the mesh fence.  
  
"Wanna leave?" He offers.  
  
"No. I want to terrorize these guys." She pauses frustrated.  
  
His eyes flared up, "Really that important?"  
  
"Yes! I feel like they're losing interest." She frowns, "I can't have that."  
  
She leaves Eddie and steps from the dugout and waits until there was a lull in their activity. She approaches the Catcher.  
  
"Can I play? I've never really tried. It looks fun."  
  
The Catcher stands up stretching and looks to the Batter, "Let her hit a couple, Pete."  
  
The man hands her his bat and steps back motioning her to get into position. He watches her bend her knees and lightly crouch. Her ass was beautiful he thought.  
  
"Hold on." Pete spoke, "You have to choke higher on the bat. Part your feet more."  
  
"Show me." She smiles at him slyly.  
  
He gets behind her and leans around her body to guide her palms for a better grip on the bat. Her ass rubs right against his crotch. Instant erection. She wiggled gently over it acting as if getting into a better stance.   
  
Pete looks at the Catcher and expresses a look of, "Oh Hell Yeah!"  
  
Nodding the Catcher called out, "Give her something to hit, Harlan."  
  
"Just don't hit me." She joked wiggling against Pete even harder.  
  
Harlan lobbed a low inside ball which forced her to bend over more and almost stumble forward. Pete grabs her hips to keep her from toppling.  
  
She whines and taps her bat on the ground getting back into position. Pete steps away this time. As Harlan tossed another pitch Brit swings and loses balance falling directly into the Catcher's arms. His arms surrounded her, accidently cupping her right breast with the hand without his mitt. She laughs and looks up at his mask to see him grinning.  
  
"You caught me." She hisses and pats his hand over her tit.  
  
"Sorry about that." He grit his teeth.  
  
"All part of the game right?" She grinned and pulled herself up.  
  
Again she readies herself for a pitch. This time she manages to hit the ball in a line drive toward third base. She stands there in awe.  
  
"Run to first base." The Catcher yells up at her. She jumps and bursts into a run toward Eddie's dad. He stared at her chest lightly bouncing on her way toward him. She laughed the whole journey.   
  
Third basemen lobbed the ball to the Pitcher Harlan who covered second base. He didn't rush in getting her out. He enjoyed her butts wiggle.  
  
At First base Gary stood in her way. He admired her eyes watching him. She was racing hard and literally had no chance of stopping. He covered his base waiting for the ball to be thrown at him. Yet his attention wavered. As Harlan threw the ball Brit slams into Gary making him ignore the ball that flew past him. She huffed up at him as her chest crushed against his.  
  
"You missed the ball, Mister." She giggles stomping on the base.  
  
The Catcher "Dale" yells, "Run to Second."  
  
Brit drops her jaw and peels from Gary to run for another base. This made Gary decide to chase the ball before watching her butt cheeks bounce toward Harlan.  
  
Gary threw the ball back to Harlan who caught it just as she set foot on the base.  
  
"Not bad, Kid."  
  
Again Brit raises her shades, "For my being a kid you sure do drool a lot."  
  
"Cute kid. What can I say?"   
  
"Do you always get a hard on over kids?" She huffs.  
  
"Only those with bodies like yours."  
  
"Pervert." She wags her tongue at him.  
  
"Tease." He returns.  
  
"I'm not wearing panties." She flips him off.  
  
"We all noticed that right off Kid."  
  
"I bet you did. Which did you notice first? My pants up my ass or my camel toe?"   
  
"Toe. Very nice." He looks down at it.  
  
"Thanks Grandpa." She knocks the ball from his glove then takes off running toward Third base. Basemen "Steve" watches her approach as Harlan chases her with the ball. He gets into position to catch the ball. Harlan tosses it to him stopping her cold and looks back at Harlan behind her. The ball gets tossed back and forth between them making her attempt both directions. Finally she's caught between them literally.  
  
"No fair. A threesome. What would Eddie think?" She chuckles.  
  
Harlan grimaces, "Think we care? Ditch Gary's boy and lets hang out."  
  
"I can't ditch him. Sorry. Keep trying though." She winks.  
  
Steve hears her playfulness and adds, "Goddamn you're a little hottie."  
  
She grins sheepishly, "Too hot for you to handle."  
  
"Doubt that Sweetheart." Steve raises a brow.  
  
She walks around him and steps on Third base.  
  
"I'm safe. Neither of you touched me." She mocks.  
  
"Yet." Harlan chuckles.  
  
"I might steal home."  
  
"Go ahead I'll give you a head start." Steve motions.  
  
"Stop looking at my ass." She sticks out her tongue.  
  
He again motions her to run.  
  
She darts off as Steve gives chase. Dale the Catcher stands ready as she bolts into his arms.  
  
"Save me!" She giggles making him drop the ball.  
  
She sneaks around him and jumps on the home plate.   
  
"SAFE!" She yells jumping up and down.  
  
The team gathers around chuckling. Eddie's dad Gary included.  
  
"Nicely done." Gary puckers looking back at his son in the dugout.  
  
She wiggles and grips the band of her stretchy pants tugging them up, "I can't keep my pants on."  
  
Harlan pats Gary on the back, "We could sure use a beer, Gary."  
  
Gary raises an eye brow then leers back at Eddie.  
  
"Hey Son? Run over to Harlan's truck and bring us that twelve pack on ice."  
  
Eddie gets up and looks to Brit who motions him to go on ahead. He groans and heads off through the parking lot.  
  
Harlan then looks over to Brit, "Show us that ass."  
  
Her jaw drops and she eyes Gary who smirks, "Go for it."  
  
Britney bites her lower lip then turns peeling her yellow pants down over her butt. She lets each of the men rub her cheeks.  
  
"Damn that's sweet." Pete expels.  
  
Gary took his turn then slaps her left cheek making her squeal.  
  
"Liked that didn't you?" Gary glares.  
  
She looks at Eddie in the distance then back toward Gary.  
  
"Yes."   
  
"Want more of that?"  
  
She nibbles her index fingernail.  
  
"Yes."  
  
"From all of us?" Harlan grunts.  
  
She shivers at them with widened eyes.  
  
"Maybe."  
  
Dale removes his mask then leans over and licks her ass.  
  
"YES!" She shudders.  
  
Gary watches his son disappear behind their cars.  
  
"Take this to the dugout. I'll get rid of my Boy."  
  
Brit bulges her eyes, "NO! Let him stay. I want him to watch."  
  
The guys grit their teeth in unison. It was an awkward moment.  
  
She pulls her pants up and turns to Gary.  
  
"Eddie knows I'm wild. He's seen me with others before. He wants to be like you. When you dominated your wife."  
  
"He told you that?" Gary squints.  
  
"Yes. I think you should teach him to be a dominant male. I'll let you use me to teach him. He even has a collar and leash in his back pack he wants me to wear later. I want to serve him. But, in the meantime I can serve you." She winks at Gary, "SIR!"  
  
Harlan and Carlos hiss.   
  
"If you don't let us fuck this little slut I'm gonna kill you Styles." Harlan grunts.  
  
She giggles and stares at Gary without blinking.  
  
"You want fucked?"   
  
She smirks, "Would you have asked your wife that?"  
  
"Nope. I'd have made her."  
  
She remains smiling.  
  
"Take the whore into the dugout. Strip the bitch." He grips her by the throat, "While I talk to Eddie I expect your mouth around Harlan's cock here. Do you hear me Skank?"  
  
She nods, "Loud and clear. SIR!"  
  
Harlan and Pete grab her arms and escort her brusquely to the mesh enclosure. Once there Carlos yanks her pants to her ankles, forcing her to step out of them.  
  
Steve snatches her glasses from her forehead and peels her shirt up over her head. He then removed her bra with ease.  
  
She stood there as the men all lined up on the bench in a row with their pants down and dicks in hand.  
  
Brit marveled at the six before her, "Whoa!"  
  
"Get over here and suck my cock." Harlan snapped.  
  
She knelt in front of him and lowered her face to lick his sweaty balls all the way up to his crown. Once there she swallowed his dick forcing him to gasp and greedily look to his buddies.  
  
"Goddamn she's got soft lips. Look up at me you sexy little cunt."  
  
She does smiling with her eyes. She loved the old man's cock. It reminded her of her Father. Which made her extremely horny. She reached over next to Harlan and fondled Pete to keep him hard. She briefly scooted closer and let her mouth leave Harlan long enough to taste Pete's cock. Six good thrusts before she returned to Harlan.  
  
During her seduction, Gary returned with Eddie after a tense talk. Eddie knew this was a day to remember. After listening to his father's brief praise and guidance Eddie played along as the novice Master.  
  
Eddie observed Britney sucking dick like a trooper. He decided to be bold and journey into the dugout to stand over her. She noticed his arrival and removed her mouth to look up at him.  
  
"Are you mad at me?" She appeared nervous.  
  
"No. Dad told me what you said. I need you to do as he tells you."  
  
"I want to do what you tell me." She shyly replies.  
  
Eddie looks to his dad for guidance. Gary merely watches him with interest.  
  
He suddenly opted for a bold move, surveying each of the awaiting men who were getting anxious.   
  
"Suck every dick here. I think each of them should get to fuck you. BUT! You ride them. They each get five minutes. "  
  
She smiles, "YAY!"  
  
Without another second to waste she returns to sucking dick. Brit moves right down the line until the six men on the bench had their pleasure. As she ended her suck session she straddles Carlos and reaches under to guide his dick up inside her. She gasps at his girth before riding him. His mouth fed on her nipples causing her to squeal.  
  
Again, right on down the line, Steve, Dale, Pete, Harlan, Craig, and Mark. She heard each of them cum at their own hands while riding the one next to them. It was exhilarating. After the last ride Gary nudges his son aside and snatches her by her hair and standing her up to face the mesh fence. He bends her over and makes her grip the fence with her fingers. Gary then tied her wrists to the fence with his shoelaces. Tightly.  
  
Eddie stood amazed at his father's control.  
  
Brit leered over at Eddie as Gary dropped his pants and stepped in to slide his cock into her. Thrusting rapidly he slapped her ass harshly. She let out a series of high pitch whines as she had a fierce orgasm at Gary's approach.  
  
"Edddddddddddddieeeeeeeee! I love your dad's dick."  
  
Gary looks over at his son.  
  
"This is how you assert control. Restraint and take. Punish and reward. If you want her to obey without question then prove you won't take no for an answer."  
  
Eddie nods as his dad grips her hair and yanks her head back. She turned red and cried out how much she loved Gary's roughness.  
  
"You're going to serve my son whenever he commands. Whatever he orders. If you don't I'll make certain you do. Am I understood you little whore?"  
  
Straining at his hair tugging she moans loudly, "Anything he orders. I swear."  
  
"Until I feel my boys ready you obey ME. My buddies here are going to fuck you another time. As long as they want to. NEVER DENY ME."  
  
She wheezes cumming again at his mad thrusts, "Oh my GOD! YES! Eddie? Please fuck me. Here, now!"

Eddie turns pale. He hadn't counted on that. Not in front of everyone. He was hardly ready to be that open. Instead he chooses to bark, "I'll fuck you when I'm damn good and ready. Once my dad's done I'm taking you for a walk. Leashed. Around the bases. On your hands and knees."  
  
She exhales loudly, "I can't wait."  
  
Gary nods his approval to his son. He then pulls out and peppers her ass with his jizz. Grunting for effect he leans over and unties her. He then roughly turns her around and grips her by the throat. Eye contact became intense. She suddenly admired Gary Styles.  
  
Finally, without a word he throws her at Eddie. His son catching her from falling. Eddie in turn felt the need to keep his game going. He shoves her toward the dugout steps and up into the grass.  
  
"Retrieve my bag and board. Go!"  
  
She races awkwardly and gathers up his belongings. Returning with them she hands off his back pack.  
  
"DOWN ON YOUR KNEES!" Eddie snaps with a swift response.  
  
Pulling out the collar he attaches it to her throat and buckles it snugly. Then, he attaches the long cord leash.  
  
Behind them Dale steps up and hands her his batting gloves and kneepads.  
  
"She's too hot to get fucked up kneecaps. Keep her beautiful Eddie."  
  
He nods and allows her to put them on. She was grateful.  
  
"HEEL! Walk with me." Eddie hissed.  
  
She did so pacing along on all fours as they moved from home plate all the way around the bases. By the end she was exhausted.  
  
Eddie yanks her to her feet and grips both sides of her face to maintain eye contact.  
  
"Thank the team."  
  
She waves at each of them and hoarsely whispers, "Thank you. All."  
  
Gary moves in beside them. He squeezes Eddie's shoulder.  
  
"Never thought I'd see the day. I'm damn proud of you boy."  
  
Eddie sneers at him, "I got this. I'll grant your command of her fucking the team one more time. After that it's MY CALL."  
  
"At seventeen. If I see any sign of weakness in you I'm stealing her from you." Gary goads him.  
  
"Like hell you will."  
  
Gary glares at Britney and growls, "You heard me."  
  
She stares wide eyed at their sudden rivalry. She hadn't counted on such a display. All she wanted to do was make Eddie happy for his 48 hours. Now she was entering into the world of bondage. She hated to admit it but Gary was incredible. Older men turned her on. Being a slut at someone else's orders had a spark to it. She shivered and darted her gaze back to Eddie.  
  
Eddie shook his head, "You can't keep her. She's MINE."  
  
His dad narrows his eyes, "For now. As I said, don't show me failure. You WON'T get her back."  
  
Amazed Brit blew the hair dangling in front of her face as Eddie turned and drug her along behind him. He reaches the dugout and unhooks her leash.  
  
"Get dressed. Return to my leash afterwards."  
  
"Yes Sir." She scurries down into the pit and slips her pants, shirt, and shoes on. Seconds after she returns. All eyes on her she tilts her neck back for Eddie to attach the leash once more.  
  
He then headed off with her through the trees. Once out of sight he could finally be himself.  
  
"Holy Shit! You're freaking amazing Britney."  
  
"Don't let your guard down Sir." She whispers softly.  
  
"What?" He looked troubled by her response.  
  
"Keep leading me. You know he's watching us. Besides I kind of like this. Can we roleplay this for the rest of your 48 hours?"  
  
"Seriously? You really got into that?" He fidgets.  
  
"God yes. That was incredible. Your dad is sexy as hell."  
  
"Great. Now you have a crush on my dad. Where's that leave me?"  
  
"In charge for another 46 hours. I want more of that. We need to practice. I want your dad to believe in you."  
  
"What about his command of fucking his buddies again."  
  
"I was in control of them. Next time they need to take control of me."  
  
"They might as well rape you."  
  
"As long as it's not too rough. They can rip my clothes off and force me into anything. I think you should order them to then protect me."  
  
"Wow!" He stood in awe.  
  
"Now let's go back to your house. I need a shower and you need to fuck me." She giggles, "I dare you to fuck me harder than your dad."  
  
"I'm young. I know I can." He hisses.  
  
"Call Lance and Evan. They wanted to hang out. But, I need to be home later. I have a date tonight. Not to mention my dad's home alone."  
  
"Dang! You're insatiable."  
  
"You guys brought this out of me. Now suffer." She laughs.  
  
"Maybe I'll force you to stay my slave." He yanks the leash dragging her into his arms.  
  
Face to face he kisses her on the lips.  
  
"You do realize I just sucked six dicks. I hope they tasted as good to you as they did me." She wags her tongue at him.  
  
"FUCK!" He spits at the ground while she giggles.  
  
She then pulls him erect and stares into his eyes.  
  
"I'm your slave for 46 more hours. After that I'm my own person. You're sweet Eddie but your dad drives me insane. Be like him I might consider."  
  
Eddie huffs rolling his eyes.  
  
"Whatever."  
  
She smiles and drags him by the leash.  
  
"Come along Mister Master."  
  
Eddie frowned. He wanted to keep her.  
  
He had to find a way.  
  
Time to be a MAN!

**Britney Ch. 08: Star Pupil**

Eighteen year old Jacob Manning escorted Britney Foxx home in his Ford Mustang. Parking on the curb in front of her house they sat looking at the glare of a television in the windows.  
  
"Tell me why you asked me to do this again." He fidgeted.  
  
"Ok, I haven't told you everything. My dad thinks I'm kind of a virgin but not. A few days ago I teased him in my bra and panties but played innocent. I made up a boy in school named Jake that likes me. Jake has been pushing to go further and I acted naïve. Daddy taught me a lot." She takes a deep breath, "More than a lot. He seduced me. Maybe I seduced him. Both ways I guess."  
  
His jaw drops, "You fucked your dad?"  
  
She winces, "It just happened okay. Don't look at me so grossly."  
  
"Oh, I'm not. That's crazy but cool too."  
  
"Anyway, I got him to show me everything I should let Jake get away with. He believed me mostly. That's why you're here. I want you to play Jake. Let him coach you how to treat me as if getting to third base. You can act nervous that will look authentic."   
  
"What do you mean "act"? I am nervous."  
  
"Me too kind of. Just follow my lead and think before you speak. He needs to believe you're just as naïve. Trust me I'm going to have sex with you on our living room floor." She giggles, "Right in front of him."  
  
His eyes grow wide, "So he's watching us?"  
  
"Yes. But let him think he's helping you reach that goal."  
  
"Okay. I think I can pull this off."  
  
"I'll have you rock hard in five minutes." She wiggles her brow.  
  
"Too late. Already there."  
  
She eyes his crotch then reaches over to pinch his girth, "YAY!"  
  
A quick kiss to his lips she opens her car door and gets out, closing it.  
  
"Wait for my signal. Don't chicken out."  
  
"I won't. I swear." He smiles at her cleavage as she bends over to look through her window at him.  
  
Blowing him a kiss she scurries up to her house and unlocks the front door. Entering she finds her Father in his recliner in only his boxers. Beer in hand.  
  
"Hey Princess. You're home early. Jake stand you up?"  
  
She steps in after removing her shoes and picking them up to carry.  
  
"No. Actually, he's outside." She offers shyly.  
  
"Oh, you leaving again?"  
  
"No. Jake and I had a long talk today. We both want to try this but he's really nervous about it. I told him you taught me how far we should go and that excited him I think. I suggested that he meet you and get your approval." She steps closer and kneels beside Keith Foxx looking up at him, "I need a favor from you."  
  
He sits his beer on his end table and sits up in his chair.  
  
"What sort of favor?"  
  
She fidgets her lips, "Can you show him what you showed me? Guide him."  
  
His eye brows raise and eyes flare up.  
  
"Tall order there, Sweetheart. I would think you would want this to be intimate. Just you two."  
  
"Please Daddy. I feel comfortable with you there to protect me in case he can't stop."  
  
"Wow!" He rubs his neck, "Invite him in. We'll talk."  
  
She smiles bubbly in expression and leaps up to hug him.  
  
"Best Daddy ever. I love you."  
  
Brit then shuffles to the door opening it to wave Jacob to shut his car off and come inside. Within three minutes he met her at the door and enters.  
  
"Daddy this is Jacob, but he goes by Jake."  
  
Keith gets up and stands in his boxers before realizing it.  
  
"I suppose I should throw some pants on."  
  
Jacob hesitantly opens up, "It's okay Sir. It is your house."  
  
Keith ponders the situation, "That it is. Have a seat Jake."  
  
Brit escorts Jacob to their sofa and sits beside him snuggling up.  
  
"Brit here tells me you two want to get closer so to speak." Keith narrows his eyes with scrutiny.  
  
"Yes Sir. We both feel ready. Is that alright?" He finds it hard to look him in the eye.  
  
"You're both eighteen right? I can't stop you. Just be smart and not rush things. Brit's been concerned about going too far. She wants to make you happy. However, as another male who knows how difficult it is to go slowly and accept when she tells you to stop, she's insecure."  
  
"I understand. I could never hurt your daughter, Sir."  
  
"Good to hear. So, Brit? Tell Jake here what you propose."  
  
Brit nervously shifts in her seat to look at Jacob.  
  
"Thank you for being patient with me all these months. I want us to get closer. I know you want to-well-touch me. Kiss me in places other than my lips. I want you too. I'm ready. I know you're scared and feel awkward, that's why we talked about my dad's advice."  
  
Jacob nods along with her getting into the act. His nerves were no where near how he dramatized them to be.  
  
"I respect that. Both you and your Dad."  
  
"Call me Keith." Her dad added.  
  
"Yes Sir. I mean Keith." He swallowed and rubbed his palms together.  
  
Brit reaches over and claims his hands, "I want us to do this tonight. Right here."  
  
Keith eyes Jacob's reaction, "I'm not going to bite your head off. Just keep that respect alive. I'll answer any questions then give you two time alone."  
  
She jumps, "No, don't leave Daddy."   
  
Her gaze immediately darts to Jacob for additional encouragement.  
  
"Sir? Keith. I don't mind if you stay. If it makes Britney more at ease, I'll survive."  
  
Keith silently chuckles, "Okay then."  
  
Jacob continues, "Besides, I might need advice myself. I won't lie I'm pretty new to this."  
  
Her father sizes him up, "Big boy like you looks like you should have tons of girls."  
  
Jacob tries not to laugh, "I'm a little shy. It's hard talking to girls. And, I do really, really like Britney."  
  
"Gotcha."  
  
Brit glares at Keith, "Where should we begin?"  
  
He rubs his chin in thought.  
  
"Why don't you go change into something Jacob might like." Keith nods toward her room.  
  
Her eyes bulge, "Big Bird?"  
  
"What the hell. Go for it." He chuckles.  
  
She shyly stands up then turns to them, "How about Tickle Me Elmo instead?"  
  
Keith laughs at her as Jacob tries to understand their code.  
  
"Hurry the hell up." Keith points then looks over at Jacob, "Trust me. You will like living on Sesame Street."  
  
Jacob creased his brow then found a silence among men as Brit vanishes into her bedroom. Finally Jacob opens up, "Thanks for helping us. I'm really nervous."  
  
Keith nods puckering, "Try being her dad and going along with this."  
  
Both of them chuckle.  
  
"I don't want to disappoint her. She makes me crazy inside."  
  
"It's cool Jake. Just don't get too crazy. I might have to hurt you."  
  
Jacob smirks, "If I do anything you object to just ask me to leave."  
  
"Fuck that. I'll throw you through the window." Keith growls then hisses, "Just kidding. I'm pretty sure you're going to relax and treat her well."  
  
"I hope so. Relax that is."  
  
They hear her door open and observe her reluctantly hugging the wall to avoid a perfect view of her.  
  
Keith shakes his head, "Jake's waiting."  
  
She slithers out into view wearing only a red G-string thong and a tiny red bra that was pleasantly sheer but not totally.  
  
Both of their jaws dropped.  
  
"Wow!" Jacob gasps.  
  
"Should I go change?" She grits her teeth at her Dad.  
  
"No. Get in here and sit with Jake."  
  
She bites her lip and glides across the carpet and sits softly on the couch cushion.  
  
Jacob twists to look her over and exhales through a whistled pucker.  
  
"Do you like what I'm wearing?"  
  
Jacob nods his approval so distracted by her beauty that neither of them heard Keith whisper, "Ohhh yeah. Love it."  
  
With a sluggishness to their behavior Keith offers up, "Why don't you help Jake relax. Give him a massage. Stretch out on the floor Jake. Easier for her."  
  
The boy slips off the sofa and on to his knees.  
  
"Should I take my shirt off?" He squints with a leery expression.  
  
Brit huffs, "Yes."  
  
With her affirmation Jacob slips his t-shirt off and casts it on the couch. He then crawled forward to lay on his belly. He intentionally laid with his head facing Keith's chair, his profile facing away to mask his expression of amazement.  
  
Brit's thoughts at seeing Jacob's toned muscles made her wet without resistance. She feigns touching his back then pulls her hands away to offer her father a glint of hesitance. She wanted him to think she questioned her desires. Looking up at Keith she shivers and shakes her hands at the wrists.  
  
"So nervous. Sorry." She whispers down at Jacob.  
  
He barely lifts his head from his folded arm pillow to offer, "So am I. If you don't want to do this I'll understand."  
  
"I can do this. Just give me a second. Where do I begin Daddy?"  
  
Keith sat expressionless at her question. In his own mind her preferred she start on himself. But, that would look very, very bad.  
  
"Throw your left leg over Jake's lower back. Sit on his ass. Then lean over and massage his shoulders."  
  
She slowly moved into position. As her butt rested on top of Jacob's he sighed heavily.   
  
Her weight of 112 pounds spread out as she stretched forward to begin rubbing his shoulders. Fingers lightly squeezing yet playing coy.   
  
"Too hard?"  
  
Jacob chuckles, "I can barely feel them."  
  
Keith frowns and swigs his beer. He observed her touch as attempting to grip harder. Finally, Jacob murmurs, "That's perfect."  
  
Brit smiles at his satisfaction and glances at her dad. Keith gives her a thumbs up as his hand rested on his boxers. Beside his hand she spotted his own erection joining the uplifted thumb. She quickly lowered her gaze and smirked. It was as if he had given her two thumbs up.   
  
After a spell Brit moved her fingers lower as if kneading down his spine. Jacob's exhales were his affirmation of her talents.  
  
As Brit lifts her eyes back toward her dad she noted his fingers had unfastened the two rare buttons of his boxers. She could see his dick through the shadowed gap. Her eyes flared as she waited until Keith looked into her own.  
  
Keith could tell she needed an assist as she shrugged delicately to inform him of her uncertain moves. He fidgeted his cheek like a twitch then lifted his hands as if to show her to remove her bra. Her smile gratified Keith that she wanted to.  
  
Lifting away one of her hands Brit reaches behind her back and unclasps the red bra. As it released in back Keith noted a looseness as she was leaning over. The cups slipped on her breasts and showed the flesh as cleavage became more evident.   
  
Keith then motioned her to lay over Jacob's back and trail her tits along his shoulder blades. With a timid grin to express nervousness she complied. Her body movement stretched further forward enabling her to taunt his skin with her dangling 34D's. The bra straps drooped over her own shoulders and allowed the cups to vacate her breasts. With each glide the bra left them completely. Jacob could feel her nipples teasing his back.  
  
"Am I allowed to say how good that feels?" Jacob trembles.  
  
Brit giggles and eyes her father.  
  
Keith nods, "You wouldn't be human if you didn't. No reason to keep your comments in."  
  
Jacob gasps then growls, "Can I roll over?"  
  
Keith nods for Brit to lift away and allow him to reposition to lay facing toward the ceiling.   
  
"Oh my God. They're beautiful." Jacob mutters in awe.  
  
Brit in turn shyly cups her hands over them and squeezes them together. Her blush was real this time. A needed addition for believability.  
  
Keith motions for her to lay forward once again. As she responded she pulled her bra off and discarded it.   
  
Stretching out she let her nipples caress his chest and upper torso. His response was to shiver and close his eyes., lips trembling, Adam's apple obviously swallowing.  
  
"Kiss him." Keith suggested.  
  
She eased herself up to grace Jacob's mouth with her own. He returned her intentions with a wanting to improve kiss of his own. In seconds they became lost in each other.  
  
Jacob raised his arms up to glide his palms up and down her back. With each pass she moaned gently.  
  
They were so lost they would never notice Keith had his dick out fondling it. He felt he had time to enjoy himself.  
  
For ten minutes they melted into French kissing and back to normal, finally coming up for air. This gave Keith time to tuck his erection away and rest his beer over his girth.  
  
Brit chose to sit up and find Jacob's hands on her hips. She lifts them away and moves them up to her heaving breasts. There she squeezed his fingers around them. Once confident her own hands lowered to let Jacob play with them.   
  
She fluttered her lashes at how good it felt under his attention. She eased her eyes toward Keith who puckered and nodded his approval. After a few moments Keith cleared his throat and used his hands to give her the hint to remove Jakes pants. Her eyes bulged and she grinned sheepishly.  
  
As Jacob continued his playing with her breasts, Brit lowered her hands to unbuckle his belt and carefully unfasten his jeans. This made Jake ease away his hands and let them fall over his head.  
  
He observed her reposition by lifting her body off of him to sit on her knees between his legs. This gave her more room to encourage her effort to pull his pants down. Jacob took the hint and lifted his waist to give her freedom to guide them to his ankles. She stopped there to remove his boots. Tossing them away she finished her mission to take away his jeans, casting them aside. He lay there in his briefs and tilted his head to look over at Keith.  
  
"Pay no attention to me. You kids do what you want. Stop if she says stop."  
  
Jacob returns his gaze to Brit who stretches her left hand down to begin touching his covered erection. Before official contact she pulls her hand away blushing and trying not to laugh.  
  
"I'll get there. Let me breathe." She fans herself dramatically with a beguiling grin.  
  
Her act was flawless toward Keith. He believed in her nerves.   
  
Hesitantly she releases her exhale and drops her hand on his erection and releases a tender gasp of excitement.  
  
"Oh my God. He, it's bigger than I imagined." She whispered petting it like a dog.  
  
Jacob chuckled as his head tilted back.  
  
"Eight inches. I've measured it." He then leers up at Keith, "Sorry Sir."  
  
Keith shakes his head and thinks to himself, "I'm bigger."  
  
Finally, after another fan of her unused hand Brit curls a finger under his waistband and peels it to expose his crown. In a burst of laughter she feigns a blush and lets the band cover him up again. Jacob winces at the bands attack.  
  
"Forgive me?" She squints, gritting her teeth.  
  
"I'll live. I imagined this to be the other way around. My undressing you."  
  
"Really? Do you hate me?" She frowns.  
  
"NO WAY!" Jacob chuckles.  
  
"Good." She giggles and raises both of her hands to grip his waistband and yanks them as far as she could until he had to raise his hips again. Once he did she slithered the briefs off of his body. Jacob Manning was totally naked and rock hard.  
  
"Okay. I'll let you get away with that any time you want." Jacob boasts.  
  
Above him Keith clears his throat loudly. He just wanted to prove who was still boss here.  
  
Brit gingerly smiles at her dad, "You said I should go as far as I felt good about it, Daddy. I'm liking this so far."  
  
"He's being a gentleman." Keith finished off his beer.  
  
Brit nodded and decided to continue by tickling Jacob's massive ball sack. He shivers as her right hand delicately fondled it's way up his shaft finally gripping it. She fawns over it with flaring eyes.  
  
"He's quite handsome."  
  
Jacob chuckles, "Thanks."  
  
"I'm not sure what to do now. Any suggestions Daddy?"  
  
Keith sits up abruptly, "Yeah. Time for a fresh beer." He then stands to tower over Jake, "While I'm gone try not to jizz on my carpet."  
  
Leaving them the kids laugh together as Jacob sits up to face her.  
  
"I can't WAIT to fuck you."  
  
She holds her hand over his mouth.  
  
"Shhhh! You will. Just keep playing along. Ask him more questions."  
  
"Okay. This is soooo cool. I was terrified to be in front of your dad but he's just letting us get away with this."  
  
"Lay down. He's coming back." She notes her dad return . He wasn't even trying to hide his erection now. She got even wetter.  
  
As Keith stands to their side in the open living room he looks down at her hand's grip.  
  
"Rub up and down on his dick. Here!" He hands down a bottle of lubricant.  
  
She claims it with her unused hand reading it.  
  
"Peach flavored?"  
  
Keith chuckles, "Jake will thank you later."  
  
Squeezing some in her removed hand she sniffs it then returns her palm to Jacob's erection. She then slowly at first began jerking him off. Jake was in Heaven.  
  
"Slow it down. You need to prolong things. Once he loses it, if he's like most guys, it's all over." Keith prompted.  
  
"Okay Daddy. Should I do anything differently?"  
  
"Stop stroking him and give him a taste."  
  
Her jaw drops giggling, "Okay."  
  
She stretches out and holds her hair back as she leans over to flick her tongue on Jacob's crown. Giggling she accepts three inches into her mouth. Lapping her tongue at the peachy lotion she pulled away to lick her lips.  
  
"It tastes great."  
  
Keith reaches down and grabs her arm lifting her to her feet.  
  
"Move over here." He escorts her to a stance over Jake's head. One of her feet to each side of her his profiles.  
  
Keith then took the initiative to peel her panties off right over Jacob. She offered a whine of disbelief as her dad helped them off of her toes. She was naked now. Jacob loved the view.  
  
"Jake? Brit's going to sit on your face. Your job is to lick her pussy. Once she's there I'll show you the right way to do this."  
  
Jacob played along, "Are you certain she wants to go that far?"  
  
"I like the concern Kid. I know my daughter." He looks at Brit, "SIT!"  
  
"Yes Daddy." She bends her knees and lowers her thighs over Jacob's face. Luckily he loved eating pussy. He had plenty of experience.  
  
Once her clit felt his tongue Brit moaned, "Dammit. That feels freaking awesome."  
  
Keith nudged Brit to lay forward over Jake. Her tits crushing over his stomach.   
  
"Now resume sucking Jake. Use your hands to squeeze his balls lightly."  
  
Once Brit began it became a feeding frenzy. Both teenagers moaned at the top of their lungs even with their mouths full.  
  
Keith crouches beside Jake and grabs the boys hand. He separates and guides his fingers into place.  
  
"Slide one finger into her pussy. Once she accepts it add another. In and out. Keep licking her clit. Right there."  
  
Keith went so far as to rub Brit's clit before Jake's eyes. He took over then. After a few minutes to observe Keith bent down and slapped his daughter's ass.  
  
"Your turn Jake. Slap the other cheek then squeeze it."  
  
Jacob jumped at the chance, slapping her equally as hard and making Brit pull her mouth off of Jake's cock long enough to cry out.  
  
"Owwwwwwwwww!"  
  
Jake pauses to look at Keith with a gaze of fear.  
  
"Again." Keith motions.  
  
Jacob slaps her ass once more, then as Keith encourages three more times until her cheeks are crimson.  
  
Each time she felt the impact Brit sucked Jake even harder. She gave up her acting and gave into desire.   
  
Jake placed his fingers back inside her and moved them in and out repeatedly. The friction made her cum instantly. In response she squeals and looks back at her father with a strained look.  
  
Keith Foxx merely toasts her with his beer and fondles his erection through his boxers. She squinted as her cheek rubbed over Jacob's cock while maintaining her gaze at her dad. She taunted him.  
  
Finally, She muttered, "Daddy? Can I go further with Jake?"  
  
He nods with a frown, "Sit up. Both of you."  
  
She crawls off of Jacob and helps him rise to sit beside her.  
  
Keith points at Jake, "Do you want to go further with her?"  
  
Jacob sits with saucer like eyes then growls, "Yes, Sir."  
  
"Gotta condom?" Her dad expects a no.  
  
Instead Jacob reaches behind him for his jeans and pulls two condoms out of his back pocket. Showing them to Keith he nods.  
  
"Good man. Put one on."

Swiftly Jacob tears one open with his teeth and wraps his girth as Britney watched patiently.  
  
Keith then points for Jake to lay down. Once ready Keith snatches his daughter's arm and guides her hips over his.  
  
"Help his dick inside you. Sit on it and ride."  
  
She fondles Jacob and places his crown into her hole then settles back with a loud gasp. Her eyes bulge at the fit. Those same eyes looked up at Keith.  
  
"Stop looking at me and focus on Jake. Start going up and down on him."  
  
"Like this Daddy?"  
  
He notes her quick acceptance and watches her facial expression thrive with each rotation. Moans escalate into echoes. His daughter was cumming yet again.  
  
Jake makes his move and sits up cradling her in his arms, kissing her shoulder. Finally, he literally picks her up and guides her back on to the carpet. Still within her he begins thrusting wildly.  
  
Keith puckered his lower lip thinking, "Fast learner." He then moves behind them to observe Jake's cock ramming deeply into his daughter's oozing hole. He marveled at her labia wreathing around him with each exit of his dick.  
  
Jacob slowed down and knelt in to suck on her nipples. Her response was consistent yearning. Her eyes however moved to watch her Father behind Jake.  
  
Again toasting her with his bottle she mouthed the words, "I love you Daddy."  
  
He nods and mouths those words right back at her, "I love you Princess."  
  
Snarling Jake lifted away and gripped both of her ankles to spread her legs wider. He then pounded her extremely hard until she had a massive orgasm. Her screams concerned Keith but her waving hand kept him at bay.  
  
End result Jake shot his load into his condom with a roar.  
  
Pulling out of her Jake eased back and fell against the couch. He peels the condom off slowly to avoid losing the contained jizz. Holding it he looks nervously at Keith.  
  
"If you're going to do this right pour it on her face."  
  
Jake bulges his eyes, "Seriously?"  
  
Keith steps over and drags Brit to her knees then lays her back between Jake's sprawling legs. Jake dangles his dick over her mouth until she opens her jaws wide and takes him in. She sucks him dry and swallows just as Jake tilts his condom to drain it over her cheeks and neckline.  
  
Keith nods with a sneer.  
  
"You did good Jake. I approve of you. Now get the hell out of my house."  
  
Jake leaps up making Brit cover herself in a defensive reaction. She then sits up and watches Jake dress in record time. Racing out the door in front of her Brit could only say, "Thank you, Jake."  
  
Keith took his boxers off and barked, "Wipe yourself."  
  
She did so eying her dad's erection.  
  
"You must think I'm dumb. You knew exactly what you were doing."  
  
She sulk and curls up in a fetal position.  
  
He points at the floor in front of him, "On your knees right there."  
  
Quickly she uncurls and crawls over to him looking up with lost eyes.  
  
"You see this dick?"  
  
She nods feverishly.  
  
"This dick created you. Honor it." He growls.  
  
She lifts enough to swallow his cock and battle to contain it. He merely stood there and watched her.  
  
"HONOR IT!"  
  
She removes her mouth and rolls her tongue around it. One hand squeezes his balls, the other strokes the girth she couldn't fit into her mouth. Utilizing all three motions she suckled him until he detonated in her throat. He held her head firm until he was convinced she had swallowed every drop.  
  
Finally, he shoves her away and points at her.  
  
"Be honest."  
  
"Okay. I'm a slut. I love sex. I've fucked at least ten guys in three days. Eleven counting you the other night. Before that I had only been with five since I was sixteen. Please don't hate me."  
  
He shakes his head, "I had a hunch."  
  
"I'm sorry to disappoint you." She frets.  
  
Keith turns and gathers up his boxers. Starting down the hall he stops and whistles loudly.  
  
Brit's eyes bulge, "Yes?"  
  
Keith grunts, "Get your naked ass in my bed. I'm fucking you until morning."  
  
Brit leaps up and squeals in delight. Reaching her father she hugs him from behind.  
  
"No lie Daddy. You were my best."  
  
He pulls her around him and grips her chin forcing her gaze.  
  
"I SAID...IN MY BED. NOW!!"  
  
She raced ahead and leaped into the king sized bed.  
  
Her legs were wide and ready.  
  
As the lights went out she screams at her Father's mounting her.  
  
"I LOVE YOOOOOUUUU, DADDY!"  
  
He said nothing more.  
  
She would be very sore by morning.

**Britney Ch. 09: Yard Work**

Early Sunday morning Lance Foxx returned home and began mowing the lawn. He hadn't put much thought into where his sister was, he presumed she was in bed asleep. The same of his Father Keith.  
  
Luckily, Keith woke up at the roar of the lawnmower beneath his bedroom window. Cradled in the small of his armpit was his adorable daughter Britney.  
  
He lays in bed listening to his son's chore knowing he had time to break up their entanglement. No stress there. Keith was as cool as they came.  
  
"Wake up Princess." He gently shakes her shoulder.  
  
Groggily she stirs and frolics her fingers in her father's chest hair. She flutters her eyes at him with brilliance, "Morning Daddy."  
  
"Not a word of this." He growls sternly.  
  
She kisses his shoulder, "Never! I swear."  
  
Keith nods taking her at her word, noting Brit expressing an unspoken thought.  
  
"What's on your mind?" He huffs.  
  
"Can I ask you a personal question?"  
  
He tilts his chin to look at her better, "I guess."  
  
"Are you and Mom okay? Lance and I never hear you talk much anymore. Let alone have sex."  
  
He scoffs, "That noticeable? Yeah it's been over a year now. I think I took that frustration out on you."  
  
"I can tell." She giggles.  
  
"Sore? I fucked you pretty hard. Most of the night."  
  
"A little. I love how rough you treated me. Any time you want me, I won't tell you no."  
  
"We'll see. Probably shouldn't make a habit of it. I don't want your Mom or Lance to get ideas."  
  
"I understand. Why are you and Mom having problems? Please tell me the truth."  
  
"Growing apart I guess. Your Mom's having her fun elsewhere."  
  
Brit narrows her eyes, "You know this for a fact?"  
  
"Yeah."  
  
She sits up facing down at him with a look of astonishment.  
  
"Her boss?" Brit guesses.  
  
"Yeah. Her lady co-worker too. Your Mom is bi-sexual."  
  
"Oh my God. Daddy, I'm here for you. Whatever you need."  
  
"I know Princess. Just keep this all to yourself. No reason to upset your brother."  
  
She pouts then drops forward into his arms for the tightest hug ever. He loved the scent of her long brown hair. Her nipples carving into his chest.  
  
Exhaling his contentment Keith hears the mower shut down.  
  
"You better head out. Get cleaned up. Lance sounds like he's done outside."  
  
"Nooooo!" She exhales her disappointment.  
  
Casting the sheet off she quickly rolls into a dive and plants a tender kiss to the tip of his morning wood. His dick quivers at her motion.  
  
Crawling from the bed she gathers her under garments and eases the door open. Playing cautious she looks both directions before stepping out and sealing the door behind her.  
  
Standing nude in the hall she glances toward the kitchen to see Lance already inside the house. He spots her with bulging eyes. In response Brit holds a finger of silence to her lips then heads to her bedroom.  
  
Lance was already speechless.  
  
Once in her bedroom she snatches up her cell and immediately texts Lance.  
  
"You didn't see me. Dad's awake so play dumb. Should be easy for you. LOL"  
  
He quickly types back, "Home wrecker. LOL"  
  
Her final reply led to, "Takes one to know one."  
  
Chuckling to himself Lance poured a bowl of cereal, hearing his Dad open his door and step to the bathroom.  
  
Noisily Keith flushed and washed his hands, departing the restroom.  
  
Lance continued to listen as he doused his Fruity Pebbles with milk.  
  
His sister had returned wearing pajamas, just in time to see Keith at his bedroom door.  
  
"Good morning Daddy." She smirked at him, "I'm going to take a shower."  
  
Keith nods, "Save some hot water for me. I think I'll run out for coffee and bring back some donuts."  
  
"No donuts for me. I'm watching my weight." She giggles then seals herself into the bathroom.  
  
Keith already in his jeans snatched a polo shirt from his closet and stepped into the kitchen. He spots Lance tipping his bowl.  
  
"I guess you don't need donuts either."  
  
"Always room for Boston Cr猫me. I mowed the yard."  
  
"I heard. Have fun with your friends last night?"  
  
"Nothing special. Couple cheerleaders. Spin the bottle." The boy chuckles.  
  
"That's my boy." Keith jingles his truck keys, "Be back in awhile."  
  
As Keith leaves the house Lance waits until his truck pulls out of the drive. He then races to the bathroom loudly barging in.  
  
"Are you crazy? QUIT FUCKING DAD."  
  
Brit carefully opens the sliding glass door and tries not to let the spray hit the floor.  
  
"I told you I wanted to. This is one thing I won't let you take from me. So don't try the "OBEY ME" crap."  
  
He rolls his eyes, "Whatever. Hurry up and shower. I need my dick sucked."  
  
She grins at him, "At least let me wash up and brush Daddy off my teeth." then exhales in his face grossing him out.  
  
"Forget it. That ruined my mood."  
  
She would remember this secret weapon.  
  
Two hours later.  
  
Brit sat in the living room with her freshly shaved legs curled up under her. Her new attire was a pair of white shorts and a black t-shirt with the quote, "If you're close enough to read this...You're a pervert." in powder blue fine print.  
  
She began texting her friend "Grace" over an hour ago with no reply. Nearly giving up she decides to risk calling her.  
  
After three rings the conservative young woman answers.  
  
"Hello?"  
  
"Grace? Hey, this is Britney. How are you?"  
  
She hears Grace exhale loudly, "I'm helping my Mother and Grandmother bake bread. I hate having to help. All I hear are their childhood memories of when they were taught."  
  
Brit grits her teeth, "Wow! Poor thing. We should hang out today."  
  
"I wish I could. We just got home from church. We go again tonight."  
  
"Oh boy! Now I feel bad for encouraging you during detention. I'm soooo sorry."  
  
"Don't be. It was fun. I said a prayer for the both of us." Grace snorts.  
  
Sharing her amusement Brit hisses, "Great! I corrupted a Christian. Now we can toast marshmellows in hell together."  
  
"Mennonite. Not Christian. I just don't dress as traditionally as some. Luckily my parents aren't as overbearing as others. We do have electricity. My cellphone is allowed in case we have an emergency."  
  
"That's good I guess. I don't know anything about the religion, culture. What I do know is that you're a rebel."  
  
Silence was deafening as Grace grew distant. Then, Brit heard her speak just not to Brit herself.  
  
"I'll be there in a moment. I'm talking to a fellow student. No Mother, not a boy. Her name is Britney."  
  
Brit whispers devilishly, "Tell her it's the slut that's trying to turn you into one."  
  
Once her Mother stops scrutinizing her Grace returns, "Sorry. My Mother is nosey. Are you really trying to make me a...better student?"  
  
Brit could tell that Grace had difficulty speaking openly.  
  
"Grandmother this time?" Brit questions.  
  
"Yes. I could definitely use a tutor. My grades in Chemistry are horrible. Who uses that stuff in real life? I know yeast rises bread." She chuckles.  
  
"Interesting suggestion. I am a straight "A" student. Honor roll all through High School. Maybe we can use this idea to hang out."  
  
"That is very thoughtful of you to offer. I would need to ask Father's permission."  
  
Brit hears an elderly voice tell Grace that she would also talk to her Father. It was easy to tell she was grateful.  
  
"Grandmother will talk to Father. She knows of my troubles and desires to do better."  
  
"Awesome! Hey that reminds me. What exactly did you do to get detention that day?"  
  
"Your kindness was very touching that day in Mr. Beatty's class. I was touched very, VERY deeply." Grace emphasizes.  
  
Brit easily caught on, "Two of a kind you and I. Where was this?"  
  
"I can meet you in the girl's bathroom tomorrow and discuss the tutoring."  
  
"So, you masturbated in the bathroom stall?" Brit bit her lip grinning.  
  
"Yes. Mrs. Kendell heard my excitement. I was so embarrassed. She was nice about it so I volunteered to help her grade papers after school for an hour."  
  
"So, you talked her out of telling your parents and accepted detention. Using the grading papers as an excuse. Good job."  
  
"Yes it was fun. Mr. Beatty even stopped by to thank me for helping her. I think they must be dating." Grace pauses suddenly, "Yes Grandmother. No more gossiping."  
  
Brit chuckles at her friends cute demeanor. Grace on the other end keeps a straight face.  
  
"So, Grace. Now that you've had a taste of higher learning, ready for more?"  
  
"Yes I am. I want to get my grade up."  
  
Brit smiles in thought, "I could give you a makeover and introduce you to sexy clothing."  
  
"Yes and no. I want to succeed at Chemistry but I'm afraid I'll mix acid with water. Things might blow up."  
  
"Do you mean because of your family religion?"  
  
"Yes. I must be very careful. See? It was water into acid. I could kill us both."  
  
"You have an awesome body. We can at least dress you up. Can you wear perfume or is that a huge no-no?"  
  
"No. I will do my best not to stink at Chemistry. I would make you proud of taking time to tutor me."  
  
"What about your hair? Can I curl it?"  
  
"No. I will get it straight. As long at it takes."  
  
"Ponytail it is. Or French braid. My God your long hair in a braid would be incredible. Like a giant whip."  
  
"Crack the whip if I get out of line."  
  
"We can apply makeup in small doses and wash it off well before you leave."  
  
"I will face this challenge head on." Grace spouts confidently.  
  
Brit giggles, "Head on? I will have to find someone for you to give head to again. Just for you though. Without my help."  
  
"Thank you for being so kind to me. I won't let you down. Unless Father does not let me."  
  
"Okay, well try hard. I can see us being best friends. I really don't have any female friends. Mostly guys. Which isn't all bad."  
  
"I would like that."  
  
"Me too. I better let you go bake bread before your Mom takes your cell away from you."  
  
"True. I am abusing technology. Bless the Lord my parents aren't nearly as strict as other Mennonite families."  
  
"Right. Aim for next Saturday if your Dad agrees. I'll have everything ready. You look about my size as far as clothing goes."  
  
"I will. Bye for now."  
  
As Grace ends the call Brit sits in deep thought for the next five minutes. She recalled every thing that she had done this week. It made her smile.  
  
Finally, she stands up and stretches vividly before making her way to the kitchen. There she decides to open a yogurt . Spoon in mouth she hears the back door open up. Lance stepped in with an evil grin.  
  
"Is Dad still gone?"  
  
"Yep. Why?"  
  
"Chloe Johnson" is laying out in her bikini."  
  
Brit flares her eyes dramatically feigning excitement.  
  
"The blond bombshell with heavenly hooters?"  
  
"Her new haircut makes her look like "Gemma Atkinson". Anyway, her boyfriends in Nebraska over the road. I overheard him leaving earlier and talking on his cell. Every time he leaves town in the Semi she lays out. I think she wants me."  
  
Brit wags her spoon at him laughing, "Yeah right. She's like 25 and too super model for your punk ass."  
  
"Seriously! She always waves at me when I cross through the yards out back."  
  
"Get a life Romeo." Brit rolls her eyes as she polishes off her yogurt, swirling the cr猫me on her tongue.  
  
Go put a bikini on. I need you to lay out and talk to Chloe." He then nudges her along with an encouraging, "Hurry!"  
  
"Come on Lance. She's too old for you."  
  
"Dad's too old for you too. Besides what you're doing is incest. Unlike me and Chloe. Whenever that might be. Hopefully soon. Now hurry up before she goes back into her house."  
  
"OH MY GOD!" Brit tosses her spoon and container into the kitchen sink then trudges to her room.  
  
Eight minutes later Brit emerges wearing a lavender and black string bikini that hid very little. Armed with necessity items of blanket, lotion, shades, bottled water, cellphone, and her music Ipod she moved from the house out toward the middle of her back yard. She glanced over at Chloe who was laying on her belly tanning her backside. Her top was untied and laying at her sides.  
  
"Hey Chloe!" She flutters her fingers as the blond beauty tilts her head to see her.  
  
"Hi you. It's been awhile." Chloe greets her with a brilliant perfect teeth smile then leans up on her elbows and forearms. Her breasts bulged under her weights compression.  
  
"Reading my mind about baking our buns I see." Brit giggles and looks around her for the prime spot to spread out her blanket. She remains patient as Chloe adds, "How's school?"  
  
"Boring! I'm doing good though. Is your man "Chuck" on the road again?"  
  
"Yep. I'm glad he is." Chloe frowns, "He's been a royal pain in my bottom. Chuck wants me to go out on the road with him. Do I look like a trucker? Hell no! I'm too glamorous to be compared to a "Lot Lizard."  
  
Brit chuckles as Chloe rolls her eyes grinning, "So, you traded his time away to be a "Lawn Lizard" instead?"  
  
Chloe drops her jaw, wagging an index finger toward Brit before smirking, "Caught me. And here I thought I was being the perfect chameleon."  
  
They share a lengthy laugh before Chloe expels, "There's no fence separating our yards. Pull up some grass beside me. I'm in the mood to talk to somebody other than the non existent pool boy."  
  
Britney puckers then shuffles over laying her things down before fanning her blanket out along Chloe's. Once she sits down Brit glares at Chloe fidgeting.  
  
"You're awfully brave to lay out here topless. You do realize my brother is probably jerking off in his bedroom window right this second. His room faces us perfectly. That, and I've seen his curtains fan open five times just since I've stepped out."  
  
Chloe Johnson wrinkles her nose with a disturbed squint. At first Brit thought she made her neighbor angry. Then, Chloe turned gently red laughing.  
  
"From, "Lawn Lizard" to "Curtain Cougar". I certainly do get around." The blond tightens her shoulder blade area hiding her eyes from Brit.  
  
"I hope I didn't offend you." Brit pouts with a concerned brow.  
  
"Oh no. I noticed him checking me out when he cut through the "Kramer's" yard."  
  
Brit scowls, "He's such a pervert."  
  
"He's a male. They all are. I catch Chuck eying women all the time."  
  
"Yeah, but Lance is the worst. He's probably shooting video of us on his cellphone as we speak. I catch him looking at me even. So gross."  
  
Chloe nods, "I've seen Chuck look at you too. I scold him every time."  
  
Eyes never leaving Brit, Chloe lays her head down into her folded arms. She observes the teen oiling her arms, legs, and shoulders.  
  
"It sounds like Lance needs to blow off steam. I was his age once. Yours too obviously. Even I had wet dreams over older guys. I've been with Chuck since I was nineteen. He was twenty-six at the time. We moved in here three months after we got together." She reminisces. "I recall your Dad helping Chuck build our back deck when you guys first moved here."  
  
Watching Chloe shiver at the thought, Brit had an epiphany.  
  
"You had a crush on my Dad?"  
  
Chloe winces, "A tiny one. Don't hate me. I'm over it."  
  
Brit lays back soaking up the sun after spreading lotion on her belly and chest. Settled now she shifts her gaze to Chloe.  
  
"My Dad is pretty sexy."  
  
The blond is taken back by Brit's response, yet smiles brightly.  
  
"Our secret, little Sister?" Chloe winks looking over her sunglasses.  
  
Britney scowls, "No way. Dad knows I think he's hot. Now Mom I would never tell about our thoughts. I think telling my Dad you once had the hots for him would make his day."  
  
"Open mouth insert foot." Chloe hides her face in a huff while adding, "I guess I'm okay with you telling that to Keith. He knows I'm just young myself. Let's agree not to tell Chuck though."  
  
Looking away Brit groans, "There goes Lance's curtain again. You should mess with his head. Let him come out here and make a fool of himself."  
  
Chloe lifts her glasses squinting against the brightness, "What do you suggest that doesn't border on rape?"  
  
Deeply in thought Brit finally turns her profile to face Chloe with an expression of dare, "You could ask Lance to oil your body."  
  
The blonde's eyes bulge forcing her to hold her breath, "Backside maybe. Front after I put my top back on."  
  
"Okay. But, I'm not certain that's really messing with his head."  
  
"Well? Most anything else is taboo." Chloe stresses open to suggestion.  
  
"Stay topless. Just don't let him oil the girls."  
  
Chloe closes her eyes with a brewing smirk. Her own thoughts of mischief escalating.  
  
"I'll do this but you owe me one. The next time Chuck is out mowing the grass you lay out and tease him. I want to know that he can be honest about what he sees."  
  
"Heck, I'll masturbate in front of him. That would be a true test to see if he tells you that." Brit chuckles.  
  
Stunned by her response Chloe fidgets her entire body like a nervous spasm.  
  
"You alright?" Brit lifts her eye brows.  
  
"Yes." Chloe blushes, "You can do that to Chuck. As long as You or He doesn't touch the other."  
  
"I would never ever do that to you Chloe. I adore you like a big sister. If I did play for Chuck I would never let him get that close to me."  
  
"Ugh!" Chloe exhales loudly, "I might let him oil you up too. That's all though. That might make us even. Truth told Chuck makes perverted comments about you too. He plays it off like he's trying to get under my skin. I just laugh it off. It would be interesting to know if he's serious or not."  
  
"Wow! I can agree to that. As long as my parents aren't home to see that. Just for you. Don't ever get jealous over it. I'm soooo not into Chuck."  
  
"I know. He keeps joking that we should have a secret threesome. I roll my eyes at him but he might be serious. That's something I'm not sure I could ever do. Well, maybe never. Least of all with you. I love your family."  
  
"Especially my Dad." Brit sticks her tongue out at her making Chloe again hide her face while laughing.  
  
Brit sits up slowly. This was getting juicy.  
  
"Wow! I'll keep all that in mind." She jests fanning herself, "That might be weird. Of course, we could leave Chuck out and invite my Dad."  
  
Chloe cracks up laughing and removes her glasses to bury her face even deeper into her arms.  
  
"Oh my Gosh! I'll never live this down" The blond wheezes.  
  
Laying back on her side Brit faces Chloe with her head propped up on her left arm.  
  
"Calm down. We're besties in my mind. We can talk about anything. Let's worry more about Chuck later. For now let's destroy my brother."  
  
After a silent moment of glare between each other Chloe one last time buries her face to hide her stress. Three seconds later she looks up whining at a high pitch, "How do we do this?"  
  
Brit considers the situation then fumbles for her cellphone beside her. She holds her cell to her ear as if answering it.  
  
"He's watching us now. Don't look." Brit tells Chloe who refrains from curiosity.  
  
"I'm acting like I received a call. I'm going to sacrifice my tan just to humiliate my brother. I'll go inside and tell him I have to go meet a friend. After I change I'll tell him that you talked about him constantly. I'll make him think you have a crush on him too. So much so that you had untied your top just to tease him. He's gullible enough to believe me. I'll then leave the house for say twenty minutes then come back home. If Lance gets brave enough to confront you out here, you can go as far as you feel comfortable. If he chickens out so be it."  
  
"How is this humiliating him if he oils me up?" Chloe ponders aloud.  
  
"I'll come back outside and catch you guys. I'll then tell him I made that all up. You can act like you're offended and freak out on him."  
  
"I might do that anyway." Chloe pauses, "I guess I still don't see him being humiliated. He's getting to touch me." Her thoughts jump, "This is crazy. What do I do if he gets too hands on? I might be able to roll over and show off my tits but I don't think I can let him touch them."

"That's up to you. If I were you and he wasn't my brother, I think I could at least let him lotion up my tits. I'd let Chuck if you were okay with it. ONLY IF! That's just me though. I love being touched."  
  
"I do too. However, Lance is what 17?"  
  
"No. He's eighteen. We're twins remember? Both just turned eighteen."  
  
"That's right. Still that's barely legal. Both of you."  
  
"Yes, but he's going to get a monster hard on and you can react to it awkwardly. That would be the sign to break away."  
  
"I hadn't thought about that. I'm not sure how I will act. That's kind of scary."  
  
"Just run inside or something. Make him feel like crap."  
  
"I hate making people miserable the blond grimaces. I'll just tell him I can't hurt Chuck. I'll go inside and leave him there wishing he got more."  
  
"Sounds good. Let me go inside and instigate. You get golden."  
  
"Okay. Drop next door anytime. Now go prep the perv."  
  
Brit acts as if hanging up on her call then hugs Chloe. Before gathering her things and heading inside her home she giggles then leans over to lick Chloe's spine in a long wet swathe.  
  
"Hey! That gave me chills." The blond trembles laughing.  
  
"Just getting you in the mood."  
  
Brit then grabs her things and races inside her house.  
  
Chloe laid there shivering. The whole conversation made her horny. Even at 25 years old she felt their age. Then it dawns on her. What if their Dad came home and caught them? The thought made her even more excited. She would take the risk and pray Britney had her back.  
  
And a full piggy bank to bail her out with.  
  
"Barely legal. Oh my God!"  
  
Her face sinks into her arms once more.  
  
Not to hide her blush.  
  
To hide her sudden rush of excitement.  
  
Chloe, Chloe, Chloe.

**Britney Ch. 10: Chloe's Call**

As Brit enters her home through French doors she hurries to her room throwing her things on her bed. In a mad dash she kicks open Lance's bedroom door which wasn't totally sealed.

"I so called it. I knew you were in here getting off. Stop it."

Lance was only wearing a t-shirt, nothing else.

He jumps pointing it at her, torn between two women, "I just started. Give me good news. PLEASE!"

"Put that away. Save it for outside." She smirks as he crawls off of his bed leaving his dick dangling as he grabs her by the shoulders.

"What did you say to her? What did Chloe say?"

"Lots of things. I played you up as the pervert you are. She knows you watch her. Chloe even admitted that she untied her top just for you. Not because she lusts for you though. She just felt like teasing and being mischievous. I suckered her into teasing you more though. I told her we should humiliate you. So when and if she acts funny you NEED to act humiliated. Got that?"

Lance narrows his eyes, "Ummm! Okay."

"I made excuses like I had a fake call from my friend and had to leave. This will give you time to go have your stupid fun. The rest is up to you."

"Awesome." He pauses, "What do I do next?"

Brit rolls her eyes, "Oh my God! Do I have to guide you every step of the way? Some Mister Master you are."

"This is different. I know you way better. And, I won the bet you and I had. This is Chloe Johnson meets my Johnson."

"Whatever! Just open your window in about ten minutes to give me time to act like I'm leaving the house. Talk to her. Compliment her. Ask if she needs lotion. She will agree. Unless you scare her. Push her but don't be a douche. "

He nods, "Okay. I can do this."

"Thank me already." Brit awaits.

"Cool." He nudges her from his room and shuts his door.

Stunned by his arrogance she exhales, "God I hate you."

She went to her room to change.

His problem now.

After eight minutes Lance gets bold and opens his curtains, then his window without a screen. He had removed it long ago as an easy exit to escape in the middle of the night.

Looking over at Chloe who was less than thirty feet from him he fondles his dick to garner confidence. Finally, he lets it go and leans on his window sill.

"HEY! PUT SOME CLOTHES ON!"

Chloe jumped while still laying on her belly and pulled her top over her 36C's at the unexpected growl. She then looked around finally setting eyes on Lance.

He laughed and threw his hands up as defense.

"Just kidding. TAKE IT ALL OFF."

Chloe rolls her eyes and sits up to face him, clutching her top with only one arm. It's strings still dangled beside her ribs.

"You scared the crap out of me. Why did you do that?" She winced.

"Sorry. I couldn't resist. Don't get dressed because of me. Your tan lines look great."

"Do they? I can't really tell." She attempts to look over her shoulders awkwardly, "I despise tan lines."

"Only way to avoid those are to tan naked. Heck! You're pretty close as it is. Might as well."

"Are you spying on me?" She tries not to smile.

"Yeah. I won't lie to you. Every time you lay out." He strokes himself out of her views vantage point arrogantly.

"I had a hunch you did." She points at him with a wagging finger, "Now that you nearly scared the bikini off of me I think you need to be nicer."

"Sure. How?" He halts out of anticipation.

Lifting her lotion bottle she wags it at him, "Oil my back before I lobster?"

Without a word he dives backwards and grabs a pair of black cut off at the knee sweat pants, tugging them on loosely. He had been unprepared for this reality.

Once attired he crawls up on to his window sill and launches himself into a stumbling tumble to the grass below.

"Are you okay?" Chloe hides her amusement.

Rolling to his feet Lance limps the rest of the way. Standing over her he stretches the kinks out. His erection was easy to witness. She couldn't help but notice his sweats tented out at the crotch. Her expression was pure awe and crimson cheeks.

Chloe bites her lower lip as her eyes look away. Hesitantly she lifts the bottle of lotion up for him to claim, unaware that her raised hand had brushed the bottle against his girth.

He eyed the sway of her hand tapping the bottle and grinned letting her linger. Finally, he obtains the bottle and watches her roll over and lay on her stomach. The strings of her top drooped along with the cups as her chest crushed against her blanket.

He had to whistle silently and pinch his concealed crown.

Before kneeling Lance checks out her butt cheeks with the bikini bottoms wrinkled up inside the crack. One final grip of his junk he drops to his knees beside her.

Popping open the attached bottle cap he trickles droplets on her back, spine, and legs. He had to pause and shiver at his luck. Bottle capped and set aside he moves his trembling hands in to begin at her shoulders, lightly brushing her shoulder length blonde hair aside.

"Anyone ever tell you that you look like the model, "Gemma Atkinson"?"

She moans at his grip then whispers, "That's sweet. I did match my hair cut to look similar to a picture I saw of hers."

"Same body in my mind." He coughs up.

"Sweet talker. You're just lucky I let you make up for that bit of meanness back there."

"Sorry, again." He moves his hands more to her furthest shoulder. In his lean his erection rubbed against her side. This made her eyes bulge. A smile formed out of his field of vision.

The sensation made her hold her breath. Even Lance once he realized his movements grit his teeth hoping she wouldn't freak out.

Chloe shivers it off and softly exhales, "Don't miss anywhere."

"Let me know if I do miss a spot, or not rubbing it in hard enough."

"I will. Hard is good."

He grins gliding his hands lower until his fingers tickle her ribs making her stiffen up. Side to side, up and down her spine. At her lowest vertebrae his fingers roll under her bikini bottoms upper hem. Time and time again he tested his fingertips slipping under more of his knuckles each time. No arguments so far.

After rolling his palms along her ribs he met with her bikini strings tethered to her hips. He slithers beneath them to glaze the skin.

Sighing he stutters slightly, "Are you sure you want these tan lines down here?"

"Of course I don't." She grins sheepishly to herself, "But, I don't have much choice."

"You could untie one side at a time. That way your hips at least are nice and brown."

"I'm open to that idea. You're so smart Lance." She tries not to laugh.

"Straight "C' student." He chuckles, his heartbeat jumping as he unties the string at her left hip. With a brilliant thought he gently lifts the bottoms enough to tuck the back string inside it.

"That's so sexy." He mutters.

With a warm exhale she hisses, "Get your mind out of the gutter."

"I can untie the other hip and tuck that string too."

After a lengthy pause she agrees, "As long as you behave."

He stands up and steps around her to kneel at her opposite hip. Fingers pinching the strings apart he tucks that string under her as well.

Realizing the oil bottle was on the side of her that he abandoned he swallowed hoarsely. He then took the risk of leaning over her to grip the bottle. In doing so his pup tent slid over her lower back. She felt every inch of his erection.

Before she could formulate a response he drizzled more oil on her, straightening up. His attention was now on her legs. After a healthy dose of gloss his hands coated her feet as well. Again he found ticklish spots.

Moving higher along her inside legs his hands grew hesitant at her thighs.

"Am I doing okay?"

She nearly purrs with her eyes closed, "Lovely."

"I can peel the top of these bottoms down just a little. At least the tan line will be less visible. If it helps."

"I really want an all over tan but that's impossible. You can roll it down a little I suppose."

With both hands he pinches the sides of the bikini bottoms material and folds it over gently revealing her butt crack by two inches.

"Good enough or do you want it lower?" He hopes.

Quivering at his knuckles on her flesh she inhales to release, "Another inch at the most."

Eyes bulging Lance peels and tucks the clothe more like an inch and a half. Just enough for his view to capture the sight of a sexy anal cavity. He had to whine. She had to grit her teeth.

"Nice!" He boldly admits.

She giggles, "Too much for you Lance?"

"Not nearly enough." He puckers with the thought.

He retrieves the oil bottle and dribbles a stream on her lower back and watches it trickle into her crack. The sight made him drool. Before she could utter a word Lance decided to just pull the patch of bikini off of her entire ass then yank it out from under her thighs. As she realized his forceful move he Gripped her ass cheeks and pried them apart for a better view.

"WHAT THE HELL, LANCE? I never said to go that far."

She raises up on her elbows to sneer back at him.

He smiles at her with a cheesy grin, yet nervous, "Might as well do this right."

"Lance! I can't do this. You're only eighteen by what? A week? Two? If people saw this I could get arrested."

"No tan lines, I say." He blurts.

She peers around them at all sides then looks back at him as he massages her ass.

"At least find me something to block us from the view of the Kramer house. They're the ones I worry about."

Lance scans around him, then darts to his feet leaving her to cringe. Racing to the back of her garage he literally drags her boyfriend's "John" boat through the yard. He then tilts it up on its side. The height concealed them easily. It amazed her that he went to such lengths.

"There! No more old people eyes."

He returns to her side again dropping to his knees.

She covers her face in her palms as Lance returns to rubbing her ass. His thumbs dig deep within pried cheeks. While there he grazed over her butt hole multiple times.

"Careful now." She trembles heavily.

"Your body is freaking perfect, Chloe."

"I'm crazy. I'm crazy. I'm crazy." She mumbles over and over, still masking her face with her hands.

"There! You bake for a few minutes. I'll stand guard. Then you can roll over. I'll oil your front." He smugly commands as she drops her arms flat. Behind her he placed his hand down his sweats and jerked himself slowly.

Chloe lays there quietly for four minutes listening to him. It wasn't difficult to imagine what he was doing. The sun's shadow revealed her best guess. His silhouette made a great compass.

Finally, she had to know for certain and raises up to look behind her. Sure enough.

Busted!

"I knew you were doing that. At least it's still inside your sweats. I must really turn you on." She shyly grins.

"You have no idea." He squints at her while speeding up his jerking motion.

Swallowing she settles her nerves, "How can you oil my front when that hand is so busy?"

He removes his hand immediately and rears up on his knees. His sweats drawstring was albeit useless, revealing his upper pubes.

"RULES! Can you follow them?" She stares at him without blinking.

He shakes his head negatively without question.

"I didn't think so." She laughs blowing the hair from her eyes.

With a deep held inhale she rolls over. Her bikini bra slips away revealing a pair of unrestrained breasts. Her nipples aroused and deadly.

The bottoms already gone offered him a perfectly landscaped strip of blonde pubic hair. She lays back and observes Lance turn pale.

"Everything okay?" She stares.

He nods affirmatively this time without a word. His hand raises the oil bottle and literally drowns her entire front.

As she laughs he tosses the bottle and leaps at her breasts. Squeezing amid the glossy oil and enjoying the view. Nipples pinched, slippery between his fingertips.

All she could do was watch him. He was mesmerized. Time after time he crushed her tits together. Each time she creased her brow fighting moans.

"I'm not getting much of a tan like this. Your shadow over me."

He decides to abandon her chest and roll his hands over her belly with fanning fingers. Her eyes flutter at the sensation.

Gliding lower his fingers reach her pubic region and toys with it lovingly. She nearly convulses at her decision to let things go this far. She prayed nobody was watching.

Dumb on her part. Yet, she couldn't resist.

His hands grace her pussy which forces her to spread her legs. Giving him a better view he moves in swiftly. Fingers slip inside her making her arch her back and whisper, "Fuck. Unexpected! Dammit Lance."

She fans her face with one hand and reaches out with the other to remove his hand. He offers her a pathetic look as his fingers leave her wetness.

"Stop with the face already." She suffers at his emotions.

"I want to finish."

With a huff she lays back and lets his hand go. Legs wider than before but bent at the knees. Her own hand moves down and begins rubbing her clit. Lance in turn watches her and rubs her leg.

"Lance? Let's masturbate together. I'll do that much at least. Nothing more."

He nods and slips his sweats down to his knees to show off an eight inch stone hard boner.

"JESUS!" She expresses with glued eyes, "I wish Chuck had that."

Her fingers bury deep inside her as her other hand teases her clit. She couldn't stop looking at him as he hovered above her waist. In a bold move Lance stood up and moved between her legs. Her eyes fluttered at his emotionless gaze. His jerking becoming more expressive.

As her moans grew louder Lance scooted closer to her. His penis was directly over her knuckles well used.

"Let me cum on you." He strains.

"Okay." She whimpers closing in on her own orgasm.

Within three minutes Lance blasted a massive flood over her hands and thighs. She cried out as her own juices ignited and gushed around her sunken fingers.

Chloe collapses closing her eyes. She had never had such an intense orgasm.

Lance idled over her eying his artwork and breathing heavily. Suddenly, he drops over her and devours a nipple. She had zero energy to resist. Her thoughts running rampant, yet confused.

"Lance?" She manages to pat his cheek.

She felt his erection rub over her labia. The sensitivity of her clit made her arch her back and raise her knees higher.

He breathlessly toys with her until she whimpers. His dick had entered her and lingered without thrusting.

"Fuck. That things huge." She whispers and nearly hyperventilates.

He thrusts once. She cringes and whispers, "Lance, no."

Three more thrusts finds her nails digging into his back and hip.

Ten more thrusts she just gave up and pulled him in. He fucked her for ten minutes straight. She kissed him hard seven of those minutes.

Finally, Lance pulls away growling and splatters her with coconut white a second time.

In her amazement she squirms about and rubs her body in his slickness until it turns sticky.

"Christ Lance. That was incredible." She begins to realize her predicament, her belly knotting up inside.

Suddenly, behind them they hear a clearing throat.

"I can't believe you guys. Chloe you slut. Lance you whore."

Lance leaps to his feet wobbling.

Brit points toward her house with a stern look. He nods at her then with a smiled nod toward Chloe. In his t-shirt only he parades to the house and goes inside.

Brit then drops down beside Chloe and hugs her. In the process Brit gets Lance's leftovers all over her hands and arm.

"I didn't expect that Britney."

"Me neither." Brit licks her hand of Lance's cum.

Chloe eyes her uncaring hunger.

"What do I do now? I can't face him without stressing about Chuck knowing."

"Chill Chloe. I'll threaten my brother."

"You just licked his cum off your hand." Chloe offers a weird expression.

"Oh, shit. Ewwww!" She then chuckles.

"Oh my God!" Realization sets in, "You and...Wow!"

"We cool?" Brit pets Chloe's hair.

"Is it bad of me to want more of that?" The blond yearns.

Brit puckers, "Nawwww! I do things that make me crave more too."

"I can't. I love Chuck. Dammit!" The blond hisses with regret.

"So, love him. I'll take care of Lance. Be yourself. Nothing here ever happened."

Chloe pulls away and crawls to her feet and literally leaves her stuff in the yard. She stumbles to Lance's open bedroom window.

Looking in she see's Lance standing there fondling himself again.

"Back for more?" He winks.

"Not today. Please, Lance. Keep this to yourself. Only trouble can become of what just happened."

"My windows always open. If you get bored."

She creases her brow then turns away. A second later she looks back inside.

"Thank you, Lance."

Chloe then left him in favor of her house.

Brit moved to replace her at the window.

"Damn Stud. I'm impressed."

Lance smirks, "I still got energy. Crawl on in."

"I'll pass. I'm going to get ice cream."

Just as good of a cold shoulder as any.

Brit vanished around the side of the house.

Lance?

Third time was the charm.

**Britney Ch. 11: Locker Room**

At lunchtime Britney and her new friend Grace met outside in the school yard to enjoy the sunshine. Their differences in attire led to Brit's undesired results of attracting boys to size up in Grace's favor. Her hopes were to discover whom Grace might find appealing enough to attempt a deafening change to whom she was as a Mennonite raised isolationist.

It was fortunate that Grace's parents had decided to at least open up enough to let her attend public school. Owning a cellphone was even a pleasant compromise. They trusted their daughter to know God was watching. They barely knew their daughter at all.

"So, did your parents and Grandmother pump you for information after my call yesterday?" Brit sweetly grit her teeth.

"Of course. They watch my every move. Don't be shocked if you see their horse and carriage drive by the school spying."

The girl's burst into a round of laughter bordering on snorts.

Brit finally hisses, "Too funny. I'm so glad you have a sense of humor. Does it bother you when people make fun of your dresses being so long?"

"No. What bothers me are that they are so long. I have nice legs." She smiles shyly.

Grace in her sitting position ruffles her lengthy skirt up to reveal silky smooth legs up to her knees. She then eyes Brit in her short skirt that revealed not only her legs clean up to her thighs but also showing off her tiny pink thong.

"I want to be as bold as you are."

"And, I'll help you reach that goal. We just need to figure out how so that your family doesn't find out. Obviously, after our talk yesterday the whole make-up, hair done thing might be ruled out. I mean make-up can be removed easily enough but disguising perfume might be a problem."

"No. I can say girl's were cruel in class and sprayed me. They will believe me."

"Smart. Any ideas about hair?" Brit raises an eye brow.

"I would love to cut it. It goes down past my butt if I left it unpinned. That would be a serious red flag though."

"Another cruel joke by kids? They could cut some and make it look unevenly awful until your folks allow you to cut it."

"It would have to be cut really high or they would just even it out. Too much bad treatment and they would remove me from school and return me to home tutoring."

"Ouch! I would hate that. I like my new friend."

"I like my new friend also. Ever since you made such a bold move in class I have adored you. Detention only added icing to the cake. I have so many secret desires. God forgive me."

Brit pouts at Grace's sudden sadness.

"I truly never expected you to go as far as you did during detention. Mister Beatty was shocked even more. Tell me, was that the first blowjob you ever gave?"

"Other than a banana yes. But, he liked it." Grace giggles.

"Beatty liked it too. You really got into it once you started. It was awesome to watch your hunger brewing."

Grace turns red, "Hunger? Was I that dramatic?"

Eyes bulged Brit grins, "You could have fed on that dick all day and not had enough."

"I love the taste. Would you like to know how I knew so much?" Grace intentionally wiggles her brow.

"Absolutely!"

"Our family in Iowa visited last summer. My cousin Eli owned a compact dvd player. His parents had no idea. He watched adult movies behind our barn with earplugs. I discovered him hiding and watched it secretly with him. I allowed him to jack off in front of me. It was amazing. Except that he was uncircumcised. So ugly."

"You didn't touch him?" Brit was curious.

"Oh no. That would have been bad. Besides inbreeding is so dirty. I only observed and fantasized of the men in his movie."

"In front of Eli?"

"No. He might have raped me if I had shown him my lady parts."

"Lady parts? Too funny." Brit snickered.

"Sorry. I try not to get used to crude verbalizing. If I talk that way it might slip out in front of family. Bad! Very bad!"

"Gotcha! Okay, so what type of boy do you like?"

"You will laugh at me."

"No I won't."

Grace lowers her eyes and bites her lip, "I think your brother is handsome."

"Yea, I am going to laugh at you." Brit chokes up trying not to, "Why, Lance? He's a punk."

"I don't know. I just do. He would never notice me though."

Brit fidgets knowing how Lance had not only just tapped the cougar next door with her own assistance, but how Brit herself served him as a debt. She thought for a moment about Grace's revelation.

"I'll keep him in mind. Anyone else?"

Grace sat back against a tree trunk thinking hard before opening up, "All boys really. Just not ugly. Or fat."

Inspiration strikes Brit. She had yet to spend alone time with her brother's friend "Evan". Maybe she could plan something around him considering it was his weekend to own Brit for eight hours. If planned well she could groom Grace and introduce them instead.

"Okay. I have an idea. This Saturday you come over for tutoring. I'll dress you up and introduce you to my friend Evan. You can flirt and see where things go."

"Your brother's friend?"

"Yeah. Mine too though."

"I like him. He's very handsome." She beams then fades her smile just as quickly, "I might only be allowed two hours with you. My father agreed to the tutoring but only for a short time."

"Yikes! Would it help if I talked to him?"

"Wearing what you have on will ruin our day. Our entire friendship." Grace offers an expression of deep sadness.

"I can dress in something conservative. I do own long dresses too." Brit offers, "How about I wear nerdy glasses even?"

Grace chuckles, "And a bonnet?"

"What's a bonnet? Is that the big long knife they attached to barrels of rifles?" Brit groans.

"No that is a bayonet." She snorts uncontrollably. "I was only joking. What you plan might work. You would need to carefully choose your words. He gets very suspicious of people."

"I'm a good actress. I'll break out my Bible if I need to."

"That would not be appropriate. Just prove to him you are a good person. Not a bad influence."

"How about Wednesday night? I'll have my Dad drop me by. He would help me once I explain things."

"He would need to watch what he says also. Father is rebuilding our barn so he has been cranky."

"My dad so happens to be a Home Builder. Non-Union so his jobs have been scarce. He might help your Dad as a good gesture."

Grace drops her jaw, "Father would respect him instantly."

"Let's do this. I'll be Mennonite Light on Wednesday." Britney teases playfully.

Grace rocks forward joyfully, "And, I will be a Slut Puppy on Saturday."

Plan in motion. Lunchtime was over.

Returning to her locker Brit ran into Lance.

"Hey Sis. Ready for some fun?"

Brit closes her locker, "Hurry it up. I need to get to P.E."

"Exactly! Coach Dawson will be in his office by the Men's locker room. I have something you should deliver to him in person." Lance winks holding up a tiny hand held recorder.

Her eyes bulge, "Me moaning?"

All Lance did was grin and nod feverishly.

"You really want me to humiliate myself don't you?"

"No. I want to see what Dawson does."

"He might haul me to the Principal's office."

"Or...?" Lance smirks.

"What about my own class?"

"Skip it. I dare you."

Wincing at Lance she claims the recorder and heads off down the hall towards the gym. Once there she reaches her own Coach "Marilyn Roman" a delightfully older woman who the boys joked about calling her "MANROE" due to her obvious sexual choices.

"Marilyn? I'm not feeling well. Do you object if I go to our locker room and just hang out? In case I need to throw up I'll be close to a bathroom. You know I would never ask if I weren't sick."

Scrutiny in tune Marilyn nods, "Go ahead. Hope you feel better."

Leaving with a timid grin Brit passes her fellow students in the hall. On their way to the gymnasium above. Once the last student vacates the locker room Brit eyes Coach Dawson's office further down the hallway. Next to the boy's locker room. Luckily, the two Coaches traded off the gym floor every other class.

Stepping to his door threshold she looks around and lifts her stretchy mini skirt slightly higher. Her button up sleeveless top with only a slight cleavage was allowed to breath as she unclasps two buttons at the top.

The door was wide open and she heard him talking on his phone to someone. Obvious by his tone a woman. He sounded as if he was fighting to keep her. Trouble in paradise Brit surmised. This would make things worse.

After a deep breath Brit revealed herself in his doorway. Dawson was in his seat with his feet propped up on his desk. "Jerry Dawson" was a well built middle aged man of 42. Short brown hair he was proud of. Muscles from evening workouts.

He notes Brit in his doorway holding the recorder. She silently motions to him that she would come back. In turn his drops his feet to the floor and sits up. Holding a finger for her to wait she does. As she awaits she allows her English Lit book and a notepad to slip from under her arm. Turning her back to Dawson she bends over to pick them up. In doing so her butt cheeks emerged, revealing her thin pink thong clenched between her thighs. She knew he was looking by his silence.

Standing up she turned to face him with a mouthed, "Sorry."

He sat there with his jaw drooping, "Connie? I need to call you back. Principal's here."

Instantly he hangs up and nestles back in his chair.

"Hi Coach Dawson. Sorry to bother you."

"No bother. Come on in. Shut the door."

She did so enclosing them in privacy.

"What brings you here, Britney? Right?"

"You remembered my name. Awesome. My brother Lance asked me to give you this. He said he recorded some songs for you."

She then leans over his desk to hand it to him. He intentionally remained nestled so that she had to stretch further. As he claims it he eyes her tits dangling in the loosened shirt. A work of art he thought.

"Music, huh? Let's see what he felt necessary to offer."

He clicks play and after a second of silence he heard a shrill whimper. Then a vast array of moans. Followed by Brit's voice whispering of her pleasure.

Brit stood there with her eyes wide watching and waiting for his reaction.

"Can't say I know this band. Must be new?" He smirks shaking his head.

She shivers at her continued moans. She had never heard herself without actually being there.

"I hate my brother." She frowns.

"Band's growing on me. Know the name of the group so I can buy their CD?"

"I think the band's called, "OH MY GOD!" She blurts laughing, "I'm so sorry. I should have known my brother was up to no good. I'm so humiliated."

"No you're not. If you were you would have run out of here crying. Besides, I heard about your class antics last week."

"Really? I hope the Principal hasn't heard about that. Mr. Beatty gave me detention. He told me that was punishment enough."

"Proof's right here. Beatty might even get into trouble for not reporting it."

She folds her arms over her chest sensing blackmail.

"He doesn't deserve to get into trouble over me. He was being nice."

"I'm sure his intentions were good. You know, I've heard stories about you long before this. I have to admit I love the instrumental of this band. Vibrator right?"

She smiles sheepishly, "Yes."

Puckering his lips he shuts the recorder off.

"Did your brother really do this? Or did you do this?"

She shrugs, "You caught me. I heard you wanted to hear me from my old boyfriend Rick. I felt mischievous."

Dawson leans forward on his desk tapping his fingers.

"I see. What were you hoping to achieve by doing this? Can't be an "A" when I'm not your teacher."

"I just wanted to see your expression. Now that you've actually heard me." She bats her eyes at him.

"That all?" He winks.

"No. I've always wondered what the boy's locker room looked like."

"Just a stinky room."

She fidgets, "Are the showers warmer than ours?"

"VERY HOT!" He chuckles.

"Can I take a shower in the boy's locker room?"

His eyes quiver, "Pretty risky. Boy's often sneak in there early. Next class is in fifty minutes."

She nods then sits her books down on his desk. Slithering around the desk he scoots back in his seat to watch her. Brit sits on his desk where his elbows had once rested and leans back on her palms. One foot creeps up to rest on the desk while her other foot minus a shoe plants itself on his bulging gym shorts.

"Please?" She pouts.

His hands reach up and caress her legs all the way up to her skirt. She lowers her right hand down and lifts her skirt further to reveal her thong. An index finger teases her clit over the material.

Dawson exhales and slides his fingers further up to obtain her thong's spaghetti string waistband. He then feels her hips lift so that he could peel them off of her thighs. Simple moves allow him to take her thong completely off and raise it to his nose for a sensual inhale.

"Very sweet." He whispers.

"Tastes sweeter." She lays back over his desk.

Without a thought he lowers his face and devours her pussy. She wiggles and moans at his flicking tongue and entered fingertips.

Above him she unbuttons her shirt entirely and observes his hands glide up her ribs to clutch her breasts behind a thin skimpy bra.

"Shower with me?" She whimpers.

His face lifts from his eating to grunt, "Gotta get dirty first."

"We can do both." She exhales abruptly at his finger play.

"It's safer in here. Can't get caught. I don't need to be unemployed."

He stands up swiftly and lowers his shorts to expose his seven inches of meat. In seconds he penetrates her pussy forcing her to squeal and gasp. Moan and whimper. Quake and dispense.

Dawson was too easily excited and barely pulled out before jizzing on her clit. She creases her brow at how fast he shot his load. Maybe that was his issue with his girlfriend at home.

"Shower? You can just watch." She rubs his cum all over her, "I'm sooo dirty now."

Growling he stands up using Kleenex to wipe himself before pulling his shorts up.

"Follow me." He nudges her off his desk and opens his office door to peer out. As he turns back to Brit he finds her totally naked save for her shoes, holding her clothes and books. He swallows hard at her beauty.

"Lead me." She blinks vividly.

He had to smile at her perkiness. Directly across the hall was the locker room. He motions her across and sneaks her in. Once inside he closes the door which had no lock on it.

Brit swiftly moved through the room leaving her things on a bench. Shoes discarded she heads into the showers and turns the water on. She made certain Dawson could view her body perfectly as she spread suds across her tits.

He had to whistle at her realizing he had just fucked this fine young thing. Connie who?

Ten minutes expire as she prolongs her exit from the shower. He lost track of time just watching her touch herself. Without so much as a warning he hears, "HOLY SHIT!"

Turning to see, Dawson spots two of his best Jocks, "Corey and Trent". Both eighteen luckily.

Dawson immediately snaps in defense of his career, "Who let you in here Young Lady?"

Brit merely smiles, "I let myself in. Hi Corey." She fans her fingers at him.

"Hey, Brit. Wow!"

"Shower with me?" She curls her index finger calling Corey and Trent.

They look over at Dawson who throws his hands up then points at them, "I WAS NEVER HERE! YOU NEVER SAW ME! I NEVER SAW HER!"

He quickly leaves allowing Corey and Trent both to disrobe and leap in to join her. Hands were everywhere. Lips were nomadic. Dicks were stroked. Tits were squeezed.

Five minutes later more boys entered. Six at first. They merely watched as Brit blew kisses at them.

Another five minutes later eight more students joined the gathering.

So late in the school year all were easily of age.

Six of those eight stripped and went in to play with her. Only Corey had the courage to lift her against the shower wall and fuck her silly.

Outside the shower cellphones recorded everything. Nobody cared. It was bragging rights at its finest.

Finally, Dawson barked over his locker room speaker, "Let's go Ladies. Basketball doesn't dribble on it's own."

Everyone dressed swiftly and filed out gabbing over how cool that was. Rumors would fly.

Corey finishes and pulls out, kissing her lips passionately. He starts to ask her on a date but she clamps a hand over his mouth.

"Go dribble!" She whispers.

He hurried to get clothed and bolts away.

She dried off and got dressed herself before heading up into the gym. At the bleachers Brit is stopped by her teacher Marilyn.

"Feeling better?"

"Much. I showered to cool my body temp. It helped. See you tomorrow."

As she walked away Dawson winked at her. Just before the whole gym began whistling.

Brit blushed, "So much fun."

Leaving the gym on her way to English Brit notes Principal Harding in all of his baldness watching her. She waves at him on her way past. He knew something she thought. He hadn't stopped her though.

The day wasn't over.

**Britney Ch. 12: Lance Alot**

Leaving the school bus Lance and Britney Foxx stopped in the yard to talk.  
  
"Tell me everything again." He dances with excitement.  
  
"I'm done telling you, Lance. Six times is enough."  
  
"So you only fucked Corey and Coach Dawson?"  
  
"Yes, already. Nobody else tried. They just touched me all over. It was awesome."  
  
"You should have fucked more of them."  
  
"Hey! It's my holes I can fill them as I want to. Now run off and ride your skateboard."  
  
He turns to eye the neighboring house, "Rather ride Chloe."  
  
Brit rolls her eyes, "Don't push your luck. She's a nervous wreck now. She cheated on her man with you. She's terrified you won't keep your mouth shut."  
  
"And, get beat up by the Trucker? Hell no I won't say a word."  
  
"Regardless. Let's not make her life hell, Lance. You do realize you're pushy and could get her into a lot of trouble with the Chuck. Law too if he tried to push the fact you're barely eighteen, right?"  
  
"I guess. But, I "AM" eighteen though. Just like you being barely legal. You do your thing I'll do mine. Unless of course your thing IS my thing."  
  
She rolls her eyes and heads inside the house. Lance stood in his yard and glanced over at Chloe's. He spotted her peeking out a window. She immediately vanished when she noticed he had seen her. This made him grin. Chloe was curious.  
  
Life in the Foxx Hole was quiet for the next few hours. A peace that Brit enjoyed. Even after her parents came home. Dinner was quick and uneventful.  
  
By 10:00 the house was in sleep mode. Lance however was wide awake. He carefully opened his bedroom window and climbed out into the yard. Once in the grass he moved in the shadows and did his best to peep into Chloe's windows. He spotted her moving about in a thin sheer nightie. He thought she was angelic as she sat by her gas fire place reading a book.  
  
Looking around him he waited for a sign. Across the street he saw a blinking penlight pointer. With that Lance walked into the front yard and met his friends Styles and Evan who had also snuck out.  
  
"About time. Thought you guys chickened out." Lance whispered.  
  
Evan hisses, "No way. After you getting us time with your sister we trust you."  
  
"What's the plan here, Boss?" Styles chuckles softly.  
  
"Neighbor girl. Her name is Chloe. Age 25. Sexy hot blond. I tapped her in the backyard. Crazy day. She loved it. I think she's ready for more."  
  
"Seriously? 25? Shit. That's freaking awesome Dude." Evan chants.  
  
"Follow my lead." Lance coaxes moving to the front door of Chloe's home.  
  
A creep up to her front step he rings her doorbell and waits with his buds behind him.  
  
Seconds later the door creeks open enough to peer out.  
  
"Lance? It's 10:30 almost. What are you doing up?"  
  
She opens the door wider not noticing the other boys at first.  
  
"Hey Chloe. Nice nightie. I wanted to say how awesome you were Sunday."  
  
She turns pale seeing the others gawking at her thin nightie. Her tits were nearly transparent even under a night light.  
  
"You brought company." She fidgets.  
  
"Yeah, this is Styles and that's Evan. Invite us in."  
  
She hesitates then winces, "You should go home Lance. It's late."  
  
Lance grins and unzips his pants pulling his erection out to show her.  
  
"Never too late is it?" He winks and strokes himself.  
  
Her eyes bulge, "Put that away."   
  
"I don't want to. It likes you."  
  
She timidly smiles at his bravado, "Don't do this Lance. It's wrong."  
  
"Wrong but oh so right. Let me come inside."  
  
She shivers and they all witness her nipples stab hard from her nightie.  
  
"See? They want me to come inside too."  
  
Looking down at herself she sighs, "Why did you bring your friends?"  
  
"I wanted them to meet you. Trust me Chuck won't know a thing. I swear. They swear."  
  
"Obviously they know things already." She frowns.  
  
Styles perks up, "Know what?"  
  
Evan just shrugs and looks for invisible answers.  
  
She shakes her head, "You have ten minutes." Chloe then unlocks her screen door and lets them in.  
  
Lance leads the way as she moves toward her living room and sits down in her chair.  
  
In the process Lance had put his cock away but left his jeans undone. They join her and sit on her sofa across from her.  
  
She awaits Lance to talk, arms folded over her nipples.  
  
"I just wanted my buds here to see how sexy you are. No tan lines with my help."  
  
She fidgets further as their eyes examine her all over. She found it spooky yet exhilarating.   
  
"Hello Evan. Styles. This is really awkward."  
  
Styles nods, "It's cool. Lance is right. You are pretty damned hot."  
  
She blushes and brushes her bangs from her eyes, "Thanks. Still, why are you here?"  
  
"I have a few questions for you? Swear you will answer honestly?" Lance prods.  
  
"I suppose. What?"   
  
"Did my dick feel good inside you?"  
  
She turns beet red and lowers her gaze in silence. Finally she mutters, "Yeah it did."  
  
"I told my friends here how good your warm wet pussy felt. I told them there's no way to explain how awesome it felt. They would just have to see for themselves."  
  
Her eyes dart wide, "WHAT?"  
  
Lance then proceeds to pull his cock out for her to see again. His stroking made her look. She loved seeing it.   
  
"He misses you, Chloe."  
  
She whimpers at his grip sliding up and down it.  
  
"Lance. We can't."  
  
"Oh right. Barely legal! Little too late to worry about that isn't it?" He moves to take his pants and boxers completely off. His shoes kicked aside to make the escape easier. Just as swiftly he pulls his t-shirt off to sit totally naked beside his friends.  
  
Her jaw dropped at his bold move. Looking at Evan and Styles she shakes her head.  
  
"Awfully bold yet disturbing that you two can sit there while he's naked."  
  
Styles grunts, "You're right." He then proceeds to disrobe himself. Evan followed suit until she observed all three boys sitting there stroking their cocks.  
  
"I have no words." She hisses, "I'm not having sex with you Lance. Nor your friends. Play all you want. I'll watch. That's it."  
  
"Come on Chloe. At least play with us. We can all masturbate together."  
  
"I don't think that's wise." She resists.  
  
Lance stands up and moves in front of Chloe whom looks up at him. He strokes his dicks mere inches from her face. She eyes him closely as he toys with her emotions. Darting her gaze from his eyes to his dick made her lower her folded arms. Her nipples again in plain view. Finally, Lance kneels in front of her and runs his palms up her bare legs and carefully pry her knees wider. She wasn't wearing panties.  
  
"There's that beautiful kitty." He winks at her as his thumbs reach her labia.  
  
"Lance. Please don't."  
  
"Turning you on isn't it? Be honest."  
  
"Of course it is. Now stop." She almost giggles.  
  
He folds his arms under her legs and drags her toward him. Her back nearly reaching the seat below her. He then moved in to eat her out. She stiffened up as she noticed Evan and Styles watching Lance devour her.  
  
"Lance? Your friends are watching."  
  
With a muffled voice Lance tells her, "Make them welcome."  
  
Chloe wheezes then smiles at them. Styles decides to get up and kneel to her side and reach over to play with her right breast. Pinching her nipple and crushing her 36C in his fingers.  
  
Evan watching her reaction takes a deep breath and moves to her left and does the same. Now both boys were playing with her tits. She could hardly breath.  
  
Lance looking up as he was eating ran his hands up under her nightie and lifted the clothe so that his buddies could feel the flesh. They took the initiative to raise her just enough to guide the nightie off of her.  
  
"Oh, shit." She whimpers as Lance buries fingers inside her and twists.  
  
The boys above decide to both suck on her nipples at the same time. She gave in without very little effort. Against her better judgment.  
  
All she could do was chant erratically "So wrong. So wrong. So wrong."  
  
She found her fingers running through both Evan and Styles hair as they terrorized her areolas. Her resistance disappeared the closer she came to gushing all over Lance's face.  
  
She begins convulsing the nearer she got to orgasm. Loud shrill moans echoed through her living room. Finally, her body heaves and her pussy drenches Lance who pulls back gasping. This experience was all new to him. He loved it.  
  
In a furor Lance stood up and grabbed her hands pulling her body away from his friends. She limply tumbles from her chair and collapses over Lance who slides back on to the floor.  
  
On top of Lance, he guides her into position to slip his dick inside her scalding pussy. She feels his thrusts invigorate her until she sits up riding him. Her tits bounced vividly over Lance who gripped her waist for support.  
  
Ten minutes later Lance pulls her forward over him and continues thrusting. She felt Styles move in behind her and crouch over her ass. He had every intention of taking her anus. She panicked slightly until he managed to insert his cock into her. She adored anal but had never experienced double penetration before. New to them as well. Still they found success and Chloe cried out in ecstasy.  
  
Cumming like a geyser she buried her face into Lance's neckline. Still they tormented her with a consistent rhythm.  
  
Evan jealous, moved to straddle over Lance and pulls Chloe up by her hair and taunts her parted lips with the crown of his cock. Giving in she sucked on his cock awkwardly. Cum was spilling everywhere. Styles creamed inside her ass. Lance her pussy. Evan her mouth.  
  
Chloe was devastated and drowning.  
  
As the boys relaxed she found herself numb and trembling. All she could think about was her boyfriend suddenly. Chuck was never this attentive to her needs. As wrong as this was Chloe enjoyed herself.  
  
Styles and Evan got dressed and quietly left Lance to spend time alone with Chloe.  
  
Laying together on the floor she spooned with Lance. Her warm exhales fuming from jizz. Lance winced at her scent. It was unexpected.  
  
"Breath mint." Lance chuckled.  
  
In reply Chloe purposely expels a draft of hot air directly into his face.  
  
"Blame Evan."  
  
"Yeah. Yeah. This was awesome. I'm glad you went along with it." He chimes.  
  
"Did I have much choice? Other than calling the cops or your parents? Thus incriminating myself. Thus Chuck finding out due to a Police Report." She then sits up looking down at him with a glimmer of worry.  
  
"What?" Lance awaits.  
  
"Swear to me you won't tell anyone else. I have so much to lose if the wrong people find out."  
  
"Only the Three Amigos. Well, and Britney. I swear I'll keep my trap shut. I want to see more of you."  
  
"Lance? Don't hate me for being terrified. I like how you make me crazy. I just...I need space between times that we do this. You cannot be here every day. Not even every week. I'll still see you but it must be on my terms for safety reasons. Please understand."  
  
He nods, "I get it. Yeah, I'm cool with that. Just let me know you think about me."  
  
Smiling she pats his belly, "I'll tease you whenever I can. Text you. Luckily Chuck trusts me enough not to check my cell." She frowns, "Oh God. Now I hate myself. I have to live a constant lie now."  
  
Lance decided to feel badly. Not that badly though.  
  
"Live with it. I'm fucking you again and again."  
  
She grins, "Okay. I think I can bluff Chuck. He's always trying to get me to be more open-minded. I'll tease you right in front of him. Bikini time next weekend when he's home. Let's see how far Chuck lets me go."  
  
"Awesome. Can't wait."  
  
Another pat to his chest this time, "You should go. School tomorrow, right?"  
  
He sits up and grabs his clothes to begin dressing. She watches him put his boxers on then stops him. She pulls his dick out of its crotch slot and kneels over him to suck his dick. For eight minutes she fed on him until he nutted in her mouth. He couldn't believe her desires.  
  
As she pulls away she shows him a pond of his cum on her tongue before swallowing. It gave him goose bumps.   
  
Dressing fully he stands up and helps her to her feet. They shuffle together to her door where he stops to look at her.  
  
"Call me and masturbate with Chuck watching you. Just don't let him see your cell."  
  
She giggles and kisses him on the cheek.  
  
"Better yet, while Chuck's fucking me."  
  
Lance shakes his head at her eagerness.  
  
"Dare you to call out my name when you do."  
  
"I will. But, I'll have to say JUST KIDDING. Play it off like I'm goofing around."  
  
"Fair enough. I better go. Miss me."  
  
As he departs she dances in her step. Wrong or not she was having the time of her life.  
  
She liked Lance a lot.

**Britney Ch. 13: Red Rover**

Brit as usual had eyes on her from every angle. Even if she was standing next to her brother Lance and his friend Evan. Nobody was concerned that her brother would defend her honor. She didn't want to be defended.

"Hey Evan? What do you have planned for me this weekend? It's your turn." She winks.

"We're going swimming. Public pool. You're losing your bikini."

She builds a fist and pumps it with a rasping 'Yesssssss!"

Lance amused by her adds, "Maybe I should ask Chloe to go too."

Brit scowls, "Stop lusting after her before Chuck kills you."

He shakes his head, "No worries. She likes me."

"Whatever!" Brit rolls her eyes.

Evan eyes Brit's nipples shining vividly through her thin white top held on her shoulders by shoestring straps. Her cleavage was bulging at the low cut of the top.

"Eyes up here Handsome." She lifts Evans chin then lowers it, "Okay you can look again."

He chuckles as Lance punches his shoulder.

"Quit lusting after my sister. That's my job."

"Incest is best." Evan coughs into his hand.

Lance suddenly looks at Brit, "You know...I haven't actually fucked my sister yet."

She pats his cheek, "Take your time. I'm getting sore as it is from all the attention these past few weeks."

Evan pouts at her comment until she in turn pats his cheek also, "Not too sore for you. In the pool in front of everybody?" She hints.

"Might be kids. Okay, if we can be inconspicuous." He hisses playfully.

"No. You're right. That might be bad. We can think of something though. I won't let you not fuck me."

"Awesome!" He nods erratically.

The bell rings for her Algebra class and she shuffles away. In her journey she passes multiple students. This time it included a band of four Varsity cheerleaders still in uniform from an early morning practice.

Stopping her with a hand to her shoulder Brit faces a busty brunette with short hair.

"Can we talk for a second?" She asks.

"Thirty seconds, Sophia. Can't be late for Marko's class. You're in his class too."

"I know. Listen. We hear everything you do. There's no hiding it."

"That's nice. Here to tell me to stop?" Brit expects frowning.

"Hardly. We only wish we had your boldness."

Surprised she puckers, "Really?" Doubt creeps in heavily as she squints her leeriness in their direction.

"Sophia Pope" clasps her palms together looking to her friends, "Tara, Dawn, and Cryssa." Each of them were bright in their exploration of Brit's reaction.

"Dawn Lawrence", a gorgeous redhead with exceptional curves launches her own retort. Hands held in front of her she exposes, "I understand your distrust. We haven't quite accepted you since you moved here. It's not like you're not super beautiful. You just never seemed to try and fit in with us."

Brit frowns, "Was that up to me? I'm just not the cheerleader type. Even though I bet I'm more limber than any of you girls."

"Cryssa Apari", a stunning Philipino, short and sweet rolls her eyes, "I can put my legs behind my head."

Brit puckers and nods, "So can I. How about you three? Can you?"

"Tara Zellers", a muscled blond with a ponytail gushes, "I can do that and take a drink."

Brit holds her laughter as she shrugs, "Got me there. I might need a straw. I'm late for class. Joining me Sophia?"

Sophia smiles and waves at her friends, "She's right. Gotta fly. See you all at lunch."

Brit then forces herself to cradle her arm around Sophia's like a bestie. She did it for reaction purposes. The other girls were caught with looks of awe.

"I think the cheering section forgot their cheer." Brit whispers to Sophia.

"They'll get over it. We need to talk more after class. I soooo want to be like you."

Brit winces, "Like me?"

"Yes. Your boldness is exhilarating."

Brit stops to face Sophia, "Do you really want to be like me?"

"Yes. I do." Sophia brightens her eyes wide.

"Hold my books." She passes them off to Sophia who looks confused.

Brit grins then bends over to raise Sophia's skirt. In a swift move she slides her hands up and locates the girls panties. One struggling tug later she peels the girls garment off of her and to her ankles.

Sophia turned beet red but regardless stepped out of them. As Brit stood waving them around like a flag she notes a nerd next to them who had witnessed the move.

"Hey Clarence? Hold on to these until class is over." She then stuffs them into his shirt pocket. The boy was ready to faint.

Sophia trembled, "Holy spit. I can't believe you...I let you...HOLY SPIT!"

Brit winks, "Go. Take your seat. Follow my lead."

Once inside the class Brit claims her books and heads to her seat ahead of Sophia. As the bell rings to begin class Mr. Marko enters like a lumbering Yeti. Door closed to the outside world he starts class like he does every morning.

"Top of the mornin' Lads and Lassies."

Brit lets out a whimper like a dog as the class chuckles.

"Sorry. Lassie came home. Are you Timmy?"

Marko chuckles and wanders next to her reaching out to pet the top of her head. He marveled at the fact she even knew of the classic TV series.

"Welcome home Pup. Ye been gone far too long. Timmy's all grown up."

She pants trying not to laugh then swiftly out moves his hands retreat and licks his hand. The entire class went, "EWWWW!"

Marko scowls and dries his knuckle on his shirt, "That will be enough of that Lassie. The shelter to ye."

Cringing she gets out of her chair and drops to her knees on all fours. Without his notice she crawls after him. As the class laughs he turns and looks down at her over his shoulder.

"Back in your seat before I make ye roll over." He snaps trying not to further the humor. Couldn't help himself.

She crawls out into the open and stretches out on her back before rolling over and spreading her legs for the boys in her view to see. She heard whistles that made her roll over once more before leaning on her knees and elbows, ass bare in the air. She winks up at Marko who shakes his head.

"Get up." He muses at her.

"Not until you rub my belly." She defies and lays on her back again.

"What's gotten into you this morning?" He squints.

"Nobody yet. The day's young. Now rub my belly like a good Master." She giggles.

The room rolls with laughter as a low volume chant begins, "RUB HER BELLY. RUB HER BELLY."

Marko hisses and kneels down on one leg as Brit lifts her shirt up to reveal her perfect tummy and dangling jewelry. Her shirt is held so high the lower portion of her tits were visible.

Knowing he was being out of line he chuckles and rubs her belly, choosing to keep his fingers low to her waist.

After he finishes she whimpers, "Morrrre!"

He shakes his head and stands up.

"That's enough fun and games. Take your seat."

Moving away she stands up and walks around the edge of the room allowing boys to rub her belly. As he turns to witness her behavior he growls.

"SIT!"

Brit jumped and dove for her chair whimpering like a scolded dog.

"MEAN OLE MASTER!" She blurts then offers a pout.

Marko points at her with a stern look to stop. She frowns and falls silent.

As Marko grabs chalk he begins writing on the chalkboard. While his back is turned Brit twists in her chair to wink at Sophia. Sophia sat with her jaw wide open.

Even with her mouth gaping Sophia smiled with her eyes. This girl was amazing she thought.

Brit motioned for her to spread her legs and lift her skirt up. The boys around her fell silent and watched hopefully. Sophia Pope was on every boys fantasy list. With her stunning features. Short brown hair that was just plain sexy, revealing a kissable neckline. Long legs even though she only stood a respectable 5'5. She however had never thought to tease any of them. She found most of them frightful looking.

After another motion Sophia shakes her head hesitantly. She couldn't do it. Finally, while Marko was still turned away Brit places a silence finger to her lips and carefully gets up to creep back to Sophia's seat. Brit then kneels down and lifts the front of Sophia's outfit. In the shadows the boys spotted her gently trimmed region. Brit patted Sophia's thighs until she took a deep breath and spread her legs enough to reveal her labia.

Blushing as boys looked her over in awe she froze. Brit licked her index finger and caught Sophia off guard by rubbing it over her clit.

Sophia lets out a deafening yelp which makes the room explode in chatter. Marko darted his gaze back to see Sophia's pussy just before she clamped her legs shut. Brit stood up and fluttered her fingers at Marko.

"I SAID SIT!" The Giant bellowed.

Pouting Brit returns to her seat and leers back at Sophia. The girl was traumatized and squirming in her seat. The event made her wet. After a second to breath Sophia sticks her tongue out at Brit.

Brit in response uses her finger like a rising erection then points at the nerd who had her underwear. Clarence Selby huffed and pulled her panties from his pocket waving it like a flag.

Sophia dropped her jaw as Clarence sniffed the thong then passed it to another boy, then off to yet another five before returning to Clarence.

All of them expressed their desire toward Sophia. This made her continue blushing, but with her legs wide.

Brit motions to open them wider still. Finally, Sophia swallows hard then raises her skirt up to her waist in front. A beautifully lit view of her snatch was breathtaking. Drool was forming everywhere around her.

Eying Brit again Sophia notes her fingers motioning her to spread her lips. This made Sophia shake her head and fear Marko turning around. Another motion later Sophia grits her teeth and pries her labia wide to reveal a luscious tunnel of love.

Thumbs up from all who witnessed. Even the other girls in class. Half of them lusted for Sophia themselves. The other half admired both Sophia and Brit.

Chilling as Marko took charge Sophia pulled herself together and endured the boredom of Algebra.

As the bell rang the students poured out for a breather. Before Brit could leave Marko cleared his throat.

"Foxx? Pope? A word please."

They shuffled forward and stood beside Marko as he sat sideways at his desk looking up at them.

"No more of that behavior in my class. Either of you. Peripheral vision Pope. I saw way too much."

Brit smirks, "No you haven't. Come on Irish."

She then lifts her skirt and backs her bare ass up to him. Sophia's eyes bulged.

"Back it up Sophia. Be like me you said."

Sophia swallows and looks at Marko with terror in her eyes. Still Brit was getting away with this.

Marko admired Brit's butt while wanting to rub her ass. Still he waited to see Sophia's final expression.

Slamming her books on top of Marko's desk Sophia darted around to Brit's opposite side and quickly lifts her skirt. Two bare butts faced the Giant. His hands couldn't resist. Rubbing both asses and slipping his fingers between their clenched clams made both girls jump and whine softly.

"Very nice Lassies."

Brit straightens up then pulls Sophia to her senses.

"You were awesome Sophia. I'm proud of you."

"I can't believe I did that. I can't believe we did that. I can't believe you...did that." She dared to look Marko in the eye.

"Our secret. Understood?" He points at her.

Sophia nods sheepishly, "I promise."

"Good. Now get out of here before the next class comes about."

The girls dart away into the hall as Sophia stops in her tracks dropping her books to clutch Brit's biceps.

"HOLY SPIT!" She repeated.

"Slut 101! Class dismissed." Brit giggles.

"That was freaking insane. I felt so wanted."

"I think you were always wanted Sophia. You just never took the time to notice."

"I so want to be your new best friend. Let my cell touch your cell. Please."

Brit taps her cell on Sophia's which automatically shares their numbers.

"Now we need to get Tara, Dawn, and Cryssa to be as open." Brit suggests.

"I know they want to open up. It might be harder than me. I'll need to coax them out of their shells. Let's discuss this at lunch."

"I have a lunch date. How about after school. Let's all meet at Evergreen Park by the swings."

"I'll be there. Oh wait. There's Pep rally practice until 4:00 though. Can we meet at 4:30?" Sophia hopes.

"GO HAMPSTERS!" Brit chuckles.

"It's BEAVERS, silly."

"Huh! I thought it was Hampsters. Gee, maybe I'll be a cheerleader after all. I have a Beaver. Right?"

Sophia bursts out laughing just as Lance Foxx and Styles enter their space.

"Sup Sis?" Lance grunts.

Styles however throws an arm over Brit's shoulder letting his palm drop directly on to Brit's right breast. He squeezes it lightly.

Brit smirks, "Isn't he cute?"

"Hey Sophia. I didn't know you knew Brit." Styles expresses.

"I do now. She's incredible. I love how she's so open to being touched."

Lance nods, "Take lessons. You're too hot not to be groped."

Sophia blushes just as Brit rolls her eyes and grabs Lance's hand. She guides it over to grip Sophia's left tit. Her eyes bulged. His eyes bulged.

"Wow! I touched Sophia freaking Pope." Lance squeezes her gently.

Brit grins, "The real thing next time. Now go away Little Brother. I'm busy."

Lance and Styles hiss and depart.

"I let him touch me. I'm all mushy downstairs now." Sophia looks squeamish.

"You're letting them both touch your tits at the Park. Be ready and be proud."

"Yes Sir." She giggles.

"Later Beaver Bitch." Brit playfully teases swaggering.

"Bye Hampster Hottie."

Friendships were in the making.

Brit huffed to blow her bangs aside in thought.

"Plates getting full. Grace. Dad. Evan. Styles. Lance. Chloe. The Faculty. Wow!" She stops in her tracks, "How can I forget Style's dad and the baseball team. Christ I could make a fortune as a hooker."

Laughing she heads to Art class. She needed a breather.

Her lunch with Marko was scrumptious.

He filled her pussy doggy style.

She howled her approval.

Timmy came home this time.

**Britney Ch. 14: Grand Slam**

"4:38! They're late." Lance checked his watch as sister Britney and friend Styles glanced in all directions.  
  
Styles exhales his doubt and stands up from sitting on the kiddie swing to eye the siblings.  
  
"Maybe Sophia was never serious." He chimes in.  
  
Brit continues swinging beside him and keeps her cool, "Give them time. It's four blocks from the school to the park. Sophia was serious or she would never have gone so far in Marko's class. They might have just been held up in practice."  
  
Lance nods, "I hope they show. I wanna see Sophia's tits. Touching them wasn't enough. Cryssa too. I've never seen an Asian naked. Well, in movies. I think she's sexy."  
  
"Dawn's not bad for a redhead. I wonder if she's red all over?" Styles chuckles.  
  
Suddenly Brit's cell began vibrating and she plants her feet into the dirt to halt her swing.  
  
"Hello?" She reacts to Sophia's call, "Yes, we're here still. On the swings by the row of pine trees. Hurry up."  
  
Hanging up at Sophia's reply she looks up at the boys, "Cheerleaders T-minus 5 minutes."  
  
The guys fist up in triumph and count the minutes. Then, from the sidewalk path to the left of them waltzed three of the four girls.   
  
"Sorry we're late. Practice ran over because Tara sprained her ankle. She had to go home and ice it. She wanted to be here." Sophia pouted.  
  
Brit fidgets, "That's too bad. I was really curious to see if she had it in her to be as open as you were today."  
  
Dawn offers a look of awe, "Did Sophia really show off her puss?"  
  
"She had the boys drooling. Heck I was drooling, and I'm not even bi." Brit hesitates, "Yet."  
  
Everyone laughs at her as Lance circles behind the girls forcing them to eye his scrutiny.  
  
"Don't mind me. I'm just checking you three out. Sexy, Gorgeous, and Smokin'."  
  
He points at Cryssa when calling her "Smokin'". She shakes her head not believing that she was all that.  
  
"Thanks. I think." The Pinoy beauty blushes.  
  
He puckers, "I hope you three have what it takes. My sister's damn good at what she does. She shocks me more and more every day."  
  
Sophia looks at Dawn and Cryssa, "Ready to prove ourselves?"  
  
The girls candidly nod their approval and follow Sophia's lead.  
  
"I told Clarence he could keep my panties. I went through practice without wearing anything under my skirt. Luckily our routines never got all somersaults and pyramids."  
  
Brit wags a finger at her comment, "Ah, ah, ah! You should have showed off. I'm sure there were boys there watching. Don't you have a boyfriend Sophia?"  
  
The short haired brunette scowls, "I broke up with Jason two weeks ago. Free agent."  
  
Lance chuckles, "You're free, I'm a gent. Let's date."  
  
Sophia stood there confused until she realized his play on words, "Oh, I get it. Let's not. I like being single right now."  
  
Brit shakes her head, "My brother is such a dork. But, he does bring up a valid point. While you might not date, if you want to be like me you should constantly flirt. Teasing is a top priority."  
  
"We understand that. We love teasing." Dawn consents.  
  
"Really? I guess I've never seen that side of any of you. All I witness is cheerleaders with ego. You think you're better than everyone. Just admit it and we can continue."  
  
Cryssa frowns, "Maybe a little. It comes with the status of cheerleader. I don't think I'm better but I do feel privileged."  
  
"Privy how? You're just another pretty face." Brit points out.  
  
Styles leaps in verbally, "And a hot body."  
  
The girls do their best to absorb Brit's revelations.  
  
"After today I want more boys to see me. It was incredible." Sophia trembles at the thought.  
  
"I haven't seen you." Styles winks at her.  
  
"Here's your chance." With a giggle Sophia hikes her skirt up and shows off her hips, thighs, ass, and snatch.  
  
Both Lance and Styles drop their jaws and rub their chins.  
  
Dawn and Cryssa bulge their eyes and chuckle, "So awesome." They mimic each others words.  
  
Brit gives Sophia a thumbs up then rolls up her own stretchy skirt revealing her naked body from the waist down. The skirt remains wrinkled up and sturdy without slipping down.  
  
"Your turn Ladies." Brit waves her hands at Cryssa and Dawn.  
  
Eying each other and biting their lips Cryssa finally lifts her skirt letting the boys see her deep tan and bushy pubes.  
  
Dawn took the plunge and joined them showing off her creamy body and micro thin red landing strip.  
  
Styles hisses, "She is red all over."  
  
Dawn groans, "Everyone says that."  
  
He throws his hands up, "Sorry! Couldn't help myself. I think your peach fuzz is yummy looking."  
  
"Yummy? You sound gay." Dawn rolls her eyes.  
  
Brit steps up to Dawn, "First rule. Never be impolite. No matter what anyone says we should take it as a compliment. Unless they go out of their way to make us miserable."  
  
Dawn scowls, "I just called it how it sounded."  
  
"Do you want guys to worship you?" Brit points at her, "Then, give them what they crave. Not what makes them feel insecure."  
  
Dawn eyes Styles after a moment to absorb Brit's words, "Want to touch my peach fuzz?"  
  
He nearly faints and nods feverishly.   
  
Strutting closer to him she lifts her skirt even higher in front of him. Styles leans over and presses his fingers into her pubic hair.  
  
"Soft. I bet its yummy. Dang it. I can't stop saying yummy."  
  
The girls all laugh at his expense.  
  
Lance moves in and bends over to literally lick her red landing strip. Once he stands he licks his lips, "Yep. It's yummy."  
  
Dawn shivers and drops her skirt in favor of loss in confidence.  
  
"Don't shy off now Red Riding Hood." Brit chuckles, "Thank the taste tester."  
  
She smirks, "I'm glad you liked it."  
  
Cryssa chuckles, "Mine tastes better." She then proceeds to rub her own clit in front of them.  
  
Lance eyes her, "I'm going in. If I get lost in the jungle send out a search party."  
  
She offers an offended look then pouts, "I know. I need to shave."  
  
"I volunteer to shave you." Styles raises his hand.  
  
"I'll let you as long as I don't bleed out after." She giggles.  
  
Lance again crouches down and licks her clit region and nuzzles his nose in her bush.  
  
Cryssa gasps then lets out a squeal, "Ticklish! Sorry."  
  
Lance looks up at her, "I've been dying to do that to you since I first saw you."  
  
"Really? Awww! That's sweet."   
  
"Eat her on your own time Lance. I'm in training mode here." Brit kicks him in the behind forcing him to stand.  
  
The girls loved Brit's spark.   
  
"I have questions." Sophia chimes in with bright eyes.  
  
"YES I'LL FUCK YOU." Lance quickly replies as Sophia bites her lower lip smiling.  
  
"Knock it off, Lance. Why don't you and Styles run along for now. I want time with my cheering section."  
  
Styles shakes his head, "Let's go watch my Dad practice. He's over at the ball diamond."  
  
Lance frowns, "BORING! I'm starving. Let's grab a burger."  
  
Agreeing Styles and Lance head in the opposite direction.   
  
Brit looks toward the ball diamond hidden by a thick row of trees. Her heart pounds at her memory of Styles father. His dominant lifestyle appealing to her.  
  
"Girls? Let's go tease some real men."  
  
Brit nudges them to follow. Skirts lowered and proper for the moment they walk at a rapid pace to keep up with her. As they brush aside low branches to get through the trees the girls spot six men playing ball.  
  
"See the guy in the Cub's hat? That's Eddie's Dad, "Gary"."  
  
They all agreed he was a stud.  
  
"I know right? The catcher is "Dale". "Pete" is 3rd base this time. "Harlan" pitching. "Carlos" at 1st base. The outfielder I don't know."  
  
Cryssa squints to see the outfielder then cringes, "I know him. His name is Felix. He's friends with my Papa. I can't go out there and do anything in front of Felix. He might tell on me."  
  
Brit frowns, "Risks make for strong orgasms. If you guys only knew the risks I've taken."   
  
Dawn fidgets her lips and looks to Cryssa, "Wasn't Felix the guy that kept staring at you in your bikini when you washed your Dad's Van?"  
  
"Yeah! Creepy."  
  
"Didn't he ask you to wash his car afterwards?"  
  
"Well, yeah. But, my Dad made me wash Mom's car after his. By then Felix left. He said he would pay me but I really didn't want to wash three cars in a row. Besides he and my Dad are drinking buddies. Cards too."  
  
"Car wash? Hmmm. There's a future challenge." Brit chuckles.  
  
Sophia plants her palms on Cryssa's shoulders, "I'll take the risk of whatever Brit challenges me with. You have us to back you up if Felix tells your family."  
  
Cryssa shivers and crosses her arms over her meaty 36D's, "I'll try."  
  
"Good. I'm proud of you." Brit smiles then looks toward the team, "Follow my lead ladies."  
  
Britney Foxx then marches straight toward the diamond. As they get close the team notices and gathers around Gary at 2nd base.  
  
"Don't stop on our account. We just dropped by to watch." Brit hollers.  
  
Gary slides between his friends and approaches the girls.  
  
"Where's my son?"  
  
"He and my brother are hanging out. I hope it's okay for us to watch you guys."  
  
"We would rather watch you." Gary squints, "Who's your friends?"  
  
"This is Sofia, Dawn, and Cryssa." She points to each of them.  
  
"Cheerleaders I see. Come to cheer us on? Real games tomorrow night."  
  
Sofia bats her eye lashes, "I left my pompoms at school. But, I can shake these." then hoists her breasts high.  
  
"Nicely done." Brit winks.  
  
As they banter Carlos and Felix join them eying Cryssa.  
  
"Does "Leto" know you're here?" Felix grins looking her over.  
  
"Nope. Does he need to know my every move?" She points out hesitantly.  
  
Felix shrugs, "You still owe me a car wash."  
  
"I don't have my bikini. I did buy a new one though. Much skimpier. Shoestring style." She shyly blushes.  
  
"Can't wait to see it on you. No need to tell Leto I just said that." He coughs into his hand.  
  
Brit interrupts with, "See? You both want to keep a secret. Hi Felix, I'm Britney. Cryssa wants to get naked here with me. All four of us do. I'll have Gary beat you up if you tell on her."  
  
The rest of the team overhears her threat as they move in laughing.  
  
Pete adds, "When Gary gets done I'll add my own hurt to ya."  
  
Felix lifts his mitt in front of him, "No need. Is this true Cryssa?"  
  
She lowers her eyes then after a deafening inhale she turns and lifts her skirt to show off her purple panties.  
  
"Don't make Felix take those off." Brit hisses with a devilish smile.  
  
Cryssa reaches under and bends over pulling them to her shoes. She then steps out of them. Once in her hand she again lifts her skirt and shows the team her butterscotch bottom.  
  
Brit then nudges Felix toward her, "Make her believe you."  
  
He does by stepping directly over to her and caresses her cheek, "I touched you. If I told your Dad that he would stab me. Secret's safe I swear."  
  
Cryssa again inhales and turns around to look up at him, "I want to wash your car Saturday. I'll wear my bikini and you can suds me up."  
  
The team chuckles as Harlan bursts into his rendition of the 70's tune, "Car Wash".  
  
Brit then shoves Sophia into Dale's space, "Here catch Mister Catcher."  
  
He hugs her and lets his hand creep under her skirt. Looking at his friends he hikes the back up for a perfect bottom view. Pete takes the time to rub Sophia's opposite cheek.  
  
"Harlan. Dawn. Dawn. Harlan. She's red all over." Brit motions for Dawn to entice them.  
  
Beet red Dawn lifts her skirt to reveal her own uncovered landing strip. Harlan in turn rubs her pubes with a wink. She nearly fainted.  
  
Gary growls, "Any of you idiots not realize they may be underage?"  
  
Brit softly snaps back, "All eighteen. Trust me."  
  
Dawn raises her hand hesitantly, "I've only been 18 for 2 days."  
  
Harlan shakes his head adjusting his ball cap, "Damn!"  
  
Dawn's eyes grow wide out of fear of rejection. With a sudden burst of adrenalin she yanks her shirt off over her head and stands there in a lacey black bra.   
  
Brit grins at her pursuit and once she realizes the girls reluctance she moves behind her and unclasps the bra.  
  
"No harm in showing off those barely legal titties. Right?"  
  
Dawn grows pale but removes her bra and holds her clothing. Her perky 36C's were missiles.  
  
Whistles all around.  
  
Felix turns to Cryssa, "Can I see your tits?"  
  
She coyly smirks, "Okay."  
  
In a mad rash her own shirt comes off then her purple bra. Her tits were bouncy and her nipples dark and needy.  
  
"Yeah. Definitely not telling Leto." He reaches in squeezing them as she trembles with doe like eyes. She loved his touch.  
  
Brit sighs, "My mission is complete. I'll be going now."  
  
She feigns walking away when Gary grabs her wrist, "I don't think so."  
  
Brit pouts then whispers, "Save me Eddie. Save me"   
  
Gary sneers at her, "He's not here. I AM!"  
  
She nods, "Why yes you are." She then sheds her clothing to be the first to stand totally naked. The girls could only look at each other.  
  
Finally, Sophia joins Brit by disrobing and snuggling up to Harlan. She cooed at his grip.  
  
Inspired Dawn and Cryssa remove their skirts and join the freedom squad. The team readily approved.  
  
Gary looks around the park for traffic and spots joggers.  
  
"Dugout. All of you."  
  
Brit twists to take the lead then stops, "Only us girls. We're going to play for you."  
  
Clothing discarded all across the grass the girls giggle and sprint to the sunken dugout. Each sitting side by side.   
  
"Legs wide ladies. Fingers buried." She then points to the men hugging the mesh fence above them, "Dicks in hand Gentlemen. Knuckles jerking."  
  
The girls examine their suitors above as they tease themselves by mocking the other. It takes Brit to steam up the dugout by focusing on her viewers.   
  
"Look at them, Girls. Can't you see the hunger in their eyes. Wanting to eat our sweet young pussies. Close your eyes. Feel their tongues digging in."  
  
Her words stimulate the cheerleaders into action. Silently they watch the men fondling their dicks right in front of them. The show became erotic as eyes examine eyes over body parts. It became a display of emotions. The girls deciding that they wanted to impress the men.   
  
The men however lusted over what they were reluctant to take. Fear made them less than impressive. Youth was a strong drug. Yet, age meant severe punishment. Of age or not. Too close for comfort.  
  
Harlan decides to put his dick away and ease from view. Gary nodded his understanding to his teammate.   
  
As Brit noted Harlan step back she removed her burrowed fingers and threw herself into the fence.  
  
"Glory hole, Harlan. Come back here." She wiggles her fingers through the fencing mesh.  
  
The older man smirked then timidly returned to unleash his erection once more. He slips his cock through the fence to let Brit suck on him. The guys all praised his return.  
  
Below them Cryssa and Dawn were squealing at their sensations. Clits rubbed furiously. Holes penetrated. Moans echoing.  
  
Sophia decides to join Brit at the fence where Dale wags his dick through another link. Sophia at first strokes it with a devilish smile. Playful she puckers her lips up and kisses his crown. Seeing Dale tilt his head back and curse under his breath made her swallow him whole. At least as much as the fence allowed.  
  
Felix maintained his attention on Cryssa. She quaked and released a yelping scream as her orgasm found its way out.   
  
"That was beautiful. Come up here and kiss my Muchacho." The Hispanic man taunted her with his own dick within the fence. At first her limbs were weak but she managed to stand, taking Dawn by the hand. Once upright they stumbled to the mesh and Cryssa kissed his dick. Dawn giggled at the face Cryssa made then let out a shrill burst of excitement just before kissing Felix on the crown herself.  
  
"Hey, he has a mouth. I don't." Carlos chimes in.  
  
Dawn turns red and steps over to greet Carlos. Her tongue flicked at his foreskin then took him into her open jaw.   
  
Poor Pete was alone.  
  
He merely watched all four girls giving head at once. He had to sigh at their energy. His friends were all snarling and praising the girls.  
  
Finally, Pete shakes his head and walks away. In seconds he joins the girls down below. Once there he reaches under Sophia and Brit and fingers both girls at one time. Their wiggles proved just how welcomed his hands were. Still they fed.  
  
Juices trickling over his knuckles he decides to move over and do the same to Dawn and Cryssa. Both were tight as hell. Both girls lost their concentration and gave up on their penis partaking.   
  
Snarls were heard from Felix and Carlos as they were abandoned. Down below Pete chuckles at his stolen attentions.   
  
"Guess they can't walk and chew gum at the same time." Pete rambles as the girls hug the fence for support. Orgasms were only seconds away.  
  
As their cries grew more and more intense it made Brit and Sophia strive harder to get Dale and Harlan to voice their own pleasures. That job well done led to mouthful's of glorious jizz. Sophia reacted with laughter as Dale detonated massively catching her off guard. In doing so she retreated just as he nutted a second heaving load. This load squirted across her nose and upper lip.   
  
Brit feverishly worked Harlan in his troubled stammer. He had no difficulty getting hard and thoroughly enjoying her talents. His issue was cumming. He was taking forever. Eventually she coaxed him into frothing her lips. As reward she released him and smothered her entire face in his stew while jerking him.  
  
Harlan gripped the fence peering down at Brit with relief. She gazed up at him with doe like eyes and a whispered, "Thank you." He returned the favor.  
  
Gary who had merely observed decided to join the girls down below. Scooting past Pete's activities he grips both Brit and Sophia to accompany him to the bench. He drops his pants then pulls their wrists to kneel in front of him. Brit motions Sophia to her side nestling in to better greet Gary together. Brit fondles Gary's cock lifting it to expose his bulging nut sack. Pointing to the lowest point of his scrotum Sophia leans under and begins licking it, while sucking off and on his nut.   
  
Brit at first jerked him off then chose to suck his cock as a dual effort. Gary smirked his approval and ran his fingers through the hair of both beauties.  
  
Pete admired Gary's control and chose to escort Cryssa and Dawn into the same joint pose. He lowers his own pants and turns the girls to face him.   
  
Dawn kneels first then Cryssa followed. Within minutes they embarked on the same journey as Brit and Sophia.  
  
Gary and Pete fist bumped at their triumph.  
  
Felix and Carlos decided they were missing out and trampled down into the dugout behind the girls. Felix in his admiration of Cryssa crouched behind her to rub her back and ass. She shivered the entire time. Thoughtful glances met Felix as she licked Pete's balls.  
  
Pete noticed then frowned. He lifted Cryssa up by her hair.  
  
"All yours, Felix."  
  
Cryssa hesitantly followed Felix to another stretch of bench. She started to suck him but Felix gripped her chin and led her to stand. She was then coaxed into his lap with her back facing him. She sat there as his hands crept around her to crush her tits together. She closed her eyes at how good his grip felt. She nestled her ass over his cock until his dick slipped between her legs to rub up along her clit and labia. Her own fingers guided him inside her. The rest was dramatic pose and loving thrusts. Both were needy.  
  
Dawn stopped to watch her friend Cryssa riding Felix and felt concern. That concern led Pete to recapture her attention with a soft hand to her cheek. Her eyes met his and she melted. She on her own stood and straddled his lap. He pulled her chest into his face and fed on her nipples. She surrounded his neck with her arms and planted her chin on his shoulder. He chose to give her his ball cap to wear. She sighed.

Brit was proud of her new friends. She never truly expected them to make this journey so quickly. Her reason for today was to see how genuine they really were with their intentions.

Flying colors.

Brit allows Sophia to resume sucking Gary as she spotted Carlos alone and mildly jerking off watching Cryssa.

Patting Gary she uses her eyes to let him know she was moving on. Gary winked at her then nodded toward Carlos.

"Oh, look you caught me." Brit teases then falls into Carlos arms. As he chuckles she leads him to sit beside Gary and Sophia. Straddling him Brit mounts the Mexican stud. Her gyrations seductive and fluid.

Sophia realized that she was the only one not getting fucked. She couldn't have that. Looking up at Gary she kissed her way up his belly pulling his shirt up on the way. He hoists her 120 pounds up into his lap and rammed his own dick into her. She squealed and leaped into a hug.

Four beauties rode into the sunset.

Team players!

Ball diamonds were a girl's best friend.

**Britney Ch. 15: Support Group**

Britney Foxx conveniently stepped from her bedroom just as her Mother left the house to grocery shop. She needed quiet time with her Father to obtain his help.  
  
Sitting in the living room after washing his truck in the drive Keith enjoyed a cold brew.  
  
"Can I talk to you Daddy?"  
  
"Let me guess. You need me to watch you have sex with another virgin boyfriend." He frowns.  
  
She giggles and taps her left foot toes on the floor, "No. But I can if that's what you want."   
  
"I think I'm good for awhile. What's on your mind?"  
  
"I need a huge favor. My friend Grace from school wants to hang out with me but her parents are strict. They're Mennonites. They keep her on a leash and we're trying to find a way to let her breath and experience things that her folks might not approve of."  
  
He lowers his head shaking it, "Oh Lord. Now you're converting a good girl into a bad girl."  
  
Brit grins sheepishly, "She's really pretty. With a wild side that could rival mine if allowed. There's no way she can break free without my help. Which I cannot do that without your help."  
  
"How am I supposed to do that?"  
  
"Well. I'm going to dress up really conservative to make them more at ease. We brainstormed that I would tutor her in Chemistry at our house. But, without help they might only let her go for an hour. Can you help us get all day together?"  
  
"And, how might I do that?"  
  
"Grace told me her Father is building a barn. I know you work but it's been slow of late. Could you volunteer your services for the day? Keep her Father occupied."  
  
Keith Foxx puckers, "Barn, huh? What's in this for me?"  
  
She bats her eyes, "I can arrange a threesome."  
  
"Threesome?" He creases his brow smirking.  
  
"Yes. Once I change Grace I can get her to have sex with you. She's seventeen but almost eighteen. Three months I think."  
  
"Virgin?"  
  
"Yes. You could take her virginity." Brit sticks her tongue out at him.  
  
"Ah! Like I supposedly took yours?"   
  
"Please Daddy?" She offers puppy dog eyes.  
  
"When?"  
  
"Wednesday night we can drive out to her house. Meet her family."  
  
He nods with sudden change to a negative shake of his head. Finally, he smirks, "I'm not taking her virginity. I'll help you give her the experience of lifestyle change but that's all."  
  
Brit jumps around giddily, "Best Daddy ever. But, I bet you change your mind. I'm going to make her into a Greek Goddess."  
  
"Still not going to happen. She's younger than you. Hell, I feel guilty enough about you and I."  
  
She shuffles over and sits in his lap to hug him at an angle.  
  
"I love you Daddy. Please don't be guilty. It was consensual. I love my Daddy's sexiness." She flares her eyes, "Oooo! I feel him growing under me."  
  
He rolls his eyes, "Get up. I don't need to have your brother coming in and catching me with a hard on after you get up off me."  
  
She eases off of him and stands to his right eying his erection.  
  
"I'm going to my room. If you hear humming it's only my vibrator."  
  
She wiggles away stopping at the hallway entry long enough to look back with a mischievous grin. She then pulled her shorts down to reveal her bare ass. With a smack to her left cheek she sticks her tongue out at Keith.   
  
It took the forced point encouragement of her Father for her to vanish.   
  
Keith frowned and gazed at his mounding jeans, "You can relax now. She's gone."  
  
As if!  
  
The next morning Brit and Lance caught the bus. With each new day Brit toyed with Jacob and his friends. Rather than fuck anyone this time she chose to give "Angus" a blow job. Just before reaching the school he detonated all across her face leaving a coat of fresh paint. They dared her to wear his cum proudly and walk into the school.  
  
Brit loved a dare. Just not a bet.  
  
As she walked alone through the front doors Brit realized everyone was watching her. The jizz had dried mostly but there were still remote traces evident.  
  
Was it the cum on her face? The fact her nipples were stabbing dramatically through her orange t-shirt that revealed her belly button? Her ass perfectly defined behind her white stretchy pants that hinted a skin tone beneath? The notability of her orange thong peeking both at her snatch, as well as the micro thin bands of the thong showing above her pants at the waist?  
  
As she continued onward she passes Mr. Beatty who did his best to ignore her beauty. Fellow teachers who either frowned or took note less vividly as Beatty had. All had varying expressions of lust or disgust.   
  
Turning down another hall headed to her locker she spots Coach Dawson leaving the Principal's office. He see's her and winks holding up the tiny recorder she had given him. He then walked the other direction. Her curiosity led her to Lance who had trailed her at a distance.  
  
"I just saw Dawson. He made certain I saw the recorder you had me give him. He was leaving Principal Harding's office. You don't think he ratted me out do you?"  
  
Lance scowled, "He fucked you in his office. He has too much to lose to be that stupid."  
  
"I hope you're right. I don't need expelled from school. Dad might be okay with things, but Mom would skin me alive." She shivers crossing her arms in front of her, "What about Corey or the boys in the locker room? Do you think they will talk?"  
  
Smirking Lance tilts his head, "Wouldn't you if some boy showered in the girls locker room?"  
  
Her eyes bulge, "Shit! Everyone knows I did that. There's no way Harding doesn't know. I'm screwed."  
  
"Maybe Dawson is covering for you. It's possible he used the recorder to show Harding that the boys are lying and that they only heard the recording. That recording could be of you the day you used that egg in Beatty's class. It all fits. Stop worrying until Harding confronts you." Lance reverts his sympathetic eyes behind her as she nods. He then swivels and darts away.  
  
"Hey! Where are you going?" She growls.  
  
Suddenly, from behind her she hears a gruff throat clearing. Her eyes bulge as she watches her fellow students swiftly disperse in all directions.  
  
With a deep inhale Brit turns in her step.  
  
"Hi. How are you this morning Mr. Harding?"  
  
The bald man in a brown suit and tie stands three feet from her creasing his brow and puckering.  
  
"Step into my office Miss Foxx. We need to talk."  
  
Lowering her gaze she follows him into the front office. She passes two middle aged women whom attended to the outer office. As Harding opens his door he motions her inside then seals it behind them.  
  
"Have a seat." He barks.  
  
"Thank you." She trembles sitting across his desk from him.  
  
"Any idea why I brought you here, Miss Foxx?"  
  
She fidgets, "Not really."  
  
He gazes at her chest noticing her nipples stabbing forth.  
  
"Your attire for starters. Each new day you come to school in something that breaks our dress code. While most of my faculty seem to feel the need to keep that to themselves, it is still against school policy."  
  
"Has anyone complained? Besides yourself?" She hesitantly asks.  
  
He timidly smiles, "I'm not necessarily complaining. Merely doing my job. I have no choice."  
  
"So, you yourself have no true objection?" Brit flutters her eye lashes.  
  
He sits back in his seat and folds his arms over his belly. Peering over the bridge of his glasses he winks at her.  
  
"While I must say yes professionally, I will keep the matter at hand to myself. I have heard quite a few rumblings of late. It appears that you are being rather disruptive."  
  
"Which time?" She offers a beguiling smile of pressed lips.  
  
"Beatty's classroom. Antics on the school bus. Locker rooms. Have I missed anything?"  
  
"I'm certain you will hear more." She continues her bravado.  
  
"While that seems quite insightful for future reference, I'm afraid I need you to behave a bit more often. If we contain this now there will be no need to speak with your parents."  
  
She pouts and feigns a hint of fear, "Please don't bring them into this. I'll do anything to keep them from knowing."  
  
Harding sits up leaning his elbows on his desk.  
  
"May I ask, was that your voice on Dawson's tape recorder?"  
  
She sighs, Lance was right on the mark with his assumption.  
  
"Yes. Did you listen to it from beginning to end?"  
  
He placed his clenched knuckles over his mouth, "I did. Multiple times to determine whom I might be hearing."  
  
"I think you already knew it was me. You only wanted to hear me over and over." She continues her pouty look, "Why did Dawson bring it too you?"  
  
"Not much gets past me Miss Foxx. It's what I do with the knowledge that's important. I'll refrain from involving your parents for now. Nor will I expel you."  
  
"Thank you." She felt relief.  
  
"There are conditions to my kindness."  
  
She sits shivering at what might be in the works here.  
  
"While in class you must behave normally. Your attire? I'll let slide as long as you keep body parts hidden."  
  
"No." She blurts with a defiant look.  
  
"Pardon me?" Harding looks shocked lowering his hands to his desk top.  
  
"I said No. I like showing off. If you really feel the need to tell my parents go right ahead. Expel me if you must. Just remember, if you expel me you won't get to see these."  
  
She swiftly lifts her shirt up and exposes him to both perfect tits. Eying his flushed features she maintains her exposure. Her next move is to pinch her nipples taunt.  
  
Harding finds his palms sweaty as he clasps them together.  
  
"Please pull your shirt down. As lovely as those are I must keep this civil."  
  
She lowers her shirt but continues to swirl her index finger around her right areola through the material.  
  
Harding fidgets and caves in, "Too many reports and I will be forced to take action. I do have conditions regardless."  
  
"Such as?" She expresses curiosity.  
  
"I feel the need to offer a support group. Your behavior requires that we as professionals at least attempt to discover the reason's for your behavior changes."  
  
"The reason's simple. I'm a nympho. Who might be in this Support Group?"  
  
Harding grins, "Coach Dawson. Mr. Beatty. Mr. Marko. Mr. Garrick. Myself."  
  
She nods puckering, "I see. All men. After school detention?"  
  
"Yes. For two hours."  
  
"Is that long enough?" She raises a brow.  
  
"I suppose that depends on how unruly you become."  
  
"Tell my Dad that you asked me to stay over and help paint the set for the school play."  
  
"I can do that."  
  
I plan on wearing less tomorrow. A white spaghetti string tank top. No bra. Stretchy white mini skirt with no panties. So, unless your Support Group changes my mind you can expect me to get even sluttier."  
  
"I suppose we will need to work hard on your behavior issues. You know the room. Be there after the final bell."  
  
She stands up and reaches her fingers down the front of her pants and beneath her orange thong to touch her clit. Eying his reaction she smiles.  
  
"You guys don't have a chance of changing me."  
  
He scowls, "We shall see."  
  
The school day went fast. In the process Brit allowed certain boys from her Locker room foray to run there hands down her pants and rub her bare ass. A few allowed to grope her bare breasts in the halls.   
  
On one instance her friend Grace observed Brit offer a gift to Corey from the Locker room and his friend Chris. She offered them a snack of sucking on her nipples right outside the lunch room. Many boys witnessed this in envy.  
  
Grace was pulled aside by Brit who ran her own hand within the Mennonite Beauty's shirt and bra to squeeze her tit. Blushing heavily Grace loved it. The encouragement of the boys around them made her wet.  
  
All for today, as classes ended.  
  
Reaching Room 102 Brit took a deep breath and entered the room. Within the room sat the five Faculty members, their chairs in a circle.  
  
She eases her book bag off of her shoulder and moves closer.  
  
"So, Support Me. Let me get away with anything I want to do." She hints sheepishly.  
  
Principal Harding chuckles, "Stand in the middle of our seating arrangement."  
  
She moves between Marko and Dawson. Dawson pats her ass as she steps through.  
  
"If that was supposed to be a spank, it was pathetic. If you expect to discipline me you need to be more aggressive."  
  
Harding raises his palms, "Calm yourself. Why don't you begin with telling us why you feel the need to act up as you do."  
  
She shrugs, "I lost a bet. Once I started fulfilling that bet I changed. Now there's no going back to the old Britney."  
  
"I see." notes Harding.  
  
"What was the bet?" asks Mr. Marko, a large hulking man with red hair and sideburns.  
  
"Video games. My brother and his friends. I ended up naked in my living room in front of them. It got worse. They fingered me. It was awesome."  
  
"Your brother fingered you?" frowned Garrick, a lesser sized man with a bushy moustache.  
  
"Oh no. He just watched and let them. Laughed at me. I'm okay with his watching."  
  
"That was it?" Dawson growled.  
  
"No. The bet also consisted of my serving them as a slave for 48 hours each. So far that's only been like 5 hours total. School and all."  
  
"I bet there was more." Dawson chuckles.  
  
"If I said no then you would win. So yes that was all." She giggles and crushes her tits together as she held her wrist at her waist.  
  
The men share a short chuckle as well.  
  
Finally, Harding feels prompted to say, "Earlier you defied my conditions. Why do you feel the urgency to show off so much."  
  
"Guys love it. I love it. It's fun to see how brave they get."  
  
"I'm certain there are plenty of students who object to your performances. Those are the ones that tend to be vocal."  
  
"I have yet to hear even one objection. Looks maybe. Ninety percent want more of what I do."  
  
Marko huffs, "I know I do."  
  
She releases her wrist and points at him winking.  
  
Harding glares over at Marko, "Composure, Nicolas. Composure."  
  
Dawson grunts, "CUMposure! I heard she walked into the school this morning wearing cum on her face."  
  
"Is this true Miss Foxx?" Harding winces.  
  
"Yes. It was mostly dried by that time. I was hoping it might be more noticeable."  
  
This brightened up the entire five men.  
  
"I could always leave school today wearing cum on my face." She sticks her tongue out at them.  
  
Harding tries not to laugh looking as professional as possible adding,   
  
"While that sounds creative, I think we should remain focused."  
  
"Focused? On what?" She yanks her shirt over her head and dangles it to her side, "My tits?"  
  
As they sat speechless she peels her pants to her ankles to stand in her thong. Turning on her toes in a circle she leers behind her, "Or my ass?"  
  
Still silent but unblinking they observe her kick off her thinly heeled pumps to remove her pants entirely. With a swift move she kicks them over into Garrick's lap. Her shirt goes toward Dawson.  
  
Standing there expressionless before them she puckers awaiting their words.  
  
Marko decides to stand up and move in to face her, "I didn't get any clothing."  
  
He proceeds to bend down and guide her thong to her toes and remove it from her. He quickly places the orange cloth to his nose inhaling.  
  
"Smell's sweet." He chuckles.  
  
She then scoots her body closer and presses her thighs toward his face. He lowers the thong and nudges his face into her snatch. Nose tickling in her thin pubic strip he exhales vividly. The warmth made Brit flare her eyes and sigh.  
  
Nick Marko reaches his hands up and clutches her hips. He was a giant. His hands nearly triple the size of hers.  
  
With an effortless lift he raises her 112 pound body up. He stands himself guiding her over his head and lowering her pussy over his lips and wagging tongue.  
  
"HOLY SHIT!" She rolls her eyes and literally touches the ceiling above her.  
  
Below them the four remaining men merely watch and shake their heads.   
  
Marko had his tongue in her hole and was fucking her with it by raising and lowering her gently.  
  
Brit moaned as his nose teased at her clit. Marko himself growled at his enjoyment. He overlooked her wetness drowning his cheeks and chin.  
  
After five minutes Brit cried out as she cum.  
  
Finally, Marko eased her to a more manageable angle before cradling her in his arms. He looked her in the eye as she trembled erratically.  
  
She did notice Dawson get up and head for the door. He opens it carefully and looks out. Nobody in sight, he shuts and locks the door.  
  
Marko had carried her to the big oak desk and sat her down on it. She noted that all five men had surrounded the desk.  
  
"At least I know who the SUPPORT really is in this group." She giggles teasing Marko with her toes along his hips.  
  
Harding stands beside Marko facing her, "Would you like to make a bet with us Miss Foxx?"  
  
"Only if it's juicy and I lose." She muses.  
  
"Care to hear my wager?"  
  
"Yes." She brightens up.  
  
"I will let you get away with absolutely anything in school as long as none of us loses our jobs over it."  
  
"Here come the conditions." She chuckles reaching behind her to clutch Garrick's shirt.  
  
"No conditions. You appear honorable to past bets. I would only expect that same honor should you lose."  
  
"I'll lose on purpose. So just tell me what you want."  
  
"We each would like private moments with you. When the time is right. Without the risk of trouble. You are eighteen and obviously consenting."  
  
"Sure. As long as I can get free. Lots of commitments these days. Like what?"  
  
Harding winks, "Eye candy out of town. Escort me. Away from all of those who know me."  
  
"Sounds fun. Give me at least three weeks before I commit to that one. Like I said lots of commitments. What about you Mr. Garrick?" Her fingers release his shirt and slither down over his crotch.  
  
He eyes her laying back and reaches over her to squeeze her breast.  
  
"I think we basically all want the same. I just want to fuck the shit out of you."  
  
She rubs the length of his girth in his slacks.  
  
"I think it might help if you took Mr. Marko's spot and dropped your pants."  
  
Marko chuckles and gruffly grips her by the ankles and rotates her butt on the desk to face Garrick.  
  
"All yours Shaunesy." Marko teases Shaun Garrick.  
  
With the rotation Brit couldn't stop snickering. He hands now reached for both Marko and Harding's crotches.  
  
Garrick bent over and licked her clit fingering her. She cooed at his frolicking tongue. Marko removed her hand and unzipped his pants, dropping eight inches of tube over her mouth. She immediately nurtured it with her lips and tongue.  
  
As she did her eyes met Beatty's whom had appeared disappointed that she had left him out. She lingers her cheek on Marko's crown as she whispers up to Beatty, "I still have a crush on you. So does Grace."  
  
This brightened him up. He recalled the young Mennonite's bold behavior last week. It made his mind wander until he opened his own fly to jerk off.   
  
Beside him Dawson nodded and agreed. Jerking sounded good. He however crawled up on the desk to dangle his manhood over her chest.  
  
Brit returned her mouth to Marko swallowing his cock. He brusquely fed her by gripping her skull at the ears while she dangled limply over the edge of the desk.  
  
At her feet Garrick halted his feast to drop his pants and crawl up over her with an applied condom. He them slide easily into her pussy. She was so drenched that any snugness had no bearing.  
  
His thrusts grew intense causing her to groan and moan at Marko suffocating her and Garrick slamming her thighs hard.  
  
Dawson held her to the desk as she slid awkwardly with each of Garrick's thrusts. As did Harding whom had pulled his own dick out and compressed Brit's hand around it. She did her best to stroke him but her attention wavered. He was satisfied minimally. He knew it must be difficult to coordinate though. He was patient.  
  
Her left hand fanned out vividly trying to locate Beatty. Finally, he realized it and guided his cock into her final grip. At least all of them knew she was thinking of them.

Dawson knelt his profile under Garrick to suck on her breast.  
  
She was ecstatic at her mission, feeling supportive of all of them.  
  
Marko grunted as his cock throbbed like an earthquake. He tightens up and erupts a massive load in her mouth. With one burden from her goal she gasped at his exit from her throat. A trail of saliva and jizz webbed over her brow. She then carefully nudged Marko back and drew Beatty and Harding in side by side. She swallowed Marko's cum and wagged her tongue toward the two above her. Both men chuckled with a shrug and placed their crowns on her lips together. She giggled breathlessly and opened her jaw as wide as possible in an attempt to partake of both crowns at once. Barely managing she sucks on two crowns at once. Even she was amazed.  
  
Garrick inside her shot loudly and eased out of her. Crawling aside Dawson replaced him with his own covered cock. He held her legs high and thrust downward into her. The change of sensation made her choke on Harding and Beatty while nearly screaming. They chose to back away and let her brewing orgasm take its toll on her.  
  
Within minutes Dawson floods his condom and she drowns his latex.  
  
Harding couldn't resist he made his move by spinning her lifeless agony around to face his side of the desk. He then entered her pussy for his own round of fireworks. Her eyes rolled back at Harding's final throes. She literally gripped him by his ears making his glasses tumble to the desk.  
  
Final detonation he steps back staggering with glasses in hand.  
  
This left Marko and Beatty.  
  
Marko slid her off of the desk and made her kneel at his feet. There he jazzed a second time all over her face. Beatty was forced in by a chuckling Marko to add to his brew. A second coat pelted her brow and hairline.  
  
Dawson and Garrick removed their condoms and poured them on her lips and nose.  
  
Harding peppered his final droplets on her chin.  
  
She sat there expressionless as the men got dressed. Dawson took the time to take cell pics of her in her cum covered state. She modelled and licked her lips.  
  
After a round of laughter Harding helped her to her feet. Sitting her on the desk he lifted her chin.  
  
"I look forward to that white top and mini skirt tomorrow."  
  
"I'm taking my top off in the hallway." She sticks her tongue out at him as cum drips off of her nose.  
  
"As long as no one reports you."  
  
"I don't care if they do. My skirt goes up to my waist too. Guys WILL touch me all over. You can't stop me."  
  
The men chuckle together as Marko adds, "Tough kid. Seeing as I'm the only one who hasn't officially fucked you, drop by my class over lunchtime."  
  
"Only if I can bring a friend."  
  
"Friend?"  
  
Beatty pats him on the back, "Say Grace before you eat."  
  
Brit smiles snorting, "That's funny."  
  
Marko of course didn't understand.  
  
Beatty in response gathered her clothes and assisted her into her pants. Her shirt was carefully pulled over her head to avoid the cum on her face. She wanted to walk out wet.  
  
Shoes on, book bag over her arm she goes to the door.  
  
Looking back over her shoulder she smiles.  
  
"Best Group Hug ever."  
  
They had to stay and talk for the next hour.  
  
Bragging rights.  
  
Brit met Jacob outside to give her a ride home.  
  
"Were they rough on you?" Jacob sat concerned.  
  
She points at her face, "Made me sweat. That's for sure."  
  
He shook his head.  
  
"Whore!"  
  
"No. Just a slut."  
  
"Slut!"  
  
She merely shrugged.  
  
He would keep her secret. He wanted more of her in the future.  
  
She would give it up regardless.  
  
Nice sentiment though.

**Britney Ch. 16: Taste Buds**

Third period freedom as the school referred to Study Hall, basically a chance to relax. Some merely snuck off to the Gym.  
  
"You should have been there Tara. Oh my God. So much fun." Dawn sits next to her fellow cheerleader nursing her sprained ankle.  
  
"I heard. Cryssa was texting with me all night long. I can't believe you guys went that far. Teasing is one thing. Sex in public is another. Not to mention they were old." The toned athlete who not only was a cheerleader but on the Track team. A sport she would need to forsake for a good long while now.  
  
"I didn't expect that to happen. Once it started I couldn't stop. It was awesome. I love Brit."  
  
The blond merely looks at her friends excitement, "I can see that. I'm not sure I could have gone that far. A flash maybe."  
  
"Ohhh no." A voice drew her attention behind her, "You would have joined right in. New team in town Blondie."   
  
Britney Foxx had crept up behind them on the bleachers.  
  
"Hi." Tara smiled, "Maybe. I guess I just needed to be there. I sprained my ankle, it's hard to stand long."  
  
"That's why you lay down." Brit giggles and stretches out on the wood seating to lay back. In the process her black mini skirt fanned wide to expose her darling pussy in all it's succulent glory. Tara could easily see it.  
  
"You're so bold. I love that. Give me time."  
  
"No better time than now." Brit sits up noticing Corey from the Locker room shower watching her. He had been shooting hoops with a fellow teammate.   
  
Tara flutters her eyes as she spots Corey, "Is Corey Booker watching you or me? He's so hot."  
  
"All of us silly." Brit sighs, "Considering my hoohaw was smiling right at him I would say me, more though. Let's change that."  
  
Tara turns pale, "Now? What?"  
  
Brit waves Corey over to them. Dribbling his ball he walks their way.  
  
"Hey Shower Caddy. You know Tara here right?"  
  
He smirks at her, "Of course I know Tara. Cheerleader for me on the court. I cheer for her on the track."  
  
Tara brightens up, "Really? You watch me run?"  
  
"Every wiggle you make."  
  
Brit chuckles, "I might not need to play matchmaker after all. Hit it Corey."  
  
He blushes with a nudge of his toe on the court, "Heard you have a limp now."  
  
Tara pouts, "Yeah. Hurts to walk. I ice it a lot."  
  
"If you need a crutch just yell. I'll come running."  
  
"CRUTCH!" She blurts laughing.  
  
Brit steps down from the bleachers and hops in step. She then kneels down in front of Tara and Dawn.   
  
"He can help you stretch. I'm sure your ankle could use the tension relief."  
  
Dawn offers her own round of giggles, "Yeah. You said you could put your legs behind your head."  
  
"And take a drink." Brit adds trying to cheer her up.  
  
Blushing Tara chokes, "When I'm in shape. I don't think that's smart with my ankle like it is. It's swollen."  
  
"As swollen as Corey's dick right now thinking of your legs behind your head?" Brit hisses playfully.  
  
Corey turns his back holding the ball as well as his laughter. He wanted to play charming.  
  
"I'll try one leg." Tara groans exhaling through grit teeth.  
  
Corey bulges his eyes as he turns back to face them. He had to see this.  
  
Moving aside Brit and Dawn both give her space. Tara struggles slightly as her good leg slides up and around her neck. In doing so her uniform skirt hiked up to reveal her white panties. She blushed heavily but maintained her pose.  
  
Brit jumped in swiftly and held her firm while using her remaining hand to reach under her skirt and pry the panties over to reveal her silky smooth pussy. In her propped stance her hole was gaping wide and inviting.  
  
"Heyyyyyyyyyy!" Tara shrieks at Brit's intrusion.  
  
Corey smirks, "Damn that's beautiful."  
  
Tara wanted to die then and there. But, she also felt happy to know Corey found interest in her.  
  
"Have a lick. Nobody's looking right now." Dawn urges Corey.  
  
Corey didn't even ponder it. He dropped to his knees in front of Tara and leans in to roll his tongue in her labia and flicking it over her clit like a lizard.   
  
She whimpered trying not to cry out. The experience made her nearly shed a tear. Not from fear. Nor from against her will. She wanted more.  
  
"I could eat that all day." Corey kisses her clit then stands up to look down at her.  
  
She in turn glares up at him trembling, "Okay."  
  
He chuckles then dribbles the ball, darting back to again shoot hoops.  
  
"See? Was that so hard?" Brit reaches her palm in and slaps her clit making Tara wheeze then cringe. It was her way of bringing the blond back to reality.  
  
"Why did you do that?" Tara lowers her leg and straightens her underwear out awkwardly.  
  
"Corey? Or my Stank Spank?" Britney winks, "You needed to see what you do to guys. You may be athletic but you have curves. You know guys look at you all the time. That ponytail needs to be pulled."  
  
Dawn instinctively yanks her friends tail giggling.  
  
"Okay. That was fun. Insane, but fun. He can eat me forever. I'll let him."  
  
Brit raises a finger, "Ah, but will you let others?"  
  
Tara offers a terrified expression, "Others?"  
  
"I dare you to let two other guys lick that sexy snatch before schools out." Brit stares at her for commitment.  
  
"Like who?"  
  
"I'll choose one guy. Dawn can pick the other. You just do it."  
  
Goose bumps rash over the blond. The thoughts made her squishy yet terrified of getting into trouble. After a moment to think she fidgets, "I get to pick a third."  
  
Brit stands up while slapping the girls bare leg, "That's the school spirit."  
  
Without further ado Brit reaches under Tara's skirt and tugs her white panties off. There was a fight but Brit with Dawn's assistance won out.  
  
"I hate you guys. I'm defenseless." She turns red laughing.  
  
"I'll just give these to Corey for safe keeping." Brit sticks her tongue out at the cheerleader. After a three minute jaunt over to Corey, Brit returns.  
  
"I told him to auction them off in the locker room then buy you lunch later."  
  
Tara merely hid her eyes.  
  
Without warning, the free period bell rings forcing the students to groan at having to return to class. Tara Zellers hobbles along with Dawn and Brit at her side. Stepping down the hall headed toward Tara's Art class the three separate. She was on her own.   
  
After parting Brit spots her friend Grace heading to the same class. She stops her by yanking the girls ass length hair. Grace caught off guard let out a deafening cry.  
  
"Calm down. It's just your Tutor." Brit creases a brow.  
  
"Sorry. You scared me."  
  
"I have a favor. You share Tara Zellers Art class. I dared her to let two other guys lick her pussy. Let me know if you see her do it."  
  
"Dare me. Dare me." Grace giggles.  
  
"All in good time." She holds her palms up as if taming her spirit.  
  
"I'll report in later. I have to go." Grace points to class.  
  
"Ditto. See ya."   
  
As class begins Grace chooses to sit beside Tara. They didn't know each other at all. At certain points Tara had even ridiculed the Mennonite beauty. That would change.  
  
"Hi. I'm Grace. Brit asked me to help you in any way I could."  
  
Tara raises a brow, "You know Brit?"  
  
"Very well." She winks at the cheerleader.  
  
"Wow! Never would have guessed. The dare I presume?"  
  
"Yes." Grace teases her with a tongue lash then covers her mouth trying not to laugh.  
  
Tara couldn't help but smile and whisper, "Not much to pick from in here. Besides she and Dawn need to choose for me. Well, I guess I choose one myself. But nobody excites me."  
  
Looking around the room she frowns at every single boy there.  
  
"Does it have to be a boy?" Grace poses.  
  
"Umm! I've never you know...been with a girl." She cautiously murmurs.  
  
"Neither have I."  
  
Tara narrows her eyes, "You've had sex before? Again, never would have guessed that."  
  
Warmly smiling Grace uses her hand to act as if giving head.   
  
"Oh, I'm still a virgin. But, I'm getting there."  
  
Tara couldn't help but smile, "I don't think I want anybody from this class."  
  
"Whatever you decide. I'm certain you will fulfill your quest."  
  
"Thanks for the vote of confidence, Grace. Wait I thought your name was "Emily"."  
  
"It is. My birth name is Emily Grace. I prefer Grace. My family calls me Grace too. Any time you need a friend let me know."   
  
As class came to order they were instructed to draw with charcoal. The teacher assigns the students to choose someone else in the class to draw.  
  
As each of the class prepares their paper Grace taps Tara on the shoulder.   
  
"That boy is watching you."  
  
Tara glances along the path of Grace's finger to spot a gently buff boy with short brown hair. The boy nods at her in return. He then positions his desk and paper to face Tara.  
  
Tara blushes as he begins drawing her. His bobbing attentiveness kept her from her own assignment.  
  
"I don't know him even." Tara whispers to Grace.  
  
Grace shrugs, "I believe his name is Trent. You should pose for him."  
  
Tara fidgets deciding to draw Trent himself out of retaliation. She in turn scoots her seat to face him. In the process she felt daring and gently slid her skirt high. He could see her pussy in the shadows.   
  
Stopping his sketching to take her boldness in, she winks at him and tugs it up even more. She then whispers, "Draw me."  
  
He smirks at her and continues on his mission. Tara had also began drawing Trent. She originally giggles to herself after drawing Trent with a massive erection under his jeans. She slyly shows him her mischief which makes him turn beet red.   
  
Trent now vengeful draws her pussy with a huge gapping hole. Before showing her he places his finger on the hole.   
  
Her eyes bulge and she gets wet instantly. He toys with her by using his finger to jab the drawn hole multiple times.  
  
Squinting at him playfully she returns to her drawing and improves on it before releasing it to his attention. She pinched toward the sketched erection then used her fingers as if stroking him.  
  
Trent almost burst, feeling his dick rise at their playful nature. He silently laughed and for a moment hid his eyes with his hand. This made Tara look around at her teacher Ms. Karroll and her fellow artists. Each were distracted by their own works of art.  
  
Feeling secure Tara touched her clit for him to see. She then licked her lips.  
  
His reaction was priceless. At first awe and curiosity, then temptation. He wags his tongue at her which she merely pauses with an affirmative nod.  
  
His face turns white this time. He wanted to. Shaken by desire he drops his charcoal and pad to the floor. The soft impact was still enough to gather witnesses.   
  
Tara swiftly lowers her skirt and broke the connection with Trent other than their artwork.  
  
At fifteen minutes before class was over "Margaret Karroll" instructed that they show off their talents. Laughing amongst each other the students examined their opponents ability.  
  
Tara showed Trent a nicer if not nerdy sketch of himself kicked back like a slacker. He puckered his amusement then gifted her with a beautifully rendered drawing of her beauty. However he drew a large leg cast on her bad leg. On the cast was his phone number and "Trent was here".  
  
She dropped her jaw and gave him a thumbs up. In return he placed his own thumbs up over his crotch symbolizing his erection.  
  
Grace saw the two bantering then whispers, "I think he licks you...I mean likes you."  
  
Tara chuckles, "We'll see after class."  
  
The final bell rings and the students begin their departure. Outside the class Grace leaves Tara after a whispered, "Good luck."  
  
As Trent steps from the room he casually joins Tara to lean on a wall.  
  
"That was insane." Trent blushes.  
  
"I know. Fun though. I hope you liked what you drew."   
  
He scratches the back of his head nervously, "I did."   
  
Trent then kneels down beside her clicking his pen to literally write what he had drew on her fake leg cast. Number included on her bare leg.  
  
"There now you have my cell number." He looks up at her.  
  
"While you're down there." She giggles lifting her skirt in front to give him an eye level view of her snatch.  
  
He begins sweating and looking around him then finally back up at Tara's eyes on him.  
  
"Lick me." She smiles with her tongue pressed between her lips.  
  
Trent took the offer and moved in for a record time lick over her labia. Tara shivered at his tongue that abandoned her flesh all too quickly. Standing up Trent faced her with bulged eyes. He was speechless.  
  
Tara leaped forward into him and kissed his cheek, "I will call you."  
  
Amazed, Trent watched Tara waddle away.  
  
Reaching her next class "Geography" Tara Zellers was joined by Sophia Pope and Cryssa Apari.  
  
"I saw that. Dawn texted me that you had a challenge. How was it?"  
  
Tara grinned sheepishly, "Two more to go."  
  
"Four more. Cryssa and I have to get in on this."  
  
Tara drops her jaw, "That mean's four more tongues. How am I supposed to do that before schools over?"  
  
The two cheerleaders merely shrug at one another. Neither had any ideas.  
  
Tara groaned and rolled her eyes before hobbling away. Before she could get away Cryssa belted out, "Stewart Maberly".  
  
Tara's eyes bulge as she twists in step, "Noooooooooooooo! He's horrible."  
  
"Britney always says it's not about looks." points out Sophia.  
  
Tara frowns, "Really? Would you let Stewart Maberly lick your clit?"  
  
Wincing both girls shiver at the thought. Seeing their reaction Tara grinned evilly.  
  
"Ok. I'll do it. But, you two have to do whatever I challenge you with another day."  
  
The girls agree then giggle brushing up against each other.  
  
Tara winced at the thought of nerd like Stewart with his thick rimmed glasses. He was lanky and tall with a mild case of acne.  
  
Sitting in the chair next to him was easy. Nobody wanted to sit by him.   
  
"Hi Stewart." Tara sits down adjusting her foot toward him.  
  
He shyly looked up at her and turned red.  
  
"I needed room to stretch my leg out. These chairs are so cramped. I hope you don't mind."  
  
Stuttering he nods, "N-no. Feel free."  
  
"Trust me I do." She fans her skirt up to allow him to see her pussy.   
  
His eyes bulged as the class began.   
  
Substitute Teacher "Joan Davis" began discussing the "Panama Canal". Each time she said "Canal" Tara opened her legs and lifted her skirt. Her pussy gapped open with each knee movement.  
  
Stewart was mesmerized yet nervous. Tara herself bolder.  
  
Joan's discussion of ships moving in and out of the canal made him sweat. Tara found it exhilarating. It was too perfect. She taunted him throughout the entire class until the bell rang. As the room gathered to leave Tara stopped Stewart.  
  
"Can you help me stand up?"  
  
Stewart nodded and moved in front of her as she struggled to pull herself up. In doing so she dropped her books in front of her. Instinctively Stewart knelt to pick them up. Just as he did she lifted her skirt high and used him to block the view. Her fingers spread her lips open and she whispered, "Please lick my pussy."  
  
Stunned Stewart looked around to find everyone blocking Ms. Davis from spotting them.  
  
"Don't be shy." She encourages.  
  
Knowing he might never get another chance he dives down and licks her labia. The trouble was, one lick led to three, four, and counting. Finally, Tara lifts him away and smiles with eyes wide, "That was awesome."  
  
He grins and shrinks slightly until Tara lifts his chin, "Stop being nervous. I liked it. Thank you."  
  
"W-why Me?" He quivers.  
  
"You looked like you needed cheering up. If you keep this quiet maybe I'll let you finish another time. Deal?"  
  
He nods smiling from ear to ear. He then stands up and pulls her to her feet.  
  
"Can I carry your books to your next class?"  
  
"I have gym next. Raincheck?"  
  
"O-okay." She lets him walk her out into the hall then hugs him quickly.  
  
Sophia and Cryssa stare at her in awe as she joins them limping along.  
  
"Ewww!" Cryssa said.  
  
"Hey. Surprisingly he's good at that."  
  
Grimacing Cryssa looks back at Stewart eying them.  
  
"Be nice to him or I'll make you let him eat you out too." Tara smirks devilishly.  
  
Cryssa bit her tongue and fluttered her fingers his way.  
  
Sophia merely looked the other way with a case of shakes.  
  
Moving to the gym they met Brit and Dawn returning from their own gym class.  
  
"How goes it, Lickity Split?" Brit teased.  
  
"Two so far. These bozos added pressure on me."  
  
Cryssa laughed, "I made Stewart Maberly lick her."  
  
Tara stood up for him, "You let him eat you out for ten minutes. You deserve it for mocking me."  
  
"What?" Cryssa drops her jaw.  
  
"You heard me."  
  
The Filipino beauty pouts, "I hear you."  
  
Brit pats Tara on the back, "I'm proud of you."  
  
Tara smiles nervously, "Trent licked me too. That's three tongues today."  
  
Brit nods puckering, "Good."  
  
Sophia jumps in with, "I can't decide who I want to let lick her."  
  
Dawn sighs, "So, Sophia, Me, and Brit still have choices."  
  
Tara rolls her eyes holding her breath, "Who's next?"  
  
Before anyone could say anything Corey Booker and a friend stomped toward them grumbling.  
  
"Thanks Foxx. I tried auctioning those panties off but Coach Dawson intercepted them. Now we have to go see Principal Harding. Detention for sure." Corey sneered.  
  
Brit chuckled, "Chill out. I got this."  
  
The boys shake their heads and move on toward Harding's office.  
  
Tara stood stunned, "Dawson has my underwear? Oh my God!"  
  
Cryssa snarls, "He's probably sniffing them right now."  
  
Tara whines as Brit whispers something to Dawn beside her. Dawn's eyes bulge. Whistling makes Dawn turn away.  
  
In response Tara cringes, "What?"  
  
Brit grabs her by the shoulders.  
  
"Coach Dawson."  
  
All of the girls froze in awe.  
  
"You want Dawson to lick me? Are you crazy?"  
  
"You can do this, trust me." Brit winks at her.  
  
"I can't do this. I fail."  
  
Brit nods, "Okay. Let's at least go get your panties back."  
  
Brit and Dawn join her on her journey as Sophia and Cryssa return to classes.  
  
In the gym Brit guides her further downstairs to Dawson's office. A knock on the door hears a loud, "It's open."  
  
The two girls enter and shut the door. Dawson sat at his desk.  
  
"What can I do for you?" He grumbles.  
  
Brit pats Tara on the back, "Tara needs her panties back."  
  
Dawson leans forward with a crease in his brow. He then lifts the panties up from his lap.  
  
"These belong to you?"  
  
Tara Zellers whimpers, "Yes. They're mine."  
  
"Booker was trying to sell these things. What the hell's that about?"  
  
Brit steps back and lets Tara confront the situation.  
  
"Ummm! I needed lunch money."  
  
Dawson sits back laughing under his breath, "That's all they're worth?"  
  
Tara turns pale mumbling, "For the next month."  
  
He notes Tara's bruised ankle wrapped up, "Need to get off that foot?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
He scoots his chair back then pats the desk in front of him. Tara hesitantly looked at Brit.  
  
Britney shrugs, "Been there, done that. It's comfy."  
  
Tara cringed then shuffled over to his desk and carefully sat up on it.   
  
Dawson sat back eying her hands in her lap covering the front of her skirt. He rubbed his chin then brought her panties up to his nose. Inhaling he nods.  
  
Tara swallows and bites her lip then removes her hands. On the way up she lifts her skirt to reveal her glistening labia.  
  
Dawson studies it with a smile, "That's nice."  
  
Tara calms her nerves, "You can lick it if you give me my panties back and get Corey and Greg out of trouble with Harding."  
  
Nodding in thought he slides his chair forward and leans in to flick his tongue over her clit. She felt nauseous but let him lick six more times. He lifts away using her panties to wipe his chin. With a puckered nod he dangles her panties up for Tara to retrieve.  
  
"Thank you Coach Dawson." Tara whispers.  
  
"No problem. This NEVER happened. Understood? Strike it from memory."  
  
With a feverish nod Tara slips off the desk and joins Brit. Brit looked sad that she endured that.

"Why are you all pouty? You got what you wanted."  
  
Tara hobbles through the door followed by Brit. Reaching the stairs Tara turns to Brit.  
  
"Here! Keep my panties. I'm not done with my challenge yet."  
  
Without so much as an expression Tara heads up into the gymnasium. As she hobbles toward her own Coach who spots her while pointing to the bleachers to sit, Tara listens.  
  
Just before sitting Dawn rejoined them just in time to hear the intercom system barrel out, "TARA ZELLERS, PLEASE REPORT TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE".  
  
All jaws dropped as Tara looked at the ground.  
  
Swiveling carefully Tara limped away toward the office, Brit and Dawn behind her by five steps. A miserable journey later Tara marches into the outer office of Principal Harding.  
  
The lady at the front desk faintly smiled, "Go on in Tara."  
  
Before she could enter Dawn tugged her uniform sleeve. Whispering in her ear Dawn says, "Principal Harding."  
  
Tara whines and closes her eyes. Without a word she enters the office and notices that Corey and Greg were no where in sight.  
  
Harding stands up and moves around his desk, "How's that ankle?"  
  
She mutters, "Really tender."  
  
"I'm sorry to hear that. Please take a seat."  
  
Sitting carefully Tara notes Harding sit on the edge of his desk beside her.  
  
"Do you know why you are here Miss Zellers?"  
  
"Not really." She attempts.  
  
Scowling caused her to shy away her gaze.  
  
Before he could say another word Tara blows the hair from her brow and hikes her skirt up in front.  
  
"Fine! Yes they were my panties. I'm going commando today. Lick me while I'm still in a good mood."  
  
Stunned by her gruff attitude Harding eyes her pussy. She went so far as to lift her good leg up and over the chairs arm. Tara then spread her lips wide and teased herself.  
  
"Well, now. I'm not certain what brought this on. I was only going to tell you that your Father called and said he wasn't going to make it home tonight. That you were supposed to go stay with your Aunt Alicia."  
  
Her eyes deaden suddenly, "Oh."  
  
She fidgets lightly then looks up at Harding with eyes darting between he and her lap.  
  
Rubbing his neck he grits his teeth. Taking the bait Harding kneels down and licks her. His tongue attacks her rapidly causing her to moan. She allowed him to continue feeding while her eyes moved about the office. She noted a large silver microphone on his desk and suddenly narrowed her eyes. Reaching for it she clicked the button on it and began moaning loudly.  
  
Over the speaker system the entire school heard her.  
  
Outside Brit and Dawn bulged their eyes at the secretary who leered toward Harding's door.  
  
Within the office Harding leaped to his feet and reclaimed his Mic.  
  
"Are you trying to make me lose my job?"  
  
She shook her head, "No. Just proving a point to someone. Give me detention. I'll just say I was goofing off. I swear."  
  
"Two days detention. Get out of my office." He points at the door.  
  
She stands up lowering her skirt.  
  
Before her exit Harding stopped her to whisper, "Delicious."  
  
With a wink Tara departs.  
  
Harding follows her out looking at his secretary, "This young lady has detention for two days for that outrage."  
  
Tara puts on a show, "I told you I was just joking. Please don't give me detention."  
  
"I said TWO DAYS. Be lucky I'm not expelling you."  
  
Harding then barges into his office.  
  
Crying Tara races awkwardly out into the hallway.  
  
Brit and Dawn join her expecting to be yelled at.  
  
Tara turns with a look of amazement, "I'm getting good at this."  
  
Brit is taken back, "Dang. You rival me. Slut!"  
  
Dawn could only stare in awe.  
  
"One more right?"  
  
"Yep. This one is for Sophia." Brit kneels down and lifts Tara's skirt and licks her pussy three times before rising.  
  
"Doesn't taste like chicken. Nope definitely no chicken in these parts."  
  
The girls all laughed as one.  
  
Taste Buds forever.

**Britney Ch. 17: Barn Door**

Keith Foxx carefully drove down a muddy road in his Ford pickup. He would need to take it to a car wash after today. Unfortunately this road was the only way back to the homestead of "Isaiah and Mary Ruuthouse", parents of Britney's friend Grace.  
  
Beside him sat his daughter Brit appearing far more adult than he had ever seen her. Today his cute youngster wore an unbelievably long dress that he had only seen her wear one time ever. Her hair was pinned up in a bun with what he could only call knitting needles through a leather patch. Of course he was a man and didn't know the proper term for what he called a Pin Cushion. She also wore glasses that made her seem rather Librarian in nature. He had to chuckle at her poise.   
  
"Quit glancing at me and laughing. Once I start I won't be able to stop. Laughing that is. I know I look ridiculous. But, this is the only way I can gain the trust of Grace's family. By the way, you look nice in that flannel shirt. We can always go find you a straw hat to look Amish."  
  
"I don't do hats unless they sponsor a ball team. I hope you know I feel really used here. While you have your fun I might be stuck building a barn."  
  
"Thank you Daddy. I'll make sure Grace thanks you too once I transform her into a Goddess."  
  
Keith scowled. He didn't need to feel any more guilt over playing with any more young girls. His daughter was enough to contain as it was. So, why was the thought of some girl who supposedly had hair down past her ass so appealing? His jeans felt entirely too tight.  
  
Finally reaching the end of the road they discovered a corral that held four horses to their left. As the road stopped in favor of a grassy area with a stone pathway they noted a large really old two story farm house. It needed a bit of work but it was indeed rustic.   
  
"Little House on the Prairie" Keith chuckled.  
  
"No clue." Brit shrugged concerning his reference.  
  
Grace was up on the porch with they presumed her Grandmother in a swing. Once she spotted the truck Grace stood up and moved to the steps. Keith realized the girl was a looker even wearing the long dress and hair up under a thin white bonnet.  
  
"She must be hot under all that get up." Keith growls shutting his engine off.  
  
Brit smiles, "Very hot. You wait and see."  
  
"Not what I meant." Keith hissed scratching his scalp.  
  
Getting out of the truck Brit led the way as Keith followed with uncertainty."  
  
"Hello." Brit waved at Grace and the elderly woman in similar garb.  
  
"Hello, Britney. Join us on the porch. This is my grandmother, "Anna". Grandmother this is my friend Britney."  
  
Britney climbs the steps then turns to face the woman and actually curtsy's. The bow left Keith speechless. Who was this strange child he raised?  
  
"This is my father, "Keith". I do not drive so I asked him to bring me out here. I hope that is okay."  
  
Anna sits silently in the swing and merely eyes them.  
  
"Smile, Grandmother. They are harmless." Grace urges.  
  
Finally, the woman smirks and returns to knitting the blanket she was forming.  
  
"What are we knitting?" Brit attempted curiosity in favor of good impression.  
  
She carefully strolls over to look more closely.  
  
"It's beautiful. I would love to learn how to knit like that. My mother is not that talented."  
  
Keith nods with a frown thinking, "Got that right."  
  
Anna stops crocheting long enough to pat the swing beside her. Brit smiles and moves to sit down next to her. Once comfy Anna hands her the knitting needles and fabric. She carefully coaches the girl without a word. Brit knew this was a test. She did her best to go with the flow. She was actually pretty good at it.   
  
"Now this requires a picture." Keith reveals his cellphone and snaps a photo.  
  
Anna scowls at him. He had not considered her feelings.  
  
Brit looks at Grace with a haunted glare.  
  
"I'm quite certain he did not mean to disrespect you Grandmother. He was only proud of his daughter."  
  
Brit smiles at Anna, "My Father is always taking pictures of me and my brother. He keeps a rich history of our growth."  
  
Keith clears his throat and nods, "I apologize. I can delete the picture."  
  
"There is no need. You were in your right to show pride in your daughter."  
  
Keith turns to see a woman behind a screen door. She was beautiful and full of life.  
  
Grace moves to the door as it opens meeting the woman.  
  
"Mother? My friend Britney and her father. Keith was it?"  
  
He nods and cautiously extends a hand out of friendship, "Yes, Keith. It is a pleasure to meet you Mrs..."  
  
She stops him before he finishes, "Mary. Welcome to our home."  
  
"Thank you. Love the horses." Keith looks behind him at the corral.  
  
"My husband loves them. He is out back building a barn with some of our kin."  
  
"My daughter mentioned that he was barn building. I build homes but business in the area has been slow. Free time on my hands. If he needs any help I would love to get some fresh air."  
  
Mary blushes lightly, "He would be very grateful for your generosity. Grace? Find your little brother and have him introduce Keith to your father."  
  
"Yes Mother." Grace vanishes into the house for a mere four minutes before returning with a ten year old boy in suspenders.  
  
"Daniel? Be respectful and show Keith here to your Father."  
  
The boy shyly moves past Keith and down the steps stopping to wait for him.   
  
""Show your manners." He eyes Brit.  
  
"As always, Father. Have fun."  
  
Keith takes his leave following Daniel through a small batch of timber. As a clearing approached he heard multiple hammers and saws. Once in plain sight Keith huffed, "Very nice." He was impressed at the craftsmanship.   
  
The closer he got to the barn site the movements grew silent. Daniel ran ahead and hugged his Father's leg telling him of Keith.  
  
Isaiah was a burley man with a long peppered beard and thick rimmed glasses. He wore a white shirt stained by sweat and saw dust. On top of his head was a gray thick brimmed hat.  
  
"Good evening." Isaiah spoke loudly.  
  
Keith met him with a hand shake, "That's some beautiful work. I build houses that aren't designed as good. Of course that's not my decision it's the architects and the contractors. If I had any say I would be happy to build with half of this much integrity."  
  
"We work with God's hands. I am Isaiah. These are my brothers, Hiram, and Zachariah. My nephew Jonah."  
  
"Nice to meet everybody. Keith Foxx. My daughter thinks very highly of your daughter Grace. They have become good friends I hear."  
  
"As have I. Grace wishes for your daughter to tutor her. I want what is best for my daughter yet I hope you understand I am leery of the world."  
  
"I understand. My daughter's a good kid. Very smart and extremely caring. As we speak Anna is teaching her how to crochet. I'm thankful that Anna has taken the time to be patient with Britney."  
  
"This is good." Isaiah turns to his brothers, "I will return shortly."  
  
With their acknowledgement Isaiah joins Keith and his son Daniel on the journey back toward the house.  
  
"I will meet your daughter and make my decision."  
  
"Absolutely. By the way, if you need help with that barn I'd gladly offer giving you a hand. Maybe you can teach me a thing or three I don't know. As I told Mary I could use some fresh air."  
  
"That is kind of you my friend. We shall see."  
  
With a nod they walk the rest of the way in silence. Once reaching the porch Isaiah is met with a hug from Mary and a glass of ice water. Isaiah downs the glass in one gulp and sighs. He then turns to Grace who hovered beside Anna and Britney.  
  
"You must be Britney?"  
  
Brit starts to rise with her material when Isaiah puts his hands up stopping her.  
  
"Please sit. If I asked my Mother to get up I would hear nothing but babble."  
  
Anna frowns at Isaiah who winks at her.  
  
"Hello Sir." Britney blushes.  
  
"You are quite smart I hear."  
  
"Straight "A's". Honor roll every year. I learn very fast and love knowledge. Grace is so much like me concerning her studies." Brit fidgets.  
  
Grace adds, "Yet Chemistry is my worst enemy."  
  
Isaiah shrugs, "I am still uncertain the necessity of such a class. Yet, my daughter wishes to be useful in the future. Even to go to college. She would be the first in three generations to attend any college."  
  
"I think she has a lot to offer this world."  
  
Keith interrupts, "What would you like to go to school for Grace?"  
  
"I would like to be a Veterinarian. I love caring for animals."  
  
Isaiah sighs, "Yet it is I who feed the horses each day. Daniel and I."  
  
"Do you wish to do the cooking and cleaning Husband?" Mary teases.  
  
With a hiss Isaiah looks at Keith who shakes his head holding both hands up, "Trust me Isaiah. I do enough dishes around our house. My wife works long hours. I try to help out."  
  
Frowning Isaiah looks back at Brit. She smiles at him and lifts her glasses at the bridge of her nose.  
  
"What of you? Will you be going to further your education?"  
  
Brit nods, "I hope too. I have considered going to school for Forensics'. Perhaps a Police Examiner at a Coroner's office. I hope that doesn't sound too morbid."  
  
Mary jumps in with, "That would be interesting."  
  
"You are squeamish when I butcher a chicken." Isaiah mocks with a smirk.  
  
"Only when you let them run around with no heads."  
  
Everyone chuckles at their banter. Even Keith found it refreshing.  
  
Again returning to scrutinize Britney, Isaiah pets his beard as he speaks, "Could you not tutor her here at our home?"  
  
"I could, but I have the approval of our teacher Ms. Vaughn to use all of our school's chemistry lab equipment. I cannot bring everything here."  
  
"You would teach her at the very same school to which I pay for Grace to attend?"  
  
"Yes. I mean some of what I need to help her is there. Our home is very quiet too. My brother is gone almost always with his friends. Dad is home a lot but my mom is usually working."  
  
"I see." Isaiah eyes Keith, "What is it your wife does for work?"  
  
Keith brightens up, "She's a Motivational speaker. Travels a lot with her Employer's."  
  
Isaiah fidgets his lips, "You have a son you say?"  
  
"Lance. Eighteen. Britney's twin by minutes. The kids were born back to back. Brit just turned eighteen. They grow up fast."  
  
"Indeed they do." Mary concurs.  
  
"I hope you understand my worry of Grace being near a boy of your son's age. She is quite innocent." Isaiah points out.  
  
Grace lowers her eyes and blushes heavily.  
  
"No worries there, Isaiah. My son's only home to eat and sleep. With his friends and playing sports when he's not in school."  
  
"You will be there to protect Grace?"  
  
"Absolutely. Even if you agree to my help building the barn. Grace can come over on weekends. If I'm not there my wife might be. Besides Britney is well behaved."  
  
Isaiah nods puckering his lips. He reaches out for Grace to come to him. As she faces him Isaiah palms her shoulders.  
  
"I will agree to this. Four Saturday's for four hours each. If your grade does not improve I will marry you off to "Thomas Friesen" ."  
  
"Noooooooooooo! Not Thomas, Father. Please." Grace giggles and hugs her Father.  
  
Mary turns to Keith whispering, "Thomas is sixteen years old. He was kicked in the head by a mule on his Father's farm. Sweet boy if not quite right. He has always had a crush on our daughter."  
  
Keith discovered respect was not perfect even in this home. He actually felt saddened by their amusement at the lad's expense.  
  
Nodding with hesitance he notes Mary eying him slyly. Her gaze essentially sized him up from head to toe. This made Keith uneasy.  
  
With a clasp of his hands Keith changes the subject, "We should let you get back to your brothers, Isaiah. Thank you for trusting my daughter. If you need help just ask."  
  
"Tomorrow at dawn?" Isaiah raises a brow.  
  
Nodding Keith adds, "Up with the chickens. The ones with heads Mary." He jokes.  
  
"Thank goodness." She fans her face with her hand.  
  
"You choose the proper time for Grace and Britney to get together on Saturday. If I'm out here helping out I won't be able to supervise them."  
  
Mary grips Grace by the shoulder with a hug. Looking to Isaiah she adds, "Our daughter is a woman now, Isaiah. We should trust her."  
  
Emotionless Isaiah eyes Grace, "Do not let me down Daughter."  
  
Grace jumps in step with a joyous expression.  
  
"I will learn so many new things Father. You will see. My next report card will be straight "A's"."  
  
Isaiah glances at Britney, "May God bless you for your help."  
  
"Oh God. He will hear that from my lips forever. Thank you for having faith in me Sir."  
  
Britney passes off her knitting needles to Anna then reaches over to peck her on the cheek. Anna smiled for the first time as Brit whispers her appreciation.  
  
Keith again shakes hands with Isaiah, "I'll take Grace to our house Saturday morning then head back out here to help construct the barn. At lunch time I can go get her and bring her home."  
  
"Our thanks." Isaiah nods, "If we lose track of time I will allow Grace a little longer to be a woman."  
  
Grace bulges her eyes, "Thank you Father. I love you."  
  
Britney steps forward and hugs Grace once Isaiah releases her, "I look forward to Saturday, Little Sister."  
  
"As do I, Big Sister."  
  
Mary smiles at the thoughtfulness.   
  
As they part and begin to take steps down from the porch they meet "Jonah" Isaiah's twenty year old nephew. He had come up with a plastic water cooler to refill.  
  
He was a lanky young man with broad shoulders. He spotted Britney and stopped in his tracks.   
  
She blushes at his eye contact, "Hello."  
  
Keith grips Brit by her shoulder, "Jonah was it?"  
  
"Yes Sir. I just came up to fetch water. It is hot today."  
  
Isaiah joins them motioning the boy to go inside. He shyly moves around them. Brit decides not to watch him and tries her best to appear innocent. Isaiah after all was eying her every move.  
  
"Forgive my nephew."  
  
Keith shrugs, "Harmless enough. He was just caught off guard by us."  
  
"Your daughter I fear. Jonah has few friends."  
  
She smiles softly, "I'm sure he is quite nice. Thank you again, Sir."  
  
Keith urges her to his truck. Inside they wave goodbye amongst their hosts Once Keith had turned around to drive away Brit turns in her seat excitedly.  
  
"Oh my GOD. I'm so seducing Jonah. He's gorgeous."  
  
Keith frowns, "Slow it down. I'm your dad here. Hearing that might make me tie you up and ground you."  
  
Leering at him with a beguiling smile she coughs, "I dare you to tie me up."  
  
He chuckles, "Sure. I'll go watch TV while you lay there."  
  
She pelts his bicep with the palm of her hand. Sitting back she huffs, "I saw Mary eying you. I think Grace's mom has a crush on you."  
  
"Not even going there. I don't need buckshot up my ass."  
  
"I might need Jonah up my ass." She wiggles in her seat as she pulls the pins from her hair bun and lets her stunning brown mane fall to her shoulders.  
  
"Enough already. I'm still your Father."  
  
"I can't help it I'm horny." She squirms and releases her seatbelt.  
  
"What are you doing?"  
  
"Pull over."  
  
'Why?" He squints at her.  
  
He slows amid the path hidden from the house by a quarter mile. As he puts his truck in park she slides over and unfastens his pants.  
  
"Come on Brit. This isn't the time."  
  
"I want to suck your cock. Hush and let me."  
  
Reaching within his underwear she pulls out his beast and strokes it hard. Only taking seconds she stretches out as best she could and devours him. He tilts his head back and closes his eyes. She knew how to give head that was certain. Best he ever had. Daughter or not he let her.   
  
Gurgling on his girth she releases giggling, "Think about Mary."  
  
He groans and pushes her head back down against her will, "Shut the hell up."  
  
No words, just nasally whimpers of lust.  
  
He nuts in her throat and leaves her there as he grips his steering wheel with both hands.  
  
Once she pulled away she shows him a mouthful of his jizz. He grimaces, "Christ. Swallow that."  
  
She giggles and kisses his cheek just before swallowing him. He wipes his face on his sleeve.  
  
"Thank you for helping me Daddy."  
  
"This better not bite me in the ass."  
  
"If you feel a nibble it might be Grace." She sits back in her seat pulling her seatbelt back on.   
  
He shakes his head.   
  
"Mary was pretty attractive." He chuckles.  
  
Sighing Brit sternly glares at Keith, "Daddy? You're such a stud."  
  
Changing the subject with a smirk he adds, "Wonder if your Mom's home yet?"  
  
"She's gone way too much Daddy. I love Mom but she worries me."  
  
"God knows."  
  
"You should fuck Mom tonight. Make up for lost time." She giggles, "Just don't call her Mary by accident."  
  
He shakes his head at her.  
  
"I sired something evil. BRAT!"  
  
"That be me."  
  
She hears a ping on her cellphone and quickly checks the text.   
  
"Grace says Jonah asked about me. Yay!"  
  
She types back, "What did he say?"  
  
"He's in love. LOL!"  
  
"Awww! He's a cutie. See you in class tomorrow."  
  
Another ping later she realizes there's a photo attachment.  
  
"Hmmm! Sophia sent a pic." She tells Keith.  
  
"Who exactly is Sophia?"  
  
Giggling Brit shows Keith a picture of Sophia topless wearing only red lace panties.  
  
"This is Sophia."  
  
His jaw drops, "Daaaaamn! What is this some sex club?"  
  
She chuckles, "I'm a good teacher."  
  
Another ping hits her cell. This time it was her Filipino friend Cryssa. Cryssa was naked except for a pair of hands palming her tits from behind. A oddly taken selfie with a caption that said, "Felix says hi."  
  
Brit shows Keith the photo. Again he exhales his amazement.  
  
"I told my friends to check in with me each day with progress reports."  
  
"Wow! Crazy stuff." He shakes his head.  
  
Inspiration strikes, "Daddy? Can I have a slumber party?"  
  
He had trouble staying on the road between stares at her.  
  
"How can I say no? Sure."  
  
He knew his kid. She would have them terrorize him all night long.   
  
A third ping makes Brit laugh as a video of Dawn playing with her pussy strikes her funny. She heard Dawn moan, "I need dick."  
  
Keith leaned over to observe it.  
  
"Jesus C! How many girls are in this club?"  
  
"Five if I count myself. Six if I add Grace. Seven if I-" She almost mentions Chloe as a possibility then stops.  
  
"Who?"  
  
"I can't tell you. Not yet. Someday though." A final ping persists. This time it was Tara Zellers filming a boy eating her pussy. After a second to show his ability off she holds the camera to show her face. Her words were, "So many tongues, so little time."  
  
Keith grabs Brits cell and replays it.   
  
"How about next Friday night?"  
  
"Yay! I'm texting everyone. Slumber party my house next Friday night. Underwear only." She then shows Keith her text.  
  
"What if Mom's home?"  
  
"Really? She hasn't been home on a Friday in five weeks."  
  
"True. I'll ask her to be safe."  
  
"Might be more fun to do things behind her back like we did the first time. So so so hot." She fans herself with her hands giggling.  
  
"Nope! That many girls around, not taking the risk."  
  
As each reply came back with their positive approval of the slumber party Brit smiled.  
  
"You're in big trouble Buddy." She winks at Keith.  
  
He knew he was crazy but he was having the time of his life.  
  
Nothing left to say he grew quiet.  
  
Brit settles back and lays her forehead on the door window. So much to do. Slumber party next Friday. Evan was also scheduled for this Saturday. She would have to involve him with Grace to get everything accomplished. God knows what else Lance might have her do concerning her lost bet. Shivering she closes her eyes and naps until they got back home.  
  
She was mentally drained.  
  
Pleasant dreams.

**Britney Ch. 18: Saving Grace**

It ended up being 2:30 in the afternoon before Keith Foxx could break away from his barn duties with Isaiah Ruuthouse. Isaiah himself had lost track of time until wife Mary stepped out into the clearing with a basket lunch of sandwiches.   
  
"Husband? Should not Mister Foxx take Grace into town?"  
  
Isaiah nods digging into the basket to find a kosher beef sandwich.  
  
"A good day's work my friend. You have much talent with your hands." Isaiah inhales his sandwich.  
  
As he spoke the words Mary concurred with a beguiling if not intended blush toward Keith. He read her mind almost instantly and quickly changed the subject.  
  
"I'll run Grace to my house then come back out and finish the day with you Isaiah. Give me an hour or so."  
  
Mary swiftly raises the basket, "Some lunch Mister Foxx?"  
  
"Keith. Please call me Keith. Both of you. All of you." He motions to the entire clan respectfully. Removing his gloves he then reached in for a sandwich and took a bite from it. It was very tasty.  
  
Each of them nodded their acceptance of his wishes.   
  
Stepping away Keith moved toward the house. On the way he met young Jonah who had briefly excused himself to use the outhouse.  
  
"Hey there Jonah." Keith greets him with a grin.  
  
The boy shyly rubbed his palms together trying to form speech.  
  
"Are you leaving us, Sir?"  
  
"Yep. I'm taking Grace to town to study with my daughter."  
  
Nervously Jonah is prompted to expel, "Please tell your daughter I said hello."  
  
"Oh, I'm sure she will remember you." Keith winks at the boy and leaves him behind. The boy stunned smiles brightly. He would then force his reactions back to not create tension with his family.  
  
Reaching the front porch Keith looks up at grandmother Anna and waves at her.  
  
"Is Grace ready to go?"  
  
Before the elderly woman could reply Grace excitedly bursts from the house and starts down the steps. Suddenly, she changes direction and races back to give her Grandmother a hug.  
  
"I shall be back in time for supper, Grandmother. I have peeled the potatoes and carrots for you and Mother. Wish me luck."  
  
Anna still cautious merely scowls. Still, she loved her Granddaughter.  
  
Keith had already jumped into his truck and started the engine. Seconds later Grace actually knocks on the passenger door respectfully. Keith chuckles then reaches across to open the door.  
  
"No need to knock Kid. That doors always open to friends."  
  
Grace blushes lightly, "Thank you Sir. I cannot wait to see Britney."  
  
"I'm still not sure all of this is a good idea. Brit's taking a huge risk trying to change you. I certainly don't want you to get shunned over this."  
  
Grace frowns, "Nor I. But, I have my own life to lead. I will not be shunned. However I will not be spoken too for quite some time. Especially from Father. Mother will be on my side."  
  
Backing up Keith turns to look behind his driving.  
  
"Mary seems rather open minded."   
  
"More each day. Father does not know how much."  
  
"Secrets safe here Kid."  
  
"Good." She smiles warmly, "Then it would be no surprise to know that Mother thinks you are quite attractive."  
  
Moving his truck forward Keith heads down the grassy path to the dirt road.  
  
"Somehow I think I knew that was in her eyes. She should be careful. I definitely don't want your Father trying to shoot me."  
  
"Father overlooks most things. He is always staying busy. Mother feels ignored by my Father."  
  
"That's a shame. My wife treats me like that too. Always at work or-" He trails off not really wanting to let on his knowledge of his wife's extracurricular activities on weekends. It was for the best.  
  
Grace picks up on his sadness and hesitantly reaches over to his hands on the steering wheel and pats his right knuckle. She swiftly removed it with a sincere glint in her eye and a frown.  
  
"Thanks Kid. Crazy enough I needed to feel that. It's been a rough year at home. I feel like I'm raising my kids by myself sometimes." He smirks, "Especially Brit. This new sexual side to her has me worried. Lots of bad guys out there. Diseases. Getting pregnant. All of that kind of stuff. You should think of all of that before getting too bold."  
  
Grace ponders his words then smiles warmly, "I do worry. Yet, I need to feel alive. Being Mennonite and secluded is all I know. The world calls to me. My body hungers."  
  
Keith raises an eye brow, "I was a teenager once too. I hear you. Just know you can come to me if you need the advice of an adult."  
  
"I welcome that, Sir. Thank you. When Brit makes me over will you give me your honest opinion?"  
  
"Will I get to see that? When I come back later to take you home you will be back to normal. Right?"  
  
"I will have Britney take pictures of me."  
  
"Fair enough. I don't think you guys have near enough time to do your thing though. Four hours goes by fast."  
  
Grace fidgets with a saddened expression, "I know this. I wish I had more time."  
  
Keith studies the road as he nears town. His thoughts forming a conclusion.  
  
"I'll stop just before I get back to your house and tinker under my truck hood. I'll make things look like I have car trouble. It might give you an extra hour at best."  
  
Grace perks up with her jaw lowering slightly, "Father knows nothing about cars. Nor my uncles."  
  
"I'll call a buddy of mine and have him tow my truck into town. Won't cost me a thing. I'll suggest that you stay the night and I can bring you back tomorrow. I can even get a fake repair receipt to show Isaiah."  
  
Gleefully Grace leans over and hugs his arm then blushes and returns to her upright sitting position, "Thank you. That might work."  
  
"Yeah, as long as your Dad doesn't get you a taxi ride home. I'll do my best to get him to understand you're in good hands."  
  
"Mother might defend me if you wink at her." Grace shivers in her seat biting her tongue between her lips and appearing devious.  
  
"I'm pretty sure that would ruin things." He shakes his head.  
  
"As long as my family does not see it. Mother will keep that to herself. We have had many talks."  
  
"Risky, there. I'll consider it. Let's just take this a step at a time. Who knows, your Dad might drive his tractor into town to get you." Keith chuckles.  
  
"That would be humiliating." She grimaces.  
  
Nodding his agreement Keith enters town and within minutes pulls into his driveway.  
  
"Yep. Wife's long gone as usual. Good thing considering."  
  
The front door of the house opens up and Brit comes racing out. As Grace exits the trucks cab she is swiftly snatched up by her arm and drug inside the house.  
  
Keith shakes his head and follows them.   
  
He had a window of twenty minutes before heading back out to the farm. Going inside he grabs a glass of milk and a bag of chips to tide over his lingering appetite. The sandwich earlier wasn't enough to satisfy. He lingered in the kitchen a bit before journeying toward the restroom. At the door he looks over and notices Brit's bedroom door was wide open. His eyes bulged as he noted Brit dropping Grace's skirt to the floor. She was already topless. This left Grace in only her panties and socks.  
  
Grace looks at herself in the mirror and squeezes her perfect 34C's. Behind her reflection she noted Keith eying her and shaking his head in disbelief.  
  
Brit stands up and looks over at her dad, "Peeping Tom."  
  
Keith looks away just as Grace flutters her fingers at him in the mirror. It was a good thing he entered the bathroom. Taking a piss with an erection was never comfortable.  
  
"I think my dad liked what he saw." Brit giggles.  
  
"I think so too. Am I trying on the underwear on the bed there?"  
  
"Yes. This bra should be your size. It's a few years old but still nice. My chest is bigger now. Lucky you I never throw things away. You can keep these if you want."  
  
"I would have to leave them here. I could never risk wearing these at home or around family."  
  
"That's fine. They're here when you need them. Three sets I never wear anymore."  
  
Grace picks up a frilly red bra and thong set and tries the bra on. It fit and formed perfectly, bulging her breasts at the cleavage.  
  
As Grace lowers her panties to the floor Keith exits the bathroom just in time to see her bent over and her virgin snatch puckering out vividly.  
  
He growls under his breath as Grace stands up and spots him again in the mirror. It made her blush yet offer him a beguiling smile. She had never been seen nude before. It was exhilarating the response.  
  
Keith chuckles, "I gotta head back. I told Grace I'll run interference by faking truck problems. Distributer wire should do the trick. Gonna have Ellis tow my truck to town. Any luck I can persuade Isaiah to let Grace spend the night."  
  
Brit jumps up and down in place, "That would be totally awesome. I love you Daddy."  
  
"Love you too. You guys have fun."  
  
Grace turns to face Keith and scowls, "Do I look like a guy?"  
  
He lowers his gaze to her patch of pubic hair and silky thighs then fidgets his lips,  
  
"Nope. Not a guy."  
  
Keith Foxx left before his erection would need attention. On his way back to the farm gave him plenty of time to calm his hormones down.  
  
Just before the turn off to Isaiah's farm he pulls his truck to the side of the road and loosens his distributer wires causing his truck to not turn over when trying. Hood lowered he hoofed it to the house on foot.  
  
Reaching the house he found Mary on the porch swing. Seeing him she brightened up and stood to await his arrival.  
  
"You are walking. Where is your auto?"  
  
"Broke down just before the turn off to the farm. Engine lost power for some reason. I looked it over but I'm no mechanic so I'll need to call a tow truck later. I figured I made a promise to Isaiah I'd finish the day out on the barn and I intend to keep my word. We should consider though that I might not be able to get Grace home until tomorrow. Unless you have any ideas."  
  
Mary stood expressionless and fanned herself with a tiny paper fan. She knew that Isaiah would be upset.  
  
"My husband will be worried."  
  
"Well, she is safe and I'll be at home with the kids later. I'm pretty sure my mechanic can have my truck fixed by morning."  
  
"While I might have faith in you. Husband will be cautious. I feel my daughter is in good hands. But, Isaiah will be less trusting."  
  
"I understand. If I can figure out a way to get her home tonight I will."  
  
Keith nods with a smile and without thinking about it winks at her. Her response led to a sheepish grin.  
  
"Sorry about that. I hope that wasn't too forward. It's instinct is all."  
  
"No. You are merely being charming. We are alone and that is a good thing. As long as Isaiah or Anna do not see it."  
  
"I'll try to keep my ways to myself. We do live in different worlds and I respect that. Forgive me."  
  
"There is nothing to forgive." She looks around her first then offers him a wink of her own.  
  
Keith chuckles, "Be careful now. I have a weakness for beautiful women who wink at me."  
  
Mary blushes and lowers her gaze, "That is very kind of you to compliment me so. I would caution you to only act this way when we are alone such as now."  
  
"Of course. Grace told me you thought I was attractive."  
  
Mary Ruuthouse again blushes and offers an expression of regret.  
  
"I should not tell my daughter such things."  
  
"She's a good kid, Mary. Secret's safe with me."  
  
Mary again looks around cautiously then pats her chest over her heart.   
  
"It is very warm out." She faintly giggles.  
  
"Yeah, no offense but I don't know how you folks wear so much clothing and no air conditioning."  
  
"Unpleasant for certain." Mary slyly grins tugging at her blouse's top button.  
  
He eyes her chest guessing her at a 36D. Before he could stare he shudders and decides it best to head out to the field.  
  
"I will walk with you. Isaiah might react badly if I am not there to caution him."  
  
She leaves the porch steps to reach him as he turns to react to her beside him. Her eyes were beautiful staring up at him.  
  
"If he doesn't shoot me over getting Grace home, he might shoot me for admiring you."  
  
Mary hesitates with widening eyes, "I do not allow guns in the home. Beware his slingshot though."  
  
"Sense of humor. I like that. Love the blue eyes by the way."  
  
Mary shivers in her step eying him one second and turning away just as swiftly. Time and again as they walk she shares her gaze.  
  
"I trust you will behave around Isaiah. Words though compliment will get us both into trouble."  
  
"Absolutely. This remains between us. You have my word."  
  
"In that case, I find your eyes equally as stunning." She blushes.  
  
Keith chuckles, "Just my eyes? Damn, and here I thought my muscles had you won over."   
  
"If I were to be honest?" She enquires.  
  
"Please."  
  
She folds her arms over her chest snugly, their walk slowing.  
  
"I have thought of you much since meeting you."  
  
"About what?"  
  
Discovering eye contact dangerous she merely smiles away, "Much. To speak of things is sin."  
  
He lifts his t-shirt and shows her his bare chest running fingers in his chest hair, "Things like this?"  
  
Her eyes locate his trap and she freezes in step to unfold her arms and appear wanting to touch him. She hesitates until he grabs her hand and plants it in his chest hair. She lingers then trembles until she forces herself to behave.  
  
"Yes, such things. We should not do this now. Eyes might be on us even amidst this timber."  
  
"Yeah, you're right. Although I haven't heard hammers stop once."  
  
She bats her eyes wildly in confusion then looks toward the barely revealed field. The pathway was clear in both directions.  
  
Boldly, she snatches up his hands and raises them to her breasts. She closes her eyes as she forces his hands to squeeze them through her dress. Although brief she exhaled a low whine of pleasure.   
  
"No fair. You touched my bare chest."  
  
She opens her eyes as he lowers his palms. Feeling them leave her she pouts and regains her composure.  
  
"That would be unwise at this time." She regrets whispering.  
  
"Is any time a safe time out here?"  
  
She grasps his reasoning and knows that no time would ever be safe. She would have to take risks to gain rewards. Taking his hand she pulls him from the path to a more concealed tree line. There she unbuttons her upper buttons and reveals her white bra. She then feverishly pulls her bra lower to reveal her breasts to him.   
  
Keith nodded his approval as he squeezed her bare chest. In his tenderness she gasps and closes her eyes. It wasn't until she felt his lips around her nipple that she reacted. Her hands racing through his hair.  
  
"Forgive me Lord." She whispers.  
  
Keith tugs her nipple between his lips then stops. He reaches up and pulls her bra back in place. Then the flaps of her blouse. She found his respect refreshing if not disturbing to her desires.  
  
Buttoning up she smiles, "Thank you, Keith. I feel silly."  
  
"Don't. That was beautiful. Another time, another place, I might go further. But, I don't want to ruin our friendship here. Regardless, I find you very beautiful."  
  
"My heart is racing. I find you very striking too. I will never speak of this. Nor do I have a desire to forget. Another time, another place, I too might go further."  
  
He winks at her then takes her hand and puts it on his erection, "Reality is right here, Mary."  
  
She bulges her eyes at his girth, "Oh my."  
  
He then turns away and returns to the path. She regains her composure and follows him like a puppy. They had minutes to get it together. The journey ended at the barn.   
  
Isaiah stopped sawing the 2x4 he had been working on as Mary and Keith joined them. He eyes Mary who kept a low profile and hesitant to speak. Keith made up for her.  
  
"Sorry I'm late. My truck broke down just before the turn on to your property. I don't suppose anyone here knows anything about engines?"  
  
Isaiah's kin all shrug amongst themselves as Isaiah rubs his beard with an ungloved hand.  
  
"I figured as much. I'll call a tow truck and have it towed into town."  
  
Isaiah squints at him, "And, what of my daughter?"  
  
In response Keith grits his teeth, "My wife's out of town until tomorrow night and she has our only other car. I suppose I can get her a taxi to get home but that's going to cost a fortune this far from town. I know this is an inconvenience. A very unexpected inconvenience. Trust me I never saw this coming. My trucks only six years old. Miles are low yet. If you have any other ideas I'm certainly open to them Isaiah. I value our friendship here. Yours and Mary's."  
  
Without expression Isaiah returns to cutting his board, leaving Keith to absorb his silence. Looking to Mary for an inkling of what Isaiah's mood swing meant left him just as awkward.   
  
Mary opted to interject, "Husband? Perhaps we trust Keith with our daughter overnight. It would be only one night?" She leers at Keith.  
  
"Absolutely. I mean if I can find her a ride home tonight I will. But, I can't just order people to do my bidding. I don't have all that many friends having lived in this area a little over a year. I'll keep her safe, Isaiah. You have my word. If it becomes an issue of my truck not being fixed, which it is a Sunday tomorrow so those chances are slim, I'll just have to wait until my wife gets home late tomorrow and use her car to bring Grace home."  
  
Isaiah completes his cut and passes the lumber off to Zachariah and Hiram. Once done he again removes both gloves and extends a hand toward Keith. A hand shake heartfelt.  
  
"I will trust you in this instance. Until I am proven wrong." Isaiah then looks to Mary, "She will miss tomorrows Church service."  
  
Mary offers a saddened look, "God will watch over our daughter. I am sure Grace will say her prayers."  
  
Keith merely watches the two of them sharing mental thoughts. Suddenly Keith felt wrong over his intrusion into Mary's desires. A lingering pause later and Isaiah hands him a saw.  
  
"Another two hours my friend?"  
  
"Let me set up a tow truck for 5:00 and I'll get back to work."  
  
Keith steps away to use his cellphone. His first text was to Britney, "You have Grace for 24 hours tops. Do not reply to this."  
  
He then calls his friend "Ellis Dupree" who had a towing service. After a short heads up that he needed his assist Keith turned to find Mary to his left. She had heard his conversation. Nothing damaging luckily.  
  
"May I speak with Grace?"  
  
Warmly smiling Keith dials Brit's cell and awaits an answer, "Hey Sweetheart? Mary wants to talk to Grace real fast. Put her on."  
  
He awaits Grace to get on the phone before passing his cell to Mary.  
  
"Daughter? Mister Foxx, Keith has had car trouble. Your father and I have agreed to let you stay the night at their home. Yes, your Father is trusting. Be on your best behavior. We love you. What?" Mary suddenly blushes eying Keith, "I will not answer that question young lady. Silence yourself this instant. You are not alone."  
  
Keith raises an eye brow as their conversation ends with a delicate breath of composure.  
  
"Should I ask what that was about?"  
  
Mary turns her back to her husband and hands Keith his cell back before swallowing with tension, "My daughter lives of two worlds and hides within ours. Perhaps, I share a certain sentiment toward that. She becomes bolder each day that she attends public school."   
  
Taking a deep breath she smiles at Keith, "She asked me if I had trouble keeping my eyes off of you."  
  
"That answers that." Keith nods smirking, "At least she didn't pose that question about your hands."  
  
Blushing Mary decides to not look back and leave him to rejoin the work force.  
  
At the tree line she stops and holds her hands to her chest and closes her eyes. Sin was all over this woman. Her thoughts devil inspired to be certain.  
  
Keith returned to work and fulfilled his day as promised.   
  
Isaiah was in his own world of thought. Yet respectful.  
  
Back in town Britney and Grace had jumped up on her bed and was dancing around at their time extension.

"Oh my God. My dad is so awesome. 24 hours, all night. Let's do your hair in a long French braid."  
  
Grace's eyes bulged in her glee, "Yes, lets."  
  
Within the following two hours eighteen year old Emily Grace Ruuthouse became a work of art.

**Britney Ch. 19: Braiding Party**

Keith Foxx helped his friend "Ellis Dupree" lower and unhook his pickup truck from the tow trucks hoist. There was nothing wrong with his truck, he merely made it an excuse to help his daughter Brit keep her friend Grace overnight. Once settled Keith raised his truck hood and returned everything to normal. Firing up his truck for certainty he moved it into his driveway.  
  
Ellis, a short, gently overweight man of 37 was Keith's first true friend in town. His drinking buddy. Even now he questioned the need for all of this.  
  
"Wanna explain yourself?" Ellis smirked.  
  
Keith placed his hands in his pants pockets and thought about what to say, "Long story. Best left unsaid."   
  
"Come on now. What are you doing out there with Mennonites? I saw how that Looker covered from neck to toe was eying you. Something going on there?"  
  
"Nope. Just working for them for spare cash. Barn building."  
  
As they bantered around they heard the front door open and spotted Britney exit. She was wearing a grey tank top and black shorts that were extremely tight.   
  
"Hi, Ellis."  
  
"Hey there Hotstuff. How you been?"  
  
Brit eases up to her father and hugs him from the side. Ellis struggles to not offend Keith by looking at Brit's nipples protruding from her tank.   
  
"Just awesome. What's wrong with our truck Daddy?" She plays coy.  
  
"Nothing. Stupid thing started up once I got it home. Where's your friend?"  
  
"She's changing. I just braided her hair. She looks incredible."  
  
Keith stares at Brit with an aggravated gaze, "Don't go too crazy. We don't want her to get into trouble."  
  
"We won't. We can unravel and brush it out tomorrow."  
  
"Heard from your Mother?" Keith adds.  
  
"Not a peep. As always. It's Saturday."  
  
Ellis puckers then clasps his hands together, "Let's grab a beer later."  
  
Keith nods, "Meet you at "Misery's" around 10."  
  
"Florida's finest low income pub. See you then." Ellis departs after patting Brit on the bicep.  
  
Watching him drive away Keith turns with Brit still hugging him and they casually walk toward the house.  
  
"Braids, huh. Like bullwhips dangling to her ass?"  
  
Brit giggles, "Yes. Too funny."  
  
Entering the house they shut the door behind them and Keith kicks off his boots to avoid tracking dirt from the farm.  
  
Once he moved from the door he heads for the kitchen and grabs a beer from the fridge. His journey then led to his favorite recliner.  
  
Without further waiting Brit guided Grace out into the living room by her hand.   
  
Instantly Keith lowered his bottle to take in the sight before him. Shyly Grace smiled at him wearing her skimpy new underwear and braids. Nothing else.  
  
"What do you think Daddy?"  
  
He shakes his head, "Amazing what those dresses hide."  
  
Grace shivers in delight. She wanted to open up ages ago but couldn't.  
  
"Thank you for talking my parents into letting me stay the night."  
  
He nods, "No problem."  
  
"Am I making you uncomfortable?" Grace quickly frets covering her chest with folded arms.  
  
"Only my pants. I'll live." He suddenly hears talking and sits up straight, "Lance is home. Get her dressed."  
  
Brit swiftly drags Grace back to her bedroom and shuts the door. Grace pouts toward Brit, "I want Lance to see me too."  
  
Gritting her teeth Brit softly reveals, "Dad doesn't know how much Lance knows. Vice versa. There could be trouble if either let on what we do."  
  
Listening intently they hear not only Lance but Evan and Styles. Her Dad was trying to get the boys to leave bribing them with pizza and bowling. It wasn't working this time.  
  
A knock at the bedroom door led to a testing of the door knob. Brit's eyes grow large.  
  
"Sis? Open up I need to talk to you." Lance bellows.  
  
Before she says a word her Father grumbles, "Your sister's not feeling well. Leave her be." He then whispers, "Monthly girl stuff."  
  
That did the trick. The voices trailed away. Brit smirked toward Grace, "Birth control implants only lets me suffer a period once every three months. Thank God."  
  
Grace watches shadows under the door depart and puckers her lower lip. She was disappointed. Hearing the back door close loudly only made her even more fretful.  
  
Brit watched the girls pathetic expressions and patted Grace on the arm.  
  
"It's probably better at this point. Things could get ugly if too many people know about this transformation. We should tread water delicately to avoid problems at home later."  
  
"No. I want to be like you and the other girls. As much as possible. I will take the risks of my family finding out. Besides my Mother will side with me even if I would be shunned. I know her too well. As much as she hides it I see her own desires escape."  
  
Brit listened intently and began to offer her thoughts when she heard a light knock at her bedroom window. Rolling her eyes she climbs on her mattress shuffling backwards on her knees to reach the curtains. Parting them from the side she spots all three boys.   
  
Styles lifted his cell to show Brit and allow her to read it, "I can't meet next weekend I'll be at my Mom's. Can I have something today?"  
  
Once read Brit smiles and holds a finger to her lips to be quiet. She then looks over at Grace whispering, "Be patient. Let me talk to them before I let them see you."  
  
Nodding with flaring eyes and beguiling smile Grace awaits.  
  
Motioning her out of sight leads Grace to shy off into a blind corner. Once out of immediate vision Brit opens her curtains then lifts her bedroom window. Quietly she whispers at the boys.  
  
"Keep your voices down or Dad might hear." She looks at Styles, "You're going to miss out on our fundraiser Carwash? Noooo! You can't not be there, Master." followed by an extended tongue.  
  
Lance winces at Styles, "Master?"  
  
He shrugs with an arrogant glint in his eye toward Lance.  
  
Before more could be said between the boys Brit speaks up, "Shush! Give me a couple hours. Dad is going for beers later with Ellis. Once he's gone I can sneak out. I'll text you a lot between now and then. Go skateboard or something."  
  
With a blown kiss at Styles and Evan, she flips off Lance with a wink. Window lowered and curtain closed she returns her gaze toward Emily Grace.  
  
"Trust me I have a plan. Let's tease my Dad until he gets uncomfortable enough to leave early. Then, we can run the streets. Nobody will even recognize you without your glasses and clothing."  
  
Grace claps her hands softly and dances in step out of joy. She was going to get to go outside into the world.  
  
Crawling from her bed Brit unlocks her bedroom door and eases out into the hallway. Finding her Dad looking at his cellphone while plugged in beside him to charge, she softly asks, "Is it safe?"  
  
"In this house? Never." He jests.  
  
"I know right. I was hoping you might help me with Grace." She hints.  
  
"I just got you 24 hours with her. Isn't that enough?"  
  
"True, but I mean let her have some experience."  
  
Keith frowns, "There's not going to be any sex involved with Grace. Am I clear?"  
  
"No of course not. She's still a virgin."  
  
"So were you a few weeks back if I recall." He chuckles making her wrinkle her nose at her game playing and seduction of her Father.   
  
"Yeah, yeah." She rolls her eyes then smirks evilly, "No sex. But, can she give you a hand job? It's either that or I have Lance do it. I'm sure he's up for it."  
  
"I don't want to know about Lance and sex. I'm not sure I could handle both of my kids sex lives."  
  
"And, I certainly don't want to admit to anything else." She snickers.  
  
"Of course not. I don't really care what you do as long as you're careful. No babies until you're thirty."  
  
"Then you need to wear a rubber next time, Mister." She whispers then sticks her tongue out at him, "I don't want to give birth to a baby brother."  
  
The words cut him like a blade. He needed to straighten up concerning Britney. The thoughts made him lower his gaze and shake his head.  
  
Brit pauses to realize that she might have ruined her playtime with her father, her words were dooming her inside.  
  
"I'm sorry Daddy. That must have sounded terrible. Remember I am on birth control."  
  
Keith lifts a hand to stop her talking, "Let's just chill out on that stuff. What you do with others is your business. Let's just be family again. Before things get out of hand."  
  
Pouting softly Brit nods, "Okay."  
  
"As far as Grace is concerned I'll watch her but I'm not touching. Too much of this crap is going to come back to haunt me."  
  
Behind Brit, Grace shuffles into view sulking, "Maybe I should go home."  
  
Keith felt lousy suddenly, "No. You're welcome here. Most of this is between me and my daughter. What you two are up to just needs to not so much involve me. Like I said I'll watch you and offer input. Nothing more."  
  
Grace pulls one of her pigtails forward and swings it around nervously.  
  
Britney decided to cheer up for the sake of her friend, "Swing it like you mean it." , then does a little dance mockery until Grace bursts out laughing.  
  
Keith rises from his chair and carefully studies Grace. Stepping around her he eyes her ass and backside. He then reaches up and grips her loose pigtail dangling behind her. In response Grace releases her other tail letting it fall to her side.   
  
Nodding Keith reaches in to claim the other tail tugging on them until her head tilts gently back at the neck.  
  
"Like reins on a horse." He chuckles.  
  
Grace nervously giggles and blushes as Keith suddenly begins curling them around his wrists and forearms. Gritting his teeth he changes his tune slightly.  
  
"I always wanted to do that to a gal with long hair. Something really sexy about that."  
  
Grace eyes Brit with a bitten lower lip.  
  
"Daddy? Why don't you come sit down." Brit motions smiling brightly.  
  
Releasing Grace's locks he growls and returns to his recliner. Once sitting Brit moves behind Grace and encourages her forward to face Keith. In between his knees Grace is nudged to kneel in front of Keith. The girl complies with a giddy grin.  
  
Brit then clutches both of her pigtails and brings them forward over her shoulders to hand them to her Father. He then curled them around his wrists yet again.  
  
"Grace? Tell Daddy what you want to do for him."  
  
The Mennonite beauty blushes and lowers her eyes, "I want to do whatever he wants me to do."  
  
Keith shakes his head. His resistance earlier fading fast. Finally, he looks toward Brit, "Lock the doors and deadbolt them. Keep an eye peeled for Lance or your Mom. I don't need the grief."  
  
"On it." Brit moves away.  
  
Keith puckers, "Unzip my pants and pull my cock out."  
  
Grace shivers at his welcomed command. She peps up to reach out and do as told. Pants unfastened Keith raises his hips enough to drag them to his knees. Boxers followed. Before her eyes was a well poised erection awaiting her.  
  
Eyes bulged she stares at it.  
  
"Still want to go home?" He squints expecting her to shy away.  
  
"No. I want to stay. Show me what you want me to do."  
  
Her hands gravitate toward his cock hesitantly.  
  
"Grip it with both hands." He then looks up at Brit returning from locking the kitchen door, "Bring me some lube."  
  
Brit races away and returns. Instead of handing it to Keith she opens the bottle and dribbles some on his dick. She then backs away resting the bottle on the TV tray beside the recliner, "Have fun Gracey."  
  
With a deep sigh Grace begins rubbing both hands around his girth then up and down. Her eyes were glued on her mission. Mesmerized by the sounds of the lube squishing between her fingers.   
  
"Nice rhythm, Kid. I think you're a natural at this."  
  
"Thank you, Sir."  
  
Behind her Brit noticed her servitude expressions. The thoughts of Style's Dad, Dave being a Master made her reflect on how he might treat her. She drifted off into her own little world.  
  
Keith relaxes and enjoys his massage. His reasoning lost. It was becoming way to easy to give in to these young girls.  
  
"Keep doing what you're doing. But, lean in and suck on my balls."  
  
Grace flared her eyes and swiftly lowered his jaw to his scrotum. Her lips parted and her tongue began swirling each ball suckling and tugging. Her hands found a strengthening grip as Keith added more lube dragging her curled tail with him.  
  
As she fed Keith wrapped more hair about his arms drawing her closer.  
  
"Like that Grace?"  
  
"Very much, Sir." She took the second to breath after gurgling her words.  
  
"Slide your tongue from my balls all the way up to the tip of my dick."  
  
She complies with a warm swath of her tongue. With her eyes looking up at him she reaches the tip and awaits his approval.  
  
"Kiss on it." He encourages.  
  
She enjoys tender kisses to his crown even as her hands continue to slither up and down the length of his cock.  
  
"Open your mouth wide and take me inside. All of me."  
  
Grace inhales with bulging eyes and opens her jaw easing it over his crown. She then swallowed as much of him as possible.  
  
"Up and down. Use your tongue as you do."  
  
She moves as if she was a pro. He was shocked by her technique.  
  
"You been teaching her how to suck dick?" He leers at Brit.  
  
"Maybe." Brit giggles biting her knuckle with bright eyes.  
  
Keith knew so, "She's good. Take her bra off."  
  
Brit scurries behind Grace and unfastens the bra and guides her out of it, then steps away taking it with her.  
  
Blushing Grace continued her sucking without so much as a pause. Keith tightened his grip on her ponytails and wrapped them totally around his forearms. In the process her head was held firmly over his dick. He then thrust upward into her throat watching her gag and turn blue.  
  
"Want me to stop?" He narrows his eyes.  
  
In response Grace shakes her head negatively. His power exchange was exhilarating. It consumed her soul.  
  
After force feeding her for five more minutes he drags her mouth away from his girth in a web of saliva. Her gasps led to resistance. Not to be free but to return his dick to her throat.  
  
Impressed Keith allowed her to continue, watching her eyes roll back into her head.  
  
"I'll give her credit, she's a trooper. You might need to drag her off me." Keith smirks at Brit.  
  
Brit twirls in step at her friends zest, "Nope! She needs to prove herself. Before the carwash."  
  
Her father groans and shakes his head, "I don't wanna know."  
  
Gagging Grace finally lets up for air on her own and through teary eyes awaits Keith to encourage her further.  
  
With a nod of approval Keith pulls her upward by her hair to taunt her tits in his lap.  
  
"Titty fuck my cock. Squeeze those tits around it. Hold them tightly."  
  
She guides her breasts around his penis smothering it snugly until only his crown was visible. He then thrust his hips up and down offering her a peekaboo that made her sigh. Her tongue lapped at his crown each time he led it to her lowered chin.  
  
"Good girl. You look like your Mother."  
  
Grace shivers at hearing his reminder.   
  
"You can use me to fantasize about my Mother if you like. I am not offended." Grace huffs deciding it best to avert her eyes from his.  
  
Behind her Brit stopped her nervous twirling and stared at her Dad. Would he overstep due to her offer?  
  
Keith wanted to oblige Grace yet found himself worried. He wanted Mary but the real one. Not her daughter. Still, the offer led to devilish thoughts.  
  
"Stand carefully." Keith ushers.  
  
Her legs were numb from being crouched for so long but she managed to stand awkwardly. His grip never wavering on her coiled locks.  
  
"Peel her panties off." Keith nods at Brit.  
  
"Oh boy!" His daughter winced barely audible. She then darted over to pinch at the thin fabric of the panties, slipping them from the girls creamy thighs. At her toes Brit removed the panties and backed away.  
  
"Straddle me!" Keith barks.  
  
Grace carefully placed her legs to both sides of his own. She eased her thighs lower to sit on top of his erection. As she did Keith used his own hips to position his hard on to lay amid her soaked labia.  
  
"Roll that pussy along my cock. Imagine yourself riding it." He growled.  
  
She began her mission slowly at first. Then succumbing to the sensations she exhales heavily and whimpers.  
  
"Feels good doesn't it Mary?" He hisses.  
  
Hearing her Mother's name made Emily Grace flare her eyes. She wondered where this might lead. Taking a deep breath to fuel her gyrations she decides to role play.  
  
"I knew you wanted me Keith. My daughter warned me you admired me from afar. I hope the wait was worth it."  
  
Keith is taken back by her words as she leans forward pressing her breasts against his chest. In doing so he grew helpless to her intentions. Grace lifted her hands up to palm his face before kissing him directly on the lips.  
  
"I know you desire my lips. Grace told me you did." She pants trembling at his lips.  
  
Frozen in time, Britney bulged her eyes at her friends twisted intentions. Gritting her teeth she eased forward then hesitated. Prepared to pull Grace from her Father.  
  
Suddenly, Keith devoured the girls mouth. Tongues swirling and feverish.   
  
Her hips raced along his planted girth. She could feel his flesh throbbing along her labia. She wanted to feel more as her right hand slid down his chest to grasp his cock. Stroking it gently she was compelled to guide it toward her as if preparing for penetration.  
  
"Claim me as my daughter tells me you want to." Grace exhales warmly while biting Keith's lower lip and tugging on it.  
  
Keith unwound her ponytails from his arms and reached around her to rub her back, then to squeeze her ass.  
  
Their kisses were steamy, forcing Brittney to fan herself with the panties held in her hand.  
  
Keith leaned forward forcing Grace to reel back. His lips then trailed her throat before moving downward to feed on her nipples. Grace was shivering at the intensity.  
  
"My daughter told me you loved my breasts. I saw that within your eyes without her warning."  
  
Keith eased himself up in his seat and proved his strength by carefully cradling her to the floor in front of them. Her back on the carpet she curled her legs around his hips. His cock still sheathed amid her scalding labia.  
  
Arms mounted to hold him over her at a distance Keith thrusts his cock on a joyous slippery ride between her thighs.   
  
Below him Grace gazed at him with yearning eyes while her hands caressed his chest. Keith wanted to continue but his mind was reverting to normal. This wasn't Mary.   
  
Instead, Keith stood up on his knees between her legs and slapped his cock on her clitoris. Each impact made Grace moan. Her hands raced down to her inner thighs and gripped at his swollen balls.   
  
"Keep that up." He orders as he knuckles his cock and began jerking off.  
  
In two minutes he detonates all over her belly and thighs.  
  
Grace gasps and stares with bright eyes at his launches. Each shot more amazing than the last.  
  
Snarling at his final droplet he glares at her.  
  
"Your Mother gets this next time."  
  
Grace trembles and rolls her hands through his leftovers and glazes her body with it before licking her hands.  
  
"You taste good." She pouts.  
  
As he rises Brit moves to his side planting a hand on her Father's shoulder.  
  
"Had me scared there Old Man."  
  
Swiftly he grips her waist and pulls her down to her knees.  
  
"Lick me off of your lil friend here." He barks.  
  
Brit giggles then begins licking Emily Grace's belly of tiny droplets. Both girls cooed and enjoyed the moment.  
  
Finally, Keith stood up and stretched. Gathering his clothing he stops at the hallway.  
  
"Gonna go shower. Eat her pussy until I come back. If the boys or your mom comes home you take the blame. I saw nothing. Understood?"  
  
Brit mumbles as her mouth devours Grace. The Mennonite beauty squealed in delight. More than a few firsts today. She loved her new friends.   
  
As Keith disappeared Brit lifted her chin from Emily Grace's clit.  
  
"You had me scared half to death. Acting like your Mom. My dad might have taken your virginity."

"I was ready. That was incredible." Grace whispers.  
  
"Yeah, but try explaining that to your parents. Experience erotically yes. That got way too emotional. My dad wants your Mom. Using her to taunt him could have gone so bad."  
  
Grace frowns and lashes her braids toward the sprawled out Britney like a whip.  
  
"He said to eat my pussy. So eat already."  
  
Brit narrows her eyes at her friend then jumps to her feet. She swiftly removes her own shorts and stands over Grace's head. With a giggle Brit lowers her thighs over the blushing face of Grace.   
  
"He never said who had to eat who. Fair trade."   
  
Brit giggled as Grace wagged her tongue over Brit's clit. With a tremor Brit stretched out into a 69 position.   
  
Both girls ate until they had their fill.  
  
Forty two minutes to be precise.  
  
Keith had returned to see their squirming.  
  
Shaking his head he got dressed and ready to meet his buddy Ellis at the bar.  
  
The girls never heard him sneak past and out the front door.  
  
So he thought.  
  
The party was just getting started.

**Britney Ch. 20: Last Call**

The bar was named "Misery's".  
  
The owner bought the bar a few years back after a nasty divorce. In his mind renaming the rundown club after his bout with depression kept him from literally losing it all. A message that even his therapist found profound. His therapist frequents this bar out of respect.  
  
Tonight, Keith Foxx and his buddy Ellis Dupree were going to get drunk and decide their own bouts of depression.  
  
"So what's the deal with you and Rita?" Ellis tilts an elbow on the bar to face Keith.  
  
Keith Foxx shrugged, "She has her life, I have mine. No divorce looming. We have a love for each other still. Just not in love. Anymore."  
  
Ellis shakes his head with a grimace, "Damn shame. You have a beautiful ole lady and she's never home. I gotta give you credit Buddy boy. You raise your kids well. Basically, single parent and all. Me? I can't even get a date. Never had kids. I got respect for you."  
  
With a smirk Keith raises his beer mug toward Ellis.  
  
"Try not to look so obvious when checking out my daughter's chest next time then."  
  
Gritting his teeth Ellis hides his eyes, "Noticed that did ya?"  
  
"Yup. She doesn't help matters though. Not totally your fault. She's growing up way too fast."  
  
"Sorry Keith. I'm old and weak." Ellis swigs his beer.  
  
"No harm done. You should see her friends." Keith recalls pictures.   
  
The two men chuckle and order another round.  
  
Six miles away, Britney had built her friend Grace into an unrecognizable beauty. Make up covering her usual features added to her lengthy pigtails kept her incognito.   
  
Fueled by her desire to impress her friends, young Grace chose her own clothing. What there was of it.   
  
She decked herself out in snug pair of white stretch shorts that concealed very little at the crotch, commando at that. Her red tank top barely contained her busty 34D's. Minus the bra her nipples were shameless and bullet sized. Her long legs bare until the sandals on her feet broke the sleekness.  
  
Joining Britney in the living room of her home to show off her choices Brit admired her Mennonite rebel.  
  
"Sweet Jesus! You're hotter than me."  
  
Grace blushes gently spinning in step to show off.  
  
"I'll never be as sexy as you are. But, thank you." Grace fidgets, "So where are we going?"  
  
Brit wore all black this night. Wearing a snug tank top with bulging cleavage, complimented by a pair of black stretchy shorts that allowed her butt cheeks to escape, made Brit mean business.  
  
"Just for a walk. Let's see who we run into. It's all about getting checked out."  
  
Grace dances in step, giddy about the prospects.   
  
"Can I show off?"  
  
"To the right targets, absolutely. Let's just breath and feel the electricity. Too much too soon will get us into trouble."  
  
Pouting Grace nods.  
  
"Quit being pathetic. Do you think I was a slut the first time around? Well, yeah, I guess I was. Come on Stripper. Let's wiggle our asses all over town"  
  
Grace skipped along like she was six years old.  
  
The sun was setting and the night was warm.   
  
Both girls walked toward the down town area. It was here that the teenagers cruised their cars, bikes, skateboards and sneakers. There was a stretch of six blocks that made up the zone. The local police allowed them to do illegal U-turns safely to make a continual circle in the street.  
  
Brit and Grace reached the town square and found a congregation of teen boys from the Senior class. Some from in town, some from neighboring towns.  
  
Casually walking toward them their attention suddenly locked on to the oncoming beauties. A round of whistles reached their attention quickly.  
  
"We have admirers." Brit smirks at Grace.  
  
"I feel so alive." Grace shivers.  
  
A trio of out of towners pep up and walk toward them.  
  
"Ladies! You look enchanting tonight." One boy in a black tank top covered by an unbuttoned plaid outer shirt flirted.  
  
Brit smiles stopping in front of them, "Look it's Romeo. Where fore art thou."  
  
He chuckles, "You are one HOT Julliet."  
  
"Julliet's! There are two of us."  
  
"My bad. That's some really long hair."  
  
Grace wags one of her ponytails at him, "Whips and chains."  
  
The trio all recite "WHOA!" in unison.  
  
Brit puckers at her friend, "Reel it in Pippy."  
  
Grace snorts, "Pippy Longstocking. I get it."  
  
The boys wince at each other.   
  
"So, what are you two up to tonight?"  
  
"Taking a walk. Strutting our stuff." Brit grins.  
  
"Awesome. You strut really good." Another chuckles.  
  
"I'm Kyle. This is Boyd and Rick."  
  
"Hi. We're Sexy and Gorgeous." Brit teases.  
  
"That you are." Kyle eyes her chest.  
  
Grace notices and pouts, "You can look at mine too."  
  
"Easy Pippy." Brit giggles.  
  
"We are." Rick admires her nipples stabbing through her tank.  
  
Grace swivels in step and grabs her ass, "You can look at this too"  
  
Fanning herself Brit pauses the guys with a finger, "Hold that thought."  
  
She guides Grace by the arm a few steps away from them then exhales loudly.  
  
"Calm yourself down. You're sounding like you want them to rape you in the street."  
  
Grace pouts, "I can't help it. I need attention."  
  
"You'll get that soon enough. Just chill okay?"  
  
"Okay!"   
  
"Stop looking pathetic."  
  
Brit looks over her shoulder at the trio.   
  
"Now that everyone knows our anatomy, let's begin again." She smiles sheepishly.  
  
Kyle looks between Brit and his buddies then nods in agreement.  
  
"We're from Castleton. Drove down here to see what's up. Tired of the same ole scene. So far this scene seems a whole lot more appealing."  
  
Grace turns away and bends over to touch her toes. In the process all eyes glue to her cheeks revealing from her shorts. That and the deep recess of her tucked clothe between her butt crack.  
  
Brit rolls her eyes and snaps her fingers to keep reality amid the hungered boys.  
  
"While the winding roads around here do look worth driving, the curves get mighty dangerous. You should try keeping your eyes on the road. Accidents do happen."  
  
Boyd chuckles and prefers eying Brit. He found her body remarkable. Her face and smile perfect. What revealed flesh he noted was flawless. Eyes that sparkled in the moonlight. Okay, within the local night lights.  
  
She realizes Boyd is fascinated by her and bites her lower lip. Kyle and Rick however were ogling Grace far more intently. Suddenly, Brit felt jealous. She knew she could steal these boys away in seconds but at the same time she wanted Grace to discover herself. Perhaps, Grace wanted it a little too much.  
  
Running palms beneath her tank Grace exposed her belly button to the trio. Not to mention how low the waist of her shorts were hugging her hips.   
  
"My shorts make me feel pudgy." Grace pouts for response.  
  
Rick grins, "Love the waist line. I think your body is perfection."  
  
"Belly button is beautiful. You need a little bling hanging from it." Kyle adds.  
  
Grace prowls her fingertips around her navel and dips nails beneath the band of her shorts amid her pubic region. By doing so her shorts creep up in the crotch. It was then that the boys discovered camel toe.  
  
Brit was losing her battle with Grace. Frowning toward her she sighs heavily and takes a step back behind Grace before lifting her own black tank to expose her breasts to the three gents. Only then did their eyes overt from Grace. She just as quickly lowered her shirt and winked at them.  
  
The boys remained in shock and couldn't form words. Brit took advantage of that to huddle up to Grace.  
  
"Less skin more flirt." Brit advises.  
  
Grace stomps her foot, "Nooo! I want both."  
  
Taken by surprise Brit edges away from her and acts shunned, "Oooookay then."  
  
Brit was feeling defeated by her friends exuberance. All she could do was follow along as best as she could.  
  
Stepping away Brit decides to journey over to one of the local store fronts where a bench rested next to the doorway. The business was long closed down for the night. In doing so Boyd and Rick followed her and stood over her as she sat down.   
  
Grace was left with Kyle who was getting braver by the second. He had made comments about Grace's skin looking smooth and soft. In her need she reached over and claimed his raised hand, guiding it to caress her belly. She immediately turned red and giggled as his touch tickled her flesh.  
  
"Ohh yeah. That's really soft." His fingers tease below her belly button gently moving lower to the band of her shorts.  
  
"I shaved earlier. It's even softer down here." Grace peels the front of her shorts out right before his eyes. His gaze averting to her fingertips he swallows timidly and takes the risk of running his own fingers below her waistband. In doing so he discovers the thinnest strip of pubic hair he had ever felt.   
  
"Miss a spot?" He winks at her almost embarrassed.  
  
"Did I?" She pouts and peels her band further out and downward until he could literally see the hair amid the upper compression of her pussy.  
  
"That's really cute." He nearly stutters touching it.  
  
As his finger tempts her she shivers and breaks out in a shrill giggle that makes him jump away. Grace drops her jaw at his abandonment and winces.  
  
Before another word could be spoken Kyle turned his attention to Boyd and Rick. They were now sitting to each side of Britney. Boyd had his arm around her while Rick was rubbing her left leg.  
  
Kyle chuckles and looks back at Grace, "Looks like my buddies are making good friends with your girl."  
  
Grace narrows her eyes discovering Kyle's interest waning in favor of eying Brit's own hands rubbing both of his friends legs.  
  
"Yeah. She's easy to make friends with." Grace mutters taking the initiative to cuddle up under Kyle's arm and press herself next to his hip. The move brought Kyle back for the moment. Even though both grew nervous.   
  
Kyle liked her boldness but something bothered him about her. He wasn't quite sure what it was. Yet, he also found Brit enticing as well. He was torn between the two.  
  
As Kyle and Grace stood in front of the trio on the bench, Brit looked up at them.  
  
"I never knew Castleton boys were this attentive." Brit coyly grins.  
  
Boyd chuckles dangling his arm over her chest until it caressed her nipple erection. He feels her grip on his leg increase as his knuckles taunt her breast.  
  
"You're worth our attention." Rick follows up.  
  
"Awww! I feel so special." Brit raises her hand from his leg to pat his cheek playfully.  
  
Grace fidgeted and hugged Kyle's arm tighter, "I want to feel special."  
  
Kyle smugly looks at his friends as he plants his hand on Grace's ass rubbing it. The move made her flare her eyes and grin sheepishly toward Brit.  
  
Brit smirked at her friend. It had suddenly felt like a competition.   
  
Eying Boyd's knuckles over her breast Brit raises her own hand up to turn his palm toward her tit and press it down over it. The move made Boyd exhale with a pucker as he allowed his fingers to squeeze her tit. He had to look toward Kyle to see if he was observing.   
  
Grace winced toward them and reached behind her to grab Kyle's hand and slide it up to her waistband. She then eased his fingers under the band. Kyle then took the hint and slid his entire hand inside her shorts to squeeze her bare ass.   
  
Kyle then nodded with a smirk toward Boyd. Challenges all around.  
  
Rick felt left out as his hands continued to rub Brit's leg.  
  
Staring toward Grace, Brit reached her hand over and planted it directly over Rick's crotch. Light squeezes made Rick hum a shrill, "Woooohoo!"  
  
"See? Now everyone is happy." Brit expresses.  
  
Grace wiggles at Kyle's touch as she leans over to press her head on to his. He loved the closeness. The erotic drama unfolding led Kyle to trail his hand further toward Grace's butt crack until his middle finger teased her anal cavity. The sensation made Grace tense up and shiver uncontrollably. The dance in step made Kyle chuckle and offer her a kiss on the cheek. The kiss made Grace coo like a dove.  
  
Brit shook her head at Grace smirking like the devil. She strayed her attention from the boys beside her to predict the next move her friend might make.  
  
Boyd and Rick however weren't as caring.   
  
The hand over Brits breast was released and making its own decisions now. Boyd's hand took the risk and slithered down her tank and grasped her flesh. Her breast was soft, bouncy, and warm. Brit's nipple under his palm like nothing he had ever felt.  
  
She had no response but to let him continue. Her eyes were solely on Grace.  
  
Rick on the other hand clenched her fingers over his erection. She wasn't putting up a fight. Finally, as Rick observes Boyd he decides to utilize his other hand and slip it under Brit's tank top at the hem and locate her other tit. Now both of her breasts were being played with. Still she maintained her gaze on Grace.  
  
The traffic was beginning to notice their mischief. Cars tooted their horns. Whistles ignited by passerby's. This finally caught the ears of all of them. The boys grew smug and felt like they were King's. The girls absorbed the wolf calls and felt like they had the world by the balls.  
  
Kyle whispers into Grace's ear, "Looks like you have fans."  
  
"Are you my fan?" She bites her lower lip.  
  
Before he could reply he hears a loud voice from a pickup truck, "WAY TO GO DANVER'S!!" ,which made Kyle look behind him.  
  
He chuckles and yells back, "SUP ROTHSTEIN?"  
  
Amazed Grace flutters her fingers at the boys in the truck slowly driving in procession behind other vehicles. With Kyle's hand still down her shorts she wiggles her ass in their direction. Giggling she eyes Kyle who nods his appreciation. She made him look good.  
  
"Brandon Rothstein. He will brag about me forever back in Castleton. Thanks."  
  
"I can make him brag even more if you want me to help."   
  
He eyes Grace then looks over at Rothstein and his friend in the truck. Returning his gaze to Grace he nods, "How?"  
  
Grace slides both of her hands under her shorts without Kyle removing his fingers. In a swift tug she pulls her shorts down past her ass cheeks and slightly bends over mooning the truck. Kyle still toyed with her ass hole in the process.   
  
The truck screeched to a halt and nearly caused an accident.  
  
The screeching made Boyd and Rick look up from their playfulness and spotted Grace with her shorts down. When Grace stood erect they saw her pussy in plain view.  
  
Brit huffed and forced herself from the clutches of the boys. Standing up she shuffled away from them until reaching Grace.  
  
"Hey! Don't cause a wreck. How would we explain this to the cops? Not to mention if those cops informed your parents." Brit whispered into her friends ear.  
  
Grace acknowledges with a whine, "I'm having fun."  
  
"I am too. But, we have to be careful. You especially. My Dad knows what I'm like. My Mom not so much but Dad would cover for me. What would your Dad do?"  
  
Grace exhales pouting and pulls her shorts up. Kyle by then removes his hand and frowns. As he pulls away Grace twists and grabs him, "Don't leave."  
  
Having overheard Brit, Kyle merely throws his hands out, "I don't want you to get into trouble because of me."  
  
Brit grabs Grace carefully by the elbow and looks at Kyle, "We can still have fun. Let's just not create a traffic jam."  
  
Kyle agrees and motions Rothstein with a thumbs up, followed by a pair of unfriendly birds. Groans could be heard from a distance. Not just Rothstein. But, from a number of cars.  
  
Brit realized this suddenly and looked around at the motorists. Gritting her teeth Brit turns Grace around and looks at her, "Oh what the hell."  
  
With a blur of motion Brit yanks Grace's shorts to her knees. The honking proceeded in fashion. Grace was in awe of Brit's sudden change of mind. As soon as Grace had her moment Brit joined her. Ass facing the street Brit drops her own shorts and moons the crowd.   
  
Playfully Kyle leaped in and swatted Grace on the ass. With a yelp Grace burst into laughter.  
  
Brit decided to go one step further and literally step out of her shorts and race about the sidewalk bottomless. Her pussy in view of traffic. Kyle taunted Grace by bending over and helping her out of her own shorts. Now both girls danced together wearing only their tank tops and sandals.  
  
Boyd and Rick joined Kyle holding the shorts of both girls. They each took turns slyly sniffing the clothing.  
  
The traffic began chanting, "Take your shirts off!"  
  
Brit led Grace over to Brandon Rothstein's truck and huddled at his door.  
  
"Put your tailgate down and let us ride in the back." Brit expects.  
  
Rothstein looks over at Kyle giving him the bird back just as his passenger "Steven" races from the truck cab to drop the tailgate.  
  
Brit and Grace motion Kyle and the guys to jump in back of the truck with them. A mad dash later all five of them climbed aboard.   
  
Traffic moving once more the girls sat with their legs dangling from the tailgate. The triad of boys huddled behind them. The car behind them put their headlights on bright to spotlight the girls. They too were Castleton and Coopersmith residents visiting. Best night ever.  
  
Brit whispers into Grace's ear and they both break out into laughter. In a unified move the girls pulled their shirts off and handed them back to Kyle and Boyd. Sandals came next until both girls sat on cold hard metal. Totally nude.   
  
Honks followed eager cheers.  
  
"Ready?" Brit yells over at Grace.  
  
"Let's do this." Grace replies.  
  
The girls lean back against the boys and prop their heels on the tailgate edge. Once in position both girls reach around and begin rubbing their clits. Knees wide for perfect viewing. Masturbation became a frenzy.  
  
Kyle reached his hand over to squeeze Grace's right tit. Boyd followed suit gripping Brit's chest and pinching her nipple taunt.  
  
Rick scooted between them and embraced both girls remaining tits.  
  
Within six blocks full circle both girls squealed and cum all over themselves. Hands raised to the sky let everyone know they completed their mission.  
  
In a sudden maneuver Rothstein pulled his truck into an empty lot that was well lit from pole lights at every corner. A Hardware Store.  
  
Shutting the truck off Rothstein and Steven raced from the cab to get a view.  
  
Brit grins "I think they want a taste."  
  
Grace giggles and lifts a finger toward Steven. Instead, the Seniors from Castleton gripped both girls by the ankles and dragged them to the edge of the gate. It was then that they both buried their tongues in the girls snatches. Neither girl complained.  
  
Cheers erupted from Kyle and the gang at their friends sudden inspiration.  
  
Steven ate Grace, gnawing on her clit until he forces her to cry out and grip Kyle by the leg.   
  
Rothstein had similar intention yet pursued adding fingers up inside Brit. She leaned forward to run her fingers in his scalp and offer instruction.  
  
Grace felt Steven probing her for his own finger insertion and winced. She was terrified to hear the end result.  
  
"Holy shit. She's still a virgin." Steven lifts away in awe.  
  
Brit scowls, "Shut the fuck up and eat that bitch."  
  
He did indeed.  
  
Both girls offered their thanks by scalding the boys chins with warm juices.  
  
As everyone relaxed to gain composure. Kyle eased in to sit between Grace and Brit. He pulled Grace into a hug.  
  
"I still like you." He whispers into her ear.  
  
This melted her heart.  
  
Brit smiled, "Get a cab."  
  
In a timely response Kyle chuckled, "Good idea."  
  
Jumping off the tailgate he pulls Grace with him and guides her to the cab of the truck and helps her in. Once there they made out like bandits.  
  
Brit sensed the other boys angst.  
  
"Oh Godammit! Who's fucking me first?"  
  
Boyd!  
  
Rick!  
  
Rothstein!  
  
Steven!  
  
Nobody lasted long.  
  
Grace?   
  
She kissed Kyle the entire time.  
  
And, got sea sick from the bed rocking.  
  
Blocks away Lance Foxx and his friends were searching high and low.  
  
Lance finally put his cell away after no answer. Fuming, he and Evan followed by Styles walked in the general direction.

Reaching the Hardware store lot they observe the truck rocking.  
  
"Lucky fucks! At least somebody got laid tonight."  
  
The guys kept on walking.  
  
Brit would never hear the end of it.