**Britney**

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**Britney Ch. 31: Puppy Love**

"Hello? Is anybody here?"  
  
Britney shut the side door to the Firehouse behind her. Hearing only the barking of tiny dogs she froze and waited for a reply. After a second shout out for attention she heard a gruff, "Be right there."  
  
A medium build man in uniform shuffled toward her voice. At seeing Britney in only her bikini he stopped in his tracks. Brows raised he offers a queer expression.  
  
"Can I help you?" asked the dark haired man.  
  
She peps up smiling, "Hi. Are you in charge?"  
  
"For now I am. What can I do for you?"  
  
She skips over to him offering a quick bounce of her boobs for effect.  
  
"I'm sure you know every year the High School has a charity fundraiser. This year we were told to make this a town wide event. Students spin off on different missions and are asked to find spots to set up their booths. My squad and I were hoping to do a bikini car wash and possibly a kissing booth. Would it be possible to set up and use the parking lot outside?"  
  
He has trouble not looking at her massive tits. Her nipples were evident and traumatizing to his manhood.  
  
"That's in two weeks right?" He mulls it over.  
  
"I wish. Short notice it's this Saturday." She notes him glaring directly at her chest. "Sorry for my attire I just came from the swimming pool. You were on my way home. I'm Britney Foxx." She lashes her hand out to shake his. He hesitantly extends his own hand. His eyes refusing to leave their spot on her nipples.  
  
"Burt Pomroy". Unit secretary. Everyone's on call these days. Mostly staffed by volunteers. I'll need to ask the Commander and he's out to a late lunch."  
  
As he shakes her hand lightly they hear a loud crash. In seconds a door creaks open and out spills six tiny Dalmatian puppies.   
  
"Oh for Pete's sake." Burt grumbles as Britney crouches down to pet the onslaught of attention.  
  
"They're sooooooooo cute."  
  
In her over dominance of licking and pawing she loses her balance and falls over on her butt. She adored the puppies immensely.  
  
Burt eyes her legs wide and her bikini tightening up within her thighs. He grits his teeth with his lips sealed and hisses. It had been far too long since he had been with a woman. Having been divorced for the last four years without so much as a date he enjoyed what he could .  
  
"Their momma's in the hospital. Complications. So, me and the Commander have been bottle feeding these lil guys."  
  
"Awwww! I hope she gets better. If you need help I can stop by after school and feed them."  
  
He puckers his lower lip, "That's mighty generous of you. That could help get your car wash approved too."  
  
As she's bombarded by the pups one of them gets frisky and discovers her bikini bottoms laces. Tugging on them her right hip comes untethered. Brit knew it but ignored it mischievously. Seeing the laces come apart and her bare hip exposed Burt merely chuckled and played dumb.  
  
"Looks like you made some new friends."   
  
She holds two pups in her arms and tilts her head back to let them lick her face and neck repeatedly. The other four pups innocently licked her legs and hips.  
  
Another of the pups found her left hip's laces and tugged on them as well. With very little resistance it too came undone. Brit giggled still playing ignorant and lays back on the concrete to let the pups barrage her with their spunk.  
  
Burt holds his breathe as her pussy slipped into view. The fabric was being pulled from her gradually. He felt obligated suddenly to warn her. Yet, something kept him from it.  
  
"I'm glad you're patient. I've been babysitting these guys the last two days. They test my patience that's for damn sure."  
  
"You just have to let them live. They need to play and show love to others." Brit coughs as her puckered lips get drenched in puppy saliva. All she could do was giggle.  
  
One of the pups took off with her purple clothing that she had dropped on the floor in favor of puppy love. Another in her arms found the bikini top's strings and tugged on it loosening it. Brit felt her top slip slightly.  
  
Between her legs she felt the two mischievous pups trying to drag her bottoms off of her in a relentless taunt of fabric. She realized then she probably should react. Before she could though two pups hugging her knee area moved in for the kill. Their licking found her exposed labia for only a brief instant. The shock made her freeze up and tighten her legs in an attempt to discourage them.  
  
"Oh my God. What was that?" She bulged her eyes and sat up to see her bottoms being played with in a three way tug of war. The garment was still under her ass but the pups had yanked the strings tighter and her pussy was in full view. Except for the attacking pups.  
  
Burt decided he better help her out or look bad in front of her. He bends over and grabs the two licking her thighs.   
  
"Sorry about that. Like I said they're a hand full."   
  
Brit sets the pups held to her chest aside only to feel her right bra cup fall away at the persistence of the pup who had continually yanked her strings apart.  
  
As Burt spots her tit in plain view he huffs, "Awww hell."  
  
Brit winces and looks up at him while fighting to get her top back.  
  
"This was all very unexpected. I hope I haven't embarrassed you." She cringes lightly trying to cover herself as best she could.  
  
In response Burt scowls, "Not even. Here I'll put these two away. You get dressed."  
  
As Burt turns away with his arm full Brit slyly grins and lifts her hips up allowing the tug of warriors to win and race away with her bottoms.  
  
"HEY! Come back here." She yells trying not to laugh.  
  
The pups followed Burt with her bottoms. She hears him groan out loud and curse. As he puts two away in the pen in the next room he manages to corral the other two with her bottoms. Carefully retrieving them he stuffs the other two pups in their pen.  
  
The pup dragging Britney's purple shorts ran past the door way. Brit stepped into view holding the only other pup unaccounted for. It was still gnawing on her top. Using the pup to cover her tit and her free hand to blanket her pussy she feigns chasing the pup.   
  
Burt had to squeeze his temples at the sight. Her perfect ass was in view as she darted about to retain her lost clothing.  
  
Burt gave chase suddenly trying to trap the pup against a wall. It dodges him and races under a fire truck.  
  
"Oh come on." He snaps.  
  
The Fireman moved right next to him and bends over to spot the pup laying down chewing her shorts. Unknown to him that she was there he turns directly into her and his crotch rubs right up against her ass. He turned beet red.  
  
Brit stood up swiftly and twisted in step and looked at him, "HELLO!"  
  
He grit his teeth, "I'm really sorry about that."  
  
She lowers her gaze carefully at his bulging pants. She winces, "I'm sorry about that too."   
  
Jaw dropped he hands back her bikini bottoms and claims the pup in her hand. By doing so his knuckles brush against her nipple.  
  
"Just not my day is it?" He hisses as she pulls her bikini top back over her breast.  
  
"It's not your fault. Puppy power as Scrappy Doo used to say." Brit giggles in no hurry to put her bottoms on.   
  
As they stood there shamelessly awkward the pup under the truck bolted out and ran past their legs. Brit gave chase without her bottoms on as it ran for the door she had entered in.  
  
In her sprint she grew blinded by the exterior light as the door opened wide.  
  
"What the hell?" Came another male voice. This man was older and gray at the temples. He had a pot belly.  
  
Burt having placed his burden back in the cage with her brothers and sister returned just in time to see his Commander. He had snatched up the pup with Brits shorts.  
  
Burt cringed and rubbed the back of his neck.  
  
"Bet you will never guess what happened while you were at lunch." Burt sighed.  
  
The Commander eyed Britney who stood in shock. As his eyes lowered to her hips she whined, "I guess I better get dressed."  
  
"Why on Earth are you half naked?"  
  
"Pups got out and attacked her. It got pretty crazy. It's not her fault, Pat."  
  
"Pat Flannery" shook his head as Brit tied her bottoms back on.  
  
"Who might you be young lady?" Pat frowns.  
  
"Britney, Sir. I'm truly sorry. Please don't hold this against Burt there. The pups got a little too rambunctious and untied my bikini as I played with them. Thieves I say."  
  
Pat tries not to laugh, "As long as there's no harm done."  
  
"Just two red faces." Burt chuckled.  
  
"Speak for yourself. I never turned red." She giggles.  
  
Burt rolled his eyes, "Pat? Britney here stopped by to ask about using our parking lot for that yearly fundraiser this coming Saturday. Bikini car wash."  
  
"And kissing booth." Brit points out blowing kisses at both men playfully.  
  
Pat huffs chuckling, "After today how could I say no? Sure, stop by a few days before hand and we can figure out where to set things up."  
  
Brit jumps up and down clapping, her breasts bobbing around for them to witness.  
  
"Awesome! Thank you so much. I can't wait to tell the girls. Maybe we can wash the fire truck."  
  
Pat nods, "I'm sure I can muster a few dollars for that."  
  
Britney looks to her right and drops her jaw. She steps away and moves over to a Fireman's pole coming from the next floor down. Playfully she grabs it and swings around it once.  
  
"Why do you have a stripper pole in the firehouse? Is Magic Mike in town?"  
  
Burt busts a gut as Pat merely shakes his head smiling.  
  
She grins evilly and crouches down fanning her legs wide and hugging the pole. With a wink she slides up the pole to a standing position. Her tits were crushed around the pole.  
  
Both men were speechless.  
  
"I couldn't resist. Sorry." She abandons the pole and hugs Pat from the side and pets the pup in his arms. Claiming her shorts she eyes holes chewed through them.  
  
"We can buy you a new pair." Burt fidgets.  
  
"They were old anyway. As long as I have my tank top over there by the door." She retrieves her tank then twists in step, "So, should I help feed these guys after school Tomorrow?"  
  
"The mom should be home by then, but you're welcome to stop by regardless." Burt nods with a pucker.  
  
"Ok, I will. Thank you both again."   
  
Exiting Brit smiles at her adventure. She had these two in the palm of her hand. Which smelled like puppy.  
  
Inside the firehouse Burt put the last pup away and returned to Pat in his office.  
  
"That was something." Burt sighed.  
  
"Go Jerk off you sick Bastard." Pat chuckled, "I don't wanna see that hard on a minute longer."  
  
Burt eyes his crotch and turns red. He darts away to the bathroom and complies.  
  
Pat? He just closed his office door.

**Britney Ch. 32: Wagging Tails**

Monday afternoon, just as promised Britney Foxx had gotten home in time to change clothing and walk over to the local fire station. Today she decided the bikini was old school and held it in reserve until the weekend for the school fundraiser.  
  
Her attire this afternoon was still vibrantly seductive. Skin tight white shorts which gently exposed her lower butt cheeks with a compressed bulge. Her top was a bright pink t-shirt with a hem that halted slightly over her abs and was loosely fanning underneath due to her 34D's guiding the cloth away from her belly.  
  
With a temperature of 82 degrees outside the slight breeze from the east gave her just enough chill to divulge a strengthening nipple erection. She was beginning to enjoy going braless more and more.  
  
Reaching the firehouse she discovered the huge garage door open and the truck parked outside. In her mind she regretted the offer to wash it at the bikini carwash she and her friends had planned. The truck seemed entirely too large. Her attention swiftly changed from the truck inspection to hearing pups bark.  
  
"Coming baby's." She giggled.  
  
Entering the shade of the garage she spotted the head man himself "Pat Flannery", sitting in his office reading something. A light knock on his door brought his attention her direction.  
  
"Hi, Pat. I'm here to feed the pups."  
  
He looks up immediately eying her nipples pointing fiercely. He groans before a timid grin. As old as he was he would never admit to his pleasure at the sight. Instead, he chose to smile faintly, "Good to see you again. Burt's in back." He then scowls with a sigh, "Bad news though. Their mother passed away due to complications. She was too old for pups."  
  
"Awwww! So sad. What will happen to them?" She pouts.  
  
"I suppose we keep one and find good homes for the others."  
  
Her emotions rally, "How about we set up an adoption booth next week at our carwash? Not to assist in our fundraiser but just to help you guys find new homes for them."  
  
Pat nods rubbing his chin, "That sounds like a plan. I'm sure you can sweet talk Burt into overseeing that while you and your classmates wash cars."  
  
"And kiss people." She points out giggling.  
  
"Ah, yes! The kissing booth. Are you certain the school will agree to that?"  
  
"Is it any worse than five girls in skimpy bikini's seductively washing cars?" She winks playfully.  
  
"Seductively?" He swallows dryly again looking at her nipples.  
  
Brit brightens her eyes at his gaze then swiftly squeezes her tits together hiding her nipples from him and feigning shyness, "Hey, save the drool for Saturday."  
  
He turns red and grits his teeth, "I'm not sure I can condone underage girls being so open. I can't give our house a bad name."  
  
"I'm 18. All of my friends are too. I swear."  
  
"18, I have very little to argue over. Anyone younger I won't allow." He regrets.  
  
She releases her chest and offers a pathetic look of despair, "We have to win this class trip to Daytona, Pat. Please don't tell me no now."  
  
As she holds the threshold sides of his doorway looking frantic, "Burt Pomroy" steps up behind her with a look of concern. He was literally inches away from her. In her brewing emotions she bends forward slightly and her ass presses directly into the crotch of portly Burt. Both of their eyes bulged.  
  
"Careful there. I'm not sure my heart can take much more." Burt chuckles as Brit straightens up and turns around in a hurry.  
  
Her eyes glisten and she extends her arms into a hug and dives forward into Burt's arms. Her chest mashed against his belly making him tense. Inhaling the scent of her hair and perfume Burt's eyes rolled back dramatically for a moment. Once they returned to normal they trained themselves on Pat.  
  
Pat shook his head at both of them.  
  
Brit feigns a resistant tear, "Help me. Don't let Pat take away our event Saturday."  
  
Burt pats her back rubbing it up and down as she hides her face from him, buried into his chest.  
  
"What's this about? I thought you approved of their carwash?" Burt stands confused.  
  
Pat settles forward on his left elbow, "I'm just afraid their age and sensual antics might get us into trouble. You saw her bikini yesterday. That thing was pointless. Hell, man. You saw her without it. Just like I did. If it can be lost easily here what's to say it can't be lost that day too." He pauses a breath then adds, "Now consider all of her friends just like that as well."  
  
Burt evilly grins then changes expression, "I say make some rules. Don't deny the kids the chance to make money for the school."  
  
Brit coughs up while still concealed, "And win a trip to Daytona Beach."  
  
Burt nods not realizing his rubbing hand had reached her ass. She said nothing to tell him not to. Pat raised his eyebrow toward Burt with a point toward his forgotten hand. Once Burt noted his roaming hand he swiftly removed it.  
  
Pat growled hesitantly, "Wear your bikini's just tie them in double knots."  
  
Brit broke free of Burt and turned rapidly excited. In her zest she races over to his desk and literally climbs up on it to dive into Pat's arms. He nearly fell backwards in his chair. Her arms surrounded his shoulders and neck and she kissed his face repeatedly.  
  
Behind her Burt froze to look at her tight shorts constricting up between her thighs. Her butt cheeks exposed even more at her arched position.  
  
Pat halted her kissing with a growl, "Enough already."  
  
She stops to look him in the eye, "Kissing booth?"  
  
"After that many kisses I owe you what $20 bucks?" He scowls.  
  
"Free for you guys. Thank you, Pat."  
  
"If I get one complaint from any parents I shut you down. Understood?" Pat sternly expresses.  
  
With a pout she whispers, "Yes."  
  
"Good. Now get off my desk and pick up the stuff you knocked off on the floor."  
  
Burt moves in to help her down gripping her by the hips. Brit smiles at him, "My hero."  
  
Once she picks things up she places her arms behind her back gripping her wrist. In doing so her chest bulged higher with pride. She awaited the men to say something but both were exhausted by her excitement. With nothing being said she enjoyed their eyes and nervousness. It made her wet knowing their thoughts were creepy.  
  
Her eyes dart from Burt to Pat, then back and forth again and again.  
  
Finally, Burt opens up, "You hear about the pups Mom?"  
  
Pat suddenly unthawed as well, "I told her already. She had a good idea to set up an adoption table at her carwash. Want to volunteer to run that?"  
  
Burt puckers, "I can do that. As long as I get my car washed for free."  
  
Brit smiles warmly, "I'll do that myself. Just for you Burt."  
  
He turns chuckling to walk away. Brit butterfly waves at Pat then follows Burt. Pat sat back and caught his breath. He then reached under his desk to adjust his slacks.  
  
Outside the office Burt turns to Brit and whispers, "You don't have to tie your bikini in knots when you wash my car."  
  
Her jaw drops playfully then whispers back, "Who's wearing a bikini? I plan on wearing soap suds."  
  
His eyes bulge chuckling at her stern yet devious grin.  
  
"That would be a sight to behold."  
  
She nods with a smug sensuality, "Don't get soap in your eyes then."  
  
He chuckles abruptly and moves away toward the back room where the pups were caged. At the sight of the pups Brit melted and spoke all childlike as she knelt beside the cage to let them lick her fingers.  
  
Burt went to a microwave along the wall and heated a pair of bottles with Vet prescribed milk. Returning with them he hands one down to her.  
  
"Let them out." She encouraged.  
  
"Closing the door then. I'm not chasing these guys again." He swiftly stepped away to seal the door. Once done he leaned over the cage unlatching the wire door. Instinct took over as the pups stormed the exit and marched directly over to Brit who sat down on the floor to adore each and every one.  
  
Bottle feeding them was a challenge as each pup fought for their chance to feed.  
  
During the resistance Brit looked up at Burt who stood holding a single pup for proper feeding.  
  
"I wish my parents would let me have one. They won't allow pets. Our homes pretty small. Four people there doesn't give much room to breathe."  
  
"I'm sure we can find good homes for these guys. I live in a big house but I already have two dogs. Rottweiler's. They would eat these guys for dinner."  
  
"Do you want me to wash your car at your house?"  
  
"You can do that. Tomorrow evening? Say 5:30?"  
  
She grins, "Supply everything. I'll be there. Give me directions."  
  
"Edge of town. Near the old water tower. Two story brown house with three car garage. Only 3 stall garage in that area. Can't miss it."  
  
"Will your dogs hurt me?"  
  
"Only if I say fetch."  
  
Brit switches feeding another pup then returns her attention toward Burt.  
  
"You must be happy I showed up." She blushes eying his crotch.  
  
Burt looks down at himself, "I'm a man. What can I say?" He grits his teeth.  
  
"I'm not offended. Obviously." Brit giggles.  
  
"Good thing. I don't imagine it dying down until your gone."  
  
"Does it hurt? It looks really hard." She plays na茂ve.  
  
He sighs heavily, "Hurt's like hell. Once you head home I'll take care of it."  
  
Before he could say anything further Pat opens the door and ducks in carefully.  
  
"I'm heading home. Park the engine inside before you head out. Behave young missy." He points at Brit.  
  
"Bye Pat. Thank you again." She blows him a kiss.  
  
As Pat leaves Burt places his pup back in the cage with another already fed. He watches Brit's battle and decides on removing two more from her. Both put away with their siblings.  
  
Standing over her Brit looks up at his erection and lifts the bottle to dangle it beside his tented slacks.  
  
"It's almost as big as this bottle." She giggles.  
  
He rolls his eyes chuckling, "Not quite. Let's change the subject."  
  
"Awwwww! Burt's embarrassed."  
  
He winces and shrugs, "Not hardly. I'm just trying to keep my sanity."  
  
"So, when I wash your car wearing only suds you won't be sane?"  
  
"I'll hose you down." He chuckles.  
  
"Better hose yourself down." Her laughter makes her tits jiggle playfully.  
  
Without warning one of the two remaining pups lifts its head under her shirt and discovers a nipple. She failed to notice until she felt its mouth nibble at it for milk.  
  
"Hey now! No milk there. Not the mommy." She turns beet red and pulls him from her.  
  
Burt busted a gut at the sight of her humility being betrayed.  
  
"Not funny. I'm hardly a dog."  
  
"Puppy dog eyes gets you everything doesn't it?" He jests without laughing.  
  
She fidgets then expresses pouty eyes before expelling a whimper and a panting tongue. Brit then sat the bottle aside letting the pups play spin the bottle with it. She herself moved to her hands and knees below Burt looking up at him.  
  
"What are you doing?" Burt smirks inquisitively.  
  
Her right hand paws at his leg as she whines. It raises higher and pats his erection quickly before lowering her hand.  
  
"Now, now." Burt shakes his head.  
  
Her hand raises again. This time she pinches his crown area with clamped fingers. Releasing she lowers her arm once again to whimper.  
  
"If I'm a puppy. Feed me." She softly speaks with a pouty look.  
  
He cracks his neck in thought then looks behind them out a window with blinds. Pat's car was long gone. Nobody else was around. With a smug look he moves both hands down and unzips his pants. Stopping there he peers down at her.  
  
"Find the treat, Mutt."  
  
Brit's eyes flare wide at his altered demeanor. She liked the playful change in him. Without another second passing she reaches up and digs in to pull out Burt's beefy cock. She fondles it in her palms while looking up into his eyes.  
  
"Found it." She whispers.  
  
"Suck on it until you find the milk."  
  
Nodding intently she kisses his crown.  
  
"Do you think I should kiss cocks at my kissing booth next Saturday?" She again whispers rolling her cheek on his foreskin.  
  
He huffs, "Don't get caught."  
  
"Will you build our Kissing Booth for us? You will get lots of free kisses. Not only from me."  
  
"Yeah? Why don't I drill glory holes in the back of the booth."  
  
Her eyes brighten up, "If you do I'll give you head while other girls kiss in the front. We can drape a long tarp covering us."  
  
"Just you?" He raises an eye brow.  
  
"I'll have my friends taste your cock too."  
  
He felt her hands stroking his cock gently.  
  
Her tongue slithers around his crown making him crazy inside.  
  
"God I want to fuck you."  
  
She giggles, "How about on the hood of your car just before I wash it tomorrow night?"  
  
He growls at her hands moving faster on his dick, "That will dent it. In my bedroom."  
  
She shakes her head, "Noooo! I want you to feel young again. Do something exciting and public. How about you just bend me over the hood? Fuck me from behind. Neighbors watching us."  
  
"No neighbors. Retired and off in their Motor Homes. Suck my cock."  
  
She smiles and wags his erection over her face and lips. She could feel him throbbing hard and knew he was nearing combustion. She loved taunting him.  
  
"Did you like rubbing my ass in front of Pat earlier?"  
  
"Yea. Suck my cock."  
  
"Imagine me and all my friends in string bikinis teasing you. Ass in the air. Tits bouncing. Nipples in all directions. Then topping that all off at the kissing booth. Frenching tongues."  
  
"Aw fuck it." Burt squirted cum all along Brit's left profile. She cooed and exhaled all over him.  
  
"Milk does a body good."  
  
She tastes his cum and rubs its all on her palms.  
  
Burt watches her and scowls, "That was more of a hand job than a blow job."  
  
"Patience, Burt." She stands up and faces him, her hands gripping his cock still. Leaning forward she kisses him on the lips and feverishly entwines their tongues.  
  
After three minutes she pulls away and crouches down to devour his cock like a ravenous beast. In four minutes he detonates again and drowns her tonsils.  
  
"JESUS CHRISTMAS!" He bellows teetering in step breathlessly.  
  
She looks up at him grinning, "See? Patience paid off."  
  
He pulls her up and hugs her tightly. Hands rubbing her back they slide down and beneath her shorts to squeeze her cheeks.  
  
"I need to go home, Burt. I'll find your house tomorrow."  
  
"I'll be ready. Viagra willing." He chuckles removing his hands.  
  
She slips slowly from his grasp and grabs his hands trailing them forward and up under her shirt, "They need squeezed too."  
  
He clutches her 34D's firmly and jostles them about.  
  
"Lift the shirt." He growls.  
  
Her fingers peel the t-shirt up to let him view his hands leaving prints in her breasts. He removes his right hand and devours her nipple biting and sucking on it.  
  
"Careful. Puppy was rough on it earlier."  
  
He quickly moves his mouth away with a bitter look on his face.  
  
"You just had to ruin it."  
  
With a pouty look she palms his face, "I noticed the loneliness in your voice last night. When you mentioned your divorce. While I can't help you forever I will be your friend. We can have fun for a few weeks. That's all I can promise."  
  
He nods, "I'll take what I can get. I'll build your kissing booth and help you win that trip."  
  
"And, I'll fuck you tomorrow afternoon and at least once more after our fundraiser. You have my word."  
  
"Just drop by and tease me now and then I'll be happy." He sighs.  
  
"Absolutely. Me AND my friends."  
  
"They as hot as you?"  
  
"Oh let me see. A redheaded "Britney Spears". A tiny Filipino version of "Rihanna". "Jennifer Lawrence" with a hint of "Shakira". "Salma Hayek" with short dark hair and not Hispanic. And, a Mennonite "Jennifer Love-Hewitt".  
  
"Damn. I'm getting hard again."  
  
She leans over and pecks his crown, "On your own, Burt. See you tomorrow."  
  
He watched her tail wag all the way out the door.  
  
He would wag his own tail another time before closing shop.  
  
Suddenly, it dawned on him, "Where did those other two pups run off too?"  
  
He found them curled up together on the floor snoozing away.  
  
"Cute."

**Britney Ch. 33: Car Pool**

Tuesday evening led Brit to the far side of town. She was forced to ride a bicycle she hadn't rode in two years. Spotting the old water tower at the edge of town left few choices as to which home belonged to Burt Pomroy. The three stall garage confirmed it. That and the beefy pair of Rottweiler's behind a tall chain link fence. Their barking made her nervous until Burt stepped out to yell at them. Silence was instantaneous.  
  
"Driveway. I'll be right out." He motions to Brit.  
  
Stopping to get off the bike she puts the kickstand down and stands looking at Burt's car. A big white Cadillac.  
  
From the rear of the house he exits with a prepared bucket of water, a sponge, and soap.  
  
He notes her in a different bikini than before. This one was bright yellow and equally as skimpy.  
  
"Bet all eyes were on you riding over dressed like that."  
  
"Traffic jam. I lost them at the lights." She giggled.  
  
"Glad you could make it."  
  
"I'm a woman of my word. Your dogs are beautiful."  
  
"Brown one is "Bubba". White one with spots is "Thug"."  
  
"They mind you pretty well. One command and they stopped barking."  
  
Proudly he nods, "Years of training. They obey me on most things."  
  
"Can I pet them?"   
  
"Not too sure about that. They're not used to strangers. We'll see."  
  
She watches Burt bring up a garden hose attached to the side of his house. Playfully he catches her off guard and squirts her with the spicket.  
  
"Heyyyy! That's cold." She giggles and hides her front side to him.  
  
"Get busy. I'll get the car wet, you wash."  
  
She grabs the sponge soaping it up. Amid the suds she begins scrubbing the fender of the car where he douses it in water. As she bent over he shot her in the ass chuckling.  
  
"You are evil, Mister." She glares squeezing the sponge of suds.  
  
"Don't waste those suds. Wear them."  
  
"Fine. I will." She sets the sponge down and unties her top tossing it aside. Her bulging 34D's were stunning. Without a second to waste she removes her bottoms and stands in only her tennis shoes. Sponge in hand she grabs the bucket and gathers more covering her chest and ass in suds. She left her pussy free to avoid any possibility of getting a yeast infection.  
  
He watches her washing the car and fondles his erection beneath his loose fitting shorts.  
  
Eyes meet repeatedly as he sprays where she's cleaned. Her suds faded quickly never to be replaced again. She loved being naked.  
  
"Not much traffic through here. You're lucky." He admits.  
  
"I wouldn't care. I actually love teasing people."  
  
"I can tell. So, why me? I'm far from a stud. Mirror does me no service."  
  
"It's not about looks or age to me. If I feel an itch I scratch it. I saw loneliness and felt generous."  
  
"Works for me. I certainly don't mind perky teenagers with perfect body's. As long as you're of age I'm game."  
  
"Pervert." She sticks her tongue out at him.  
  
"I am indeed." He rinses more of the side panels and doors of his car.  
  
As she cleans the front bumper and headlights Burt moves closer and rubs her ass, slipping fingers inside her pussy from behind. She reacts with an arched spine and looks over her shoulder at him.  
  
"Your dogs are watching us."  
  
"They're just jealous." He huffs before removing his fingers and slapping her ass. She squeals and looks at him with a devilish grin. Leaving him she moves to the other side of the car and soaps the hood.   
  
Following her he drenches her vicinity including her back side. Shivering she again threatens him with her sponge. Strutting away to her bucket to refresh the sponge she finishes that side of the car.  
  
"Convertible top? Should I wash it too."  
  
"Of course. Finish it up then I'll put the top down."  
  
In minutes they finish up and Burt digs into his shorts for the car keys. A remote opens the top and lowers the windows.   
  
Moving around to the drivers side he gets in and pulls the front seat all the way back. Once it reclines he unzips his shorts and lowers them to his ankles. Already shirtless he sat naked and hard as a rock.  
  
"Hop on. Let's go for a ride." He motions.  
  
Brit wiggles around the open door and crawls in to straddle his belly and six inch cock. With a fondled assist she guides him up inside her pussy. It was a beautiful fit he thought. Her chest directly in his face as she rode generously up and down on him. He devoured her nipples. Her moans were like a symphony. A shrillness that made his dogs restless.  
  
Grinding on him led to his own range of moans and grunts.  
  
"Goddamn you're fucking beautiful. Your pussy feels great on my cock."  
  
Shivering she exhales, "You feel awesome inside me too. Burt?"  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"Don't be lonely. I'm here for you."  
  
He squeezes her hips to thrust up into her more, "Thanks Kid."  
  
His hands move to clutch her ass cheeks spreading them wider to tickle her butt hole. She rears her head back sighing loudly.  
  
"Like that?" He asks.  
  
"Yes. You can fuck me in the ass if you want to. We might need to stand up though."  
  
"Let's go into my back yard. I put a mattress on my back deck."  
  
"Okay."   
  
She lifts off of him dripping wet and crawls out of the car. Burt repositions his seat and climbs out, discarding his shorts into the back seat of the car. Both nude he takes her hand and leads her through the gate closing it.  
  
Around the corner of the house she see's a bare mattress on his wooden deck. He lays her down on it and moves her into missionary at first. Her legs wrapped around his hips to pull him deeper. Their moans escalated making his dogs bark louder.   
  
After ten minutes he rolls over on to his back and lets her ride him again. Her nails dug into his chest and shoulders as she cried out in pleasure.  
  
Pulling her down to lay on his chest he holds the back of her head from behind thrusting harder on his own.  
  
Closing in on his expiration, his dick throbbed like a jackhammer. Ready to detonate into her he closes his eyes to absorb the sensations and her exhales on his neck.  
  
Suddenly, without a warning he heard thunderous vibrations behind them. His dogs had gotten under the fence into the back yard and had rampaged right up to them.   
  
Burt holds her firmly, "Don't move. Dammit. I'm not sure how these guys will react."  
  
The brown Rott, "Bubba" sniffs at her ass with a deafening snort.  
  
"Oh my God. Burt? He's sniffing my asshole." She whines.  
  
"Let me be the only one moving. I have to finish. I'm too close."  
  
He begins thrusting into her again hearing her fearfulness. She too was ready to burst. The dogs constant guardian stance made her terrified to spasm.  
  
The white Rott merely sniffed at her hair and licked her shoulder. Fortunately without any true intimidation.  
  
Burt again whispered, "Stay calm."  
  
"Easy for you to say." She cringed feeling every thrust up into her.   
  
"Go lay down boys." He encourages. They refused.  
  
"They're not obeying." She huffs at her sweat matted hair.  
  
"Let me cum. I'll get us up carefully. Stay limp and no sudden moves."  
  
"I'm too scared to move. Hurry Burt."  
  
He snarls and cums savagely up inside her. She feels the torpedo's circulate into her and shudders her own release. He held her firmly as her body quaked. He even went so far as to curl his toes around her ankles to avoid movement.  
  
They heard a growl from behind as "Bubba" continued intimidating her. This time his Rott was sniffing at both her pussy and his balls while Burt was still inside her. That made Burt pissed off.  
  
"Bubba! Enough. Go lay down. Bad dog!" Carefully, Burt rolls her over on to her back shielding her, "I'm sorry Kid. Definitely not planned." Burt cautiously pushes "Thug" from her face.  
  
"Don't let them bite me."  
  
"I won't. Stay limp, let me pick you up and carry you inside."  
  
He rises slowly, his cock pulling out of her in a strand of leftovers. On his knees he reaches behind him slowly and snaps his fingers at "Bubba". The dog huffs and backs away. Burt then pulled her up into his arms to lay against his chest. Her arms coil around his neck. Legs entwine his waist.  
  
Walking timidly he moves to his screen door and opens it, using his body to block the dogs from entering. Easing in he shuts the door behind them, followed by the interior door.  
  
"There we go." He rubs her back and shudders at her tightness around him. She was scared to death.  
  
Finally, she lifts her face away from his shoulder to look directly into his eyes.  
  
"I like the puppies at the firehouse better."  
  
He chuckles, "Safer for certain."  
  
She fidgets never releasing her arms or legs around him.  
  
"I need to set you down. You're killing my back. Old man here."  
  
"Somewhere soft." She smiles with watery eyes.  
  
"Couch?"  
  
"Bed. My ass needs fucked now. "Bubba" teased it too long." She giggles.  
  
"After all that? Not even funny." He groans rolling his eyes at her, "Seriously?"  
  
"I was afraid "Bubba" might hump me."  
  
"That would have been a bad situation. Let's be glad he didn't try. " He carries her through the house and into a downstairs guest room.  
  
Reaching the full sized mattress he collapses over her on to it. She sprawls out under him and lets him raise up enough for her to roll over on to her belly. He uses the thin blanket to wipe between her ass cheeks removing slobber.  
  
"Been awhile since I've done this. Sure you don't want Bubba?" He jests.  
  
"Noooooo!" She moves to her knees with her ass in the air.  
  
Burt admires her ass. So perfect. Tight. Firm. Spotless of acne or moles. Prying her cheeks wide he moves in to rub his crown on her hole. A gentle nudge enters her slowly until he see's her fingers dig up the covers beneath them.  
  
"Oh my God. That feels amazing."  
  
He begins thrusting in short insertions at first and building speed. Her moans escalated and became shrill whines.  
  
Burt ran his palms up her spine to her shoulders and gripped them firmly. He then fucked her ass as hard as hell. Her screams were of brewing insanity, gentle agony.  
  
Nutting in short order Burt loosened his grip. He reared back and pulled out of her convulsing form. She dropped forward lifelessly and let Burt collapse to her side.  
  
Finally, Brit rolled over to face Burt.  
  
"Let the dogs inside."  
  
His eyes bulged, "What?"  
  
"I need to make friends before I leave. I'll take the risk."  
  
"Okay. Just no sudden moves."  
  
He gets up and returns to the back door letting the Rott's inside. She hears him telling them to behave.  
  
The dogs dart about sniffing and track her to the guest room. Leaping up on the bed they overpower her with their massive 200 pound frames. She had pulled the bed cover up to conceal her. Sniffing around her she carefully places a hand up for "Thug" to nudge.  
  
"Bubba" returned to his Guardian stance eying her with a low huff of breath. As Thug licked her hand he nudged her off balance and made her land on her back. "Bubba" moved closer to her left thigh even as Burt attempted to restrain him. His growls made even Burt leery.  
  
She couldn't help herself. The dog's rough personas made her frightened. It wasn't planned. It just happened.  
  
"Not a good idea. OUT! BEFORE I CUT YOUR BALLS OFF." Burt roared. The dogs immediately hopped off the bed.   
  
Fanning herself Brit sat up with saucer like eyes, "Wow! So wrong. So not friends for life."  
  
"I warned you."  
  
"I know. I needed to do that. In case I ever come back. They needed to know me."  
  
"You better get home. I'll lock them out back. Go through the front door and side gate."  
  
She stood up and embraced him with a warm hug then let him get rid of the dogs. Once they were outside she walked to the front door. Before exiting she smiled back at him.  
  
"What do you think about "Puppy Wrestling"? At the fundraiser."  
  
He rolls his eyes, "More your speed I reckon."  
  
"Yeah. I like that. Kiddy pool and puppies." She giggles joking about the idea. With a pucker she thought it might be a cute idea. "Bye Burt."  
  
"I'll have your Kissing Booth on site by Friday."  
  
A kiss blown, Brit retrieves her bikini and bike.  
  
The Rott's whined at her departure.

**Britney Ch. 34: Do-Si-Dohhh!**

Stressed by everything building up to the carwash charity event Brit skipped school on Friday to relax a bit before the Barn Dance. Her Father allowed it. Her Brother Lance wasn't so happy that he had to go to school and she didn't. He also wanted to go to the Dance. Keith was indecisive due to the fact that his son had no idea that he was charming Mary Ruuthouse. He needed the day to think about it.  
  
Britney went back to bed until noon trying to catch up on her sleep. She had been up half the night talking to her friends about the carwash and what they intended to get away with. Asking Lance to help was like pulling teeth. After hearing that he might not be allowed to go to the Dance he rolled his eyes at helping with the carwash.  
  
He wasn't the only one wanting to go to the Barn Dance. After revealing her date with Jonah, her friends wanted to go too. But, Brit sweetly asked them to chill and just get ready for the carwash. She wanted few distractions in her way while teasing and seducing the Mennonite boy Jonah. His virginity would be long gone in 12 hours. Brit would make certain of that.  
  
Her biggest concern was her friend Grace. Being a Mennonite meant that she had to attend the Dance. Her Father would make sure of her attendance. The problem was, Grace was on a mission to lose her own virginity. At all cost.   
  
Brit didn't want that. Not yet. Although a major slut herself she was trying to keep Grace sacred until the time was right. With hopefully somebody that meant something to her. Then it dawned on her. There was a boy that Grace had her eyes on. The problem was he lived over in Castleton. She didn't have his number. No way to get there and back in time.   
  
Finally, Brit just gave up thinking about how to make it happen.  
  
She had to figure out what she was going to wear. Get her hair just right. Do her nails and make up. She wanted to destroy Jonah's brain cells. The remainder of her day was hectic.  
  
Across town at school Lance was still groaning over being made to go to classes. His Sister got away with murder as always. He hated himself for ever pushing her to seduce his Dad. Now she was allowed to do anything she darn well pleased.   
  
In the halls he felt very alone. Even his buddies Evan and Styles were curiously invisible.   
  
Suddenly, he noticed a familiar face bent over sipping water from a fountain. He narrows his eyes and marches right up to grab an unexpected skirt. And the luscious ass hidden behind it.  
  
"HEY!"  
  
Emily Grace Ruuthouse bolted erect after dampening her chin and chest with her spit up water.  
  
"Hey yourself. We haven't ever really got to know each other. How's it going Grace?"  
  
"Fine. How are you?" She shies suddenly almost blushing.  
  
"All good here. What's this about a Barn Dance tonight? How come my sister got to stay home and you didn't?"  
  
"Oh. My parents would never let me miss school. I will still help them get things ready once I get home."  
  
"Sounds fun. My Dad doesn't seem to want me there. Any idea why?"  
  
Her face turns pale. She knows exactly why. Lance was in the dark about his Father and her Mother liking one another. She would need to share her words carefully.  
  
"I think it has to do with you not embarrassing Britney in front of my cousin Jonah. Britney has been on her best behavior around my family. As you know we Mennonites have our beliefs. My Father and Grandmother in particular are very traditional. Too be honest I am surprised that your Father and My Father get along as well as they do. So very different."  
  
"So, everyone is afraid I'll ruin friendships? Hell, I could care less what my Sister does. We both know what she's capable of. My Dad has to know she will probably seduce your cousin."  
  
She refrains from an agreeable nod, "I think it will be a quiet night. My cousin would probably run and hide."  
  
"Any girls going to be there? Besides you and my Sister?"  
  
"I am certain. I have many cousins. Childhood friends who attend school closer to home."  
  
"Any of them sexy and ready to lose their virginity?" He chuckles arrogantly.  
  
"Pretty yes. Sexy no. Most will wait for marriage."  
  
"Sounds boring."  
  
"It will be." She attempts to make him believe her.  
  
"Okay. Let me know when my Sister gets chased off by your Dad." He laughs turning away.  
  
"Bye." She fidgets, feeling very lonely all of a sudden.  
  
As Lance steps away he grimaces, "So going to crash that party."  
  
Over the next few hours he locates people who ride her bus and gets an idea of where she lives. Lance was a sly one indeed.  
  
At 4:00 P.M. Brit heard the school bus outside and rolled her eyes. Lance was home.   
  
Entering his home loudly her Brother immediately stormed into her room. Brit was fully dressed and putting the finished touches on her hair. She wore a long white skirt that for once was not see through. Her shirt was a pullover with zero cleavage. Only her neckline was visible.  
  
"Either you really like this guy enough to convert or you have a plan."  
  
She frowns at Lance, "Both. Jonah is nice. Cute. I just want to look presentable to his family."  
  
"I ran into your friend Grace. Nice girl."  
  
"Yes. She is. I adore her."  
  
He nods looking at her for signs of mischief. Today she wore a poker face.  
  
"Where's Dad?"  
  
"No clue. He said to be ready by 5:30."  
  
"I wanted to go. But, after that talk with Grace it sounds dull. I just wanted to hit me up some virgins."  
  
"Thought you were in love with Chloe." She primps in her dressers mirror.  
  
"She's with Chuck. I'll tap her now and then. Doesn't mean I can't date."  
  
Brit rolls her eyes with a sneer, "Date? All you want is a hook up. The day you spend a dime on some girl I'll believe you."  
  
"Need a job to spend a dime. Allowance only goes so far."  
  
"So get a job."  
  
"I'm thinking about it."  
  
"We could still use your help at the carwash tomorrow."  
  
"You paying me? Didn't think so. Naw! I'll pass. Maybe I'll ride in on my skateboard and let you wash it. Grab a few kisses from the Cheerleaders and laugh at you."  
  
"Only for us to laugh and deny you. Go away and let me get ready please."  
  
"You are ready. About that lost bet awhile back." He grins devilishly.  
  
"Not this time. I'll be generous after this weekend. Too much going on right now."  
  
"You can't deny me. Remember?" He points at her.  
  
She points back, "I just did. Get over it. I'm not denying you after the weekend. Just give me room to breath."  
  
Rolling his eyes he gives up, "Whatever. I'm out."  
  
He leaves her to do her mascara.  
  
5:15 P.M.  
  
Keith Foxx returns home from his errands to find Britney sitting in the living room wagging her toes nervously.  
  
"I was beginning to worry. Where have you been?"  
  
"Big announcement later. Had to help make it happen."  
  
"Do tell." She grew curious.  
  
"Let's just say after this weekend things are going to get interesting. I also stopped by my job to see if there was any work coming up now that the Barn is done. Sadly, unemployment awhile longer."  
  
"Gives you time to play. with me I hope. Wink! Wink!" She laughs kicking her pump off to fly at him.  
  
He picks the show up and tosses it back, "Those days are over. Get past it."  
  
She pouts and stands up, "Go get dressed before we're late."  
  
He did just that.   
  
Fifteen minutes later he steps out wearing dark blue jeans and a black button down shirt. He cleaned up well.  
  
"You look very handsome Daddy."  
  
"Thanks. You look nice too. Good to see you actually wearing clothes." He chuckles.  
  
"Won't last. But for the record I'm even wearing underwear." She giggles, "You should wear a Cowboy hat."  
  
"I'm no John Wayne. Unless I throw my hip out tonight."   
  
"Funny. We ready?"  
  
"Yup. Let's go Lil' Lady." He growls in his best Old Western voice while opening the door for her.  
  
"Such a gentleman. Let me just lift my petticoat."   
  
Keith smiled at her attempt.  
  
6:20 P.M.  
  
Pulling his truck up into the grass Keith shut the engine off. They could hear fiddles playing already. People were eying their arrival. Folks that they didn't know. It made them uneasy.  
  
"Behave for awhile at least. Let's not offend anyone." Keith leers at his daughter.  
  
"Okay. There's Grace up on the porch with her little Brother."  
  
"Go visit. I'll meet you out at the Barn."  
  
Leaving their pickup they part ways as soon as Grace clarifies that her Parents were already at the Barn. Along with her Grandmother. Keith nods and makes the journey, escorted by young Daniel.   
  
"Lance told me you talked earlier today." Brit leans against the porch railing.  
  
Grace puckers, "We did. I played dumb. I don't know what I saw in him before. He is quite arrogant."   
  
"Exactly why I discouraged you from getting close to him."   
  
Grace fidgets appearing off in thought, "I am so lonely. I want to be out there with you. Being touched by a boy."  
  
"Aww! Sweetie it will happen soon enough. Maybe not tonight but it is going to happen."  
  
"I miss Kyle." She refers to the boy from Castleton she had met in town awhile ago.  
  
"I thought about him earlier. If I knew how to reach him I would have invited him for you. Sorry."  
  
"It is for the best."  
  
Brit pouts feeling empathy for her friend, "Is Jonah at the barn?"  
  
"I believe so. He helped Hiram take coolers of Lemonade out to the Barn maybe twenty minutes ago."  
  
"Do you think he's going to faint seeing me naked later?" She giggles.  
  
Grace shrugs, "He is ready to grow up. Maybe not."  
  
"He turned twelve shades of red when he saw me wearing a bath towel at my house."  
  
"He was raised to show respect. I am sure he liked what he didn't see." Grace slightly laughs showing her turn at being over her sadness.  
  
"Back me up tonight." Brit reaches out and grabs her friend by the hand. She then leads her down the steps and toward the music.  
  
"Does Jonah really play the fiddle?"  
  
She was about to find out.  
  
The sun was beginning to set in town.  
  
Lance was stewing over how he could get out to the Dance. Of which he had no real idea where Grace lived. He had a general idea due to the local community of Mennonites that lived outside of town. The question was exactly which direction. Friday nights were busy in the town circle. Kids from other schools often drove over to mingle with the denizens of Braxton. Just to tease them for their team name of the Braxton Beavers.   
  
Sadly, he was on his own. Friends Styles and Evan were off with their families. Until tomorrow at least. This led him to just wander and try to formulate a plan. Giving up he decides to head to the closest milk shake joint and dispel his sweet tooth. The DQ was an outside waiting line. Too small to have interior seating. As he joined the lengthy line behind students wearing Varsity jackets from the Castleton Cougars he peered around for anybody that he might ask of where the Ruuthouse farm was located. A dead end he casually awaited his turn to order.  
  
Tempted to turn on his IPod and plant plugs into his ears he pauses to listen to a conversation between a Cougar Boy and a Beaver fan. This made Lance focus more closely.  
  
Suddenly, he hears mention of Grace and Britney. The young men spoke of wishing they could run into them again. First off he wondered how they even knew the girls. He knew this could work to his advantage.  
  
"Hey! You guys know my sister Britney?" He calls out to them.  
  
The boys turn around and locate the source.  
  
"You're Britney's Brother? Cool. What's up?"   
  
"Not much. How do you guys know them?"  
  
"Met them couple weeks ago. Uptown. You know Grace? How can I find her? Have her number?"  
  
"Go to school with her. I don't have her number but of course I have my Sister's." "Dude! Call her for us? I want to see Grace again."  
  
"Umm! Who are you?" Lance needed to make certain.  
  
"I'm Kyle Danvers. This is Boyd Connelly."  
  
"Cool. I'm Lance. I would call my Sister but her and my Dad went out to Grace's farm for a Barn Dance. I got home too late to go." He lied about that little fact.  
  
"Ahh, Man. That sucks." Boyd hissed.  
  
"Thought about crashing it but I don't know where the farm is. If we could find out maybe I could take you there. No car or I'd drive myself."  
  
Kyle brightens up, "Find out. Call Britney."  
  
"About that. Her and I are arguing. Part of why I got home late. Let me think. Buy me a strawberry milk shake and let me go make some calls. I'll be over at that picnic table."  
  
Kyle nods and watches Lance pull out his cell to dial. Lance had no real idea where to start. He didn't have any numbers for his Sister's Cheerleader friends. Besides they might warn Brit that he enquired. He needed to be cautious considering his thoughts of crashing the Dance.  
  
A call to Styles and Evan at least gave him a lead. Evan knew general directions. He had helped his Grandfather who was a Mail carrier last summer. Just for kicks and spending money. One quick call to his Grandfather later, Evan calls back.   
  
During the conversation Lance is joined by Kyle and Boyd who hands him his milkshake. Awaiting any news they listen to Lance.  
  
"Old road 48 South. Six miles. Look for a mailbox with a Horse and Carriage carving attached to the top. Should say "Ruuthouse" on the box. Right side of the road." Lance recites word for word, "Awesome. Owe you one. See you tomorrow."  
  
Hanging up Lance toasts the Cougar's and listens to their praise.  
  
"Will we get into trouble just crashing this party? I don't want to get arrested." Boyd frets.  
  
"My Dad is good friends with the Mennonites."  
  
Kyle hesitates, "Wait! What?"  
  
Suddenly, Lance realized that neither boy knew Grace was a Mennonite.  
  
"Yeesh! You didn't know Grace was--Shit."  
  
"When I met her she was dressed all sexy. Her hair braided like long whips." Kyle narrows his gaze.  
  
"My sister's doing. She's trying to help Grace live a non Mennonite lifestyle." Lance figures it out.  
  
Kyle sighs heavily, "Never saw that coming."  
  
"Does it make any difference? You like her. Obviously she must like you from what I overheard."  
  
"I guess not. Just seems weird now."  
  
"We crashing or passing?" Boyd looks at his watch.  
  
Lance drinks his shake while Kyle decides their next move. Boyd paced the grace.  
  
"Let's do it. I want to see Grace again." Kyle concludes.  
  
Lance chucks his half empty shake behind him and fist bumps Kyle. The three then head for Boyd's car, a white 2013 Dodge Charger with black pin striping. Once inside Lance directs them on to the right path. The older roads bumpy and narrow. Six miles clocked by Boyd they slow up to make certain they don't pass the mailbox by. Finally, discovering it in the dark Boyd pulls over in front of the dirt path leading back. He lowers the volume on his stereo to listen. Windows open they hear the sounds of dueling fiddles in the distance.  
  
"Must be the place. I see a pole light back there. Has to be where Grace lives." Lance leans between the front bucket seats to chat with his new Homies.  
  
"Park along the ditch. Nobody has passed us the entire trip. Should be safe leaving the car here." Kyle points.  
  
Boyd pulls over carefully not to get too close to the ditch in order for Kyle and Lance to get out without falling. Shutting down the three boys exit the car and brave the pitch blackness. Through the trees they see lights from campfires outside a very large barn. Along the path they reach a wooden fence line. In the shadows they get spooked by the whinny of horses. All three of them laughed at their reactions.   
  
The remainder of the dirt road was silence.  
  
At the Barn Britney and Grace watched Jonah and his cousin, "Obadiah" duel each other with a mad display of talented fiddles. People were clapping. People were dancing. It was a joyous night in their eyes. Family and friends united to celebrate many things. Namely life. The completion of weeks of very hard work. Other secret things to be mentioned later.  
  
"Jonah is really good." Brit smiles hugging her friends arm.  
  
Grace and her Mother Mary observe not only the duel but the youngest son Daniel dancing with a young lady of his own age. It was priceless.  
  
Mary looked troubled to say the least. Both girls noticed but said nothing. Finally, Keith Foxx, Brit's Father stepped up to the others bearing glasses of lemonade.  
  
"Here we go Ladies." He offers each of them a drink.  
  
He immediately noticed Mary's haunted facial expression. He looks in the direction of her son Daniel having the time of his life. He knew it had nothing to do with the boy. Or did it?  
  
"You okay, Mary?" He leans in to let her hear him over the fiddles.  
  
Mary folds her arms over her chest as if resisting a chill, "They grow up so fast."  
  
Suddenly, Keith knew the problem. She feared losing Daniel should Isaiah discover her sins. Keith was uncertain what to say to comfort her without prying eyes assuming the worst. Tonight was meant to be fun. Yet, he knew deep down that it was going to go down hill fast.  
  
Daughter Grace pouts at her Mother's dilemma. Having had private talks recently she understood very well her Mother's heartbreak. Deciding to leave Brit's side she moves behind her Mother and hugs her from the side. The gesture made Mary at least smile.  
  
While concerned Brit chose to wander about. Her jaunt brought numerous eyes in her direction. Boys admired her. Girls grew curious of her. She was hardly one of them. Regardless Britney made the effort to wave at each of them in passing. Smiles accumulated. Everyone seemed pretty down to Earth considering an outsider walked amongst them. In her trek around the barn toward Jonah she found followers. Two Mennonite teens were giggling together while trailing behind Britney.   
  
Catching up to her, Brit, who knew very well of her stalkers turned to face them.  
  
"Is my slip showing?" She offers a look of playful wonder.  
  
"Oh, no." One girl beguiles her with a smile, "You are not wearing one. We heard that you have a crush on Jonah. Is this truth?"  
  
Britney fans herself, "Is it obvious? Yes. Does that bother you?"  
  
The second girl leans forward to whisper, "His Father will never allow you to get too close to him. You are not Mennonite."  
  
"So. I have tits and a winning smile. Who cares about religion."  
  
The girls glare at each other with flared eyes then giggle, "Can we be your friends?"  
  
Shocked Britney shrugs then extends a hand to shake theirs, "I don't see why not. I'm Britney."  
  
"I am "Matilda". Spoke the first girl, a blond with blue eyes, "This is my best friend "Gretchen". Whom was a redhead with stunning green eyes that were full of life.  
  
"Nice to meet you. You both look my age."  
  
Gretchen brightens up, "I am 18. Matilda just turned 19."  
  
Brit creases her brow, "Not married off to promised young Bachelors?'  
  
The girls giggle until Matilda opens up, "Heaven's no. Our parents will let us make our own decisions. Besides, there are no boys here that we find desirable."  
  
"Whoa! Desirable sounds rather sinful of you." Britney winks playfully.  
  
"Please do not tell on us." Gretchen hugs closer to Britney, going so far as to clutch her bicep.  
  
"Secret is safe here. Wish I had known you two before I came here tonight. I have a single Brother."  
  
Hearing this the two girls greedily pulled Britney off to the sidelines. They needed to hear more.   
  
Jonah in his symphony noticed the trio fade from sight. He began to sweat.  
  
Keith stood by Mary doing his best not to look too obvious of his own interest in the beauty. Grace had spotted Britney captured by Matilda and Gretchen and felt the need to intervene.   
  
Keith uses young Daniel as a pointer while leaning over to speak to Mary.  
  
"What's wrong?"  
  
"I merely worry of the future." Mary shivers.  
  
"I get that. Listen, if you want us to leave we can."  
  
Her eyes immediately avert toward Keith, "You will not. I find comfort in your closeness."  
  
"Can't get too close. Look around us. I feel like I'm a pumpkin ready to get carved."  
  
She smiles for the first time since they arrived, "We do not celebrate Hollows Eve. It is an ungodly holiday."

"You know what I mean. The other women here are sizing me up. Their men uncomfortable of their wives eying me."  
  
"I had not noticed. They cannot have you." She glares about with concern.  
  
"Of course not. I don't really think they want me. It's more of wondering if I'm hitting on you."  
  
"Isaiah is fond of you. He has told many of our neighbors. You are welcome here."  
  
"Good to hear. What happens once Isaiah leaves? Will they eyeball my every move if I come out here to help with the horses and mow?"  
  
"Some might. Most lead their own lives. Isaiah's brothers will be near however. Of they I worry about most."  
  
"Speaking of the brothers. Where are they?" He looks about for them.  
  
"Isaiah is warning them of his travel plans."  
  
"Ah! Wonder how they will take the news?"  
  
"They would join him if not for their families needing them. It has been ages since any have visited relatives so far away."  
  
Suddenly, Mary points toward an arrival.  
  
"Speak of the--uh? Look who's here." Keith notes.  
  
Isaiah and his Brothers escort their Mother "Anna" into the barn. She being feeble they hovered near her. Moving toward the festivities Jonah and his cousin "Obadiah" near the end of their set. Final strings bring silence save for clapping.  
  
Isaiah dressed to kill in a new white shirt and suspenders leaves his party and moves up to the short wooden stage the Fiddler's had shared. This gave Jonah the chance to ease away and find Britney.  
  
Throwing his hands up to gather the attention of his celebrators Isaiah speaks.  
  
"Welcome Kin and respected Friends. If I could but have tour attention. I have a special surprise for someone here."  
  
The gathering murmurs amongst themselves out of curiosity.  
  
"This surprise goes out to my beloved Mother."  
  
Anna looks confused for a moment. Then with her Son's she moves closer to hear better.  
  
"How long has it been since you have visited with your Sister "Edith"?"  
  
Anna confesses nearly 12 years had elapsed.  
  
"Your Son's have declared that it is time to reunite you. In one weeks time I shall join you on a long trip to Iowa."  
  
Anna offers a glint of uncertainty and shock. This led to a warm tearful smile. She was thankful.  
  
"Joining us will be my Son "Daniel". He has yet to meet his Aunts, and Uncles. Many Cousins indeed."  
  
Waving over everyone's head to garner Keith's attention he waves him to the stage. Reluctantly Keith steps through the gauntlet and joins Isaiah.  
  
Speaking up Keith produces an envelope and shows it to the crowd.  
  
"As an appreciation toward the Ruuthouse hospitality I upgraded Bus tickets to Train tickets. Now they will arrive faster and have more time to visit."  
  
Applause erupts as Isaiah spontaneously hugs Keith. Keith went along for the sake of Mary. Ending in a hand shake Isaiah adds his own words.  
  
"Thank you Dear Friend. We have not known each other long but you are hereby been offered a seat as a member of my Family. Welcome."  
  
Almost embarrassed Keith pats Isaiah on the back before heading down to greet His Brothers and Mother.  
  
Anna Ruuthouse glared at Keith with distrust. Smart move on her part.  
  
The Brother's acted as if she were looney.  
  
All Keith could think of was that he needed a Whiskey.  
  
He knew that Hiram had a secret stash.  
  
Grace had overheard her Father's speech and was unsure what to feel. On one hand she knew that would free She and her Mother up to do as they pleased. On the other she felt badly for her Father. He would have no idea of their betrayal.  
  
As she shook her thoughts off she was brusquely snatched aside by Matilda and Gretchen.  
  
"Your friend is so beautiful." Gretchen quakes with excitement.  
  
Matilda adds with equal zest, "Yes. Why have you not introduced us before now?"  
  
Grace looks pale as she spots Jonah and Britney slipping away upstairs into the loft. Whining she was drug away by the girls outside into the night. They needed details where none of the adults could hear. This led them down the timbered path toward the Ruuthouse home. Grace felt helpless.  
  
Up above in the loft of the barn Britney tugged poor Jonah along. The boy was scared out of his wits. He adored the girl but he was still not used to such treatment. Amid the darkness they fumbled about. Only light creeping up through the floor planks offered any visibility. It was just enough.  
  
"Yay! Alone with the handsomest boy around. The lighting feels like candlelight." She giggles.  
  
"I cannot see anything." He stutters, "Y-you think I am handsome?"  
  
"Well duhhh! Now kiss me you Mennonite Hottie."  
  
"K-k-kiss?" He manages just before she throws herself into him and plants a long juicy wet kiss across his unexpected mouth. He managed to swear off any shyness after she persisted. Jonah Ruuthouse enjoyed her passionate Frenching a great deal. Then came the shock of his life. She moved his hand up to clutch her left tit. He gravitated there reluctantly. It was soft yet firm. He could feel her nipple even through her dress and ever so thin bra. He chose to kiss her harder.  
  
Britney rolled her fingers through his scalp and caressed his face. Her lips tugging upon his bottom lip she whispers, "I want you Jonah."  
  
That was when the fiddles began playing yet again. Obadiah had been joined by Jonah's Father Hiram. This made the young couple laugh at their timing. Brit peeled away just enough to nudge him back against a bale of hay. He collapsed into sitting on it. She then lifted her skirt and straddled his lap. The kissing then resumed.  
  
He could feel her legs over his, as well as her thighs grinding over his erection. The boy was nearing a panic attack. Yet, he couldn't help but embrace her hips.  
  
"Don't be afraid of me Jonah." She whispers into his mouth.  
  
While he was brought up to respect women and await marriage before engaging in sex he was of a younger generation. He wanted more from life than farm work and flirting with unresponsive girls in Church. This was real.  
  
They kissed for ten minutes straight. She even led his hands to journey beneath her skirt and caress her bottom. He found himself tempted to run his fingers beneath her lacey underwear but fear crept in and out of his thoughts.  
  
Holding both sides of his face Britney whispers into his ear before sucking on his lobe, "You can take them off of me if you want."  
  
He chokes mid sentence, "I wish I could see you better."  
  
"Another time. This is the best we can do without being caught." Then, inspiration struck. She had her cellphone in her skirt's pocket. She quickly found it and turned on its flashlight feature. Shining it on her face, "Help?"  
  
"I can see you. You are very beautiful." He admires.  
  
"Aww! Compliments will get you everywhere." She makes him avert his gaze with the light in his eyes, giggling.  
  
"Now you have blinded me."  
  
"Just feel around. You will find me. Now hold the light."  
  
He claims her cell as she crawls from his lap. He chooses to shine the light on her as she teases him with her eyes. Hands flowing across her body in a little dance to the fiddles. Then, without warning she removes her dress up and over her head.  
  
His eyes bulged at her beautiful body. In bra and panties.  
  
She tosses her dress aside just before crawling back into his lap for another round of succulent kisses. Her hands removing his suspenders and unbuttoning his shirt. Once fanned open her fingers glide over his chest and abs. The kissing then intensified.  
  
Jonah was rock hard. Britney was soaking wet.  
  
Both craved the other.  
  
Along the timbered path Grace, Matilda, and Gretchen discovered a place to hide and share stories. For some strange reason Grace opened up. Maybe it was because the girls seemed so enthused about learning about Britney. Still uncertain Grace managed to avoid anything about her own adventures. It was tough because she really wanted to spill the beans.  
  
"We wish our parents would have let us go to public school. I feel as if I am missing out on life." Matilda pouts.  
  
Gretchen agrees and excitably fans her face, "Can you keep a secret?"  
  
Grace nods, "Of course."  
  
"Both of us have been with boys." Gretchen admits.  
  
Shock filled the features of Emily Grace. Was she the only virgin in the community?  
  
"Seriously?" She swallows.  
  
Matilda takes over, "Please do not tell. We could not keep it to ourselves much longer."  
  
"I promise not to tell anyone."  
  
"We want to experience it again. Only with a boy that is not Mennonite." Gretchen shivers with joy.  
  
Matilda jumps at the chance, "Britney mentioned her Brother Lance. Is he cute?"  
  
Grace didn't know what to say.  
  
Someone else did though.  
  
"Hell yeah! I'm the biggest stud around."  
  
The girls jumped and hugged at each other squealing. Not a scream merely shock.  
  
Lance Foxx stepped closer utilizing his own cell phone to light up his face. His devilish grin made Matilda and Gretchen squishy all over.  
  
"What are you doing here?" Grace felt faint.  
  
"Just brought some extra munchies for the party."  
  
He whistles lightly as the girls hear shuffling. Hobbling into Lance's light was a sight that made Grace bulge her eyes. Yanking away from the huddle of girls she cries, "Kyle?"  
  
Matilda and Gretchen watch Grace fly into the boys arms. Their embrace tight and welcomed by both.  
  
"Hey Beautiful." Kyle huffed rubbing her back.  
  
"Oh my God! I thought I would never see you again." She refused to release him.  
  
"Might not have if not for Lance over there."  
  
Grace then peels away long enough to turn to Lance. She bolts into his arms catching him off guard, "Thank you."  
  
Lance felt her sincerity and it nearly choked him up.  
  
"Anything for my Sister's friend. Kyle and Boyd here are cool as hell."  
  
Boyd stepped into the light finally and eyes Matilda, "I never knew Mennonite girls were so hot."  
  
Before another word Grace returns to Kyle and takes him by the hand. Into the darkness they went. Toward a very empty farm house.  
  
Boyd and Lance glare at each other then at Matilda and Gretchen.  
  
Lance chuckles, "What was that you said about being with normal boys?"  
  
The girls eye each other and ease up to greet the boys more closely.  
  
"Come with us."  
  
Lance had to laugh, "That's the plan.'  
  
The dance was only beginning.  
  
During the barn dance Isaiah had claimed his wife for a round of "Do Si Do". Keith actually enjoyed watching them. He clapped along with young Daniel at his side. Finally winded the married couple return to their son and newest Friend.  
  
"Working up quite a sweat there Isaiah." Keith smirks.  
  
"Indeed. A bit of fresh air would be welcomed. Join me Friend Keith."  
  
Mary sheepishly lets the two men go outside as Isaiah leads the way. Once where it became quiet Isaiah sighs heavily.  
  
"I do not know how I may repay you for all you have done for my family. Teaching my daughter. Building my barn. As you say upgrading our tickets to Iowa. Volunteering to help around here while we are gone. Your Wife is quite lucky."  
  
Keith thinks about his answer, "Rita's a good woman. She understands my need to help others. When you get back we should all get together for Dinner. She's gone another week on business or we could have done it before." He sighs, "As far as paying me back? I expect nothing."  
  
Isaiah nods looking at the ground, "Thank you for sharing with me what I must do. I long for the touch of another woman. A momentary bout of madness. Once I return things will go back to normal. Of this I swear."  
  
"That's your decision Isaiah. I understand your needs. Just be careful out there."  
  
"I shall. We had best get back inside. It will be my turn to play the fiddle soon."  
  
Keith Foxx watches Isaiah step back inside. He starts to follow but spots a strange light in the woods along the path. He knew the light was from a cell. Gritting his teeth he assumed it was Britney and Jonah. He was so wrong.  
  
The loft was heating up. Back in darkness Britney had managed to get Jonah's pants off. She used her hands to free poor Jonah from his underwear. Squealing at the size of the boy's cock she couldn't resist. Her cell light glares once again to admire his length and girth.  
  
"Whoa! Jonah you're gigantic."  
  
She hands him the light to observe her as she teases his cock with her tongue. She wanted him to watch her every move. Taunting his foreskin the boy arched his back. He had never had a girl do this to him before. It was amazing. This led Britney to swallow as much of him as possible. As his cock vanished into her throat Jonah turned out the light. He wanted to feel it, not see it. She aimed to please.  
  
Long noisy thrusts accompanied by her kneading fingers on his bulbous scrotum Jonah began to tense up. This made her feed even harder. Less than five minutes longer Jonah nuts into her mouth. She refuses to let up until he was drained.  
  
Hearing his deafening inhales she chose to crawl up into his lap. She had peeled her panties down while kneeling. It took a swift wiggle to let them fall to her ankles and off of her shoes.  
  
He assisted her back into his lap worried more that she might kiss him after partaking in his load. That relief was expelled the second he felt her hand grip his still vital cock. What shocked him was the scalding hot wetness that surrounded it suddenly.  
  
Her gyrations brought grunts of pleasure. He became quite vocal. She did as well.  
  
Luckily the fiddles blocked out their own symphony.  
  
Ten more minutes she cums all around his beast. He detonates a second time. She screams bloody murder in her final throes.  
  
Just as the fiddles grew silent.  
  
Teeth gnashing both of them kissed each other to contain themselves. Jonah suddenly didn't care. Britney unclasps her bra and releases her chest.  
  
"You forgot these." She whispers giggling.  
  
Jonah devoured them after a well lit jostling. Her nipples were delicious.  
  
They were just getting started.  
  
Isaiah Ruuthouse excused himself to replace Obadiah and play along with his Brother Hiram. His other Brother Zachariah had planned to join them with a harmonica. Just before Isaiah departed however Mary pulled him aside.  
  
"I feel ill Husband. Would you be cross with me if I went back to the house?"  
  
He offers a look of disappointment, "I shall walk you home then return to play."  
  
"It is near Daniel's bedtime anyway." She concurs.  
  
Keith steps up, "I can walk them home if you don't want to disappoint your fans here."  
  
Isaiah puckers in thought.  
  
"Just don't start the Stage diving without me." Keith chuckles realizing very quickly Isaiah had no idea what he meant.  
  
"Is this alright with you Wife?"  
  
"Thank you, Keith. Come along Daniel." She kisses Isaiah on the cheek.  
  
Before anyone else could react Daniel throws a tantrum, "I want to stay."  
  
Isaiah crouches beside his boy, "You wish to hear your Father play?"  
  
"Yes." Daniel pouts.  
  
Keith smirks to himself, "I'll walk Mary home then come back for Daniel after you get done. Even if I have to carry him home asleep."  
  
Isaiah pats Daniel's head then rises, "Hurry back my Friend."  
  
"Will do."  
  
Keith and Mary turn, both with flaring eyes at this surprise. They abandon the barn in style, quietly and giving each other distance. Shuffling into the darkness Mary wastes no time. She urges Keith off of the path and into the timber. He was more worried that Britney might be there to witness them.  
  
Not even close.  
  
Mary had to kiss Keith. It was gnawing at her all evening. He had similar thoughts as well yet was prepared to go home without. Lips locked he pulled her bonnet off and ravaged his massive fingers through her hair. She adored his roughness and stormed his lips with even more passion. Bordering on bestial hunger. In her feral reactions she unbuttons his shirt to roll her palms over his muscles.  
  
After long bouts of fulfilled starvation Keith turns Mary's back to him and holds her throat tightly to calm her. Once her breathing relaxed he utilizes his free hand to drag the back of her skirt high. She does her best to assist him with her under garments. Once figured out Keith steps back just enough to unzip his pants and lower them. His monster literally leaping at Mary. It was no time at all before Mary's jaw dropped at his guided penetration. Her eyes bulging wider with each maddening thrust. His girth ravaged her senses. Mary struggled to contain her vocal expressions. Keith didn't care.  
  
Not long after they began they heard shrill moans from two sides of the path. It forced them to stop suddenly and listen closely.  
  
Two separate girls were heard to orgasm loudly and proudly. Keith knew for a fact that neither voice was his Daughter Britney. Considering he made her orgasm many times in the past. Something he would keep from Mary.  
  
Mary starts to rise when Keith snarls and grips the back of her neck. He maintained her pose and continued fucking her from behind. Mary gave in and enjoyed herself. It was a risk she chose to take.  
  
Not far from her own outrageous orgasm Mary cried out, "I AM YOURS."  
  
Keith snarled and exploded into Mary. She joined him with a resounding scream.  
  
This was followed by the sounds of boys finishing off. Then another round of girls.  
  
Finally, Keith heard a rational voice. Wincing he knew it very well.  
  
"Christ! That was my son."  
  
Mary quickly stood up and gathered her composure. Her dress now in place while Keith zipped up, buttoned up, and looked around. The darkness made it hard to track voices. Keith decided to give up.  
  
"Let's get you home so you can clean up before Isaiah gets back." He whispers.  
  
She follows him back to the path when it dawns on her, "Have you seen Grace?"  
  
Keith halts and looks back. He unfortunately also knew the sound of Grace when she climaxed. It was safe to say neither girl was Grace either.  
  
"Probably with Britney and Jonah."  
  
Calming her nerves they continued their journey to the Farm house. Reaching their destination they discover an unexpected sight. Sitting on the porch swing were Grace and Kyle. Kyle upon realizing they had been found stood up prepared to run.  
  
"Grace? What is this?"  
  
Haunted her Daughter stands to move beside Kyle.  
  
"Mother, this is my friend Kyle. Nothing happened. Please do not think badly."  
  
Mary believed in her Daughter and remains reluctantly at ease, "Hello Kyle."  
  
He swallows dryly and offers a hand shake then cautiously withdraws it after eying Keith.  
  
"Did you invite Kyle without asking us?"  
  
"No Ma'am. I heard about the dance and that it was where Grace lived. A buddy of mine showed us how to get out here. May I be honest with you?"  
  
Mary nods without blinking.  
  
"I really like Grace. I apologize if I overstepped any welcome. As she said, nothing happened. We just talked. If you want me to leave I will."  
  
Mary and Grace move closer to stare at each other without reaction. Finally, Mary sighs, "Fifteen minutes longer. Thank you for being a Gentleman Kyle."  
  
"Always. You have my word." He directs with a shy smile.  
  
Mary then turns to Keith, "And, thank you Keith for seeing me through the darkness. Isaiah will be expecting you."  
  
"Right. I hope you feel better Mary."  
  
She coyly smiles at her then turns back to Grace, "Your Father has given you his blessings to study with Britney overnight. Be home by 6:00 tomorrow evening."  
  
"Yes Mother. Rest well."  
  
As soon as Mary enters her home and closes the door Keith steps up on to the porch.  
  
"Kyle was it? Did your friend happen to be Lance Foxx?"  
  
He shivers at Keith's gaze then sighs, "Yeah, I ran into him in town. Found out he knew Grace here."  
  
Keith eyes the timber, "Was he out there with some girl?"  
  
The boy lowers his gaze then feels Grace touch his arm.  
  
"Yes. My friends Matilda and Gretchen." Grace intercepts Kyles reply.  
  
With a wince of surprise he questions, "Two girls?"

Rolling his eyes Keith looks toward Grace, "Behave. I need to get back to your Dad. Be ready to go back to town by the time I get back with my kids."  
  
Grace shakes her head affirmatively watching him take off. As soon as he vanishes into the darkness she snatches Kyle into a powerful kiss. The second she releases him she sighs loudly, "I need your phone number."  
  
He grants it with a look of neediness. As soon as they trade numbers in their cells He grabs her and challenges her kiss with one of his own.  
  
Above them in the window Mary Ruuthouse observed, crossing her arms from a sudden chill.  
  
Things were moving so fast.  
  
For everyone.  
  
Along the path Keith stepped quietly hoping to capture the sounds he heard earlier. Hearing nothing he smirks and pulls his cell from his pants pocket. Dialing Lance he waited to hear it ring. Sure enough it did. To his left the ringtone of a "Five Finger Death Punch" song filled the air. Followed by cursing at being so careless.  
  
"You have one minute to get out here and face me Lance." Keith called out.  
  
"Give me three?" Lance dared as Keith heard the giggling of a girl with him.  
  
Time enough to pull his pants up Lance hobbled through the fallen branches and stood before his Father. All he could do was glare at his Dad.  
  
"Why did you defy me by coming here?"  
  
Lance smirked, "That was you with some woman earlier wasn't it?"  
  
Keith growled under his breath, he knew Mary was too loud.  
  
"We'll talk about this at home. Get your friend and meet us back in town."  
  
"I don't think Gretchen---oh, you mean Boyd. Kyle's somewhere with Grace."  
  
"I know where they are. I'm going after your Sister. Get your ass home before I take my belt off."  
  
"Whatever. I'm too old for you to be spanking me like a child. Besides I know things now."  
  
Keith loses his temper and grabs Lance by his shirt dragging him brow to brow. No other words were necessary. Lance got the point.  
  
Suddenly, Boyd and Matilda entered into the pathway. Gretchen following from the other direction.  
  
Boyd kissed Matilda swiftly then darted toward the farm house. Matilda hooked up with Gretchen staring wide eyed at Keith. They too knew that the woman with Keith was Mary Ruuthouse. With a whisper they offer Keith, "We will not tell on you or Mary."  
  
Keith released Lance with a glint of worry, "All of you. Go."  
  
The group shuffled away leaving Keith to look up into the treetops.  
  
"Why me?"  
  
The loft was still occupied by Jonah and Britney. Neither could get enough of one another. They could be as loud as they wanted to be as long as the Fiddles and Harmonica drowned them out. Jonah had his first opportunity to take Britney doggy style on the wood floor. He found his calling sexually and was determined to make her his bitch. Hair pulled at Brit's request made him feel powerful.  
  
Orgasm brewing for a final chorus they lost track of time and the music below.  
  
Downstairs Isaiah and the Barnyard Boys ended their fierce instrumental without any warning. Only clapping and whistles could be heard. As silence crept in Britney lost her mind and screamed bloody murder at Jonah's sweat induced devastation to her G-spot. Her final notes piercing the night. She breathlessly cried out, "JOOOOONNNNAAAAHHHH!"  
  
Then, her cell phone rang. She had forgotten to turn it down.  
  
Both teens panicked.  
  
Isaiah wiping his brow directly below them looked up for the source. Then, he heard movement of feet creating small dust releases that billowed down like rain upon he and Hiram.  
  
"What in Jehovah's name?" Isaiah huffs.  
  
He jumps from the stage and races to the adjoining staircase. Up he and Hiram went. In the darkness they saw nothing. There was silence now. The only thing out of the ordinary was the loft hatch was open and swinging slightly. The men presumed it had come unlatched. The cell ringer a fluke of their ears after so much Fiddle playing.  
  
Looking down through the hatch Hiram notices nothing of worth. Only the buckboard carriage they used to haul bales of hay from the fields. Complete with hay that was unloaded for seats below.  
  
Door closed both men head back to the party.  
  
Outside Jonah and Britney ran naked through the darkness laughing. Finally stopping along the path Britney drops her dress and cell to the ground and races into Jonah's arms. She remained nude as they kissed long and hearty. This was the greatest day of Jonah's life. One of the best in Britney's mind. They didn't care about anything.  
  
"AHEM!"  
  
Brit and Jonah break kiss yet hold each other tightly. Eyes bulging they turn to their right.  
  
"Hi Daddy." Britney squeals with a wince of shock.  
  
Jonah attempts to break free of Brit to no avail. He gave up and grew ready to face the music.  
  
"Calm down. Both of you. Why didn't you answer when I called?"  
  
Brit wiggles her ass, "Little busy running for our lives."  
  
Jonah nods then realizes something. He was naked. In front of Keith Foxx. Struggling to escape he manages to convince Britney to stop hugging him. This gave him time to start getting dressed.  
  
Before his underwear was even on out of the shadows behind Keith stepped Matilda and Gretchen. Upon seeing Jonah and Britney nude they held their hands to their mouths. Passing them slowly their attention immediately goes to Jonah's still mighty erection.  
  
"Our lips are sealed." The girls giggle, "Bye."  
  
Again Keith rolls his eyes. With a deep breath he motions to his daughter to get dressed.  
  
It took her under a minute to don her dress and straighten up. Keith pulls straw from her hair growling.  
  
"Chill out Jonah. I'm not mad at you. Kiss my kid goodnight. You're welcome to visit her anytime you want."  
  
Jonah nods, still pale at the events.  
  
One powerful kiss later Britney follows her Father's pointed finger to head back to the house.  
  
Keith and Jonah headed back to the Dance.  
  
It took a firm squeeze to the boys shoulder to convince him that he was in no trouble.  
  
Jonah smiled.  
  
Within the hour Keith and Isaiah carried young Daniel home together. They were met by Grace and Britney on the porch swing whispering.  
  
"Thanks for a fun night Isaiah." Keith nodded.  
  
With a returned nod Isaiah Ruuthouse carried his son inside placing him on the couch temporarily. He then returned to shake Keith's hand.  
  
"You are forever welcome here my Friend."  
  
"Any time you need me have Grace call my cell."  
  
The girls join them at the steps.  
  
Grace hugs her Father with her overnight bag at their feet.  
  
"Study hard tomorrow." Isaiah snugly rubs her back. His beard scratching her cheek.  
  
"I will Father. Thank you for allowing me to spend the day with Britney. I shall be home by 6:00."  
  
"6:30 if you like." He adds making his daughter smile.  
  
Parting Isaiah was stunned as Britney swoops in to hug the Elder. He embraced her and smiled. Then he pulled another bit of straw from her hair. Without a word.  
  
Just before releasing the hug Britney's cellphone rang. Her eyes bulged out of view of Isaiah.  
  
Letting her go he eyes her with scrutiny. It was the same ringtone style as he heard before at the barn.  
  
"Sorry." She declines the call, "The bands called "Boys to Men".  
  
Isaiah merely frowns and shocks her, "It is a fine tune."  
  
Keith chuckles, "I'm tired. Let's go."  
  
The three wave goodbye and begin their drive down the dirt path to the main road.  
  
Britney dances in her seat sitting in the middle between Grace and Keith.  
  
"I turned a boy into a Man."  
  
In response Grace adds, "I think I am in love."  
  
Brit pauses, "Wait. What?"  
  
"I did not tell you because I wanted it to be away from prying ears. Kyle came to the dance."  
  
Dropping her jaw she wheezes, "NO WAY!"  
  
Before Keith could fill her in a sudden pound on the back window from the bed of the truck forced a scream out of both girls.  
  
"YOU CAN THANK ME!" came a voice.  
  
Brit twists to open the sliding window to greet the unexpected source.  
  
"Lance?" Brit sits in awe.  
  
Keith merely grumbled that his kids never listen. Then he changed his tune knowing that Lance listened too well. There was need for a very long talk when they got home.  
  
He turned his radio on to drown them out.  
  
"Great! Boys to Men."  
  
Britney busted out laughing.  
  
Even Keith joined in.  
  
Lance had the window shut and locked on him.  
  
Keith hit every bump in the road.  
  
Fun night.

**Britney Ch. 35: Wet Kisses**

Like a scene out of a movie Britney Fox led her friends toward the local Fire Station. Each of them wore the same outfit consisting of tight white stretchy shorts and cut off pink t-shirts. Beneath their clothing were matching bikini's.   
  
Due to their public carwash for the school they kept things a little more concealed until the time was right. At Brit's determination the five young girls at her side made a vow to make an ungodly amount of money to win their trip to Daytona Beach. Brit challenged each and every girl to express themselves as never before. After the last few weeks they were hardly opposed.  
  
"Okay. Let's plan our strategy." Brit twisted in stride to walk backwards while facing the four cheerleaders and her Mennonite friend Grace, the only one of them fully dressed. She wore her traditional dress in public. Necessity in case her family made a surprise appearance. She was miserable inside.  
  
"Dawn and Tara? You two man the kissing booth first. Sophia, Cryssa, and I will wash the first five cars then switch off with Tara and Dawn."  
  
Grace skips along, "What about me? Don't forget me."  
  
Brit chuckles, "Oh I'm not. The kissing booth has a concealed tarp that you're going to hide behind. You get to take care of the glory holes cut into the back wall. If anyone hands money through to you then you jerk them off."  
  
"Am I allowed to suck them off?" Grace brightens up.  
  
"Look them over good before you do. I'm only sending guys over that I feel wouldn't lie about being clean. As much fun as we have we do need to be more careful."  
  
All of the girls agreed.   
  
Grace just wished that her new boyfriend Kyle could come. But, if he did she would not be able to join in on the real fun.  
  
Cryssa expresses, "What if our family members show up?"  
  
Britney stops in her tracks, "We look out for each other. If it means we behave until they leave, so be it."  
  
Raising her hand slightly Sophia opts, "My family won't show up. Mom took my sister Emma to my grandmothers like two hours away. Dad's in town but I think he planned to play golf."  
  
Tara adds, "My parents could care less what I do. They don't even come watch me cheer. Let alone Track Meets"  
  
In response Dawn concurs, "Mine neither. Dad watches sports and drinks himself into a coma. Mom never leaves his side."  
  
Shivering Cryssa whines, "My family likes to be social. That's what I'm afraid of. If we see a big white van pull up everyone keep your clothes on."  
  
Brit wags a finger at her, "We can't panic. Keep your bikini's on just offer peeks when you can. Look around you before you expose yourselves."  
  
"Question?" Tara asks, "Kissing booth. Do we just offer pecks?"  
  
"It's all about the Benjamin's. Whisper in their ears seductively. Five bucks is a quick peck. Ten bucks a warm moist linger. Twenty bucks slip them the tongue. Fifty bucks place their hands on your tits and squeeze them. Hundred bucks gets them an invite to the glory holes. We need to be careful not to get too many back there at once. There's only 2 holes. Grace hides there fulltime in case her parents sneak into town. That only leaves room for one other girl and their commitment."  
  
The firehouse in sight Brit turns her attention to see the large fire truck parked in the drive. The parking lot had cones planted as a path to guide cars. Hoses and buckets were set out by her friend Burt Pomroy and ready.   
  
At the back of the property rested a large wooden shack with a sign above it in the shape of large red lips. At the sight of it the girls raced to see it.   
  
"Oh my God. So perfect!" Sophia squealed moving behind the booth to lean over the bar and pucker up. Brit in turn leaned in and kissed her on the lips laughing.  
  
They each peered behind the tarp to see the medium sized holes in the plywood backing. The whole back area was well concealed.   
  
As they joked around Burt shuffled up, "Look alright Ladies?"  
  
Brit bolted around the booth to the outside and threw her arms around him, "THANK YOU SO MUCH!!!!!"  
  
The rest of the girls whispered amongst themselves then lined up against the bar leaning forward with puckered lips.  
  
Burt grins at them, "Pretty maids all in a row."  
  
Brit guides him up to Sophia, "On the house. Better get your smoochies before Pat see's."  
  
"He's on the phone in his office. Couple of our volunteer firemen are inside though. Glenn and Carl. They helped me build this here booth."  
  
Cryssa bulges her eyes, "Carl who?"  
  
"Carl Tanner. You know him?" Burt winces.  
  
The Filipino princess cringes, "Does he bartend over in Stillwater?"  
  
"Yea. Weekends."  
  
"My dad drinks there. I met him once when my Mommy and I had to go get him. Too drunk to drive home."  
  
"He's a good guy."   
  
"Kept looking at my boobs."  
  
Burt eyes her massive chest, "I can see why."  
  
Brit frowns, "Let him look if he wants to. These are made to look at." She then reaches her hands over to jostle Cryssa's chest around.  
  
This garnered a round of laughter.  
  
Quickly Burt looked around before sneaking kisses from each of the girls. Following him Brit grabs his right hand and makes him clutch Sophia's breast. He had to blush and shake his head.  
  
"You girls are gonna give me a heart attack."  
  
"We can take turns giving you mouth to mouth." Tara chuckles.  
  
"I might be busy elsewhere." Dawn winks eying his crotch.  
  
Burt staggers in step holding a wrist to his forehead, "Well now. I do feel faint."   
  
Laughter aside Grace mumbles, "Company coming."  
  
Burt turns toward the firehouse to see Carl and Glenn walking their direction.  
  
Carl immediately recognizes Cryssa pointing at her playfully.  
  
"Damn! Ain't you all grown up."  
  
Cryssa flutters her fingers at him, "It's only been a year."  
  
As the men reach Burt, Glenn steps up to the booth and raises a twenty dollar bill.  
  
"Who's smoochin'?"  
  
Dawn leaps in and steals his twenty. She then reaches over further to whisper into his ear. His eyes grow wide, "Oh really?"  
  
He retrieves his wallet and claims thirty more, passing it off to her.  
  
As soon as she clutches it she lifts her shirt and her bikini top to reveal perky pink nipples. Glenn looks around him as Burt moves over blocking their direct view. With a chuckle Glenn reaches out and squeezes her tits while She succulently kissed him on the lips, sharing tongues.  
  
Carl shakes his head glaring at Cryssa, "How about you? Do I get that for fifty bucks?"  
  
Cryssa takes a deep breath and nods her affirmation with a bitten lower lip.  
  
"Hell, what's a hundred get?" Carl chuckles.  
  
Brit steps up, "Funny you should ask." She then proceeds to take him by the arm and lead him behind the booth. There he discovers a massive tarp covering the back of the shack. Brit playfully points at the glory holes as she raises the tarp.  
  
"Well now. This might be worth more yet."  
  
Brit hugs his arm, "There are six of us to participate. If you can hang with us that long."  
  
"Somehow I think I could." He grins just as Burt and Glenn join them.  
  
Burt glances at his watch, "Better grab your signs and set up. Who's on the street corner coaxing traffic?"  
  
Brit's eyes bulge, "Oh my God. How did I forget that? With only six of us to wash and cover the kissing booth there's nobody left to do that."  
  
Glenn rubs his chin, "Three to wash. Two to kiss. One to stand on the street?"  
  
Grace peps up, "One to take care of business." She winks at them pointing at herself.  
  
The men chuckle looking at her outfit and wince amongst themselves.  
  
"Where's your bikini?" Carl asks.  
  
"Grace has to stay hidden in case her family shows up. Trust me she's a force to reckon with." Brit teases them with a stroking hand.  
  
Grace beams with pride and bulges her cheek out with her tongue as if sucking dick.   
  
Before anymore nonsense arose Brit's brother Lance arrived with his friend Evan. Joining them at the perfect time.  
  
"Let's make some money Bitches." Lance played the pimp in his swagger.  
  
Brit grins, "We need your help. We don't have anyone to stand on the street and lead people in to the carwash."  
  
Evan steps up , "Give me a sign. I'm on it."  
  
"So sweet." Tara adds at his immediate response.  
  
Lance groans, "I wanna watch you guys get sleazy, not yell at cars going by. So gay."  
  
Evan snatches up a sign and leaves him in the dust.  
  
Brit has a sudden brainstorm, "Give me your cell."  
  
Handing it over she dials a number and waits for a reply, "Chloe! I need your help."  
  
Lance's eyes bulge at the name of his sexy neighbor and sex toy.  
  
"Come down to the firehouse and wear a bikini. All we need is your help on the street attracting customers for our benefit carwash. Pleeeeeeeeeeeease."  
  
Jumping up and down at her agreeable response she thanks her and tosses the phone at her brother.  
  
"Now I bet you help." Brit flips Lance off.  
  
Shaking his head Lance obtains another small sign and moves out to join Evan.  
  
"Looks like you have it all figured out." Burt eases next to Brit.  
  
"Almost. Did you find a small kiddy pool for the pups?"  
  
"Sure did. I'll bring them out once things get busy. Set up a card table with an adoption sign too."  
  
"Awesome!" She turns to face the girls, "Okay. As planned Girls. Let's get into place."  
  
Carl grins, "I'll get you guys some music going to help the mood."  
  
"Metal! None of that top 100 crap." Cryssa demands.  
  
"As long as you strut like a stripper."  
  
"All day long Old Man." She winces with a devilish grin.  
  
Tara, Dawn, and Grace settle in behind the booth.   
  
Brit, Sophia and Cryssa walk over to the buckets.   
  
"Sophia you rinse with the hose. Cryssa and I will wash the cars. We can switch off each car that we get done."  
  
Glenn joins them on his way back inside the building, "Need help?"  
  
Brit nods warmly, "Absolutely."  
  
She swiftly removes her pink shirt and squirms out of her shorts. Sophia and Cryssa followed suit. In moments they handed Glenn their clothing.  
  
"Daaaamn! Those white bikini's are hot." He admires handling the pile of clothes. In turn he notes Tara and Dawn slipping their clothes off behind the booth.  
  
"Matching bikini's even. Very nice. Hope they don't get too wet. Might become transparent."  
  
"That's the plan." Sophia coyly smiles.  
  
Music begins to play over a P.A. system connected to the firehouse. Not quite Metal for Cryssa but music at least. "ZZTop" filled the air loudly.  
  
At first Cryssa slapped her forehead, then the beats made her smile. Could be worse.  
  
Out on the street Lance and Evan started off slowly calling out to morning traffic. Car after car slowed down but none stopped. Finally, Brit and the girls raced out to join in with erotic poses and taunting gestures.  
  
Within minutes five cars lined up amid the cones. As they started off to wash the first car Brit spotted Chloe walking down the street in shorts and a yellow bikini top. Waving and blowing her a kiss Brit raced away.  
  
Lance could only stare at the blond goddess. Evan had to recall his own time with her and drooled.  
  
"Let's just go fuck her somewhere." Evan whined.  
  
"Later. Let's help Sis."  
  
As Chloe reached them she didn't say a word. She eyed the traffic and took a deep breath before removing her shorts to a string pair of bikini bottoms.   
  
Without so much as a "Hey." toward the guys she began bouncing about and waving in cars like a student still in High School. Her bravery made Lance and Evan more active.  
  
Within thirty minutes they had seven cards in line.  
  
Washing their first car was quick due to it being an elderly woman. They behaved and only teased the next car in line. A handsome Gent with starvation in his eyes.  
  
As he pulled forward Brit and Cryssa met him at his drivers side window. Leaning in Cryssa plants her chest directly on his left arm poised on the doors window sill.  
  
"Ten for the wash. Fifty for the show." She giggled.  
  
The man offered up three twenty's with a wink, "Extra special?"  
  
Brit stepped behind Cryssa blocking her view as the Filipino briefly peeled her top down to show him her nipples. A sigh later she blows a kiss and they begin washing the sides of his car.   
  
He was entranced by the girls. Sophia showered herself with the hose just before turning it over to Brit. She then claimed a sponge and began scrubbing the cars hood. Leaning over her breasts were used to suds up the hood. In their dampness her nipples gradually became visible beneath her bikini top.  
  
More teasing added fuel to this man's fire.  
  
Cryssa moved to the back bumper and bent over seductively toward the truck next in line. Two men were eager to whistle at her. At their wolf calls she literally twerks her ass cheeks for them.  
  
Moving quickly Brit rinsed the car while Sophia and Cryssa headed to the truck. Once done Brit leaned into the car and whispered, "Kissing Booth over there. Twenty bucks I'll kiss you right here."  
  
He peels a twenty from his wallet and narrows his eyes placing it right over his crotch.  
  
"Come get it." He dares her.  
  
Looking around her in all directions she drops her hose and leans into the window and literally uses her teeth to claim the twenty dollar bill. A nibble of her teeth on his erection shocked the hell out of him.  
  
"Hell, after that I might need an ATM." He shivers grinning.  
  
"You do that. I'll be at the Sucking Booth--I mean Kissing Booth after three more cars." She flutters her eyelids.  
  
"I'll hurry back." He drives off on a mission.  
  
Cryssa continues her taunting with the two passengers in the pickup truck. Noting the next few cars as men she felt liberated. Carrying her bucket and sponge she literally climbs into the open bed and begins scrubbing. The men leered back at her through the cab window and wagged their tongues at her talking dirty.  
  
She playfully lays back and opens her legs toward them as she squeezes suds on her chest. Fingers creep under her bottoms and she rubs her clit.   
  
A sliding window opens and the passenger growls, "Let's see it."  
  
In response she pulls her bottoms aside and shows them her perfect pussy ever so quickly. She then rolls to her knees and moves closer.  
  
"Hundred bucks at the Kissing Booth I'll let you rub my clit. Our secret though."  
  
"Fuck that." the driver chuckles, "I'll call my buddies and tell them to bring their beer money for a sweet pussy like that."  
  
Sophia taps on the passenger window until the man close to her looks her direction.  
  
"Hotties everywhere. Hey aren't you a cheerleader?" He rolls his window down.  
  
"We all are. Come kiss us after the next three cars."   
  
He twists to his friend smiling like the devil then realizes the devils daughter was on the truck hood.  
  
Brit sat on her knees drowning her body with the hose while licking her lips.  
  
"Christ! Park already." the passenger snarled.  
  
Giggling the girls finished their mission and gathered money before blowing kisses and moving on.  
  
Cars kept coming. Chloe was an expert at drawing men in. She herself took time to lean in and entice drivers. Lance would stand behind her boldly rubbing her ass. She loved it. The men in the cars loved it.  
  
Granted a few cars had women. Most were open minded luckily and gave praise for their boldness. Tips were flying.  
  
Over at the Kissing Booth Tara and Dawn were French kissing men right and left as Grace collected money and invited willing participants to go behind the tarp. Only twice thus far did Grace get her hands messy jerking off fellow students.  
  
Tara felt great now that her ankle was better. She spent extra time with her new admirer Trent from Art Class. Going so far as letting him suck a nipple convinced nobody was looking.  
  
Dawn just enjoyed kissing.  
  
As the hours passed, folks were coming out of the wood work. Obviously, some customers made calls to brag, thus bringing out their friends in hopes for a taste.  
  
Trading off with Tara and Dawn, only Cryssa continued washing cars.   
  
Britney and Sophia hit the kissing booth with a vengeance. The two men in the truck returned with a few friends that shrouded the booth to secure privacy.  
  
Brit took the lead and stepped around the ledge of the booth. She then hopped up and sat on it.   
  
Untying her bottoms she revealed her pussy to the gathering and held a finger to her lips to keep the shock secretive. Hundred bucks each let them eat her out for five minutes. Sealed with a loving kiss to their lips to thank them.  
  
Sophia joined her and it led to a feeding frenzy. Between the two of them alone they raked in two grand.  
  
As the gathering increased Brit boldly removed her top and let more men feed on her nipples as Grace collected the cash. Sophia chose to go even further and said to hell with glory holes. Kneeling in front of a gent she unzipped him and pulled his dick into view. Not shy for certain he watched her lick his foreskin and suck only on his crown. A few other men expected the same.  
  
Five grand was made in that next hour.  
  
Time to switch again Brit and Sophia got dressed and told men to hang out until they returned.  
  
It was getting hot around noon. Burt brought out coolers of lemonade and set up the pups in the pool. His partners kept their boss Pat busy indoors.   
  
As Brit and Sophia joined Tara the three continued the carwash. Cryssa and Dawn headed to kiss.  
  
The next car in line was a familiar face. One that caught the girls off guard.  
  
"Principal Harding." Brit leaned on his window.  
  
"Beautiful day for the benefit. How's it coming?" He winks.  
  
"Guaranteed win. Unless something goes south. We still cool?"  
  
He pats her folded arms, "No complaints thus far. No arrests. So...."  
  
"Far! I think I can handle things. Hey, about that private escort idea you had. I can probably sneak out of town with you next Saturday. If you still want that."  
  
"Absolutely. I have a challenge in mind." He huffs.  
  
"Let's hear it."  
  
"I'm taking you to Church with me." Harding winks.  
  
"Anything that has a large "A" and lots of "MEN" I'm game." She giggles and pinches his nose.  
  
"I'll talk more to you in school. I don't want to hold up progress." He offers.  
  
"Hey. Tell Dawson, Beatty, and Marko to plan something too. I got girls I can challenge." She bites her lower lip.  
  
"I shall indeed." He rolls his window up as Tara waves at him before spreading suds across his window. Her tits crushed up on the pane for dramatic purposes. Harding loved her compression. Her nipples squishing for a mesmerizing display.  
  
After three cars the whole lot was startled by a sudden alarm that disrupted everything.   
  
Burt came racing over and stopped Brit, "Big fire over in "Castleton". We have to head out. Pat's going along. Take care of the pups."   
  
"Okay." She replied in awe, devious nature swiftly becoming more attractive.  
  
As the fire engine roared out of the house and swept through traffic Brit spotted Pat Flannery pointing at her to behave.  
  
Once out of sight Brit chuckles , "Sure Pat. I'll be a perfect angel. NOT!"  
  
A quick survey of the cars in line she realized now was the perfect time. With a loud shrill whistle Brit gets the attention of her friends. All eyes on her, Brit unties her top and takes it off for everyone to witness. Cars began honking out of praise to her boldness.   
  
In response Brit shook her 34D's for all to see.  
  
Sophia and Tara looked at each other and shrugged. They too went topless. At that point the men in line began to leave their cars and move in for better looks.   
  
The trio of beauties ignored some and washed the most current car. Each girl teased in their own fashion. Brit tugged her bikini bottoms tight between her ass cheeks and slapped her ass for onlookers. Drool was mounting in all directions.  
  
At the kissing booth Cryssa was naked and letting multiple men kiss on her body. In her tiny frame two men lifted her from behind the counter and sat her on the ledge and let their friends enjoy her too. At one point she had six sets of lips on her at once.  
  
Dawn too had her top off but was behind the tarp with Grace sucking men who paid for the glory hole.

Out on the street Chloe was getting nervous now that bikini's were coming off.  
  
"Lance? This is insane. Somebody will call the cops."  
  
He agreed yet shrugged, "You know Brit won't stop until she does get busted."  
  
"I can't get arrested or Chuck will kill me. What about kids? They might see."  
  
"Come on, every car in line is guys. Words out there."  
  
"That's my worry, Lance. Cops will get wind eventually."  
  
He rejects fear and looks her in the eye, "Calm down. We'll be fine."  
  
Shivering Chloe looks around restlessly as men grin at her. Finally, one guy in a Camaro calls out, "Take your top off."  
  
Chloe's eyes bulge and she shakes her head. A snapped glance at Lance and Evan she whines, "Don't look at me like that."  
  
Lance smirks, "Three hundred bucks and she takes the top off. Everybody pitch in."  
  
"Lance! No!"  
  
Money begins waving in the air as Evan moves about collecting it. Chloe is frozen in step realizing how much these men wanted to see her. In awe she continues whimpering. At two hundred twenty Evan calls out the amount.  
  
"Close enough!" Lance steps behind Chloe and unties her top removing it in a blur. Whistles erupt until she accepts her predicament. Her eyes narrowed toward Lance for whoring her out. She then decides to lift her chest with both hands and squeeze them together.  
  
"I fucking hate you Lance. Chuck had better not find out."  
  
He chuckles and yells out, "Three hundred more she loses her bottoms."  
  
"I'll pay to see that." a loud voice harkens from the distance.  
  
All heads turn to locate the source.  
  
Chloe's eyes bulge, "Oh my God! Chuck."  
  
Her arms fold over her chest as he walks toward her. Behind her Lance drops her top and panics. Chuck however was laughing and seemed okay with things.  
  
As he reached them Chuck grinned shaking his head, "My aren't we open minded. I guess last week changed your inhibitions."  
  
She wept slightly fearing Chuck's true opinion. Instead he caresses her cheek and pulls her into a hug. She melted for all to see. As his arms rubbed her bare back Chuck lowered both hands and untied her bottoms. She felt him tug them off of her to a round of cheers along the street.  
  
"Chuck?" She stared up at him.  
  
"Have fun. I'll bail you out."  
  
He then eyes Lance, "Close your eyes Kid. You might go blind."  
  
Lance frowns mocking Chucks words, "Whatever." If Chuck only knew he had tapped his girl twice now while he was on the road Trucking.  
  
Nudging her away Chuck twirls her in step by her hand as if a Ballerina for all to witness. He then tells her to bow. As she does he slaps her ass. Chloe could only laugh. She was happy.  
  
Back at the carwash Brit left Sophia and Tara to check on the pups. She crawls into the pool with them and sits down amid the six Dalmatian puppies. A curious bunch of men led by the two from the pickup truck earlier surrounded the circular pool. She glared around her smiling as the pups frolicked and climbed on her with energetic instinct.  
  
"Looks like they think you're Momma." The trucks driver chuckled.  
  
She nods with her own puppy dog eyes, "They love me."  
  
"Hell, we love you." Another adds.  
  
"They need a good home. You should adopt one so I can come over and play with it."  
  
All of them agree and play along.  
  
"You gonna teach them to roll over?"  
  
She nods without a word and stretches out to lay in the pool and carefully rolls over on to her belly. The pups eagerly lick all along her legs, back, ass, and arms. The pups once again find the dangling strings of her bikini bottoms and untether them. Brit merely lays there and smiles.  
  
One guy finally reaches down and pulls the bottoms away and holds them up for the others.  
  
"Roll over Pup." He growls.  
  
She does without a sound merely playful eyes.  
  
Another gent dribbles lemonade all over her forcing a madhouse of canine licking. She tenses up when a pair of pups attacks her thighs. More trickles glaze her pussy. This forced her to quickly move her hands down to cover herself. She didn't want this to turn ugly. Instead she fingered herself while down there just to keep the men happy. The puppies only licking her knuckles.  
  
Praise all around from above.  
  
She felt dirty. Yet, she loved making men crazy.  
  
"Spread those legs wider." A man calls down.  
  
Doing so allowed a third pup in to feed, dangerously close to her embedded fingers. For effect her back arched and she shivered with excitement. Luckily the pups chose to wrestle with each other instead.  
  
"That feel good?" The driver asked.  
  
"Unexpected." She quivers and bulges her eyes.  
  
More drink is tilted over her coating her heaving breasts. Pups attack her nipples. Brit grits her teeth at how bad this appeared. She chose to discourage them by twisting from side to side letting her breasts sway just out of their targeting.  
  
"Having fun?" He asks again.  
  
"You could adopt me too." She whispers.  
  
Men literally squeeze their crotches at her soft seductive words.  
  
"I'll take you home." Another chuckles.  
  
"I think she likes this stuff." Scrutinizes another.  
  
"That true you sexy bitch?" The driver probes kneeling down to pet a pup attempting to nuzzle her inner thigh.  
  
Brit releases a deafening sigh, "I wouldn't say that. I just love my puppies."  
  
"You sure aren't resisting."  
  
"They're harmless though."  
  
The driver leans further over and uses both hands to remove Brit's dipped fingers. He then pried her labia wide for a pup to draw closer for a lick.  
  
"Let's not and say he did." Brit whines closing her knees and capturing the man's hands. Thus preventing the pup from too much thrill. It had no idea what it was doing after all. Merely happy to be alive.  
  
Compressed hands decide to bury fingers of his own up inside her. She gasps and reluctantly moans.  
  
"Hundred bucks if you cum." He winks.  
  
She nods and lowers her right hand to rub her clit viciously. Three minutes later she cries out and squirts slightly. The pups feast on her juices as it spills into the pool. Brit narrows her eyes, "Bad puppies."  
  
Sitting up as the man withdraws his knuckles Brit scoots the pups from her leftovers. She sets Indian style to prevent any further intrusion.  
  
"I think you should meet my dog "Boozer"." The driver sneers.  
  
"Maybe. Will you fuck me if I come over?"  
  
"We all will." The passenger from the pickup truck smirks.  
  
"Will you each adopt a puppy?"  
  
"Fuck every guy here that adopts one?" Driver grunts.  
  
"Yes." She smiles and sits up.  
  
The driver glares around, "You all want a dog?"  
  
Four of them agree if it means sex with her.  
  
The driver hands her five twenties and pulls her to her feet.  
  
"Deal."  
  
Back at the Kissing Booth, Cryssa was overwhelmed. The booth had sixteen guys crowded around her. Without warning dicks were revealed and penetrating her stunning pussy. Her moans echoed throughout the lot. Luckily the music drowned it out to a degree. With the fire department on call there was no supervision to protect the event.  
  
A husky white guy pounded her as two other guys held her ankles wide.  
  
Even Dawn and Grace had their hands full behind the tarp and were oblivious to Cryssa's situation. Not that Cryssa seemed to mind much.  
  
Eyes were constantly watching out for anyone who might ruin their fun. At least the Men were protecting the girls.  
  
Back at the carwash Tara had a nice surprise as her admirer Trent Reynolds showed up next in line to get his Mom's car washed. Luckily Mom wasn't along for the ride. At spotting him behind the wheel Tara raced over to his window and leaned in to hug him awkwardly.  
  
"Treeeeent!" She squealed.  
  
"Hey hows the ankle been?" He blushes at her bare breasts in plain view.  
  
"I can put it behind my head again and it doesn't hurt. Do you think bad of me for going topless?"  
  
"Are you crazy? Those are beautiful."  
  
"Awww! Here kiss them."  
  
She stands up straight and plunges her chest through the window right into his face. She immediately felt his lips surround a nipple and tug at it. One then the other. Finally she backs away covering herself as if embarrassed, then laughs. A spray of the hose his way made him close his window and watch as she and Sophia sponged and rinsed his car.  
  
Just as they were finishing up someone yelled "5-0!"  
  
Tara and Sophia both jumped into Trent's car. Trent in a rush removed his t-shirt and gave it to Tara to quickly put on. Sophia had kept her top near enough to tie back on in a hurry before getting out again. She ran interference racing to get Tara's bikini top.  
  
Out on the street Chuck, Lance, and Evan quickly covered Chloe with their bodies and the cardboard signs until she could get dressed and hold a sign herself.  
  
Now standing outside the Puppy Pool Brit huddled with the gathering. Hearing the cry out of the Cops arrival she reached for her bottoms in a Man's possession. . The truck driver refused to give Britney her bottoms as his friends chuckled. Brit shook her head and walked away proudly. The exhibition made the men respect her and follow along behind.  
  
As the squad car pulled around everybody they saw nothing too risqu茅. Tara and Sophia waved at them as they resumed washing cars. The men in line merely eyed the police with either feigned patience or smirking interest in what came next.  
  
Over at the Kissing Booth the gathering concealed Cryssa as the man fucking her pulled out and coated her pussy with cum. One of the guys holding her ankle handed her, her bikini top and assisted tying it back on her. Top covered she turned around on the ledge and stood up on the opposite side. Leaving her bottoms off she puckered up and resumed kissing for cash. At least the shack had sides on it to hide her bare hips.  
  
All of the men around the booth chuckled and kept their cool.  
  
Behind the tarp Grace and Dawn kept making guys happy. Dawn's glory hole decided to vacate out of fear. Shrugging Dawn decided to head back to the kissing booth.  
  
Garnering a few kisses to kill time Dawn spotted a white van pulling into the lot and bulged her eyes.  
  
"Cryssa! Dad!" She whispered into her friends ear. Cryssa squealed and looked around for her bottoms. They were no where to be found.  
  
"Duck behind the tarp I'll say you went to the bathroom." Dawn hissed as the men all groaned by the departure. This left Dawn to kiss up a storm.  
  
The cops came to a stop and decided to get out and walk around. The two men eyed the pups in the pool unattended and decided to go pet them. While they were there amused Brit stepped up behind them.  
  
"Take one home." She startles the officers.  
  
Twisting around they look down at her lifting eye brows.  
  
"Look Billy. One of the new firefighters."  
  
Brit giggles. She had managed to duck into the station and confiscate a fireman's coat and a helmet. She was totally naked inside it.  
  
"Volunteer for a day. I'm helping them get these pups adopted. You should take one."  
  
"Go for it Craig. Beth will love a new pet." Billy smirks.  
  
"Yeah sure. I'd be the one in the dog house." Craig huffs.  
  
"Here to get your squad car washed? It would help us win the benefit and get us a trip to Daytona for a weekend."  
  
"No sweetheart. We just heard rumblings about nudity. Looks like a prank call. Probably your competition trying to beat you to that trip."  
  
Britney pouts, "So unfair. I mean its hot out here but that's only because we're beautiful."  
  
Billy nods trying not to laugh, "True that."  
  
"Try the kissing booth. Only five dollars a kiss." She beguiles them swiveling in step to point toward the booth.  
  
Craig shakes his head, "Better not. On duty. Keep up the good work. Hope you gals win and enjoy Daytona."  
  
"Thank you. I think we will. Bye Officer Craig. Officer Billy." She bats her eyes and flutters her fingers at them.  
  
Turning away Brit opens her coat and exposes her nudity behind their backs. In the distance the men who surrounded her at the pool bust up laughing. Brit was too much.  
  
As the Officers pull away on to the street everyone sighed with relief.  
  
Sophia noticed Cryssa's dad getting out of his van and yelled out, "Hi Roberto."  
  
Roberto Apari spotted Sophia and walked over to her.  
  
"Hello Sophia. Where is my lovely daughter?"  
  
"Ummm! She should be at the kissing booth. Don't yell at her for kissing strange men. It's for a good cause."  
  
He frowns at her while eying her skimpy bikini. A glance toward Tara made him take a deep breath. A moment to turn his attention toward the kissing booth he was on his way.  
  
By then Brit had joined Tara and Sophia.  
  
"Should we warn her?" Tara whines.  
  
"How? He's halfway there already."  
  
Brit has a fast idea racing over to the pool and grabs two puppies. She bolts after Roberto and bends down behind him to release the pups. The puppies immediately ran around sparking Roberto to realize they were there, nearly tripping over one.  
  
"Help me catch them Mr. Apari." Brit called out running awkwardly in her fireman's outfit.  
  
He turns to see Brit and decides to give chase and help her.  
  
While they pursued the runaways Sophia darted to the booth and realized Cryssa was already aware and in hiding. From behind the tarp Cryssa returned in her white shorts and pink cutoff shirt which the Firefighter Glenn had brought back over just in case it was needed.  
  
A thumbs up later Cryssa leaves the booth and assists her Father and Brit by capturing the pups. Cryssa hugs one as she joins her dad.  
  
"Can I have one Papa?"  
  
He eyes her giddy nature and sighs, "I do not approve of your clothing. Nor of you kissing men."  
  
"I only peck their cheeks. Please Papa do not make a scene."  
  
The man that had fucked her earlier casually strolls by with his friends and waves at her behind Roberto's back. She merely smiles and snuggles the puppy on her cheek lovingly. Her flaring eyes offering them her thanks.  
  
Brit steps up to Roberto and claims the pup he had procured. It was licking his hand.  
  
"Awww! He likes you Sir."  
  
Roberto squints at her releasing the pup to her custody, "We have a dog already."  
  
"You should pull through and get your van washed." Brit tries to get him to waver.  
  
"I can wash my own van." He leers back at Cryssa, "You will come home right after this."  
  
"Yes Papa." Cryssa cringes as he turns away.  
  
Moving next to her Brit frowns, "Tough Dad."  
  
"Just very proud. Thank you for looking out for me."  
  
"Sisters forever. I'm proud of you too." Brit nudges her giggling.  
  
"I know right. I just fucked a guy on the booth ledge. So much fun."  
  
"Well hell. I just laid in the puppy pool with the pups and masturbated for guys."  
  
"Ewwwwwww!" Cryssa winces.  
  
"Don't knock it until you've tried it."  
  
Cryssa hands Brit the puppy and pats her fire helmet.  
  
"Cats and dogs don't mix well. I'm going back for more smoochies."  
  
Brit pouts, "Hey. I still love you lil guys. Gimme kissies. I won't even charge you."  
  
As she returned them to the pool her brother Lance stepped up to her.  
  
"You better take me to Daytona after all this. Chuck stripped Chloe on the curb. So freaking cool."  
  
"Awesome." Brit sighs then decides to hug her brother.  
  
"What was that for?"  
  
"Without you I would never have found my true calling."  
  
"Firefighter?" He chuckles.  
  
"I'm not sure what I am. Slut? Whore? Exhibitionist? Freak? All of the above? But I love it. Thanks baby brother."  
  
"Baby? I think its time I fucked my big sister. I'll show you BABY!" He then offers a queer expression, realizing how ugly that sounded.  
  
"You ruined the moment. Time to wash a car."  
  
Brit leaves him stranded by the pups.  
  
Left to the dogs yet again.  
  
Still, by days end they earned enough to buy a cheap new car.

**Britney Ch. 36: Victorious Secret**

**Monday morning.**  
Britney and her brother Lance exited their school bus alongside friends Jacob and Angus. The latter two were won over by Britney's attentions almost every day they rode together. In some fashion. They were chatting away about the success of their Carwash for Charity. Lots of the male students knew of the sexual escapades that accompanied the event. There was the problem. If they knew everyone most likely did too. The other Charity events across town earned far less. They had undoubtedly heard it through the grapevine. Trouble lie ahead.  
  
Entering the school doors the group were met by the Cheerleaders racing to intercept their Leader.  
  
"Run! The Valedictorian is leading the riot. They have torches." Dawn Lawrence wheezes.  
  
Cryssa Apari bounces behind her friend with an expression bordering on a terrified Humpty Dumpty preparing to take a fall, "Save us."  
  
"Whoaaaa! Slow down already." Brit retaliates with an open palm to create a calmness.  
  
Sophia Pope and Tara Zellers complete the gathering fearfully.  
  
"Big Nancy is on a rampage. She heard rumor that we stripped at the Kissing Booth." Sophia advances.  
  
Tara in turn squeals, "I'm too young to die."  
  
"Do you know how many pictures and videos are out there of us? Hundreds." Dawn points out.  
  
"Stop! Breath. You do realize we have some of the Faculty behind us right? Harding won't let this get too out of hand because he has lots to lose if he does. Just relax. We all knew what we were getting into. So, why panic now?"  
  
Jacob looks at Lance, "Look what you created."  
  
Lance smirks, "Isn't it cool?"  
  
Angus punches Lance in the arm sneering, then chuckles, "Punk! It is pretty cool."  
  
The boys fist bump each other.  
  
Britney holds her ground, waltzing through her friends with confidence. Reaching the doors to the school she leads her followers inside.  
  
Within they were faced with more thumbs up than anger. Most of the guys sided with their fantasy girls. Only certain students who had only heard rumors at best looked at them with bitter mistrust.  
  
A thin mob of girls gathered near the lockers waiting. The outer rim of students part allowing a large framed girl with shoulder length blond hair and glasses to appear. The girl stood at 5'8, 230 pounds. Big bottom but with a certain shapeliness to it. Hardly unattractive. Her chest was enormous at 40D.  
  
With a distasteful glare the girl marches toward Britney and her flock.  
  
"You girls should be ashamed of yourselves. Especially you, Foxx." The blond growls.  
  
Lance races around his sister and halts their progress with, "I'm so embarrassed. Forgive me for writing all those love notes to you Nancy. I just can't live without you."  
  
Everyone chuckles save for Big Nancy. Even her entourage had to contain smirks. She ignores him and tosses him aside like a garbage bag.  
  
"You know what I mean, Britney. I cannot believe the Cheerleaders here fell for your stupid ideas. The rest of us didn't stand a chance of winning and you know why."  
  
Brit shrugs, "Why? Because you seem to think you don't look as sexy in a bikini as we do? I heard you were swimming in a Dunk Tank at your Carnival."  
  
"When you wore the bikini. Everyone here knows you got all slutty. No way should you be allowed to win that charity event."  
  
"Fair and square. We washed cars. We kissed even the fugly people." Cryssa challenges her.  
  
Brit looks over her shoulder, "Ixnay on the fuglay."  
  
Pouting the Filipino beauty replies, "Sorry."  
  
All of the girls were taught to overlook the appearance of guys. Sometimes reality managed to creep in. Cryssa bit her tongue.  
  
"I say we take this to Principal Harding and the Board of Education." Nancy snaps. Her friends agreeing with murmurs of appropriate justice.  
  
Before the war could rage Jacob and Angus had moved about gathering a defense. Over two dozen boys stepped around to the side of Nancy and attempted to intimidate her. Brit smiled but motioned the boys away.  
  
"I got this."  
  
Backing up but keeping close brit and Nancy resume.  
  
"So, you have every guy in town vouching for you because they know you will give it up to them."  
  
"What we do is none of your business Nancy. If you want to go to Daytona Beach instead of us. Go. We relent. This was about the Charity. Wheelchairs and walkers."  
  
The Cheerleaders drop their jaws. They really wanted to go to Daytona. Regardless they let their leader take point.  
  
Nancy looks shocked, "I doubt we made even a tenth of what you girls earned. But, at least we morally, not orally did our jobs for a good cause. Go be skanks all you want, just don't let us lose when we did it honestly and with heart."  
  
"Let's meet with Harding and see what he says."  
  
"Right here and now. You and Me. With Harding."  
  
"Lead the way." Britney motions toward the Office.  
  
Together they walk leaving a stunned cadre of students with speechless curiosity.  
  
Reaching the Office Nancy enters first and asks the Secretary if they could chat with the Principal before classes began. This led to a five minute wait before Harding opened his door appearing disgruntled. Hands poised in front of him he expects conflict. Both girls remained calm.  
  
"Step into my Office Ladies."  
  
Both girls file inside as he grimaces and seals his door. Taking his seat he advises them to sit across from him.  
  
"What seems to be the problem here?" He awaits.  
  
Brit begins, "We may have won the Charity Event contest but we want to relinquish our prize to the runner's up. Whether it be Nancy's Carnival or one of the other events."  
  
"Have we even counted our earnings?" He squints.  
  
Nancy offers a glance between the two studying their reactions to one another. She was a smart one. Her thoughts for awhile now were that they had formed some sick alliance. Not that she was really stressed over that. She had her own deep dark desires. For now she was content to learn and decide her next move. All she was really concerned about was Justice.  
  
"We all know who made the most money. It was how that was achieved that bothers some of us." Nancy adds.  
  
"Some of you? Or just You?" Brit suspects.  
  
Nancy frowns, "You saw the posse out there. You took away any chances that any of us ever had of winning."  
  
"So, take our money and enjoy Daytona. We can respect that."  
  
Harding raises his hands, "Who truly wins here Ladies? The Elderly who receive our gifts. Wheelchairs and other assorted items."  
  
"Right. Exactly." Brit nods.  
  
"I understand that Principal Harding. This is why I came to you rather than any of our disgruntled Parents. The student body should stick together and reach a decision on how best to choose the true winners of the Charity event." Nancy invests.  
  
"Well, Britney here has offered to relinquish her rights to the Daytona trip to whomever comes in second. A noble gesture My Dear." He smiles at Brit.  
  
"I thought so." Brit smirks toward Harding.  
  
Nancy rolls her eyes, "Oh for God's sake. We all know what you people are doing. Has any of our Parents been here with the Cops raising hell? No. The Seniors protect our own. I'm not dialing 9-1-1 am I?"  
  
Harding settles back into his seat and realizes how badly this could go. Noting his expression Brit beats any reply he could offer with, "I say we all go to Daytona. If we need more money we can just have another Car Wash. Bigger and better. Nancy and her "Posse" as she called them can join us. If you are up to that challenge."  
  
Nancy blushes and droops her jaw, "Who wants to see me in a bikini? I don't even look good in a one piece."  
  
Brit pouts, "Don't sell yourself short Nancy. You may be overweight but there is nothing gross about you. Full figured gals have just as much to offer as anyone. I for one think you are Beautiful."  
  
"You do?" Nancy looks stunned.  
  
"Of course I do. You saw how I stopped Cryssa from putting anyone down. All we need to do is realize that we all have our faults and do what we have to show others we won't be childish about it. What do you say? Join us? Or, just take our current winnings and go to Daytona. We will survive and just go make enough cash to get us there as well. Either way we go to Daytona. I for one would be honored to lay out beside you Nancy. The sun is ours."  
  
Nancy could only sit there and stare. She was being accepted. That had never happened before. Not that she was self conscious of her appearance. She chose her own friends in school. Based on whom she herself best fit in with. Now, she had thoughts of branching out. Her biggest concern was her friends. Would they join her cause or retaliate against her. They all knew what these girls were capable of. If anything their crusade for Justice bordered more upon jealousy. Without another word she brightens up.  
  
"We need to talk alone." Nancy hesitantly grins toward Brit.  
  
"End of School today? Out in the Parking lot?" Brit offers.  
  
Harding looks at his watch, "You both should get to class. If you meet outside please refrain from any fisticuffs."  
  
Brit scowls, "Darn. All those kickboxing classes I took last year are going to waste."  
  
Chuckling Nancy groans, "And, I was training to be a Sumo Wrestler."  
  
The girls tease each other with battle stances as they stand. Before leaving the two darlings join forces for a final form of attack toward Harding. He was certainly amused. Thankful that this situation was taken care of by Brit. It could have gone South fast.  
  
As Nancy steps out Brit stops just long enough to whisper across at Harding, "I'm making up raffle tickets later for the Teachers. They can pick one of the other girls. I'm ALL yours Big Daddy. This weekend."  
  
She winked then closed his door behind her.  
  
Harding contemplated their little contest and shivered. He so adored Britney Foxx.  
  
As tempting as their agreement was he still had sweaty palms. Things could still get out of hand concerning the Charity activities. While he knew that he should stop letting the girls get away with murder his needs said differently.  
  
The school bell made him jump.  
  
Classes began and normalcy for once enforced. With nerves on edge all of the student body were quiet and contemplating what they knew. Ninety percent of the school thought the Girls were too cool to get into trouble. The rest were torn by decency yet feared the outcome of creating a scene. They would let "Nancy Barker" speak for them. Little did they know her allegiance was in question.  
  
At Lunch Britney discovered Grace sitting alone. She was too busy on her cellphone to notice her arrival. Sneaking up Britney read her texting over the girls shoulder.  
  
"Be sure to tell Kyle to bring more friends next time he's in town."  
  
Grace jumps slightly then laughs, "I was just telling him what he missed at the Car Wash."  
  
Brit raises an eyebrow, "Admitting to blowing guys through the glory holes?"  
  
Grace bulges her eyes, "Nooo! I am afraid he will hate me if he knew."  
  
"Better not tell him then. Heck, unless he hears about what we did I wouldn't even admit to being there." Brit sits down straddling the bench beside her.  
  
"He knows what you and I are like from the night I stayed over. What we did uptown. Do you really think he will hate me?"  
  
"Doubt it. Why risk it though. Bad enough he didn't know your home life. That stunned the poor guy."  
  
"We talked. He seemed okay with it. I think he really likes me for me."  
  
Britney warmly smiles and pats her friend on the shoulder, "Me too. Just take things slow."  
  
Lowering her cell Grace offers a concerned look, "I heard Nancy is creating trouble."  
  
With a pucker Brit shakes her head, "I got it. Nancy is just jealous of us. I can see a wild side in her rattling the cage. I just need to unlock the cage and let her out."  
  
"Like you did with me?" Grace giggles.  
  
"Sweetie? You picked the lock and escaped on your own."  
  
"I did. Didn't I?" Grace bobbed about smiling.  
  
"You're so cute." Brit smirks, "Gotta go. Tell Jonah I said I can't wait to see him again."  
  
"Wait! What about my Father leaving us for Iowa?"  
  
Brit lowers back into her seat with a sigh, "What about it? His going away shocked me too. My Dad kept that from me. He has a point though. Now you and your Mom can have more freedom."  
  
"What if My Mom leaves my Father? We might end up Sisters."  
  
Brit chuckles, "Already Sisters. Besides, you seem to forget I have a Mother too. When she's around."  
  
"I would love to be your Sister." Grace sheepishly eyes Brit.  
  
"One day at a time. Let's just get through the remainder of the school year. After we graduate we can lead our own lives. Do anything we want. Be whomever we want to be."  
  
"Are we not doing that now?"  
  
"Good point. Eat your lunch. We'll talk more tomorrow."  
  
Brit leaps up and shuffles away. She had things to set in motion.  
  
Making her way outside she found her friend Tara Zellers sitting with her admirer "Trent". They were chuckling about the Car Wash and almost being busted by the Cops.  
  
"Hey Lovebirds." Brit eases over to them.  
  
Trent offered a brilliant gaze toward Tara. Before he could say a word she clamps her hand over his mouth.  
  
"Slow down. We're just friends right now."  
  
He rolls his eyes and behaves as her palm lowers.  
  
Brit jabs Trent on his forehead, "Think with this, not that." Her other index finger aimed at his crotch.  
  
Tara nods, "Right. I'll think of that." Followed by sticking her tongue out at him.  
  
Brit clears her throat, "Listen. About this morning. Don't sweat it about Daytona. We're still going but I needed to do damage control. I figured the other Events earned their chance just as we did. We made so much money we could go to the Bahamas."  
  
"Can we?" Tara giggles.  
  
"Another time. Just tell the girls to keep their cool. Let me work on Nancy."  
  
Trent grunts, "You mean "Bodzilla"?"  
  
Without expression Britney stares at him for a full thirty seconds. Trent grew uneasy at her glare.  
  
"That's enough name calling. Nancy might be full figured but she's beautiful. We all need to prove that to her. That includes the guys. We could use your help here Trent. Spread the word in secrecy that no one is to ridicule Nancy from here on out."  
  
"Seriously?" He winces.  
  
"What's so wrong with her Trent? Sure she's overweight but her curves shine through."  
  
He chuckles, "And her boobs are like boulders falling down a mountain."  
  
Tara slugs him in the arm, "Keep that up and we remain ONLY friends."  
  
He drops his jaw, "I'll spread the good word."  
  
"You better. Or, I won't spread my good legs." Tara darkly expresses with an evil eye.  
  
He decides to bail while he was ahead. Before he does he starts to apologize when Tara yanks him close to kiss him on the lips.  
  
"Be nice." She growls playfully.  
  
Nodding with a grin Trent salutes Britney and races off.  
  
"Maybe he should have joined Track with you. He's pretty fast." Brit sighs.  
  
"Lunch is about over. I'll pull Sophia and Dawn aside. You locate Cryssa and fill her in." Tara grabs her book bag.  
  
"Okay. I'm meeting Nancy by the parking lot. Let me charm her into submission. You keep everyone away."  
  
"Gotcha Boss." The blond nudges Brit in a goofy stance.  
  
"Right. Victory will be ours."  
  
The remaining classes led to word of mouth. Britney was hoping things would remain calm. Especially while Nancy had appeared open minded in Harding's office. One wrong word might change the girl's tune. At her locker Brit installed her bag and left empty handed. Today she wanted to feel relaxed. She was wore out over the past weeks efforts.  
  
Slithering through the parade of outgoing students she heard a resounding amount of vocal "Good Luck."  
  
She needed to accomplish her mission fairly fast before missing her bus. The walk home was quite a few blocks away.  
  
Locating Nancy wasn't very hard. She stood alone by a shade tree.  
  
"I'm here." Brit waves at the girl.  
  
Nancy tried to contain herself to look intimidating. Within she wanted to smile and joke around.  
  
"About time." She grunts.  
  
Brit immediately bounces into her defensive Martial Arts pose and curls her fingers like Bruce Lee, "Bring it."  
  
The chuckles couldn't be helped.  
  
"Look, Britney. I'm sorry I griped earlier. I was elected by the Posse to stand up for us. I agreed with them because let's face it, none of us are Cheerleaders. Our Carnival consisted of a Dunk Tank, and Darts for Prizes. Clown outfits over string bikini's. You should feel lucky, we got the young kids away from seeing you freaks."  
  
Brit nods with a puckered lower lip, "That's a good point. Something we really did get lucky with. Just know that none of us meant to hurt any of you. We were just having fun. Our way."  
  
"I can only imagine. If I had your body I would probably do the same thing. I chose the Carnival because that's where Elephants belong."  
  
Britney offered a concerned look, "Why are you so down on yourself? Large girls can be just as sexy as we are."  
  
"Really? You're going with that? Try being me. I get called "Bodzilla" for cripes sake. I have good hygiene. My hair is beautiful. I can't help it if I got my parents genes. Trust me I workout or I might be a heck of a lot bigger than I am."  
  
"Stop already. I'm on your side here." Brit pouts, "If I have to I'll stand up in front of the entire school and give our Daytona win to your group."  
  
"No. Don't. I would just be a beached whale laying on the beach. The others don't truly care otherwise. They just want what's right. In their minds you cheated."  
  
"Maybe we did. I see your point." Brit then grimaces at Nancy, "We are so going to work on your insecurities."  
  
"Good luck with that. Unlike you I've had sex with one guy ever. He was bigger than I am. Of course I prefer bigger guys." She fidgets.  
  
"Where is he now? Are you dating?"  
  
"Oh Hell no. He used me. Took the virginity and laughed about it. He lives in Castleton. We met at a Football game. Graduated last year shortly after we got together. Shit happens. I'm over it."  
  
Brit eyes Nancy's clothing. The girl wore blue jeans and red T-shirt that hid most of her backside.  
  
"What are you looking at?" Nancy noticed.  
  
"Trying to decide what kind of clothing we're going to buy you with some of our earnings." She circles Nancy.  
  
"Oh, yeah, I'm not dressing like you do. Good as it gets."  
  
"At least try to change your outlook. It starts with feeling good about yourself. Stick with pants if you must but consider avoiding T-shirts. Go with some cleavage. I bet guys notice you more."  
  
"Maybe. I'll think about it. Definitely wearing a bra." She chuckles looking down at her monster breasts.  
  
Britney looks at her cell to tell the time. Her bus was getting ready to leave. As she watched people getting on the bus she noticed someone that inspired her. Two someone's actually. The twin "Bolger" brothers, "Wayne and Wesley". Nancy did say she liked bigger boys. Brit would keep it in mind. She felt obligated to fix this girls insecurities first.  
  
"I have to catch the bus. Do you own any shirts with cleavage?"  
  
"A couple. Nothing extreme." Nancy frowns.  
  
"We don't need extreme. You don't want to be as slutty as we are." Brit teases.  
  
Nancy offers an unexpected glint in her eye.  
  
"You and I need to get together and discuss this further."  
  
"Any time you want. I'm open minded for the most part. I'll wear cleavage next week. Let me get my nerve up. Deal?"  
  
"When you feel ready. Tap cells. Let's exchange numbers and talk more later." Brit decides to add emotion, "I would absolutely love to be your friend Nancy."  
  
Cell's meet and record numbers as Nancy grins, "Just don't hurt me."  
  
Britney pouted lightly and moved in for a hug. Much needed by both.  
  
Before peeling away Britney swears, "I won't allow that. I promise."  
  
"Thanks. You know I could give you a ride home. My Dad bought me a car for an early Graduation gift."  
  
Brit pauses with a brightening smile and twists in her step to face Nancy, "Well, let's ride Homie."

Curling her arm under Nancy's they giggled all the way to the car.  
  
"I feel like we're going to Prom together." Brit chuckles.  
  
Nancy rambles suddenly, "Prom is coming up here soon. It would be really cool to have a date that's not a cousin. There's nobody in this school that even looks at me."  
  
Reaching Nancy's car, a red 2016 Ford Escape Brit halts in step, "That's a brand new car. Wow! I'm impressed. Your parents must be rich."  
  
Unhooking arms so that Nancy could reach into her pants pocket for her car keys Nancy chuckles, "It's not brand new. But close enough. My Dad is the Foreman for a Construction Company over in Castleton. Mom just stays home and keeps house."  
  
"Cool. My Dad does Construction. He's laid off right now though." Brit pouts as she moves around to the passenger door which Nancy had just unlocked.  
  
"That's terrible. Maybe he should apply where my Dad works. I could say something if you want."  
  
"That's so nice of you. I'll mention it to my Dad. Let me see his reaction first."  
  
"Let me know."  
  
Brit turns sideways in her seat to face Nancy directly as she starts the car.  
  
"I'm sorry I never struck up a conversation with you before today. I feel horrible that it took our Bikini Car Wash to get to know each other. You're pretty cool Nancy."  
  
Pausing to breath the larger girl fans her face with her hand, "Thanks. For the record? I'm not judging you. I think your gutsy as all get out. I can see why the guys love you. It's more than just a supermodel body. You care about people."  
  
"I have my faults. I just do my best to see the good in everybody."  
  
"I'm glad. I'm so over this Charity Event squabble. Keep your money. You earned it. I'll deal with my Posse."  
  
"Not alone you won't. Let me think on things. If I can find a way then we all go to Daytona."  
  
"The second Car Wash you mentioned?"  
  
"That's an option. I'm pretty sure my Girls would be up for it."  
  
"I'll wash cars." Nancy nibbles her lip waiting to be shut down for her offer.  
  
"Kissing Booth too?"  
  
The idea made Nancy frown, "Nobody would want to kiss me."  
  
Brit sighs and looks out the windshield for a second, then turns back to Nancy, "Let me change your wardrobe. Believe it or not I recently converted Grace Ruuthouse into a work of Art. If I can do that for her I can do wonders for you."  
  
"She looks the same to me."  
  
"Only because she has to look like that for her Parents. If she could she would dress sexy like the rest of us. Mennonite thing."  
  
"Hmm! I guess it can't hurt to try. I just don't want to be humiliated."  
  
"I swear to you I won't let that happen."  
  
"Where do we begin?" Nancy shivers.  
  
"Got money?"  
  
"Some. Not much. I babysit three nights a week. That's pretty much gas money."  
  
Brit considers her options, "Take me home with you. Let's raid your closet and see what we can design."  
  
"You want to come to my house?" Her jaw drops.  
  
"Start driving Blondie. I have two hours to kill before I need to get home."  
  
With a deep breath Nancy Barker put her car in motion. The drive took ten minutes.  
  
Reaching her home Nancy parks on the street and shuts her vehicle off. Stepping out both girls chattered all the way into her home. A large two story home with an attached garage. Loads of shrubbery and shade trees around the property.  
  
"Nice place." Brit puckers.  
  
"My Dad built it when I was like 6 I think. I love it here. My Mom's car is gone she must be grocery shopping or something."  
  
"All good. At least she won't ask you a dozen questions right?" Brit predicted.  
  
"Only if you make me up all Hoochie." She laughs, "Then she might."  
  
"Not Hoochie but I do think you should expand your horizons."  
  
Entering the home through the front door Brit follows Nancy while admiring the d茅cor. Pictures on the wall showed the family in good times.  
  
"You look just like your Mom."  
  
"Everyone says that."  
  
They swiftly reach Nancy's bedroom and dive right in. Brit stormed her large walk-in closet and began picking and choosing various outfits.  
  
"Most of these I never wear. I bought things impulsively but chickened out wearing them."  
  
"Time's ticking Chick. Strip!" Brit encourages laying garments all across the girls Queen sized bed.  
  
Stunned Nancy closes her bedroom door and locks it. Just in case her Mother came home and caught them off guard. She then took her shoes off and began shyly removing her shirt and jeans. Down to her underwear Brit stood in awe.  
  
"Nice choice in bra and panties." She eyed the red lacey pair.  
  
Nancy covers herself blushing, "Intimate pleasures if not on the outside. They make me feel sexy."  
  
Brit was shocked by the girls body. For a large woman she had tight curves in all the right places. Shaking her head she smiles from ear to ear. Finally she points at Nancy with a wince.  
  
"Don't you EVER put yourself down again. You're HOT! Hell I might have sex with you."  
  
The blond bulges her eyes toward her admirer, "You're just saying that."  
  
Groaning Brit picks up Nancy's discarded shoe and tosses it at her. The reaction led to a Kung Fu battle like they did in school. Their laughter made Nancy feel more secure in herself.  
  
"Calm down Numero Sumo." Brit giggles wrestling with her.  
  
"Worried I'll kick your ass, Bruise EzLee?"  
  
"Too funny. Quit tickling me and try this black shirt on. Leave the top two buttons open."  
  
"Okay."  
  
Nancy pulled the button down shirt on and left it opened as she was told. Her cleavage looked amazing. Brit stood back to examine her.  
  
"That makes you look thinner. Not that we need to let that trouble us. You may be big Nancy, but you hold it well. I saw a firm stomach before you put that on. As long as your pants or skirt aren't too tight the rolls won't overlap."  
  
"I have a pair of faded jeans I bought that were too large. We can try those on." She shuffles to her closet to locate them. Bringing them out she swiftly wiggles the jeans up over her hips and fastens them. Gently loose on her hips but not so much they fell down.  
  
"Not too shabby." Brit tugs the shirt over the jeans. She then turned her around to see how her butt looked in them. With a sneaky slap to Nancy's ass she approves.  
  
"Quit playing with my butt." Nancy giggles.  
  
"One outfit down. Wear these tomorrow."  
  
Agreeing Brit mixed and matched other outfits. Finally she discovers a short black dress with sheer arms and cleavage, "Bra off and put this on."  
  
Nancy shakes her head, "My boobs are so big they sag a little."  
  
"Come on. You're eighteen. Worry about that when you're thirty."  
  
Stripping her jeans and shirt off she hesitates before unclasping her bra. With a loud inhale she removes the bra and lets her breasts topple about playfully.  
  
"See? Sag." She points at both tits with her index fingers.  
  
Brit moves in sneakily and squeezes the girls breasts as she had her eyes lowered. Nancy expressed awe but allowed her to do it. Her areolas large and delightfully pink. Nipples pepping up beneath Brit's palms. Nancy had to tremble.  
  
"Cushy." Brit winks then hands her the dress that had been dangling over her shoulder in wait.  
  
Nancy turned red yet smiled brilliantly, "Glad you like them."  
  
Dress over her head and slithered down over her curves it felt soft and sensual too Nancy. Still the thought of it embarrassed her. The hem was entirely too high. Her legs while thick were at least muscular enough to be appealing to the visual. Her chest mounded up from behind smoky colored sheer material. The same material flowed over her arms.  
  
"We need to shorten the arms. This is promising."  
  
"I sew. I can do that." Nancy shivers.  
  
Brit smiles realizing something, "You kind of remind me of that actress in "2 Broke Girls"."  
  
"Max?"  
  
"No. The Polish lady. Big and beautiful."  
  
"Ohhh! Stiffler's Mom from "American Pie". "  
  
"Right!" They laugh together.  
  
Outfit after outfit they strategize and decide upon improvements. From there they plan a shopping spree once Nancy asks for money. Her Mom was easy with her credit cards.  
  
Nancy had found a new friend. Unexpectedly. She would take the risk that the friendship was genuine.  
  
Even after Nancy took Britney home they texted into the late night. With make-up tips. Hairstyle ideas.  
  
Their laughter proving the truth.  
  
Unknown to both girls, they did their own private Victory dance.  
  
That was the secret to success.

**Britney Ch. 37: Dog Tired**

Britney Foxx ducked into William Beatty's classroom as he was grading papers. To his surprise he found her hands palmed over his eyes and her busty chest smothering his neck line.  
  
"Guess who?"  
  
"Dolly Parton." He huffs sitting back to enjoy her pillows of comfort.  
  
"No silly. It's me Britney."  
  
"Aw yes. I recognize the playfulness now. To what do I owe this visit?"  
  
"Principal Harding. Did he discuss the little lottery raffle idea we had with you?"  
  
The teacher coughs into his hand and looks around for safety.  
  
"Yes. He did."  
  
"Good. I'm spoken for by Harding. However I have four names in my pocket written on pieces of paper. Whomever you choose has to obey you for a total of eight hours. Anything goes as long as nobody gets hurt. Can you agree to this?"  
  
He begins to sweat as her hand reaches into her pants pocket for the folded up papers.   
  
"I must be insane, but Yes. I agree. Nobody is to know but those involved."  
  
"Correct. Isn't this fun?"  
  
"Intimidating."  
  
Holding the four pieces of paper like a hand of playing cards she giggles.  
  
"Pick a card. Any card."  
  
He reluctantly pinches one of the pieces of paper.  
  
"Open it up. Who did you pick?"  
  
He unfolds the simple document and his eyes sparkle, "Dawn Lawrence. Seriously?"  
  
"Yep. I'm texting her now." She hums as she types in the name Mr. Beatty. Moments later she receives a text back saying, "Hi Mr. Beatty. I'm proud to be your slave for eight hours. This Saturday or Sunday I will obey your every desire."  
  
Britney lets him read the text which makes him smile.  
  
"For safety reasons we don't share cell numbers. Go through me if you need to relay messages or find ways to communicate with her. Let her know where to meet you, what to wear, when to arrive, and how she can please you."  
  
"Amazing. I love redheads."  
  
"Gotta jet. See you in class tomorrow."  
  
William Beatty was already exhausted.  
  
Ten minutes later Britney entered the office of Coach Jerry Dawson. He was preparing to head home when he heard his door creak open.  
  
"Foxx. What brings you here?"  
  
"Harding talk to you privately?"  
  
He perks up, "Yeah. How's this work?"  
  
She seals his door tightly then moves around to sit on his desk. She draws out the remaining three pieces of paper. "Choose a name. Read me that name."  
  
He puckers looking at her hand. Snapping up the one on her left he peels it open, " Sophia Pope."  
  
"Goody. I hoped you didn't pick Tara. Having ate her out once already. New blood I say."  
  
Texting Sophia she informs him with "Mr. Dawson". While awaiting a response Brit offers her info, "Eight hours with Sophia. She obeys anything you ask of her. As long as she's safe. Agreed?"  
  
"Hell yea. Pope? Crazy stuff. Never expected her to be in your little club."  
  
Sophia's text comes back with, "My turn in the locker room shower?"  
  
Dawson huffs recalling the fiasco Britney created in his showers last time. A dangerous move that actually turned out okay.  
  
"Tell her maybe."  
  
Brit wags her foot in the air as she types, "Dawson says maybe. As long as you get really slutty."  
  
Giggling she shows him her message reply. He in turn smirks.  
  
"You're too much Foxx."  
  
Humming at her cell an immediate reply became evident.   
  
"Sophia says, she wants to be alone with the basketball team in the locker room. She counter offers that with however long you allow her to do that she will increase your eight hours with her to even it out."  
  
"So, if I let her play for an hour with them I get nine hours?"  
  
"Yep. Sounds like it."  
  
"We'll see. Getting caught is risky stuff."  
  
"Did I get caught?"  
  
"You were lucky nobody ratted us out."  
  
"Every guy in school wants my body. Did you really think they would get me in trouble? I give them something to lust over every single day. Even the girls love me."  
  
"Yeah! Regardless, it only takes one call to the cops."  
  
"Then I get the cops to like me too." She giggles.  
  
Hopping to her feet Brit twists in step and opens his office door.  
  
"Be in touch. Bye Jerry."  
  
Skipping through the halls Britney catches the Algebra teacher, "Dane Marko". The Irish giant was leaving school and halfway out the door when he heard Britney call out his name.  
  
Halting he awaits for her outside. Running toward him her braless chest bounced from side to side. He had to rub his beard to contain his amusement.  
  
"Glad I caught you before you went home. Harding talk to you?"  
  
"Wheeling and dealing? Aye. He did."  
  
"Great. Choose a piece of paper. Whomever you pick is your slave for eight hours. Anything goes as long as she's safe."  
  
Looking around him he fidgets before claiming a paper. Reading it he grins from ear to ear, "Cryssa Apari". A lass I would enjoy time with."  
  
"Texting her now. Please hold."  
  
She types, "You have the big old Teddy Bear. Mr. Marko."  
  
Seconds later Cryssa backs up her info with, "Yay! Bearskin rug. I wanna snuggle."  
  
He reads the reply and chuckles, "I'll lay in front of the fireplace."  
  
"Sounds sexy. I might switch names." Brit giggles, "I'll be in touch. So will she. Have a good night Mr. Marko."  
  
Marko was already hard. Cryssa Apari had been a fantasy of his.  
  
Her final contact was with "Trevor Stein" English Lit.  
  
Brit discovered him in his room reading. As she clears her throat he looks up and removes his reading glasses.  
  
"Well Hello Britney."  
  
"Out of breath. Running a lot. Chest heaving."  
  
"I can see that. It's quite active."  
  
"Harding talk to you?"  
  
"At lunch. Yes."  
  
"Good. You're my last stop. Only name left."  
  
She hands him the snippet of paper.  
  
"Tara Zellers. I can handle that." He looks surprised.  
  
"Eight hours with her. Obeys anything and everything. Safely. Deal?"  
  
"Certainly. I look forward to her charming whit."  
  
"And her mouth around your cock?"  
  
He merely smiles and puts his glasses back on.  
  
"Saturday or Sunday. You name the time, place, and what you want. Let me know. I'll arrange it."  
  
Tara gets a text and returns it with, "Can't wait to shake your speare."  
  
"Humorous. I'll be waiting."  
  
"Out of here. Night Trevor."  
  
Exhausted by her mission Brit begins her walk home. Having chose to skip the bus or accept rides from anyone for the sake of privacy. It was quite a walk but she needed the fresh air. For a Tuesday it seemed like Friday. Long and brutal. She was exhausted by the past week. Her fundraiser easily won them a trip to Daytona after Graduation. Spring Break and the party of the century.   
  
Adding that to her slumber party antics that made her friends fall in love with her Father. Her Mother's sudden reappearance at home on a regular basis. Her Father's obsession with her friend Grace's Mother Mary. Brother Lance dogging her every move. The Barn Dance with Jonah. And, dealing with her new friend Nancy. It seemed like she never had any true down time.  
  
Strolling through downtown she smiled at the Hardware store parking lot where she and Grace had their fun. Yet, another worry. Grace was smitten by a boy from Castleton. Someone she rekindled with unexpectedly when He and Lance crashed the Barn Dance. Luckily it was innocent.  
  
She was off in her own world when she heard somebody yell, "MY DOG NEEDS A BATH."   
  
Looking around her for the voice she realizes the driver of the pickup truck at her carwash had walked out of the Hardware store. Seeing him finally she acknowledges him with a flashy wave.   
  
"Hi! How's Spot?" Referring to the Dalmatian puppy he had adopted from the Firehouse.  
  
"Doing great. Glad you suckered me into adopting him. Get's along good with my Lab."  
  
She decides to walk over and face the man who looked somewhat like the musician "Kid Rock". He placed his bought items in the back of his truck then leaned on the bed until she reached him.  
  
"You look different outside of your Firefighter outfit." He chuckles.  
  
With an evil glint she adds, "Or, wearing clothing in general? You did see me naked after all."  
  
"I most certainly did. Highlight of my weekend. When are you gonna drop by and see the pup? I named him "Pyro" cause he's a fire dog."  
  
She frowns, "I like "Spot" better."  
  
"I don't recall us exchanging names. I'm "Bass"."  
  
"Sounds fishy. I'm Britney."  
  
"Need a ride home?"  
  
"Yours or mine?"  
  
He puckers, "You could come visit ole "Pyro" a spell."  
  
"I can't stay long. Ride back to my home afterwards?"  
  
"I can do that."  
  
He turns and opens up his passenger door for her to climb up inside. Awaiting her entrance he holds her bag and admires her ass crack exposing from her extraordinarily tight jeans. Once shut he passes her the bag and moves around to join her in the cab.  
  
"Do you live far?"  
  
"Mile outside of town. Gator Lane." He starts his truck up.  
  
Fidgeting she remains quiet until he's on the street and heading through town. Passing the population sign on the edge of town she favors opening up.  
  
"How are your friends? Was I a topic of conversation after the kiddy pool incident?"  
  
He smirks, "Guys are good. Nobody could shut up for a few days afterwards. That Fire jacket and helmet was fast thinking to trick the local cops from knowing you were nude."  
  
"I thought so." Brit sits smugly hugging her book bag.  
  
"Darren might be home from work by now. The other guy riding with me at the car wash. He's my roomie."  
  
"Awesome. No Fire coat today though. Actually, this is the first pair of jeans I've worn in weeks. I usually like wearing less and comfy."  
  
"Perfect bod. Those jeans hug every curve." He notes with a glint in his eye.  
  
"Of course. I stay fit. But, I still don't like how tight jeans feel on me. I prefer soft or stretchy stuff. Or, nothing at all." She giggles.  
  
Bass nods with a smirk as he turns on to a gravel road heading toward a large old farm house concealed amongst some trees.  
  
"Home sweet home." He parks his truck in front of an old "Nova" that was more primer than paint.  
  
Shutting his engine off he sits there to let her breath. Dog's barking could be heard from the backyard.  
  
"You say you have a Lab?" She raises a brow.  
  
"Yup! Black Lab named "Boozer". Three years old human age and spunky. Ole "Pyro" keeps him running circles."  
  
"Aww! Introduce us." She follows his lead abandoning the trucks cab.  
  
As they move through the front yard a screen door to the house opens up and his friend Darren steps out. He only wore tattered blue jeans. No shirt. No shoes. Beer bottle in hand.  
  
"If it isn't the Four Alarm Fire herself."  
  
Bass chuckles, "You remember Darren."  
  
Britney smiles at Bass, "No shirt. Is he getting ready to climb into a kiddy pool with Pyro?"  
  
Both men laugh at her playfulness.  
  
"Brought her out to see our Adoptee." Bass points toward the yard and they journey around the house.  
  
As they reach the back yard she notes a large chain link kennel holding both dogs. Bass leads them to the door and unlocks it, holding it open.  
  
Both dogs vacate enthusiastically. As Britney kneels down to receive Pyro the larger dog Boozer took the lead and charged her. Britney's body weight was no barrier and she toppled over backwards into the grass. It was then both dogs pelted her with kisses.  
  
"Damn! Boozer likes you. Maybe Pyro informed him how tasty you are." Bass grinned.  
  
All Brit could do was laugh and fend them off as best she could.  
  
Finally, Bass reached over and grabbed Boozer by the collar separating them. This gave Brit a chance to catch her breath and hug Pyro. Sitting in the grass Brit went into her baby voice.  
  
"Did you Miss Mommy? Mommy missed you." The pup licked her puckered lips.  
  
Darren eyes Bass wiggling his brows as if to read his mind. Bass in turn darted his glances between Darren and Britney. He was conflicted suddenly.  
  
Changing the subject Bass asked, "So did you and your girlfriends win that fundraiser?"  
  
Brit lays back in the grass cuddling Pyro as she eyed the two men.  
  
"We did. Our reputation soared. Good and bad. Some other events called foul because we used our bodies to win. I made peace with them luckily. So far anyway. No solid proof unless anyone steps forward with pictures. Did you guys take pictures?"  
  
Darren coughs into his hand, "Yeah. I noticed cellphones making "Youtube" videos even."  
  
Her eyes flare wide, "Really?"  
  
"I mean I'm only speculating they did. I saw at least ten people filming you." Darren nods.  
  
She smiles faintly wondering how damaging that may become later.   
  
Bass was having trouble holding Boozer forcing Brit to change her thoughts.  
  
"You can let him go. I'll be fine." She raises her knees up as a defense.  
  
Bass releases his dog and folds his arms. Boozer returned to licking on her forcing her laughter to return.  
  
Darren fidgeted before speaking up, "You gonna keep that promise you made?"  
  
Bass rolls his eyes but says nothing.  
  
"Promise?" Brit tried to focus amid the flurry of kisses.  
  
"Yeah. Said if we adopted a pup you would fuck us."   
  
She bulges her eyes toward Darren then shivers.  
  
"I guess I did promise that." She sighs.  
  
Bass held his hands in front of him, "She doesn't have time. I told her I'd take her back to town after seeing the pup."  
  
Darren glares at his roommate disappointedly.   
  
Brit noted his reaction and felt terrible suddenly. In a huff she groans loudly, "Oh My God! I despise these jeans."  
  
The words stabbed both men like daggers.   
  
Bass nodded with a pucker, "She did say they were uncomfortable."  
  
Darren grinned deviously, "Take 'em off. Nobody around but us."  
  
She laughs, "I would but I'm kind of busy making out here."  
  
Darren knelt down beside her with a wink, "Need assistance?"  
  
She raises Pyro in the air with one hand giggling, "Sure! You kiss Pyro."  
  
He shakes his head and without a thought decided to reach down and unfasten her jeans.  
  
"Hey! You French Pyro. I'm getting crushed by the big guy here."  
  
Her laughter failed to stop Darren. He unzipped her jeans and realized immediately there was no underwear beneath. After removing her tennis shoes he set in motion tugs that yanked her pants down to her knees. Another tug or two drug her across the grass until they came off.  
  
Boozer caught a scent and stood up to inspect the dangling jeans to acknowledge what Darren was trying to achieve. Curiosity at best.  
  
Above them Bass was tempted to grab his dog but chose to observe a little longer. He recalled the pool party at the Firehouse.   
  
As Darren held the jeans out for Boozer to sniff the dog suddenly darted about the yard. After a few chasing tail reactions his nose led him directly into Britney's snatch territory. She squealed and tried to sit up as well as cradle puppy Pyro. She managed to avoid direct contact with her private parts. Her hand points at the black Labrador to behave and stay away.  
  
"Cold snout! Cold snout!" She erupted in giggles curling up into a defensive fetal position.  
  
Holding her jeans high in triumph Darren leered back at Bass for a shared smirk. He then looked over at Brit, "Feel better?"  
  
She offered a glazed over look and a whimper, "How can I feel better when Boozer's trying to lick me down there. Call him off."  
  
Bass turned his ball cap around and nodded, "Always did like chasing cats."  
  
Darren decides to stand up with her pants over his shoulder. Both men were prepared to see where this would go.  
  
Brit held Pyro tightly in her folded arms as she felt Boozer lick her knee. All she could do was crease her brow and eye the men above. Finally, she sighed heavily.  
  
"This isn't a habit." She realized that her pool antics had led to this.  
  
Both men pucker nodding an approval.  
  
Bass scratched his ear lobe, "I'm thinking you like that. I don't hear no complaining."  
  
She groans slightly and squints her eyes at him, "Not really. Don't think badly of me if I decline."  
  
Darren shakes his head still hopeful, "I know I don't. Not something you see every day. Although this has been twice now."  
  
"Yeah, but come on, before it was just puppies that didn't know better. I'm NOT! I repeat NOT into bestiality."  
  
He then reaches into his back pocket to obtain his cellphone and begins recording video of her. Bass joins him looking over his shoulder and puckering his lower lip.  
  
"No fair. Knees are one thing but no further than that." She winces at the Director and Cameraman.  
  
"Try and enjoy it more." Darren chuckles.  
  
She raises her hand and nudges the Lab away. At least the dog wasn't aggressive. Merely friendly. Brit chooses to coax the dog to her left hip and lets it lick her face.  
  
"He is a good kisser." She blows her hair from her eyes trying not to laugh. She hoped to at least sway the pet away from anything further. As well as force the guys to realize they were being stupid and stop this.  
  
Bass crouches down at her right knee and reaches over patting Boozer on the head.  
  
"Like those kissing lips Boy?"  
  
The dog stops for a moment to pant and whine toward his Master. He then returns to licking her puckered lips. It was innocent goofing off at best.  
  
Bass lowers his profile, "Aww hell! Boozer's got a hard on." He didn't really, Bass just wanted to spook her.  
  
Brit's eyes bulge at his words, "Noooo!"  
  
Darren weezes, "Yeeeeesssss!" adding more trauma to her features.  
  
Bass suddenly reaches over to rub Brit's belly and moves into position to lift her shirt up. Exposing her braless chest he claims Pyro from her grasp long enough to assist in taking off her shirt. Sitting naked in the grass he hands Pyro back to her to hold like a Teddy Bear. She looked mighty sexy at that moment. Almost childlike with a teddy bear.  
  
Grumbling Darren lowered down his beer bottle for Bass. Bass tilting it poured beer on her chest. Her nipples became aroused at the unexpected bath. Catching a scent Boozer stopped his licking and struggled to crawl over her body to drink the trickles off of her chest.  
  
In his crawl the dog's weight pressed her down. The Lab just wanted the what was on tap.  
  
"Noooooooooo! So not cool guys." She whimpered with a wrinkled face.  
  
Darren moved in position to video between her legs in an attempt to make her feel as if the dog was really poising to hump her. The dog was only after the beer. She was more likely to be trampled than anything sexual.  
  
"Damn! Boozers an Alky." Bass grimaced.  
  
"Don't let him get any closer. I didn't come here for this." She ushers almost smothering Pyro out of fear.  
  
Bass caresses her scalp attempting to calm her, "He's just having a few drinks. Relax."  
  
Darren stops filming to kneel behind the encumbered canine.   
  
"Our bad. No hard on. Just a dangling twig." He chuckles.   
  
Brit raised her knees higher as if defending herself just in case. She didn't trust them.  
  
"Stop! Please!" She pleads and releases Pyro to rest beside her arm in the grass.  
  
Bass was teasing her by patting her legs as if to open them wider. She tensed up to avoid letting that happen. Hands swatting at his attempt.  
  
Brit was beet red and humiliated beyond measure. Her strength building she began pelting Bass on the arm repeatedly. Anger brewing.  
  
"I SAID STOP!"  
  
Bass released her and she took the initiative to drag herself away from any further taunting. Once free of her beer guzzling paramour she stood up and caught her breath.  
  
The men both stood erect and merely looked at her with shame on their faces.  
  
Haunted for a moment Brit held her hands out toward them.  
  
Bass turns to Darren, "Delete that shit."  
  
Sulking Darren decides to agree and shows her the video being readied to erase. With a second to think Brit cries out, "WAIT!"  
  
Darren glares at Bass for direction.  
  
With a deep breath inhaled Brit fans herself with her fingers.  
  
"You two took advantage of me. I hate that. I like being the one in control. At least when it goes south."  
  
Bass nods, "Sorry. We've been watching lots of Bondage stuff. This felt like something they do in videos."  
  
"Yea. And, ever since that pool situation at your Car Wash we've wondered if you were into bestiality. We were curious how far you would go." Darren added.

"Obviously not very far." She huffs.  
  
Closing her eyes to breath Brit remained calm. The word Bondage made her think of Dave Styles and her attraction to his way of life. She might want to be in control but she also fantasized about losing control. Her thoughts then switched to Burt's dogs when she went over to his home to wash his car. Their ferocity. The craziness made her shiver and shake her head. Reality returned.  
  
Brit crouched down and called to Boozer with smooching sounds. The dog returned to her timidly as she kissed him on the forehead.  
  
"You were the best I never had." She giggled then stands to leer at the guys, "AND NEVER WILL HAVE. "  
  
Bass caught Darren videotaping her again and rolled his eyes. Darren shrugged with a grin.  
  
Brit stood up and found her shirt, putting it back on.  
  
"I'm not angry. Keep the video. It was harmless. Still, please don't show everyone around. I'd like to have lots of sex with guys without hearing she's into dogs. I want to be worshipped for my sexiness not my nastiness."  
  
"Secret's safe with us." Bass points at Darren to make him agree.  
  
Brit approaches Darren and retrieves her jeans. As she peels them from his shoulder she clutches his erection. Caught off guard he swallows hoarsely.  
  
"Would you have fucked me after Boozer did?" She eyes him directly.  
  
Nodding with a pale expression Darren ushers, "Probably not."  
  
She then twists to Bass, "How about you?"  
  
Fidgeting he looks down and shakes his head.  
  
"Didn't think so. So, next time I visit I expect both of you to have a threesome with me. Understood?"  
  
The men nod. They could agree to that.  
  
"I need a shower. Take me home?" She casts her jeans over her shoulder.  
  
Bass motions to lead the way.  
  
Both men observe her bare ass wiggle away toward the front yard.  
  
Boozer trailed her sniffing her along the way. He wanted more beer.  
  
All they heard was, "Boozer! You're incorrigible."  
  
As Bass reached his pickup he saw her toss her jeans on the lumber in the bed of his truck.  
  
"Wood everywhere. I swear."  
  
Bass sulked, "Sorry Britney. Really."  
  
"I'm good. Just learn your lesson. Never force me to do anything I'm not ready for. I'll admit curiosity got the best of me, but I don't think I could ever have let that go all the way."  
  
"You positive?" Bass winks at her.  
  
She drops her jaw then slugs his bicep from the side forcing him to wince.  
  
"Shut up and take me home"  
  
He starts his engine then pauses as if waiting for an answer.  
  
She realizes his stare and rolls her eyes.  
  
"Stop already."  
  
He chuckles and heads back to town.  
  
Brit looked out the passenger door window.  
  
She couldn't let him see her smile.  
  
He didn't need to.

**Britney Ch. 38: Holy Terror**

Principal Glenn Harding pulled his Crown Victoria into the parking lot of the town Library. On a Sunday the lot was empty of cars, and it's location concealed it's parking area. Idling he adjusted his tie and unbuttoned his suit coat for comfort.  
  
Waiting was intimidating. Even though the lot was empty there could still be witnesses to his strange behavior. Luckily his wait was short.  
  
Hearing a rap on his drivers side window Harding jumped and looked to his left. There he spotted the stunning Britney Foxx wearing a white dress. At first glance he envisioned a youthful Alyssa Milano.  
  
Motioning her around to the passenger side he reaches across and opens the door for her. She quickly gets inside and shuts her door.  
  
"Hey Studly. You look nice in that suit."  
  
He immediately began driving before speaking.   
  
"You look quite lovely as well. I was fearful that you might wear something inappropriate. While it still reveals quite a bit, the dress remains tasteful."  
  
"Well, we are going to Church. I couldn't wear anything too slutty. I don't need an Exorcism."  
  
"Mocking the Catholic religion?" He frowns.  
  
"I was never forced to attend Church. So, not the bible thumper type. Besides, what you have planned will probably get us both invited to the bonfire. Right?"  
  
He turns pale and clears his throat, "I suppose so."  
  
Squirming in her seat to adjust her skirt she reaches for her seat belt and locks in. Her attention then averted to Harding. He was breaking into a sweat.  
  
"You okay Old Man? You look like you saw a ghost. Holy ghost?"  
  
Glenn takes a deep breath, "Stop that. While it's quite obvious I'm a sinner I do hold the Lord in high esteem. I'll be certain to repent and confess before the day is over."  
  
"We're all sinners." She frowns, "It's fun though."  
  
Hands clasp the steering wheel tightly, Glenn had to agree.  
  
"When we arrive I'll ask you to behave until we get seated. We should be careful to say the least."  
  
"Mr. Harding, your fantasy is becoming boring. Lighten up."  
  
At first a frown greeted her, then he offered a cough that led to a grin.  
  
"Much better. I'll be careful. You enjoy yourself Mister. Let me do all the dirty work."  
  
He swallowed shyly then nodded his agreement.  
  
For the next thirty minutes the ride was quiet. Save for the comments of "Eyes on the road" each time he dared to stare at her legs.   
  
Reaching the city of "Harrington" Glenn's hometown he opted to give her a drive by tour of his old stomping grounds. She feigned interest unless she happened to spot a cute guy, then she expressed herself.  
  
The final stop was the parking lot of a very large pristine cathedral like Church. A congregation was already filing inside.  
  
"St. Matthew's." Harding presented.  
  
Brit found the church beautiful. As well as a number of it's male flock.  
  
"Remember, you are my niece."  
  
"Do you truly think they will buy that once I'm sitting in your lap?"  
  
He grimaces, "Be a good actress."  
  
"Oscar Meyer winner for best wiener in my mouth." She chuckles.  
  
Getting his nerve up he unbuckles his seatbelt and opens his car door. She follows suit and meets him in front of the car to hug his right arm.  
  
With a warm smile Glenn Harding led her into the church.  
  
Once inside she observes Glenn step from her long enough to place his hands in a small urn of blessed water and wave his fingers out of respect of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.  
  
Brit looks around her and dips her fingers in the urn only to compress the wetness over both of her nipples. Her white dress at least was thick enough not to create any transparency. She frowns at her lost expectations.  
  
However, a number of young men managed to capture her indecent act. Not one of them was willing to let on to anyone who might object to her actions. Lucky for her that eye contact meant obedient servants. Brit loved being lusted over.  
  
Following Glenn further within he chooses a pew toward the back. Not the final pew in session but far enough toward the door to escape silently if necessary. They sat in the middle. There were three sets of benches. Another set were to their left and to their right. Each angled inwardly from the outside seat. Only the middle row was perfectly straight and facing the pulpit.  
  
If counting Glenn estimated at least two hundred people in the church. More than he expected. Less than his mind challenged him with. Enough to stimulate his perversions.   
  
As he sat there he recalled his childhood here at St. Matthew's. His parents attended here with he and his brother Samuel. They were long passed away however. Harding in his mid 50's was an accident child. His parents were in their 40's at his conception. Part of his soul was ashamed of his strange desires this day. Yet, this young lady beside him set his manhood ablaze. Never in a million years had he known such a vibrant shameless beauty. Brit was the perfect fantasy for his old soul, young heart.  
  
"All of the boys are looking at me." Brit hugs his arm and giggles.  
  
"They wonder why you are here with me."  
  
"Probably. But, the point is, I AM here with you. Uncle Glenn." She sticks her tongue out at him playfully.  
  
He chuckles under his breath then lifts the bridge of his glasses as if shy. He wasn't.  
  
"I see you remember our prearranged plans."  
  
"Of course. I'm your niece in case anyone asks. I wonder if they will believe that if I get caught sucking your dick in this pew?" She squeezes his arm.  
  
"If not. We shall run like the wind."  
  
"No fun in running. Let's take this as far as we can. Let me instigate. You enjoy. Deal?"  
  
"I'll try to keep calm."  
  
She shakes her head, "That's impossible. When I get into a blowjob no man can keep their mouth shut. You Mister are no exception if I recall."  
  
He recollects the one and only time he had his dick in her mouth. Ever so briefly. He NEEDED more of that.  
  
As more people arrive they close in around them. Mostly toward the front of them luckily. There was a pair of young women that sat directly in front of them which made Glenn sweat. They were at best twenty five years old. Both blonds with similar haircuts. They seemed rather chatty amid the relative silence at this point.  
  
Brit smiled at Glenn coyly. He did his best to smile back.  
  
Sitting patiently, Brit notes the boys that admired her earlier. They had multiplied into six as the others directed their attention at the new girl in their midst. To whet their appetites she fluttered her fingers at them. That received a bravado of nods as they attempted to show her they were men. Not boys. They were easily Brit's age.   
  
The oldest looking of the six was bold enough to blow her a kiss. Brit returned it with a wagging tongue. That maneuver grabbed their balls mentally and made them quickly talk amongst themselves. Finally, the young man took the initiative to lead his group to sit behind them. Glenn raised an eye brow at her.  
  
"Do you think this wise?"  
  
"Relax Uncle Glenn. We may need a diversion. These guys are drooling like bulldogs in heat."  
  
She turns sideways and lays her elbow on the back of the pew to face the cadre.  
  
"Hi." She offers her brightest smile and devastating gaze.  
  
"Hey. New here I see." The young man ushered.  
  
"Yes. Visiting my Uncle here."  
  
"Cool. I'm Brendon."  
  
"Britney."  
  
She shakes his hand. He takes the risk of kissing her knuckle. She had to blush and chuckle.  
  
Glenn glanced over at her and she showed him her wet knuckle, "He kissed me. I think I'm in love."  
  
Brendon smirked awaiting Glenn to scold him. Instead Glenn leers toward the young men.  
  
"What? Only one of you were daring enough to kiss my niece here?"  
  
Suddenly, the other five jumped up as Brit raises her hand for multiple kisses.  
  
"I think I might move here after graduation." She flirts.  
  
All seated and feeling ballsy the men let Brenden lead.  
  
"Peter, Ned, Ryan, Kent." He points to each.  
  
"At least they're not Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. Hi!" She flutters her hand at each.  
  
Glenn rolls his eyes, "Would you like to go sit with them?"  
  
"Are you sure?" She brightens her eyes.  
  
"Return to me when I motion for you."  
  
She hugs him and kisses his cheek. A soft whisper in his ear, "I'm not leaving this church without you fucking me. Understood?"  
  
He clears his throat and loosens his tie, "Quite clear. Go have your fun."  
  
She excitedly glares back at the boys.  
  
"Room for me in your pew?"  
  
All eyes burst wide as they part down the middle like the Red Sea.   
  
She swiftly shuffled to the edge of her pew then slips into the bench behind her. Reaching Ryan and Kent she playfully sits in both of their laps. Moving from one to the other. Then before the center she lifts her skirt then sits on Brenden's lap. Her bare ass on his crotch. He nearly bust a nut as he felt her curves on his legs.  
  
She giggles and leans back to whisper.  
  
"Can you tell I'm not wearing panties?"  
  
His eyes erupt at the possibility, "I wondered."  
  
Slipping from his lap she took her seat. Directly behind Glenn who refrained from turning or letting on his connection to her.  
  
Brenden turns his profile to face her, "That was insane. Do it again."  
  
She pats his boyish cheek, "I can do better than that."  
  
After a silent finger to her lips to warn the boys to keep quiet she eases up from her seat and again raises her skirt. Luckily her dress wasn't snug for as long as it was. She then pulls it up in front to reveal her shaved pussy. Each of the boys leaned over the other for a chance to look at it. Possibly the very first real pussy they had ever seen. Blushes hidden well the boys acknowledge her beguiling smile.  
  
She then closed her legs and lowered her skirt in front.  
  
All of them pouted.  
  
She giggles under her breath then lifts the skirt again. This time Brenden quickly ran his hand up to gently caress her pubic area. She shivered as organ music began to play.  
  
As services began Brit managed to behave and calm her admirers. They were tormented by having to keep their hormones in check. Suddenly, their upbringing faded away in favor of devilish deeds. Brit was amused by their behavior.  
  
As the Priest stepped into view all rose at his arrival. A prayer instilled led everyone to recite along with him.  
  
Brit noticed the two younger blonds sitting directly in front of Glenn. Both were less than interested in the proceedings. Instead they chose to huddle close and giggle between themselves. Curious she turns to Brendon and whispers into his ear.  
  
"Who are the blonds sitting in front of my Uncle?"  
  
He looks forward then whispers back, "Savannah and Piper Scott. Twin sisters. They attend services maybe once a month, to humor their parents. Their folks sit up front. The girls know better than to sit next to them. They don't take much serious."  
  
Brit liked what she was hearing.  
  
"Are they mischievous?" She winks at him.  
  
He chuckles faintly, "Oh yeah! They were terrors in High School. My brother used to tap Savannah. Told me stories. Showed me pictures."   
  
"Nakie pictures?"  
  
He nods with a grin, "Seen it all. Hot stuff."  
  
Biting her lower lip she looks to both sides of Glenn's pew. He had the pew to himself. Her thoughts immediately ran wild with ideas.   
  
"I'll be right back. Promise." She kisses his cheek then places a finger to her lips toward the other boys.   
  
While everyone was still standing Brit lifts her skirt enough to literally crawl over the back of Glenn's pew. He notices her and assists her arrival. With a clumsy act she brushes the back of "Piper Scott" before grabbing the back of her pew. The softest of impacts made Piper turn to look behind her. Brit at the moment stepped from the pew seat to the floor. As Piper smiled at Brit who feigned klutzy Brit leaned forward to whisper, "Sorry."   
  
Piper followed by a now aware Savannah merely laughed with Britney and said, "No problem." The girls then offered a thumbs up for Brit's climbing bravado during services.  
  
Brit planted her hands on the back of their pew and lowered forward to chat.  
  
"You two must be sisters. So beautiful."  
  
Piper speaks up, "Awww! Thanks. You are pretty beautiful yourself."  
  
"The boys think so." She giggles playfully and points back at the row of awaiting testosterone.  
  
Savannah whispers, "Your Father's sweating bullets. Is he alright?"  
  
"My Uncle. He's fine. I'm Britney."  
  
"Savannah."  
  
"Piper." The sister offers, "Are you certain he's okay? He looks like he's going to faint."  
  
Puckering up Brit decides to take a risk, "He's not really my uncle. He's a perverted old guy but with a heart of gold. He's got the hot's for you two."  
  
The twins crease their foreheads and noses yet grin sheepishly.  
  
"Don't let on I told you." Brit continues, "He really is a sweetheart. Look, I need your help and the boys back there told me you two were cool."  
  
Their curiosity peaked suddenly.  
  
Noting their attentiveness Brit whispered, "I'm helping him with an evil fantasy. He wants to jerk off in Church and not get caught. For shits and giggles can you help me help him?"  
  
Both girls stare at each other then look around them. Only two other people sat in their pew. Older men possibly in their Eighties. One at each end of their bench.   
  
"So weird." Savannah raises a brow while smirking.  
  
"I know. And, I must seem weird for asking this of you guys. I'll understand if you don't want to."  
  
Piper frowns at one corner of her mouth, "Why would you help him? He's old. You must be younger than us."  
  
Brit darts her gaze between the twins with a zany look, "Devil's daughter?"  
  
This made the girls snicker and cover their mouths to avoid any unwanted attention. With a deep breath held amongst themselves the twins nod at Brit.  
  
"So awesome! I'll get him started. Then, I'm going to go tease my entourage more. I love you guys."  
  
They realize suddenly the congregation begins to sit down. This broke their huddle up and Brit returned to sit beside Glenn.  
  
"What was that all about?" He shudders nervously.   
  
"Oh nothing!" She plops her hand directly on top of his crotch. His dick was mildly erect yet his nerves were keeping it at bay.  
  
"We can't have that, Uncle Glenn." She frowns with a pucker.   
  
Leaning into him she unzips his slacks and digs into his boxers for his cock. After a troublesome escape she drags him out into daylight. He was pure white and glaring about for observers expecting to be caught. Yet, he let her slowly jerk him off. It felt so good he began to lose interest and stared straight ahead. The Priest's sermon drowning out his loud exhales.  
  
"He's getting bigger." She winks at him.  
  
The boys behind them all sat wide eyed. Chancing a brief over the shoulder look that made them anxious for their own wonderment. Glenn never even noticed their venture to witness it. He was absorbed by her hand and his sudden fantasy of the blonds before him. They hadn't yet turned to watch him. They maintained their gaze toward the unfolding sermon.  
  
Brit turns just enough to wink at Brenden and the boys.  
  
Reaching a sturdy six inches Glenn rolled his eyes back. After a few more strokes Brit removes her hand and grabs Glenn's. She then curls his fingers around his cock.  
  
"Have fun. Don't fail me Uncle Glenn."  
  
He timidly strokes himself as he observes her squeeze Savannah and Piper's shoulders. As they turned Brit dropped to her hands and knees and crawled under the pew to be greeted by the excited boys behind Glenn.  
  
Glenn dropped his jaw as Savannah and Piper shifted in their seat to lean elbows on the wooden back of the pew. Their eyes immediately looked at his sliding grip. They both bit their lips at the sight and bashfully glanced at Glenn with fluttering eyelids. Savannah even went so far as to lick her lips.  
  
Seeing their actions made Glenn realize they were in on Brit's schemes. His fantasy stepped up and he began stroking his cock even harder. He was rock hard and purple now. The twins offered looks of yearning at it's hue. Glenn became obsessed.  
  
Behind Glenn Harding Brit reclaimed her seat by Brenden and shrugged while giggling.   
  
"Wow!" Is all the boys could muster.  
  
Brit again motioned the group into silence as she wiggles her skirt high and cautiously stretches out over the laps of the young men. Face down she raises her skirt all the way up to her waist. Her bare butt and lower back were a sight to behold. And be held.  
  
Kent rolled his hands over her butt cheeks while Ned caressed her legs. Her chest crushed into Ryan's lap as she stretched over Brenden to playfully pinch Peter's groin over his pants. Brenden felt her teeth bite at his concealed manhood. All of the boys were in Heaven but meant for Hell.  
  
Glenn committed to his assault as Piper looked around her before reaching her arm over the seat back. Her hand carefully caressed his right kneecap. Savannah followed suit and did the same to his left kneecap. His eyes bulged at their attentiveness.  
  
His nerves made things last longer than normal. That and his desire to prolong his fantasy as long as possible.   
  
As Glenn rocketed onward, Britney felt fingers creep between her legs and enjoyed a nice massage to her clit. As she held her breath lightly she lifted her chin to observe Brenden unfastening his pants and pulling his dick out. With a gleeful squeal Brit devoured his cock and didn't care how much noise she was making.   
  
As she whimpered Peter took his chance and unzipped to reveal his own daring penis. He then wrapped her hand around it. Brit began jerking him off vigorously.   
  
The boys all offered smug looks forward as Savannah and Piper looked up long enough to witness their enjoyment. This made the twins anxiously wet.   
  
Glenn made a bold move and slid into a slouch. This led his dick closer to the blonds. Both girls glanced at each other and decided to play along. Piper gripped his crown and lightly twisted it. This made Glenn remove his hand in hopes Savannah would take over. Seeing his eyes beg she smiled and did just that.  
  
Both girls carefully stroked him while turning toward the concluding sermon. As the Priest finished up so did Glenn. He growled with a lowered octave and spewed a flood of cum on to the girls hands. The sudden wetness made both girls turn and witness his final geyser. Their eyes were sparkling at his achievement.  
  
Glenn himself fell silent and numb. All he could do was focus on reward as the girls lifted away from him and lick their knuckles dry. He was tasty for an old fart.  
  
Behind them Brit made both Peter and Brenden cum almost at the same moment. Filling her mouth she swallowed every drop of Brenden. Peter was a mess and zipped up quickly. Still Britney licked his jizz off her hand for his admiration.  
  
Easing off of their laps Brit turned cautiously over and let her pussy come into view. Ned took the initiative to insert two fingers up inside her and begin finger fucking her. The sensations stormed her senses and she began moaning. Instinctively Brenden reached over and cupped her mouth to prevent any louder outbursts.  
  
Ryan ran his hand up her hiked dress and squeezed her bare breasts. The nipples were aiming for the rafters.  
  
Kent leaned over his friend and vigorously rubbed her clit.  
  
The war was brewing. Luckily a Choir began singing loudly. The speakers were enough to conceal her moans. Brenden grinned and removed his hand. Let her howl he thought.  
  
She drowned the laps of the boys and shook like a leaf. Finally as the congregation rose to join the choir Brit pulled Ryan's hand from beneath her dress and slithered off of their crotches and on to the floor. She crawls under Glenn's pew and surfaces beneath his legs. The unexpected entrance forced his legs wide. He still had his dick free of his slacks and it was still noble. Mostly due to watching the twins tease him with their tongues. Using his knees as leverage Brit slid up and straddled Glenn right before the eyes of the twins. She hugged him low as her hand reached under her to guide Glenn's cock into her pussy. He merely let her ride him and enjoyed the dance.

Savannah and Piper were blown away by this girl's boldness. Out of respect they rubbed Brit's ass to give her confidence. The choir was magnificent. In a brash move Brit sits on him higher and peels her dress up over her head. The move made the boys behind Glenn stand up.  
  
Brenden took point and told Kent and Ned to ease under the pew and stand next to them to block Brit's ride from other viewers. Peter and Ryan relocated to Glenn's opposite side. Their organized standing held them concealed.  
  
Glenn fed on Brit's nipples as she rode him valiantly. In her zest she winks at Brenden and mutely whispers, "Thank you." toward him.  
  
His wink returned was enough.  
  
By the choirs second chorus Glenn Harding exploded inside Britney. She released a devastating cry as she felt every drop attack her insides.  
  
Collapsing over him Glenn felt obligated to rub her back sensitively. She adored his tenderness.  
  
Piper reached over Brit with her dress, encouraging her to get her clothes on. Easing off of Glenn she nearly fell over. Luckily Savannah and Ryan held her up. With an assist her dress was pulled over her head and arms and back into place. Brit hugged everyone one by one.  
  
Glenn zipped up and tried to clean his pants off as best he could. He then stood up and offered a hug to the twins. They both kissed his cheeks at the same time and whispered, "Too sexy."  
  
He turned red at their juicy compliment and knew they were just being nice.  
  
The choir finished up with their song and fell silent as prayer was called for. The Priest ending services with a collection plate circulation. As the plate reached the back Harding took his wallet out and tossed in a $100.00 bill. He felt liberated yet dirty and sinful. He was torn.  
  
As the prayer ended everyone recited, "AMEN."  
  
Brit wiggled and called out, "YAY MEN!"  
  
The twins both giggled and handed Brit their cell numbers. Brit took their pen and handed it to Brenden. She then cautiously lifted her skirt and let each of the boys write down their numbers on her ass.  
  
Services over. Services rendered.  
  
Glenn was a man fulfilled.  
  
Britney Foxx?  
  
She knew when she reached Heaven she would be handed a stick and a bag of marsh mellows.  
  
Hell, she would use the Devil's horns to toast them.

**Britney Ch. 39: Poppy Seed**

Dane Marko was a huge fellow. Standing at 6'5 and weighing a hefty 300 pounds he was often intimidating. A bushy red beard and almost a crew cut over his scalp concealed a baby like face. Prescription glasses capped off his teacher's profile. Although he has a pot belly his muscles were evident as well. He was indeed a bushy man. Beneath his chosen turtle neck shirt he was a werewolf. Body hair amassed and hidden from sight.  
  
Today he wore a thin suit jacket of brown with patches on the elbows. Ancient Aqua Velva covered his scent.  
  
Arriving at "Tanner's Pub" in the tiny town of "Stillwater" this early afternoon he parked his freshly cleaned "Ford Edge" and sat idling. The bar was a good sized place yet not many folks were there. Locals at best. At maximum of ten cars. Including a beat up old Van barely seen at the far end of the building.  
  
"You can sit up now." Dane spoke.  
  
Behind him tucked low sat the beautiful Filipino "Cryssa Apari". She sat up in her skin tight red dress and blew the curls from her eyes.  
  
"Sorry to be so paranoid, Mister Marko. I know too many people. I don't want to get you into trouble."  
  
He glares back at her in his rearview mirror, "Quite alright, Cryssa. Please call me Dane."  
  
"I'd rather call you Poppy Bear." She puckers sharing a beguiling grin.  
  
"Poppy Bear it is. Are you certain this place is safe? It is a pub where they serve alcohol. You are definitely underage."  
  
"I look 21. Besides I know the owner "Carl". He's a volunteer firefighter at the firehouse we held our carwash at. He also knows my Poppa."  
  
"That's reassuring. Art you afraid he might tell your Father about this rendezvous?"  
  
"No. Carl wants my body too much to rat us out."  
  
"I see. what about the other patrons here?"  
  
"Your fantasy, Poppy Bear. You wanted to play with me at a bar."  
  
"I did indeed. I just do not want to be arrested nor lose my job teaching."  
  
"Risk we take. I feel comfy. Carl will keep us safe."  
  
He shuts vehicle off at the touch of a button. Following that he vacates his car and shuts the door. He then opens the back door for Cryssa to crawl out. Beside him she was tiny. She was barely five foot tall. Petite with huge breasts. Her long curly black hair probably weighed more than her arms.  
  
"You look stunning in that red dress." He growls.  
  
"Wait until the dress comes off and all I'm wearing are these heels. I will be even shorter when they come off." She stares up at him with brilliant brown eyes. Only a thin crucifix necklace dangled between her bulging bosom and the upper hem of her chest line. He stared straight down into the shadows of her cleavage.  
  
Her dress was snakeskin tight and the skirt barely covered her essentials. Beneath it was a thin red G-string thong and a red sheer bra.  
  
Closing her door he slants his arm to tell her to lead the way. She smiled with a flirtatious glint in her eye and took the lead, her perfect ass shaking with every step. Dane Marko had to swallow hard and continually look around for safety.  
  
Reaching the door Dane opened it for her and let her enter first. He then adjusted his vision against the darkness of the bar. Inside they discovered a long bar where six men and a single woman in her fifties sat. The woman was wasted and attempting to hold her head up from the bar.  
  
The seven men immediately took interest in Cryssa. In response she fluttered her fingers playfully at them. As they nodded at her the owner, "Carl Tanner" stepped into view holding a case of beer bottles he had hauled from the back. Noticing her he quickly sat the case down on the ground and called her to the end of the bar closest to her.   
  
Meeting him with Dane casually holding back Cryssa stepped into hearing space.  
  
"Your dad's here. Backroom over there. Drunk off his ass as usual. Might want to take this elsewhere if you plan on getting too risqué."  
  
Her eyes bulge and she hesitates turning her profile toward Dane Marko. She makes a dramatic decision.  
  
"Is Poppa too drunk to drive home?"  
  
"I was just going to let him sleep it off. I got his van keys he's not going anywhere. So yeah, he's probably passed out by now."  
  
She fidgets her lips, "What about your customers? Anyone going to give me trouble? Rat me out to Poppa?"  
  
"Nobody knows you're related to him. Sylvia's about comatose over there. Most of these guys are single and ready for anything that resembles a strip show."  
  
"Will you make sure Poppa doesn't catch me?"  
  
Carl grits his teeth , "I'll do my best but it's totally on you guys if he raises hell. Personally I think you're crazy for taking the risk."  
  
She reaches up and pats his cheek, "I made a promise to Britney that I would succeed on this date. All of us did. I will do this even if Poppa catches me. If you lust me you will protect me."  
  
He rolls his eyes, "Don't get my bar shut down. I'll let you get wild until I get any complaints. This bunch I seriously doubt there's going to be any bitching."  
  
"They should protect me too."  
  
"No. Your bouncer there should." Carl smirks at Dane.  
  
Marko huffs at the compliment. He was a bouncer while in college. Way back in the day.  
  
Cryssa struts over to Dane and takes him by the hand and tugs him along to a seat at the bar. She herself sat between Dane and a local named "Butch". Butch introduced himself and his friend "Dale" seated to his right.  
  
"Hi Butch. Hi Dale. Just call me "Beautiful"." She wrinkles her nose flirting with them.  
  
"You certainly are. Who's your friend?" Dale chuckles.  
  
"This is Poppy Bear. He adopted me, so he's like my Daddy."  
  
"Cute Kid, Bear." Butch nods with a smirk.  
  
"She is certainly a hand full." Marko sighs.  
  
Cryssa eyes Carl putting the beer bottles in a bar level cooler. Once he finishes Carl stops to join the conversation.  
  
"Birthday drink for the birthday girl? 21 yesterday Fellas."  
  
Butch, Dale, and Stanford a black middle aged man opts to toast her birthday.  
  
"Thank you." She bats her eyes and toys with her crucifix.  
  
"I'll take a Bud draft." Marko chooses.  
  
Cryssa really didn't like alcohol but knew what she wanted, "Fuzzy Navel".  
  
Butch chuckles, "Bet that's not true."  
  
Dane found her reaction amusing. She went blank as to his jest. In response he whispers, "He thinks you have a fuzzy belly button."  
  
Her jaw drops, "I do not." She then playfully slaps Butch on the bicep.  
  
Butch nodded with a smirk and decided to play along, "All that beautiful hair on your head I bet you do. Fuzzy Wuzzy!"  
  
"Fuzzy Wuzzy? Oh, because my daddy is Poppy Bear?" She acts naïve.  
  
Dane chuckled, his gut bouncing at her response.  
  
"Well I don't." She pouted.  
  
Marko grinned evilly, "Prove it to them, My Dear."  
  
She bulges her big brown eyes, "How? In this dress."  
  
Butch and Dale huddle together whispering, which annoyed Cryssa, "FINE! I'll show you guys how wrong you are."  
  
She twists in her chair and stands up. Facing the seated patrons Cryssa rolls her skirt up until her belly button popped into view. Their eyes darted down to explore her tummy and everything revealed below it. Including the tiny red G-string.   
  
Butch played blind and leaned toward her for a better look. He then reached a finger out to tease her belly button with a probing fingertip. She froze at his boldness.  
  
"Bet there's serious fuzz under that thong." Stanford riled up.  
  
She pouts, "I just shaved. So there."  
  
Marko turns in his seat to toast the men behind her back, "They don't believe you."  
  
The men respected Marko suddenly for antagonizing her gullibility.  
  
"I'll show them Poppy Bear." She huffs then peels her thong clear down to her labia. Sure enough Cryssa had a silky soft pubic region.   
  
Again Butch chose to squint at her then lowered his same finger in for the kill. This time four fingers caressed her lower tummy. Dale stepped off of his barstool and leaned over to examine her more closely. He too rubbed her soft skin.  
  
She shivered yet found this too much fun.  
  
Stanford was called over by Butch, followed by two others known as "Gordon and Hank".  
  
Each surrounded her for a better look. Hank admired her bare ass from behind. Finally, the seventh man stepped up.  
  
"Too much to guess she has a hairy chest?" He chuckled. His name was "Walter".  
  
Carl Tanner saw things coming and chose to take another drink into the back room to Cryssa's out of sorts Father. This time Carl decided to play it safe and mickey his beer. Yeah, Carl was known for despicable antics.  
  
Luckily, Roberto Apari was drooling on his table top. Incoherent to say the least. Still he pepped him up for a few healthy swigs of the fresh drink. He swallowed enough to feel it later.  
  
Outside the room Carl returned offering Cryssa a thumbs up. This made her feel more frisky.  
  
"I do NOT have a hairy chest." She stomps her foot.  
  
Marko raises his own shirt revealing a mass of red fur on his stomach, "Yep! She takes after me."  
  
She nearly laughed but wanted to keep the guys feeling her naïve nature.  
  
"I can't believe you people." She pouts with a puffy lip.  
  
Finally, Marko just steps in behind her and grips her red dress lifting it up over her bra. With a whispered grunt she rolls her eyes, "Whatever!"  
  
The dress slipped off of her lifted arms and her head. She was now only in her bra and panties.  
  
The seven men enjoyed Marko's boldness. They knew there was more to this pair than they admitted. The guys really didn't care. They were getting a show.  
  
As the elder patrons stood idle and merely observed the young woman's emotional reaction. Cryssa herself shivered at the thought of her Father in the next room.  
  
Before she could think too much about the fear in her soul, Dane Marko reached around her and hugged her from behind. The huge man drowned her upper body in doing so. His cheek against her temple amid her hair he whispers.  
  
"Is that promise still good?"  
  
Referring to the promise all of the girls made to Britney she merely pats his cheek then rubs his forearm around her chest.  
  
"Very good. Let's continue." He lightly speaks.  
  
Releasing her Marko eyes the bartender Carl on the other side of the bar sipping at a beer in a mug. Carl shrugs lightly, knowing if things got out of hand he would intervene. His biggest worry was who might decide to stop by for a drink as things went on. His own eyes darted out a window facing the parking lot.  
  
Marko clasped his hands over Cryssa's golden shoulders, "Would you like to dance for them My Dear?"  
  
She perks up giggling, "I love to dance."  
  
The gathering of men each concurred that they too enjoyed a good dancer. Before anyone could respond further Hank rushed away to put money in a jukebox and selects three songs.  
  
Country music it was.  
  
Marko stepped back to his barstool and sat down, reclaiming his beer for a sip at the frosty mug. From there he watched Cryssa begin to dance seductively. He let her do her own thing for now. He would just enjoy the atmosphere of growing tensions. The group of men either took their own seats of chose to dance awkwardly with her. She giggled at their shuffles.  
  
Carl took a moment to eye Sylvia at the end of the bar who had responded to the music. She lifted her head and glared about through blurred vision. She had set her glasses aside when she laid her head on the bar. Carl had long since moved them to the ledge behind the bar. She was albeit blind without them. Before she could question things Carl placed a shot of whisky in front of her. She grinned with a toothless smile and downed the shot. Her head returned to the bar. Nuff said.  
  
Whistles began to erupt toward Cryssa. She waves and flirts as her hips swayed seductively. Her massive chest bouncing to the dance. All eyes loved their own little dance party.   
  
Marko used his fingers to motion that she walk closer to the seated men and get more personal. With a batting of eyelashes she grew eager and found Walter as her first target. Her backside too him she wiggled her way between his legs and danced erotically. Her ass was too low to reach his crotch but she managed to raise her arms and slide back into his chest. Her upper body rubbed against his. He could smell her hair and feel it on his chin. She reached out and claimed his arms to hug around her chest.   
  
In no time at all he took the risk of clutching both breasts and squeezing them. She leaned her head back and kissed his cheek. After a few more interactions she pushes away and moves toward Butch. He was lucky enough to get her face forward. Her chest crushing into his stomach. He nodded then eyed Marko for safety before moving in for the kill. His hands pulled her in for a hug then found her bra strap to unclasp it. Once the material parted her chest felt less constricted. She found a rash of goose bumps attacking her body.  
  
Exhilarated she let him hold her bra as she escaped it to be replaced by her own palms hiding her brilliantly aroused darkened nipples. She stepped away from him with a devilish look in her eye, "OOPSIE!"  
  
Moments later Marko moved over and removed her hands for all to see. The crowd became breathless as Butch passed her bra around for a captured scent.  
  
"See no hair." Cryssa giggles and shakes her chest in a maddening twirl of counter clockwise flesh.  
  
Everyone was amazed by her tossing about and applauding in some fashion. Some louder than others. In her glee she literally skipped like a five year old toward Marko. She dove into his arms and hugged his waist as best as she could reach. His belly was keeping her from a solid embrace. Still she barked, "I'm free Poppy Bear."  
  
He pats her shoulder, forced to lean forward over her height difference. As he rubbed her spine he looked up at the ogling men who were waiting on her next move. Pulling away from her he grips her upper arms snugly and looks her in the eye.  
  
"You're not quite free yet, My Dear."  
  
With ease he lifts her elegant 115 pound frame off of her feet and sits her up on the bar. Butch removed their drinks before they could be knocked over.  
  
Once her ass was resting on the bar she held herself by planting her palms on the bar behind her. As Marko stepped back she began kicking her feet playfully. Her heels could have been a deadly weapon.  
  
Marko grabs her foot and prepares to take a shoe off when Carl the Bartender opts to say, "If the shoes come off be careful on the floor. Never know if I missed some glass shards when sweeping up."  
  
Marko nods and leaves her shoe on. Instead he looks over at his new found friends, "Whatever else is left to remove?"  
  
This made the gentlemen chuckle and stand once more ready for the final release. Marko parts her dancing legs and crowds closer. He melts at Cryssa's bright eyes. Not only was she feeling happy, she also loved the risks involved. Her Father was on the other side of a very thin wall. At any moment he could wake up from his drunken stupor and come barging around to see what the commotion was. She had no idea Carl offered up a mickey.   
  
Marko's massive hands slid under her thong strap and he winked at her.  
  
"Off we go." He hissed.  
  
She raised her hips from the bar and shivered at her thong being peeled away from her ass and thighs. As her pussy slipped into view the men all grew quiet. They were taking it all in. Her labia was dark and inviting. Yet, as Marko guided her thong up her legs to her shoes he stopped. There he decided to remove the shoe from her right foot and place it on the bar. The thong dangled on her ankle as Marko chose to lower his face and begin sucking on her toes. The thongs scent tickled his nose. Dane Marko loved a good foot fetish.  
  
Giggling at her ticklish nature she nearly lost her balance on the bar. Carl caught her and stood at her back to keep her upright. She tilted her head back and peered up at Carl with her tongue licking her lips.  
  
Carl smirked and kissed her at an upside down angle. After a three minute delicacy he whispered, "You need to fuck me one of these days."  
  
She sighs heavily wiggling in her seat and expels, "Fire house."  
  
He nodded, "On the fire truck."  
  
Her smile was brilliant as she nodded her approval.  
  
Finally, Marko's lips pulled away and he took the thong the rest of the way off. Tossing it at Carl he winks and calls him over the bar. Whispering to him Carl raised an eye brow.  
  
Leaving her with the thong Carl stepped from behind the bar and disappeared behind the wall where Roberto Apari was passed out. A few minutes later here turned with the thong and a cell photo of Cryssa's father with the thong over his face like a surgical mask.   
  
Showing it to Marko for kicks, he then allowed Cryssa to see it. Her eyes bulged and a hand covered her mouth. Then, she laughed out loud.  
  
Marko grinned from ear to ear. His worry that she might take it badly vanished. So did her second shoe, now relocated on the bars surface.  
  
Without a moment to waste Marko buries his face between her legs and digs his tongue deep inside Cryssa's juicy snatch. Her feet lifted up over Marko's shoulders and she began yelping at his hunger. Not too mention his beard tickled her thighs and ass hole.   
  
The group merely watched Marko and drank their beers.  
  
For ten minutes Marko devoured her until she drowned her red beard. It was then he rose from eating her with a triumphant insanity.  
  
"BEGORA!" He bellowed.  
  
He then slid her over in front of Butch and offered him her hole. Using a napkin to wipe her gently he dove right in. As he ate her Carl slipped a tip jar on Cryssa's belly. The men all laughed and gladly added cash to the jar. They all wanted in.  
  
As Butch finished, Walter enjoyed his own feast. Then Hank. Sanford. Dale. Gordon.   
  
By the end Cryssa was mentally exhausted. Her body limp as her nails reached back for Carl's shirt.  
  
Marko leaned over her heaving chest and rested his chin on one of his propped knuckles.   
  
"Still keeping that promise?"  
  
Her eyes locate him with unblinking eyelids as her head nods affirmatively.  
  
"That's my adoptive daughter."  
  
Standing erect he carefully cradles her body in his arms. With a wink at Carl he turns in step and begins to walk toward the back room with her. Carl was shocked and motioned everyone to stay there. He then darted back around the bar and swiftly passed Marko's stride. Hand held up Carl looked around the wall to spy what condition Roberto was in. He was still resting his head on the table and laying in a pool of drool.  
  
Quickly, before Marko stepped into view Carl checked Roberto for reaction by lifting his head up and patting his cheek. Roberto merely groaned and muttered in his native language. His eyes never opened once.  
  
Marko eyed Cryssa's face as he drew near the wall.   
  
"Adore me little one?" He grunted.  
  
"Yes, Poppy Bear."  
  
He then stepped into the room. Cryssa turned pale at seeing her Father in his condition. Still, she shivered from the adrenalin charge.  
  
Cautiously, Marko moved to the table in front of Roberto. Carl shook his head at just how turned on he was becoming from the fear he himself had of the situation getting out of hand. He sat beside Roberto and held his head up while Marko sat her down on the table in front of her Father.  
  
She whined at the fact that she was willing to cooperate. This was her flesh and blood. A man she respected. Yet, she found herself strangely excited.  
  
Sliding her legs to each side of Roberto, Marko scooted her pussy directly under his chin. Carl guided Roberto's lips directly over Cryssa's labia. She wept gently at the sight. Carl suddenly felt haunted by her gaze.  
  
Roberto stirred and moved his mouth over her in a muffled delirium. She felt his lips barely nibbling at her. The thoughts made her hands clutch at Marko for security.  
  
"Stay calm." He grumbled.  
  
She did her best but continued to whimper with each movement of Roberto's jaw. He was long gone fortunately. Finally, Marko slid the entire table back forcing Carl to hold Roberto upright.

As the table revealed all of Roberto, Marko lifted her forward to drop into her Father's lap. She straddled his crotch.  
  
"Grind." Marko huffed.  
  
She did so while holding on to Roberto's shoulders. As she did Carl nudged Roberto's mouth toward Cryssa's left nipple. His mouth gapping it slid right over it and his mumbling allowed her to feel his breath and lips teasing her chest.  
  
She was fighting tears as she eyed Carl.  
  
"Had enough?" Carl asks her.  
  
She tilts her head to look back at Marko. Her gaze haunting yet hesitant. Finally, she silently shakes her head no.  
  
Marko beamed with arrogance and rubbed her back softly.  
  
"Such an extraordinary girl."  
  
She timidly smiles as Marko gently helps her off Roberto's lap and stands her in front of him.  
  
"Unzip his pants. Pull his cock out." Marko goads.  
  
Swallowing every ounce of pride she crouches down and does as he ordered. Once his dick is in her hand she begins trembling hard. Marko caresses her hair.  
  
"Suck his cock." Marko insisted.   
  
Carl winced and again prompted Cryssa with, "You don't have to do this."  
  
She pouts for a moment then lowers her mouth down to take in her Father. Carl was in total shock. Regardless, his own hormones made him watch.  
  
To everyone's surprise Roberto was feeling it. His dick grew substantially with each insert. Even Cryssa was amazed. Terrified but amazed.  
  
She found herself lost in the enjoyment. She loved sucking cock. After awhile she moaned and increased her speed.  
  
Once his dick reached a sturdiness Marko patted her back to gain her attention.  
  
"Straddle and ride him."  
  
Her eyes were lost. She stood up and crawled back into her Father's lap. Her left hand guides his cock into her pussy and she begins riding him. At first it made her ill. With each sensation it changed her mind. She rode him like a champ.  
  
Carl stood up and left them to their own balance. He needed to check on his bar. As he left them Marko rubbed his beard with one hand, his bulging crotch the other. With a glance over his shoulder he unzips his own pants and produces a seven inch python.   
  
Stroking it with each gyration of her hips he dropped his slacks and boxers. His turtleneck raised up over his belly.  
  
Stopping her he carefully moved in for the kill. He primed his dick into her ass and spat on it for lubrication. Dane Marko double penetrated her. Sadly, Cryssa Apari loved every second of the perverse act.  
  
With each thrust and her own awkward gyrations, Marko praised her with his dirty little comments.  
  
She finally let out a blood curdling orgasm. Her Father reacted with groans of his own but remained incoherent. Marko didn't care if he woke up. The Irishman was a defiant bastard.  
  
As soon as Marko unloaded into her ass he pulled out and immediately got dressed. He left her hugging her Father. She was crying now.  
  
Marko frowned at her reaction. It was then he decided to step away and give them alone time.  
  
Her Father still inside her pussy Cryssa softly spoke into his ear.  
  
"I love you Papa. Forgive me."  
  
She rode him a few more times then slipped off of him. Gently she put his dick away and zipped him up. With a peck on his cheek she shuffled away.  
  
Barefooted she made it into the bar area. Nobody had stuck around except Sylvia in her stupor.  
  
Carl raced to her side and picked her up and carried her to a barstool, sitting her down. He then handed her, her underwear. Beside her Marko finished off his beer and watched her get dressed. Once attired, dress, shoes, and all she stood up proudly.  
  
Perky, she giggles, "Thank you Poppy Bear."  
  
"No! Thank you, My Dear." Marko smirks.  
  
"I kept my promise." She flutters her eyes.  
  
"Yes you did. Do we have any unfinished business or shall we go home?"  
  
She puckers then looks at the back room.  
  
"Papa didn't get to cum."  
  
Carl groans, "REALLY? Enough already. I'm calling your Mom to come get him. HEcan save that for her."  
  
Cryssa frowned, "I was joking."  
  
Carl and Marko looked at each other and shook their heads.  
  
They knew better.  
  
Marko forcefully nudged her out the door by her shoulders.  
  
Perfect timing.  
  
Roberto Apari's eyes opened and he looked around bewildered. He knew something had happened. Too groggy to care much. But, he knew.  
  
Cryssa took the time to text Britney her success.  
  
Britney replied, "Me too. Hallelujah. LOL."  
  
"SLUTS FOREVER!!!!" Cryssa finished.  
  
Britney agreed completely.  
  
"Mister Marko?" She shifted her gaze,  
  
"Yes, Cryssa?"  
  
"Can you pull over? I want to lay on my bear skin rug."  
  
He raises a brow.  
  
Dirt road it was. Behind a Cypress tree.  
  
Cryssa rode him for another hour.  
  
She did all the work.

**Britney Ch. 40: Delta Dawn**

William Beatty was terrified of public display, yet the thought of his arrangement with Britney Foxx's friend "Dawn Lawrence" was too exhilarating for its own good. Being a School Teacher had him scared, considering his date was a student. A senior and luckily 18 years old was in his favor. However, the School Board frowned heavily on interactions with the student body in intimate form. A year ago he might have agreed. That changed as soon as he was seduced by the impossible to resist Britney Foxx and her loyal subjects. Including of all people a stunning Mennonite girl named "Grace".  
  
Over the last month he and his fellow teachers were treated to a raffle of sex. None could resist the possibilities. Today, meeting with the sexy redhead "Dawn" mentally shredded his sensibility.  
  
The tall thin man with a toned physique made his way to a small outdoor café in the neighboring town of "Walcott". Population 5,000!   
  
Far from any beach it rested along a medium sized resort lake where boating and jet ski's dominated the scenery. Luckily, the crowd was young and dumb. Not many people were in his age group. This made him even more excited. Let them wonder how a guy such as he could get a stunner like Dawn Lawrence.  
  
Wearing khaki shorts and a button down shirt, William left his car in a parking space and trudged along toward the café. There were round tables encircling the café and only three other couples were seated at present. Moving around the café to its blindside he found his girl.  
  
Dawn Lawrence sat waiting. Her flowing red hair flipping about in the morning breeze. Today she wore tight white shorts with the hem rolled up and sewn at the thigh. Her shirt was a long and flowing lavender/ grey plaid over white. Buttons down the front that were less than burdening. She had the top four buttons undone and with the breeze it was easy to spot her pleasantly freckled chest. No bra in sight.  
  
"Miss Lawrence?" He leaned over to let her know of his arrival.  
  
"Hey Willy." She brightened up from looking at her cellphone, "I was just telling Britney I was here waiting. I was worried for awhile. I drove my Mom's Prius but I thought she was going to take it. Whew!"   
  
He sits himself across from her eying her chest. His palms were sweaty.  
  
She feigns a blush, "Are you staring at my tits?"  
  
"I am." He grins sheepishly.  
  
"Yay!!! I knew unbuttoning my shirt would break the tension. I tan but being a redhead I burn easily. So, I'm about as good as I get."  
  
"I'm shocked you didn't burn at your car wash awhile back."  
  
She frowns, "I know. I was stressing for sure. Luckily, I spent more time at the kissing booth. Why didn't you show up?"  
  
"Too risky I suppose. In town parents know me. It might have looked awkward. At least here in Walcott this get together is less likely to be discovered. We should still keep our eyes peeled."  
  
"Not if yours are on my tits." She giggles showing her pearly whites.  
  
"Impossible not to enjoy."  
  
"So sweet. 34C at your service." She fans her shirt wide to let him see her nipples and full mounds.  
  
William inhales deeply at the sight then chooses to look around him. He needed to play it safe.  
  
"The lakes beautiful. It makes me wish I had bought a boat in my younger days."  
  
"We could go swimming." She raises an eye brow,  
  
"No trunks."  
  
"No bikini." She sticks her tongue out at him playfully.  
  
He nods smirking, "Are you suggesting skinny dipping?"  
  
"Sure!"  
  
He tenses up, "I don't have that much nerve. Yet."  
  
"I'll get you there. Trust me."  
  
"You are certainly welcome to try. So, what would you like to do?"  
  
"Well, seeing as your fantasy is kind of vague. I say you pamper me. Then, I can pamper you."  
  
"What do you propose?" He expresses with curiosity.  
  
She giggles, kicking off her sandal then scoots back in her seat to place her right leg up on the table. She then reaches for her purse beside her chair and produces a bottle of toe nail polish. Easing it toward him he chuckles.  
  
"Never saw that coming."  
  
She giggles, "I'm improvising. Turquoise is my favorite color."  
  
His hands quiver as he first decides to explore her foot. A tender massage felt required.  
  
"Nice touch." She stares with brilliant green eyes.  
  
"I actually did the Masseuse thing like twenty five years ago."  
  
"Body massage anyone? Why yes, I would love a massage." She beams talking to herself.  
  
"I can accommodate that. No oil around though."  
  
Again she reaches into her purse for a small bottle of baby oil.  
  
"I stocked up just in case I needed anything."  
  
He puckers his lower lip, "Smart thinking."  
  
As he continued his foot massage a waitress approached them. She was in her early twenties, gently overweight but quite appealing. Blond hair in a ponytail. Blue eyes under thick framed glasses.  
  
"Hello. My name is Kimber. Can I get you two anything?"  
  
As William considered, the waitress eyes between them trying to understand any true chemistry. She merely shrugged it off. Then, she discovered Dawn's unbuttoned shirt and it's revelations. This made her smile.  
  
"Coffee black. Keep it simple." Beatty opted, "How about you Sweetheart?"  
  
Dawn winced at his grip on her sensitive toes, "Bottled water please."  
  
The waitress hesitated a moment as Dawn released a light moan. She then decided it best to get their order. That chest was on her mind. Kimber preferred the girls.  
  
"She spotted your bosom."  
  
Dawn smirks, "Should I flash her my tits?"  
  
He ponders the outcomes of such a risk then nods, "Go for it."  
  
Moments later Kimber returns and rests their drinks on the table avoiding the leg in her way.   
  
"Let me know if you need anything else." She smiles at Dawn.  
  
Dawn brightens up, "I could use your opinion."  
  
Kimber merely awaits without expression as Dawn pulls her shirt apart showing off her tits. Kimber bulged her eyes and had to fan herself.  
  
"Very lovely." Kimber licks her lip without thinking.  
  
"I was hoping you were thinking that. Thank you Kimber."  
  
"My pleasure. Is there anything else?"  
  
With a beguiling smile Dawn adds, "Plenty more. Maybe later?"  
  
Kimber switched her gaze toward Beatty with uncertainty.  
  
Beatty winks at her, "I'll be sure to leave you a healthy tip."  
  
Slightly confused Kimber had her hopes up as she left the table. Then it dawned on her that they were asking her to help keep them guarded against other prying eyes. The thought made her examine her other customers. One couple was just leaving. The other two tables were ignorant of anything but themselves. Still, she would keep her eyes peeled. Just for kicks. To see where things might go from there.  
  
Back at Dawn and William's table the foot massage progressed. Dawn felt playful and lifted her other leg toward William's lap and planted her toes over his obvious erection.  
  
"Well now!" Beatty looks down at her wandering toes.  
  
"You do your massage, I'll do mine."  
  
He nods smiling and enjoys her toes rubbing along his concealed beast. It was growing with each tormented caress. Dawn giggled at his dick literally twitching under her toes compression.  
  
"It's alive!" She fears dramatically before chuckling.  
  
"Perhaps you had better run." He jests with an evil laugh.  
  
Her eyes flare up then she nibbles her lower lip.  
  
"I have better ideas.'  
  
She removes her foot then lowers the leg Beatty was massaging and stands up. Easing over to face him she straddles his lap and plants her arms around his neck. She then leans in and kisses him on the lips. After three minutes she tugs his bottom lip on her way out.  
  
"That makes up for missing me at the kissing booth."  
  
Her hands then move down to unbutton her shirt entirely and slithers the garment over her shoulders to dangle on her biceps. Her chest was in full view. He sighed heavily at her flesh.   
  
"My don't you move fast." He frets trying to appear confident.  
  
"No slowing down now." She grins as her hands lower to the zipper on his shorts. Undoing it she slips her fingers in and discovers his cock unrestrained by nonexistent underwear. In seconds she frees his penis from its prison. Lithe fingers surround his beast and begin to stroke it.  
  
"That feels wonderful." He closes his eyes to enjoy it.  
  
"I'm glad. Are you happy you chose me in the raffle?"  
  
He nods, "Absolutely. You are stunning. I've always thought that about you."  
  
"So sweet. You can kiss my chest. Wherever you want to actually."  
  
He zeroes in on her throat lightly kissing it. She in turn leans closer for his pleasure. Giggles evident of her ticklishness. Followed by warm exhales.  
  
From the café counter Kimber watches them in action and finds herself mesmerized by those creamy shoulders. That flowing red mane lightly billowing in the breeze.  
  
"Damn! That's hot." Whispered a male voice behind her.  
  
Kimber's eyes bulged at her co-worker, "Drew". A tall thin young man roughly twenty six.  
  
"Should we stop them?" Kimber plays dumb.  
  
Drew shrugs with a tormented grin, "Why? Let the old guy have his fun. Business is slow right now. Besides, I can tell you like that girl."  
  
Kimber smirks, "She is hot, isn't she."  
  
"You should go ask if they need a refill." Drew nudges her.  
  
Hesitant she shivers, "That might make them stop."  
  
"What more are they going to do? Come on I doubt they go much further. Old guy will cave."  
  
"I hope not. I want to see more of her." Kimber giggles.  
  
He nods, "Me too. Okay, let's just watch."  
  
They do indeed.  
  
Beatty glances over his brow at the counter while kissing Dawn's earlobe.  
  
"Young Kimber and a lad at the counter are watching us."   
  
Dawn trembles at his ticklish breath on her ear, "Let them. I want them to. So should you."  
  
His expression freezes for a moment, "I suppose it is quite exciting."  
  
She looks him in the eye then winks, "Are you ready for this?"  
  
He observes her crawl from his lap and remove her white shorts. They hit the concrete at their feet. She then purposely bends over toward Kimber and Drew and lets them see her perfect bare ass previewing from her billowing shirt. The clam looked very tasty to both viewers. Dawn then straddles Beatty guiding his cock up inside her pink pussy. She immediately moaned at his girth.  
  
"God, that feels good." She hisses.  
  
He concurred wincing, "Tight but delightful."  
  
She began grinding on him causing him to lose focus on the surroundings. Dawn's shirt billowed around their hips hiding them from viewers one instant then showing off the next.  
  
Up at the counter Kimber and Drew stood in awe.  
  
Drew leans on the counter whistling, "Old guys got game. Didn't expect him to go that far."  
  
"I know right." Kimber whines biting at her fingernail out of tense excitement.  
  
He sighs and leans into Kimber, "Now I dare you to go see if they need a refill."  
  
She turns pale while thinking about doing it. A quick stare at Drew she darts from behind the counter and heads toward the grinding couple. Reaching them she almost freezes in her tracks.  
  
"Would either of you like anything else?" Kimber sweats it out.  
  
Dawn moans as she rides William yet looks back with a wink, "I'm getting my refill right now. Come see."  
  
Dawn reaches her left hand out to tug at Kimber's wrist. Drawing her to their side allowed her to look down and see William's cock slipping in and out of Dawn's brilliant pink vagina.  
  
William sat back and smirked, " I believe my girl here likes you. Kimber wasn't it?"  
  
Kimber flares her eyes, "Yes. Wow! You two are so brave. I love it."  
  
Dawn looks around her and removes her shirt, handing it to Kimber, "Help me out?"  
  
Totally naked Dawn storms William, wrapping her arms around his neck and kissing him feverishly as she thrust herself up and down on him. Kimber was blown away.  
  
After tense minutes Dawn pulls away then greedily reaches for Kimber, pulling her close. Without much resistance Kimber locked lips with Dawn as William observed. Tongues swirling and Kimber moaning, the young blond took the chance of squeezing Dawn's left breast. Dawn returned the favor and slid her hand between Kimber's thighs rubbing at her jeans crotch.  
  
William enjoyed the show, even though Dawn's grinding ceased to play with Kimber. Over at the café William spotted Drew with his jaw wide. A simple thumbs up from Drew gave William the confidence he needed.   
  
Dawn unfastened Kimber's jeans enough to slide her hand down the girls thong and tempt her wet pussy. That was enough for Kimber. The girl lost her mind and pulled at her own pants to reveal her bare ass.   
  
Drew up at the café spotted his co-worker's flesh and he nearly freaked out. He ran from side to side of the hut and made sure the remaining tables were oblivious. Fear was creeping in that someone might see them and report it. It became difficult for poor Drew to enjoy this porn in the making.  
  
Dawn draws Kimber closer to their hips for a better angle at fingering the blond. This gave Beatty the idea of caressing Kimber's ass. The blond overlooked Beatty in favor of her lust toward this gorgeous Redhead.  
  
Dawn offered a flirtatious eye contact toward Kimber. She wanted the blond to feel that she was into her. The waitress was moaning at Dawn's insertion between her legs. After long moments the blond cums with a loud sample of gleefully divine whimpers. Done, Dawn removed her two fingers and tasted the blonds juiciness from her middle finger, swirling her tongue playfully before Kimber's trembling gaze. Then, Dawn reached over and placed her index finger within Beatty's lips.  
  
"Doesn't she taste delicious?" Dawn shivers with excitement.  
  
Kimber hesitantly averts her eyes to absorb Beatty's reaction. Seeing the man close his eyes and rejoice in the flavor. The blond though favoring women kept an open mind.  
  
"I can't believe this just happened." Kimber softly reveals her awe.  
  
Dawn winks at her, "Don't pull those jeans up yet."  
  
Kimber hesitates looking around her. She knew her co-worker Drew would never betray her. Yet, her boss could hear from somebody else and she would lose her job. Regardless as Dawn peels off of Beatty his cock sprang up mighty and invincible. Kimber couldn't help but admire its strength.  
  
Before she could express any more discomfort Dawn stood tall and stepped directly into the blond. Chest to chest Dawn placed her palms to each side of Kimber's face and offered her a blinding kiss. Eyes sealed at their sweltering succulence. Both lost to the world around them. Each whimpering nasally at the brewing lust.   
  
Beatty merely watched and jerked at his monster. Relaxed amid the breeze and the barely active surroundings. This was turning into something more than he bargained for. The only distraction being a pair of jet ski's roaring nearby on the water. The tables around them vacating in favor of the beach area. This could not have been a better day.  
  
Dawn's hands swarmed over Kimber's backside. Easing up under the girls uniform shirt to reveal milky flesh all the way up to a thin pink lacey bra. Lithe fingers unhooking it for a less encumbered frolic of fingers.  
  
Kimber exploring Dawn as well shared in her scheme. Fanning fingers glide up Dawn's spine and then down to lightly caress her perfect heart shaped ass.   
  
Breaking away from their kiss ever so briefly Dawn whispers, "I've never kissed a girl before. I love this."  
  
In response Kimber offers a look of enlightenment, "I think I'm in love."  
  
Both girls giggle and return to their kissing. Amid their sweet connection Dawn makes a bold move and lifts Kimber's shirt up. Breaking their kiss just long enough to pull the garment over Kimber's head and toss it on the table. Kimber lost her bra shortly afterward.  
  
At the Café Hut "Drew Bradford" lost his mind. "Kimber Weiss" looked sexier naked than he ever imagined. Gawking about he found his own hand busy below sight.   
  
Kimber steps from her pants after kicking her tennis shoes aside. Now nude the girls stormed each others body even more turbulently. Chests squeezed as they return to their kiss. Kimber's perky mounds more than a hand full at her build. 38C to be precise.  
  
Lips slip away as Dawn turns her attentions to kissing Kimber's nipples. The blond tilting her neck back at heavy sighs of pleasure. Lips journey further south across the girls stomach. Gently over weight meant nothing to Dawn Lawrence. Kimber was certainly glad. Even being insecure of her body she suddenly didn't care.  
  
As Beatty observed Dawn flick her tongue up into Kimber's labia his gentle tugs over his cock increased. Then he notes Dawn peering at him through the corner of his eye. She was trying to keep him motivated. A poised finger to inform him to wait decreased his momentum.  
  
Kimber moaned loudly and once again pelts a warm wave over Dawn's lips. Dawn then kissed the girls clit and returned to kissing her way back up to her lips. Kimber tasted herself and shivered. She wanted to share in Dawn's gift with her own tongue. At Dawn's chest Kimber feels the Redhead's fingers reach for Kimber's hands. Stopping her descent for a moment Dawn stepped backward pulling her along for the ride.  
  
Easing back into Beatty, Dawn sits over his cock and utilizes one hand to install his girth back up inside her pussy. Laying back into Beatty's embrace she smiles up at Kimber.  
  
Kimber was uncertain of what was going on and merely watched the Redhead gyrate gently on the Teacher's cock. After a warm kiss shared with Beatty Dawn turns her focus on to Kimber. Fanning her open fingers down to her clitoral vicinity Dawn's grip on Kimber leads the girl to kneel between their legs. Kimber then understood.  
  
Dawn was asking her to lick her clit while Beatty was inside her. The thought made Kimber take a deep breath to decide her fate. Choosing to adore this Redhead Kimber Weiss lowers her lips awkwardly into Dawn's pussy. Careful licks to her clit made Dawn frolic both of her hands upward over her head to caress Beatty's scalp. She then felt Beatty surround her with his arms to squeeze her breasts.   
  
Dawn Lawrence was lighting up the sky with her deafening exhales.  
  
Hearing her effect over Dawn, Kimber applied herself harder. Her teeth entered the equation to nibble at the sexy little clit. Beatty's cock and balls lightly pelting the blonds chin and lower lip. Strange for certain. Yet shockingly Kimber was enjoying it.  
  
Dawn was reeling inside. Her mind losing focus at both of their attentions. Her fingers digging deeper amid Beatty's hair. She could feel his heavy breathing flow over her neckline.  
  
Below Kimber in her quest to stimulate Dawn further found Beatty in the way. He was beginning to thrust up into her more. This paused Kimber's desire to participate. Not ready to give up Kimber makes a difficult decision. Although not into men she would grant this Man her tongue as well. Tilting her chin she lapped her tongue along his balls. Proceeding to flow her swath up his cock with each insert and retreat. Beatty realized the added input and shook his head at the new sensations. Leering down at Kimber he spots the girl staring up at them. Her eyes bulbous and full of lustful intent.  
  
Devoting her tongue between the Teacher and his Student, Kimber stayed her course.  
  
Tongue glazing up his foreskin then over Dawn's clit. Time and time again.  
  
For five minutes their moans led to cries of joy and grunts of nearing release.  
  
Finally, Beatty had no choice he lifts Dawn up to let his cock pop from within her and literally slap Kimber across the face. His dick already frothing with milky cum. Kimber got a facial.  
  
Exhausted Beatty felt Dawn peel away from him and throw her legs over the crouching Kimber. Once on her feet Dawn kneels beside Kimber and pulls her back into a kiss. Beatty's cum smearing over their features. This led Dawn to lick Kimber's face. Kimber shared Beatty's leftovers with feverish lip locks in between necessary feeding.  
  
As emotion are contained Dawn hugs Kimber and presses her forehead against the blonds own.

"So incredible. Thank you." Kimber exhales with a faint verbal release.  
  
Dawn faintly nods, eye to eye without wavering to blinks, "We should get together again sometime. Just you and I."  
  
"I'd love that." Kimber gets teary eyed.  
  
Smiles never leaving Dawn forces herself to stand. She needed to attend to Beatty.  
  
"You owe us both." She sticks her tongue out at Beatty.  
  
Wiping his brow on his shirt he puckers, "I suppose I do."  
  
Dawn looks down at Kimber's socked feet.  
  
"Want your toenails painted?"  
  
Kimber giggles, "Sure."  
  
William "Bill" Beatty became artistic.  
  
Drew? He painted his own nails.  
  
White.