**Britney**

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**Britney Ch. 21: Mennonknights**

The following morning Brit and Grace had showered and returned the young Mennonite's appearance to normal. They went over her with a fine tooth come to make certain their secret was going to remain safe.  
  
Grace was nervous as she looked herself over in the mirror. Less nervous over her Father finding out the truth but more so about whether she might ever be with the boy she met last night.  
  
"Kyle was so sweet." Grace fawns.  
  
"At least you didn't lose your virginity." Brit points out.  
  
"I want to though."  
  
"I know you do. I just want you to experience it with someone worthy of you."  
  
"Kyle's not worthy?"  
  
"Do you even know his last name?"  
  
Grace turns pale, "No. Yes. It was "Danvers."  
  
"Not worthy then. Patience my stunningly beautiful friend. Your time will come."  
  
"I know. Speaking of cum. I still can't believe you and I masturbated in the bed of a truck driving down the street. So awesome."  
  
"It was pretty cool wasn't it?" Brit smugly expresses.  
  
A rap on the bedroom door leads to Brit opening up.  
  
"Morning Daddy. We're almost ready to take Grace home."  
  
"Can't use my truck. Gotta look good, so I borrowed Chuck's jeep. Chloe gave me his keys while he's out of town. She didn't even question it."  
  
Brit slyly grins, "Chloe's so cool."  
  
"Who's Chloe?" Grace reacts.  
  
"Next door neighbor." Brit smirks.  
  
"Ohhh! The one that Lance..."  
  
"Has a stupid crush on. Yes same Chloe." Brit cuts her off.  
  
Keith Foxx merely shakes his head.  
  
"I'll be outside. Hurry it up."  
  
"Be right there, Daddy."  
  
Scolding Grace quickly and having regretted telling her of her Brother's secret rendezvous Brit leads her friend out front.  
  
"Speaking of the Devil's daughter." Brit spots Chloe talking to Keith on the street from her yard.  
  
Chloe turns in step and waves, "Hey Britney. Who's your friend?"  
  
Grace shuffles over to Chloe with an extended hand, "I'm Emily Grace. Call me Grace. Nice to meet you."  
  
"Hello Grace. I love your hair."  
  
Smiles all around until Keith growls, "Sure you're dressed appropriately enough this trip?"  
  
Brit looks at her attire, "Legs are covered by pants. Hoodie confines cleavage. I look frumpy. I think I'm good to go."  
  
"My parents will not complain." Grace fidgets.  
  
Keith nods from the drivers seat, "Hope not. Just protecting you Kid."  
  
"Thank you Sir. For everything." She smiles devilishly.  
  
Chloe raises a brow at her expression. Seeing her face Brit snuggles up to Chloe's arm, "Her first overnight sleepover. Talked all night."  
  
"Awww! I remember those days." Chloe expresses while hugging Brit. She then whispers, "Fill me in later."  
  
"Bye Chloe."  
  
Brit and Grace climb into the jeep which had it's canvas top peeled back for freedom. That and Keith always wanted to experience Chuck's ride first hand.  
  
Engine started Keith nods at Chloe before driving away.  
  
He chuckles at Brit in the passenger seat, "She rides like a dream."  
  
"The Jeep or Chloe?" Brit teases punching her Father's arm playfully.  
  
Keith merely winks at her.  
  
The country drive went by quickly as Keith turns off on to the dirt road leading out to the farmstead belonging to Grace's family, "Isaiah and Mary Ruuthouse".  
  
Reaching the farm they are met by little brother Daniel and the family dog a mutt terrier mix.  
  
"Hello Sister." Daniel waved.  
  
His big sister waved in return from the back seat as Keith put it in park. Grace handed Daniel her book bag then crawled out of the jeep.  
  
Mary stepped from the house wiping her hands off on a dish towel.  
  
"Was my daughter behaving?" Mary warmly smiles.  
  
Keith gets out of the jeep and walks with Grace to the steps of the farm house.  
  
"She was perfect. The girls studied quite awhile. I made dinner. Yes I can cook." He chuckles.  
  
Mary blushes, "A woman's job but I will not hold that against you. Hello Britney."  
  
Brit waves back as Keith ushers, "Hold whatever you feel like holding against me Mary. I'm tough."  
  
"I will keep that in mind. Isaiah is still at Church. Mother is napping. Grace? Why don't you take Daniel inside with Britney. I made cookies."  
  
Daniel races past everyone and darts through the screen door. Grace hugs her Mother on the way inside.  
  
Brit snuggles up to her Dad's arm and whispers, "Behave old man."  
  
He smirks at her, "Not likely. Go away."  
  
Brit shrugs and smiles at Mary on the way through.  
  
Mary chooses to step down to face Keith. Shyly she looks around her for safety reasons.  
  
"I could not sleep last night. I thought so very often of you touching me."  
  
"Shame on you." He winks.  
  
"How well I know. Forgive me?"  
  
"As long as Isaiah never senses you're thinking of me. I don't want to see you get hurt Mary."  
  
"I must confess something." She lowers her gaze, "My husband made love to me last night. I envisioned that he was you."  
  
He ponders his words after thinking, "I nearly fucked your daughter last night and I envisioned you. Guess we're even."  
  
Instead he feigns his own shyness, "Was I good in bed?"  
  
She turns beet red, "You were magnificent."  
  
"I always aim to please."  
  
"Someday?"  
  
"Making love to you sounds pretty darn nice Mary. I want that. I just need you to be safe. And, I don't want to get shot."  
  
"I told you I do not allow guns in our home. Isaiah would never shoot you. He might perhaps strike me should he find out. Then I would be cast out."  
  
"Let's hope it never comes to that. I plan on remaining friends with you good people. You more than Isaiah."  
  
"I truly hope so. If I could be yours I would consider."  
  
"One day at a time. Don't let anyone suspect you of having feelings for me."  
  
"I worry that my daughter might catch on before anyone. We are very close."  
  
"Strangely enough, I think Grace might not mind."  
  
"She has always been as you say open minded. We worry of what the outside world will influence her with. Still, she does deserve a good education."  
  
"Isolation doesn't help. It's a good thing you allowed her to attend public school. Once she graduates she can make her own decisions."  
  
"So true. If not for Daniel I might contemplate leaving my faith. His Father would never let him go. I could not bare to be without him. I am torn inside."  
  
"Slow down Mary. No need to stress over it. We have plenty of time. If it's meant to be it will happen."  
  
"I do not want you to lose hope for me. I desire you Keith Foxx. To be perhaps what your current mate cannot be."  
  
"Not losing hope. I just need you to keep your emotions in check. Don't change your reactions toward Isaiah. He has to believe in you. Any stray thoughts and he might catch on."  
  
"You are correct. I will never deny Isaiah. I am his wife and I shall act as one. I will give my body to him as he pleases. Just as I one day hope to offer you."  
  
He smirks with a nod, "Oh I'm fucking you Mary. Count on that. I'm going to treat you like a lady one day and my little slut the next."  
  
Her eyes flare wide at his change in tone.  
  
"You would treat me like a...slut?"  
  
"Best of both worlds Mary."  
  
She folds her arms across her chest while shivering, "I see."  
  
"Changing your attitude now after hearing that?" He studies her.  
  
Whispering loudly she looks him directly in the eye, "I am not. I am just unaccustomed to being referred to as a...slut."  
  
"Not every day. But, there will be days I'll expect that kind of behavior. I'll teach you how I want you to be."  
  
"And, how must I act to remain yours?"  
  
"If you leave the Mennonite's behind I'll expect you to be more open minded of your body. That dress gets burned immediately. I'll expect to see legs and cleavage. Your hair down."  
  
She unfolds her arms to place her fingers over her expression.  
  
"In private?"  
  
"Nope. Even in public. I will want to show you off."  
  
"Toward other men?" She turns pale.  
  
He nods with a pucker, "Rather stay here with Isaiah?"  
  
"I would not. You request much of me."  
  
"Total change if you take a big step like this Mary."  
  
"I am terrified of this. I will never lie to you."  
  
"Don't mistake me for a bad guy. I'm not. I'm just very open and I expect my mate to be the same."  
  
"Your mate. I shiver at the notion Keith. It excites me to dream of this."  
  
"I'll be back out tomorrow to work on the barn. I have a challenge for you." He looks over his brow at her.  
  
"What is this challenge you speak of?"  
  
"Envision three things you suspect I might want you to do for me that is open minded. Nothing too simple. I want you to really think about this. If in the process you change your mind about me I'll understand."  
  
"I will not change my desires."  
  
Keith steps closer to her after looking around him for prying eyes.  
  
His palm caresses her left profile making her melt, "Offer me one prediction of what I might expect of you. As I touch you now."  
  
"You say you wish to show me off. Would you undress me in front of others?"  
  
"No. You would undress yourself."  
  
Her eyes tremble in their sockets as she stares up at him, "If you so wished it. I would do as you asked."  
  
"Time will tell." He winks at her.  
  
"Yes it will." She hesitates, "We should be more cautious."  
  
"Tonight? Seduce Isaiah. As you do picture me. Do something to him that you have never done before."  
  
"I have not done much of anything. He claims me. I do not begin things. It is a man's job to be in control."  
  
"I couldn't agree more." He chuckles lowering his hand away from her face.  
  
"Is it wrong for a Mennonite woman to seduce her husband?"  
  
"It is sinful for a wife to take control."  
  
"You know Isaiah better than anyone. Would he punish you for attempting something new?"  
  
"Perhaps not. He gets very frisky late at night."  
  
"Ever suck his dick?"  
  
"Is that not unsanitary?" She cringes slightly.  
  
"There's your challenge. Suck his dick until you make him cum in your mouth."  
  
A look of sheer terror flows across her face.  
  
"You would want me to do this to you?"  
  
"Absolutely. With passion. Swallow every drop."  
  
She fans herself abruptly, "I will attempt this. And, envision doing this to you."  
  
"If he disagrees and gets mad stop immediately. It must look like you want to please him in new ways. To spice up your relationship."  
  
"I will do this. For you."  
  
"I can't wait to burn this damned blue dress. And, that white bonnet on your head."  
  
"I would have nothing to wear then."  
  
"I'll buy you a whole new wardrobe of sexy clothing."  
  
"Oh my!" Without warning she risks kissing him on the lips before pulling away and darting up her stairs.  
  
He rubbed his chin and shook his head.  
  
Too much fun.  
  
At the screen door he calls out, "Time to head home."  
  
Britney and Grace walk to the door together eating oatmeal cookies. Grace looks back at her Mother who had rushed past her and headed upstairs.  
  
"Is my Mother okay?" Grace questions.  
  
"Yeah. Something she ate I think." He chuckles in his thoughts, "Or will eat."  
  
"Oh. I had fun Mister Foxx. Thank you for having me."  
  
"Almost having you." He winks at her forcing a blush.  
  
"That too. I will see you at school tomorrow." Grace hugs Brit from the side.  
  
Brit then opens the door and walks out to the jeep with her Father.  
  
"Everything alright Dad?"  
  
"Yep. Long talk with Mary."  
  
"Was it juicy?" She guffaws nudging his elbow.  
  
"Not bad. We'll see how the night goes. You want ice cream?"  
  
"After that cookie? You trying to make this hot body fat?"  
  
"Yeah, you're right. Just sounded good."  
  
"Soft serve in a cone. I'll share one with you. Three licks only."  
  
"Sounds good."  
  
His thoughts led to Mary. She would have her own soft serve tonight.  
  
As he started the jeep he looks up to see Mary then notes his daughter texting on her cell. His eyes return to Mary. In the full window he see's Mary drop her dress to the floor followed by her slip. There she stood totally naked before him.  
  
God she was beautiful. Even after having two children her body was curvy.  
  
She waved at him and blew a kiss. He merely waved back.  
  
The drive home to the ice cream parlor was quiet.

**Britney Ch. 22: Barn Swallow**

It had been an exhausting day at the Ruuthouse farm.  
  
Isaiah had emerged from taking a leisurely bath in the homes claw tub. Heading to relax he discovers his lovely wife Mary awaiting him in their bed. Candles were lit for ambience.  
  
"What is this I am witness too?" Isaiah frowns.  
  
Mary wore only her night gown, caressed by her long flowing brown hair. She lay upon the large queen sized bed in perhaps her best seductive pose. Something she was unaccustomed to.  
  
"You disapprove Husband?"  
  
Isaiah rubs his lengthy beard while troubled by the sight. He had never known her to act in this fashion. Casually he steps closer to the bed after shutting the bedroom door. Standing over her, he merely looks down upon her.  
  
" I would not say I disapprove. You are my wife. As lovely as ever."  
  
She warmly smiles and almost blushes.  
  
"Forgive me Husband. I do not wish to offend you. I have missed you this day. More so than usual. My thoughts are of your touch."  
  
She pats the bed after rolling to her right to lay on her back.  
  
He acknowledges her body beneath her gown as she pulls it up to her knees. Her nipples lift the simple gown toward her Husband, whom had admired them all along.  
  
Sitting gently beside her Isaiah felt the hair on his neck bristle. He grew suspicious of her motives. After all these years together this was the first time Mary had instigated any form of romantic pleasure. Not that he found it unappealing, merely unusual.  
  
"Do not frown upon me Husband. I ask you to smile and know I wish to please you."  
  
He frowns, "Has the Devil got into you, Mary?"  
  
"No! Merely thoughts of making my Husband smile. Allow me to do so Husband?"  
  
He nods and removes his wife beater and boxers. The incredibly hairy man now lay naked beside her. As he usually does he rolls over and kisses her passionately on his terms. His large hands clutching her breast. She enjoyed his touch very much. Even though her thoughts envision Keith Foxx.  
  
In her turmoil of desire she lifts her hips to pull her gown over her butt and allows her feet to caress up and down Isaiah's muscular legs. He enjoys her tenderness and decides to raise away in favor of her removing her gown entirely.  
  
"You are indeed an Angel from Heaven, Mary." He admires her perfection. Only very faint stretch marks disturb her flesh. Even after two children her breasts were perky and firm.  
  
He begins to roll over on to her when she halts him with hands to his chest.  
  
"A moment longer, Husband. Have faith in me."  
  
She guides him away and rolls him over on to his back. Shocked and curious he complies.  
  
She then proceeds to sit at his side and rub his hairy chest with teasing nails. She opts to lean in and kiss his chest before moving ever so slowly to his stomach.  
  
His eye brow raises at her attention, "What has gotten into you, Mary?"  
  
"Nothing yet. In time." She whispers and continues on her journey south. Amid his pubic hair she shivers expecting to be scolded. Her lips tenderly peck at him, her profile caressed by his rising monster. She knew he was liking her unexpected maneuvering. If not he would not be quite so aroused.  
  
Tilting her face toward his eight inch beast she offers it a single kiss. He tenses up beneath her.  
  
"May I go further, Husband?"  
  
He trembles with a scowl, "If you like."  
  
With that encouragement she continues kissing up and down his shaft. At his balls she admires its fullness. Her lips suction in his sack as her tongue swirls around his balls. Light tugs lead to a mighty swath of her tongue that encompasses his entire scrotum and glides upward. Over his foreskin all the way to his crown. Isaiah was uncircumcised At the tip she kisses it and ushers, "I adore you Ke--eper of my heart."  
  
He dismisses her hesitance not realizing she nearly spoke Keith's name.  
  
"I adore you my Wife."  
  
Before he could react further she swallows his cock for the first time ever and chokes on it's girth. She knew he liked it by his rising hips and hands upon her scalp. His grip held her head firm as he let her rise and fall over his dick. The power she felt made her desires for Keith even more emotional. Her mission was becoming a success.  
  
Isaiah still needed to assert himself as a Man and dominant. He forces her to suck his dick faster until she gags. He refuses to let up on her and she turns blue. Yet, in all of her torment she finds pleasure. Keith Foxx was amazing.  
  
For ten long minutes Isaiah fucked her mouth. Mary was a mess of sinus and tears. With an evil grin Isaiah tensed up and showered her tonsils in cum. Her first time ever tasting it made her grimace until it became tolerable. Keith was delicious. So she predicted.  
  
Releasing his grip Isaiah lay back and pulled his pillow under his head. He expected to be done having spent his load.  
  
Mary crawls up over him and straddles his lap. Nails again toy amid his fur covered chest.  
  
"May I continue Husband?" She gyrates slowly over his genitals.  
  
Eyes narrowing he inhales deeply, "You may."  
  
She discovers his erection and installs it properly. Thus her ride begins. She clutches her own mighty bosom and crushes them together as she slides her thighs up and down his monstrous shaft.  
  
He admires her intensity and places his hands to each side of her hips. Her gyrations focused, she whimpers and moans. In pleasing herself she undoubtedly pleased him. He kept her balanced and enjoyed the view.  
  
"Surely you are possessed Woman." He huffs.  
  
"Do you not like this Husband?"  
  
"I do." He realizes.  
  
She gushes a warm flow over his balls and inner thighs as her voice escalates into cries of pleasure. So loudly Isaiah fears waking the children and his Mother. Yet, he does nothing to silent her.  
  
With a mighty orgasm she screams and bulges her eyes directly down at Isaiah for confirmation it was he whom she fucked. Not Keith Foxx.  
  
Isaiah amazed by her rolls her over gruffly and fucks her missionary for another ten minutes before detonating into his wife. He too snarled at the top of his lungs. Mary enjoyed herself immensely. Isaiah would never admit it that he did too.  
  
Rolling away he slept. Mary could only toss and turn. Try as she might. Her fingers call out to Keith in the distance.  
  
The following day Keith Foxx arrived in his truck to put the finishing touches on the Ruuthouse barn. As he parked he was met by the Ruuthouse daughter "Emily Grace" on her way to meet a school bus.  
  
"Good morning, Mr. Foxx."  
  
"Hey there Grace. You look tired." Keith stretches outside his trucks door.  
  
"Who can sleep. Mom and Dad were up all night having sex." She pouts, "I want sex."  
  
Keith chuckles, "Your times coming Kid."  
  
"I hope it's with this boy I met." She realizes he had no idea she and Britney his daughter had snuck out that night. Holding her tongue she smirks.  
  
"Boy huh? And, here I thought you wanted me to take your virginity." Keith sighs.  
  
She grins sheepishly, "You want my Mother. I will go after my boy."  
  
"Could have a threesome. You, Me, and your Mom." He coughs into his hand.  
  
Her eyes bulge, "That would be rather awkward."  
  
"I'm kidding!!!! Geez!"  
  
"I somehow doubt that." Grace giggles and waves goodbye before hurrying down the dusty path to the main road.  
  
Keith nods to himself, "Wouldn't be the worst fantasy I ever had."  
  
As he shrugs things off he discovers Mary standing on the porch. Her smile was radiant.  
  
"You look happy." He hesitates.  
  
She looks quickly behind her into the house. Knowing her Husband was already at the barn and her son playing in his room on the backside of the house she still stressed. Her Mother in Law was unaccounted for. Most likely at this hour she was in the bathroom.  
  
Confident she leaves the porch and greets Keith up close.  
  
"I fulfilled your command."  
  
He puckers his lips eying her reaction, "Good or bad?"  
  
"It went well. We made love for three hours. That is unheard of."  
  
"Sucked his dick?"  
  
"I told you I fulfilled your command."  
  
"Think he wants more of that?" He winks.  
  
"I am certain. Yet, I would rather do this too you." She blushes smiling.  
  
"We'll figure something out. Be patient."  
  
"I understand. You too are married. It will prove difficult."  
  
"Not on my end. She's rarely home. Getting time alone with you is the problem. The barn is done as of today. Unless you have ideas on how we would still be welcome out here and not look obvious, there lies our dilemma."  
  
"This is true. Perhaps I can come to town alone some day. School perhaps. A teacher's conference?"  
  
He rubs his chin, "Not a bad thought."  
  
"Yes. However, this would raise suspicion of my daughter. She should not know of such things."  
  
He chuckles ever so lightly and nods, "Your kids smarter than you think. She teases me about liking you."  
  
Mary's eyes become bulbous and unblinking, "Oh my! She does the same to me."  
  
Both already knew this from past conversations.  
  
"Don't sweat it. You have a great kid. She's just at that prime age to be something she's told not to be." He points out.  
  
"That is what I am afraid of. I fear she does not want this life we live."  
  
"Am I wrong in thinking you feel the same?"  
  
Mary lowers her gaze, "To be with you I would step away from this life."  
  
"What about Daniel? You mentioned that Isaiah would never let him go."  
  
"Of this I know as fact. I would never be allowed to see him again." She frets.  
  
"Laws in this country. Most cases the Mother gets the custody rights."  
  
"Perhaps he would be safer here. This life you wish me to lead is not for someone so young. Grace will be on her own soon."  
  
"Something can be figured out. Months down the road, Mary."  
  
She shudders folding her arms over her chest, "So very far away."  
  
"Goes by fast."  
  
Mary shyly smiles, "I imagined having sex with you as I did with Isaiah."  
  
"I'm better."  
  
She brightens her eyes, "The more I do this with Isaiah the more I will like it. This is in your favor."  
  
"Enjoy yourself. The more he expects the less he suspects."  
  
"You should join Isaiah before he looks for you." She switches the subject.  
  
"Yeah, I better go." He steps away then turns sideways to face her, "Want another challenge?"  
  
She shivers at the option, "What is it you want me to do?"  
  
"Get Isaiah to have sex with you outdoors. Broad daylight."  
  
With a wink he turns away and heads down the path through the timber.  
  
Mary stands pale and looks up at the sky.  
  
"I will do as you command."  
  
Reaching the barn Keith had to stop and admire the craftsmanship. He spotted Isaiah with his family members Hiram and Zachariah. Finally Keith stepped in to join them.  
  
"Morning Fellas." Keith grins.  
  
"Beautiful day is it not?" Isaiah smiled brightly.  
  
Keith raised an eye brow, "Someone looks happy."  
  
Isaiah actually chuckles and moves away from his relatives to throw an arm around Keith. They stroll together as Isaiah offers, "Walk with me my friend."  
  
Reaching the back of the barn Isaiah retrieves his arm and clasps his hands, "May I speak freely?"  
  
Keith puckers then shrugs, "I don't have a problem with that."  
  
With a loud exhale Isaiah nearly bursts, "I know it is sinful to speak of such things." He shakes his head, "I made love to Mary last night. Truly amazing it was. I cannot begin to describe it."  
  
Keith chuckles holding his palms up, "Slow down. That stuff should be between you two lovebirds."  
  
"Of this I know. Yet, you are a worldly man. I feel I can speak with you."  
  
"Well, as long as I don't say anything that might offend you. Being worldly."  
  
Both men laugh as Isaiah tugs his beard, "Have you ever had--a woman's mouth--down there?"  
  
An eye brow raises, "Many times. My wife is the best."  
  
"Truly? I have heard stories yet never believed in such ungodly things." His excitement boggled Keith.  
  
"Yeah, there's lots of things that gets a guy really juiced up."  
  
"Such as?" Isaiah looks at him for answers.  
  
"Anal usually gets my wife crazy."  
  
Isaiah looks confused, "In the pooper?"  
  
Keith busts out laughing and apologizes with his hands, "Yeah, in the pooper. Stick your dick in and hit it like you do a pussy. Just a little slower if they've never experienced it before. Little messy the first time."  
  
"I see."  
  
Keith nods, "Might want to lube up so it doesn't rub you raw when you first enter Mary."  
  
"Mary!" Isaiah flounders for a moment.  
  
Immediately it dawns on Keith, Isaiah had other thoughts.  
  
"Whoa! You're considering another woman?"  
  
Isaiah's eyes tremble, "I trust you my friend. Not to worry my wife."  
  
Arms folded Keith looks shocked, "I won't say a word. My best advice though is keep things lively with Mary. You wouldn't want her to catch on to your other ideas."  
  
"Indeed." Isaiah nods.  
  
"I thought this was against your religion."  
  
"It is. I will repent vigorously."  
  
Keith's thoughts run rampant, "Quite the shock I gotta say. If you're serious I advise you to do whatever you intend to do far enough away that Mary will never know."  
  
"I have thought of this friend Keith. My mother Anna has wanted to visit her sister in Ohio for many years now. A trip might be in order."  
  
"Ohio? That's a thousand miles away." Keith narrows his eyes.  
  
"We will take a train."  
  
"I think you should reconsider this Isaiah. Mary's a good woman."  
  
He suddenly felt sorry for Mary. This was almost as devious as his own ideas. Too good to be true.  
  
"She is indeed. Yet, I feel an emptiness within me. A yearning for something new. Do not think bad of me my friend."  
  
Keith releases his tangled arms and rubs his neck, "That's your decision Isaiah. I won't say anything. If you need me to look in on Mary and the kids I can. In case they need anything. Groceries and the like."  
  
"No wonder my daughter speaks so highly of you. Thank you my friend. Now tell me more of sinful things I might do."  
  
"Titty fucking. Doggy style. Exhibitionism. All fun."  
  
"Exhibitionism?" Isaiah creases his brow.  
  
"Yeah, letting others watch you have sex."  
  
"You have done this?"  
  
"My wife loves that. I don't mind it I guess. She usually talks me into it."  
  
"I am uncertain about that." He looks at his belly and pats it.  
  
"Most folks that watch really don't care what you look like Isaiah. It's more of their own perversions of just seeing it that they're attracted to."  
  
"Perhaps. I will think on such as this."  
  
"Whatever you decide you need to keep things good here at home. Like nothing bad is on your mind. For the sake of your wife and kids."  
  
Isaiah brushes his beard with his fingers, "To this I have an idea. Now that our barn is finished we shall celebrate. A barn dance."  
  
Keith chuckles, "Do Si Do, Brother."  
  
Isaiah grins brightly and shakes Keith's hand rapidly.  
  
"Brother's indeed." Isaiah turns away.  
  
Keith stands stunned by this turn of events. He paces in a circle then looks to the sky.  
  
Above him was a hayloft door. There stood young Jonah. Britney's infatuation.  
  
He had to have heard everything.  
  
Jonah merely waved.  
  
"Oh Brother."  
  
Swallowed by the whale.

**Britney Ch. 23: Out House**

The barn door was wide open.  
  
Keith Foxx did his best to keep busy on the finishing touches on the Ruuthouse Farm. The barn he had helped erect was pretty much done. Paint and smaller fixtures were about it. He still stuck around to see what else he might learn.   
  
After Isaiah Ruuthouse's admission of wanting to experience sex with other women caught him off guard, he knew he needed to tread lightly. Earlier he had also instigated Isaiah's wife Mary into opening her own mind. He also wanted to know if she might come through before he left for the day.  
  
To make matters worse Isaiah's young Nephew Jonah Ruuthouse had overheard the incriminating conversation he and Isaiah had. He needed to corral the boy and discover where his head was at. Damage control just in case.  
  
Climbing a wooden ladder up into the loft Keith found Jonah moving around bales of hay. The family was definitely dedicated to getting everything in its place.  
  
"Hey there Jonah. Need any help?" Keith moves closer.  
  
The teenager was much stronger than he appeared. His frailty would leave most folks to think him weak. Far from it. Stopping to wipe the sweat from his brow and adjust his straw hat Jonah greets him without a smile.  
  
"You okay?"  
  
Jonah nods, "I am."  
  
"Got an extra pair of gloves up here?" Keith leers about.  
  
Jonah hesitates before locating a second pair hiding near a corner. Bringing them back Keith dons them and begins helping stack bales.  
  
"So, Isaiah tells me he's going to throw a Barn Dance in a few days."  
  
Jonah nods carrying another bale.  
  
"My daughter Britney has never been to a Barn Dance."  
  
Jonah's eyes bulge and he nearly drops the bale, "She would come?"  
  
Keith thought about his question. Dirty mindedly he shakes his head about, "That's a safe bet."  
  
Smiling suddenly Jonah could barely contain his excitement. He had a crush on Britney since the day he set eyes upon her. Brit? She loved boys in general. Jonah was in her sights as a future target for certain.  
  
Grinning sheepishly Keith adds gasoline to the fanning flames exuding from the lad.  
  
"I was just thinking. Maybe you should ask her to the dance."  
  
Stunned Jonah stops cold, "You would allow this?"  
  
"Sure! You're a nice kid. A Father always wants his daughter to be with a nice guy. So, why not. Maybe after school today I can run into town and take you with me. If your Father doesn't object that is. We can stop by the hardware store and I'll look for a gift to show my appreciation of meeting new friends. Something for the barn."  
  
"I would ask my Father." Jonah grins.  
  
"I'm sure Hiram would be fine with it. I'll join you when you ask him."  
  
"Do you think she will say yes?" The boy frets with doubt.  
  
Stepping over to Jonah Keith plants a hand on both of the boys shoulders and eyes him directly. With a wink he offers him good news.  
  
"Between you and I? My daughter has a small crush on you too."  
  
The boy shivers and wants to jump about but contains himself properly.  
  
"Let us go ask now."  
  
Keith shrugs releasing the boy.  
  
"Lead the way."  
  
Up at the Ruuthouse Farm Isaiah returned to his home with curious thoughts. Finding his wife Mary hanging clothes on a line in the backyard. Playful ideas creep over him. She had not seen him coming and he took full advantage of it. Sneaking up from behind he snatches her up by her waist and hugs her tightly. Mary yelps praying it might be Keith.   
  
"You scared the life out of me Husband." Realization arrives as Isaiah's beard tickles her neck.  
  
"Forgive me Wife. I have missed you."  
  
"As I have you." She pats his cheek over her shoulder.  
  
She finds it unexpected that he continues to hug her from behind. Quite unusual of his normal routine. She could feel his crotch up against her dress. He was taunting her to say the least.  
  
"Can you tell how much I miss you Mary?"  
  
She giggles faintly while blushing. Her hand slips behind her to caress his creased pants. Touching his erection she smiles. This perhaps might be her opportunity to obey the command of Keith Foxx. With a tremble she looks around them. No one in sight.  
  
"So unlike you to be frisky this early Husband."  
  
"Perhaps it is because of your actions this past night."  
  
She exhales closing her eyes to absorb his kiss upon her neck.  
  
"I must admit to being afraid that you might reject my advances."  
  
He huffs, "We are man and wife. While it may be sin. I believe that you chose wisely."  
  
"I only wish to make you happy."  
  
"Indeed, you do."  
  
"No one is looking Husband."  
  
He smirks at her thought.   
  
"Behind the hanging bed linen?" He suggests.  
  
"If you wish."  
  
They move between the multiple lines of clothing. Luckily this day Mary had been laundering the family bedding. Multiple sheets billowed in the gentle breeze. Stepping amongst them Isaiah takes charge and removes his suspenders to lower his pants. She graciously offered to assist.  
  
Underwear eased off Isaiah revealed his manhood. Turning Mary around and bending her forward he lifts her dress. Forcing her to hold the ruffles he enters her pussy from behind. Their activity quickly achieved a round of moans and guttural grunts.  
  
Mary hiked her dress higher revealing more of her body. Through the sheets fluttering she could see down the pathway to the barn. From the distance she noted Keith Foxx and her nephew Jonah walking along talking. She refused to warn Isaiah.  
  
Isaiah himself stood thrusting with his eyes sealed. He wanted to feel this freedom. Before nearing detonation he attempts something new. Opening his eyes only to look down at Mary's ass. It was then that he grinned like the Devil. Pulling out of her he attempts to line his erection up to her anal cavity.   
  
Mary's eyes bulged.   
  
"Isaiah? What is this you do?"  
  
"Be silent woman."  
  
Isaiah managed to penetrate her after spitting on his hand to lubricate his cock. Mary stood terrified at his decision. It was all so very new to her. Painful to say the least. Still she moaned and watched Keith draw nearer. Her biggest fear was that Jonah might see them. So improper. Even if he was of age.  
  
It didn't take long for Isaiah to fill her ass with froth.  
  
Eyes still sealed Isaiah smiles.  
  
Mary in her discomfort locked her own eyes upon Keith. In their fucking Mary chose to grip a sheet and feign pulling it from its pins accidently. As the sheet drooped the married couple stood revealed.   
  
Keith grinned from ear to ear as Jonah rambled on without noticing. He led the boy out of their field of vision.  
  
Isaiah finally opens his eyes to see the sheet dangle. His eyes narrow, Then, he hears talking.  
  
"Let us get dressed." He encourages.  
  
Mary stands erect and lowers her skirt. While not the most pleasant experience she did indeed fulfill her goal. Happy that Keith could bear witness.   
  
"What has come over you Husband?" She tries to conceal her enthusiasm.  
  
Smugly her Husband pulls his pants up and hugs his wife. He does not reply. Choosing instead to leave her for the front of the house.  
  
Reaching the front porch he spots Keith and Jonah. Jonah looked at his Uncle with a glint of fear. He knew something for certain.  
  
Keith notices Isaiah as he takes a drink of water from a cooler on the steps.  
  
"Hey, Isaiah. Hiram said it was alright for me to take Jonah here into town with me. He's going to ask my daughter to the barn dance."  
  
Isaiah squints at Jonah forcing the boy to shrink as if breaking the rules.  
  
"Good fortune Nephew." He brightens up.  
  
That made Jonah straighten up. He had the approval from both his Father and Uncle.  
  
Pointing toward his pickup truck Keith expels, "Go on and get in Jonah. I'll be there shortly."  
  
The boy darts away leaving the adults to talk.  
  
"He is a good boy." Isaiah nods.  
  
"My girl's a good girl." Keith lied.  
  
Isaiah couldn't stop smiling. Suddenly, he leans in to whisper, "Mary and I just had sex outdoors. In the pooper."  
  
Keith chuckles and pats Isaiah on the arm, "Too much information Buddy."  
  
Ecstatic Isaiah heads into the house to get cleaned up. The second he vanished within, Mary stood at the screen door looking out. Keith climbed the steps to face her.  
  
"You are leaving?" Mary looked disappointed.  
  
"Only for awhile. Taking Jonah to town to ask my daughter to be his date to the barn dance."  
  
With a look of surprise she nods, "I did as you asked."  
  
"I saw that." He winks.  
  
Whispering she offers a question, "You would do that?"  
  
He smirks, "You can bet your ass I would."  
  
Mary rubs her behind still feeling the discomfort.  
  
Winking Keith turns away and gets into his truck. Starting his engine he looks over at a quiet Jonah.  
  
"Ready to make my daughter smile?"  
  
He looks terrified, "What if she does not wish to go with me?"  
  
"Trust me Kid. The fun is just beginning."  
  
Keith Foxx turned his truck around and headed up the dirt road.  
  
After procuring a large metal watering trough from a Farm Implement store they load it up into the bed of his truck. Then it was off to The Foxx house to see the Hen.  
  
Entering the front door it was all quiet. Keith had to grab Jonah by the shirt to drag him in. The boy was beyond shy suddenly.  
  
Keith then yelled out, "BRITNEY?"  
  
A minute later the beautiful brunette came skipping down the hall from her bedroom. Wearing only a very short towel.  
  
"You rang Daddy?"  
  
Popping into view Brit stopped cold and jumped at the sight of Jonah. In the process nearly losing the towel. Covering up quickly she feigned embarrassment. Unlike Jonah who respected her enough to turn his back to her.  
  
"Oh my God! Why didn't you warn me?" She winks at Keith before opening her towel wide and showing off her full frontal nudity. Her eyes sparkling at her actions.  
  
Her Father had to shake his head, "Get dressed. Jonah here has something to ask you."  
  
"Be right back, Jonah. Sorry." She portrayed innocence.  
  
Jonah lifted his head only to say, "I will be here."  
  
Keith chuckles, "Calm down Jonah. Nobody knew that would happen." Of course that was another lie.  
  
Five minutes later Britney shuffles back into the living room. She wore a loose fitting peach colored T-shirt that had the neckline lowered via scissor surgery. Tight white shorts that clung to her deepest recesses. Jonah had not moved an inch.  
  
"You can turn around now. I'm dressed." She bites her nail.  
  
"I would look away." He huffs.  
  
Frowning Britney moved around him to look him in the eye. He immediately twisted away from her.  
  
Keith stepped from the Kitchen and rolls his eyes. The boy had good reason to be terrified. The kid's pants had a massive tent poking out. He had to chuckle.  
  
"Relax Jonah. That happens around pretty girls."  
  
Brit's eyes bulge and she forces Jonah to face her. Immediately her eyes locate his erection.  
  
"Wow!" She continues to nibble at her nail, "I'm not upset Jonah."  
  
She reaches out to grab his hand to encourage him. He freezes out of humiliation.  
  
"Oh for Pete's sake." Keith growls, "Jonah here wants to take you to a Barn Dance next week."  
  
Britney brightens up to jump around in step. Letting her tits bob up and down uncontrollably.  
  
"Really?" She squeals, "Jonah...I'd love to go with you."  
  
He braves lifting his gaze to catch her excitement. Her tits dancing as she appears happy to be asked. He was too distracted to look away.  
  
"You would do me the honor?" He coughs up almost choking at the sight.  
  
Leaping toward him she nearly topples him backward to hug him. Her braless chest crushing against his own chest. Her scent made his eyes roll back into his head. He was afraid to touch her. She hugged him so tightly that she could feel his erection rub up against her lower abdomen.  
  
Finally, breaking the hug she jumps up to offer him a peck on the cheek.  
  
"I can't wait to tell Grace." She continues her dance. Her nipples stabbing forth to tease the boy.  
  
"Now that that's settled I need to get Jonah back to the farm and drop off my present." Keith interrupts.  
  
Britney pouts toward Jonah who had lowered his gaze to her nipple protrusion. He was amazed by them. She had to step closer and lift his chin.  
  
"Sorry about the towel earlier." She smirked.  
  
"It was unexpected."  
  
"Don't be shy with me Jonah. I think you're really cute. Thank you for asking me. I'll be there. Ready to dance."  
  
He smiles and fights his embarrassed nature.  
  
"You are welcome. I think you are very pretty too. Maybe I will teach you how to play the Fiddle."  
  
"Sure! I'll fiddle around with you." She meant every word.  
  
Keith nudged his daughter away shaking his head.  
  
"Let's go Jonah."   
  
Keith knew if they stayed any longer Britney would go too far.  
  
She would wave goodbye multiple times.  
  
Jonah kept grinning.  
  
Keith drove away hoping that this scheme might keep Jonah quiet about hearing Isaiah's admission. For now at least.  
  
Britney's week just got more hectic.

**Britney Ch. 24: Native Tongue**

Britney heard her Father come home.  
  
Luckily she was still alone to talk with him. Brother Lance was out and about with his friend Styles.  
  
Finding Keith taking his boots off at the door Brit steps into view.  
  
"I just realized something Daddy."  
  
"What?"  
  
"The dance is Friday right?"  
  
He squints at her, "Yeah."  
  
"Our Charity Carwash is next Saturday. We have so much to get done yet. I'm going to be really tired."  
  
"You'll manage. I thought you would be happy about what I did."  
  
"I am. Very much so. I'm going to fuck that boy silly."  
  
"Of course." He rolls his eyes at her.  
  
"Mom called, checking in. She had to go to Orlando. I want to go see Mickey and Minnie." She pouts then laughs.  
  
"Why? So you can gangbang the Seven Dwarves?"  
  
"Haha! You're just being Goofy now." She sticks her tongue out playfully.  
  
Keith was exhausted. His humor waning he moves away from her and hits the shower. He locked the bathroom door just to keep his daughter from joining him. He needed space.  
  
She didn't even try. Instead she went to her room and got comfy. She removed her white shorts and just lounged around in her peach colored Tee. It barely covered her bottom. Only when standing. No underwear left her wide open.  
  
Texting her friends Cryssa, Tara, Dawn, and Sophia they talked about the Barn Dance. They were jealous. That subject led to their impending slumber party. Brit knew how she wanted it to go down. Two days away and counting.  
  
Twenty minutes later Brother Lance came home for the night. After stomping through the house he ducks his head into her room.  
  
"Wassup Skank?" He jokes.  
  
"Not much, Perv."  
  
He loiters in her doorway while she continues texting. After a few minutes of silence she looks up from her cell, "What?"  
  
She could tell his mind was in the gutter by the way he looked around for his Dad. He knew he was in his bedroom getting ready to go out for a beer. After a hard day working on the Ruuthouse Farm he quite often did just that.   
  
"Dad is going out right?" Lance squints.  
  
Shrugging Brit continues to text Sophia. Still Lance lingered. He would step away to his own room for short periods then return. Having changed into a pair of cut off at the knee sweat pants Lance held out until Keith exits his own bedroom. Meeting in the hall the men stare at one another.   
  
"Going out?" Lance scratched his scalp.  
  
"Couple hours. Why?"  
  
Shrugging at his Father he didn't give him any real answer, "Just wondered."  
  
Keith didn't care any further. He left the house and didn't look back.  
  
The second Keith's pickup truck left the front curb Lance bolted into Britney's room. He takes a running dive on to her mattress.  
  
"Time to obey me. Been awhile."  
  
Recalling her lot bet she rolls her eyes.  
  
"I'm busy." She hisses as he lays facing between her opened knees. He could see her perfect snatch and sister or not it looked delicious. So far their bet led to her blowing or jerking him off only. He toyed with the idea of sex but after she had helped him nail neighbor girl Chloe he backed off. Now that Chloe was setting rules for Lance and her sexually he felt needy.   
  
"Keep texting." He crawls to his knees then grabs his sister by her ankles. She squeals as he drags her body toward him from her headboard.  
  
"What are you doing?" Brit hisses losing her comfort of a propped pillow.  
  
Without any reply she watches Lance pry her legs wide to give him room to bury his face between her thighs. Her eyes bulged at his insistence. She had never been treated to his tongue before. It repulsed her at first but as his talent shined she gave in and enjoyed the feast. She tried her best to continue texting. She didn't want to tell her girlfriends what her Brother was doing. So the texts became idle chatter.  
  
"Dammit Boy." Brit holds her breath as Lance's tongue slid up inside her hole. Digging deep and growling at his persistence to make her moan. That she did. Loudly. Her thoughts muddled her texting took a back seat to her emotions.  
  
She grits her teeth, "I never knew you were this good at eating pussy."   
  
Lance merely gives her a thumbs up and refuses to give her a second to resist. Not that she was.   
  
Five minutes later Britney gushes across her Brother's face. Still he fed. Her brain was exploding as the sensitivity level increased. Body shaking dramatically she fought with little success. His grasp of her legs were like vice grips.  
  
"Lance! I can't take much more. Stop."  
  
This time he shakes his head negatively and bit her clit. He inserts two fingers up into her twisting and turning. Her released ankle allowed her to plant her foot on his shoulder to attempt escape. Lance refused her.  
  
Finally, her hormones gave up. Lance had made her cum a second time to eight minutes.   
  
"Who knew?" She huffs, squealing loudly.  
  
Lance knew. He didn't really have the experience but he had faith in watching hardcore Porn. Learning tricks as he went along.  
  
Another five minutes Britney Leann Foxx screamed at the top of her lungs. Hands in her hair tugging it over her face and into her open mouth. Eying her over his continual feeding Lance had the idea to reach out with his drenched fingers and plant them between her lips. Her tongue lapping at their intrusion. Then her lips closed around his fingers. Sucking them. Her brain lost control over her ability to make any decisions. It just happened.  
  
Lance admired her facial features. So much ecstasy. It made him smug. He wanted to make her brain literally fry.  
  
Ferociously he dug his tongue even deeper into her. As he did he pressed his left palm over her pubic area. He had heard that by doing so her G-spot would compress and she would feel it with more intensity.  
  
True to form Britney quaked violently. Her lips opening around his fingers. He chose to leave them there and force her to endure his hand keeping her jaw prisoner. Without further ado Lance grunts. Without even touching his own erection he shot a load into his sweats.  
  
Hearing him Brit cries out with a muffled, "Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck!"  
  
Lance had succeeded in making her lose once again.   
  
His hand releasing her jaw he glides his palm slowly over her peach Tee caressing her left nipple on his way down. Finally, Lance retreats. His mouth drenched he overlooked the taste. Saying nothing he crawls off of the bed and eyes his wet sweat pants and erection. He then eyes Brit who was withdrawn in her final orgasm. Her hair a disaster of sweat and saliva. The blanket beneath her had a two foot wide circular stain beneath her butt cheeks. Her pussy still trickling.  
  
With a glint or arrogant fulfillment Brother Lance left her to her buzzing texts. She had over twenty texts to reply too.  
  
Misery's Bar and Grill.  
  
Keith Foxx sat at the bar tilting his beer mug back when his own cell rang with a rendition of a Howling Wolf. He winced and looked at the caller. It was a number he didn't know. Shrugging he decides to answer it.  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"Keith?" He hears in a soft whisper. He knew the voice instantly.  
  
"Mary? How did you get my number? Don't let Isaiah hear you."  
  
Mary Ruuthouse sobs, "This is the family phone. Grace gave me your number. She will erase it after we talk."  
  
"Okay. You're crying. What's wrong?"  
  
After hearing her blow her nose she continues, "Isaiah tells me that he intends to take his Mother to Iowa. He wants to take Daniel. Daniel has never met this side of the family."  
  
"I see." He puckers knowing to keep his mouth shut about knowing Isaiah's plan.  
  
"They intend to leave by train after the Barn Dance. Leaving Myself and Grace to run the farm."  
  
"Is this a Bad thing, Mary?"  
  
"I am only in shock of his decision. This will give you time to visit more often Yes?"  
  
"As much as possible. I'll be there for you Mary."  
  
"I desire to be with you Keith Foxx."  
  
He already knew that and grinned. He felt the urge to consume her thoughts even more.  
  
"Where are you calling from?"  
  
"I am outside. Everyone is asleep already. I woke Grace. She knows how I feel about you more now that we talked."  
  
"She's alright with your feelings?"  
  
"Yes. Very supportive."  
  
Keith winces knowing Grace was a damn good kid.  
  
"Alright. I just don't want Isaiah or Anna to hear us talking. You don't need trouble."  
  
"I am safe. Grace will warn me with a flashlight from her bedroom window if she hears Isaiah searching for me. Anna will never wake up this late."  
  
"Late? It's only 9:00."  
  
"As you say, we go to bed with the Chickens."  
  
He chuckles, "I guess that is true." Realizing they as Farmers and Mennonites were set in their ways.  
  
"I miss you Keith. I cannot stop thinking of you."  
  
"Same here. Maybe we can get sneaky at the Barn Dance."  
  
"Would it not be safer to wait until Isaiah and Anna are gone?"  
  
"Nope. I'm fucking you at the Dance."  
  
"Oh my!" She faintly giggles.  
  
"How long does Isaiah plan to be gone?"  
  
"He tells me a Month."  
  
"In that Month I'll come help feed the Horses and do some mowing. Take you for Groceries and stuff. I'm sure Isaiah's Brothers will be around too so we need to keep our eyes peeled."  
  
"Yes. I am certain Isaiah will have them check on us."  
  
"Step at a time. In this Month I'm changing you. You can decide what you want once Isaiah gets back from Iowa."  
  
"I embrace this change Keith. For you I will do anything."  
  
He had her where he wanted her.  
  
"You better get back inside."  
  
"I will dream of you Keith Foxx."  
  
"Same here. Night beautiful Mary."  
  
"Good night Handsome Keith."  
  
Hanging up Keith ordered another Draft.   
  
Britney had finally got her thoughts together. Ignoring her friends texts she stumbles from bed and weakly shuffles to her Brother's bedroom. He was laying in bed with headphones on listening to music. Standing in his doorway as he had hers not long ago. Loitering there until Lance notices her he shrugs, "What?"  
  
Removing his headset he awaits her reply.  
  
"I hate you so much." She sneers through sweat abused bangs dangling over her eyes.  
  
Without another word Britney scurries toward his bed and dives on to it as he had hers. She wrestles with him laughing as his sweat pants get pulled down. Eying his still semi erect cock she swallows him whole.  
  
She sucked his cock for an hour. He detonated twice more.   
  
Brit was on a mission.  
  
Her tongue got very tired.  
  
Regardless, the Natives were restless.  
  
Strangely enough, afterwards Brit crawled over her Brother and just lay in his arms.  
  
A warm kiss ended their night.  
  
As she fell asleep Lance crawled out from under her snuggle and shut her light off sealing her bedroom door. Returning to his own room he closes his own door and got back in bed.  
  
They would snuggle until morning.  
  
Safe bet.

**Britney Ch. 25: Slumber Party**

Friday afternoon.   
  
After a short trip to Orlando, Rita Foxx was home for once.   
  
Sifting through her mail in the living room the well toned beauty heard her kids come home from school. Lance looked over first.  
  
"Hey Stranger."  
  
His mother frowns, "I know. I know. Who pays the bills here?"  
  
Entering after Lance, Britney hugs her book bag to her chest to block her braless tank top.   
  
"Hi Mom. It's been three days. Business trips from hell?"  
  
"You could say that. I'm heading out again in a few. I told your Father. Tampa for two days then I'll try and make more effort to spend quality time with you two."  
  
Lance shrugs, "No Biggy. Long as I get a college fund."  
  
She smirks at him, "Smart ass."  
  
Brit tries to sneak by Lance when Rita hisses, "Get your butts over here and hug your Mother."  
  
Lance makes his hug swift and awkward. Abandoning her just as fast left Brit to risk lowering her book bag. Rita shakes her head noting Brits nipples stabbing hard through her lavender tank.  
  
"Really? Making a habit of leaving something at home?" Rita sighs.  
  
Brit winces, "Allergic. Didn't Dad give you the Doctor's note?"   
  
"Ha Ha! I'm not mad at you Sweetheart. I was a teenager once too. Obviously, unless your Father is hiding things from me, I haven't heard any complaints from school. When I do? You wear a bra. Understood?"  
  
"Yes Mother!" Brit rolls her eyes.  
  
As she turns away Rita eyes her daughter's white shorts. She spotted deeply tanned flesh shining through.  
  
"Oh for Pete's sake. No panties either?"   
  
Brit grits her teeth, "No complaints. Remember?"  
  
A stern look at her, Rita waves her off with the mail in her hand.  
  
As Brit reaches the hallway she turns back and strolls directly into her Mother's arms.  
  
"I miss you, Mom."  
  
"Awww! I miss you too Sweetheart."  
  
"Daddy misses you, too."  
  
"Oh, he does, does he?" Rita is taken by surprise.  
  
"He's moping around a lot. That's why he took on that job helping the Mennonite's build a barn. To keep busy until his job calls him back."  
  
"At least he's not sitting here and losing that chiseled figure. Unemployment checks aside I'm glad he's keeping active."  
  
Rita steps around her daughter and shuffles to her bedroom to gather things for her open luggage lying out on the bed. Brit leans on the bedroom threshold.  
  
"Do you still love Daddy?"  
  
Rita turns pale looking up at Brit hesitantly, "Of course I do. Why would you ask that?"  
  
"Something just feels wrong."  
  
Sighing Rita sits down on the mattress and pats her knees, "Your Father and I just need time apart. The last month has been refreshing. The space created by my job has helped me clear my mind. Keith is a rock. He's there for you and Lance. I'm only a phone call away if you need me."  
  
"I know that Mom." She pouts, "Is there someone else?"  
  
Brit already knew there was, her Father had confided in her awhile back. She just needed to hear her Mother's side.   
  
With a deafening exhale Rita shakes her head, "I'm not even going to go there with you. You're eighteen and should know better."  
  
Nodding silently at first Brit whispers, "You know you can confide in me if you are. I love you Mom."  
  
"I love you too, Sweetheart. If and when that ever happens I'll let you know."  
  
Rita stands up and resumes packing.  
  
"Our fundraiser is next week. Wish us luck." Brit awaits.  
  
"Car wash right?"  
  
"Yep. Bikini car wash."  
  
Rita eyes her daughter with a smirk, "Behave."  
  
"Not likely. I'm a rebel."  
  
"Oh, how well I know that. Miss no underwear. Like I said, you're eighteen. I guess I can't scold you too badly."  
  
"Right! I'm sure you have your moments." Brit sticks her tongue out at her Mother playfully.  
  
Haunted by that Rita attempts a returned tongue. Suddenly, she felt guilty.  
  
"Have a good time in Tampa. I'll take care of Daddy while you're gone." Brit winks then flares her eyes, "I cook."  
  
"I thank you for that. He's a horrible cook."  
  
They both laugh then part ways.  
  
Rita Foxx finished her packing and left the house. Just as she started the car her husband Keith pulled up on the street curb in his truck. Getting out he meets her at her car's drivers side window.  
  
"Sneaking out before I got back home?" Keith scowls.  
  
"No. Just in a hurry." She frowns, "Britney just asked me if I was seeing someone else."  
  
"Technically, you are. Couple of them."  
  
Rita sneers at him knowing he was correct, "She's growing up way too fast."  
  
"That she is." He concurs thinking to himself, "If you only knew."  
  
"She's forsaken wearing underwear."   
  
"Hadn't noticed." He plays it off as she rolls her eyes at him.  
  
"We both know that's impossible. Try to encourage her to wear them more."  
  
"That's your job. I could be rude about what you wear and don't wear. But, you know I'm not going to fight with you. You've made your lifestyle choices. Live your life. So will I."  
  
Rita sits expressionless, "I miss you too."  
  
"Ditto. Go party. See you when you get home."  
  
Rita puckers, "Kiss in case the kids are spying?"  
  
He leans in and kisses her passionately. It catches her off guard. Fanning herself Rita huffs, "Guess you do miss me."  
  
"See ya!" He twists and doesn't look back.  
  
Rita stares at him a minute longer to absorb his response. Chilled by it she favors backing out of the drive and gunning her car down the street.  
  
Inside, Keith closes the front door and pulls his work boots off. Before he can leave the threshold Lance pops from the kitchen and tosses his Dad a can of beer.  
  
"Head's up. Bottom's up. Whichever." Lance chuckles and heads to his room looking at his cell.  
  
Keith rubs his neck then opens his beer with care after being tossed so abruptly. The journey to his living room recliner seemed like forever. Once seated he kicks back and closes his eyes. It had been a long day.  
  
Five minutes of rested eyes later he opens them up to see his daughter claiming his beer can from his grasp.  
  
"I didn't want you to spill it."  
  
"Thanks. Yeah, I'm pretty tired. Barn's finished. Trying to help them clean up the area a bit before that Dance"  
  
"Awesome. I'm having that slumber party tonight. My girlfriends, so we can discuss our fundraiser."  
  
"How many again?" He tried not to look hopeful.  
  
"Tara, Sophia, Cryssa, and Dawn. Grace is helping during the car wash but seeing as she just stayed over this past weekend were not including her. I don't want her parents getting edgy over her during the car wash."  
  
"Four girls I've never met."  
  
"Four super sexy girls you've never met. Cheerleaders remember. I mention them now and then."  
  
"Ah! Yea the cell photo session that day coming back home from the farm."  
  
"Right." She smiles.  
  
"What about Lance?" Keith squints.  
  
"Shhhh! Doesn't know about it. He's going to ask to stay over at Evan's."  
  
Grunting he smirks, "Do I need to find a buddy to camp out at?"  
  
"No. Parental guidance Silly."  
  
"I'm not isolating myself to my bedroom. My house too."  
  
"Of course not."   
  
Keith winces at his shoulder and neck pain before adding, "Long as that's understood."  
  
"Hurt yourself today?" Brit looks concerned.  
  
"Heavy lifting. Loaded up cases of leftover roofing shingles. Just need to relax."  
  
"We can all take turns giving you a massage later." Brit playfully sings to him.  
  
All he could do was stare at her. Finally, he shakes it off and sits up.   
  
"I'm gonna take a shower. I'll tell Lance he can camp at Evan's."  
  
"Thank you Daddy."  
  
That task successfully achieved, Lance heads out within fifteen minutes. Keith took his time before hopping in the shower.   
  
An hour later, the Filipino beauty "Cryssa Apari" arrives first. Her raven curls drifting over caramel cleavage were to die for. She wore a button down plaid shirt and cut off blue jeans. Blinging out with a gold crucifix about her neck. Cheap bangle bracelets around both wrists and both ankles.  
  
Greeted at the door Brit whistled at her, "Let's have sex."  
  
Cryssa giggles, "Orgy later."  
  
"My dad's here. We're going to tease him hard."  
  
"How hard?" Cryssa tilts her profile with a poised index finger at the corner of her lips.  
  
"Underwear only later. We'll see how that goes first."  
  
"Even you?" Cryssa looks shocked.  
  
"Even me. He's seen me. Hell, he's touched me. Hell!" She giggles devilishly.  
  
"Wow! Not knocking you." Cryssa shows the palms of her hands with a flare of brilliant brown orbs.  
  
"Wait until you meet him. My dad is built."  
  
Cryssa bites her lower lip, "Reallllllly?"   
  
"Yep! Mussculls!" Brit laughs reaching over to pinch at the top button of Cryssa's shirt. The girl looks down watching as Brit unclasps the first button concealing an already bulging bust. Now the black bra she was wearing beneath was more evident.  
  
"My dad's in the shower. I'll introduce you in a second."  
  
"Ooookay."  
  
As they heard the water shut off Brit's eyes flare, "One more button."  
  
Cryssa winces as Brit again sneaks in to unbutton her shirts second button.   
  
"Only two more buttons holding me closed. Shouldn't we wait until later?" Cryssa gets jittery.  
  
"Nope. Mental stimulation will get him curious. Trust me."  
  
"If you say so."   
  
Brit drags Cryssa toward her bedroom and stops in the hallway. The bathroom door was two rooms away. Together they impatiently waited until the bathroom door opened.   
  
Wearing only a towel tied around his waist Keith wasn't expecting them. He turns off the bathroom light switch then steps out to suddenly face them.  
  
"Whoa!" Keith huffs caught off guard.  
  
"Daddy? This is my friend Cryssa."  
  
He towered over both of them at 6'3. Brit at 5'1. Cryssa at 5'0.  
  
"Couldn't have let me get dressed?" He sneers.  
  
"It's okay Poppy. I'm not shy." Cryssa smiles warmly and lifts her hand to shake his.  
  
"Well, I'm not that shy neither. Still kind of awkward though."  
  
They shake hands lightly. Cryssa's hand trembled as he held it a little too long for most handshakes.   
  
Brit smirked with a hesitant glare, "Ummm! Daddy?"   
  
"Oh. Yeah, Sorry. You can have your hand back."  
  
Cryssa blushes, "Big hand."  
  
Keith chuckles, "Guess so. Tiny girls."  
  
Cryssa lowers her gaze to observe the tent rising from the towel about his waist.  
  
Brit merely kept her composure.  
  
The doorbell rang releasing the tension.  
  
Brit giddily moved between them to answer the door leaving Cryssa and Keith to face each other alone. Moving through so quickly Brit had brushed against Her Father's erection. His cock wagged toward Cryssa unexpectedly.  
  
"I better get dressed." Keith swallows harshly as Cryssa's big brown eyes barely blinked. She had the look of total awe.  
  
Blocking his way he had to grip her by the shoulders to scoot around her. Cryssa whimpered at his strength.   
  
"Bye!" She fawned toward him with fluttering fingers.  
  
Entering his room he shut the door leaving her pouty.  
  
In the living room Brit had ushered in Sophia and Tara and had quickly let them in on her plans. Tara the tallest of the girls at 5'4 wore a blue sleeveless shirt with deep cleavage and white jean shorts. Her long blond hair perfectly curled at the ends. Big blue eyes sparkled at her friends.  
  
Sophia Pope had gotten her hair cut earlier. Her dark brown hair was barely touching her shoulders expressing a lengthy neckline. Lighter in complexion than Brit yet still tanned, she wore a short black mini skirt with a gentle ruffled hemline. A black shirt than twisted between her beautiful 34C breasts popped.  
  
As Cryssa stepped from the hallway fanning herself the final member of the crew showed up.   
  
Dawn Lawrence, the curvy redhead of 5'2 marched in after seeing them through the open door. She wore a green mini dress that buttoned down halfway in the front.   
  
Another recap later the girls knew their missions. Awaiting Keith the girls went to Brit's bedroom and hung out with the door open. They discussed the car wash fundraiser for a good twenty minutes before Keith decided to exit his room.  
  
Having to pass Brit's room he revealed himself wearing only a pair of navy blue sweatpants. Stopping at the door he opted to wave.  
  
"Evening ladies. Make yourselves at home. I'll stay out of your way just going to grab a bite to eat and watch TV. I'm Keith by the way."  
  
Jaws dropped around the room.   
  
Only Sophia could whimper, "Oh my God!"  
  
Keith smirks and twitches his left peck at them. The sight forced them to laugh hysterically. Dawn crawled from the bed she was sitting on and faced Keith looking directly at his pectoral.  
  
"Do that again." Dawn requested.  
  
He chuckles and quivers it toward her once more. She jumps away then attempts to touch it. He waits until her fingers barely caress his peck before making it dance. Everyone busted a gut at her priceless response. Dawn merely blushed.  
  
Brit crept in to hug her Dad from the side then points out introductions.  
  
"Daddy? Giggles there is Dawn Lawrence. The beautiful blond with a limp due to a recent ankle injury is Tara Zellers. You've met Cryssa. The stunning brunette is Sophia Pope."  
  
"Pleasure Ladies."  
  
Sophia bites her nail wheezing, "I hope so."  
  
Tara nudges Sophia to shake her stalking glare.  
  
He merely fidgets and kisses his daughter on the forehead, "Have fun. Order pizza if you want."  
  
"Thank you Daddy."  
  
"Thank you Mister Foxx." The four remaining girls squeal as one.  
  
Keith took his leave.  
  
For an hour the girls plotted and gave him time to settle into the living room. He had ate a sandwich and was drinking beer. From his recliner he nurtured his erection. It was impossible not to have one. His daughters friends were centerfold models. Young, sexy, perky, and mischievous.  
  
He had a hunch his daughter was up to something. It was just a matter of time. This time he could honestly say he wanted something to happen. He would certainly play along.  
  
Finally, as he flipped through TV channels he heard the bedroom door open. Remaining attentive to his television he watched as Brit and Tara stepped into the living room. They were wearing only t-shirts. Very short T-shirts.  
  
"Anything good on TV Daddy?"  
  
"Not really." He winces feigning a worse back and neck spasm than he portrayed earlier.  
  
"Still sore?" Brit pouted.  
  
"Yeah. Every muscle in my shoulders and neck hurt. Lower back. Whole body. I'm getting old."  
  
Tara perks up, "You certainly keep in shape."  
  
"I do my best."  
  
"We can give you a massage if you want one." Tara brightens her eyes at him.  
  
He squeezes his neck while looking up at her chest. Her nipples were stabbing away beneath her pink tee.   
  
"Actually, that sounds kind of nice. Sure."  
  
Brit coaxes him from his chair to stretch out on the floor. As he drops to his knees Tara offers to assist him the rest of the way down. She then sits down beside his rib cage and lightly touches his shoulder blade.  
  
"You start. I'll tell the girls what we're doing. Be right back." Brit shuffles away in her white tee.  
  
Keith clears his throat, "Sure you wanna do this? You probably feel awkward."  
  
"Not really. I give my Dad massages too. He's not as fit as you are though. If I'm not being silly that's certainly a plus." Tara giggles.  
  
Keith leers up at her big blue eyes, "Not every day I get a beautiful blond to ease my aching bones."  
  
"I'm beautiful? Awww! Thank you Mister Foxx."  
  
"Gorgeous actually. I hope sitting like that doesn't antagonize your ankle."  
  
She repositions slightly for comfort and tugs at her shirt hem. In doing so she slyly gave him a clear view of her pussy before hiding herself again. She let on that it was an accident through a series of playful expressions.  
  
"Sorry. Yeah, ankles still tender. Where do you want me to start?"  
  
He huffs aloud, "Anywhere."  
  
Tara eases over him to grip his shoulders and grazes her chest on his spine. He felt her nipples touching him, suspended without the weight of her entire breasts. It tickled his back.  
  
"Nice grip."  
  
"Thanks." She exhales as her hair drapes over his neckline.   
  
"Hair smells good too." He offers.  
  
"Full of compliments. I love compliments."  
  
"I could offer plenty of those."  
  
"Really? Such as?"  
  
"I'm too old to misbehave." He chuckles feeling her grip increase.  
  
"Tell me." She giggles and gently digs her nails in.  
  
"Slow down Killer. Sharp nails there."  
  
She pouts behind his back, "Sorry Mister Foxx."  
  
"Nails are good in the right situation."  
  
"Oh really? Compliment me more."  
  
"You have one hell of a body. Perfect."  
  
"Too sweet. I work out a lot. Cheerleader. I need to look good. Ran track too until my ankle."  
  
"Put your weight into my shoulders. Feels great."  
  
She crawls over for a better approach and squeezes harder. In doing so her breast crush against his back.  
  
"Ohhh! That felt nice." He moans.  
  
"My grip?"  
  
"No. Your tits on my back."  
  
"Ah! Britney's Dad likes her sexy young friends." Tara teases giggling.  
  
"Not even going to deny that." He huffs.  
  
Tara smirks behind his back then kneads his shoulders harder before whispering into his ear.  
  
"I'm going to take my shirt off. Don't peek."  
  
His eyes seal as he hears a shuffle behind him. Then he feels Tara roll her bare breasts over his back.  
  
"Like that Mister Foxx?" She trembles.  
  
"I do indeed."  
  
He hears feet all around him and keeps his eyes closed. Suddenly, Tara pulls her body away from him and merely rubs his back with her right palm.  
  
To Keith's right he felt two more hands touch him. Dawn offered her own tender massage to his neck.  
  
"You're so tense." Dawn whispers dangling her red hair over his head.  
  
"Tenser by the second." He puffs.  
  
Sophia slips down behind Dawn and kneads at his lower back.   
  
All he heard from her was another round of "Oh my God."  
  
He grinned at the girls enjoying themselves a little too much touching him.  
  
Opting to keep his eyes sealed Keith sensed someone easing themselves in front of him. Their legs draped over his folded elbows that his head rest on. He could smell sweet peach like perfume. He knew that if he opened his eyes there would be a pussy directly in his face.  
  
He just hoped it wasn't his daughters.  
  
Fingers lean in to straighten his head enough to massage his temples. Awkward yet enjoyable. He decided to open his eyes and sure enough there was a pair of thighs donned in a sheer black pair of panties. Eyes raised he see's Cryssa beaming at him, "Feel good Poppy?"  
  
"Heavenly."  
  
She grins and shifts her hips closer, "Smell good Poppy?"  
  
"Like peaches."  
  
He had almost lost track of everyone else. Even though their hands were all over him. This Cryssa was exquisite. Her body beyond perfection. Her chest massive yet perky in her black bra. Belly tight and narrow.   
  
Cryssa smiles and removes her fingers from his temples. She then eases her thighs right up to touch her panties on his nose. He nearly went cross eyed.  
  
Reaching in with her left hand Cryssa peels her panties aside and plants her stunning silky smooth pubic area right against his face. It was the most beautiful pussy he had ever seen.  
  
"Taste good Poppy?"  
  
He immediately flicked his tongue along her labia and found her clit. Cryssa arched her back as Brit lowered herself to sit behind Cryssa for support.  
  
Brit watched her Father licking Cryssa like a pro. She had a hunch Cryssa was the one he desired most.  
  
Brit unfastened Cryssa's bra and pulled it from the girl, leaving her almost totally naked along with Tara behind them.   
  
Eye's spotting Cryssa's breasts he unfolds his arms and drags her deeper beneath his chin. He fed like a starving child. All the while his hands reached up to crush her 36DD's.  
  
All of the girls marveled at his energy.  
  
"Look at Daddy go." Brit giggled.  
  
Keith almost laughed at his daughter as he devoured his tongue deep inside the squirming Filipino. Cryssa was hard to hold.   
  
He felt his sweats being eased off behind him. Sophia was on a mission. He raised his hips to allow her more freedom to tug. Dawn moved into position to assist her until the navy sweat pants were yanked from his toes.

Sophia immediately began massaging his butt. Tara and Dawn his legs and lower spine.  
  
As they did he gradually crawled to his knees bringing the girls with him. On his hands and knees he gave them the ability to discover his dangling monstrosity.   
  
Again Sophia whimpered, "Oh my God."  
  
She had to touch it. Reaching under his mass she gripped his eight inch cock and began stroking it. Dawn joined her reaching between his legs to cup his massive ball sack. Nurturing it Dawn couldn't even blink.   
  
Tara felt his body crawl forward inch by inch. The girls merely followed and continued their amazement.  
  
His lips left Cryssa's drooling pussy and kissed their way up her tight belly until he reached her tits. There he suckled one and squeezed the other. Switching off every few minutes. Cryssa moaned like a soft spoken child.  
  
He continued crawling forward until Sophia was losing her grip on his cock. Whining at her loss Sophia instead hugged the floor to examine it. She realized then as he drew closer to Cryssa's thighs that he intended to fuck her friend.  
  
Dawn releases his balls and merely rubs his butt softly. Tara his back, caressing her tits against his side.  
  
Finally, Keith Foxx hovered over Cryssa looking down at her. The Filipino goddess brightened her huge brown eyes and accepted her fate. Keith Foxx slipped her panties off with ease inhaling them before entering her pussy. Snugly fitting within her smoky lips he reared up gripping her ankles.   
  
She quaked and began crying out how good it felt. Speaking in her native language. She became a Banshee. To quiet her he stuffed her panties into her mouth.  
  
This made the other girls yearn for him. Just hearing his thighs lap hard against her ass made them look at each other quivering.   
  
Keith growled at his power play.  
  
Looking at Brit he snarls, "Go to your Room!!!!"  
  
Brit senses his brewing intensity and suddenly feels his sincerity. She eases to her feet and leaves the others with him. She would watch them from a distance.  
  
Keith continues pounding Cryssa but looks to his sides.  
  
"You two. Sophia. Dawn. Get your underwear off. All of it. NOW!"  
  
The two girls leap into action and swiftly remove their bra and panties.  
  
"Tara. Lay beside Cryssa. Legs wide. I'm fucking you next. Sophia. Lay to her left. Dawn, beside Sophia. MOVE!"  
  
All three girls scramble into position on their backs. Hearing Cryssa orgasm at the top of her lungs, Keith pulls out of her and crawls over Tara rolling his crown amid her labia for reaction. Tara had begging eyes.  
  
"Want this cock Blue Eyes?" He growls.  
  
"Yes Mister Foxx." She nods whispering her desire.  
  
He eases into Tara and thrusts deeply making her dig her nails into his hips. Her legs coil up to his waist. He crawls lower in to kiss on her neck then her lips. In five minutes he forces her to scream at her orgasm. He held in his own detonation probabilities. He was on a mission.  
  
Pulling from Tara he shifts over Cryssa and discovers Sophia.   
  
"Christ you're beautiful." He snaps at Sophia.  
  
She tenses up at his girth penetrating and stretching her tight little pussy.  
  
"Oh my God! Mister Foxx." She whimpers.  
  
"Louder." He chides.  
  
"OH MY GOD! MISTER FOXX."  
  
"LOUDER!" He roars as his hips devastate her thighs.  
  
"OH MY GOD!!!!!! MISTER FOXX!!!"  
  
He grips her ankles and hoists her legs back behind her head and thrusts straight down into her. The maneuver sends her into insanity.  
  
"OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! FOXX! MISTER! MISTER FOXX!!"  
  
A mind numbing orgasm made her squirt all around his cock and stain his carpet.  
  
He snarls and pulls out in a hurry racing over to straddle Dawn. Before entering he stops and encourages her to roll over on her belly. He then coaxes her onto her hands and knees. Guiding his throbbing cock in he fucks her doggy style and wraps her long red hair around his wrist. His other hand gripped her shoulder.  
  
Dawn yelped and cried out at his forcefulness. It took no time at all to make her cum.  
  
Growling louder he pulls out and rears back to sit on his feet. Stroking his cock he loudly snarls a command.  
  
"Faces huddle under me. ALL OF YOU."  
  
All four girls laid on their backs scalp to scalp. Cheek to cheek.  
  
In a mighty pepper he showered all four of their faces evenly with cum so that each of them felt privileged.  
  
None of them moved until he felt done ejaculating.   
  
He falls back on to the floor. Snapping his fingers in the air he points at his cock.  
  
The girls quickly sat up and each moved in to share him. Cryssa and Sophia licked and sucked his cock. Sharing in its girth.  
  
Dawn and Tara took turns licking his balls. He managed more cum and lets Cryssa swallow it. The other girls felt left out.  
  
He motions them away and stands up on wobbly legs. A swift motion to Tara to kneel at his feet Keith shoves his cock into her mouth and grabs the back of her head force fucking her until she gags heavily.   
  
Done with her he shoves her away and snaps his fingers at Dawn. He reproduces his moves and offers her the same brutality.  
  
Sophia expects the same and greedily crawls under him. Instead he crawls to one knee and grips her waist throwing her tiny body into doggy style. He primes his cock on her pussy then leans over to force her face into the carpet where she had stained it in her gusher. He then moved his crown to her ass spitting over it before carefully easing it in inch by inch.  
  
Her whines corrupted her speech, distorting her ability to form a sentence, "Oh my God's with, I think I love you's."  
  
He smirked at her friends as they were called in closely to watch his cock ease in and exit her ass slowly. They were mesmerized by it.  
  
With praise his free hand caressed their cheeks and pet their hair. Once deciding praise was enough he raised his hand and slapped Sophia hard on the ass.  
  
Sophia convulsed and gushed once again on the carpet.  
  
Keith frowned at the new stain.  
  
"Guess who gets to shampoo my rug?"  
  
Sophia whines, "I can't help it."  
  
"Me neither." He slaps her ass even harder.   
  
The girls saw his hand print on her ass cheek and cringed.  
  
It was then that he pulled out and gently lay Sophia on her side. She could only twitch and remain silent.  
  
Keith palms the cheek of Tara and kisses her softly. He then leaves her to kiss Dawn with a tug to her lower lip. His final accent to Cryssa fed her his tongue, Frenching her for double the amount of time he had given Tara and Dawn. An unspoken jealousy arose. Cryssa felt tingly all over.  
  
Dragging Sophia up by her hair made the girls cringe. However Keith again surprised them by his tender kiss to Sophia's lips.  
  
"Clean my carpet before you go to bed." He offers a warm kiss to her forehead.  
  
"Yes Mister Foxx."  
  
Three snaps at each girl he points to the bedroom.  
  
"Gather your clothes and get to bed."  
  
Without a word all four girls scurried about in a mad dash. Sophia grabbed a towel and dabbed the carpet as Keith showed up with Febreeze and coated the rug.   
  
Claiming the towel he looks up to see headlights pulling into the driveway.  
  
Narrowing his eyes he growls at Sophia, "Into your room. Lights out. Nobody leaves that room. Move."  
  
Sophia vanishes and the room is sealed up. Keith grabs his sweats in a crawl and quickly puts them on. A dive for his beer on the stand beside his recliner he douses the stain on the carpet with it. He then kneels down to clean it up.  
  
As the front door opens Rita Foxx is caught off guard by Keith in front of her.  
  
He looks up with narrowed eyes.  
  
"Dropped my beer. What are you doing home? Tampa get cancelled?"  
  
"No. I cancelled. Felt like being with my family. Girls still up?"  
  
He looks down the hall.  
  
"Don't see any lights. Maybe not."  
  
Rita moves over to face him as he stands up. She then looks down at his still superior erection. Her eye brow raises.  
  
"House full of young girls do that?"  
  
He frowns, "Little I guess. Just masturbated in my recliner. My house."  
  
"Our house. I'm not holding it against you."  
  
She draws closer and grips his erection with a mischievous expression.   
  
"Still rock hard. Let's go to bed."  
  
He stands stunned by her arrival and even more so by her desires.  
  
Nodding at her he takes his wife's hand and leads her to bed.  
  
The rest of the night was noisy.  
  
Brit was in total awe of the events.  
  
The girls?  
  
Slept like babies.

**Britney Ch. 26: Women!!!!**

Keith Foxx woke up worse for wear.   
  
He had, had a very busy night. Not only did he get to have sex with a room full of young beauties, any middle aged man's dream come true, he managed to fool his wife.  
  
Shocked by her return home at a very inopportune time, she came home frisky. How could he say no. By denying her would have given her questions he wasn't prepared to lie about.  
  
As he stirred back to reality he realizes that lovely wife Rita was presumably in the shower, he could hear the water running. Energy spent he could only lay there in thought.   
  
As much fun as he was having with his daughter and her friends Keith was feeling guilty. He knew Rita was off playing with other men and women but he still had feelings for her, if not the love he had in their younger days.  
  
Then came the vision of Mary Ruuthouse. The Mennonite beauty that he was introduced to as part of his daughter's devious plans. Unexpectedly he fantasized about the woman far too much. His mind was a mess. Never had he given it much thought to being a ladies man, yet he was quickly becoming a natural at it. At least he wasn't constantly jerking off alone. He had plenty of options to explore.  
  
As he lay there thinking he heard a door closing loudly next to his bedroom window. Curious he sat up and shuffled to the window to part his curtain. To his surprise he spotted his lovely neighbor Chloe and her man Chuck. He had pulled his jeep into the driveway long enough to load up supplies for a camping trip. Chloe returned to his side wearing only a skimpy bright red bikini.   
  
This was the first time he had ever noticed Chloe attired in such a provocative way. He knew she was gorgeous from day one of meeting she and Chuck as they moved in. Yet, she never allowed her curves out of hiding.   
  
Keith's dick grew hard at her bouncy nature. She kissed Chuck in the driveway with a greedy passion. One he added to by clutching her ass as his arms surrounded her waist. In clutching her ass his thumbs pried her cheeks apart revealing the micro thin string covering her anal cavity. The shadows of the cavity were expressed quite nicely.  
  
As Chuck literally picked her up and twirled them both around playfully Chloe's vision faced Keith. As Chuck sat her feet on the ground she spotted Keith and fluttered her fingers in a stealthy wave from behind Chuck's back. He never knew her greeting even occurred.   
  
"Hmmm! Interesting. Why would she hide waving at me?"  
  
He smirked at her and chose to part his curtains more. In doing so she captured a view of his erection as he stood there. Chuck was oblivious as she hugged her man tightly yet smiled toward Keith. He was prepared to stroke his cock in her direction until he heard a light knock at his bedroom door.  
  
Growling, he quickly closed his curtain.  
  
Before he could turn toward his bed the door creaked open and Brit popped her head in.  
  
"Morning Tiger. Mom sure rocked your world last night. We heard you two until four in the morning. I'm happy you two are getting along."  
  
"Unexpected for sure. You better leave before your Mom gets done with her shower."  
  
"I will. Me and the girls are heading out. Sun's beautiful and we're going to sunbathe at the park. They just wanted to say goodbye before we left."  
  
"What?" He stretched allowing his dick to rise in front of Brit.  
  
Suddenly, Brit opened the door all the way and her friends snuck past her silently. He was caught off guard as Sophia raced in front of him and knelt down to kiss his cock's meaty crown. Tara, Dawn, and Cryssa each took turns kissing it. Cryssa however decided to swallow his cock and ravage it until the water stopped in the next room. This was after a good twenty mouth insertions. Keith loved the intensity of her lips and braved his lasting effort to cum quickly. Even after the water halted he knew Rita would dry off well and brush her teeth before stepping out.  
  
Gritting his teeth he gripped Cryssa by her scalp and fucked her face until he detonated down her throat. Once finished he pulled free of her and ordered her out.  
  
Showing him her mouth full of load she winked and rolled it around on her tongue. This made him shake his head and point toward the door.  
  
As the girls filed out Brit giggled under her breath and blew her Father a kiss. As the door shut Keith heard his front door open loudly. One door closed, another opens.  
  
Out in the living room the girls met Brit's brother Lance and his friend Evan. They had been talking about Chloe and Chuck in the front yard making out as they stepped inside the doorway. The topic changed the second they noticed the girls.  
  
"You guys had a sleepover? No fair. We could have had some fun."  
  
Brit smiled, "Cryssa has a secret to tell you."  
  
Cryssa still had cum in her mouth and was toying with it to gross out her friends. She jumped at the chance to seductively ease up to Lance and lean in to whisper into his ear.  
  
"Kiss me." She giggles with an awkward verbal tone due to her loaded cheeks.  
  
Lance fist bumped Evan then yanked Cryssa into his arms. Eying her trembling lips he touched them with his own. Then he tasted something strange. Quickly he backed away just as Cryssa opened her mouth to a webbing of white jiz.  
  
"What the fuck?"  
  
"Dad says good morning." Brit chuckles.  
  
Evan choked into his hand and decided to move around the girls to avoid busting up laughing. As he passed them Dawn wagged her tongue at him.  
  
Hearing Lance call them "Bitches" made Evan head toward Lance's bedroom to escape. Before reaching it he heard the bathroom door open and found an unexpected sight.  
  
Rita Foxx stepped out wearing only a short bath towel that was clutched at her side. She allowed her bursting 36D's to barely be covered.  
  
As she looked up from her towel she halted with bulging eyes and literally screamed. Her hands let go of her towel and it fell from her body instantly.   
  
Evan's eyes flared in awe of her curves and tanned body. She was Britney at 37. Yet with short hair. And larger tits.   
  
At the scream Keith burst from his room wearing sweatpants and a t-shirt. Spotting Rita then Evan eying her he growls. She merely backed against the wall and concealed herself with her hands.   
  
Keith rolls his eyes as Lance joins them. At seeing his Mom naked he swiftly turns his head.  
  
"Oh, you can look away but your friend can't?" Keith snarls.  
  
Evan was just in shock. Finally he snaps his gaze away and mutters, "Sorry."  
  
Keith then looks Rita in the eye, "Going to just stand there?"  
  
Rita winced at him then dropped her arms defiantly to expose every inch of her nudity. She was proud of her body even if what she was doing was wrong.   
  
Slipping past Keith she escaped into the bedroom and shut the door.  
  
"Unbelievable!" Keith grunted.  
  
"You're telling me." Evan whined lowly making Keith study the boy.  
  
Lance turned around to face Evan, "Don't you dare fantasize about my Mom."  
  
"I'm NOT!" Evan cringed.  
  
Keith merely growled and smirked at Evan, "She does look good for her age doesn't she?"  
  
Evan was shocked and turned beet red.  
  
From behind the bedroom door erupted Rita's verbal realization, "I HEARD THAT."  
  
"Made your morning didn't it?" Keith chuckled.  
  
No reply came as Lance shoved Evan into his bedroom and slammed the door.  
  
Keith sighed heavily and strolled into his living room. Alone now that everyone had vacated his space he chose to open his front door and get some fresh air. He had an ulterior motive of course, as his attention directly looked to his left.  
  
Chloe and Chuck were still loading up his jeep. Carrying a cooler in his arms Chuck was followed by Chloe holding a fishing rod.  
  
Keith eyed Chloe who hadn't immediately noticed him standing inside the opened door. Puckering he decided to step out and make a journey across his yard and sift through his mailbox. It was the perfect chance to spark up a conversation.  
  
"Howdy Neighbors. Fishing trip?"  
  
Chuck after launching his cooler into the back seat leered over at the voice.  
  
"Hey Keith. Yeah, after weeks on the road I'm going to go relax and catch some bass."  
  
Chloe waves at Keith then faces her body away from him intentionally. Leaning over the wheel well she laid the fishing pole and tackle box inside. Her ass was perfect. She even arched her hips toward him on purpose.  
  
Keith decided to stroll over toward them as he held his day old mail.  
  
"I hear the fish over at "Shiver Creek" are biting like crazy." He literally leans on the jeep right beside Chloe as Chuck leans on his tailgate.  
  
Chuck nods, "Good to know. I'm heading over toward "Sinner's Lake". My brother has a cabin out there. Swampy but lively."  
  
Keith leans over to Chloe winking, "You trust him at a place called Sinner's Lake?"  
  
She grins sheepishly, "He can do whatever he wants. I trust him."  
  
"How come you're not going?" Keith reads the situation.  
  
"I'm not coming home with a thousand mosquito bites. I love my body too much to scar it from itching constantly."  
  
Keith fidgets with a pucker, "That would suck wouldn't it."   
  
Chuck looks from Keith to Chloe and senses a tension. Keith knew Chloe had a crush on him from way back, Britney had warned him. Chloe knew that too but kept her composure. She loved Chuck with all of her soul. Still, her nipples were hard to hide behind her skimpy bikini top. She had to press herself against the jeep.  
  
Chuck sighed, "Yeah, I don't want her to look like braille was written all over her neither. She looks sexy as hell in that new bikini."  
  
Keith grunts smiling, "I hadn't noticed."  
  
Chuck rubs his stubble covered cheek, "Not even a good liar Neighbor."  
  
"Course I noticed. I'm a man." Keith nodded his head, "I'll just say this. You're a brave man letting her wear anything that revealing."  
  
Chuck agreed, "Between you and me, I love it when she flaunts her body. She can wear that anytime she wants. Hell, I might buy her a whole dresser full of those bikini's."  
  
Chloe brightened up, "Can I go online shopping?"  
  
"Sure. Buy 3 more for now. Shock me." Chuck grins.  
  
In her glee Chloe stood up and turned to her side facing Keith. Her nipples now very evident in her snug top. Keith tried not to look. Epic fail.  
  
Chuck shook his head, "Look all you want. Just don't touch."  
  
Pouting Chloe strolled around Keith and hugged her man tightly. Chuck could see Keith glaring at her ass and felt like showing off. He let his hands slide down to Chloe's micro thin strings and tugged them gently down to reveal more of her bare ass. She bulged her eyes away from Keith's gaze as she felt her pussy dripping wet.  
  
Keith shook his head and pushed himself away from the jeep.  
  
"Rita's home. I better get inside before I cause a fight. Good luck fishing Chuck."  
  
Chuck guided her bands back into place and patted her on the ass.  
  
"Wouldn't want to create a fuss. Tell Rita I said hello."  
  
Chloe felt extremely disappointed.  
  
As Keith abandoned them Chuck pulls Chloe to face him directly.  
  
"Trembling like a leaf. You okay?" He narrows his eyes.  
  
"Just freaked a little. You let him see more of me."  
  
"You liked it. Don't lie. Total honesty remember."  
  
"I'm not lying to you. Yes, I liked it. I just don't want our neighbor to think badly of us."  
  
"Somehow I doubt that."  
  
She cringes slightly and responds in thought only, "Or, that I had sex with his son. Twice. And with his friends."  
  
Those lies would remain a secret. Fear kept her quiet.  
  
"I know, I know. Still, it seems weird."  
  
Chuck puckers vividly with a glare, "First chance you get let him see you naked. Act surprised. Tease him."  
  
"Chuck!!!" She whines with puppy like eyes, "Fine! If the timing is right."  
  
"You text me and let me know what you do. Shock me."  
  
"Okay. I will."  
  
"Let me get on the road. You get bold. Hear me? BOLD!"  
  
"For you. I'll press my luck."  
  
A warm kiss later Chuck climbs into his jeep and leaves her to be devious. She wanted to even if Chuck hadn't ordered her to. Chloe had her own desires. She would keep her eyes peeled and pounce like a cat.  
  
Inside the Foxx residence Keith chose to sit down in his recliner and relax. He was physically wore out after all the sex he was getting. No complaints he just needed to catch his third wind. Still tired he actually fell asleep.  
  
Within their bedroom wife Rita was still drying off and sitting at her make-up stand. Still nude she primped at her hair and admired herself. At first she hadn't even had a thought more about what happened fifteen minutes prior. Now suddenly her interest piqued. She hadn't met Evan more than once since Lance had befriended him. This concerned her. It was at that very moment she realized just how much she was gone from home.   
  
Her hormones were always running rampant, she merely kept herself in check around her children and attempted to be a model parent. As much as a wanderer could be.   
  
Evan seeing her naked only created temptation in her thoughts. She felt like "Mrs. Robinson" sometimes.   
  
Brushing her hair, she would pause over and over again. Each time looking toward the bedroom door for a sound. She was on pins and needles hoping for a knock on the door or the sound of the boys leaving. Which included Keith.  
  
After ten minutes she stands and goes to her closet, obtaining a short bathrobe. The robe was satiny and peach colored. Sashing it about her lithe waist she left her cleavage abundant to accent the hem which drifted to her lower hips.   
  
Opening her bedroom door she went into the hallway and stopped. Hearing Keith snoring she tiptoed toward the living room and spotted his reclining slumber. She sighed, "I wore him out."  
  
Deciding to go into the kitchen she places a bagel in the toaster and leans against the counter waiting for it to pop up. Hearing a door creak open in the hallway made her perk up cautiously. She immediately stood erect and loosened her sash slightly. Uncertain if it would be her son Lance she remained on guard.  
  
Shuffling almost lifelessly and alone was young Evan. He had his head hung low and fidgeted along his way. At the end of the hallway he and Rita were both startled by a loud toaster.  
  
Evan looks up and out of the corner of his eye he spots Rita in her robe. She was pinching the hot bagel from the toaster slot and gently burnt her fingertip.   
  
Rita's finger immediately went into her mouth to cool off on her tongue. Saliva did wonders. It was at that precise moment she turned her attention toward Evan.  
  
He began to shy away until she fluttered the fingers of her opposite hand at him. This gave him a moment to blush and nod at her.   
  
With a choked voice he utters, "Sorry about earlier. I didn't know that would happen. You coming out of the bathroom that is."  
  
Rita places her burnt finger to her outer lips to inform him to speak lower.   
  
"Let's not wake my Husband." She whispers.  
  
Evan motions toward the hallway with a thumb, "Yeah! Lance fell out too. We've been up all night playing video games. I was just heading home to crash. Felt weird staying here after earlier."  
  
She smiles and offers a wave of her hand, "Perish the thought. I'm fine. Would you like a bagel?"  
  
Evan shrugs trying not to admire Rita's long legs that led to the robe's hemline.   
  
"Sure. Kind of starved." He expresses leaning against the threshold to the kitchen.  
  
Rita offered the existing one after placing a second bagel in the toaster. She then turned her back toward Evan to open the refrigerator. Exploring its contents she bends over to open a lower drawer to locate a tub of cream cheese. In doing so her robe exposed her entire ass and compressed pussy.   
  
Evan's eyes bulged and he could hardly move. A tremble began that he rather enjoyed.  
  
As Rita stood up she glared over her shoulder with a smirk, "Forgive me but I can't recall your name."  
  
Swallowing hoarsely he stuttered, "E-E-Evan."  
  
"Oh yes. I'm sorry I haven't been home much of late to keep track of Lance and Britney's friends. My work is very demanding."  
  
"That's okay. Britney looks just like you."  
  
"She does. Now you know where she got her good looks." Rita turns and winks at him as the toaster springs forth a second bagel. Before retrieving her own bagel she opens the tub of crème cheese and dips her finger in it. Wagging her finger toward him with it on her fingertip Rita asks, "Crème cheese?"  
  
He then watches her lick it from her finger seductively.  
  
He decides to nod that he wanted some as she produced a table knife and rested it on the open tubs circumference. With a motion to help himself he awkwardly steps next to her and begins to spread cheese on his cooled bagel.  
  
She had by then turned her back to the counter to nibble at her own bagel. He took his first bite and looked shyly at the floor.  
  
"So, Evan, a Senior like Lance?"  
  
"Yeah. Just turned eighteen awhile back."  
  
"That's good to know." She winks at him. As she tilts her profile crumbs from her bagel fall and drift down her cleavage. Noticing she utilizes her free hand to brush them from her bulging chest. Her fingers pinch and flutter the robe to fan any crumbs to fall from her.  
  
"Bugger! I hate when that happens." Placing her bagel between her lips she opts to untie the sash of her robe and literally open it for a better release of crumbs. In doing so Evan was able to see her massive 36D's and the pointy nipples that poked into the light. A few brush strokes over and between her breasts Rita covered herself and tied her robe up again, if not barely.  
  
Evan stood pale and bit his bagel to avoid chattering teeth. She could hear him mumble "Wow!" through a mouthful of bagel.  
  
"Have I embarrassed you?" She faces him whispering.  
  
He merely shakes his head no, even though he meant yes.  
  
She muses toward him with a devilish grin, "Good! Our secret?"   
  
Nodding once more he dares to look her in the eye.  
  
A loud snore from Keith on the other side of the wall made them both hold their mouths to avoid laughing.  
  
Rita reaches up and palms Evan's cheek with a warm tender smile. He panicked slightly and dropped his half eaten bagel right amid her cleavage. Her jaw dropped. His jaw dropped.   
  
Whining nasally Evan eased back. He watched Rita again open her robe to expose her full frontal nudity to him. She clenched the tattered bagel from her breast before it fell and found inspiration in it. Smearing the crème cheese from the bagel on her nipples she dramatically leered up at him over her brow.  
  
"So messy. Clean me off?"  
  
He perks up quickly and looks for a towel. She in turn stops him with a wagging finger to his lips. Tapping Evan's lower lip she then pointed at her chest. Reaching under her breasts to lift them. A quick flick of her own tongue offered him insight.  
  
Looking all around him for certainty he wasn't going to get busted Evan took advantage. His mouth devoured her left nipple and his tongue licked the crème cheese from it. He immediately chased after the right nipple the same way.  
  
Rita tilted her head back and ran her fingers through his scalp. She moaned gently but bit her lip to remain silent.  
  
Once Evan had accomplished his goal he stood up and offered an expression of delight. Rita in response winked at him and reached over to the tub of crème cheese and used two fingers to scoop some up. She then backed up to the counter and climbed up to sit on it. Spreading her legs she rolls her fingers over her pussy applying the crème cheese.  
  
"So very messy." She whispered with a demanding eye contact with Evan.  
  
After another look over his shoulder and a ear full of snoring he moves in and licks her vulva spending extra time on her clit.  
  
Rita's legs fanned wider as he ate and her hands had to hold the cupboards above her for support. He grew intense in his appetite. She let him take all the time he wanted.   
  
After a healthy eight minutes Evan stood up and glanced over at the tub of crème cheese. Impulsively he unzipped his jeans and produced his meaty erection. Grabbing the tub he just dipped the entire crown of his cock in it and stood in the middle of the kitchen daring her.

Rita puckered her lip out of amazement at his boldness. Easing off the counter she knelt down and licked his cock of the cr猫me cheese. Once it was gone she swallowed him whole and sucked him off until he detonates into her throat.  
  
Satisfied she swallowed his cum and kissed the crown before standing up.  
  
Both of them were fulfilled.  
  
Rita leaned forward and warmly kissed him on the lips. He nearly fainted.  
  
Without words she tied her robe and stepped away. Leaving Evan he gathered his composure and went on home.  
  
Hearing the front door close Rita returned from cleaning herself up in the bathroom. Eying her husband Keith she strolled over to him in his recliner. Her hand rolled across the indentation of his cock time and again until he woke up groggily.  
  
"Again?" He squinted at Rita.  
  
"Bedroom Mister Foxx." She then removed her robe and turned to wiggle her ass at him.  
  
He scooted his recliner back to normal and followed her to the bedroom.  
  
Once inside Rita sprawled across their bed and offered a seductive glow.  
  
Keith nodded and looked around him. Inspiration strikes and he opens the curtains of both windows in the room and opens the windows. Screen and all.  
  
"What's this?" Rita raises a brow.  
  
"Adventure!"  
  
Keith was naked in seconds and penetrating his wife.  
  
Rita was loud as hell.  
  
As Keith towered over her holding her legs wide he was able to look out his bedroom window facing Chuck and Chloe's. It was a clear shot into their living room.  
  
The louder he made Rita scream eventually Chloe, whose own windows were open took notice.  
  
Sure enough, Chloe leaned through her fanning curtains still in her bikini to locate the ruckus. Her eyes grew wide at seeing Keith from the waist up thrusting like a mad man. Sweat drenching him from head to toe.  
  
He locked eyes on Chloe and she met his gaze with a stunned yet excited glare back. She watched him from that point on until he exploded inside his wife. Just when she thought the show was over Keith rolled his wife over and took her doggy style. Another twenty minutes he tortured his wife.  
  
Chloe was so mesmerized she found herself dipping her fingers beneath her bikini bottoms and up inside her pussy. She fucked herself standing there for Keith to witness.  
  
After cumming she tasted her fingers for him to see and admire.  
  
Detonating a second time Keith was exhausted. With Rita's face buried in her own orgasmic insanity she hadn't noticed Keith point at Chloe.  
  
He mouthed the words, "You're next."  
  
Chloe covered her mouth with her hand and gleefully nodded.  
  
Standing up on his bed triumphantly he allowed Chloe to see his swollen beast of a cock still dripping.  
  
She melted.  
  
Stroking it for her he dribbled his last remains on Rita's back.  
  
Chloe fanned herself with her fingers.  
  
After all that intensity the amazement was broken.  
  
Chloe heard Lance beating on his parents door and yelling.  
  
"REALLY?"  
  
Chloe could only laugh.  
  
Keith crawled back down and winked at Chloe before falling to Rita's side.  
  
Rita was so drained she couldn't move.  
  
With a low voice Rita spoke.  
  
"Christ! What's gotten in to you? Last night rocked. This morning...Christ! Just Christ!"  
  
He huffs as Lance stops grumbling and fades away.  
  
"Bagel sounds good. Want a bagel?"  
  
Her eyes grew wide as he got dressed and left the bedroom.  
  
"Christ!"  
  
Rita would lay there shaking for fifteen minutes.

**Britney Ch. 27: Surround Sound**

Keith Foxx kept his day quiet after ravaging his wife in front of neighbor Chloe. His thoughts were of the young blond beauty next door. Having let her observe his sexual appetite he suddenly grew more and more curious of what the girl might now do. She did appear quite interested. So interested that she touched herself the entire time Keith fucked his wife.  
  
After a three hour nap Rita Foxx had gotten dressed and headed to do some grocery shopping. Keith prompted his son Lance to go with her and spend quality time with his mother. A good idea he thought. Even if Lance groaned about going.  
  
Once Rita's car vanished Keith who was freshly showered stepped out into his back yard wearing only jeans and his tennis shoes. Instead of knocking on Chloe's door he opted to get her attention by firing up his weed whacker and began trimming around his house. He kept a clear shot of the neighbors back deck. She must have been out recently due to a blanket sprawled out on the deck and oil bottle laying next to it.  
  
Five minutes expire before Chloe steps out of her house in the red bikini. She was on her cellphone and held a glass of iced tea in her opposite hand. Still she managed to flutter two fingers in his direction.  
  
Keith smirked at her as she sat down on the blanket and kept talking. On the cell happened to be her man Chuck. To avoid her not being able to hear him Keith shuts down his weed whacker and leans it against the house.  
  
Chloe perks up at the sudden silence and smiles brightly at him. She continues her conversation yet made certain Keith knew she wanted him to stay. In doing so she held a finger to her lips to keep him quiet. After that she curls an index finger toward him to draw him closer.  
  
"Chuck? Our neighbors all look gone. The sun feels delicious and I miss you. Can I take the risk and play with myself for you?"  
  
Keith now stood with his knees touching the decks edge. Hearing her words he puckers and folds his arms to see what would happen. He observed her stretching out her legs toward him. Her toes were almost touching his crotch. So close he had to lower his gaze to make sure they actually weren't making contact.  
  
Her eyes flare as she hears Chuck tell her to put him on speaker. She complies after once again reminding Keith to remain quiet.  
  
"Still in your bikini or have you changed?" Chuck asks loud enough for Keith to understand him.  
  
She nods at Keith playfully while biting a nail, "Yes Baby. I love the freedom."  
  
"If the neighbors are all gone I think you should strip out of that bikini and cum for me."  
  
"Really? What about the fish? I might scare them away." She giggles.  
  
"The way they're biting it wouldn't matter. Take the risk. Lose the bikini."  
  
She feigns glancing about her, "Let me make sure nobody is looking."  
  
The entire conversation she had stared at Keith. Their eyes locked on a duel of temptation.  
  
"I think it's safe. Let me set the phone down beside me."  
  
Chloe rests the phone on her blanket and immediately unties her bikini top and removes it. Her chest rose and fell heavily from being nervous yet exhilarated. Teasing Keith by dangling it in front of him she drops it to her left side. She then stuck her tongue out at him playfully.  
  
Keith maintained a straight face. Like a fine poker player he refrained from emotion. The sheer intensity in his gaze made Chloe shiver.  
  
"My top is off. Oh my God, Chuck. This is so liberating. You should be here with me."  
  
"Wish you could feel my mouth around those nipples don't you?"  
  
"Yesssss!" Chloe wiggles about as her pussy grows insanely wet.  
  
Keith narrows his eyes and decides to lean over her placing an arm to each side of her hips. He then lowered his face down to swallow her left nipple.  
  
Her head snaps back as she purrs, "I love your mouth on my nipple. So warm and inviting."  
  
Keith knows her words are meant for him, not Chuck.  
  
As he feeds on her left tit his lips decide to glide over to her right breast and gives her a start.  
  
"Are you sure I should risk this Honey?"  
  
Chuck growls, "Let them see if they wanna be that nosey."  
  
"Okay. I'm going to untie my bottoms now."  
  
Keith beats her to it as his lips release her nipple to pinch the two bow knots at her hips. A swift untethering and they slip free. He then gently tugs the cloth from between her legs. Her hips raise to assist their removal.  
  
Whistling silently at her stunning pussy with a very fine landing strip of blond fur, he leans in and nuzzles the pubic hair.  
  
"My pussy is so wet Chuck. I can feel your warm exhales on my clit."  
  
Keith grips her ankles and slides her blanket and lithe body closer to him. He then crouches down and buries his face in her pussy. Chloe moans instantly.  
  
"Touching that pussy?" Chuck asks.  
  
Keith lets up long enough to nod at the phone for dramatic purpose. Chloe giggles with a sigh.  
  
"I can feel your tongue devouring me."  
  
Keith digs his tongue inside her labia and goes deeper. Her hips rise as she feels his tongue slither about within her juicy hole. Moans become squeals. Squeals become whimpers.  
  
"Oh my God! Your tongue is so talented. Eat me harder."  
  
Chuck growls, "Like that Bitch?"  
  
"GOD YES!!!!!" She reaches a hand over her torso to caress Keith's scalp.  
  
"Want my fingers inside you?" Chuck ushers.  
  
"Please do."  
  
Keith prompts the index and middle finger of his right hand to target her hole. In and out. Side to side. Twisting and turning. All with his tongue taunting her clit.  
  
"Holy God! That feels so fucking good."  
  
Chuck admires her breathing noises as her body tightens up.  
  
"Cum for me." Her man tempts her.  
  
"Fuck me! I will."  
  
"Wish I could. Just imagine it." Chuck exhales loudly.  
  
Keith stands up and looks around him for onlookers. Convinced there were none he unbuckles his belt and unzips his jeans. He had forsaken his usual boxers in preparation for possibilities.  
  
As he lowers his pants his dick popped into the air. All eight inches of meaty girth.  
  
Chloe's eyes bulged at the sight, "HOLY SHIT!"  
  
Keith stroked it in front of her sporting a devilish grin. Her jaw dropped and she had to fan her fingers to cool down. She knew Chuck didn't want her to fuck. But, her mind was telling her differently.  
  
"I miss you Honey. I really wish I could feel you inside me."  
  
"Should have brought your dildo out to use." Chuck hisses.  
  
She trembles at Keith's gaze eying her pussy as he knuckled his shaft. Watching him made her crazy. She had secretly had a mad crush on this man for over a year. Still her thoughts of another betrayal made her queasy.  
  
"I'll use my fingers." She speaks dryly.  
  
Keith shook his head while raising his eye brows at her for a stern glare. Her hand decides to retreat. He was already lowering his cock into her labia and rolling it around her slickness.  
  
"Oh Chuck. My fingers feel wonderful."  
  
"Not your fingers. Picture my cock inside you."  
  
Keith smirks and nods his head this time, just before lining his crown up to gently ease into her. Her pussy was tight around him forcing her back to arch and her upper body to touch the deck.  
  
"So vivid. It feels so real."  
  
Keith begins thrusting harder. She reacts with a shrill cry of perfection.  
  
"Oh fuck me!" She belts out abruptly.  
  
"I must be really good today." Chuck laughs.  
  
"YOU HAVE NO IDEA!" She rears forward slightly to flare her gaze at Keith. Her lustful intensity quite evident.  
  
He offered a smug reaction as he used his thumb to stimulate her clitoris along with each maddening thrust. Chloe's reaction was priceless.  
  
Lips trembling, eyes quivering in their sockets, she offers an expression of agonizing awe! Her brow creasing and nails digging at her blanket beneath her, all a sight to behold. As her blanket rolled up around her unrestrained calling out she yelps.  
  
"Ohhhhhhhhhh Honnnnnnnnnnnnnneyyyyy! I'm sooooo close."  
  
"Wait for it. Show me you can hold it."  
  
Her body quakes and turns red from straining. Seeing this Keith gripped her ankles and pulled her closer to him. She slid into place and clutched her bobbing tits for his assault. His arms pried her legs wider and he moved in for the kill. No mercy.  
  
Keith Foxx pounded her thighs like a man obsessed. There was no mistaking the echoes of his ball sack beating up against her cheeks.  
  
"Damn! I must be tearing that pussy up." Chuck chuckles.  
  
Chloe couldn't find her breath between moans and cursing. She was gushing all around Keith's cock and he was refusing to let up. Keith was on a mission.  
  
Insanity forced Chloe to grip her skull and pull her hair down into her mouth. Her eyes watering amid her strands of blond.  
  
"OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHmyyyyyFUCKINggggggggggggggGGODDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!"  
  
She screams and bursts a flood all over Keith's balls.  
  
Insane she rolls her eyes back and convulses from her orgasm. Still he thrusts. Releasing her right ankle Keith reaches to her side and obtains the partly covered up cellphone. Without her knowing at first he carefully sets her camera and takes a video of her moaning tormented soul. He then pans down to his cock entering and exiting her pussy. She was lost to reality and he captured every emotional flinch.  
  
Saving the video to her cell he carefully places it back down before she became aware of his actions.  
  
"That was the loudest I've ever heard you cum." Chuck acknowledges via speaker.  
  
She couldn't reply. Her body numb and mind still incoherent to the world around her.  
  
Keith pulled out of her to find her barely yearning hands wanting more with a pleading outstretch of fingers. He propped a foot up on the deck and hoisted his body up over her.  
  
Angling his mass he jerked off over her face. Her eyes opened and vision blurred she watches him detonate a succulent wave of toppling seaman all over her features. Her nose, mouth, eyelashes, brow, cheeks, even her earlobes were peppered.  
  
Slapping his cock over her lips she opens her mouth and lets him dangle his cock into her. He thrusts into her jaw a total of twelve times before pulling out of her straining throat.  
  
"You alright over there?" Chuck sounded worried.  
  
She coughs on his cum dripping into her mouth, "Just took a lot out of me."  
  
Keith puckers and examines the girth of his dick and nods in agreement. She almost laughed at his reaction.  
  
"Maybe I should roll you over and tap that ass while I'm getting this kind of reaction." Chuck laughs.  
  
Keith raises an eyebrow at Chloe who's eyes bulged. Roughly Keith reaches under her and turns her body over to lay on her stomach. She whimpered but tried to remain silent as Keith hoisted her hips to straddle straight down. His cock guided into her anal canal and eased in ever so slowly. He snatched up her suntan lotion to use as lube. Casting it aside he continued.  
  
Chloe buried her face in her ruffled up blanket and accepted Keith's hostile takeover. She wasn't all that fond of it when Chuck tried it. Nor when Keith's son Lance dominated it on her own living room floor. It was growing on her. At least Keith was being gentle.  
  
She sighs loudly and whispers, "That feels so fucking good."  
  
Keith smiled and continues until she goes limp once more. Her mind lost to his continuous loving thrusts. Another smirk later he obtains her cell for another video quickie of his perfect rhythm and her slow breathing. With her face covered by the blankets ruffles she hadn't caught on. Even while Chuck spoke.  
  
"You should send me pictures. You sound wore out."  
  
Carefully he sits the cell down and pulls out of her. Easing back off of the deck he turns instinctively to his right. His eyes erupt wide at the sight.  
  
There stood his daughter Britney and her four girlfriends admiring his bravado. Silently they applauded him and offered expressions of jealousy.  
  
Keith quickly waved them away before Chloe could look up and feel ashamed of herself. Shaking their heads Britney led her group directly over to them. All Keith could do was cover his eyes.  
  
Reaching them Britney stuck her tongue out at her Dad then reached over to slap Chloe hard on the ass. Chloe yelped while concealed by the blanket and reared up with hair in her eyes. The sight made her cringe and instinctively hold her finger to her lips. Keith did the same thing to avoid anyone talking.  
  
The girls all clamped a hand over their mouths trying not to laugh.  
  
"Chloe? Everything okay over there?" Chuck questioned.  
  
"I'm fine. You were amazing. That was the best fantasy. I love you."  
  
"Love you too. Send me some selfies."  
  
"Give me a second." She fumbles amid the blanket for the phone.  
  
Britney grabs it before Chloe could muster the energy to turn over and fight over it. Instead Chloe closes her eyes and holds her forehead.  
  
Keith sneered at his daughter who whispered, "Lighten up!"  
  
Motioning Chloe to roll over Britney activated the camera mode and discovered the videos. Her eyes bulged toward her Father.  
  
Chloe reluctantly rolls over and sits up to note the entire gathering around her. She then realizes Keith was still naked and stroking his monster. Right in front of Dawn, Sophia, Tara, and Cryssa. Her reaction was to look at Keith with a raised eye brow and a circular point to all the girls.  
  
He shrugs and offers a wink.  
  
Britney sets the camera for snapshots then hands it to Chloe. Claiming her cell Chloe leans back on one hand for support and lifts the cell for a picture. Before she could take it Keith moves in to drag her back toward him and lifts her legs to re-enter her pussy. She trembled at his takeover as he begins thrusting once more.  
  
She scans about her at the girls. All of them were motioning for her to take a picture. Awkwardly, she snaps two pictures. Her brow creases at Keith's continued assault. In her fever she takes another picture of her straining features. Amid the photo session she moans abruptly.  
  
"You playing with yourself again?"  
  
She shivers at being caught, "Yes."  
  
"Insatiable. That's my girl."  
  
"I'm taking pictures while I finger fuck myself."  
  
"Cannot wait to see them."  
  
"Them!" She shakes in thought while looking around her. Inspiration struck.  
  
"Chuck? I'm not alone."  
  
"What? Who's there?"  
  
"Britney and her friends just caught me." She smiles at the girls for support.  
  
Brit chuckles, "What are you doing slut?"  
  
Chuck laughs, "Awwww hell! Hey Brit."  
  
"Oh my Lord. You two are having phone sex."  
  
Chloe groans, "Busted! I'll cover up."  
  
"Like hell you will." Britney winks dramatically and grabs Chloe's crumpled bikini.  
  
Chloe gasps as Keith just keeps fucking her pussy, "Hey! Give me my bikini you little thief."  
  
"Nope! Finish your phone sex. Not giving you this back until Chuck hears you scream."  
  
All the girls glared at each other amazed at what was happening before them.  
  
Chuck huffs, "Take pictures of Chloe for me."  
  
"I can do that. Here hold her bikini hostage Cryssa." Brit loved being evil.  
  
Britney primed the camera for the perfect angle not to capture her Father in the shot. Managing to take a picture of Chloe with a brilliant expression of ecstasy on her face from the chest up. As the shot was snapped Chloe's hand was already lowered and stimulating her clit vigorously.  
  
"That was a good pose. Let me take a few more." Brit almost busts up laughing.  
  
Keith found the sudden surrounding of the girls to give him that extra steel hard erection he needed. Chloe would thank them later. He silently bit his lip to fuck her harder.  
  
So far Chuck hadn't caught on.  
  
Chloe was holding her breath and peering over her lowered brow as her body prepared to spasm hard.  
  
Snapshot after snapshot caught her faces war of emotion. Brit snapped another set of three pictures moving from Chloe's chest to her knuckles. Afraid to go further out of fear that her Dad's cock might be caught on shot she stopped.  
  
"Make sure I get the money shot. Let me see fingers buried up inside her." Chuck enforced.  
  
"They're coming. Be patient." Brit shook her head as the entire group nearly lost it.  
  
Keith was a wall of muscularly toned sweat. The girls all marveled at his glossy exterior.  
  
He caught himself grunting and grit his teeth. In his defense Brit mimicked him as if she herself was doing the fucking.  
  
"What's going on over there?"  
  
"Chill out, Truck Driver." Brit growls, "I just messed up that picture of her knuckles buried. I'll try again."  
  
"Get it right." He chuckles.  
  
"Hey! You try taking photos with all this action. It's HOT!"  
  
Keith shakes his head harshly to toss the sweat from his brow. He collapses over Chloe and keeps thrusting. Her legs wrap around his torso.  
  
Raising a jealous eye brow Brit snapped a full spectrum shot of their entanglement. Chloe was lost yet again. Her body putty and exploding. Her cries of pleasure echoing to the point that everyone was scanning about for onlookers.  
  
In a guttural snarl Keith burst inside Chloe forcing everybody to freeze at his actions. Both verbal and physical.  
  
Keith himself realized his mistakes. He reared back and offered Chloe a deafening apologetic gaze. She didn't care at the moment. She was jello inside and out.  
  
Pulling out he stumbled backwards slightly. Sophia and Tara caught his balance and Tara patted his ass whispering, "Me next?"  
  
He shook his head and listened as Chuck lent his voice.  
  
"That sounded like a guy."  
  
Brit rolls her eyes, "Jealous much?"  
  
Cryssa steps in with, "That was me. I bumped my knee on your deck. Sowwy."  
  
Dawn jumps in motioning Brit to take a picture after she guides Chloe's hand back toward her pussy. Chloe was spent but she managed to get into a pose that looked as if she was fucking her pussy hard.  
  
Snap! Photo finish.  
  
"Let's take a picture Chuck will never forget." Brit motions her friends up on the deck to surround Chloe. Each of them chose a pose that defiled Chloe's body.  
  
Sophia and Dawn gripped Chloe's breasts from the side. Tara and Cryssa laid their facial profiles on her upper legs and placed fingers pointing at her pussy.  
  
Brit crouched down between Chloe's legs to where only her eyes up could be seen. She then snapped a priceless photo.  
  
Chloe was glowing.  
  
As they looked at the photo Brit felt satisfied and sent it to Chuck's cell. The other photos followed. As they waited for his reaction to them Brit showed Chloe the photo of Keith laying on her with her legs wrapped around him. Chloe's eyes bugged out and she motioned for it to be deleted.  
  
Examining it further Chloe spots video and claims her cell to view them. The heat from them forced a glare at the now dressed Keith.  
  
He merely nodded in Chloe's direction. She looked as if she saw a ghost.  
  
Chuck returns loudly with, "Is that jiz on your forehead?"  
  
Everyone freezes to reexamine the pictures. Sure enough. Chloe's heart stopped beating.  
  
Dawn jumped to her rescue, "Suntan lotion. Private joke between us girls."  
  
He accepted that.  
  
"My cell's about dead. I'll be home Sunday. Love you Buttercup."  
  
Chuck ends his call as everyone busts out laughing hysterically.  
  
"BUTTERCUP?" Brit teases her pointing.  
  
Cryssa locates the tiny speck of cum on Chloe's forehead and licks it off to more laughter.  
  
In the process Chloe looks over at Keith.  
  
"What have I missed here?" She swirls between pointing at him then each of the girls.  
  
Brit rolls her eyes, "Daddy's a stud muffin."  
  
Merely nodding out of disbelief Chloe agrees.  
  
"So, you and all of them?" Chloe looks shocked.  
  
Keith merely revs his weed whacker and starts whistling. He had grass to kill.  
  
The girls each took turns offering their experiences with Keith. Chloe couldn't stop smiling.  
  
Finally, Brit leaps to her knees on the deck and presses her brow against Chloe's.  
  
"Home Wrecker!"  
  
Nobody could stop laughing.  
  
Then came the baby oil attack from behind.  
  
The girls treated Chloe to a ten hand massage.  
  
Chloe was in Heaven.

Angels from Hell!

**Britney Ch. 28: Life Styles**

Early Sunday morning.  
  
Dave Styles had just woke up.   
  
Bedhead, wife beater, and a pair of boxers was his chosen attire. After all, he was home alone. Being divorced the last four years he shared custody of their son. Having him most of the time it was nice to relax and not deal with fatherhood. Over the last three weeks he seldom saw much of his boy Eddie. He was either off with his friends or his so called slave. Slave!   
  
Dave Styles had plenty of experience with the whole BDSM lifestyle. He and his ex-wife Carla had practiced the Master/Slave existence for years. Even after Eddie was born. After releasing Carla via divorce he merely dated. He had his fun for certain. Plenty of women out there dabbling. He gave them loads of constrictive attention. Yet, he never wanted more. He was done with marriage.  
  
Shuffling through his home he ended up in the kitchen. A pot of coffee brewed led to two cups black before settling in the living room on his sofa.   
  
Merely sitting there in another world he wondered what had become of Eddie's little slave and her friends. He hadn't heard much from Eddie. His boy was arrogant of late. Choosing to live his own life. Maybe his boy had truly grown into the lifestyle.  
  
"Naaaaaaaaaa!" Dave chuckled aloud.  
  
After a few minutes to muse he heard a timid knock at his front door. Stirring with a grumbled scowl Dave launches himself out of the couch and cautiously peered through the curtain covering a side window.  
  
"Well now! Speak of the devil."  
  
Without bothering to dress more appropriately Dave unlocks and opens his inside door and stands proudly in front of the screen.  
  
Outside the door stood a pleasant surprise.  
  
"Hello, Sir! Is my Master home?"   
  
Britney Foxx had her lengthy brown hair pinned back in a ponytail. This allowed her golden shoulders and neckline to reveal herself dramatically. With hands clasped behind her back, her 34D's were bursting from a spaghetti strapped yellow top. Certainly no bra as her nipples and areolas were apparent.  
  
White stretchy shorts that hugged her thighs led to her long silky legs and sandals.  
  
Dave stares at her without waver nor words for long moments. Allowing Britney to glare back at him with her big brown eyes forced her to eventually look to her feet.  
  
"You know where he is. With his Mom this weekend. You didn't come here to see him."  
  
She suddenly goes mum, uncertain how to respond. He was correct. For the last few weeks all she could think about was his controlling demeanor. Stories of his lifestyle from Eddie led to her hidden desires.  
  
"Admit it or get the hell out of here." He snarled.  
  
His tone made her look up swiftly.  
  
"I am still Eddie's but I wish to learn more than he is teaching me." She offers.  
  
Dave frowns, "Come on! I wasn't born yesterday. My boy's putting on a show. So are you. He's no more your Master than I own a dog."  
  
She fidgets then decides to kneel down on her knees on the Welcome mat. Brit then looked up at him with puppy dog eyes.  
  
"Never said I wanted a dog neither." He hissed.  
  
With a pout she paws at the screen door playfully. She hoped to break his will and let her in. Thoughts of this Man dominating her made her insane.  
  
"Two can play this game Pup."  
  
Dave leaves his door open but vanishes a good five minutes before returning. In his hands was a curled up length of thin white nylon rope. Opening his screen he tosses it to her knees.   
  
"See that tree over there?" He points to the side of his property in plain view of the street.  
  
"Yes, Sir!"  
  
"Take that rope and tie one end around the trunk. The other end you tie around your neck. If you can do that and be patient until I come get you, I'll let you in."  
  
She smiles and swiftly picks up the rope. Shuffling through the yard he observes her tether the rope about the tree. She then faces him and ties the opposite end about her neck. She knew she looked silly but had to maintain her composure. She wanted to prove she was serious.  
  
Dave nodded at her his approval then shut his front door. He intentionally ignored her and went to take a shower before getting dressed.  
  
Britney sat in the yard watching car after car drive by. Each that spotted her either laughed or took interest. A pair of younger boys rode by on bicycles and stopped to scratch their heads.  
  
She sighed at them, "Go away. I bite!"  
  
The boys stood firm until she growled and began barking at them. Her intentions only drew laughter.  
  
Dave watching from his front door curtain chuckled to himself at her behavior. Finally, he decided to open his front door and step out on to his porch. Before yelling at the kids he looked at the bushes beside his step. There lay his newspaper in a rubber band. With a healthy grunt of amusement he steps down and claims it.  
  
Brit was still barking. She knew Dave was watching and she aimed to impress.   
  
Stalking toward her Dave made his way beside her. He turns to the boys who were nervous by his size and stature.  
  
"This is how you shut a dog up." He raises the paper in the air.  
  
With a downward glide he smacks her roughly across the nose. The impact made her eyes water and she held her nose with both hands.  
  
"Bruise that ego? If you can't handle that you stay out here all day."  
  
He turns away after pointing at the boys to move on. The lads had no problem. He scared them with his actions.  
  
As Dave went inside his home Brit sat down Indian style continuing her intent to challenge herself. He let her stay there for an hour longer before opening up his door once more.  
  
"Sun's getting hot. Thirsty?" He holds up a bottled water.  
  
She nods thinking that he was softening up.   
  
Wrong!  
  
Dave Styles steps out with the bottled water but brings a large salad bowl with him. At her feet he sits the bowl in the grass and spills the contents of the water bottle into the bowl.  
  
She eyes his departure back toward the porch where he awaits with folded arms.  
  
Brit crawls on her knees to face the bowl then pouts. Without waver she plants her face into the bowl and laps the water with her tongue. Again and again she drinks until the water gets low.  
  
Dave looks up at the morning sun. Stretching he abandons her to step inside.  
  
Brit growls in her thoughts. He wasn't making this as easy as she assumed. How much longer must she endure this?  
  
Thirty minutes later Dave returns to stand on his front stoop.  
  
Brit had been fidgeting in step for the last few minutes. As she notes his return she opts to open up.  
  
"Sir? I need to pee."  
  
He throws his arms in both directions, "Plenty of yard. Water the grass."  
  
Her eyes bulge as she looks around her to make certain no more children were around. Convinced she was safe she wiggles her shorts to her knees and crouches in the grass. Dave watched her piss and smirked.  
  
Brit couldn't contain her laughter any longer.  
  
Finally, she pulls her shorts back up and moves to stand away from the puddle. Her thoughts were trying to contain her amusement because she needed to show him her serious side. He wasn't buying it still.  
  
Walking toward her casually she kneels in the grass. Ignoring her he chooses to pick up a tiny branch from the tree above them. He points it at her to view then tosses it in the grass to his left.  
  
Brit realizes where this was going and crawls on her hands and knees to the fallen branch. Leaning over her lips clasp the stick and she waltzes back toward him. Idle he removes it from her lips and pats her head. A second later he hurls it further out to his right. Watching her ass wiggle as she obtained the stick once more he had to rub his chin. That was the most perfect little ass in town.  
  
Retrieving the stick from her mouth he nods his approval. She felt confident he was breaking. The moment he saw her smile he tossed the stick once more. Looking behind her she discovered he had tossed it directly into the puddle where she had urinated.  
  
Her eyes erupted like flash bulbs at the sight. Just as fast her eyes narrowed at the distasteful notion of planting her face in her own piss. Who was challenging whom here she thought.  
  
With a deep breath she shuffles toward the stick and hovers over it. The scent alone made her hesitant. Lowering her face then withdrawing she seals her eyes tightly before descent. Her nose and lips both got wet while biting the stick between her teeth. Hurrying she returned to Dave's feet and sat proudly for him to claim it.  
  
"Took you long enough." He glares at her.  
  
He lets her sit there with a grimacing smile on her face. She didn't want to drop it but the taste was horrible. Lips trembling she finally lets it fall from her mouth. After a round of choking gags She notes Dave pick the stick up.  
  
"Did I tell you to drop it?"  
  
"No, Sir!" She whispers while wiping her mouth with her wrist.  
  
"Return to where you pissed."   
  
At his tone she pivots on her knees and crawls back to the spot. She spots his shadow over her in the grass. Before she could look back he grabs her by the hair and forces her entire face into the urine and mud. She struggles slightly as he crouches behind her. As she choked she felt him yank her white shorts down over her ass. Three seconds later the stick swatted her ass cheek. Yelp after yelp. Six impacts from the switch.  
  
Releasing her he stands up and tosses the branch aside.  
  
Brit lifted her face then had second thoughts. Without his assist she plants her own face back into the puddle.  
  
This impressed him finally.  
  
He moves to the tree trunk and unties the nylon rope and curls it around his left arm until it became a lead.  
  
"Be glad you didn't take a shit." He snaps.  
  
She was. The thought had occurred to her.  
  
Yanking her head back by the rope he whistles and points at his side, "HEEL!"  
  
She immediately crawled into position with her shorts still lowered. Brit was afraid to pull them up, let alone look up with her eyes.  
  
"Humiliated?" He asks.  
  
"No, Sir." She coughs.  
  
He shakes his head down at her, "Get's worse."  
  
"I can handle it, Sir."  
  
Dave steps behind her, "Ass on fire?"  
  
"A little." She reacts.  
  
She hears his jeans unzip from behind. The expectation of seeing his cock made her eyes flare up. Instead his hand nudges her forward. All her thoughts could think of was that he was going to fuck her doggy style right here in his front yard for all to see.  
  
She hugs the grass on her elbows as she feels him remove her sandals and white shorts. Her shirt is lifted in back and she senses him repositioning.  
  
Suddenly, a warm fluid peppered her ass. She whined loudly as she concluded he was pissing on her reddened ass cheeks to put out the fire.  
  
"Holy Spit!" She whimpered.  
  
"Wanna run on home little girl?" He growls finishing his urination.  
  
Without a second to even contemplate she yells out, "NO!"   
  
After a lengthy pause to finish up he slaps his penis on her ass. Putting his dick away he zips up before standing.   
  
Britney tugged her shirt off over her head so as not to get it soaked in piss. She now knelt in his yard naked and trembling from awe.  
  
"Leave the clothing in the yard. Crawl over to the hose beside my house." He snaps.  
  
Casting her shirt to a dry area she obeyed him with very little hesitance. Her journey left her knees stained green from the grass. Upon reaching where Dave directed her Brit sat back on her feet to watch him uncurl a garden hose. In moments she faced a freezing torrent of water that rinsed her clean.   
  
Shutting off the water at the valve Dave looked at her shivering form.  
  
"I'm not going to ask how you're feeling. I don't care. You're nothing to me but flesh to be used. As a slave should you adapt you would embrace that fact."  
  
She fawns at his glare, "Yes Sir."  
  
He reaches down grabbing her by the back of the neck He then forces her to her feet, into his garage through the side door. Inside it was dimly lit. Vacant of his cars due to a mounted engine block that rested on railroad ties. A hoist dangled above the engine.  
  
Dave Styles ordered her to kneel beside the engine on the concrete. Awaiting him she observed him go to a large trunk and open it up. Curiously she watched as he sifted through its contents. Tossing out curl after curl of thin nylon rope he stopped and produced a plastic garbage bag. Opening it he pulled out a black leather and clothe hood.  
  
Stepping over to her he shows her the hood more closely.  
  
"The world ceases to exist once you wear this. Aside from breathing holes there's no reality. Without eyes there is pitch darkness. With ears muffed there is only the sounds of each breath you inhale and release. With ball restraint strapped around your head to keep your mouth sealed there is silence. Wearing this forces you to understand your helplessness. You must trust your Master."  
  
She swallows, "I want to trust you."  
  
He nods with a narrowed brow.  
  
Dave moves away long enough to obtain the rope and show her the end of it.  
  
"You're bound by obedience and loyalty. This rope ties you to your Master's will. Unless you want to run on home I'm going to hogtie you and cover your head with this mask. Once done you're at my mercy. Last chance."  
  
"I'm staying." She murmurs.  
  
Without a word he forces her to stretch out on the concrete floor and he begins tying her legs. Her feet are pulled up and nearly touch her butt. The rope is then entwined around her calves and upper legs. So tight her legs became frozen in motion.   
  
He grips her wrists and holds them behind her back and binds both wrists together until she can touch her toes. This was followed by rope around her waist, under her armpits and over her shoulders. Done, Dave admires his work.  
  
She didn't even squirm. He approved.  
  
Kneeling in front of her he again shows her the mask, "Lights out!"  
  
"See you later." She sheepishly grinned.  
  
Pulling the hood over her head he tucked her hair under until only flesh and leather were evident. Adjusting it properly he tested her.  
  
"Can you hear me?"  
  
Nothing. The muffs concealed all sound. The black out clothe dug deep over her eyes until all light was gone. Ball gag between her lips he guided the hood over her chin then tied it's thin straps around her skull.  
  
All set he stood up and left her there for five minutes. During that time he took cell pictures for his own desires. Looking around him he spotted the hoist above the engine block and drug the pulley toward her. Hovering it over her he lowered the hook and attached it to her ropes about her waist. Studying it for safety he used the remote control to raise her into the air until she was up to his waist dangling.  
  
Not a peep. Not a struggle.  
  
Impressive.  
  
Deciding to place a billow of old comforters below her for safety he again took the initiative to snap cell pics. She was a thing of beauty. Her pussy glistened from the light seeping through the garage window.  
  
As he circled her he chose to go to the trunk and bring forth a battery powered wand in the shape of a microphone. Fresh batteries installed from a cabinet he hums it to life. For the next ten minutes he terrorized her pussy with it until she was a dribbling mess. Her body convulsed in its suspension.  
  
Preparing to rid himself of his pants to fuck her he heard a vehicle pull up outside his garage door next to his truck. Growling he decides to check on who it was.  
  
Leaving through the side door he steps out in front to see a tow truck parked. A portly man exits it and greets him.  
  
"Morning Davey."  
  
"Ellis Dupree. How's it going?"  
  
"No calls. Just wandering town. Been awhile since I stopped in. Figured you're better company than my sister manning the call center."  
  
"How is ole Regina?"  
  
"Ugly and bitchy as ever." Ellis looks around, "Hey, I heard a rumor. Level with your ole school buddy?"  
  
"Maybe. What rumor?"  
  
"Grapevine kind of shit. Heard you and your softball team tagged some school girls a few weeks back. Any truth to that?"  
  
Dave frowns at hearing one of his friends betraying him.   
  
"Who the hell said that?" Dave grunted.  
  
Wincing Ellis rubs the hair on the back of his neck, "Rather not say."  
  
Dave nods and turns away, "Rather not answer."  
  
"Come on Buddy. You can tell me. I haven't told anybody else what I heard. Fine. It was "Harlan"."  
  
"Stupid fucker. Yeah it's true. Tell anyone else I'll cut your balls off. I don't need any trouble."  
  
"Swear I won't. We go way back, you and me. You know better."  
  
"Suppose so."  
  
Ellis grins from ear to ear, "Bet that was a sight to behold. Were they hot?"  
  
"Young and sexy as hell. All of them."  
  
"Damn! Wish I could have been there. It's been years since my fat ass got laid."  
  
Dave shakes his head, "Don't let me regret this. Follow me."  
  
Ellis offers a stunned expression and follows Dave's lead back into the garage. Once inside Ellis drops his jaw at the sight.  
  
"Good God almighty. WHO is that?" He hugs the door almost afraid to go closer.  
  
"No names. Just a random whore."   
  
Ellis finally calms his reaction and steps around to examine her more closely.  
  
"This body is perfection. Big tits. Firm ass. Silky tanned skin. Damn Buddy."  
  
"Feel her up. She can't hear us talk or see us."  
  
Ellis looks over the hood and exhales roughly before crouching down and reaching under to squeeze her breasts, pinching her nipples. After a few minutes he awkwardly stands erect. His pudgy frame made it difficult to kneel too long.  
  
Swaying her on the hook he faces her pussy toward him and slithers fingers in to rub her clit.  
  
"Fuck that pussy is wet."  
  
Dave chuckles and reaches into his pocket. Producing the condom he intended to use he tosses it at Ellis.  
  
"I'll leave you alone for fifteen minutes. Put that on and fuck her silly."  
  
"Serious? I don't know. Is she of age? Looks young."  
  
"Eighteen."  
  
Ellis takes a deep breath and grins, "Give me twenty. I might need it."  
  
Dave chuckles, "Twenty minutes or twenty condoms?"  
  
"Shit! One is all I need. Thanks Buddy."  
  
Dave then takes the risk of leaving him alone with her.  
  
Once Ellis found silence he took time just to run his hands over her entire body. He needed to calm his nerves. Finally, he unfastens his suspenders and drops his pants. Boxers lowered he tears open the condom and holds it over his timid six inch pecker. It took a few strokes to get him fully erect before applying it. Positioning proved difficult forcing him to lower the hoist remotely. Once perfected he took a deep breath and penetrated her.  
  
All Brit knew was it felt really good to have someone inside her. Whoever it was.  
  
Enjoying the feeling of long overdue pussy Ellis began thrusting and found himself loving it one minute and guilty the next. This girl had no idea who she was being fucked by. She would probably be repulsed by him. As much as she felt good to him he had to stop. That was twelve minutes after deciding right from wrong.  
  
On the cusp of pulling out he was startled by the big garage door raising up. Before he could pull out and cover up, the door had raised and the sunlight exposed him to the world.  
  
Laughing Dave shook his head at the fumbling butterball of a man. Ellis was getting dressed with the condom still on his dick.  
  
"You Fucker! Why do you always feel the need to bust my chops and embarrass me like that?" Ellis huffed.  
  
"Chill out Ellis. Just having my fun. Felt good didn't it?"   
  
Fully dressed Ellis looked around the great outdoors. Luckily the trucks blocked the view from the street.  
  
"It did. Felt wrong though. Almost like I fucked my best friends daughter."  
  
"So wrong. So right." Dave patted Ellis on the back then moved in to drop his own pants and pull on a condom. Ellis watched Dave fuck the girl senseless. Dave didn't object to the voyeurism.  
  
After a lengthy detonation into her Dave gets dressed and lowers Brit into the comforters. As he untied her Ellis felt uneasy.  
  
"I'm gonna head out. Thanks I guess. Sorry if I ruined your playtime."

"No problem Ellis. You didn't. Sorry I humiliated you there. Come on over anytime. You know your always welcome."  
  
Ellis nods and reluctantly heads to his truck. He notices clothing in the grass but doesn't think much of it. Within minutes Ellis had backed out and left.  
  
Untied yet still wearing the hood Brit rubbed her limbs for circulation. After ten minutes to feel again Dave removed the hood in a spatter of snot and saliva due to the ball gag.  
  
Blinded by the sunlight Brit covered her brow with her hand.  
  
Dave had retrieved her clothes from the yard and tossed them down to her.  
  
"Get dressed. Go home. Come back when you want more."  
  
Rising with trembling limbs Brit gets dressed in silence.  
  
Dave headed into his house and that was the last she saw of him. Alone she felt abandoned. Was that part of being a slave? Wanting more but being denied. She loved every second of her adventure. Yet, something was missing.  
  
Her walk home left so many questions.  
  
Answers she needed another day.  
  
Three blocks away she heard a car horn honk and she twisted in step to see who it was.  
  
"Hi Ellis!" She waved at the tow truck slowing up to the curb. She moves from the sidewalk to greet him.  
  
"Hey Kiddo! Need a ride home?"  
  
"Sure!" Brit quickly climbs into the truck and settles in.  
  
Suddenly, Ellis turned pale. He recognized her clothing from Dave's yard.  
  
"Ellis? Are you alright?"  
  
He stammers and grips his steering wheel tightly.  
  
"Yeah. I'm good. How you been?"  
  
"I feel alive. Such a beautiful morning."  
  
"Awesome. Where you coming from?"  
  
"My friend Eddie's. He wasn't home though. I visited with his Dad awhile."  
  
Ellis felt his ulcer acting up. He easily concluded that he had fucked Britney. Something he could never admit to his friend Keith, Brit's father.  
  
Driving onward Ellis kept conversation minimal. Upon reaching her house Ellis found himself hugged from the side by Brit with a kiss to his cheek.  
  
"Thanks for the ride Ellis."  
  
Watching her wiggle across her front yard Ellis shook his head to clear it.  
  
"I fucked that."  
  
A sudden smile crawled across his face.  
  
In a loud huff he grunts, "I FUCKED THAT!"  
  
Ellis wouldn't hate himself for long.  
  
Not long at all.

**Britney Ch. 29: Mother Trucker**

Around Noon Sunday, Britney was still aroused after being tied up by Dave Styles. Her sexual appetite ate at her every second of every day.  
  
Freshly showered and wrapped in her fluffy towel, Britney Foxx shuffled to her room. As she brushed her long brown hair she heard her cell phone vibrate. Stopping to open a text she grins. It was her neighbor Chloe. After she and Brit's Father Keith had sex yesterday she figured she would never hear from her neighbor quite this soon.   
  
"Chuck's working on his truck. I'm going to my Mom's. Recall our deal to tease Chuck?"  
  
"I do indeed." Brit replies, "Thought he went fishing."  
  
Seconds later Chloe returns with, "Came home early. Do you have time today?"  
  
"I'll make time. Going swimming with Evan later. I can text him I'll be late. New bikini even. Dental floss special. I'll get dressed. Text me once you leave. I'll text back how it goes."  
  
Chloe finalizes the deal with, "Do what you want. After what I did with Lance and your Father I have no say so. Just let me know if he goes all the way or backs off. I want to trust him. Even if I guess he can't trust me. I'm so sad."  
  
"Smile Chloe. I wuvs you." Brit ends with a smiley icon.  
  
Setting her cell aside Brit quickly dries herself and finishes blow drying her hair. Once done she coats her body with body spray and retrieves her new bikini from a dresser drawer.   
  
It takes her three minutes to don the tiny parcels of pure white. With her already existing tan she looked awesome. She had nipple hard on that stabbed through the thin cloth of her bikini bra. Even her areolas were gently visible beneath.   
  
The bottoms concealed her tiny strip of brown pubic hair but only barely. Strands of spaghetti strings tied the bottoms to her hips. Those same bands led to the back of her bottoms which was a narrow triangle at best. It hid only a tenth of her crack.  
  
She shivers at her gaze in the mirror on her closet door.  
  
Luckily she was home alone. Her dad was God knows where. Her mother after shopping with Lance yesterday decided to head back out of town. So much for spending more time as a family. Brit preferred it anyway. She was now fifty miles away on business. And, brother Lance was off doing his own thing whatever that might be.  
  
Stepping to her back door Brit looks out to see Chloe's man, "Chuck Barber" under the lifted cab of his Semi. He was changing the spark plugs and distributor cap.  
  
Chuck was a six foot two stud with a well toned body that came naturally. He had short brown hair with an unshaven stubble on his face.  
  
Gathering her blanket and oil she heads out into her yard which adjoined his. With no fence it was merely a mental boundary line between houses.   
  
His garage was in a large alley way behind the homes. Big enough to get his truck in beside the garage.  
  
As he worked Brit laid out her blanket and sat her oil down on it. She then went back inside long enough to grab something mischievous. In her hand was a vibrator in the shape of a penis. She hides it under her blanket for the time being.  
  
Shuffling through the grass Brit sneaks up behind Chuck and jabs him in the ribs. He nearly hits his head on the overhanging cab.  
  
"You scared the crap out of me." He turns to see her innocently with her arms behind her back and left toes tapping the ground. Her smile was evil.  
  
"Is it too late to say Boo?"  
  
He smirks and shakes his head, "Out catching some sun? Chloe said you and your friends went tanning yesterday before you caught her playing for me."  
  
"We did. Can't ever get even sun. I saw you tinkering here and felt like saying hi. Hi!"  
  
His brow creases as he suddenly discovers her bikini more closely.  
  
"Your parents allow you to wear so little?"  
  
Brit attempts to look at herself while puckering her lower lip, "They're not home. How's Chloe? Now that we embarrassed her."  
  
"She's not home either. At her Mom's I think. She's good though. No complaints I've heard anyways."  
  
"I bet she gets really lonely while you're on the road."  
  
"Probably. I do too. But the money is too good not to drive."  
  
"She should ride along with you."  
  
He nods, "I've tried to get her to. Zero interest."  
  
Brit looks up at the big rig, "I've never been in a semi before."  
  
"Soon as I put the cab down you can climb up and see for yourself."  
  
"Really? Chloe won't get mad?"  
  
He frowns, "Why should she? Now more than ever. I'm still blown away that you guys caught her and helped take pictures for me."  
  
Britney smiles sheepishly, "Because I'm a girl."  
  
"A neighbor girl. That's what seventeen?"  
  
"Eighteen. Two months ago. A beautiful girl at that." She giggles.  
  
He couldn't disagree eying her chest while nodding affirmatively, "That you are."  
  
Batting her lashes Brit offers a devastating grin. As his eyes gently lower to absorb her flesh Brit takes the opportunity to adjust her bottoms. Her fingers pinching the cloth and pulling it out slightly in front and to both sides stretching it. In doing so he noted the crease of it extended out by her pelvis.   
  
"This bikini takes a little getting used to. It rides high on my hips."  
  
"Looks pretty low to me." He fidgets then looks away long enough to set his socket wrench in it's kit.   
  
"I prefer it lower." She repositions it even lower on her hip. In the process the highest tip of her pubic hair exposed more vividly.  
  
He tries to ignore her maneuver but discovers his curiosity gets the best of him.  
  
"Yeah, you're right. It does look better lower. Nice bikini though. Little bit see through in this sun."  
  
"Is it?" She examines herself yet again, "Not too see through I hope."  
  
"Naaaaa! You look great." He decides to grip her by both shoulders and force her to step back three feet. In touching her Brit bulged her eyes and shivered.  
  
"Strong grip there."  
  
"Sorry. I'm done with my mission. Just stepping you back so I can lower my cab without knocking you out." He chuckles then goes about removing safety bars and carefully brings the cab down into place. Locked in tight he pats the grill.  
  
"Can I get in now?" Brit lightly jumps in place with a feigned excitement.  
  
"Yeah, sure." He then moves to the drivers side of his semi and opens the door.  
  
Following him closely she brushes against his side as she steps between he and the opened door. She looks up into the seat.  
  
"It's so high."  
  
"Here I'll help you up. Put your foot here and grab the side handle."  
  
She obeys carefully as she feels his hands grip her hips tightly. Hoisting her up he watched her ass as she ascended awkwardly. He also caught a vivid scent of her body spray. Instant hard on.  
  
Once in the seat she hopped up and down behind the steering column. She grips the wheel and offers a glare of intimidation down at Chuck.   
  
"I could never drive something this huge."  
  
He pulls himself up to stand next to her, "It's not so bad. Honk the horn."  
  
She grins evilly, "If I'm horny?"  
  
He hesitates then shakes his head trying not to laugh. He was too. Enough to pat her leg and huff. It took every thing he had just to offer, "No comment."  
  
She laughs at him, "I'm kidding."   
  
Squirming about in her seat she looks through every gear, including the stereo. Finally, she turns on her right hip and leans an arm on the back of her seat.   
  
"Is that a bed?"  
  
He swallows hoarsely, "Sleeper cab."  
  
She instantly crawls back into it with her ass in the air knowing full well he was admiring her curves.   
  
He crawls up into the seat and watches her slither the rest of the way into the chamber. Once inside she lays down on her belly and cradles her head in her folded arms. Looking back at Chuck she stares at him.  
  
"It's comfy."  
  
Chuck shakes his head, "Serves its purpose. You can't possibly be this interested in a Semi."  
  
She pouts toward him, "I'm just curious. Just like you are."  
  
Taken back he frowns, "I'm curious? How so?"  
  
Rolling on her side facing him she props her head on her hand. She merely waits for him to look down at her body. Once he does she slides her left hand down to her bottoms. Fingers slip under the tethered strings.  
  
"What are you doing Britney?" Chuck suddenly tries to behave.  
  
"Teasing you. Tormenting you. It is working?"  
  
Haunted by her words he looks back through the windshield at his house. Temptation was certainly there. Yet, so was fear. He loved Chloe.  
  
"As sexy as you are I'm going to have to keep myself in check."  
  
She pouts then unties the string her fingers were under. Pinching the upper string she lifts it taunt pulling the cloth up with it.  
  
His eyes stab at her bare hip and he begins to sweat.  
  
"Brit? Stop right there. I love Chloe."  
  
"So do I." She releases the string and rolls over while seductively looking over her shoulder at him.   
  
He observes her untie the string on her other hip. Once untied she tugs the cloth slowly and intentionally through her legs until it leaves her body. Dropping it in front of her she moves her hand back to rub her bare ass. A gentle pat and a glance at Chuck, she found him staring without expression.  
  
"I'm going to roll back over now." She hints.  
  
As she does her thighs spread lightly exposing her labia to him.  
  
He rubs the back of his neck while eying her pussy. He was confused to be certain. Yet he continued to look at her.  
  
"Should I take my top off too?"  
  
Chuck swallows but says nothing as she reaches behind her to untie the top. As it detaches Brit slowly reveals her left breast. A slow deliberate guidance removed the top entirely.  
  
"Can I honk that horn now?"   
  
He chuckles under his breath then sighs, "Never saw this coming."  
  
She lays on her back and begins rubbing her clit, "Bet you never saw this cumming either."  
  
His eye brows peak, "I want to admit that I love what you're doing but---okay, I love what you're doing."  
  
"I knew you did. You have three choices here Chuck. One, I can masturbate for you with my fingers. Two, you can go out under my blanket and bring me my vibrator. Or three, you can just crawl in here and fuck me."  
  
He grits his teeth and acts like he had a piercing headache.  
  
"Christ, Britney. Part of me wants to fuck the shit out of you, the other wants to be faithful to Chloe."  
  
She again pouts, "Fingers it is."  
  
She closes her eyes and plays with her clit vigorously, finally burying three fingers inside her pussy with her opposite hand. He could hear her juices squishing with each insertion. Her moans grew from whimpering to erratic groans. By the time she cums she was yelping and crying out for unseen deities.  
  
Amazed Chuck sighs loudly, "I know I ruined my chance here. Sorry, Kid. I really do love Chloe."  
  
Brit strains to roll on to her side and reaches up to touch his cheek.  
  
"I respect that. I hope you don't think badly of me?"   
  
He smells her pussy on her fingers as she removes her hand. The scent drove him over the edge. In a bold move he climbs over the seat and nudges her over. The unexpected move made Brit squeal.  
  
Once in the bed he unfastens his jeans and guides them down to his knees. He wore no underwear. Before her eyes stood eight inches of Wide Load.  
  
He rolls over on top of her missionary and guides his cock into her pussy. The next twenty minutes he pounded the hell out of her. She screamed in ecstasy the entire time.   
  
As he strained to contain himself he pulled out and brightens her golden tan with white paint. Her belly was flooded and trickling.  
  
As he falls back beside her she awkwardly moves to her knees and sucks his dick dry.  
  
"I respect that just as much. I can see why Chloe loves you too. That cock is amazing."  
  
He hides his eyes tragically, "I shouldn't have done that."  
  
"Probably not. But, you did. We all make mistakes. I shouldn't have coaxed you into it."  
  
He exhales then looks up at her, "I have to tell Chloe I did this. Don't hate me."  
  
Without warning they feel the truck sway. In seconds Chloe Johnson had journeyed up into the cab and faced them.  
  
"No need to tell me. I'm quite aware."  
  
Chuck sits up and hugs the back of the cab, "CHLOE! I'm sorry."  
  
Chloe glares at him with narrow eyes, "I knew you would cheat on me."  
  
He quakes desperately then sheds a tear, "You're wrong. I swear to God this was the first time. EVER!"  
  
Brit sat back amused and licks her fingers of Chucks gathered cum droplets from her tummy. In a sudden inspiration she gathers more on her fingertips then plants them right up to Chloe's lips.  
  
Chloe crosses her eyes to see the fingers before her. She rolls her eyes at the girls preemptive strike then licks Brit's fingers. Brit giggled and looked over at Chuck.  
  
Chuck sat confused as hell. That was unexpected.  
  
Groaning Chloe sat back and took her t-shirt off. She had gone completely commando this day. Her shorts discarded she leaps in back and directly into Chucks arms. They kissed vividly for three minutes as Brit curled up in a sitting fetal to let them bond.  
  
Finally, Chloe pulls away and turns to Brit. She dives toward her catching her off guard and kisses her on the lips. A shared three minutes amazed Chuck.  
  
Stunned Brit huffed into Chloe's face, "Threesome?"  
  
Chloe grins at both of them then points at Chuck, "You better fuck me harder or I'm leaving your ass."  
  
Chuck rushed her and moved her into a doggy style pose and penetrated Chloe. His hand gripped Chloe's hair and lowered her head directly between Brit's legs. Brit sprawled back awkwardly in the confined space. Feeling Chloe's tongue on her clit Britney squealed.  
  
The next hour was dramatic all around.  
  
Said and done Chloe was glad it happened. Still she couldn't admit to fucking Britney's brother Lance. Nor her Father. The thought crossed her mind. The boy's narrowly escaping age made her tight lipped out of fear that Chuck would be appalled by her negligence. Of course the same could easily be said of Britney.   
  
As the three of them crawled from the Semi dressed they take time to stretch. Chuck took a moment to hug Chloe tenderly and apologized once more.  
  
Chloe looked up at her man and palmed his cheek, "There's something I should tell you."  
  
He awaits as Brit clears her throat behind her. Chloe timidly heard her and smiled.  
  
"We need to do this more often. I liked it."  
  
Chuck stood wide-eyed, "Really?"  
  
"Yes. With others. Not just Britney here."  
  
Brit clears her throat again, "I'm going to get cleaned up. Going to the pool. You two have a good long talk. I'm only a house away if you need me. Love you guys."  
  
Chloe quickly pivots and hugs Brit forcefully. In her ear she whispers.  
  
"I can't tell him."  
  
A pat on her back led Brit to expel, "Better not."  
  
Separating Brit takes her leave.  
  
Chuck holds Chloe by the hands as they look into each others eyes.  
  
"I guess this gives you the right to cheat on me. You have my blessing. Just once. After that whatever we do needs to be together."  
  
"With who?" She shivers.  
  
Chuck shrugs and laughs, "Hey, Brit has a brother. Or, Keith. I saw how he drooled over you before I went fishing. I guess when I showed you off I probably I got him thinking about you."  
  
Her eyes bulge. The quaking in her soul made her chuckle.  
  
"Maybe."  
  
He shakes his head and draws her in for another hug.   
  
Chloe Johnson felt slightly better.  
  
Still, the truth kept hidden bothered her.  
  
Someday she would admit it to him.  
  
Someday.

**Britney Ch. 30: Water Torture**

After another shower to freshen up Britney Foxx once again tied on her white bikini. She had thought long and hard about what had just happened between her neighbors Chloe and Chuck. She herself loved the experience. But, her biggest fear was Chloe admitting to screwing her brother and her Father. Barely legal as her Brother Lance was he was pretty mature. Most days. Still she felt slightly bad that she let things happen with Chloe that she could have prevented.   
  
"Get over it Britney. What's done is done." She exhales loudly then grins, "Who am I kidding. That was awesome."  
  
She was exhausted after her slumber party. It went well until her Mother decided to come home early. Unexpected to say the least. Still, her untimely arrival must have made her Dad's day. Her Mom had caught him right after having sex with her four friends but not directly seeing it happen. Her Father played it off like a Pro. He got laid by his wife. Brit admired her Father's dexterity.   
  
She and Her friends had managed to leave before meeting her Mother. Mom never knew differently. Other than they were there for the sleepover.   
  
Her mother was clueless. Still, she screamed all night long from her Husband's attentions. Rita Foxx had secrets of her own. Brit and Keith themselves not knowing of Rita's seduction over young Evan, Lance's friend. A lot happened.  
  
Brit and her Friends coming home later to witness her Dad fucking neighbor Chloe. It was an amazing day. Then just earlier today Brit was dominated by Her pretend Master's own Father. Fucked by He and someone totally oblivious to her. Her very own Father's friend, Tow truck driver, Ellis Dupree.  
  
Her mom she had heard on the phone seriously had to work this time. Fifty miles away.   
  
So much in one day she thought. The day was hardly over.  
  
Yawning she gets a text from Lance's friend Evan. He was ready for his first scheduled round of losing the bet she had made. She had to be his slave for 48 hours. Not all of which was immediate. Truth be told it didn't matter when that 48 hours ended. She was enjoying herself and would most likely continue to play with them beyond her punishment.  
  
"On my way Handsome. See you at the pool in fifteen minutes." She texts back.  
  
Donning a pair of purple shorts and a lavender tank top she covered her skimpy bikini until she arrived at the pool. Towel and sunscreen in hand she locked the house and hid her key in the bushes next to her. She had no pockets or purse to carry much. Only her cellphone was in her possession otherwise.  
  
Passing by Chloe and Chuck's house she heard Chloe screaming. Obviously the couple had not been exhausted sexually earlier. This made Brit smile.   
  
The walk to the pool was six blocks away from her house. Near the park that Dave Styles and his softball team played ball. On her journey she passed by a street of homes, a firehouse, and a carwash.  
  
Noting the carwash she thought about the fundraiser that her school was having. She and her cheerleaders had plans to host a bikini carwash. If the school would allow it. She even considered more than that. A kissing booth would get loads of cash. The winning teams would get to go on a class trip to Daytona Beach. Sponsored by local businesses as reward for their efforts.  
  
She wondered if it was possible to use the firehouse for their carwash. After her deal with Evan she would check into it.  
  
Reaching the pool she spotted Evan standing shirtless and in swimming trunks waiting outside. He see's her walking toward him and sprints up to her.  
  
"Hey beautiful." He smirks.  
  
Without so much as a word she tucks her cell in her shorts over her crotch and throws her arms around him. She kissed him passionately forcing him to wrap his arms around her and hold her closely.  
  
Five minutes later they come up for air.  
  
"Wow! That was pretty awesome." He beams.  
  
She winks at him , "Just getting you in the right mood."  
  
He looks down at his trunks. Massive pup tent building in his crotch area.  
  
"See? I work magic. Let's go get wet."  
  
He follows her through the open fence and pays for their use of the pool. Once inside they discover mostly adults. Only two children were present.   
  
She lays her towel out on the concrete near the pool and sits down. Evan joins her to her left.  
  
"Seven men. Two women. Two kids. Manageable." She teases.  
  
He fidgets, "How are we going to get away with this in front of everybody?"  
  
"I'm not worried about the men. Notice I'm the center of their attention?"  
  
"Yeah. They like what they see."  
  
"Of course they do. I'm sexy. Watch this." She sits her cell aside and stands up to take her top off. Then, she bends over and removes her purple shorts. In her bikini she stretches vividly.  
  
Evan glances about and notes all seven men observing her. Even the lifeguard on duty was a young guy. Evan knew the boy, he was nineteen and had graduated last year.  
  
"The women are staring now." He adds.  
  
"Curious. Mother's being protective." Brit sits back down.  
  
One of the women was obviously the mother of both children. After careful scrutiny she determined that her kids were done for the day. Ordering them to gather their float raft she mentions pizza. The magic word.   
  
As the family got closer to leaving Brit began adjusting her bikini. The top was loosened up slightly in back. She then rolled up to her knees. Her chest bobbed dramatically for the hungering male presence. In her pose she toyed with her bikini bottoms gently tugging them and pulling them out in front enough to offer imagination.  
  
Evan drooled at her actions, "These guys are eyeballing you hard."  
  
"Of course they are. They want me."  
  
The lifeguard strolled from the office toward his perching chair and spotted Evan and Brit right off.  
  
"Hey Evan. How's life Bro?"  
  
"All good Kyle. How about you?"  
  
"Getting ready to move to Georgia. Going to school up there next semester. Can't wait. Party central."  
  
"Awesome. This is Britney."  
  
"Nice bikini. You Evan's girl?"  
  
"I am if he wants me to be." She offers Evan a sly grin.  
  
Evan chuckles, "Yeah, she's mine."  
  
Kyle nods eying Brit's mounding chest.  
  
"Those are going to fall out." Kyle smirks.  
  
Brit again tugs at her top jostling her 34D's about, "I sure hope so."   
  
"That white material might become transparent when you hit the water." Kyle adds amused by her continued tampering with her garments.  
  
Brit blinks at him rapidly, "Going to ban me from the pool if they do?"  
  
"Hell no." The lifeguard grunts and fist bumps Evan to show his support.  
  
"Good. Let's test that theory."  
  
Brit crawls to her feet and flutters her fingers at the two before walking over to the edge of the pool. She dips her toes in the cool water and shivers. That mere chill made her nipples protrude like missiles. The three men in the pool stopped to drift and admire her. She in reply again flutters her fingers to say hello.   
  
The remaining four men sitting about were close to her age. Only one man present was possibly thirty. The woman sunbathing was face down on her towel and had yet to see her.  
  
Eying the depth markings on the sides she moves over to the seven foot marker and watches the three men swim closer toward the area she examined. Eying them all against the sun she rubs her tummy lightly dipping her fingers under the bikini bottom. This made the three men in the water look to one another. They knew she was doing this on purpose for them.  
  
Without warning Brit launches herself into the depths and swims under the water for an extended spell. In the process she eyed the crotches of all three men and noticed a lively crowd. Taking her pick she swam up to one of them and literally took the risk of pinching his crown. Afterward she surfaced and used her hands to pull her hair back. Blinking to expel chlorine from her vision she watches the men gather closer.  
  
"Did you do that on purpose?" Mused the pinch victim. He was a dark haired jock type with toned abs and arms.  
  
"Shame on me. I couldn't resist."  
  
He glides closer to her then looks over toward Evan and Kyle.  
  
"Boyfriend?"  
  
"Master." She rather enjoyed admitting that about her friends. Although Evan had never been involved in the Title.   
  
The man raised an eye brow, "That scrawny guy? You must be joking."  
  
"Play nice or he will make me leave." She smiles shyly.  
  
He floats directly up to her and squeezes both breasts, "Only fair, right?"  
  
"Yes. Do you like my girls?"  
  
He nods, "Heck yes. I'm Jeff."  
  
She coyly grins, "I'm horny."   
  
"This is Cole and Brandon. My best buds. Mind if they touch these?"  
  
"Of course not." She welcomes them with a wanting glance.  
  
Both men move around her and reach in to caress her breasts as Jeff retreats his palms.  
  
"Nipples are hard as hell." Brandon pinches her left nipple tightly. Cole toys with her right. He goes a step further and slides his hand under the cup to palm her bare breast.  
  
"Damn that's nice."  
  
By now Evan and Kyle stand pool side looking down at them. Kyle eyes the men on the concrete edges. They were growing more curious. One of them moved to sit on the ledge dangling his feet in the water.  
  
Kyle scowls at Evan, "What's going on here dude?"  
  
"Nympho. Let her get away with anything?" He hoped.  
  
Kyle looks at him in awe, "Nobody complains I'm cool. She's smoking hot dude. Where did you meet this girl?"  
  
"Friends with her brother. She does whatever I tell her."  
  
"No shit." He leers at him disbelieving, "Prove it."  
  
Evan grins and lightly whistles to get Brit's attention. Once she tilts to face him he motions for her to remove her top. She was ready as Cole removed his hand. Her fingers ran behind her and unties her bikini bra and removes it to the amazement of the three men.   
  
Holding it over her head she prepares to toss it at Evan then changes her mind. Instead she turns and throws it at the man with dangling feet. The top is caught by the man who nods his approval and leers back at the three guys behind him. All of them now stood up and grew entranced by the situation.  
  
Back in the pool the three amigos now touched her bare breasts.   
  
"Losing the bottoms too?" Cole chuckled.  
  
"I plan to. I'm just waiting for my Master to order it. I need to be careful with that woman over there."  
  
"Deena? She's deaf." Brandon winces, "Seriously."  
  
"Blind too?" Brit poses.  
  
"Well, no. But, Deena won't say anything. She's pretty cool actually."  
  
"I'll take your word on that." She smiles at Brandon.  
  
Jeff moves in closer and lowers his chin under the water to suck on her nipple. Her hands reached about locating Brandon and Cole's crotches.  
  
"There they are. They feel huge."  
  
Her hands slip under their waist bands and grip their cocks.  
  
"Yep, huge." She giggles.  
  
Brandon looks up toward Evan.  
  
"Bottoms?" He questions.  
  
Evan whistles once more and calls her to the pool side.  
  
"Gotta go. I'll be back." She removes her hands and swims to the edge where Evan crouches in wait.  
  
"Is this about me or them?" Evan whispers.  
  
Brit smiles sheepishly, "You of course....MASTER. I'm just having fun. May I? For awhile longer?"  
  
He liked that word Master, "Yeah. Hand me your bottoms."  
  
"I adore you Evan." She slithers out of her bottoms and lets the trio in the water see them.   
  
Before she can leave them behind Evan orders her to swim to the other side of the pool and give them to the others holding back.  
  
With mischief she turns and kicks off of the edge. Her bare ass rises up out of the water letting Kyle and Evan see her pussy for a moment. She then swims around the trio and surfaces at the feet of the man who held her top. In between his legs she smiles up at him. The others above moved behind him to see her.   
  
"Who wants my bottoms?"  
  
A boy possibly the age of 22 accepts them and sits down beside the other man. She in turn coaxes the remaining two to join them. Once everyone was in place she turns and motions the trio to swim in behind her. In seconds she was surrounded. She didn't have any need to coax them further. Regardless of Evan on the other side of the pool the trio in the water had their hands all over her.  
  
Hugging the pool side Brit floated between the legs of the man holding her top. With ease she drew closer reaching up to palm the man's crotch.   
  
Eyes flaring wide at his obvious erection she licks her lips for effect. Her left hand freely branched out to the boy holding on to her bikini bottom. His dick was advancing high quickly.  
  
Behind her she hears Brandon and Jeff discussing whether they should continue. The risk was great of new swimmers showing up at some point. One's that might call the cops. In eavesdropping Brit decides to turn and face them. With dedicated eyes piercing through them she dives under the water and locates both of their trunks. Pulling them out she releases their dicks. Before Jeff could react she swallowed his cock while holding her breath.  
  
After several mighty thrusts into her mouth she comes up for air. Once refueling she winks at Brandon and goes below again. This time she sucks on Brandon. While doing so she reaches for Cole and digs for his dick. Cole gladly helped her out.  
  
Fresh air filling her lungs once more the third dive under gifted Cole a pleasure all his own.  
  
Bobbing up for the final time she giggles pulling her hair back.  
  
"Worth the risk now?" She boasts.  
  
All of them concurred.  
  
Returning to the seated men she wags her tongue at them. The man holding her top looked around and saw no threats before pulling his dick out. He shakes it at her daringly. Brit smiled pointing a finger at him in a naughty boy nature.  
  
With little effort she hugged his thighs and devoured him. The man puffed his cheeks and groaned. Beside him the other men chuckled and patted the man's shoulders. They were waiting on their own bit of paradise.  
  
Across the pool Evan and Kyle eyed the tanning woman less that fifteen feet away from the gathering.   
  
"Deena Larabee. Deaf. Let's just hope she doesn't get up." Kyle sighs.  
  
"What are the odds of a deaf girl?" Evan chuckled.  
  
"Deaf but not blind Bro. No clue how she might react. If she looks in my direction I'll have to stop things. So, don't get mad."  
  
"Not gonna. I don't really care."  
  
Kyle frowns, "So, why are they having all this fun and not you?"  
  
"Just letting her get warmed up."  
  
"Crazy stuff Bro."  
  
"Yep."  
  
After Brit had toyed with the remaining men on the edge of the pool she turned her focus back on the trio. She giggles at them.  
  
"I always wondered something. Does cum make the chlorine in the water turn blue like pee does?"  
  
They share in her amusement as Brandon belts out, "We're about to find out." He had been jerking off below water.  
  
He strains dramatically and torpedoes a shot of jizz into the water. Of course nothing happens but the fun was there while it lasted.  
  
During their frolicking madness Evan had stepped away from Kyle and moved to the other side of the pool. He pulled the cushion of a chaise off and lay it down on the concrete. A mere four feet from the tanning beauty Deena.   
  
Once down he whistles to get Brit's attention. With a strict look Evan points at her then down at the cushion.  
  
The trio assisted her out of the pool and into the capable hands of those on the ledge. Their aid allowed her to stand up and blow each of them kisses. Wiggling away from them she reaches Evan and winks at him.  
  
"Missionary, now." He orders.  
  
"Love the boldness." She whispers looking at Deena.  
  
Laying out she spreads her legs and begins rubbing her clit while watching Evan drop his trunks. Kneeling between her legs on the cushion he mounts her. Penetration causes Brit to squeal. His girth was appealing.  
  
"Oh my God, Evan. Make me scream out loud. Show these guys who my Master really is."  
  
The encouragement led to violent thrusts and her legs over his shoulders. The downward insertions forced her body to convulse and cum in gushes. The troop behind them noted her flooding around Evan's cock and offered their praise and awe.  
  
Evan hearing them grew bolder and looked over at Deena. The woman was stirring.  
  
Obviously she had fallen asleep and perhaps the vibrations made by Evan and Brit were waking her.  
  
He continues his assault as the pool grows silent.   
  
Deena doesn't turn but looks at her cellphone for the time. Noting it she decides to sit up and face away from them. Luckily her hearing aid was off to avoid accidently getting it wet.  
  
Before she could turn the trio of swimmers waded over to face her. Their journey captured her peripheral vision and she looked over at them. Signing with her hands she smiles and said, "Hello."  
  
Brandon waves first knowing her already. The other's Cole and Jeff tried not to laugh as she was oblivious to Brit's constant moans and shrill echoing cries. Sadly, Evan's gyrations caught Deena's eye and she turns her profile to face him.  
  
Her expression was priceless as she froze in time watching the sex partners. After two minutes she turns her attention to Brandon who holds a finger to his lips in hopes of containing her silence. She smirks then places her hand over her mouth trying not to laugh herself. Another look back at Evan garners a grin at her in return. He was a ball of sweat from fatigue.  
  
Deena looks toward Brit who breathlessly flutters her fingers at the woman.   
  
Shaking her head Deena notes Brandon pull himself up from the pool and step toward her. In a bold move Brandon picks Deena up and hurls her into the pool.  
  
Looking back at Evan he chuckles, "No worries. I got this."  
  
He then dives in and frolics with Deena. She was very ticklish. Suddenly, very horny too.  
  
On the other end of the pool Kyle just stood there amazed.  
  
Feeling ready to explode Evan snarls and pulls out of Brit. He crawls over her waist and straddles her chest. Below him Brit leans her head forward to await just below his crown. Jaw open and expecting.  
  
In a mad splatter he doused her face with cum. She was a mess.  
  
He rises slowly and ushers, "Stay put. Don't wipe off."  
  
Once standing he looks over at the men sitting on the ledge. With a motion to join them he grunts, "Jerk off over this cunt."  
  
Hesitant at first only one of them takes the initiative to stand over her and masturbate. The others grew curious and decided to gamble on being seen nude by other men. Four men blasted her from above. Brit merely laid their smearing their cum all over herself.  
  
From the pool rose Cole and Jeff who added to the stew. Jeff going so far as to kneeling between her legs and slapping her clit with his cock. His assault led to jizz all over her pussy.  
  
Evan nods his approval and turns to motion Kyle over. He decided it best to decline in favor of his job. Chicken more likely.  
  
Once the gathering disperses Evan reaches down and grabs Brit by her hand. He pulls her to her feet and grins at her drooling features.  
  
"Suntan lotion gone wild." He jests.  
  
She hisses, "I hope I don't have tan lines due to this cum."  
  
"That would be awesome." He chuckles with a grin.  
  
"You were awesome. Fuck me anytime you want. I'll never tell you no."  
  
She then pats his cheek and steps around him to pools edge. She smiles at Brandon and Deena then leaps into the water. Surfacing next to Deena she manages to get the girl to hug her. All was forgiven.   
  
Deena signed, "Thank you. Now I need sex."  
  
Brit deciphered it quite easily and reaches for her hand. Without a struggle Deena feels Brit curl her fingers around Brandon's dick. Brandon huffed at the grip.  
  
Above water now Brit chuckles, "Give it to her."  
  
Brandon puckers then pulls Deena into a kiss.  
  
Glancing at Cole, Brit hisses, "I love playing matchmaker. I have to go guys. Been fun."  
  
She swims to the edge and finds a ladder to scale. Evan now dressed and in wait holds her bikini and clothing. She reaches for the bikini but Evan pulls it behind him.

She stands with brows raised, "Am I walking home naked?"  
  
"Naaa! Just being evil." He hands them to her.  
  
Brit smiles sheepishly then grips the clothing but instead of putting them on she walks away. At the gate she looks out and notes no oncoming traffic. Nor the attendant who sat listening to jams earlier on his IPod. Exiting she dances around in the grass beyond the pool laughing.  
  
Evan joins her squinting at her boldness.  
  
She stops dancing and runs to his side folding her arm under his. She then urged him to start walking with her.  
  
"You're really going to walk home without clothes?"  
  
"No. But, I'm pushing my limits. To the parking lot. If that goes well? To the street corner. After that? I'll cross the street. Then I might get dressed. We'll see."  
  
He bursts out laughing, "You're too much."  
  
"Oh, I need to stop by the Firehouse." She hugs his arm.  
  
"For what?"  
  
"To pet the fire dog." She winks.  
  
"Uh huh."  
  
He just wanted to see how far she would go.  
  
Two blocks later Brit put on her bikini bottoms. Another block her top. She was covered enough.  
  
At the firehouse Brit stopped, handing him her towel and lotion as well, but keeping her cell and outer clothing. She then turned to Evan. He looked puzzled.  
  
"I'll get them later. I have to ask these guys a question."  
  
A sly wink between them she leaves his side skipping along.  
  
He shook his head and went home. Curiosity would get answers later.  
  
Brit reaching the door to the firehouse sighed.  
  
"Ooooh! Big Red Truck."