**Britney**

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**Britney Ch. 41: Tara Wrist**

"1816 Sycamore Circle. This must be the place."  
  
Tara Zellers had reached her destination after following hand written directions. Alone in her Mother's Subaru Outback she pulled up to the curb of the Cul-de-sac. There were two houses next to the address. One on each side of it. The home she eyed belonged to English Lit Teacher "Trevor Stein". The front inside door was wide open with only the exterior door keeping anyone out. The bi-level home had a two car garage which contained a mini van and a medium sized car. Both were in sight with the garage door wide open.  
  
"You can do this Tara. His plans aren't that over the top." She fans her hands upon the steering wheel.  
  
Wearing her white bikini as requested, the very same one worn at the Charity car wash. It covered what was necessary but not much more. With a quick glance in her rearview mirror to make certain her make-up was adequate she primped at her long blond curls. Today her hair flowed beautifully over her shoulders instead or her normal pinned back state. She was gorgeous. Her blue eyes helped to delight any onlooker.  
  
Dropping her gaze to her legs she reached down to adjust the thigh high rainbow socks that she had purchased for just this occasion. Trevor wanted her to wear long socks and she intended to give him a day to remember.   
  
Before leaving her vehicle Tara took a moment to text her friend Britney to let her know that she had arrived. There was no answer forthcoming which disappointed her but at that same time her fearless leader was in Church. Riding her High School Principal. The girl had no shame.  
  
"Fine! Don't answer me."  
  
Another text led to her friend Cryssa. This time she got a reply.  
  
"Choosing my dress for my Poppy Bear. He should be here any minute. Good luck with Stein." Cryssa wrote.  
  
Tara typed back, "You too. Don't get busted in the bar."  
  
Furthering her assurance that everyone was committed to the Lottery challenge Tara made two more texts to her fellow Cheerleaders, "Sophia" and "Dawn."  
  
Dawn immediately returned a reply with, "Just finished up. I made a new friend."   
  
This was followed by a selfie of Dawn and her acquaintance "Kimber". Tara chuckled. Both girls were topless.  
  
"You go girl." Tara giggled.  
  
Before texting further Sophia wrote back, "Nervous. I'm meeting Coach Dawson at his lake house. Middle of nowhere. I still have a few hours before I head out. You doing okay?"  
  
"I'm nervous too. Sitting outside Stein's house now. I'll text you after I'm done."  
  
Sophia wonders, "Rainbow socks hot looking?"  
  
"Yeah. For Shits and Skittles." She laughs then finishes her text, "I guess he must want to role play. I'm the rainbow and he the Leprechaun. Have fun with Dawson if you leave before I do. Bye."  
  
One final reply, "Bring me back a four leaf clover, Lucky. Cya!"  
  
Placing her cell in the glove box to avoid the direct sunlight Tara takes a deep breath and exits her car. Kicking her shoes off she tosses them on to the backseat floor board. She chose to walk in without them for a dancer's effect. Shutting the door she skips like a child all the way up Stein's sidewalk. At the door she rings the doorbell. Shortly after she hears Trevor Stein call out, "Come on In. Doors unlocked."  
  
Nibbling her lower lip she opens the screen door and enters. She immediately felt a breeze drift over her from all of his opened windows. The backside of his property was wide open spaces offering no wind break. Enjoying its caress over her flesh she feels her nipples perk up and give her a rash of goosebumps. Blue eyes brighten as she takes the initiative to search for Stein. Hearing a radio playing up the single flight of stairs and to the left she marched upstairs. At the top she peers around a corner to find Stein sitting on his sofa with his feet perched atop a large coffee table. He was reading a hardback book.   
  
"Reading Romeo and Juliet, Trevor?"  
  
He bookmarks his page and closes the cover, "No. Actually I was refreshing myself with "Don Quixote"   
  
"Oh, about that crazy guy who battles windmills?" She sways her arms side to side shyly.  
  
"Close enough. You look exquisite." He eyes her curves.  
  
With eyes lowered she blushes, "I found the rainbow socks."  
  
"I see that. Well done. I've fancied seeing you in such attire. When you run track at school I imagine you dressed like this."  
  
She looks up swiftly, "That would be awkward. No wonder the Javelins go flying at me."  
  
"By javelins I suspect you mean erections?"  
  
"Sure! Why not." She giggles wrinkling her nose slightly.  
  
He motions her to sit down on the coffee table in front of him. Moving his own legs to give her plenty of room. She complied with a skip toward him that let to her plopping down playfully. Her rainbow knees fanning back and forth from closed to opened wide. Her eyes dancing for his approval.  
  
Hissing in thought Stein merely watches her, "Britney Spears with a lollipop. You are erotic as hell."  
  
"No Lollipop yet. I'm hopeful though." She bats her lashes vividly.  
  
"You girls sure know how to party."  
  
"We're having fun."  
  
"Do you really want to be here?" He fidgets.  
  
"I have no choice. You won me in the lottery. But, yes I do. I won't deny I'm nervous. I'll get over it. You should too. I will obey anything you want from me."  
  
"Anything?"  
  
She reaches forward and plants her palms on his knees, "Anything."  
  
He puckers with a bit of egotism. He knew she wouldn't back down from her challenge. Having known her in the past to be a force to reckon with on the track and field. Her athletic prowess led to a tight muscular body. Add to this her feminine pride over appearance led to perfecting her hair and make-up. Her chest poised and perky an added bonus.  
  
"Shall we get started then Delilah?" He winks.  
  
Wincing at the name he calls her she shrugs lightly, "Delilah?"  
  
"Yes. Samson's Delilah. The seductress whom betrayed Samson and had his head shaved by the Philistines. He lost his mighty strength afterwards." "How do I fit her? I haven't betrayed you and I never will. What we do today is our secret. Not shaving you either. Unless of course you order me too."  
  
"What I meant was that I will lose my strength to your feminine wiles. I've admired you awhile now. Quite seductive I must say."  
  
"I never considered myself seductive but thanks."  
  
"At any rate. Let us begin." He sighs.  
  
"What do you want me to do?"  
  
"Remove your top and crawl into my lap."  
  
She eyes him with brilliant blue eyes and a sheepish grin. Reaching behind her she unties her top removing it. For his viewing pleasure danced her perky young breasts. Areolas bright pink with aroused nipples. She jiggled them for his amusement. Casting her top on to the sofa she slips forward into his lap. Her legs to both sides of his own. Resting her thighs over his bulging crotch she throws her arms about his neck. Without blinking she looks deeply into his eyes awaiting his approval.  
  
"Good Lord. You are intoxicating."  
  
"Can I kiss you Mister Stein?"  
  
"Trevor."  
  
"Can I kiss you Trevor?"  
  
He answered with advancing lips to meet with hers. The kiss was warm wet and tender. This led to a lengthy devotion of tongue. His hands caressing her back from neckline to butt. She trembled at the ticklishness of his delicate fingertips. It made her feel desired. She certainly was.  
  
For the next five minutes their mouths devoured each other with passion. What came next startled them both. The doorbell rang from the landing below. Pausing to stare at each other Tara displayed a glint of worry. Trevor however smirked.  
  
"Would you be so kind as to answer the door?" Trevor fidgeted.  
  
Reaching for her top he cleared his throat stopping her retrieval.  
  
"Dressed as you are."  
  
Her eyes erupt with dread.  
  
"Expecting company?" She whispered.  
  
"I am. Hurry back." He pats her ass to force her to abandon his lap. The journey was cautious as the front door had been left open. Trevor's guest could see all the way up the staircase. As she bounced down the steps she spotted a man Trevor's age eying her approach with lust.  
  
Opening the interior door she offers, "Hello."  
  
"What have we here?" The Man sizes her up.  
  
From upstairs they both hear Trevor call out.  
  
"Bring my Brother upstairs. Show him that he is welcome here."  
  
Tara bites her lower lip then reaches out to curl fingers into his belt buckle. Easing over it into the front of his slacks she turns and leads him closely up the stairs. All the way back to Trevor in his seat.  
  
"Tara? This cad is my Brother "Tennyson". Named after the Poet."  
  
She beguiles Tennyson with a craned grin and offers him a seat next to Trevor. She had a hunch that this was planned. Not that it mattered. She was enjoying herself. Her nerves were becoming steel.  
  
"This young lady is stunning Trevor. You certainly weren't lying."  
  
She resumes her seat in Trevor's lap and returns her arms around his neck. This led to another round of kissing. In their intended passion Trevor reached out and grabbed Tennyson's hand and guided it to her leg. Once his palm touched her the Brother took over and rubbed her leg and hip. Tara let it happen without so much as a reluctant shiver of denial.  
  
"Soft." Tennyson compliments her even though she was busy. He chose to move his hand to her butt cheek rubbing it in a circular motion. Fingertips coyly slithering beneath her bottoms.  
  
Ten minutes expire before the kiss is broken once more. Another ringing of the doorbell makes Tara squint suspiciously toward Trevor. He chuckles lightly.  
  
"Remove your bottoms then answer my door. Invite Him in."  
  
She stands up and twists to face her backside toward the seated Romeo's. Leaning forward she slowly lowers her bottoms over her cheeks to tantalize them. Her crack appearing more and more. Her clam shaped pussy popping into view. Bending lower the bottoms found her toes and escaped. She took one second longer to reach her right hand between her legs to trail amid her glossy labia. Pressing within to disappear for their amazement. It was then she stood up and walked away.  
  
Both men looked at each other with whistling exhales.  
  
Tara trotted back downstairs and was met with another Man. This man was slightly younger she thought. Opening the door she again welcomes the guest, "Hi."  
  
"My! Aren't you a work of Art."  
  
"Thank you." She twists in step to let him view her entirety. Again she curls her fingers beneath his stomach to drag his slacks along like she had Tennyson's. Up the stairs they went. Leading him into the den of Lions. Trevor brightened up.  
  
"Timothy. Glad you could make it. Tara? My youngest Brother Timothy."  
  
Tara says nothing merely guiding him to Trevor's opposite side. Seated the brothers sat hip to hip. Once again Tara crawls into Trevor's lap. Her chest poised for inspection she leaves her hands at her sides this time around. With a pouty look toward Trevor she awaits his palms to rise before her and gently squeeze her tits. She whimpers at his touch.   
  
Tennyson resumes his rubdown of her hip, looking around her at Tim to encourage his brother. Snickering the man shook his head and went in for the kill. Hands were all over her now. She was loving every second of it.  
  
Eying Tara with a glare of control Trevor ponders aloud, "Do you think we would be more comfortable with our pants off?"  
  
She agrees with a playful nod that was childlike and needy.  
  
This response nudged the Brothers to stand and abandon their shoes then their pants and underwear. Only their shirts remained. Tara took turns admiring their wagging erections. Moving from side to side she nibbles at her lower lip with anticipation. Once Tim and Tennyson were seated and stroking themselves for a stiffer appearance, Tara reaches down between her legs and unhooks Trevor's belt. This continued with unzipping his fly before standing up. Kneeling before him she peels his slacks down over upraised hips. Over his socks they went. Followed by encouraged boxers. Before her eyes were the 3 Wise Men. Ready for action.  
  
She gets comfy on her knees between Trevor's legs and begins rubbing her palms along his upper thighs. Fondling his scrotum with a tender expression she marvels at his bountiful fullness. An averted glance toward the others found similar bulges of contained reservoirs.   
  
Planning out her strategy she opts to prepare them through sensual tenderness. Her left cheek glides up Trevor's thigh and she admires his cock with an unblinking gaze. Her nose tickling at his foreskin. He removes his hand and allows her the freedom to do as she pleased. His vacancy led to soft caresses of her face along it's length and girth. Her blond curls hiding him at times as her exhales pelted his shaft. Then came her light kisses from crown down to his balls. Nibbles replaced the pecks. Tugs to his balls forced Trevor to lay back in his seat and cross his arms behind his head. This would be her show for now.  
  
A long swath of her tongue carefully glides over his ball sack directly up his seven inch serpent and reaches the crown with a wagging flick of her tongue. He had to shiver with excitement.  
  
To both sides of her Tennyson and Tim continued massaging their own seven irons. All of them had similar size and length. Brothers indeed. She took moments to watch them while attending to Trevor. Her tongue never leaving him even when her gaze met the Brothers. They observed her eyes intently. Taunting. Teasing. Tempting them.  
  
Finally, her hands fanned away from Trevor and slither up the legs of his Brothers. Her touch making both men release their grips and watch her sensual approach. The closer her fingers came to their cocks she withdrew to torment them. Her main focus on licking Trevor and keeping him happy.  
  
Her hands were alive upon their flesh. Creeping through body hair and over boney legs. None of them were fit. Rather thin actually. Regardless of appearance she accepted them for who they were. Her friend Britney would be proud.  
  
Planting her chin on Trevor's balls with his cock pointed high across her face she hesitated making him look directly at her. With his gaze locked she allowed her hands to stalk forward until her fingers surround both of his Brother's pulsing peckers. Grip established she began jerking them both off. In her endeavor the Men joined Trevor settling back with their arms behind their heads as his were. The show had begun.  
  
Tara licked skyward once again while rising higher on her knees to accommodate the distance. Her mouth opens wide and devours Trevor's cock. Feverishly she sucks the length deep into her throat. Back up for air. Her eyes greedy and dedicated to his gaze upon her. She refused to blink. He was a happy man.  
  
With each inhalation she swallowed him and began her journey back and forth. Up and down. All the while her hands maintained a steady rhythm in jacking off his Brothers. Her moans escalate. Their groans embracing her friction. With dryness came Tara leaving Trevor only long enough to spit on each of their dicks for lubrication. Time and time again this was needed to fulfill her mission. In between she would return more forcefully to Trevor's desires.  
  
Tiring she did her best to continue on until Tim reaches his peak and tenses up. Scalding hot cum froths over his crown and across her knuckles. She relentlessly continued her assault letting him grunt loudly and polish off his reserves over his lap.   
  
Tennyson followed soon after in a massive fireworks display. His cum shot high and landed all over his polo shirt. Her left hand coated and defiant of releasing him. With each detonation Tara rose higher in her poise to swallow Trevor deeper into her throat. It was fortunate that she had her tonsils removed as a child. Her hunger intense and noisy.  
  
Shamelessly Trevor held out longer to see if she would give up on his Brothers. Now that they had expired he presumed she would let them go and concentrate on him. To his surprise she continued massaging their beasts with straining wrists. She was tired but she was also on a mission. Never give up.  
  
Trevor had to puff his cheeks and release. With a deafening roar he floods her mouth with a pond of whiteness. She wheezes and whimpered at her unexpected arrival. With a loud gasp she releases his cock from her open jaw. Watching his twitching crown spew upward over her nose and brow. Droplet after droplet pelted her face. There appeared to be no end in sight. Her cheeks turned from side to side expectantly. Each time she accumulated more.  
  
Her hands had slowed slightly on Tim and Tennyson. As Trevor ended his rain her grip returned. Within minutes both men were straining to detonate a second time. As they grew closer Tim lifted himself from his seat and took over for her. Stroking his own cock he fires away over her face. The paint was pouring thick.  
  
Tennyson not to be left out followed his Brother's idea and propped himself up to add another coat. Tara was lily white. Her hair beaded with droplets. She had refrained from swallowing Trevor until the deeds were done. In favor of displaying her mouthful of milk. She craved the respect of these men. Offering each a look down her throat she frothed her lips then sucked the cum down. Licking her lips and using her freed up fingers to scoop up cum and succulently lick her fingers dry. In the moments the three Brother's had to regain their breathing she had cleaned herself off and had eaten every drop she had found. Going so fair as to lick her hair brought forth to locate beads.  
  
Trevor exhaled a sigh of release then reached forward to grab Tara by her biceps. Pulling her up into his lap he drags her into a hug. The embrace was warm and tender. Hands trailing her spine for another round of ticklish shivers. She sighs on his shoulder.  
  
"That was pretty incredible Delilah." Trevor huffs.  
  
"I'm glad I could help." She whispers back.  
  
Gaining energy Trevor cradles her upper body and attempts to stand. With an assist by his Brothers he eases forward and lays her on his coffee table. Standing over her he pries her legs wide and poses her rainbow socks at a distance from one another.  
  
"Now, for the treasure at the Rainbow's end."  
  
He straddles over her and guides his cock up for a tender penetration. In and out ever so slowly. Each time Tara's eyes flared wide at the sensation taunting her G-spot. Again and again. Her body quaking at his respect.  
  
"Do you want to cum for us Delilah?"  
  
"Yes Samson." She pouts with a pleading expression.  
  
He withdraws his cock from her pinkness and eyes the tunnel he had vacated. It retracted then gaped wide once more with each heaving breath she took. Her chest lively as she pinched her nipples for her own enjoyment. The group admired her muscle control.   
  
Snapping his fingers then reaching for her hand she agreed. Letting him place her fingers on her clitoral arena. He then dropped back into his seat to watch. Taking the hint Tara began massaging herself. Her opposite hand joining her enthusiasm. Two fingers dip inside her. Dainty as they were she added a third shortly thereafter. Her gaze locked on to Trevor as he and his Brothers watched intently.  
  
Moans revealed themselves. Followed by whimpers of sensitive delight. Her rainbow toes curling in the held high suspension. Tim decides to move closer and claims her left foot. His mouth opens and he eases her toes to his lips. Even covered by the sock he enjoyed sucking on them. Tennyson took note and commanded her other foot to his own mouth. Tara was quaking at the sight. It turned her on even more. She absorbs their expressions of yearning and feeds off of them. This increases her desires to cum and cum hard.   
  
Trevor reaches between his Brother's blockade and rolls his hands along her inner thighs. His thumbs sinking in around her own fingers. She felt their entry beneath her own fingers and began taking deep breaths. There were five fingers prying her pussy wide. Tensing at their advance she turned beet red. Trevor maintained his gaze with a look of stern expectation. How could she deny him? Easy answer.She couldn't. Wouldn't.

Thumbs removed Trevor touches her insertion and attempts to guide her pinky as an added bonus. She accepts it and begins trembling intensely as her other hands velocity over her clit torments her soul. Trevor nudges her legs higher with Tim and Tennyson in tow. By crunching her torso she now had room for the final touch.  
  
Trevor guides her thumb up to her pussy and assists in its entry. Five fingers were inside her. Her moans loud and deafening.  
  
"Deeper Delilah." He urges.  
  
Her fingers probe and wiggle to dig in. It takes Trevor to help the insertion succeed but she manages her knuckles to vanish within.  
  
"A little more." Trevor pats her thigh.  
  
In her brewing orgasm she huffs and strains. Determined she forges deeper until her wrist is met by the circumference of her swollen vagina. Suddenly she screams. Her juices squirting madly all around her hand. The flood drenched the coffee tables edge and trickled to the floor.  
  
"More Delilah." Trevor growls.  
  
Her face contorted with another wave of pushed out juices. Tightening her entire body she pulls her hand out in a raging river. She screams again followed by yelps of expression. This was the most intense orgasm she had ever had.  
  
Tim and Tennyson release her feet and sit back to watch her convulsions. Returning to nurture their erections. Certain they had more in them.  
  
Trevor looks from side to side at his Brothers knuckling their beasts of burden. With a frown he prompts Tim first to straddle Tara and penetrate her. He like his Brother Trevor tenderly fucked her for a round of twenty thrusts. He then chose to vacate and let Tennyson do the same. She lay there for both and sensually dug nails into their shirts. The men finished off on their own.  
  
In a final thought Trevor stood and escorted Tara back up to his lap, this time with her back to his chest. His dick rolling amid her labia could be witnessed by his Brothers. Trevor's hands squeezing her chest as he nuzzles her neck.  
  
Cooing Tara just relaxed and enjoyed the embrace.  
  
The Brothers decided to get dressed and say their goodbyes. They knew Trevor obviously wanted some alone time with this blond bombshell.  
  
As peace sets in Tara could almost fall asleep in his arms.  
  
They cuddled for the next hour.  
  
With his dick now inside her for warmth.  
  
It was cozy.

**Britney Ch. 42: Try Angle**

Sophia Pope wore a short black dress with a form fitting hemline. Beneath the dress she had fishnet stockings held up by slender suspenders. These were all new to her but recently she became fascinated by risqué outfits. Her Mother had watched the movie "Burlesque". Loving to dance she ordered these by mail from an online store. It was a start at least. She still needed more revealing clothing. Shopping was in her future.  
  
Lacey black panties over her netting were wet already from anticipation. Strapless her cleavage bulged over her black bra beneath begging for freedom. This was her very first solo encounter with any man outside of her Ex-boyfriend, "Gavin". Those rendezvouses were at parties. Other couples just outside a door. This was alone in the middle of butt fuck Egypt as her Father might say. In the darkness all she heard were frogs and locusts. That part made her edgy. In a fearful, intimidating, sensual kind of way.  
  
Coach Jerry Dawson lived on a private pond in a thicket of Cypress trees. Eerily he asked her to leave her Parents car at the end of his gravel lane and walk back to his residence. She shivered every step of the way. Fantasizing of being jumped in the shadows and raped. She knew she was weird that way. Nearing his massive cabin she spotted lights on. That gave her something to reach for mentally. The shadows were creeping her out.  
  
Approaching the front door, exterior sensor lights popped on to embrace any guests. Blinding her she winces and prepares to reach for a doorbell. Before her fingers could press the button she realized there was a note taped to the inside door. Carefully reading it under the low wattage light she murmurs it's words. Luckily good hand writing.  
  
"Stop right there. Walk around the house to the back. Meet me inside my Hot Tub Hut. Champagne on ice."  
  
Raising her eye brows at the offer of alcohol Sophia smiled. She loved Wine. Her Mother allowed her to imbibe occasionally. Champagne only on New Years Eve. However, she adored both drinks. Looking from side to side she spotted a stone path around the home. Following it led between his unattached garage and the house itself. Dim lighting escorted her on her way.  
  
Reaching the back of the home she located the Hut about thirty yards from the main abode. It had glass windows that were somewhat fogged over due to the bubbling cascade of the Jacuzzi tub. Still she could see Jerry Dawson kicked back enjoying the water and the tub's relaxing jets.   
  
From outside she could hear music playing. Classic music in the lines of Mozart or Bach. She didn't know whom for certain but it wasn't her expected kind. Who would have thought Dawson would be into Classical music? Soothing at best.  
  
Finding the entrance Sophia takes a deep breath and opens the door to a rash of escaping steam. A gusher of warm air basking her flesh took her by storm. It was a hot night as it was. She was sure to sweat her dinner away. As the interior cooled slightly Jerry Dawson noticed and averted his gaze toward her.  
  
"There she is. Right on time even." Dawson smirked using a remote control to lower the music's volume.  
  
"Hi, Jerry. I aim to please. Might have been here early if not for having to park my Mom's car a mile away." The door hushes shut behind her. The steam already making her short brown hair lose its posture.  
  
"Not much parking out here. Too many shrubs and trees. Besides I don't need any uninvited guests locking you in from leaving if it meant escaping in a hurry. Student Teacher involvement issue. You understand. Only thing in our favor is you're 18. Barely at that."  
  
"I'm not worried. We're adults regardless. I don't see how either of us could get into trouble legally. Consensual as we are."  
  
"Eyes of the School. Eyes of the Public. I prefer not having my name on any Newspaper Headline. Lose the dress and hop in."  
  
"I was hoping I could dance for you. I've been practicing routines all week. Thus the fishnet stockings."  
  
"Just noticed those. You need a top hat and a cane." He chuckles.  
  
"My thoughts exactly. A white button down half shirt and a thong too. I need to get a job to buy those things." She giggles.  
  
"If things go smooth I might invest in some of that. Friendly gift." He throws his offer out there to see how she might react.  
  
With a fidgeted scowl she shrugs, "Maybe. I don't want to come across as a Hooker. I'm just enjoying my life."  
  
He understood. Regardless Jerry Dawson was a cad. He intended to keep his options open.  
  
"Dance for me?" He suggests with a raise of his stereo remote.  
  
"I love to dance. Got anything harder than that classical stuff?"  
  
"Of course I do."  
  
"Does your stereo have a USB port? I can plug in my IPod."  
  
"Sure enough. Feel free to plug it in and find what you want to dance too."  
  
She shuffles around the narrow walkway surrounding the hot tub. Reaching the primitive looking stereo she plugs her IPod in and rifles through her selections. Arranging a set of five tunes just in case it went that long she began her first song. To her the only true dance music was Metal. Not that she wasn't fond of other genres of music this was just for the sake of the dance.   
  
"As young as you are and you like "GnR"?" He looked surprised.  
  
"My Dad exposed me to them. You approve?"  
  
He nods and allows her to get motivated. Hands over her head she grinds to the whiplash riffs of "Slash" and the boys. She tossed her hips about like a stripper. Spinning even on a slick wooden floor. It was a shock that she didn't slip and lose her footing. That could be bad.   
  
Watching Jerry's eyes follow her every move she began touching herself. Hands gripping her breasts as she expressed her desire to turn him on. It was working. So much so that he moved from his seat in the water to across the pond. There he crossed his arms on the ledge and looked up at her. Kicking her shoes off she danced directly over his position. He could see up her skirt, following her long net meshed legs until he found equally black panties. As his eyes admired her thighs she chose to reach down and begin guiding her dress up for a better view. Holding the skirt with her left hand she reached behind her and unzipped the back of her dress. Loosened the dress was much easier to remove. Up over her head she swung the dress around just for kicks. She giggled at herself for the action. Noting a bench behind her she tossed the black dress on to it.   
  
Prancing and swirling about in her bra and panties she chose to bend over and wiggle her ass at him. He reached up and touched her butt cheeks to her offered approach. Even through the net of her leggings her bottom was tight and heart shaped. He could even spot her pussy contracting her panties up inside it. So beautiful.  
  
Squatting for a closer inspection he slips his fingers upward to lightly graze the contours of her pussy. The panties were soaked. Up above Sophia closed her eyes and bit her lower lip at the sensations. It was then that her hands reached back to unclasp her bra and glare over her shoulder at him flirtatiously. As the bra revealed her back Jerry Dawson admired her milky flesh. Ever so lightly tanned. It was easy to see that she didn't tan that often.   
  
Making peripheral eye contact Sophia winked at him before standing up to face Jerry with a look of lust. Cupping her bra she opted to tease him by lowering it ever so slowly. Once the garment reached her areolas she quickly exposed one nipple then the other. With each she covered it back up just as fast. He smirked at her playful taunting.  
  
Turning away from him she discarded the bra over her dress on the bench. From there she danced with her back to him. Although he could see her reflection in the glass window in front of her. She knew he could see her. It merely inspired her. Clutching her breasts with cupped palms she turns to face him. Flicking her tongue at the Coach to see his reaction. He retaliated with his own lizard like tongue while turning his gaze toward her snatch.  
  
She read his mind. Liking his thoughts she spun back around and reached to her hips. Her underwear were worn on the outside of the net stockings. Wiggling them to her ankles she steps out of them and uses her toes to kick them toward the bench. This left her only in her fishnet hosiery. All was revealed. Sophia felt incredibly sexy.  
  
The song switched over to "Bon Jovi" and their hit "You Give Love a Bad Name". Her dancing intensified and entranced Jerry. Spinning about to offer glimpses of her pussy beneath their prison. The netting digging up inside her and tightening over her clit. The tender pinch of snugness attacked her senses. Looking down at Jerry she realizes that he was using his index finger to call her to him. Reacting she steps closer as he then pats the ledge for her to sit down. Nibbling a nail she flares her eyes. The temptation was received on both ends. She was beyond horny by now.  
  
Crouching carefully she sits down in the dampness of his dripped water trail. Her toes are guided into the bubbling water and he moves in like a shark. Greedy for the taste of prey he curls his arms beneath her legs and digs his tongue up inside her captured labia. Fighting with the net he uses his teeth to pry the strands away for an inviting main course. Her pussy hot, wet, and quivering. Sophia's reaction led to her palms outstretched behind her to maintain an upright posture. It would be so easy to just lay back, but she wanted to observe his dining. Easily mesmerized by his feeding frenzy she began to succumb to her own moaning. Toward the end of the song Sophia collapsed backwards. In doing so her gaze averted to the ceiling. Something felt wrong. With a tortured glance she looks toward the door she had came in. A cool draft had forced her to sense trouble.  
  
Sophia dropped her jaw.  
  
"This song is befitting." Came a feminine voice.  
  
Jerry Dawson immediately reared away from Sophia's snatch. His eyes squinting up toward the voice above. There stood a woman of her mid 30's with strawberry blond hair, medium build, with steamed up glasses in her hand. She stood at 5'6, 155 pounds. 38C breasts beneath a button down plaid shirt over blue jeans.  
  
"Connie." Jerry huffs with a smirk, "I see you read the note I left you on the front door."  
  
"For me? Don't you mean for your plaything there?" Her foot was tapping on the wood.  
  
Sophia froze in her gaze as Jerry held her legs. She wasn't certain what to do. She failed to even cover up her chest. She merely lay there with chest heaving at her nerves.  
  
"Look's to me like you caught Jaws in your net Young Lady." Connie hissed.  
  
Jerry chuckled faintly, "That's kind of funny."  
  
"Is it? I swear Jerry. I turn my back on you for one second and you're playing around behind my back. With one of your students by the looks of her. Is she even of age?"  
  
Sophia whimpers at her predicament, "I should go."  
  
Jerry groans loudly and drags Sophia toward him until she lands in the water in front of him. She had no control over her limbs. Held in his arms around her she feels his left hand squeeze her breast. Sophia turned pale afraid to look up at "Connie Drysdale".  
  
"Relax." He whispers to Sophia, "Just play along." He then adds a message secretly.  
  
Connie turns her back prepared to leave. Before she reaches the door he hears Sophia call out.  
  
"Please don't go. I'm here for both of you."  
  
Connie turns with a queer expression, "Excuse me?"  
  
"Coach Dawson asked me to come here and entertain both of you. I'm your Anniversary present."  
  
The woman rolls her eyes, "Oh, I'm sure. You missed our Anniversary Jerry. It was last week. Notice I didn't remind you. I had a feeling you forgot and didn't care."  
  
"Of course I care. Look! You and I need to stop this arguing we do. I love you Connie. If you don't believe me why don't you go look for yourself. Check out the bedroom. I have candles ready to light and even have a bottle of Champagne on ice right here. We can take it inside when ready. I even sprinkled Rose petals all over the bed for when we go inside."  
  
Connie frowns, "For me or her?"  
  
"Remember awhile back we talked about having a threesome? Well here it is."  
  
Sophia swallowed dryly yet tried to maintain losing her agreeable expression. This was going beyond what Dawson had requested of her. He should have informed her of this change in plans.  
  
"Strip down and crawl on in here. Let me massage those shoulders." He invites his girlfriend.  
  
Hesitant Connie eyes Sophia with a glimmer of doubt.  
  
"Is this true?"  
  
Sophia softly nods, "This is my first threesome. Being with a woman as well. I'm nervous but I'm here for the experience."  
  
"How much is Jerry paying you?"  
  
"Nothing. He overheard me and my friends talking a few weeks ago. About wanting more experience sexually."  
  
Jerry jumps in cutting her off, "That was right after you and I talked about doing something special for our Anniversary. I approached her about this. I'm just as shocked as you are that she agreed."  
  
"I'm sorry if I overstepped any boundaries you two have. I was under the impression you would be happy that I agreed to this." Sophia adlibs.   
  
Connie crossed her arms without much for an expression. Her thoughts were all over the place. Her trust for Jerry had been waning for a number of months as it was. She had never actually caught him cheating before now. She was hurting yet curiosity lingered.  
  
Jerry whispers into Sophia's ear once more. His words forming a hesitant smile. A forced grin at best. The nervousness helped hide the truth. Sophia slips from Jerry's grasp and she wades through the water to climb up the interior step and out of the tub. Once standing up straight Sophia stops with a timid gaze toward Connie. It was then that Sophia unhooked her suspenders holding the stockings and removed the waist strap. Slipping her fingers beneath the stockings she removed them in a tedious roll down her legs. Fighting them off of her wet toes she casts them aside. Totally nude she looks over her brow at Connie.  
  
The woman admired Sophia with a trembling posture. Still uncertain of the situation. Regardless her thoughts were fueled by this young woman's beauty.   
  
Sophia shuffles closer to Connie and claims her glasses carefully setting them on a tiny table next to the bench. This was within an arms stretch to achieve. Standing tall Sophia then turned her attention toward Connie. With a shallow inhale Sophia slips directly into Connie's body. Reaching down to grab her hands and hold them up between each other. It was meant to calm Connie.  
  
Their eyes meet and stare deeply into one another. Sophia took charge and leaned forward to kiss her tenderly. Connie tasted like gum. She swallowed her chewing gum to share in a succulent tongue share. The kissing grew more intense.  
  
Jerry Dawson sat back with his arms outstretched on the tubs ledge and enjoyed the show. He was glad that Sophia played along. He might have to agree to her request to shower in the boys locker room just like her friend Britney Foxx had done. He would owe her for this night.  
  
Sophia released Connie's hands, rising fingers to begin unbuttoning the woman's blouse. Connie lowered her gaze to watch each button give way until her shirt fanned wide open. Without lifting her eyes she felt Sophia guide her shirt from her shoulders and arms. The second Sophia turned to set the shirt on the bench Connie unsnapped her bra and removed it. The thrill was taking over.  
  
Eyeing the others breasts the two women took turns massaging each other. Pinching nipples. Sighing at their adventure. Finally, Connie took the initiative and lowered her mouth to Sophia's left breast, suckling her nipple tenderly.  
  
Steamy moments pass as Sophia returns the favor. Swirling her tongue around Connie's darkened areola. Nibbling and tugging at her nipple. The girl was getting into this faster than even she expected.  
  
Breaking away with a locked gaze that followed her descent Sophia crouched to unbutton Connie's jeans. The woman above helped lower them to her knees before Sophia assisted in removing her shoes. The blue jeans were lost in seconds. Topped off by missing white socks.  
  
Nude before Sophia the girl remained kneeling taking a deep breath before nuzzling Connie's thicket of blond fur. Tongue sampling the first pussy she had ever tasted Sophia rather enjoyed it. Fingers spread Connie's labia to give her room to discover her clitoris. As her tongue teased it she lowered her thumb to pry up inside Connie's hole. The move nearly made Connie Drysdale lose balance. With a loud gasp Connie had to stop Sophia. Catching her breath she chose to move around the girl and step down into the tub. She needed to be with Jerry. Below he watched her enter the water and step in front of him. Eyes trembling Connie kneels and falls into his accepting arms. He kissed her long and hard. Distracted by his charms Connie failed to notice him motioning Sophia to join them.   
  
Our young heroine complies and slowly submerges her lower body into the hot turbulent water. Following Jerry's lead she moves in behind Connie and crouches over her shoulder. Lust took over. Sophia began kissing the woman's shoulder. Noting her arrival Connie parts lips with Jerry and stares into his eyes, palms raised to hold his cheeks.  
  
"Help me believe in you." She whispers expressing expectant results.  
  
He swallows at her need to be convinced. Offering her a nod he drags her into a devastating lip lock. Hands in her hair and ferocious in his passion. Sophia had to retreat and watch them. It was amazing to witness such adoration. It made her realize just how much she missed having a boyfriend of her own. She might have to reexamine her dating policy.  
  
For three more minutes Jerry devoted time to his girlfriend. Once they part their kiss he presses his forehead against hers. A lengthy unwavering stare shared their souls. With a soft nod of affirmation Jerry turns Connie around and pulls her backside into him. From below the water level she feels his monster eel locate her pussy and slither into the cave. She marveled at his entrance. His girth thicker than usual. It must be this girl staring at them with a pouty gaze. It was easy to tell the girl felt lost.  
  
As Jerry thrust gently inside Connie, Connie herself motioned Sophia to join them. Reacting with hesitance Sophia waded over to be pulled into Connie's embrace. Again the two women kissed. Arms surrounding Sophia with palms rubbing up and down the girls spine. Both women shivered at the touch.  
  
Sophia let her own hands move into place. Her left hand squeezing Connie's breast. Her right hand reaching beyond Connie to plant her fingers inside Jerry's lips. It was the hottest move Jerry had ever predicted.  
  
As the kissing grew apart Sophia smiled at Connie, pulling her fingers from Jerry's temptations. She then slid lower to go below water. To Connie's shock Sophia had moved in between their legs and carefully without drowning herself lapped her tongue along Connie's clit. The tongue tormented her for a moment then moved down to pelt Jerry's balls as he thrust. The reaction above was priceless.  
  
"Oh my God! This girl is incredible. Thank you Jerry."  
  
"Nothing but the best for you. Want to take this to the bedroom?"  
  
"Let's." She palmed the left side of his face lovingly.  
  
Coaxing Sophia up to catch her breath, Connie pulled her into a hug. Together the three stand up and peel away from each other. Jerry steps around them and takes Connie by the hand. Connie in turn takes Sophia by the hand. In a chain they vacate the tub and step out of the hut into the chill of the night.  
  
Their journey led into Jerry Dawson's home. It was dimly lit by nightlights strung about in outlets. Dripping a trail of water from their wet bodies he guided them to his bedroom. Once stepping into the room Connie stops Jerry.  
  
"Go bring the Champagne in. Grab a third glass. I'll get us towels and light candles."

He nods and scurries back outside on his mission. The second he's gone Connie turns to Sophia whispering.  
  
"I know you had no idea I would show up. It's alright to admit it. I'm over my jealousy. Thank you for going along with this. It means so much--"  
  
Sophia charges the woman and lands yet another kiss that took Connie off guard. Suddenly, nothing she could say would matter. This girl stormed her thoughts and she adored her for it. Forsaking the towels the duo stumble backwards into the bed. Each crawling further into the mattress of rose petals for a firmer relaxation. Sophia immediately took control and began kissing her way over Connie's breasts with scalding exhales that forced nipples to rise higher. Connie loved this girl.  
  
Making her way South Sophia slid her tongue in a lengthy trail down over her abs and amid her brownish blond pubes. Traipsing the forest it took no hardship in locating Connie's clit once again. Moans erupt frequently. This young beauty was devoted.  
  
Jerry returned to bare witness in the dim lighting. They had started without him. He sat the ice bucket aside and popped the cork on the Champagne bottle. Pouring three glasses he stood back fondling his beast and sipping the Champagne. He wanted to see what would escalate.  
  
Sophia probed fingers inside Connie with tender insertions. Her own moans forming just at the pleasure she was offering. Connie's hands located Sophia's short brown locks and toyed amongst them. It took no time at all for Connie to cum.  
  
Hearing the mini orgasm Jerry sat his drink aside and moved over to the bed. He leans in between Sophia's thighs and plunges his own fingers within her tight little pussy. His thumb pressing gently into her ass hole. Sophia lifts her hips at his attentiveness.  
  
Continuing to feed Connie's trembling body Sophia tried to maintain her momentum. It became a challenge as her own hormones were attacked by Jerry's rhythm.  
  
Before Sophia could cum Jerry pulled away leaving her whining at his loss. He grabbed her by the waist and gruffly repositioned her. Tossing her thighs over Connie's face. Embracing their 69 joyously, Connie challenged herself to make this girl cum at her own feeding frenzy.  
  
With Sophia on top Jerry crawled on to his knees between Connie's parted legs. Kneeling with his dick touching Sophia's forehead he lifts the girl's head up by her hair. He nestles his cock into Connie gently. Thrusting three times inside his girlfriend. Following that he pulled out and rammed his cock into Sophia's mouth for three more insertions. This continued multiple times.   
  
Sophia began to yearn for his cock's return. Her jaw begging for fulfillment. Another round later he crawls away. Connie missed his thrusts as well. He would journey around the sides of the women and turn his cock on Sophia's pussy. Letting his balls rest over Connie's mouth. The thrusting reversed awkwardly but Sophia compensated by gyrating her thighs with each penetration.  
  
He felt Connie sucking at his balls. Tugging at their fullness. It was an amazing approach. One that made Jerry Dawson tilt his head back. His fingers dug into Sophia's ass causing her to moan with a nasal gasp. She wanted to cum.  
  
Before he allowed it he pulls out and drags her off of Connie and yanks her to lay side by side with his girl. Moving around to face both of them he commits his cock toward Connie. Fucking her for long sweaty minutes. The intensity in Connie's gaze pleading to cum once again. She was so close.   
  
Without asking Sophia turned on her side and reached between Connie's legs and began massaging her clit. The extra efforts sent Connie spiraling. Her mind exploded long before her bodily fluids. Screaming violently Connie lost her mind. The second her body spasms Jerry pulls out and turns his attention on Sophia.  
  
Repositioning yet again Jerry penetrates Sophia and forces her legs over his shoulders for a deeper thrust. His balls were loudly slapping at her ass. Claiming her ankles he prods her higher until he could pound straight down into her.  
  
Recovering quickly Connie opts to roll on her own side and squeeze the girls tits. The added attention escalated Sophia's moans. Her own voice crying out the necessity to cum. Jerry and Connie worked together to make that happen.  
  
Sophia Pope squirted all over the bed.   
  
Drowning the blanket below didn't faze Jerry he was on a mission. His thrusting intensified and he snarled at his dedication. Seeing this Connie admired her man and caressed his arms poised between she and Sophia.  
  
"Make her scream louder." Connie whispered.  
  
Acknowledging her words with a glance he became rougher. He forced Sophia's ankles behind her ears. There was no stopping Jerry Dawson now. He had been given permission to destroy this sweet young pussy.   
  
Sophia rolled her eyes back into her head. Only the whites could bare witness to his straining features. With an angered expression Jerry knew his own outcome was ready to detonate. Just feeling Sophia's quivers made him know she was ready to explode again. Her throat raw from screaming Sophia strained. Her body frozen in time until her nerves could catch up.   
  
Jerry Dawson managed the impossible. Pulling out just as her flood broke through the dam. In his own bellowing fellow he fired all over Sophia's contorted body. His reservoir milked her flesh from chin to pussy.   
  
In his turbulent final throes Connie moved her face under his torpedoing stance. Catching a shot of glory across her lips she hovered closer until he slid his cock into her mouth. She sucked him dry before popping her mouth from his crown and turning her tongue on Sophia's frontal. Licking the crunched up young girl dry.   
  
Convinced of her quenched thirst Connie moves in to kiss Sophia. Their lips needy and devouring the others precious oxygen. It was then that Jerry lowered Sophia's legs and allowed the women to clutch each other in a full body hug. Hands roaming everywhere.  
  
The women enjoyed the others company.  
  
Jerry stood away from the bed stretching. With a smile he lights the candles and reclaims his Champagne glass. A toast to the Ladies he headed back to the hot tub.  
  
Two hours later the women join Jerry.  
  
As Connie slides into the water, Sophia gathers her belongings and gets dressed.  
  
IPod retrieved Sophia flutters her fingers at Jerry.  
  
Connie had fallen asleep in his arms.  
  
Jerry Dawson merely mouthed his final reply.  
  
"Let's do this again."  
  
Sophia coyly smiles.  
  
She would think about it.  
  
It was fun.  
  
Unlike the dark path back to her Mother's car.

**Britney Ch. 43: Gossip Column**

Monday morning classes were dull and boring.   
  
After an interesting weekend it was difficult getting back into a routine. For some more than others. Not just for the students. Teachers felt the exhaustion equally as much.  
  
In an unexpected meeting called together by Principal Harding, four ragtag members of the faculty met in private. Dane Marko, William Beatty, Coach Jerry Dawson, and Trevor Stein joined him for a session of bragging. All comparing notes about their sexual exploits with Britney Foxx and her slutty Cheerleaders.   
  
The powow lasted thirty minutes.  
  
"Well Gentlemen? Did things go as planned?" Harding sighed loudly in his seat. They had chose to inhabit an unused classroom for their rendezvous point.  
  
Dane Marko spoke up first, huffing with a well deserved chuckle, "Miss Apari was very cooperative. Amazing in fact. She went above and beyond my original plan. The bar we were in was quaint yet lively. The patrons certainly enjoying her body as I unclothed her. She even went so far as to engage sexually with her own Father. He was quite drunk and had barely any concept of what she was doing with him."  
  
The Teacher's laugh amongst themselves. Hearing incest had happened made them think that they should have been there to see it.  
  
Trevor Stein opted to point out that he had observed Tara Zellers fist herself. And enjoy the company of he and his brothers. Everyone nodded their approval. Picturing the blond bombshell naked save for her long rainbow stockings. Certainly an appealing vision.  
  
Bill Beatty then represented his own adventure with the luscious redhead Dawn Lawrence. How their lakeside rendezvous led to a bi encounter with a cute young waitress. The addition of the young blond stimulating beyond measure.   
  
Finally, Coach Jerry Dawson who waited to go last filled them in on Sophia Pope's threesome with he and his girlfriend. Since yesterday Sophia was all that his girl could talk about. Begging him to bring her back for more. He wasn't even sure that would be possible.  
  
Principal Harding mulled over the idea that perhaps he could talk Britney Foxx into supporting a second lottery that might switch girls in a rotation so that each Teacher could sample all of the girls for themselves. There were zero objections to that idea. They appointed Harding their leader in all things forbidden.  
  
He would certainly run it by the girls.  
  
Between classes Britney Foxx and Cryssa Apari walked together. They too had gossiped over their shenanigans and how much fun they had. The incest subject coming up found both girls discussing their undying love of the Father's. Secrets that should shame them but was the furthest from any humiliation. Both girls could easily ponder more. In Cryssa's case however her Father had no clue what she had even done. Any further contact might never happen. Still, the thought lingered within her. Someday maybe.  
  
"You've had my Dad. Maybe I should seduce yours." Britney giggles nudging her shoulder into her friends arm.  
  
"Go for it. Get him drunk who knows what might happen." Cryssa pouts.  
  
Dawn Lawrence shuffles amidst their stride, "I made a new friend. Her name is Kimber. She's bi. But, prefers girls. I was thinking maybe we could all get together sometime. Ride over and see her. Go swimming in the lake."  
  
"Sounds fun. We have a lot on our plate though. Might be awhile." Britney frowns, "Prom is coming up. You know guys are going to beg to take us now that they know what we're like. Some serious Shady Hawkins stuff."  
  
"Are you still making friends with Nancy? I noticed she's been dressing differently. How did you get through to her?" Cryssa chimes in.  
  
"Made a pact and I expect all of you to be really respectful of her. We're still going to Daytona because of Nancy. Her friends might retaliate against her so we need to step up if they do."  
  
Dawn points ahead of them, "Speak of the Devil. Here comes Nancy now."  
  
Looking toward her Britney smiles and throws her arms out, shuffling toward her. Nancy rolls her eyes and looks around her to see who was watching before hugging Brit.  
  
"What? Embarressed to be seen with me?" Brit sneers playfully.  
  
"It's just that public affection thing." Nancy shrugs.  
  
"No it's not. You're still worried what your friends might think of us being chums. Stop sweating it. News flash : We ARE chums. I think the world of you. So screw those punks."  
  
"They're good people. I just can't abandon them."  
  
"Who said you had too? They accept us. We accept them. All there is too it. So when are we going shopping?"  
  
"I asked Mom for money. She gave me like $200.00. Won't buy much. But, my size it gets choosey anyway. I'm the plus plus one sized."  
  
Cryssa snickers, "That's cute. I want to go shopping."  
  
"Me too." Dawn jumps in excitedly.  
  
"We should all go. Tara and Sophia too. We can bounce fashion off of each other."  
  
Nancy feels edgy about so many girls going. Shying away Brit has to grab her by the shirt. In doing so her short term tug of war pops a button on Nancy's shirt. Her cleaveage opens up to reveal a larger amount of bosom.  
  
"Oh crap. I lost a button." She glares down at her tits. Her very healthy tits. Her very large tits.  
  
As she was staring down at herself one of the Bolger Brothers Wayne trudges towards them from his last class. Normally looking down at his feet the gentle giant this time looks up. Right into Nancy's space. His eyes easily note the difference in her cleavage.   
  
Brit in turn nudges her, "Say hi."  
  
Nancy clears her throat and starts to. At the last breath she turns in a panic. Eyes bulging from fear of rejection. Wayne Bolger looks disappointed. As he passes he waves at Britney and the girls. Brit motions for him to say hello but he too swallows and keeps on going. Brit slaps her forehead groaning, "Oh come on. How hard is saying, Hi?"  
  
Nancy winces, "I couldn't. I'm hopeless."  
  
"Do you want a Prom date or not?" Brit stomps her foot on the floor.  
  
Both Cryssa and Dawn felt bad for Nancy. Neither ever once knew what rejection was. Let alone shyness. They would agree to boost her confidence. Nancy would need it.  
  
Nancy lowers her eyes, "Yes. I do want a date to Prom. I'll ask him next time."  
  
"No. He will ask you." Brit hugs her arm. This made Nancy smile.  
  
"Oh! Oh! Oh!" Cryssa hops up and down pointing . Her monster chest bouncing wildly in her loose cleavage grey and black sports shirt.  
  
All spy in the direction she was directing them toward. From the other end of the hall strolled the twin Bolger Brother Wesley. Beside him carrying her books was one of Nancy Barkers arch enemies. A busty strawberry blond with freckles. The short girl of 5'5 gave Nancy's build a run for her money. The blond was a cutie for certain but her size rivaled Nancy. Only dumpier. And, much less shy. Her 42D's made a serious statement.  
  
"Lucinda Goines." Nancy whimpered.  
  
"Go after Wesley instead." Dawn inspires.  
  
"Wait. Huh?" Nancy turned pale. "  
  
"Right. Better do it before he's Goines, Goines ,Gone." Cryssa chuckles.  
  
"Yeah. If you don't he's Goines to lose his virginity to her." Dawn counters her pun snickering.  
  
"I see Wesley sweating. He hasn't asked her or been asked yet. I can tell." Brit fidgets with bright eyes.  
  
"Don't let Loose Ends Goines get him before you do." Cryssa keeps the puns going.  
  
Brit begins to scowl. She hated when her girls began putting people down. Perhaps an intervention was required.  
  
"Which is why you're going to ask Wesley to be your date." Brit eases over to grip Cryssa by her ahoulders. One swift index curl inside the cleavage of the Filipino beauty's shirt tugging the garment out for a better view.  
  
"Open mouth insert foot." Cryssa pouts.  
  
"Or, other things the night of Prom." Dawn laughs.  
  
Nancy winces and gets really nervous. Eying Cryssa's breast exposure and the tender golden skin between and faintly beneath her sternum.  
  
"I got this." Nancy takes a long deep breath. Without another thought she unbuttons another button on her shirt. Her milky breasts mounded behind a lacey white bra. They bobbed in force the second she advanced.  
  
Turning on her heel Nancy charges like a Rhino pointing at her target. Where her confidence came from only Britney Foxx knew. Even Cryssa was clueless. Why was Britney still pulling her shirt out? Shrugging Miss Apari enjoyed her own view.  
  
"Hi, Wesley." Nancy interupts their walk. The gentle Giant's twin brother the even Gentler Giant halts in step. His eyes raising first to see Nancy's breasts. The second of bright red cheeks instilled him to look up at her face.  
  
"Hi, Nancy." He stuttered.  
  
Eyes nervous but sparkling Nancy doesn't even look at Lucinda. For fear of chickening out. The shorter girl stunned by the invasion and sneering at her potential man.  
  
"Would you be my date to Prom?" Nancy ushers with a strong willed performance.  
  
Wesley's eyes flared and a smile grew on his face, "Sure!"  
  
"WHAT?" Lucinda erupts with anger. She had been beaten to the punch. Slugging Wesley on the arm she storms past Brit and the girls. Now joined by Brit's brother Lance and Evan. Brit still holding Cryssa's shirt until it was all over.  
  
Lance looks down Cryssa's shirt with a pucker, "Fish in a barrel." His hand slips down on a trajectory to palm Cryssa's right breast. "Caught a biggun."  
  
Evan busts up laughing at Lance forcing Brit to realize his entry. Cryssa didn't even object. Her emotion at seeing Nancy succeed left her pouty and going, "Awww!"  
  
"No. That's Awwwwesome." Lance chuckles until Brit releases her shirt and smacks his hand.  
  
"Quit ruining the moment Dork." Brit snaps with a creased brow until he removes his hand. In turn planting his palm on Evan's face. Laughter ensued.  
  
Nancy beet red bats her eyes at Wesley.  
  
"I wasn't sure you would say yes."  
  
"I think Lucinda was going to ask me."  
  
"Would you rather go with her?" Nancy winces and nibbles her bottom lip.  
  
"No. You're hot." He mutters shyly.  
  
"I am?" She squeals unexpectedly.  
  
Fanning her face wildly Nancy jumps up and down. Her tits motivated to dance for Wesley's pleasure. He was a man. He stared directly at them. Even after she stops bouncing. The crowd around them laughing at her reaction. His as well.  
  
"Here's my cell number." She grabs a pen from her pocket and jots it down on his palm. Once written she fans herself once more before doing the unthinkable. She takes the same hand and palms it over her chest. Holding it there.  
  
"Can you feel my heart racing?"  
  
"No." He smirks. She in turn moves his palm left.  
  
"Now?"  
  
"No."  
  
Moved to the far right he had now touched both breasts.  
  
"That time?"  
  
"Not yet."  
  
She suddenly realized that he just wanted to touch her boobs. The realization prompted her to take the untimate risk. She slips his fingers beneath her bras left cup and lowers them until he touches her areola.  
  
"Feeling it now?"  
  
"A little." He huffs amazed by his luck.  
  
A tad deeper his finger teases her nipple, "Found it. Yeah. Beating really fast."  
  
Nancy held her breath with double chin down to eye his hand.  
  
"Don't smudge my number. Call me later."  
  
He gracefully removes his hand and eyes the number on his palm.  
  
"Okay." He stutters.  
  
Both of them shy away smiling as the crowd gather gave her a thumbs up. She had changed their impression of her. The emotions filling a void she had never been able to overcome before. With a mad squeal she drops her books on the floor and races over to Britney. Picking her up in a bear hug and dancing with her in her arms.  
  
Lance looks to Evan, "You bring those Bear traps?"  
  
"Forgot them. Left 'em beside the Elephant gun." Evan chuckles.  
  
Cryssa and Dawn turn to face the little pricks and join efforts in kicking them in the shin.  
  
No amount of ridicule was going to ruin this moment.  
  
Both boys hobbled to their next class.  
  
Sophia Pope and Tara Zellers shared a gym class together. Today they slacked off uncaringly from playing Volleyball. Choosing instead to sit alone on the bleachers gossiping about their own adventures recently. Both appeared happy and smiling to anyone looking. Probably because they were happy.  
  
"I can't believe I actually fit my whole fist inside me." Tara saucers her eyes.  
  
"That must have hurt." Sophia cringed.  
  
"Tight definitely. Barely got my thumb inside. Stein helped. I was crunched up like a ball." She chuckles.  
  
"Wish I could have seen that." Sophia leans over rubbing shoulders with her bestie.  
  
Tara looks around her and doesn't notice anyone troublesome. She then lifts her hips to drag her uniform shorts down to her upper thighs. No underwear as ever Tara winks at Sophia.  
  
"Oh my God! Are you going to fist yourself right here and now? I believe you. You don't have to." Sophia laughes uncontrollably.  
  
"I can't help myself. I want to see if I can do it again. You should try it. It's incredible."  
  
Sophia freezes mid laugh and stares without blinking. Erupting in another round of laughter she turns red. Right beside her Tara Zellers had licked her fingertips wet for additional support in tenderly probing her labia preparing to dig down and dirty. Her shorts too tight around her upper thighs she goes bolder and slips them to her knees.  
  
Sophia eyes the world around them as Tara wiggles her fingers deeper. Still her legs were too close together for the right flexibility. Growling Tara says fuck it and slips her shorts to her ankles and off one foot. Now she spreads her legs wide and tries her burial once again. Students were catching on out on the floor.   
  
"Dawson is prowling over on the guy's side of the gym. He's looking this way."  
  
"Should I be worried?" Tara giggles biting her lower lip at her now contorted pose. Her face red from the pressure of her chest against her windpipe.  
  
"No. He wants all of us. You know that."  
  
"How was he in bed?"  
  
"Not bad. Fucked me pretty hard. I liked his girlfriend better. She knows how to treat a girl."   
  
"Dike." Tara chuckles.  
  
"Might be. I'm discovering myself."   
  
Giggling together Sophia teases Tara by rubbing her leg and inner thighs. The caresses made Tara flare her eyes. Her body sensitive at the moment.  
  
Four fingers embedded Tara attempts her thumb.   
  
"Everyone's watching. You have to succeed at this or you won't hear the end of this. Dawson looks nervous. He's leaving the gym." Sophia offers a play by play.  
  
"Almost have it. Thank God I get wet easy." Tara shivers eying Sophia check the surroundings.  
  
"Styles is coming over. He and Chris Dancee."  
  
"Oooh! Chris is cute. Wish Trent was here to see me." Tara hisses.  
  
Sprinting over the boys stroll up step by step to tower over them.  
  
"Fuck yeah, Zellers. That's hot." Chris nods. Chris being on the basketball team knew her fairly well. He was a taller senior known for his lay ups.  
  
"Don't you wish you could swish that net Bro?" Styles chuckles.  
  
"Would if I could." He taps elbows with Styles.  
  
"Maybe." Tara winks up at him.  
  
"Glad your ankles better." He expresses.  
  
She smiles and holds her breath long enough to force her thumb inside. The fit stretching her rim of pink snuggly. Compressed flesh easing past her knuckle. It was a thing of beauty. Before long the entire boys side had snuck over for a first hand look. Jaws were dropping. Chatter was bragging and praising. Word would certainly spread.   
  
Gossip always does.  
  
The girls side even moved in impressed by most. Appalled by others. No one ratted her out though. Save one who contemplates her emotions. That person had a beef with the world now.  
  
Lucinda Goines paced about as everyone watched the show lustfully. She couldn't believe Tara Zellers was this sick. Nor that her fellow students shared that sickness.   
  
She prepared to stealth away and report the activity to her own gym coach Mona Malloy. Who had spent the hour away from her students in her office. Teacher's these days ignored their jobs.  
  
As Tara reached her objective the students cheered low volume and praised her performance. Before removing her wrist Tara observed Sophia reach across her and tease a nail in a circle around her wrist. The tightened skin silky smooth and ticklish. Tara whined at her ticklishness.  
  
"Feel how soft this is." Sophia encouraged everyone.  
  
"You bitch." Tara chuckles as Chris then Styles rubs the sink hole of flesh. She shivered at their touch. Then the touch of ten other boys. Five other girls.   
  
"I have to pull out. I can't breath in this position." Tara snorts.  
  
Her release messy Tara shows off her wet hand. The gym expressed their admiration. Tara swooped her soaked hand around and intentionally high fives Sophia. The brunette wincing at the slosh upon her palm and the spatter that flew across her face and left leg. The laughter shared was intoxicating.  
  
"So gross." Sophia grimaces.  
  
Reaching up toward Chris she wipes her fingers across his crotch. Leaving a hand print on his red shorts. He sighs at her move. He now had something to brag about. Tara Zellers had grabbed his dick.   
  
In another bold move Tara turned her damp hand and slapped Sophia on the upper thigh.  
  
"Your turn Ho."  
  
Sophia bulges her eyes, "Oh no. Not this time."  
  
Before she could refuse Tara wrestled with her and pulled her on top of herself. Peeling her shorts down over her tight little ass.   
  
"Little help here." Tara wheezes.  
  
Styles sneaks in and yanks Sophia's shorts down to her knees. Her squeals of loss met with giggles. Chris jumps at the chance to slap Sophia on the ass. Leaving his own hand print.  
  
"Ouch! Fuck that hurt." She retaliates and looks back winking. Yeah, Chris Dancee was a cutie.  
  
As Tara rolls Sophia off of her Style yanks Sophia's shorts lower until he played tug of war with her tennis shoes. Once off Style swings them in the air.  
  
Tara again smacks Sophia on the thigh.  
  
"Dig for China bitch."  
  
Support becomes a murmured chant until Sophia gives in and spreads her legs. At first just prying her labia wide for Chris to view.  
  
"You know you want this." She flips him her tongue.  
  
Dancee smirks then drops to sit on the bleacher at her feet. Moving in swiftly he plants fingers directly up to Sophia's dripping hole. Fingers digging in. Sophia looked down at him with awe.  
  
"Holy fuck." She blurts out laughing.  
  
"Look how big his hands are." Tara taunts her.  
  
Sophia winces and nibbles a fingernail, "Be gentle."  
  
Chris chuckles and probes his right hand deeper. Three fingers and Sophia trickles juices around his digits. Her moistness trailing over her butt cheeks in her legs lifted pose.  
  
Tara fans her legs wide for the other boys to view her breathing twat. She loved their drooling nature. While distracted by her teasing Tara gets caught off guard. Chris Dancee had reached over with his left hand and began entering Tara's stretched pussy. He was going in both hands blazing.  
  
"Whoa!" Was heard by many. Recited by many more.  
  
Taking time to dig slowly Chris forced both girls to arch backwards and moan at his twisting and turning. Cork screwing his knuckles the best he could. Tara wetter he had little issue with. Although his hand was bigger than hers she had more flexibility now that she wasn't contorted.  
  
Four fingers in Tara. Three fingers preparing a fourth in Sophia.   
  
Style stood smugly puckering as he made his round of captured eyes. The entire gym stood amazed. Then, Styles spots Lucinda sculking off toward the steps leading down into the offices below. In a mad snap decision Styles bolts past the gathering and attempts to head her off.  
  
Attention drawn Tara and Sophia begin to worry. Then Chris broke through inside Tara forcing her to fall backwards, mouth wide in awe of his success. Her eyes riolling white.  
  
Sophia needed effort. After four fingers his thumb had very little wiggle room.   
  
Regardless Sophia Pope sniveled at his penetration. It wasn't going to happen. Sophia was just too tight. With a sudden inspiration Chris lowers his thumb and sinks it inside Sophia's ass.

"Found China." He chuckles. He smirks at Sophia's narrow eyes. Appearing Asian herself.  
  
Her squeal led to an impressive squirt around his burrowing fingers. Sophia loved anal. It brought out the best of her.  
  
Impressed by his achievement he gradually withdraws from both girls. Once vacated Chris turns and holds his drenched hands up for all to see. Sitting back between Sophia's legs. Triumphant he discovers a sneak attack. Tara and Sophia grab his wrists and lean forward to lick his fingers off. He felt like he had one the championship.  
  
Styles caught up with Lucinda and called her out. Recalling the earlier gossip about Nancy stealing Lucinda's prom date he went for broke.  
  
"Hey Lucinda. Can we talk?"  
  
She stops in her stride and squints at him, "About what? About those whores out there?"  
  
He plays dumb suddenly.  
  
"Yeah. Childish right? Listen. I heard you lost out on Wesley Bolger. Sorry to hear that. I was kind of wondering..."  
  
"What?" She sneers.  
  
"Well...if you're free would you consider going to Prom with me?"  
  
Her face loses all expression.  
  
"You want to take me to Prom?"  
  
"Not really." He thought but smiled regardless. He would escape the situation later, "If you want to. I'd be honored."  
  
She purrs with her eyes suddenly. Eddie Styles was a nice looking guy after all.  
  
"Alright." She bats her eyes.  
  
She hadn't noticed him sweat until he wipes his brow. With Sophia Pope's shorts.  
  
"You might want to give those back to Pope." Lucinda frowns.  
  
"Oh!" He creases his brow, "Yeah. I better."  
  
"Before you do though?"  
  
Lucinda throws herself at Styles and drags him into a greedy kiss. Smothering him within her arms and massive chest. He wanted to hurl. Yet embraced it. What the hell?  
  
Released of his capture she giggles and pinches his nose.  
  
Turning around to leave Styles spotted the gym classes behind him. Everyone had seen his kiss.  
  
Stepping from behind Chris, Sophia saches over to Styles and claims her shorts with a wink. She then whips the shorts over her shoulder and wiggles toward the locker room.  
  
All eyes on butt cheeks.  
  
Tara follows behind, stopping to pat Lucinda on the back.  
  
"He's a good dancer."  
  
Lucinda hoped so.  
  
She wanted dipped.  
  
Eddie Styles would never hear the end of this.  
  
"What did I just do?"  
  
The wolf calls were enough to spread the word.  
  
Coast to coast.

**Britney Ch. 44: Queen Sighs**

All last week Nancy Barker had loosened her inhibitions, thanks to the many pep talks given to her by her new friend Britney Foxx. Terrified at first to be put down or ridiculed over her overweight stature. Her clothing while not terribly revealing had certainly changed. Each day since Britney had dropped by her home to check out her wardrobe she experimented.  
  
Today the buxom beauty chose to escape her glasses in favor of rarely worn contact lenses. She had stunning eyes and with a bit of make-up coaching she discovered numerous glances that she had never received before this week. It was an amazing feeling.  
  
To top off those feelings, just yesterday her new week began as she had gotten bold enough to ask the handsome Giant Wesley Bolger to Prom. Cuntblocking her arch nemesis Lucinda Goines. That alone felt great.  
  
Both girls went head to head over the years in everything from School plays to Yearbook Council to Valedictorian. Nancy usually coming out the winner. Not always though. Yesterday DEFINITELY the winner.  
  
She couldn't wait to go shopping with Britney to add to her newfound bravado. Especially now that a Prom dress was needed. She would spring the Prom dress notice on her Mother after her regular clothing was purchased. She could play dumb with the best of them. She had three weeks until Prom anyway. Nancy knew this change was in her favor.  
  
For now she just needed to get through Geometry.  
  
Britney Foxx threw her tiny body against the locker next to Eddie Styles. The sudden impact made him drop his pen from between his teeth. Noting her he shakes his head. He knew what was coming. Choosing to bend over and pick his pen up rather than face her.  
  
Rising from his mission Britney stepped sideways and encouraged her thighs toward his face. Her scent drew him in like a moth to a flame. With added effort he rolls his face directly over her thighs.  
  
"I've missed that snatch. Our original lost bet deal seems to be getting tossed by the way side." He smirks.  
  
"I know. I'm sorry. So many things going on. I heard you asked Lucinda to Prom." She winks.  
  
"So I hear over and over. I was only keeping Tara and Sophia safe. It was a dumb move."  
  
She pats his cheek, "No. It was a gallant move. You took the bullet for my girls. I owe you. They owe you."  
  
"Awesome. When's my all girl orgy?"  
  
"We'll figure something out. Just play along for now. I'll figure out how to save you from Lucinda."  
  
"I'll just cancel it."  
  
"No. Let's do this the right way. Just go with the flow. Promise me?"  
  
"Aight!"  
  
"Good. By the way how's your Dad?"  
  
"Still a bossy prick. We need to show him I'm the Master again here soon."  
  
"So ready...Master." She leans in for a steamy kiss. He lost all train of thought suddenly.  
Easing away she giggles and heads to her next class. Eddie bolted to the restroom. To beat off. It works that fast.  
  
  
End of classes always led to sighs of relief and freedom. Today even more so.  
Nancy Barker waited by her car. Texting Wesley Bolger her future Prom date. They had kept in touch over night but today had little contact. School was not always cooperative. She made the strange connection that their last names both began with the letter "B" and ended with an "er". That brought chuckles.  
  
Absorbed by conversation Nancy didn't see Britney and Cryssa sneak up on her. One too each side they crept in over her shoulder to read her texts. Of course Nancy being taller those shoulders meant upper arms in reality.  
  
With a shrill yelp Nancy smiles at her infiltators snooping. She immediately brought her cell screen to her chest hiding the yexts from the girls.  
  
"Snoops. Can't a girl have time with her new Man?" She giggles.  
  
"Are you and Wesley boyfriend and girlfriend now?" Britney looked puzzled.  
  
"Well, no. I hope we get there though."  
  
"So, clinch the deal like I do. Send him naked pics." Cryssa brags.  
  
Nancy's eyes bulge, "He might run like crazy if I do that."  
  
Brit grimaces, "I thought we broke the barriers about that. You have beautiful curves Nancy. Big girl or not."  
  
"Easy for you two to say. I've lived in my body since birth. My shoulders alone could pass for a Football players."  
  
"Yay team." Cryssa giggles then clams up realizing how that sounded.  
  
"Don't listen to her. I say let's go shopping and you can give him a fashion show. It's a start right?" Brit smirks with confidence in her approach.  
  
"I can do that. Where are we going?"  
  
"Somewhere I can shoplift and get away with it." Cryssa chuckles, "Me no money."  
  
Brit concured about not having any cash. Her stash amounted to $45.00. Calling her Mom led to another $50.00. Shocked that she managed that much even. With her Dad on unemployment. She chocked that up to her Mother's guilt for being on the road so much. However, Brit had a secret.  
  
"No stealing or you can stay home." Brit points to Cryssa.  
  
"Fine. I have enough to buy fingernail polish."  
  
Pouting the girls hopped into Nancy's Ford Escape. Nancy began to text Wesley goodbye when Brit swipes her cell.  
  
"No texting and driving. You drive. I'll text."  
  
"Don't scare him off. Please."  
  
"Ye of little faith. Trust me I know how to keep the attention of men."  
  
Leary Nancy started her car and they drove away from the school. Hitting the highway led them 35 miles away to the city of Ocala. A city big enough to sustain an actual Mall. Along the way Britney had teased Wesley with selfie pics of the 3 young women on a road trip. Huddling close to the driver with cheesy grins. Nancy embarressed when Cryssa and Brit pulled their cleavage down to give him a birdseye view of shadowy flesh.  
  
Brit panned back as Cryssa leaned over the seats and unbuttons Nancy's shirt fanning it open from the side to see her entire left breast, bra hiding it's true potential. Bright red in the face at her whole bosom being photographed she couldn't help but wince. She just knew the rolls of her stomach were in there too.  
  
Wesley writes back after seeing the pics, "Tell Nancy I think I'm in lust."  
  
"Oooooo! Wes thinks he's in lust with you Nancy Lou."  
  
"No he didn't." She looks shocked. Brit leaning toward her to show her the text, "Oh my gosh. I had that kind of effect on him?"  
  
"Someone is going to get laid on Prom night." Cryssa giggles hovering.  
  
"Should I tease him some more?" Nancy suddenly gets bold.  
  
Brit ponders the thought, "One more. Let's not overdo this just yet. Save some for the fashion show."  
  
"Okay. What should I do? I want to drive him crazy." Nancy shivers.  
  
"I say take the bra off and give him the same view as the other pic." Cryssa throws her idea out there.  
  
"Hold the wheel." Nancy lets go shocking Brit who squeals and attempts to keep them on the road. It takes less than a minute for Nancy to battle her awkward position and her bra clasp. Shirt removed in the process. As she's putting her shirt back on Cryssa gets sneaky utilizing her own cell and snaps a photo of her toplessness in the rearview mirror.  
  
"Hey!" Nancy giggles.  
  
"We can save this for later."  
  
Shirt totally unbuttoned Nancy settles in and tries to decide just how much to reveal. Reclaiming the wheel allows Brit to form an opinion. Reaching over to pinch the shirt numerous times to capture the most erotic image. Finally ready Britney Foxx snaps an alluring photo of Nancy's bare breast, areola gently exposed. Nipple hidden.  
"How's that?" She shows Nancy and Cryssa.  
  
"Oh my God. I must be nuts." Nancy gets shy again.  
  
"I think it's sexy." Cryssa pats her shoulder for comfort.  
  
"Sent. Too late." Brit giggles.  
  
Awaiting breathlessly the car passes a distance sign saying Ocala 8 miles. Traffic was getting a bit more congested. Mostly semi's. During their wait Cryssa flashes two different semi drivers. Brit joins in on the fun lifting her mini skirt and mooning another. Nancy couldn't stop laughing.  
  
The drivers honking at them made their day.  
  
"Let me try." Nancy Barker flares her eyes waving up at a driver next to her that had a joint riding partner. Careful not to wreck Nancy pulls her shirt off of her left shoulder revealing her large boob. Lifting her tit to her mouth she devours her nipple for them to witness.  
  
In her enjoyment both Brit and Cryssa snapped pics without her knowing.  
  
Had enough Nancy pulled her shirt back into place laughing. Turning to Brit who shared a devilish grin.  
  
"What?"  
  
Brit shows her the photo she had taken of her sucking her own nipple. Her jaw drops at the image.  
  
"See how much you're opening up? I'm proud of you Nancy."  
  
"Tell me you didn't send that to Wesley." She goes pale.  
  
"Not yet. Opps! Just did."  
  
Nancy slumps over her steering wheel in a mild panic attack. Swerving slightly Brit holds the wheel steady.  
  
"Relax. Let's just see what he says."  
  
"You just told me not to overdo it." Nancy whines.  
  
To everyone's surprise Nancy's cell rings. All eyes bulge as Brit shows them the caller I.D.  
  
"It's Wesley." Brit grins then swiftly answers it before Nancy could snatch it from her.  
  
"Hey there Big Boy. This is Brit."  
  
No words. Only grunting. Britney offers an expression of awe then quickly puts the call on speaker. Loud gruff moans erupt. All three girls sharing in the shocked response.  
Nancy then sees Cryssa and Brit both using their hands to motion that Wesley was obviously jerking off.  
  
The louder her got Nancy pointed at herself whispering, "Over me?"  
  
Brit and Cryssa grin and nod. Cryssa nibbling her fingernail at the nearing outcome. She loved hearing guys masturbate.  
  
Loud deep huffs they suddenly hear Wesley Bolger snarl and groan at the mess he had just made.  
  
"Hang on I need a towel." He stresses.  
  
"We'll be here you dirty Boy." Nancy had to throw out.  
  
Cryssa crawls forward and kisses Nancy on the cheek for her bravado. Nancy chuckles faintly and wipes her cheek. Noting lipstick. Brit merely sits back wowed by Nancy and Wesley both.  
  
Seconds later they hear hear another round of muffled ejaculation. Their eyes darting about at each other amazed by Wesley's enthusiasm. Nancy felt prompted to add fuel to Wesley's fire.  
  
"Stroke that big hard cock for me Wesley. Let me hear you cum really hard."  
  
The girls wiggle in their seats in anticipation. Grunt after grunt until they hear a roar of release.  
  
"HEY! GET AWAY FROM MY PHONE DUDE!"  
  
Three girls freeze without blinking. They merely listen to the sounds of wrestling and cussing. A battle between brothers Bolger.  
  
"THAT'S MY PROM DATE." Wesley snaps proudly.  
  
"SO! DON'T MEAN I CAN'T JERK OFF OVER HER." Wayne chuckles.  
  
Nancy's face couldn't be any happier.  
  
Finally, Brit grins, "You boys get along. We're in Ocala now. Going shopping. We'll send pictures later. Fashion show. Bye Studs."  
  
Hanging up Brit looks at Nancy, "No more insecurity. Got that Hotstuff?"  
  
"Got it."  
  
Nancy Barker nearly missed her turn into the Mall.  
  
For the next two hours the girls tried on clothes after clothes. Having the time of their life. Finding stores that catered to Nancy's size difficult until the discovery of a Lane Bryant. Cute stuff. Ready to give up Nancy finds the gold under the rainbow.  
  
"That place is new." She points, "GIRDLE INTERUPTED". What the hell kind of name is that?"  
  
Drawn to it they spot only large women employees. Brit and Cryssa stare at each other while lagging behind Nancy. Who knew?  
  
"Oh my God. This is the place." Nancy charges inside.  
  
A lovely young girl of 6'2, 300 pounds makes her precense known. Her hair dyed green.  
"Hello. Can I help you?"  
  
Brit takes the lead seeing Nancy in awe of the choices.  
  
"Our delicious friend here is looking for lots of super sexy clothes." Brit then curls her finger to whisper something into her ear. The secret heard the woman brightens up.  
  
"Well, let's get started."  
  
"Lead on Lola." Brit winks. Thankful for name tags.  
  
Lola Booth greets Nancy and eyes her body. Front and back. Sizing her up for reference.  
  
"I have some things that will fry the brain." Lola wags her brows grinning. She then steps away allowing the girls to browse.  
  
"I can't believe our luck." Nancy dances in step. She had left her bra in the car.  
  
"I have a surprise for you." Brit steps up with a warm tender grin. Taking her by the hands.  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
Cryssa joins them and grins shaking her booty.  
  
"We lied about being broke. Today we shop the way it should be done." Cryssa dances reciting her words while circling in step.  
  
"Daytona cash." Nancy suspects.  
  
"Good call Skinderella." Cryssa chuckles.  
  
Brit was less vocal, "Our gift to you. Go crazy Beautiful."  
  
"Seriously?" Nancy bulges her eyes.  
  
"Well?? Limit it to $500.00 each." Brit giggles.  
  
"Oh my God! I can save my Mom's money for my Prom dress then."  
  
"That was the plan." Brit inspires.  
  
Nancy reaches wide and drags both girls into a strangle hold hug. Cryssa's back to them squealing at being captured.  
  
The other employees observed their zest and opted to assist as well. Shirts. Jeans. Dresses. Nighties. Bras. Panties. Coming out of the woodwork for Nancy to try on. Each time stepping out wearing something that made her blush. Still she let Brit and Cryssa snap pictures. The employees encouraging Nancy to just step out of the dressing room into the open. They were standing guard.  
  
Bright pink. Lavender. Turquoise. White. Black. Red.  
  
Modelled like a professional. Twirling and letting short skirts fan and reveal her butt cheeks. Nancy Barker went so far as to express her best Marilyn Monroe pose. Loads of bulging cleavage. More skin revealed than any moment in her attired like. Clapping employees applauding her for accepting her for who she was.  
  
Lingirie focus was intimidating but she was now exuding in confidence. Girls giddy and playing fashion photographers. Even short lengths of video of her bending over with a palm to her lips as if saying, "Oops!"  
  
Each time she went in to change outfits Brit and Cryssa would fire off texts with attached pics to Wesley. No replies to block their next photo session. On her next entrance Nancy wore a sheer ride nightie and matching underwear. Her complete areolas displayed through the material. This round Nancy lifts her long blond hair and poses her breasts with every ounce of bravery she had.  
  
"I feel so sexy." She smiles almost teary eyed.  
  
"It's because you are sexy, Hon." Lola shared her opinion with passion for the girls decision making. It was nice to see a young girl come out of her shell.  
  
Just before Nancy turned for another change her cell rang in Brit's possession. Freezing in step with enlarged eyes she wonders who it was.  
  
"It's your Mom." Cryssa giggles.  
  
Putting it on speaker the entire store heard the devasting grunts of two grown men jerking off again. Lola's hand went to her mouth to avoid a blare of laughter.  
  
Brit and Cryssa leaned against each other smirking.  
  
"That's not Mom."  
  
Nancy held her breath and exhaled a silent laugh of her own. Cringing at their strength.  
"Oh my!" Lola whispered, "She must have some secret admirers."  
  
"Twin brothers. They want her bad." Cryssa winks.  
  
Lola looks to Nancy with a beguiling smile, "Lucky you."  
  
Nancy stood smug.  
  
"LOUDER!" She yells into her cell. The girls offering impressed puckers.  
  
The guys immediately swear up a storm and rapid fire a thunderous finale.  
  
"Wesley?" Nancy whispers.  
  
"Y-yeah?"  
  
"Buy me pink roses."  
  
"O-okay."  
  
"Wayne?"  
  
"Yo?"  
  
"Buy me lavender roses."  
  
"Sure thing."  
  
"You're both my Prom dates. Understood?"  
  
Both huff a respected, "YES!"  
  
"Good. Jack off one more time and text me when you're done. I'll kiss you both goodnight."  
  
Before she even hangs up on them the jerk fest begins.  
  
With a sigh Nancy tilts Britney's hand and cuts them off.  
  
Everyone stood without words. Only a look of mad respect.  
  
"I know I'm awesome."  
  
Nancy ends up buying fourteen outfits.  
  
Brit and Cryssa hauled her happy ass along on their own fashion shows. The girls were a bit more slutty. Guys watched their show. Saw it all. While their mates were in the changing rooms.  
  
Guys will be guys.  
  
At least their wives and girlfriends would get lucky that night.  
  
Nancy herself?  
  
The Queen had to sigh.  
  
Smiley face kiss.  
  
Muah!

**Britney Ch. 45: Hail Mary**

Osceola, Florida  
  
"Bless you for bringing us to catch the train Friend Keith."  
  
"Stop thanking me Isaiah. Just trying to keep you on schedule so you and your Mother get up north safely. I bet Daniel is excited to meet his family isn't he?"  
  
"That he is. He has never met quite a good number of our clan. This will be good for all of us."  
  
Keith Foxx admires Isaiah's sheepish nature. Masking his true thoughts of meeting and bedding new women where his wife Mary could never find out. Keith knew of his desires. What ever got him out of the picture so Keith could tap Mary worked to his advantage. The Mennonite family was certainly needy and he was happy to help.  
  
Eying Mary sitting in the back of the rented shuttle bus with her stunning daughter Grace he was ready to assume control over them. More Mary than Grace. Yet it did cross his mind how well the girl sucked his cock. Pretty damned amazing at it for a virgin.  
  
Mary noted him looking at her and blushed, trying not to let her Mother-in-law and her young son catch on. She hated that her son was going away for a month or more. She had never once been separated from her children. At least she had Grace. Of course Grace was now ready to graduate High School. An adult in her own world soon enough.  
  
"There's the Amtrak depot. Let's park and get you weary travelers boarded." Keith careens into a parking spot.  
  
Unloading bags the entire family makes the journey into the station to check in. Awaiting the boarding call Keith produces one more surprise.  
  
"Got something for you Isaiah."  
  
"What is this?" The bearded giant winces.  
  
"Burner phone. In case you need to call home. I figure with Grace having the only phone you needed one to keep tabs at home." He then leans in to whisper, "And to call your new Filly's up north."  
  
Smirking from ear to ear the man nods, "You are truly a good friend Keith Foxx. I thank you."  
  
"No problem. Here's the charger for it. I put enough minutes on it to last you two weeks. On your own after that."  
  
Hands shake with a stern respect.  
  
Thoughts not so much.  
  
Hidden away in their minds both men were dogs. Ready to pounce on the ladies to be taken advantage of.   
  
Stepping away Keith grabbed a coke from a vending machine to give the family time to say their goodbyes. He knew tears were going to fall. It was inevitable. He just knew it wasn't going to hinder his motivations. Mary was going to learn how good sex really was. His way.  
  
"Be good for your Father Daniel. Help your Grandmother carry her bags. I love you Isaiah."  
  
"I love you as well Wife. Be well. Call upon my Brother's if need be."  
  
"Of course. Bring back a souvenir."  
  
Keith had to chuckle under his breath, "Probably an STD."   
  
Of course he would never say that out loud. He even actually let his own chuckle bring down his spirits. It was wrong to say, let alone think. His own wife Rita could bring home the same. Worse yet, as active as his kids were any of them could lapse in judgment. His worse fear Britney getting knocked up. At least he made certain to get his daughter on birth control last year. Knowing the inevitable.  
  
Returning to wave goodbye Keith lifts his coke can as if to toast them. Mary had become lost in thought until Grace hugged her from the side. Keith Foxx realized then and there she needed a bit of space. Mary deserved that much.  
  
Britney Foxx had a long day in classes. Dealing with friends and school work was taxing. Coming home from school she found herself alone. Brother Lance taking off immediately for parts unknown. She was glad. She needed some time to collect her thoughts.  
  
A hot bubble bath certainly did the trick. Leaving the bathroom door wide open to let the steam escape. Sprawling out she bathed first then tilts back to absorb the peace. Blowing bubbles from her palm to amuse herself. This was nice.  
  
Almost drifting off to sleep she heard a door close and a jingling of keys. Her reaction time non existent in her weary state of mind Britney covers her chest in case of the worst. Sure enough.  
  
"My aren't we negligent?"   
  
"MOM!" Brit sulks into her bath, "About time you came home."  
  
Rita Foxx lingers in the doorway eying the opened door. Sighing she bit her lip. Knowing that to critique her daughter would only stir up her own activities called into question. Work couldn't possibly keep her prisoner for a week on end. Rita knew this herself. Her kids were not stupid.  
  
"I presume your Brother is gone? Your Father's truck missing I gathered. Are they together?"  
  
"No. Daddy took Isaiah and his family to the train station in Osceola. They're traveling to see family up north. Iowa or Ohio. I can't remember which."  
  
Fidgeting her lips Rita winces, "Keith seems to be spending a lot of time with his Mennonites. I sure hope he doesn't decide to buy a farm. I'm so not into milking cows or feeding chickens."  
  
Brit sits up leaning against the side of the tub. Her chest hidden as she lays an arm on the edge.  
  
"I don't think Daddy wants that. He just gets along with Grace's parents really well. The barn dance was really fun. Isaiah's nephew asked me to be his date."  
  
"Sounds so not fun. But, I am glad you enjoyed yourself."  
  
"I loved it. Jonah is so nice."  
  
"Jonah was it? I hope you dressed appropriately. I've seen your attire changing a bit too much the last month or so."  
  
"I wore a long dress. And, for your information Missy you're barely here to see anything. Let alone what I wear. I'm eighteen I can make my own decisions. So how was Orlando? Get Goofy?"  
  
"Funny. No but I made Pluto chase his tail." If her daughter only knew. Two days ago she had sex with a man who took her doggy style until Rita turned the tails dominating him. Toying with his own back end.   
  
A long pause exudes before Brit asks the important question, "Home long?"  
  
"Two days. I have another meeting arranged to discuss a public speaking engagement in Atlanta, Georgia. Big money should I take it." Rita was lying of course. She wouldn't go away so far from home. Unless she had a valid reason.   
  
"Oh. Good, I need new outfits. Lance needs brain surgery too."  
  
"No amount of surgery could fix your brother." Rita responds smirking, "So, we'll just use the money on you and I. I'm going to go change. We should go for pizza later. Sound yummy?"  
  
"Sure."  
  
"Perfect. I am going to close this door now before the men return."  
  
"Thanks." Brit shrinks into her bath again. Her openness busted by her Mother. The second the door latches she reaches beside her to grab her cellphone from the toilet tank lid. Texting quickly she warns her Father of Mom being home. She would protect her Dad at all cost. She loved him. Every inch of him.   
  
Forty miles away Keith Foxx looked at his text while driving. A good thing he did. He had planned on showing Mary where he and the kids lived. Her daughter Grace having already spent time there. That idea shot down quickly.  
  
"You look distraught, Keith." Mary notes as he had read the text.  
  
"Yeah. I'm not going to lie. Britney just informed me that my wife came home. Says for two days. I had thought about treating you to my world a bit more. Maybe fix dinner for you and Grace. I guess that thought is moot."  
  
"That is very sweet of you. You can join us for dinner at the farm. I will cook though."  
  
Keith puckers shooting glances between Mary and the highway. Pondering he wondered what Rita might think of Mary. Would that be a mistake to introduce them? How could Rita even be bothered knowing that Keith allowed her to go play whenever she wanted. The love lingered but the reality was they had grown apart.  
  
"You know what? We're going to my house. I want you to meet Rita."  
  
Mary's eyes bulge, "You would want me to meet your wife?"  
  
Behind them Grace stares with disbelief. Knowing her Mother's feelings growing for Keith. Meeting his wife might destroy her.  
  
"Are you sure that's a good idea?" Grace leans forward to express.  
  
Mary still had no idea how much her daughter knew. Yet, she did encourage her Mother to further her desires toward Keith. She was happy that her daughter approved. But, how much could she reveal to her without Grace objecting?  
  
"Yes. She does not know about us. I would feel awkward. Britney and Lance might get upset that I am intruding on your family."  
  
Keith chuckles, "You certainly don't know my kids. They know that Rita and I are this close to getting divorced. Too be honest Rita has a good number of men she plays around with. Some I probably don't even know about."  
  
Mary appears stunned. Her right hand moving up to hide her surprise. Fingers touching her lips.   
  
"And, you allow this to occur?"  
  
"Don't go looking at me like I'm the Devil. She would do it even if I asked her not too. Besides you and I have talked about my type of relationship."  
  
Mary quickly uses a finger as if to silence Keith. Fearing what Grace might hear. Grace was absorbed with her cell. Without her Mother knowing she was texting her would be boyfriend if given the chance. In the distance her admirer Kyle was trying to be a gentleman. Grace would not have that. Regardless of her texting Grace peps up to leer at her Mom.  
  
"Stop trying to hide things. I know you have feelings for each other. I'm ok with that. For the record Mother I know more than you do. Britney and I are very close. We discuss...things."  
  
Mary looks haunted by her daughters admission, "Things? Such as?"  
  
"Boys. Home life. She's told me about her Mom. I knew long ago that Mr. Foxx liked you. Certainly before you did."  
  
Pausing to process her words Mary darts her beautiful eyes toward Keith, "Is this true? My daughter has been corrupted?"  
  
Keith hides his reaction looking in his side mirror and turning on the left turn signal to switch lanes. Just like the topic.  
  
"Maybe you should meet my wife. You might get a sense of what I deal with."  
  
Mary fidgets in her seat facing forward once more. This giving Grace the chance to snap a picture of her cleavage as she tugs her dress outward for a more risqué photo. Kyle would love her for her bravery.  
  
Awaiting Kyle's reply to her picture Grace enters their conversation again, "I am an adult Mother. It is not as if you have not sinned of late. Yes, I know. Like I said I'm okay with it. I know how unhappy you are with Father. You have my blessing to..."  
  
Mary pivots in her seat fuming, "YOUR BLESSING? What I have done is none of your business young lady. I will repent for my actions."  
  
"That's going to be an every day thing. We both know you can't stop thinking about Mr. Foxx."  
  
Keith smirks at their battle. Grace defending him made him smile. Mary was only in denial. She would come around once it all sinks in. She had already sworn to open up to Keith sexually once Isaiah was out of the picture. She wanted a new life she was just scared of it. That and of her daughter feeling ashamed of her. Of course that would never be the case.  
  
"Stop with the Mr. Foxx stuff. Call me Keith."  
  
Grace presses her lips into a smug smile toward her Mother, "Can we agree not to disagree? Mom? I love you. You can say and do whatever you want in front of me. I will never betray you. Father will not know from my lips. I swear."  
  
Mary felt uneasy yet wanted to believe in her daughter. She worried in her soul just how much her daughter had truly grown up.  
  
"Who are you texting?" Mary discovers her daughters cell buzz.  
  
"Kyle. You remember him from the barn dance."  
  
"I do. I was unaware you were furthering your friendship."  
  
"I like Kyle. If he asks me to be his girlfriend I intend to say yes. Prom is coming up at school. I hope he will be my date. Should he ask me."  
  
Keith opts to enter the fray, "He might want to go to his Prom. If I were you I'd ask him first. That would commit him to your school's Prom."  
  
Mary groans in a huff, "Have I no say in this?"  
  
Grace and Keith eye each other as Keith winks at her through the mirror. In a synchronized reply both say, "NO!"  
  
Mary wanted to retaliate but chose to blush and smile away from Keith's eye contact. She rather enjoyed losing.  
  
"I will ask him now." Grace grew ballsy. Typing away Mary manages a glare toward Keith. All she could do was sigh. Keith was so handsome.  
  
"So, we're 20 miles from home." Keith points at a mileage indicator sign along the highway, "Can you manage your emotions and come meet my wife?"  
  
"Do I have a say in this at least?"  
  
Again both Grace and Keith manage a united, "NO!"  
  
"Then I will be polite. Unless she is not."  
  
"I'm at a point in my life where she needs to know where our relationship stands Mary. She's gone all but two days a week any more."  
  
"Should I not know where you and I stand Keith?"  
  
Grace yelps and hops in her seat, "Kyle said yes. To being my Prom date."  
  
"See! That's how it's done." Keith grins.  
  
Grace dances with jubilation then offers a lingering response to her Mother's question, "Can I answer Mom's question Keith?"  
  
He chuckles, "Go for it."  
  
"Mom? You're Keith's bitch now."  
  
Mary raises her eye brows, "Excuse me? Young Lady that word is..."  
  
Keith reaches over and grabs Mary by the arm. Dragging her toward him as he darted his gaze toward traffic and her. Leaning toward Mary he pulls her into a kiss. Mary melted. Her palm caressing Keith's left cheek.  
  
"Eyes on the road Kids." Keith hears Grace as he accidently crosses the center line. Luckily no one was in the other lane at the time. Before letting Mary go he straightens out then returns for another kiss. Mary had to fan herself and blush. Once released she settles into her seat and stares at Keith. Her eyes bright and excited.  
  
"What were you saying Mom?" Grace giggles.  
  
"You hush." Mary sheepishly grins.  
  
Keith points at Mary and mouths the words, "My bitch."  
  
Mary nibbles her lip and returns with a silent, "Your bitch."  
  
The rest of the ride was giddy. Keith had Mary where he wanted her. His thoughts turning to Rita's inevitable reaction. She had no idea that he and Mary were getting close. Rita would need to accept the situation. Hopefully his kids would stand by him.  
  
An hour later they had dropped off the rental van and switched back to Keith's pickup truck. All three cramming into the cab.  
  
Back at the Foxx household Britney had gotten dressed and traipsed about texting with friends Cryssa, Tara, and Nancy. Now wearing a crème colored crochet romper that revealed her skin beneath vividly. She opted to challenge her Mother's thoughts on her attire. As an adult Brit felt the need to make her Mother realize the fact more. The frilly shorts expressing the curves of her butt cheeks ever so slightly. The one piece showing off her entire back down to the waist. Her breasts see through save for around the nipples where the crochet disguised a bit more. The same of her crotch and butt crack area. Otherwise the world could see her every inch of flesh.  
  
Joining Rita in the living room where her Mother paraded about in a towel after a much needed shower. The towel barely covering her luscious body. She had chosen to pick up the living room of abandoned dishes and beer cans. Her family slobs she considered. Turning to haul the garbage to the kitchen she eyes Britney.  
  
"I don't recall you owning that...doily?"  
  
Brit twists in step proudly antagonizing her Mom, "I bought it the other day. My friends Nancy and Cryssa went shopping. I tagged along."  
  
"I see. Your Father give you money?"  
  
"No. I embezzled from our carwash fund." She sticks her tongue out and presses her lips around it expecting to be scolded.  
  
"Okay. Don't get into trouble. I might have to go buy one of those. Too cute."  
  
Britney looked at Rita with surprise, "You're not going to tell me to go change?"  
  
"No. I give up. You're too much like me."  
  
Britney wanted to disagree. But, the more she pondered it, Rita was right.   
  
Rita discards her trash in the Kitchen waste basket and pulls the full trash bag out, twist tying the bag. Stepping to the back door with it she opens up and steps outside. Still in her towel she literally walks out to the back alley where their trash cans were. Britney amazed by her Mother's brazen actions.  
  
Reaching the trash cans Rita looks over and spots her neighbors Chuck and Chloe hauling in groceries from the garage. Chloe ahead of Chuck he looks over and notes Rita. Rita grins devilishly and feigns losing her towel. Hitting the ground Rita pauses in step and stands up straight. Biting her nail she shivers enough to toss her beautiful tits about for Chuck to ogle.  
  
Chuck swallowed dryly then looked toward Chloe who had unlocked the back door and had gone inside. At least she hadn't seen Rita. Of course a quick glare to his right he observes Britney standing in the back doorway of her home. Wagging a finger at Chuck. He had to smirk.   
  
Rita bends over letting Chuck witness her curvy bottom as she picks up her towel and puts it back on. Slowly walking back to her home. Their eye contact inseparable. Brit found this curious.  
  
"Don't ever tell me to behave." Britney smirks with raised brow.  
  
"I felt evil. What can I say?"  
  
"How about, I hope my daughter grows up to be just like me?"  
  
Rita frowns and pinches her daughters doily patterned romper directly over her chest. Pulling it aside to see her daughters nipple, "We both know you already have. I'm not naïve."  
  
"Guys love my nipples." Brit offers a shocked glare over her brow as she looks at her Mother's hand.  
  
"That makes two of us." Rita winks and heads inside. On her way past Britney she feels her daughters hand lash out and slap her Mother on the butt cheek.  
  
"Well now!" Rita turns and the two wrestle in the kitchen. Their battle filled with laughter and emotional ties. It had been far too long since they had bonded. In their giggles Rita loses her towel again and goes without remorse. She intended to make her daughter pee.  
  
The front door opens without hearing it. Keith Foxx stepping inside to hear the women laughing and squealing at the same time. Behind him terrified at even being here Mary and Grace Ruuthouse felt out of place. Keith grimaces worried of what was going on.  
  
Suddenly, out of the kitchen ran Britney, her romper all awry. Her nipples both exposed through her twisted outfit. She was holding her Mother's towel. Seeing the new arrivals Brit quickly covered herself.   
  
Giving chase Rita Foxx stormed in behind Britney hugging her and trying to obtain her towel. In her retrieval process Rita realizes her situation. Standing proudly as Britney hands the towel behind her Rita sizes up Mary and Grace. With a bitter glare she refuses to get dressed. This was her home. Even she had never brought another man home.   
  
"You going to get dressed?" Keith shakes his head.  
  
Grimly Rita wraps her towel about herself and merely holds it tight.  
  
"Who have we here?" Rita knew but expected an introduction.  
  
"This is Mary Ruuthouse. Her daughter Emily Grace."  
  
Grace swiftly excuses herself as Britney motions for her to join her in the safety of her bedroom. It was there that Grace admits to asking Kyle to be her Prom date and his acceptance. The girls were giddy at the news.  
  
In the living room Rita attempts to offer a hesitant hand shake. Mary blushing at her near nudity.  
  
"Forgive our unexpected intrusion." Mary lowers her gaze.  
  
"Don't be. My husband is his own person. He has a right to have friends." She emphasizes with a bit of scrutiny.  
  
"Not my friend. My lover." Keith grumbles pulling Mary forward to his side. Mary felt like fainting. She prayed the woman wouldn't attack her.  
  
"Lover?" Rita looked pale suddenly. She had no clue that Keith was actually looking for another mate. She however couldn't fault him. Although her jealous was still evident.  
  
"That's right. I expect you to be nice. You know what I let you do. So nothing you have to say means a thing."  
  
Nodding wryly Rita agrees, "Welcome to...our home."

"Not for much longer." He expresses with a glint of control.  
  
"Oh?"  
  
Rita freezes in expression. In her heart she knew this would happen one day. Here it was. Would he go so far as ask for a divorce right in front of her? Or, wait until later. Pouty she restrains herself.  
  
"I'll go get dressed." Rita decides to at least attempt respect. As she turns Mary opens up unexpectedly.  
  
"You do not have to. This is your home."  
  
Rita was taken by surprise. Hesitantly she holds her ground. Mary taking the risk of moving her free arm upward to caress Keith's abdomen. A sparkle in her eye at his strength. Keith merely eyed Rita.  
  
"I don't know what to say." Rita shrugs with a depressed expression.  
  
Keith had plenty to say, "We'll discuss this later. If you want to stay on my good side you'll be nice and do something for me."  
  
A curious eye brow peaks, "Always."  
  
"You and Mary are about the same size. Go through your closet and find at least three outfits she can borrow until I can buy her brand new. My unemployment checks about gone."  
  
"No word about returning to work?" Rita acts concerned.  
  
"Bills are paid. Just not much left right now. I won't depend on your money from here on out."  
  
"If you need to I'm not opposed. For the kids."  
  
"Only for the kids. I'll get a job. Put in about 12 resumes. Somebody will bite. Talk about that later too. Do what I said. Something sexy. Nothing too wholesome."  
  
Mary flared her eyes at his words. A bit of moistness between her thighs. Rita felt the same. She loved it when Keith grew intense. Something both women had in common. "Care to follow me?" Rita motioned toward their bedroom.  
  
Before stepping away Keith stops Mary and bends over lifting the woman's skirt.  
  
"Let Mary shower and shave her legs. Brush out her hair and trim her ends. Pubes go away. Soft and silky. Understood?" He leers at Mary who nods faintly.  
  
Rita winced at his commands. Pampering another woman, least of all her competition felt miserable. Still, she admired her husbands authority. She had overlooked it for so long that it brought back memories.  
  
"This way, Mary."  
  
Trembling Mary Ruuthouse trailed along behind Rita. Showing Mary the restroom she ushers her in.  
  
"Shower and shave your legs. I'll be back in a bit." Rita hands her a washcloth and a new razor. Pointing out shampoos and such on a shelving within the shower stall.  
  
"Thank you. I'm so sorry." Mary looked weepy.  
  
"Don't be." Rita sighs, "It's my own fault. Sure, I'm a little upset but It will pass. If you're my husbands future so be it." She starts to turn then decides to ask, "Aren't you married as well?"  
  
"Yes." Mary lowers her gaze, feeling empathy.  
  
"Britney told me he went to Ohio, right?"  
  
"Iowa. Yes. With my Mother-in-law and my young son Daniel. They will be gone for a month."  
  
"Are you planning on divorcing your husband?"  
  
"If I must. Forgive me for having feelings for what is yours."  
  
"He hasn't really been mine for awhile now. Get cleaned up. If you need my help just ask. As weird as that is."  
  
"I shall."  
  
Rita leaves and closes the door. She discovers Keith standing in Britney's bedroom doorway. Talking to the kids. Easing next to him Rita looks in at Britney and Grace. Grace had already switched into some of Britney's clothing. A light grey tank top without a bra and tight white shorts. Her long flowing red hair being brushed out by Britney.  
  
"I guess I've been pretty na茂ve after all." Rita huffs.  
  
Keith eyes his wife and motions her toward their own bedroom across the hall. Rita leading the way Keith shuts the door behind them. Once concealed Keith steps behind Rita who had began to faintly weep. Throwing his arms around his wife he hugs her from behind.  
  
"Where did I go so wrong?" Rita sniffs trying to keep her composure. Before another word Keith peels her towel from her grasp and forceful turns her to face him. Her eyes react with uncertainty.  
  
"Listen to me very closely." He directs as she quivers in step, "You live your life like you do every day. So will I. I like Mary. It remains to be seen how well she can adapt to the changes I insist upon. That and how well she copes once Isaiah gets back home. I'm hoping he finds a gal in Iowa. That would make things easier."  
  
"She says that she has a young son. That might prove your undoing." Rita fidgets.  
  
"I'll deal with this a step at a time. You owe me big and you know it. So treat her well and respect my decisions. Help me transform her."  
  
Sighing heavily as he grips her upper arms she nods, "I hope she can shave her own pubes. I really don't want to do that for her."  
  
"I'll do it. Get to work on the wardrobe. Nothing but the best. Am I clear?"  
  
"Yep. Crystal. One question." She pauses to breath, "I presume both Britney and Lance know everything?"  
  
"Brit for quite awhile. Lance fairly recently. Treat Grace like she's your own. Hear me?" "I heard you."  
  
He drags her close into an intimate hug. Her chest crushing against his. His hands roaming her spine lovingly. Rita Foxx wanted to cry but couldn't. Something kept her emotions in check. Eyes flaring she feels his crotch increase in its boldness.  
  
"Some things never change." She exhales on his shoulder.  
  
He releases her and disrobes. She eyes his stripping down with interest. Amused by his beastly erection poised before her. She kneels in front of him prepared to give him a blowjob. The second she reaches to fondle him he turns away.  
  
"Get busy."  
  
Opening the door he marches in all of his glory directly in front of Britney's opened doorway. Grace and Britney both dropping their jaws. A snapped look across the hall at her kneeling Mother Britney felt sad. Rita had resorted to letting her tears flow.  
  
Keith entered the unlocked bathroom door and ripped open the sliding Plexiglas. Mary soaped up and flaring her gaze his way. Easing aside to allow him entry he drags her into his body and kisses her long and hard. Dipping her back into the cascade of water.  
  
Her hair drenched he blindly locates the shampoo and Literally washes her hair. Kissing all along. This intimacy made Mary moan and fall very much in love.  
  
Once washed and conditioned, Keith bathed her head to toe. Crouching in front of her he lathers up her pubic hair and forces her to lean back against the shower wall and watch him. With careful attention he trims her bush with thin snips until he could shave her with a straight razor. She whimpered at his tenderness. His fingers delicately maneuvering around her pussy for a silky smooth appearance. Once satisfied Keith abandons the razor and rinses her with a showerhead extension.  
  
She yelps at the water pressure colliding with her clitoris. Keith prying her lips to get a more aggressive shot. Mary had never experienced a showerhead such as this. Used to a mere bathtub. He made her squeal loudly before discarding the wand and burying his face between her thighs. Eating and fingering her until she nearly loses her balance. Just before she cums Keith stops and stands towering over her. Yanking her to kiss him long and hard. Tasting her pussy on his breath.  
  
Parting he presses his forehead against hers, "Shave your legs. I'll send Rita in to cut your hair. Rinse back off and walk naked into the room on the other side of that wall. Am I clear?"  
  
"What of Grace? She must think so badly of me right now."  
  
"Not even. Get used to this kind of freedom Mary. Obey me."  
  
Nodding as he kisses her one last time with an escape of her tugged lower lip, he steps out of the shower. Closing the door he walks dripping wet out into the hall. Noting only Grace sitting on Britney's bed with a thin smile. Winking at Grace he strokes his cock twice before turning to his bedroom. Hearing sobs Keith spots Britney watching her Mother in the closet sifting through clothing. She was out of his direct sight.  
  
Smug Keith motions Britney into the hallway. Reaching her Father Keith grips his daughter by her shoulders and nudges her down in front of him. Eyes bulging Brit shivers. It had been awhile since Keith had allowed her to touch him. Poised into a crouch Britney opens her jaws wide and sucks her Father's cock a total of six times before he waves her away.  
  
Turning to Grace he encourages her to join them in the hallway. The stunning redhead bobs her body like a geek before jumping up and racing to Britney's side. Right there in the bedrooms opened doorway he lets both girls suck his dick and lick his balls. All Rita had to do was leave the closet and glance over. Or, for Mary to be done and step out of the bathroom. The risk was great but Keith felt like God suddenly.  
  
Finally, he hears the shower cease and stops the pouting girls below. Pointing at them to head back into Brit's bedroom. Once the girls rise and vacate the hallway Keith shuts their door softly.  
  
Choosing now to enter the Master bedroom. Easing behind Rita he rubs his dick along her ass crack. She freezes and sighs, "Sloppy seconds?"  
  
"Bend over."  
  
She coos suddenly and does so. Feeling her Husband penetrate her with a sensual entry. Slow and deep. Her mouth opening with a tender acceptance. His dick always felt lovely when gently brushing her G-spot.  
  
"Mary will be in shortly. Cut her hair. Dress her. No panties. Only a sheer bra." He slides in and out of Rita lovingly. Her lips curling at his soft entry then departure.  
  
"I wish I could hate you." She huffs.  
  
"Not going to happen."  
  
Hearing the bathroom door open Mary cautiously exits the steamy room and grits her teeth. Noting Britney's door shut helped. A soft shuffle next door she looks in to see Keith still nude. Rita as well as she carries a pair of hangers out of her closet.  
  
"Oh my." Mary whines at everyone so boldly stripped down.  
  
Rita smiles at Mary, "Come on in. Don't be shy. Keith? Go get a kitchen chair. I'll grab a sheet to catch her hair. Scissors in my sewing kit in the linen closet."  
  
Keith acknowledges his Wife and steps to the door. In passing Mary he stops and grabs her chin to kiss her yet again. This time right in front of Rita. The second he peels away Rita smirks, "Lucky you." Then, brushes past Mary to gather her things.  
  
Less than a minute later both returned to the bedroom. Sheet spread on the floor neatly, chair centered Mary took her seat and allowed Rita to take over. Shivering at the chill in the air. Keith crouches before Mary and holds her hands, "I'll be just outside. You don't come out until your hair is done. Rinse off, dry off and let Rita dress you. Apply make up."  
  
He eyes Rita.  
  
"I got this. She's going to be stunning."  
  
Mary whimpers, "Wait. What if Grace steps out and see's you naked?"  
  
"I had Rita tell the girls to stay in the bedroom. Don't worry."  
  
Rita narrows her eyes at Keith. No he hadn't. She would go along with his lie. For now. Shooing him away Rita snips the scissors toward him. He scowls and leaves the bedroom. Closing the door behind him.  
  
Mary was at the mercy of Rita Foxx.  
  
Making certain Mary wasn't going to step out unexpectedly he listened to their idle chatter. Once convinced it was safe Keith silently opens Britney's door and enters it.  
  
Leaving the door wide open. Walking to the girls he nudges his daughter back to lay on her mattress. Reaching down he easily peels the loose fitting rompers shorts to reveal her sexy little pussy. Right in front of Grace he penetrates his daughter and fucks her. Hips thrusting harder and harder. The second Britney begins to moan Grace dives next to her head and clamps her hand over Brit's mouth.  
  
Keith admired the girls commitment to him. Britney concealed her moans as he continued. Holding her ankles wide for a deeper penetration.  
  
Grace leans in whispering into her besties ear, "I want some."  
  
Brit darts her eyes toward her as Grace lifts her palm just enough to reply, "Mine. All mine. Get your own."  
  
Keith stood amused and gunned it. Her moans escalating until Grace was forced to grab a pillow and suffocate her to a degree. All while singlehandedly texting Kyle that she was horny. Grace was dripping wet at this adventure.  
  
Feeling ready to detonate Keith pulls out of Brit in a hurry. Grabbing Grace he drags her by the foot to face him. Forcing her to let him peel her shorts to her knees he straddles the girl by placing one foot on the mattress. He then begins jerking off over her sweet little pink pussy. Grace whimpers knowing her Mom could step out at any time. Giggling Brit feeling evil smothered Grace with the pillow. Getting even.  
  
In less than thirty seconds Keith Foxx peppered the redhead's thighs. Tickling her clit with his thumb. Emily Grace yanked the pillow aside pouting. Without warning Britney used the girls cell and snapped a picture of her cum splattered thighs. Grace drops her jaw and begs as Brit feigns sending the picture to Kyle. Taunting her with expressions of "I'm so going to."  
  
Keith snapped his fingers and pointed at his cock. Both girls leapt to their feet and dropped to their knees. Taking turns draining Keith of his leftovers. Once their tongues wagged at him for more he leans forward and guides their faces together. The two girls kissed and shared his taste.  
  
Keith claimed Grace's cell and takes another picture of them kissing. Breaking them up by showing Grace the picture. Her eyes bulging she starts chuckling, "Now this one I'll send Kyle."  
  
Keith stroked their hair and winked at them as he ventured out into the hallway. Again closing the door. With only seconds to lean against the wall and fold his arms.  
  
Mary opens the Master bedroom door and shyly smiles at Keith on her way to rinse the hair from her body. Rita posing with her back against the threshold waiting.  
  
"You know, I really like this side of you."  
  
"Tell me that when you aren't holding a deadly weapon." He smirks.  
  
"How about I take the girls for pizza and give you two some time together? I was going to treat Brit anyway."  
  
"Perfect."  
  
"Should I skip dressing her until later?" Rita hikes a brow.  
  
"Good idea. I'll take her for drinks later. You can babysit."  
  
"Little too late to babysit our young adults."  
  
"True."  
  
Mary finishing returns to witness them talking. Keith nods at Rita then moves in to toss a squealing Mary over his shoulder. The woman fearful of her daughter running to her aid. Hauling Mary through the threshold he tosses her on the bed. Rita swooping in to remove the clothing she had prepared.  
  
Keith mounted Mary, laying over her and destroying her emotions with a passionate kiss. Rita had to admire his ferocity. Invading his moment Rita leans over the bed and pats her Husband on the ass.  
  
"Taking the girls for pizza. You two have fun."  
  
His hips aligned up for insertion at Rita's pat. Plunging in as Mary breathlessly cried out into his mouth. Deciding on a short dress Rita filtered it over her body like a sheet drifting sensually. Aqua in color. Strapless and cleavage bursting. Zero undies.  
  
Stopping just long enough to enjoy her Husbands mad thrusting. His balls crushing with each impact on Mary's thighs. Fanning herself Rita left the room. Door wide open as she carefully coaxed the girls from their room. The giggling trio leaving the house. It was obvious Grace knew this was happening. Rita had plenty of questions.  
  
two hours later the front door opens and in walks Keith's son Lance. Thinking nothing of his arrival but his stomach growling he heads for the kitchen. Then, stopped cold as he heard loud shrill cries of orgasm.  
  
"Good grief. Britney must be fucking Dad again."  
  
Wandering cautiously toward his Parents bedroom he leans against the threshold. Feeling smug he chuckles, "Really? Leaving the door open? What if Mom came home and caught you with Dad?"  
  
Keith snaps a glare at his son. Lance quickly realizing that it wasn't his sister beneath him. "I'll just run away from home now."  
  
Lance bolted away. Stepping outside in a hurry he freezes. In the driveway sat his Mother's car. Exiting were Rita, Britney, and Grace.  
  
"There's my beautiful boy." Rita smiles warmly.  
  
"MOM!" He sweats darting his gaze from the girls back at the house.  
  
Britney wiggles ahead of her Mother and lifts her Brother's chin, "Relax. Mom knows."  
  
"We have leftover pizza." Rita waves the carrier out box under Lance's nose.  
  
Claiming it he watches Mother and Daughter head inside. Lagging behind Grace was still texting Kyle. Reaching lance she looks up.  
  
"Are they done yet?"  
  
Lance winced shaking his head as she passes him.  
  
"This family is so fucked up."

**Britney Ch. 46: Foxx Hole**

Keith Foxx had made love to Mary Ruuthouse for nearly three hours. Choosing to educate the Mennonite beauty of all that her beliefs had denied her. Every possible position Keith could recall he introduced her to. Breathlessly she accepted her fate with a gracious starvation of welcomed knowledge. For Mary her past life had faded away for these three hours.   
  
As they lay in Keith and Rita's bed he holds Mary in his arms. Her soft exhales and gentle caresses tantalizing his heated flesh. For a 38 year old man Keith had the dexterity of an 18 year old. He could go on and on through the night. The thought even crossing his mind. That would have to wait. He had other ideas.  
  
"Let's shower again and get dressed. I want to take you out on the town." He kisses her forehead.  
  
"What if someone see's me?" She shivers in his admiration.  
  
"They should see you. You're a beautiful woman. Beauty never hides. I aim to show you off."  
  
"Show me off? Should I be worried?"  
  
"Not in the least. It's high time you accept the body God gave you."  
  
"Let us not speak of religion. I have enough sin to repent for as it is."  
  
"Keep a list it's going to get longer." He chuckles lightly.  
  
"I fear I have earned my place in the fiery pits." She pouts.  
  
"I'll be right by your side taking the punishment then. You're not getting away from me that easily."  
  
She absorbs his words before positioning in bed upon one elbow to look down at him. She wanted to believe in his sincerity but her marriage and children kept creeping in to challenge her desires.  
  
"You would want more from me than this? This life of lust." She peers down with confusion.  
  
"Of course. Like I keep saying we take things one step at a time. Let's rebuild you first. I'll figure how best to keep your family together. Minus Isaiah that is. We already know Grace is for this change."  
  
"Yes. I fear more for Daniel. He is so young."  
  
"He is. Let's not stress about it just yet. A month from now when Isaiah comes home we formulate a plan that keeps Daniel in your world more than his."  
  
"Perhaps Daniel might be better off with Isaiah. What I am becoming would not be appropriate as a role model."  
  
He nods then places a finger to her lips. Her thoughts contained. Dragging her into him he kisses her fears away. Ten minutes later he parades her freely by hand from the bedroom to the bathroom. Sharing another shower to freshen up.  
  
Drying each other off Mary melts. Isaiah had never devoted such attentiveness to her. This was beyond her deepest desires. Her heart was soaring for this man.   
  
A light knock on the bathroom door pauses their passionate pampering. Wincing Keith turns the door knob and inches the door open. Too his shock it was not his wife Rita whom he expected. Instead it was Mary's daughter Grace.  
  
"I can't hold it much longer." She whimpers dancing in step. Wearing only a long night shirt borrowed from Britney.  
  
"Come on in." He opens the door.  
  
Mary's eyes bulge at Keith's boldness. This was her daughter. It was not appropriate for her to witness not only her Mother nude after having sex with another man, but to blatantly be exposed to Keith's manhood.  
  
"Cover your eyes." Mary leaps toward Grace and blinds her with her left palm. Keith shook his head at his maneuver. Probably not his smartest move at this point. Standing his ground he at least wraps a towel around his waist.  
  
Even with Mary masking her vision Grace ignored them, lifting her shirt to her upper hips to squat on the toilet. Mary embarrassed by her daughter's brazen act. She had not raised her to be so disrespectful.  
  
"Mom? It's okay to remove your hand. I'm not blind even if you want me to be."  
  
"What does that mean?" Mary looked worried.  
  
"I told you I'm fine with you seeing Keith. It's not like I was deaf this last hour. You were screaming so loud I bet the horses our the farm heard you. I'm glad you had fun."  
  
Removing her hand Mary hesitates to look at Keith. He had re-opened the door prepared to leave. She offered him an expression of needing time with her daughter. Hearing Grace pee made Keith decide to move on. Closing the door behind him.  
  
Mary in turn folds her arms over her chest now shrouded by her towel. Uncertain how to even approach this situation.  
  
"I feel as if I have overlooked something here." Mary creases her brow trying to decipher the situation.  
  
"Maybe." Grace shrugs, "You do realize that my going to a public school I learn things other than Math and English, right?"  
  
"Have you?" Mary suddenly looks mortified.  
  
"Lost my virginity? No. Still sacred ground. But, I want to lose it. I'm ready."  
  
"Oh, Grace." Mary pouts feeling defeated, "I fear I have walked us both into a den of serpents."  
  
"Yeah? Keith has a big snake doesn't he Mother?" Grace grins pointing at Mary with a playful index finger that spins around deviously.  
  
"That was uncalled for."  
  
"Mom, stop. I'm an adult. You're an adult. I'm fully aware of the male anatomy. Sex Ed remember? Besides I see things more than I have ever let on. So, no birds and the bee's lecture okay? Just know I love you and respect your decisions. If Keith makes you happy, I'm happy. Besides I already think of Britney as my sister. Lance? Not so much a brother. He's kind of lame."  
  
Processing this Mary could only hold a hand over her mouth and stare at Grace as she stands up and nudges her Mother aside to wash her hands.  
  
A hug led to tears. Mary couldn't contain herself. Grace merely rubbed her Mother's back and told her things would be fine.  
  
After Keith Foxx left the bathroom he trudged boldly into the living room. Finding only his wife Rita stretched out on the sofa napping. Keith needed her so waking her was necessary. Removing his towel he leaned over her face and dangled his beefy cock along her cheek and forehead. The light tickling made Rita fan her hand as if swatting away a mosquito. Annoyed finally she woke up and discovered Keith's crown touching her nose. Her eyes crossed she jumps now fully aware.  
  
"Finally done defiling my bed sheets?" She sits up slowly letting her blanket fall from her upper body. Her breasts revealing a bit more than they should while her dress had wadded in her resting state.  
  
"Go do Mary's make-up and get her dressed."  
  
"What time is it?"  
  
Keith looks to his right at a wall clock, "11:12. Get her ready by midnight. I'm taking her to the bar. Showing her off."  
  
"Like you used to do with me?" She smiles with fond memories.  
  
"You showed off even without me so don't go giving me credit."  
  
"Answer me something first. The kids were vague. Why are you parading around nude in front of Britney? For that matter Mary's daughter. We won't discuss Lance."  
  
"My house. My rules. Kids are eighteen so nothing I'm doing is illegal."  
  
"I presume Britney is quite active sexually?"  
  
"You need to ask her that. I'll stay out of that."  
  
Rita frowns, "I hope her birth control pills haven't run out."  
  
"Nope. Filled them little over a week ago. I'm still a concerned Parent."  
  
"And, I'm not?"  
  
"Don't start. We've come a long way in the last few hours. No more hiding. No more lies. You and I are on a new wavelength. Love doesn't always mean in love. You're still here. I'm still there." He points at her chest, "There's just room for improvement. In my case that's Mary."  
  
"So, I'm the other woman suddenly." She nods with a scowl.  
  
"Your choice. If you want a divorce I'll grant it. We can go our separate ways if you feel the need."  
  
"Or?"  
  
"Or, you enjoy your social routine and so will I. I'm in favor of co-existence. We just do not go out of our way to showcase any intimacy in front of Mary. Everything takes time."  
  
"So you want us both?"  
  
"I want her. You either accept what I offer you when I feel like offering it or move on."  
  
"I don't want to move on. I'll lay low and give you and Mary time together."  
  
"This is your home too. Come and go. Stay as long as you want. Just know when Mary is here my attentions are hers."  
  
As they communicate their terms they halt their verbal sharing when their daughter comes shuffling from her room. Britney now wearing like Grace a long night shirt.  
  
"Are you two okay?" Brit questions with a sadness in her eyes.  
  
"We're fine." Rita expresses then realizes her Husband was standing there nude still, "Keith?" then pointing at his cock.  
  
Britney without even giving it any thought eases next to her Father and hugs him from the side. Her left hand palming his abdomen. Keith took a deep breath and held his ground. He wasn't going to shy away.  
  
"Really?" Rita concludes just how much her weeks away had cost her.  
  
"I'm not embarrassed Mom. I love you both."  
  
Rita decides to stand up and straighten out her dress. Feeling defeat from every angle she starts to walk away. Keith lashes out and grabs Rita by her bicep yanking her into him. She put up no resistance. Drawing both of his girls into a tight hug. Rita palming his chest while her chin rests on his shoulder.  
  
Unknown to her Britney in her evil thoughts lowers her hand from her Father's abdomen to grip his cock. Lightly stroking him while her Mom was right there. Keith could only hold them firmly.  
  
Hearing the bathroom door open broke their embrace. Britney straightening up quickly as Keith wraps his towel about his waist again. Rita puffing her cheeks out at this whole new world. It was out of hand. Now her thoughts were on just how close Father and daughter were. Not that she had any say now. Her opinion would be lost on deaf ears.  
  
Mary in her towel and Grace lumber into the living room to join them. Rita sighing at the sight of their arrival. Moving around Keith she claims Mary.  
  
"Time for the ball Cinderella. Let's get you made up so the Prince can take you dancing."  
  
Mary follows along uncertain of being alone with Rita. She had no choice.  
  
As a door is heard to close and latch Keith immediate drops his towel. After Britney had nurtured his cock in such a bold manner Keith was rock hard all over again. Taking a seat on his sofa where Rita had been he scoots to the middle. Patting both sides of him he motions Britney and Grace to sit beside him. The girls jump at the chance. Cradling both girls under his arms they snuggle in and roll their free hands over his chest and belly.  
  
"This is nice." He sighs taking time to kiss both girls on the forehead. Grace felt especially happy to be adored, "I'm proud of you Grace."  
  
"Why?" She whispers.  
  
"Helping your Mom to accept this new environment."  
  
"She's scared. When I walked into the bathroom I freaked her out. You were naked and my seeing you only led to questions. I can't tell her everything. I won't. You have my word."  
  
"Good girl."  
  
Britney exhales getting comfortable, "Daddy? I think Mom knows we've had sex."  
  
He nods, "Probably has a hunch. Eventually she's going to ask us both point blank."  
  
"Should I lie about it?"  
  
"No. Just don't brag. You can admit it just don't go into detail. Your Mom knows that there's nothing she can say or do now that you're an adult. If this had been last year different story. Of course I wouldn't have done it if you were seventeen."  
  
"Close enough. I was only eighteen a few months." Brit giggles and dares to tickle her Father in the ribs.  
  
"Same here. Even though there wasn't any intercourse." Grace grins, "We could change that I'm ready."  
  
Keith scowls, "No. What I did earlier was enough. You need to lose that virginity with someone special."  
  
"See? I told you the same thing." Brit points at Grace with an expression of being right.  
  
"I know. Maybe Kyle on Prom night?" Grace brightens up.  
  
"If you feel he's that special person. Sure." Keith rubs her upper arm vigorously. Her own father never offering her such closeness. She relished in it.  
  
"Okay. Who wants to stroke my cock?"  
  
Both girls race to grip his beast. Two hands stroking him at the same time. Britney showing Grace to keep in rhythm with her. Keith just sat back and admired their delight. Loving on his girls with kisses to their scalp.  
  
Five minutes expiring Keith looks up. A silent visitor standing there in shock. His son Lance had left his room quietly and gone unheard. Eying the trio Lance folds his arms and shakes his head.  
  
"I guess it's safe to let you know I've known this was going on since day one." Lance whispers snidely.  
  
Keith grins at his son, "Looking for a raise in your allowance?"  
  
"Sure."  
  
Keith groans, "Get a job."  
  
Brit giggles, "I already have a job. Right Daddy?" She jerks him a bit harder. A hand job her referral  
  
"You need to get a job too. This is only part time."  
  
Pouting Brit observes Lance chuckling, "So fucked up."  
  
Britney breaks on past events, "Hey! I blame you for this Lance. You dared me to seduce Daddy."  
  
Keith hikes his left brow, "Is that right?"  
  
Lance bulges his eyes holding his hands out in front of him, "Whoa! I only dared her to tease you that night in her underwear. I didn't know you would go all the way."  
  
Keith frowns, "Did us all a favor then. Where are you going? It's 11:40 at night."  
  
"Next door. Chuck left for Kentucky. I'm going to tap Chloe."  
  
His Father chuckles, "Been there done that."  
  
Lance turns pale, "Awwwwwwww Maaaaaaaan! What the fuck?"  
  
"Slap her ass and tell her to call out my name."  
  
Moving to the front door Lance rolls his eyes. Hearing his Father snarl made him leer to his right. Capturing the eruption of his Father's beast shooting cum over his lap. The mental image scarring him for life. Then the greed of the girls wrestling to lick him off.  
  
Keith sneers at Lance, "Be home by dawn."  
  
Lance would be home earlier. After seeing his Father not even the beautiful neighbor Chloe could keep him erect. Misery loved company. Chloe understood. After hearing the story related Chloe chose to masturbate in front of Lance. A damned shame she really did call out the name Keith.   
  
By 12:00 Rita exits her bedroom guiding Mary to the living room. Keith hearing the door open ushered the girls away from his cock and he wrapped his towel quickly. The girls moving further away.   
  
Eyes brighten up as Mary steps into view. Rita timidly showcasing her debut with a graceful assistance via opened palm.  
  
Keith nodded smugly at her new lease on life. Mary wore a stunning white mini dress that hugged her every asset. Cleavage loaded and ready to burst free from confinement. From hem to hem her sides were laced up like shoestrings revealing flesh top to bottom. Hair done with accented curls at the tips. Nipples proudly speaking in hopes of tongues.  
  
"Wowza!" Grace jumped to her feet. Marching to examine her Mother, "I want a dress like this."  
  
Mary takes a deep breath and keeps her reply to herself. Keith stands and offers an approving nod. Strolling to her side he circles her while Mary shivers.  
  
"I can't help her with heels. Her shoe size is smaller than mine." Rita admits.  
  
Britney bolts to her feet, "I got this."  
  
Darting around her Mother she touches her arm. A sticky wetness leaving a residue. Wiping her arm she grimaces. Suddenly, she realizes the possibility and raises her dampened fingers to her nose. Sure enough, the pungent aroma of cum. Eying Keith's tented towel she shakes her head.  
  
Britney quickly returns with three pairs of heels. One a pair of five inch stilettos. Kneeling in front of Mary she primes her toes into the shoe. Mary's balance held by Grace giggling. Once both heels were on Brit overlooked the other possibilities.   
  
"Perfect."  
  
Mary whines nasally, "I will break my ankle in these."  
  
Keith reaches over lifting her chin, "Get used to them. I'm going to get dressed. You look great."  
  
Taking his leave the girls squealed and hugged her arms. Mary couldn't help but smile. She felt like a slut but a Princess all the same. Isaiah who?  
  
While Mary basked in her newfound glory Rita vanished to join Keith as he got dressed. Catching him just as he discarded his towel Rita with her clean hand reached over and cork screwed Keith's crown. sampling a droplet of leftover cum. From there she placed her fingers to her nose. As he observed she then brought up her unclean hand to compare scents.  
  
"Did my daughter just jerk you off?" She whispers.  
  
Keith glares at her without expression. He knew he was digging a deeper Foxx hole by the minute. After warning Britney to be vague he couldn't admit it just yet. No bragging he insisted. That meant the same out of him.  
  
"We'll have a family meeting tomorrow. Do not make a scene."  
  
Rita puffs her cheeks fighting anger. Her entire family had gone to the dogs. Throwing her hands up she turns away and heads outside to the back yard for a smoke. Another nasty habit she had recently began. Still, she needed it to calm her nerves.  
  
Next door she hears loud moaning. Chuck's semi was gone. Rita shrugged. Maybe Chloe was just making her own night better with a toy.  
  
Keith swiftly got dressed in all black. Jeans, button down shirt, boots. He looked dashing. Convinced he was ready he returns to the living room. The girls still fawning over Mary.  
  
"Ready to face the world?" He winks at Mary.  
  
"For you. Yes." She stammers in step.  
  
"Grab a crutch." He scowls offering an arm to hold.   
  
Stepping out front he leads her toward his truck parked along the street. Opening the passenger door he helps her up then closes the door. Walking around the bed he hears a deafening scream from Chloe's home next door. He pauses to listen rather proud of his son at that moment.  
  
Without further ado he hears a shrill, "OOOOOOOOOOOOOOH KEEEEEEEEEEITH."  
  
Puckering his lower lip Keith Foxx nods.  
  
"That's my boy."  
  
The cry followed by a loud guttural male voice, "MOTHER FUCKER!"  
  
Keith smirked. His son Lance obviously objecting to her message. Chuckling he got into his truck and drove off. He wanted to beat last call.  
  
In the back yard Rita Foxx had also heard Chloe's climax. Followed by Lance's tone of voice.  
  
Spinning her cigarette butt out into the grass Rita folded her arms and drifted into thought. So much in her life had changed in a mere few hours. After a lengthy contemplation she shivers.  
  
"Mistress it is."

**Britney Ch. 47: Madame Butterfly**

**12:30 A.M.**  
Misery's Pub was open and it's clientele thriving. No matter what night it was the local bar did a substantial business. Tonight the patrons were about to be introduced to someone new to the scene. Someone stepping out of her cocoon for the very first time. While one Monarch leads another spreads her wings.  
  
Keith Foxx opened the front door and held it open for Mary Ruuthouse to shyly enter. In her entire life she had never stepped foot in any form of public drinking establishment. The closest being her Brother-in-law's back shed where he brewed corn whiskey until caught. That was shortly after marrying her Husband Isaiah. Years ago.  
  
Stepping through Keith closes the door and sizes up the crowd. Quite a few people he didn't recognize. Yet, one person most certainly drew his attention. From a corner table came a shrill whistle and a wave over.  
  
Grinning at the discovery Keith took Mary by the hand and led her through the crowd. Reaching the table he chuckled, "Little late for you to be boozing it up ain't it Ellis?"  
  
Ellis Dupree the local tow truck service driver shrugs, "Slow night. Decided to take advantage of it."  
  
"Smart. Get liquored up just to drive weaving all over the road. Can't wait to hear what your pickup has to say about you towing their vehicle sloshed."  
  
"Reckon so. Who is this?" Ellis looks Mary over while rubbing his chin.  
  
"Obviously not my wife. Much better than she will ever be. This is Mary."  
  
Ellis attempts to stand, claiming her hand to kiss it. His lips pressing a bit too hard on her knuckles. She felt his teeth enter the fray. Wincing she tries to be cordial.  
  
"Wait! I know her. The Mennonite lady. What happened to her dress and bonnet?"  
  
"Tucked away until she goes home. This here is the new and improved Mary." Keith twirls her in step by her hand. Ellis immediately eying her flesh at the sides, barely hidden if you can even call it that by thin shoe laces crisscrossing her hips. From skirt hem to armpits all he saw was skin. Milky white and soft.  
  
"Those are some shoe laces you got there."  
  
"They might just come untied before the night is over." Keith sits down in a chair and pulls Mary to sit in his lap. His hands rubbing her back and right leg.  
  
Mary shivered in silence. Looking about at men eyeballing her from all directions. It was intimidating that so many were taking interest in her. Lust was such a wicked beast. Yet, she did rather enjoy being the center of attention. Her life with Husband Isaiah left her with few options concerning feeling beautiful or desired. Tonight she sensed both. She was both.   
  
"Everyone is staring at me." She wiggles gently in Keith's lap in order to whisper into his ear against the loud music on the sound system. Music that she always condemned as evil. Yet, it did have a vibe that made her body react to it. In another time and place she might consider herself possessed by it. Maybe she was. That or Keith Foxx was the Devil himself. She knew one thing. Prayer after tonight would be needed. Forgiveness requested.   
  
"They should be staring at you. You're drop dead gorgeous. Stop thinking you're not. Hiding all these years behind your religion and upbringing only kept you from noticing. See what you've been missing?"  
  
She trembles and caresses his cheek for his compliments. Even though he was correct the lustful eyes made her tense. Upbringing yes. Her parents were so against the flesh that she barely knew her own body until she married Isaiah. Religion was important but not as important to her as some things. She felt blessed and cursed all the same.  
  
Blessed with beautiful children. Cursed by not being able to live life to its fullest. This dress she wore had very little material. Her skin was allowed to feel the breeze. Eyes were unlacing her as she sat there. Wanting to grow closer toward Keith she took this risk. He himself took greater risks by exposing her to his wife. That must have taken so much out of him. She could never let Isaiah know. His wife must hate her so. Yet, here she was. Regardless of Rita Foxx and her feelings on the matter. Mary wanted more from life. She just needed to relax and embrace Keith. This could be her future. If she failed Keith and his expectations she might not get another chance.  
  
Isaiah Ruuthouse although loved was her past. She felt the freedom instantly upon him boarding his train. Her daughter being on her side helped. Although it stressed her just how much her daughter Grace had grown. She too was not the wholesome God faring young woman she led her to believe. They would certainly need to talk more. Not this night however. Tonight was in the hands and attentions of Keith Foxx.  
  
"You still with me Mary?" Keith fans his palm in front of her eyes.  
  
Mary smiles then blushes, "Yes. I am just taking this all in. Forgive me. Thank you for considering me gorgeous. I want to be. I have just never known the feeling of truly being considered that. I cannot lie. I am quite intimidated. Every male here is wishing they were you."  
  
"Of course they do. Right Ellis?" He snaps his fingers toward the overweight man. Ellis was lost looking at Mary's legs.  
  
"Oh, yea! I'd love to have a sexy lady like you in my lap." He knew that was impossible. Ellis Dupree was far from handsome. Average at best for his age and portliness.  
  
Keith rubs her legs, fingers slipping up under the hem of her dress. A tender tickle of his pinky along her inner thigh gave her the shivers. Eyes livening up with a vengeance. Her expression the look of awe. Yet desire.  
  
"Go over and sit in his lap. Let him do what I just did."  
  
Her eyes tremble, "Your finger just touched my--"  
  
"Pussy? Why yes it did." He remarks loud enough for Ellis to hear him. Ellis turned pale suddenly.   
  
"You wish to let your friend do the same?" She fidgets, the man was repulsive she thought. Nice. Just not Keith Foxx by any means.  
  
"Go on. Slip on over there. Start by stepping behind him. Rub his shoulders. Hug him from behind. Let him feel your tits on his neck. Bend over and let those guys behind Ellis check that cute ass of yours out. Don't rush this. Stimulate."  
  
Swallowing faintly she takes a deep breath and stands up. Taking the time to carefully press her dress back into place. In doing so Keith reaches over and slaps her hand. Her eyes study his response then watch as he tugs the dress up a bit more to where it had crunched up in her seated position.  
  
"Never look too neat. Sexy is as sexy does. Guys love to see a girl not worried about anything. No inhibitions. Clothing is the last thing you need to stress over."  
  
"As you wish. I will keep that in mind."  
  
Mary takes a moment to lean over and kiss him on the lips. Tenderly. Then, she was off. Ever so awkwardly. Noting the three men clustered together holding their beer mugs. Sipping and winking at her over the glass. She merely flared her eyes and nibbled her lower lip.  
  
Stepping behind Ellis she trails her fingers up his arm to his shoulder. Once facing him she squeezes both of his shoulders with zest. Not roughly, not tenderly. Just enough to make Ellis sigh.  
  
"Oh, she's got a nice grip." He grins toward Keith. Keith had crossed his legs and sat back with a swaggered poise. As he does a Waitress approaches that Keith also knew. A young busty brunette with a passion for too much make-up. Her lipstick alone was a red light district.  
  
"Need a drink Keith?"  
  
"Pitcher of Bud for me and Ellis. Let's try a Fuzzy Navel for Mary."  
  
"Got it. Be right back Handsome."  
  
"Thanks Vic." Victoria her full name.  
  
Watching the Waitress wiggle away in her tight black mini skirt had his attention. He did it on purpose to see Mary's reaction. Mary notes his lingering gaze toward the twenty something beauty. For some reason she chose to ignore it. If the attention waned from her that meant she was not doing something right. She would need to find ways to keep Keith devoted. She knew he was a good man. If not with lust in his eyes at all times.  
  
Bending over Ellis Mary entangles her arms around his chest. Her breasts jiggling about and molding to both sides of his neck. The cozy cushions making Ellis beam.  
  
"That there is really nice." He pats her forearms then caressing them with his palms.  
  
Her eyes brighten at the sensations. Consistently studying Keith. His gaze now returned toward her actions. With an intimidating glare he lets her know to continue.   
  
"What was the most important word I used earlier Mary?"  
  
She ponders a moment recalling, "Stimulate?"  
  
"That's my girl. Stimulate the men around you. Not just Ellis. Convince me you want the life I offer you. Show me what you've missed by living out there in the middle of nowhere."  
  
"I want you Keith Foxx. I am trying."  
  
Ellis rubs her arm a bit more briskly, "He knows you are Mary. You're doing fine."  
  
She smiles and hugs Ellis tighter, going so far as to kiss him on the cheek. Deciding next to wiggle her ass if not a tad cardboard. She had yet to truly learn how to move fluidly. Sexy would come. For the moment the word was just flesh. The guys behind her still admiring her curves.  
  
"Stimulate." Keith taps his index finger on the table.  
  
Mary examines her options then begins rolling her palms over the chest of Ellis. Hearing Keith's tapping she uses it as a voice that she was heading in the right direction. It seemed like he was tapping faster when she did something right. Slowing if she could be doing more.  
  
Fanning her fingers her palms slip lower to rake her nails over his portly belly. Digging and dragging his T-shirt upward with her. Her breasts crushing more around his neckline. She went so far as to blow into his ear.  
  
"Stimulate." Keith reminds her with a faster tap.  
  
Lips puckered she moves in for the kill. Lips parting to warmly kiss and tug on his earlobe. The warmth made Ellis sigh loudly, "Now that's stimulating."  
  
She smiles with her eyes toward Keith who stopped tapping to point at her with a wink. She knew she was on the right track. Therefore she continued sucking upon the ear of Ellis Dupree. Utilizing her tongue to trail along his inner ear. The sensations giving Ellis a strong shiver. This made Mary giggle.  
  
"Good God Almighty. That stimulated me clear to my toes." He praises her.  
  
"I am glad." She whispers.  
  
Victoria returns with their drinks resting them on the table. Keith opening his wallet to pay her. While waiting Vic admires Mary.  
  
"I love your dress."  
  
Mary smiles and hugs Ellis tighter. Keith in turn lays a twenty dollar bill on her tray. Before she could depart Keith motions Victoria down for him to whisper something in her ear. The girl dropping her jaw at whatever he told her. Mary then observed Keith rub the girls ass. She allowed it. Why had he done that if he desired Mary herself? Mary could only learn what her thoughts absorbed. Keith looked at Mary the entire time.  
  
Victoria eyes Mary as Keith whispers more. Smiling devilishly Victoria faces Keith then kisses him full on the lips. His hand slipping up the mini skirt to clutch her ass cheek. Mary grew jealous then just as quickly realized that Keith had done this for a reason. He wanted Mary to do the same. To feel that comfortable.  
  
Victoria's kiss became steamy. It was obvious the girl found Keith attractive too. Once the kiss broke Victoria stood up fanning herself with an expression of, "Oh my God!" She then struts toward Mary. Leaning over her shoulder to whisper, "Stimulate."  
  
Mary immediately smiled at Keith with a wince. He did that on purpose for certain. He wanted to express to Mary just how much more she should be doing. Mary felt the urge to look behind her at the men. Before Victoria stepped away Mary carefully grabs the girls arm.   
  
"May I?"  
  
Victoria looked stunned as Mary puckers her lips offering her a hint of her thoughts.  
  
Victoria smirks, "Sure. Why not."  
  
Mary for the first time ever kissed another girl with lustful inspiration. Their kiss succulent and improvised. Victoria showed her how to kiss properly. This led to the entire bar expelling words of praise. Their vocal choir spoke to her soul. This was what they wanted. This was definitely stimulating them.  
  
Finally, Victoria broke their lip lock and smiled. Moving closer to rub her nose against Mary's for confirmation that she did good.   
  
"Keep stimulating." Vic whispers.  
  
"I'm trying. Still new to this."  
  
"I get it. So should everyone else." Victoria hints with a wink.  
  
Mary reads into her response, "I should kiss everyone?"  
  
"That's up to you." Victoria departs to do her job.  
  
Persistent finger tapping draws Mary back to Keith. Keith swigging his beer narrows his gaze toward Mary. He then lifts her Fuzzy Navel. Mary slithers from Ellis with a graceful caress that lingered over his shoulders. She moves to Keith who scoots his chair back and pats his lap. She starts to sit sideways but he stops her. Wiggling a finger negatively.  
  
"No sitting like a lady. Stimulate." He takes her hand and draws her to his knees, "One leg on each side of mine. Facing me."  
  
Her eyes admire his bulging crotch. Her thoughts running wild. She then carefully straddles his lap. Her legs to each side of his. Her skirt parted wide. She felt a rush of air along her moistness. Keith nodded his approval handing her the drink.  
  
Lips to the straw Mary sipped the Fuzzy Navel. Her eyes immediately liking the taste. Sweet yet the alcohol evident. Her emotions flaring at Keith.  
  
"Five more of those you might be more stimulating." He chuckles.  
  
She looks around the room at men watching. Even the women took interest in her. None of them remotely repulsed by her behavior. Checking out crotches everywhere she realized the men all had erections. All due to her. Her pussy lubed up instantly.  
  
It didn't help that Keith's palms were massaging her upper legs and slipping fingers beneath her skirt. His own legs parting to separate hers even more. At the right angle men could easily see her pussy. She knew it. It made her drink that much more enjoyable.  
  
"Time's a ticking." Keith studies her, "Forty five minutes until last call."  
  
"I should stimulate more?"  
  
"You should stimulate a lot more. Lose yourself Mary."  
  
"May I have the four other drinks?" She giggles.  
  
"Funny you should mention that."  
  
Victoria swoops in with four more Fuzzy Navels. Resting them on the table. The Waitress then returning for another kiss over Mary's shoulder. Mary graciously embraced her lips. While doing so Keith used her straw to draw some of her drink into it. He then eased Mary back slightly and dribbled the cool liquid over her cleavage.   
  
Mary shivered at the coolness upon her flesh. Victoria noted Keith's decision and winks at him. Keith encouraging her to go after it. Parting lips Victoria pecked her way down Mary's throat and over her chest. Her tongue capturing the trickles. This made Mary gasp. Her eyes looking behind her as her head tilts back. Guys were devoted to her every move. Her every reaction. Their lust going so far as to see the men rubbing their erections. Was it for her or for Victoria? Both?  
  
Leaving lipstick all across Mary's chest Victoria giggles and returns to Mary's lips for one last kiss.  
  
"Keep it up. You're doing great." Vic whispers.  
  
Departing left Mary so very alone suddenly. Keith returns to tapping his finger. Mary rising to reclaim her stolen drink. Deciding to quickly finish off her first and venturing to her second. They were so good she couldn't get enough.  
  
Keith's left hand continued massaging her upper thigh. His fingers digging higher beneath her skirt. Thumb caressing her clit. With each brush her emotions grew to almost a whimper. It felt wonderful. She really wanted this man. Yet, he wanted her to offer her attentions to others. Too reach that goal she knew she would need to stimulate everyone to get Keith himself. All of these new experiences were stimulating herself just as much. Could it be that was his true goal? For her to be so stimulated that she would go crazy? Begging for him to take her? She was close to that already.  
  
Making her own decision Mary reaches behind her and tugs her dress up higher.   
  
Exposing her bare ass to the men behind her. It was obvious Keith knew the bar would let him get away with anything. She would take the risk of exposing herself further. Until he objected. If at all.  
  
She heard faint whistles which made her blush and drink faster. Before long her second drink was gone. On to her third. Keith and Ellis consuming their pitcher just as fast. Mary in her seat decides to grind her hips. His thumb torturing her clit. She loved that people were watching her emotions changing as he did. Feeding on their own expressions.  
  
Leaning in to kiss Keith she whispers, "You will make me..."  
  
"Cum? More than once before we leave." He sneers.  
  
Her eyes bulge as she sucks upon her straw. She was very close as it was.   
  
"Stimulate." He looks at her with eye brows rising.  
  
In her straddle she wasn't certain what else to do. Her only thought drove her to again reach behind her and guide her dress even higher. Her entire butt now out in plain view. The hem now above her thighs completely in front.  
  
Keith enjoyed her expression. The alcohol obviously increasing her boldness. With a smirk he looks over at Ellis. Motioning his Buddy to move his chair behind Mary. Scooting away from the table he complied. Once behind her he sits down. Mary leering behind her at his arrival. The straw never leaving her lips.  
  
Keith removes his thumb from her clit. Cradling her waist he stands up slowly and takes her for a short ride. Guiding her to leave his lap and lead her into the lap of Ellis Dupree. Her eyes flaring at her seating arrangement. Her pussy was now in full view of everyone that wanted to see it. Nestling back at Ellis' encouragement she continues sipping her Fuzzy Navel. Allowing Ellis to caress her legs from each side of his own.   
  
People around them began to journey toward better angles to see her pussy. Her gaze flaring toward them with a bit of stress. So many took immediate interest. Keith stood up looking down at Mary. His towering nature making her peer up with puppy dog eyes.  
  
"I'm going to go take a piss. When I get back I better see you stimulating everyone." He then uses his arms to associate the entire bar, "Everyone."  
  
Nodding ever so softly as her drink runs dangerously low she watches him vanish. She wasn't sure what to do. Turning to Ellis she lays her cheek against his.  
  
"How do I satisfy him? I will do anything."  
  
"Falling hard for the Foxx aren't you?" Ellis probes.  
  
"Yes. I want to be his."  
  
"You are doing great. Just a piece of advice?" He waits for her to beg for knowledge, "Shocking Keith is important. You have to totally let go. Look around you Mary. Every guy here would fuck you if you let them. If Keith let them. Is this the kind of life worth the love of one man?"  
  
"For Keith. Yes. I accept my fate."  
  
"What do you think would shock ole Keith then? Before he comes back."  
  
She considers the worst she could muster on her own. Without Keith telling her what to do. Sitting forward she sits her empty glass on the table and claims her fourth. Drinking it swiftly. Everyone around her essentially acknowledging her desire to get drunk fast. Her head was spinning as it was. Finally, she peels from his lap and stands up. Swaying ever so slightly. To the music.   
  
Eying the audience she stammers a bit away from Ellis with a promise to return. She then graciously stepped from guy to guy and questioned them.  
  
"Am I stimulating you?"  
  
"Hell yes." leading to, "Definitely." to "You should take the dress off."  
  
Admiring her dress up to her waist as it was she puckers. She was half way there as it was. Her thoughts troubled she approaches some of the women. With a concerned look she asks around, "Do I offend you?"

Their replies ranging from, "Not at all." to "Have fun Sweetie." to "If my Man likes you I'd take you home."  
  
A case of the giggles made her clutch that particular woman's arm with a whispered, "I'll keep that in mind." The woman's Man patted Mary on the ass. His girl followed suit. With a blush Mary eyes the Men's Room awaiting Keith. Where was he?  
  
With a snap decision she points around the room and warns everyone, "I'll be right back."  
  
She then teeters toward the Men's room. Every guy she passed reached out and rubbed her ass. She smiled at them and giggled. The booze was certainly in her system now.   
  
Reaching the Men's Room she eyes Victoria at the bar and decides to claim one more quick kiss. The girl laughing and offering a tongue flick amongst girls. Mary's experiences were making her aware of all that her life had kept from her. There was no going back. She would have Keith Foxx.  
  
Barging into the bathroom she discovers Keith standing at a urinal. He twists his neck to see her entrance and chuckles. He could tell she was riding a hard tipsy.   
  
Rushing toward his side she reaches her left hand in to hold his eight inch behemoth. "Let me help you." She snickers wrinkling her nose.  
  
Stroking him as he pissed he had to laugh.  
  
"Stimulating me?"  
  
"Is it working?" She sighs.  
  
"Of course. Shouldn't you be out there stimulating?"  
  
"Keith? They want me to take my dress off."  
  
"Do they now?"  
  
"Yes. I think I need help with that." She continues stroking his cock forcing multiple trickles of piss. It was impossible to finish like that. Finally, Keith removes her hand and holds her from the side until he finishes. He then puts his beast away and zips up. She pouts at his retreat.  
  
Facing her he guides her backwards to the sinks giving him space to wash his hands. Once clean he looks at her, "Reckon I need a towel." He then reaches down and lifts her dress up over her head and arms. Feeling her nudeness Mary shivers. Her nipples missiles ready to fire.  
  
"I'm naked."  
  
"Yes you are." He twirls her in step then hugs her from behind. She melts in his grasp, "Stimulate." He then nudges her forward with a slap on the ass. Her squeal was heard just outside the door.  
  
Opening the bathroom door she takes a deep breath and marches forth boldly. Proud of herself. She was making Keith happy. The second she steps into full view the Bartender calls out, "Last Call for Alcohol."  
  
The room groans, knowing their showgirl was on borrowed time. Behind her at a distance Keith held her dress over his shoulder. He stood back and watched. Mary bouncing from guy to guy letting them paw her up. Even the women had their chances. Applause increased with each Man that touched her.  
  
She began dancing almost like a ballerina. Glee filling her spirit. Mary had stepped from her cocoon. The Butterfly was free.  
  
A Bouncer rolled up on Keith. A short but stocky bald man of Cuban heritage, "She's something else Bro."  
  
"Sure is Basil. You throwing us out?"  
  
"Naaa! Waiting to see what you got."  
  
"What I got?" He looks at the Cuban queerly.  
  
"Come on Man. Not what I mean." He chuckles.  
  
"Giving you shit. I say the drinks on the house. Don't you?"  
  
Basil shrugs as Keith pats him on the back. Stepping away he grabs Mary from smothering hands and draws her into a steamy kiss. Picking her up he carries her to their table. Victoria had cleared away all the unused glasses and mugs. Laying Mary on the table he peels her away from him. She looks up at him with desire and yearning upon her face.  
  
"One last drink Mary." He raises her Fuzzy Navel like a toast. Stirring it from being watered down. She reaches for it but he withholds it. Instead showing the bar the last call.   
  
"Last call for everyone to maul." Keith chuckles. He then tips the glass over Mary and trickles the drink along her entire body. The chill arching her back as she squeals giggling. Stepping aside Keith motions guys in and tells them, "Drink up Fellas."  
  
Seven guys took advantage. Licking her body. Sucking her nipples. Feeding on her flesh. Mary Ruuthouse moaned quite loudly.  
  
More guys slipped in for a taste. A few women. Keith had kept just enough drink in her glass for a finale. Motioning everyone aside he scoots his chair between her legs and sits down. Raising her legs over his shoulders he tilts the glass over her pussy and splashes her wetness. Immediately burying his face into her pussy. Sucking up drink and her juices alike. Fingers fucking her. Her yelps heard by all. The jukebox cut off to hear her better. Thanks to Victoria.  
  
Keith lifts his mouth away and bellows, "STIMULATE!"  
  
As he returned to eating her Mary began briskly rubbing her clit. Her bulging breasts bouncing although crushed between her arms. She was the center of attention. Cumming hard she screams bloody murder and shakes like a leaf.  
  
Keith removes his fingers and sits back to watch her spasm. The crowd hushing suddenly. Ellis clears his throat pointing behind Keith. Keith in turn looks over his shoulder as a lithe hand reaches down to claim his wet fingers. Lifting the hand he feels warm lips suckle Mary's juices from his digits.  
  
"What are you doing here?" Keith growls.  
  
"I needed a drink. Mind if I belly up?"  
  
He steps from his chair knowing what was implied. Rita Foxx sat down in front of Mary and eyed her drenched pussy. Puddles on the table. Without so much as a sneer Rita buries her own face into Mary's pouty pussy. Showing the Mennonite Beauty how it's done.  
  
Mary hadn't realized the newcomer at first. Once she captured a view her eyes bulge. What was terrorizing her hormones now was another woman. The other woman. Her yelps escalating regardless. Never had she imagined how another female could be better than a man at such a thing. Her experience being eaten out limited to two mouths. Keith's and his Wife's.  
  
Brewing orgasm Mary found Rita emotionally devouring her. Almost as if on a mission. Mary Ruuthouse strains. Her nails digging into the table. Body tensing. Back arching. Tits bobbing wildly. Screams echoing and rattling the glasses. Mary gushed. A torrential rain exploded across Rita's face. The convulsions defying gravity.  
  
Patting Mary's inner thighs Rita looks up coated in her juices. Hair matted. Rita grins at Keith.  
  
"See you at the family meeting. Thanks for the drink."  
  
Rita steals a bottle of beer from a guy and walks away drinking it. The guy glad to help. Keith had to chuckle.   
  
Picking Mary up he tosses her over his shoulder and carries her from the bar. Respect of everyone they kept quiet. Basil opened the door for him. Victoria admired Keith's ass. Ellis Dupree? He had to think about Keith's daughter.   
  
"Godammit! Now I wanna fuck Britney again. This time when she knows it's me." For now he would go to his tow truck and jerk off.  
  
Mary was fucked in Keith's bed at home. Again.  
  
The kids listened to her screams. Brit and Grace envious.   
  
Next door neighbor Chloe jealous from a house away.  
  
Rita? Smoked an entire pack of cigarettes. It was for Mary.   
  
The Butterfly had lit upon her finger.+

**Britney Ch. 48: Cock Block**

Britney Foxx and Grace Ruuthouse awoke early. Deciding to make breakfast for everyone seemed like a logical peace offering. Considering Britney's Mom had found out about much of the crazy goings on within the Foxx household. Including touchy subjects such as Britney and her Father having sex. There was so much she didn't know yet. The day was young.  
  
Scrambled eggs and toast was sufficient. Neither girl wanted to fry bacon. Smelling eggs brought out an unwanted hunger. As both young ladies stood side by side at the stove in only long t-shirts Britney's brother Lance had gotten up to check things out. Sneaking up behind them he greets them with a palm upon each of their bare butts. Slipping beneath their tees.  
  
"Something feels--I mean smells good." He chuckles.  
  
"Phew! Take a shower. You smell like Chloe." Brit wrinkles her nose. Grace however enjoyed his touch grinning from ear to ear. Her sexual appetite growing day by day. She wanted so badly to lose her virginity. Yet, Britney kept her at bay. She wanted Grace to be with somebody she cared about. Her thoughts were of Kyle. He did agree to be her Prom date. Brit smugly kept her approval to herself.  
  
"Taste like Chloe too." Lance huffs his breath into his sister's face. That gave her reason to smack his hand with a spatula.  
  
Behind them unexpectedly a door opens. The back door let in a morning draft that felt really good on bare bottoms. Visibly seen as Lance's hands lingered. Turning with a glint of fright they spot Rita Foxx coming in from a early morning run. Wearing tight white boy shorts and a low cut tank top of peach color. Stolen from the laundry basket. They were Britney's clothes.  
  
"Unbelievable!" Rita eyes Lance's hands on their butts.  
  
"What? I thought the secrets were out?" Lance finally removes his palms. Choosing to pinch Grace before abandoning her. The girl danced in step with an embarrassed yelp.  
  
"You too?" Rita shakes her head.  
  
"See what happens without supervision?" He chuckles, "Nice outfit Mom. Cause a bicycle pile up?"  
  
"I'm still your Mother. I'm not above washing your mouth out."  
  
Brit quickly goes to the sink to hand her a bottle of Palmolive dish soap. Laughing Brit points at Lance, "Do it. That Chloe breath needs freshening up."  
  
Rita rolls her eyes and takes the bottle then tosses it at the sink watching it splatter and fall upon unwashed dishes. Leaving with a disgusted look she heads toward her bedroom then realizes it was locked.   
  
"FUCK!" Rita yells at the top of her temperamental lungs. That led to a disgruntled reply from her Husband Keith.  
  
"GOOD IDEA!"   
  
Rita then hears Keith begin to fuck Mary Ruuthouse again. Her moans increasing with every thrust. Her Husband was insatiable. Rita closed her eyes and gave up. Marching from the house she discovered she needed cigarettes. Her purse was in the bedroom. Having left it there after joining her Husband and Mary at the bar Misery's.  
  
"GODAMMIT!" She paces the front yard hands in her hair. Each step her big bold Tits bouncing about for the neighbors to see. Not too mention her ass cheeks drifting low beneath her shorts. She didn't even have her car keys.  
  
While pacing frantically her neighbor Chloe Johnson stepped out of her home. Preparing to jump into her Jeep and head to the Grocery store.  
  
"Hey Rita." The blond waves without worry. She had no clue she knew about anything.  
  
Halting to glare at Chloe she fakes a smile, "Hi Chloe. How have you been?"  
  
"Great! Chuck's on the road. House to myself. So peaceful."  
  
"Oh? I couldn't tell. Not after hearing my Son having sex with you last night. And you screaming out my Husband's name."  
  
The gorgeous blond stops cold. Uncertain whether to run or cry. Rita throws her hands up signifying a truce. That alone made Chloe stand firm. Silence for the moment. Finally, Rita sighs and steps to the Jeep.  
  
"I'm over it. I can see I've lost it all. My mind is on its way. God! I need a cigarette. You don't smoke do you?"  
  
"No. Sorry. I can buy you a pack. I'm headed to the store."  
  
"That would be wonderful."  
  
Chloe winces, "It's the least I can do."  
  
"I'd get them myself but my purse is in the bedroom." As she points at the room they both hear loud screams of riled up passion. That made Chloe feel sorry for Rita.  
  
"Want to ride along? Fresh air and all." Chloe invites her.  
  
"You sure? I might pull your hair out and cause a wreck."  
  
Trying not to laugh Chloe hops in and starts her Jeep. Sitting there idling she looks at Rita. With a loud growl Rita Foxx crawls in and buckles up. Looking up she notes Chloe holding a pair of sunglasses.  
  
"Always keep extra."  
  
"Thanks. Sorry I ambushed you." Rita sighs and follows with another quick inhale that puffs her cheeks. Chloe understood. Feeling awful about her own misgivings. After all she had fucked her Son and her Husband. As well as her Son's two friends. For the longest while it devastated Chloe. Not so much before now. Now? Not as bad as she wanted to feel that way.  
  
"No hard feelings. I know saying I'm sorry won't help."  
  
Chloe backs out of her driveway and heads South toward the Grocery. It was roughly six blocks away. With enough stop lights to draw attention to Rita's revealing attire. Chloe although not nearly as provocative was wearing tight yellow shorts . Her shirt a grey cut off Tee. Dangling midway between her chest and her belly button. Red bra hidden by the Tee.  
  
Idling at a red light a Truck turning right next to her suddenly stops. No other traffic behind him.  
  
"Hey! I know you." He eyes Chloe, "You were naked at that school car wash. Holding the sign on the street corner."  
  
Chloe held her head low. Rita knew of the charity car wash but not of any nudity. This perked Rita up to lean over Chloe to yell toward the halted man.  
  
"Wasn't that carwash awesome? All the naked girls?" Rita pretends to laugh.  
  
"Hell yeah. Especially that Britney girl. Hot as hell."  
  
Rita turned red at the knowledge. The driver of the truck was none other than the redneck, Bass. Having never met Rita he just assumed she was cool.   
  
"I know. I gave birth to her." Rita grins then switches to a sneer. Flipping him off was a matter of necessity.  
  
"Aww Hell." Bass swiftly hightailed it. Rita flipping him off before turning to Chloe.  
  
"Okay! Cave. What else don't I know about?"  
  
Chloe felt trapped, "You should talk about that with Keith. I don't want to get into the middle of you two."  
  
"Two? Three! You had sex with my Son. He's barely Eighteen. Lucky for you."  
  
Tears began to well up on Chloe's face. Thankfully her sunglasses hid her eyes.  
  
"Does Chuck know?"  
  
Her worst fears were fast approaching as Chloe nearly ran a red light. Forced to stop again she grips the steering wheel tightly before snapping a glare at Rita.  
  
"No. Please don't tell him."  
  
Rita rolls her eyes, "You know I should. I won't. Just be honest with me."  
  
"Keith took me on my back deck when I was sunbathing. Lance suckered me in my backyard. Sunbathing then too. It wasn't planned. It just happened."  
  
"What else?"  
  
"God help me." Chloe sobs, "Chuck had sex with Britney in his Rig. We had a threesome."  
  
"So now my daughter's a lot lizard."  
  
"It was in our yard. Chuck was home from the road."  
  
"Go on."  
  
The light turns green and Chloe does just that. Holding her tongue until she reached the grocery store. Pulling into the lot she parks and shuts the Jeep off.  
  
"Look Chloe. I'll know it all later. Keith plans a family meeting. I want you there too. No more secrets."  
  
"Does that include any you may have?" Chloe gets bold.  
  
Rita pauses to react, "I might as well. My entire family are whores and sluts. Myself included. I don't have much to bitch about really. Keith knows my life away from home. He's allowed it. Although he doesn't know every detail."  
  
"Oh."  
  
"He hasn't told you? I'm a motivational speaker by day. A high paid Escort by Night. I travel where needed. If not for me our happy home would be broke. Keith hasn't worked in over a month or more. Unemployment won't last forever. He would rather play around than look for a job. The kids can fend for themselves now."  
  
"I'm shocked you and Keith don't make them get jobs."  
  
"Not a bad idea. If he would enforce it. Even if Lance would mow yards. Or, Britney a cashier somewhere. Anything would help. Now that our marriage is up in the air I might need a place of my own. More money."  
  
"Has Keith asked for a divorce?"  
  
"Not yet. Family meeting might bring that up. If he does I won't contest it. It's obvious he wants Mary. Even though she's married too."  
  
"I really haven't met Mary. Heard her. Just never seen."  
  
"Who hasn't heard her. Dammit! I used to sound that loud. Keith can be a beast when he wants to be."  
  
"I know." Chloe shyly smiles.  
  
"You bitch." Rita smirks.  
  
"I know that too. You going into the store with me?" She eyes Rita's attire.  
  
"Too sexy? Too slutty?"  
  
"Never stopped your daughter."  
  
"You know? I never flaunted myself much around the kids. But, I love dressing like this. It wasn't until last night I gave up my modesty game. If I can't beat them, join them. Right?"  
  
"Sounds good to me. I can just go buy your cigarettes and you can smoke while I shop."  
  
"No. Let's blind some guys."  
  
Chloe raises an eye brow, "What do you mean?"  
  
"Take that bra off. Let's have a girls day off. Pinch those perky and let's put some eyes out." Rita pinches her own nipples taunt. They could easily cut glass.  
  
"Okay. Sure, why not?" Chloe grits her teeth over her car keys then reaches behind her back. Bra unclasped she removes it. Her breasts peeking out from under her shirt as she struggled. Too her left a Man in his twenties heads toward his car and catches a glimpse of her chest. He instantly grinned. Good timing he thought.  
  
Rita spotted the man and snatched up Chloe's discarded bra. Hopping out of the Jeep she wiggles toward the Man and places her bra in his grocery bag.  
  
"Enjoy."  
  
Chloe dropped her jaw whimpering, "That was my favorite bra."  
  
Rita drug Chloe past the man and left him to his drool. He nearly tripped on the concrete watching the women. Cougar and her daughter he guessed. Wrong. But, it amused him. Entering the Grocery Chloe felt a rush. Her nipples rising into a devoted set of twin peaks. Guys definitely eyed both of them. Grabbing a cart Chloe led them. Filling the cart with enough food for a week. She intended to make Chuck spaghetti for his return. He had told her to buy steaks to grill out. Enough to invite a few folks. Namely guys. Lately he had spoken more about showing his prize possession off. Chloe while still a bit shy did enjoy the attention.  
  
Now that Rita knew that her Son was tapping her that burden was uplifted. As long as his Mom kept her end of being over it. For some reason Chloe felt the need to secure her friendship with Rita. Even if that meant following her into dark places.  
  
At the Produce aisle Rita felt humorous and cupped cantaloupes in front of a guy and his girlfriend. While the girlfriend was busy bagging up onions he watched Rita hold them in front of her breasts and slyly lift one at a time as if swirling her tongue around the nipples. Fake breasts were hilarious. The man winked at her and wagged his tongue.  
  
While the guy's girl kept busy selecting tomatoes Rita sets the cantaloupes aside and procures a large cucumber. It was huge. Planting it in her mouth a bit like sucking a huge cock. It was amusing. His attention glued to Rita he followed her every move.   
  
Stepping behind Chloe, Rita slips the cucumber under the blonds shirt between her tits. Using her biceps to crush Chloe's tits around the vegetative toy. Chloe turned red. Still it made her giggle.  
  
"Lift your shirt up." Rita whispers.  
  
Chloe hesitantly complies, letting the guy see her luscious tits crushed around the cucumber. She chose to flirt with her eyes. Rita lifted the cucumber up and down between her breasts. Chloe was being titty fucked.  
  
As the man's girlfriend returned he nearly got busted. The show hidden behind Rita's back. Chloe comforted in knowing Rita was keeping her safe.   
  
"Isn't this fun?" Rita shakes her own chest at Chloe.  
  
"If you say so." The blond laughs.  
  
"I do. Too bad we didn't wear mini skirts. We could have given him a better show than that."  
  
"What? Fuck the cucumber?"  
  
"Of course. Veggies are our friend." Rita beguiles with flaring eyes, "Oh what the hell."  
  
Strutting about with the cucumber behind the guys girlfriend she motions for him to watch. Crouching down behind an island cooler Rita slips her shorts aside to reveal her pussy. Taunting her clit with the cucumber she winks at the man. He feigns looking at cabbage darting his eyes from girlfriend to Rita's show. Before his eyes she buries the girth of the cucumber up inside her pussy. Fucking herself for his pleasure. He had to smirk.   
  
Chloe couldn't believe her eyes. Sadly, she was jealous. Eying Rita's bold act made her look around for on lookers. Luckily the store was hardly busy. This gave Chloe the confidence to join her mentor. Rita having motioned her toward the floor.  
  
Crouching next to her cart Chloe wasn't sure what Rita had in mind. Rita was the Devil's daughter for sure. She had sprawled out on the floor and was fucking herself with a shark like grin. The guy was blown away. Another motion for Chloe to lay down on the tile made the blond nearly piss herself. Looking up at the guy he convinced her his Girlfriend was busy.  
  
Deep breath inhaled Chloe sits on the floor as Rita scoots toward her attempting to entangle her legs around Chloe's. The second she saw Rita's maneuver she knew. This led to a drooping jaw of shock.   
  
"You can do this. So much fun." Rita whispers.  
  
"Oh my God. We're so going to jail."  
  
Peeling her yellow shorts aside it was lucky Chloe had forsaken panties. Her pussy in view Rita wags her tongue. Scooting in closer she shares the foot long cucumber with Chloe. Assisting in inserting the other end inside her beautiful pink recesses. The girls were double dildoing each other. The man nearly fainted. He had to get rid of his girlfriend fast.  
  
"Hey Paula? I forgot to get Crackers. Mind grabbing those while I check out the Squash?" She doesn't give it a second response. His girlfriend heads off on her mission. Once around the corner the Man kneels down beside Rita and Chloe.  
  
"Need some help?" He immediately reaches both hands down and rubs their clits.  
  
"That's the spirit Stud." Rita pants as both women begin gyrating their hips. The cucumber felt really fucking good. Chloe lubing up instantly. Moans became evident. The man boasted a raging hard on. This kind of fantasy only happened once in a lifetime. If that.  
  
"How you doing Chloe Johnson?" Rita sticks her tongue out at her.  
  
"Hey! No name dropping Rita Foxx." She winces trying not to laugh.  
  
"Gotta hurry Ladies. Paula walks fast."  
  
Tender yelps develop as both women force the veggie deeper and harder. It only took Chloe three minutes to cum. Rita three and a half. Both women leaving puddles on the floor. The man helps them remove the cucumber and stands quickly holding it up. It was drenched. The second he stands he see's Paula coming toward him. Holding the cucumber up he calls out.  
  
"Fried Zucchini for supper?"  
  
"Sounds yummy." Paula smiles. No harm no foul.  
  
Rita and Chloe help each other up and pull their shorts into place.  
  
"Definitely need that pack of cigarettes now." Rita fans herself. Paula realizing something was amiss. Jaw dropped the girl winces at her man. Only guessing what had happened Paula felt flush in the face. Stepping behind her Man she pushes him away from them. "Clean up in aisle one." Chloe whispers giggling. She couldn't believe she let Rita Foxx talk her into that. Without getting into trouble. Then it dawned on her. Cameras. Rita surmised her concerns watching Chloe look at the ceiling in all directions.  
  
"Let's check out. Hopefully nobody is watching the cameras." Rita hugs her neighbors arm.  
  
"You are so crazy."  
  
"Nothing compared to what I'm going to do at the family meeting when you take us home."  
  
"I don't wanna know."  
  
"Oh you're coming to the meeting."  
  
"What?"  
  
"That's right. You owe me that much."  
  
Ten minutes later they carry out bags and get into the Jeep. They couldn't stop laughing. The guy that had been given Chloe's red bra was sitting in his car sniffing it and jacking off. Totally oblivious to the world outside.  
  
Rita snaps her fingers to get Chloe's attention. The blond unloading her cart stops to look. Her eyes bulge and a hand covers her mouth to hide her reaction. She then observes Rita step to his car door and tap on the window. Looking up the man drops his jaw and rolls his window down. He turned pale.  
  
"Don't stop now. We just want to watch you."  
  
Chloe is coaxed closer to get a look of his knuckles gripping a beefy seven inch cock. The second he saw their interest he pounded his beast even harder. The bra sweeter smelling than ever.  
  
"That's it. Stroke that bad boy." Rita teased. She reaches in and scratches at his chest with a growl like a Tiger.  
  
Chloe was fascinated by her bravado. She was fearless. Now she knew where her daughter Britney had gotten it from.   
  
Leaning in his window further she hears him whisper, "Don't hurt me."  
  
"I don't want to hurt you Sweetie. Momma's here to help."  
  
Her hand lowers in and grips his crown. Twisting it gently. She knew he loved her participation. His throbbing cock ready to burst any second. Her right hand stretches to her side to grab Chloe's arm. Guiding her in to touch the man's chest as well.  
  
He was close. Very close. All he needed was one good push.  
  
"Here Honey. Taste what smells so good." Rita tugs Chloe's shirt up over her left breast. Seeing her nipple the man took the bait. Devouring her areola with zest his cock roared a fountain of cum all over Rita's palm. The inspiration was well...inspirational.  
  
"Sweet Jesus!" He lost his breath releasing Chloe's nipple with a tug of his lips, "Can I still keep the bra?"  
  
Chloe huffs with amazement, "All yours. Fantasize about us."  
  
Rita pats Chloe on the back, "You learn well. Maybe I should hire you for my road shows."  
  
"Road shows? What?"  
  
The man watches them banter with interest until Rita tweaks his cheek, "Go home now."  
  
Car started he backs out swiftly and heads for high ground. His dick still out and trickling. Once gone Rita motions Chloe to get in. She knew her steaks would go bad in the heat. Giggling all the way home both shared a cigarette. Chloe didn't even smoke. Just this once.  
  
Pulling into her drive they were met by Rita's son Lance. He was mowing the yard. Seeing the two together the boy rolls his eyes. Their constant giggling led Rita to do a lot of whispering before getting out.  
  
As Rita heads inside she stops the mower for Lance. Silence leads to, "Help her carry her groceries in."  
  
"Okay." He raises a brow. Shuffling over to Chloe she winks at him. He had to ask, "What's going on?"  
  
"Nothing. Follow me."  
  
She wiggles her way up to her front door. Unlocking it she looks over her shoulder. Her eyes batting at Lance. Instant hard on. Entering her house she immediately puts her meat in the freezer then turns to Lance. Dropping her yellow shorts she crouches in front of a chuckling Lance. Once his sweats were tugged down she sucks his cock vigorously. After two minutes she lays back on her Kitchen floor and spreads her legs.  
  
"Fuck me Lance. Your Mom said I could." She pleads.  
  
He grins then looks down at her pussy. His smile faded, "Why is your pussy green?"  
  
Laughing hard she watches his erection fade. Growling he pulls his sweats up and marches out of the house. At the top of his lungs Chloe hears Lance yell, "MOM! What the fuck!"  
  
Too funny.  
  
The meeting was called to order.

**Britney Ch. 49: Group sHrUG**

Entering her home Rita Foxx found her daughter Britney and friend Grace watching television. It was the Showtime series Shameless. The girls were laughing their asses off. As soon as her Mother looked her way Britney shrank in her seat. The glare from her Mom's eye shot her down. Too many well kept secrets were coming out. Brit knew it.  
  
Grace shies away from the potential confrontation. She wanted to be there with Britney but also felt that maybe it was time to go home. Yet, she couldn't leave her Mom. Mary Ruuthouse was so entranced by Keith Foxx that there was no tearing her away from him. Especially now that Keith had set his wife in her place. Mary was his Numero Uno from here on out.  
  
"Is your Father still screwing?" Rita stops in her tracks to stare Britney down.  
  
"It's been quiet awhile now. Maybe not."  
  
Rita puts a finger up and starts to point at Britney, deciding better of it she chose a kinder tone of voice, "We need to talk."  
  
"Okay." Brit swallows dryly, not wanting a scene in front of Grace. Watching her Mom pace in step made her fear the possibility of a bitch fit. It was certainly percolating. Rita was taking into account Grace having to hear her if she snapped. The girl didn't deserve it. If she only knew. That secret alone could destroy her own Mother Mary if her sexual activities came into the open. Rita chose tact.  
  
"I'm not going to scream at you. Obviously I haven't been here for you and you've ran wild. In the last hour I've heard quite a lot about you. Again, I'm not screaming. I should. I won't. Grace? I apologize that you need to witness this discussion. If you want to go to Britney's room while we talk I'll understand."  
  
Emily Grace shrugs, "No. I'm good. We don't hide much from each other."  
  
"We don't hide ANYTHING from each other." Brit emphasizes making Grace grin from ear to ear.  
  
Rita notes the girls still in their t-shirts. Easy enough to see nothing under them. Nipples were perky, Rita caught a glimpse of Britney's pubic region. Grace had her own reveals each time she changed positions on the couch.  
  
"Are we going to stay dressed like that all day?" Rita scowls.  
  
"Are you going to wear my boy shorts all day? They're tight on you."  
  
Rita looks at herself, "They are not tight. I look good in them. Besides all of my clothing is locked inside my bedroom with your Father and his new girlfriend."  
  
"Still. They are mine."  
  
"I bought them." Rita rolls her eyes.  
  
"Actually, you didn't. I bought those when my friend Nancy and I went shopping."  
  
"With what money?"  
  
"Money from our School Carwash."  
  
"I thought that money was for charity."  
  
"It was. It went to a good cause. Me and the girls just kept a little for ourselves. We earned it."  
  
"So I hear." Rita sneers, "There's a name for that."  
  
Britney smirks, "Calling me a prostitute?"  
  
Grace snorts, "She is."  
  
"Not helping Pippy." Brit frowns trying not to laugh.  
  
Rita felt defeated. She had no grounds to complain. She herself made a good sum of cash doing similar. Her daughter just didn't know it. At least she hoped not. Sighing loudly Rita walks into the living room and takes the TV remote from Britney, shutting the television off. From there she sits down next to Brit who sat in the middle. Grace to her right.  
  
"Talk to me Britney. Tell me everything."  
  
"Only if you do."  
  
Nodding Rita agrees, "Fine. No secrets. I'm a high paid Escort."  
  
Britney drops her jaw grinning, "I so called it. Remember?"  
  
"I do. I chose to hide the fact at that point. There's more. You next."  
  
Britney puckers her lips in thought, "I went naked at the Carwash. At one point I masturbated in a kiddy pool for guys to watch."  
  
"How did you get away with that? No kids? Teachers?"  
  
"Nope. Word got out and guys dominated. It was freaking awesome."  
  
"What did the other girls think of that?"  
  
"They were too busy at the Kissing Booth to care." Grace laughs.  
  
"Kissing Booth?"  
  
"Yep. Kissed us everywhere. I mean EVERYWHERE." Brit challenges her Mom.  
  
"Were they naked too?"  
  
"Heck yeah!" Grace chuckles then shuts up instantly with bulging eyes for interfering. "Were you?" Rita winces at Grace.  
  
Grace pouts, "No. Brit wouldn't let me."  
  
Rita in turn looks at her daughter, "Why would you do that?"  
  
"I'm still a virgin. Britney won't let me do it until it's with somebody special. I think it's going to be with Kyle on Prom night."  
  
"Kyle? A boy you like?"  
  
"Yes." Grace brightens up and sits up straight. Giddy at the anticipation, "I asked him to be my date. He said yes."  
  
Britney shakes her head grabbing Rita's arm, "I thought this was about you and I."  
  
"Right. If Grace is becoming a part of our family I see no reason to ignore her. I just find it fascinating that you want to save her but you can't save yourself."  
  
"Nympho. No can do. Besides I had sex long ago. Your turn. Spill it."  
  
Placed on the spot Rita ponders her next admission, "I do Bachelor Parties that get pretty wild."  
  
"I stuffed a vibrating egg up my pussy during class. Cum right there in front of everyone. Got detention. Fucked the Teacher. Got counseling. Fucked the Teachers and the Principal. I will deny it if you try getting them into trouble."  
  
"Were you underage at the time?" Rita was shocked.  
  
"Nope. Close enough though. So hot. They loved this sexy young twat." Brit pushed it.  
  
"I recall those days. The apple doesn't fall far from the tree."  
  
"Next?"  
  
"I've been paid to have sex at a board meeting for a large conglomerate. Right in front of the board."  
  
"That sounds fun." Brit shivers, "I had great bondage sex in Styles garage with his Dad. Blindfolded and suspended. I couldn't move he had the ropes so tight."  
  
"I'm a Dominatrix Switch. I like it both ways. Submission and the Aggressor. I stepped on a man's balls with my stiletto heel in Orlando last week."  
  
The girls were getting worked up. This was so much fun. Sadly Rita felt as if this was the closest she had been with her daughter in years. Things were going great until a loud mouth had to ruin it all.  
  
"MOM!" Lance Foxx the son returns from next door after helping neighbor Chloe Johnson put her groceries away, "What did you and Chloe do? Her fucking pussy is green."  
  
Rita says to hell with it. She knew what would shut the boy up, "Oh look. My pussy is green too." She peels her boy shorts aside to reveal her inner thighs. The girls had to stare at it, literally touching Rita's legs for a better examination.  
  
"I can't believe you just did that to me." Lance winces, "Gross."  
  
"For your info Chloe and I just double dildoed a giant cucumber at the Supermarket. Live with it. If you can fuck Chloe so can I."  
  
"You go Mom." Britney admired her suddenly.  
  
Rita covered her thighs and sat back smugly eying her son, "Run along little boy."  
  
Lance narrowed his eyes, "Little boy? Is this little?" He drops his sweats to let her see his timid erection.  
  
Rita, Grace, and Britney frowned using their fingers to emphasize his size as too small. Growling he flips them off and starts to head back outside. Stopping cold to get even. "Britney sucked my cock. We had 69."  
  
Britney expresses awe, "That bet is done like it or not."  
  
"Not until you fulfill your promise to me and my buds." He points at her abruptly.  
  
"Relax. I'll get to you guys at some point. Geez. I skinny dipped at the public pool during open hours. Had sex there too. Me and my girls fucked Styles Dad and his softball team in the park dugout."  
  
"She fucked Chuck in his Semi. Threesome with him and Chloe." Lance adds.  
  
"Did Chloe get tired of my handsome boy?" Rita teases him.  
  
"Me, Styles, and Evan fucked Chloe. Three dicks. Three holes."  
  
"Been there done that." Brit waves him away rolling her eyes, "I fucked the Principal in Church. Blew some boys there too." Brit adds bragging.  
  
Rita just let them duke it out. It saved her and she wanted it to get deep so that all would be revealed. There was no shame at all now. Her kids had grown up to be just like Rita herself. So be it.  
  
"Brit's been fucking Dad."  
  
Rita stopped things right there. Hands up to shut them up. She already knew a bit of intimacy between Father and Daughter but not everything. As silence made everyone shrink Rita puffs her cheeks.  
  
Britney flips Lance off for going over the top. Her Dad had warned her to keep that part quiet. Too late now. Grace toying with her long hair bit her lip.   
  
"Did you?" Rita looks at Britney with a stern look.  
  
"Lance started it. He made me talk to Daddy in my underwear. It led to a massage and talk about boys. Dad taught me things."  
  
"He did? How often does this happen?" Rita grew curious.  
  
"Three times. Just last night while you and Mary were in the bedroom. It was brief."  
  
Her Mom's eyes flare. Lance's eyes flare. Grace sighs. In her deafening tone Rita turns to Grace, "And, where were you?"  
  
"Right there." She looks guilty eyes like does in headlights, "Watching."  
  
"With your Mother in the house."  
  
"Yeah." She wheezes.  
  
Rita smirks, "Well as long as we're all having fun. I ate your Mother's pussy last night at the bar."  
  
Silence created tension. Finally, Grace yelps, "Yay Mom."  
  
"Are you mad at me Mom?" Nerves were catching up with Britney.  
  
"Not happy. Not mad. Mixed. We're all pretty fucked up."  
  
Lance hisses, "I've been saying that all along."  
  
"Mom? I like making guys happy. That includes Daddy. Hate me if you want to. I'm not going to stop. I love sex."  
  
"Don't we all." Rita huffs.  
  
"I wouldn't know." Grace pouts.  
  
"Oh come on. Daddy taught you how to give head. I taught you to eat pussy."  
  
Eyes again flare and Grace stresses that Rita would lash out.  
  
"He is a good Teacher." Rita confesses, "He knows what he likes."  
  
"He fucked four of my friends on the living room floor one night. You came home. Slumber party?" Brit points out.  
  
"Ohh! The night he fucked me so hard I had trouble walking the next morning?"  
  
"Yep. That night."  
  
"Wait! Dad fucked Cryssa, Tara, Dawn, and Sophia? What the hell. That should have been me." Lance gripes.  
  
"They prefer real men." Brit sticks her tongue out at him, "Not a little boy."  
  
Before any further revelations the loud admissions brought on the attentions of Keith Foxx. He and Mary finally stepped from the bedroom. Keith was still naked. Dick rock hard. Mary shuffling behind him like a lost puppy in a Florida Marlin's T-shirt. Until she saw her daughter Grace. Turning pale she hides behind Keith.  
  
"What's all this commotion?"  
  
"No more secrets you said." Rita tilts her head sheepishly, "We've just been clearing things up. Hello Mary. Welcome to my fucked up family."  
  
Mary Ruuthouse didn't know what to say. Making eye contact with Rita was difficult. Their encounter at the bar Misery's made her a different person. She liked it. She loved Keith. Only her daughter Grace knowing so much now made her uncomfortable. She had not heard the truth of her daughter and Keith being together.   
  
Keith looks at Britney with a glint of sadness. Obviously everything was out in the open. He knew he needed to make his stand.  
  
"Everybody sit." He commands. Mary shyly stepping in to the living room and taking a seat on the recliner. Lance choosing to lean against a wall.  
  
As Keith absorbed the emotions in the room he eyed Rita. She stared at him with interest. Just as he began to speak Chloe Johnson came to the door. Knocking she freezes at the immediate tension. It took Rita to yell, "Come on in Chloe. I invited her to the meeting. Yes, I know about her too."  
  
Chloe shrinks as she stands next to Lance. She should have stayed home she thought. Lance tried to put his arm around her but Chloe halts him. He merely groans. It was about respect suddenly. It was safer not making more of a scene.  
  
"Okay. Seeing as everything is out in the open we can all continue with our lives as we see fit. Kids are old enough to make their own decisions. We adults can lead our lives like we want too. Rita? You can keep on doing business as usual. I'll support anything we choose to do."  
  
"Are you certain Mary can live the type of life we seem to be living?" Rita raises a brow.  
  
"That is up to her. If she chooses to walk out now and go home I'll understand. I certainly don't want that." Keith stood his ground fairly.  
  
All eyes locked on to Mary Ruuthouse. Sensing their expectation she blushes and rocks in her seat nervously. Feeling faint she tries to speak but nothing came out. Knowing her Mother was struggling Grace shot from her seat on the sofa and crouched in front of Mary. Taking her hands Grace rests her cheek on them.  
  
"I wish to stay with you Keith. If you will still have me." Mary dryly admits.  
  
"That's settled. Mary? You're Mine."  
  
"Where does this leave me? Your Wife I might add." Rita chokes up.  
  
"This house is still yours. We co-exist. Our bed is a King there's room for three." Keith pushes the boundaries to see what happens.  
  
Rita is taken by surprise. Recalling her thoughts last night of "Mistress it is." She was now resorted to being a second mate. Shocked she looks to Mary, "How does that make you feel Mary? Knowing Keith will still have me when he wants me."  
  
"That is his choice. I will learn to adapt."  
  
"That makes two of us." Rita nudges verbally, "For better or worse. Our vows Keith. I'll agree to be a part of this threesome. On certain grounds."  
  
"No grounds. This is what it is." He looked at his Wife defiantly.  
  
"Concerning our children?"  
  
"I'm good." Britney challenged.  
  
Rita scowls at her daughter, "Of course you would be."  
  
"I told Mary about Britney and I earlier." Keith throws gas on the fire.  
  
"Really? And, it doesn't bother you that he's having sex with his own daughter?"  
  
"That is between them. I will learn to keep my thoughts on such matters to myself. I adore Britney. I know that she will live her own life away from this household soon enough."  
  
Britney appears shocked, "Right! After Graduation I might move out on my own. Grace and I can be roomies. With Cryssa and the other girls."  
  
"Cat house." Lance chuckled. Chloe elbowing him in the ribs made him shrink.  
  
"If it is that's my business. And, business will be good." Brit flips her brother off.  
  
"May I be Britney's roommate Mother?" Grace looks up with uncertainty.  
  
"You will be what you wish to be Emily Grace."  
  
Rita nods at her acceptance, "So, then Mary knows about Grace and you too?"  
  
All eyes bulge. Mary hesitantly tries to comprehend Rita's statement. Looking over at Keith who stood stroking his cock boldly. It had not occurred to Mary that Grace had seen him nude. Her heart sank as the situation became clear. Trembling Mary held her composure.   
  
"I'm still a virgin. That's not a lie." Grace whimpers.  
  
"What then does Rita mean?"  
  
"It means I let your daughter suck my dick. She wanted the experience." Keith just faced the music and tried to maintain control.  
  
"Oh." Mary turned pale.  
  
"Please do not be mad at me Mother." Grace pouted.  
  
Britney jumped in with, "I talked Dad into letting her. You can blame me."  
  
"Damn Dad. You're my idol." Lance belted out. This time he stopped Chloe and pivots himself into her. Kissing her hard on the lips as he held her against the wall. Chloe gave in and enjoyed herself.  
  
"That's my boy." Keith smirked, "I won't apologize Mary. Your daughter has talent. Should I take you home?"  
  
Mary sits emotionless for a moment. Grace holding her hands with a fearful expectation of having to leave here forever. Seeing Grace mentally plead for her Mother's forgiveness sent a strong message to Keith. Finally, Mary pushes Grace aside with a palm on her daughter's cheek. Standing up she walks over to Rita and kneels before her.  
  
"I am sorry if I have interfered in your marriage. I do not wish to leave."  
  
"Then, stay. I'll adapt. Just know this. I'll fuck my husband when I want to. You have your fun, I'll have mine. As long as we agree on that I'm good."  
  
Nodding Mary sighs, "We shall share our Man then."  
  
"I'm sharing in that too." Britney points at all involved. Scowling Keith nods at her to let her know that was indeed acceptable to him. Britney hopped in her seat giggling. This was so cool.  
  
Grace makes a bold move and crawls over to kneel in front of Keith. Her mouth wide open for all to witness. Caught off guard Keith stops stroking his beast. It was rock hard as it was. Glaring down at the darling redhead he considers her proposal. Before having to either surrender or tell her no Britney jumps from her seat and joins Grace in the same position. Jaw wide and begging for a taste.  
  
Rita shakes her head as Mary turns to witness her daughter's actions. With a shared look of awe toward Rita the two women decide to cave in and join the girls. Mary to the left of Grace. Rita to the right of Britney. Four mouths gaping wide. Keith felt like a King suddenly. Hell, maybe even a Master. Greed sets in. Approaching Mary first he plants his dick on her tongue and eases inside her throat for three good thrusts before pulling away. Her lips warm and quaking. Holding her in place he looks at Grace and nods for her to participate.  
  
Grace eases in beside her Mother's mouth and licks Keith's dick right in front of her Mother. Then slips lower to suck on his balls. Keith then guided Mary back for five more thrusts before pulling back. Grace carefully joins her Mother in sharing Keith's cock. He had to grit his teeth and wink at Rita. Even she was impressed over her Husband's control.  
  
Rita shook her head at him grinning. Reaching behind Britney she pats her daughter on the behind to get her attention. From there Rita crawled behind Keith and began kissing his ass. Her hands prying his butt cheeks to flick her tongue on his anus. Britney felt left out. In response she made her way under Keith to lift up and play with his balls. Kissing them. Sucking them. Kneading them.  
  
Keith Foxx was the Man!  
  
Behind them Chloe from her throes of passion opened her eyes to witness the event. In seeing the four women working together her heart skipped a beat. Never in a million years had Chloe Johnson thought she would be a part of anything like this. As Lance kissed her throat she unfastens her shorts and drops them. Lance smiling and watching her bravado. Oblivious of what was going on behind him. Then he heard moans.  
  
Turning to see the encounter he swallows dryly, "Fucked up family."  
  
Chloe had removed the rest of her clothing and walked around Lance. Her finger curling for him to follow her to the center of the living room floor. Laying down on the carpet Chloe spreads her legs facing Keith. Massaging her clit and dipping a finger inside herself she awaits Lance to drop his sweats and crawl on top of her. Penetration swift Lance Foxx was now fucking the neighbor girl right in front of his entire family.  
  
Keith grew smug. Finally he had to assert control his way.  
  
"Clothes off. All four of you. On the floor. Legs wide."  
  
Rita stood up quickly and stripped out of Britney's borrowed clothes. Helping Britney up the T-shirt she wore was stripped off and the two marched over for prime spots on the carpet. Keith was impressed.  
  
Mary ponders the move looking at Grace. Would she comply or panic? Before her very eyes Grace first hugs her Mom then pulls away and lifts her shirt over her head.  
  
"No worries. I'm staying a virgin."  
  
Mary's breath was taken away by her daughter's eager participation. As she observed Grace sprawl out next to Britney legs in the air and waiting Mary looks up at Keith. He winked at her and pointed at the floor. Deciding her fate Mary Ruuthouse disrobed and lay next to Rita.  
  
"Isn't this fun?" Rita smirks at Mary. Mary could only whine.   
  
Considering his options Keith chose a different approach. Going for the unexpected. Motioning Britney and Grace to make out, the two young girls rolled into each other and wrapped legs. Tits mashing against each other. Lips locked. Hands roaming.

Moving to Rita and Mary he motions for Rita to switch angles. Guiding her into a 69 with Mary. Making sure it was clear that Mary sampled his Wife's tasty twat. Green as it was colored.  
  
Once the action intensified and moans were heard Keith steps over his Son and Chloe. Crouching in front of them he snaps his fingers at Lance to get his attention.  
  
"Fall backwards. Let Chloe ride you."  
  
Grimacing at being told what to do Lance fumed but did as he was directed. Chloe sat up on Lance and rode him like a champ. Until she felt Keith move in behind her. He chose to pull her blond hair aside and nuzzle her neck. Lance was horrified yet she kept grinding on his cock.  
  
From nuzzling to full on steamy kiss Chloe Johnson enjoyed this freedom. After a few minutes Keith nudges her forward and spits on her ass hole. Penetrating her anally. Lance was gifted with a mouth full of nipple. Having to share Chloe with his Dad suddenly felt awesome. The ultimate bonding.  
  
As Mary and Rita shared orgasms, Britney joined in as Grace began fingering her. Their kissing steamier than before. Moans escalated from every angle.  
  
Then the door bell rang. Left open those on the outside could see in through the screen door. Keith looks up and spots a very nice surprise. Britney's friends.  
  
"Get your asses in here." He bellows. The door opening swiftly allowed the entrance of Cryssa, Dawn, Tara, and Sophia. One final shocker. Their newest friend Nancy.  
  
"Who didn't invite us to the orgy?" Cryssa pouted.  
  
"No clothes on in my fucking house. Get undressed or get out."  
  
The girls nibble at finger tips and look at each other. Then down at Britney who was brewing for a second orgasm. In her plea of insanity Brit cries out, "Strip Bitches."  
  
Clothing flew off except for Nancy and Sophia. Nancy was in total denial. Sophia was on the rag. Forced to show off red fingertips to prove her loss.  
  
Keith wouldn't have it.   
  
"Go grab a couple towels. Lay them out. NOW!"  
  
Sophia shrieks at his demeanor and bolts for the linen closet. This just left Nancy to stand flushed and fanning herself. As Sophia returns and makes room in a corner she strips down to her panties. Realizing that Nancy was freaked out she shuffled to her side.  
  
"Come with me. You can sit and watch." Taking her hand they stepped through the maze. Nancy was fearful of stepping on someone. Once in their corner Sophia just rests back on her hands and watched the others.  
  
Keith nuts in Chloe's ass then climbs off. Slapping her ass to speckle it with warm cum droplets.  
  
Keith looks around him and spots Cryssa the Filipino Goddess. Pointing at her he then motions her to Chloe's ass, "Lick off my leftovers." Crawling to him she grins and begins pelting her tongue on Chloe's behind. All while Keith reached under and fingered Cryssa. She really hoped he wanted to fuck her next.  
  
"Johnson? Get off my Son. Give Cryssa the throne."  
  
Cryssa bulges her eyes wincing, "Aw shit." As Chloe pulls off of Lance she pats Cryssa on the cheek. Lance feeling great grabs Cryssa and yanks her down on top of him. He had wanted this girl for forever. Nothing was stopping this from happening.  
  
Chloe found a hand in her hair to guide her next toward Dawn, "Eat that pussy." Chloe chose to engage with the redhead. The more a girl ate her the more Dawn liked it. She needed to hook up with her friend Kimber. This clenched it. Nothing like a girl's tongue. Breaking up Grace and Britney after another yelping orgasm he passes his daughter off to Tara. Ordering a drenched 69. The girls laughed and swapped spit the unnatural way. Grace in turn was escorted over to Sophia and Nancy. Crouching down with all three of them Keith notes Nancy still dressed. Grinning at her he chose to be polite.  
  
"I don't think we've been introduced. I'm Britney's Dad."  
  
Nancy shivers trying not to look at his dangling beast. Impossible. All three girls admired it with bitten lower lips.   
  
"Hi." Nancy dared.  
  
"Clothing off in my home. You two girls strip her. Nobody leaves without cumming once."   
  
Rubbing Sophia's leg he winks, "On second thought. I'm borrowing you." He then drags Sophia by her ankles on the floor. Her towels joining her. In an unexpected move Keith peels her blood soaked panties off and removes her tampon. Her eyes bulge as he then crawls over and penetrates her. Never before had a guy fucked her on her period.   
  
Grossed out at first until she realized her sensitivity level was higher than ever. Sophia Pope screamed bloody murder. Literally. His endeavor devoted to making her cry even louder. He always like Sophia. Even when she pissed on the carpet. This time it was blood. Towels saved the day.  
  
Another doorbell rang. This time from left field. At hearing Lance call out, Who is it?" the room heard a loud, "Styles and Evan". This perked up Rita who looked up from Mary's drooling thighs like a Vampire in heat.  
  
"COME ON IN." Rita yells as Lance looks up from a moaning Cryssa with a look of dread. Cryssa didn't expect Lance to be so good. She became needy grabbing him by the neck. He heard her whisper, "Shut up and fuck me." He did.  
  
Evan and Styles walked right into the den of temptation. Jaws dropping instantly. Freezing in step the boys captured every single image. Girls they wanted but never could have. This was insane.  
  
Rita leaves Mary to lay heaving breathlessly. Limping over to Evan Rita throws her arms around the boy.  
  
"Where were we?" She takes him by the hand and leads him in. Unbuckling his pants she lowers them and kneels to suck his cock. Lance looking back grit his teeth, "DAMMIT MOM."  
  
Evan dreaded the glare of his buddy Lance but Rita's mouth was starving. No way was he turning this down. This left Styles to prowl about. He wanted Britney. What he got was Britney and Tara. Stripped nude in seconds Britney rode Styles while Tara sat on his face. Both girls kissing and fondling each other. Styles was in Heaven.  
  
Before long Evan was drawn to the floor and disrobed. Rita rolling him over on top of her Evan penetrated her and fucked her hard. Even with Lance bitching. Cryssa had to slap Lance and repeat herself loudly, "SHUT UP AND FUCK ME." He did. Again.  
  
Nancy was still dressed and mortified as Grace hugged her side. Finally, Grace spoke up, "You should at least get undressed. I won't bite."  
  
"I'm too out of shape for this. Look at me." Nancy whines.  
  
"The Bolger Boys like you right?"  
  
"Yes. I like both of them too. I should save myself."  
  
"I'm a virgin too." Grace beams proudly.  
  
"I'm not a virgin."  
  
"Awwwwww! I'm the only virgin in town." Grace pouts hugging her knees in a sitting fetal position.  
  
"Sorry." Nancy refused to get naked. Keith just let it go.  
  
As he led Sophia into a frenzied convulsion Keith finished her off and used a towel to clean off his cock. Once ready he rose and made his rounds. Realizing Evan was fucking his Wife he stands over him with an intimidating glare. Evan swallowed dryly as he stared up at him.  
  
"Try her ass. She loves anal."  
  
Evan could only nod. He would do that. Rita would indeed love it. He was even encouraged to slap her ass and pull her hair. It took Keith to show him how to do it.  
  
Mary felt left out. Everyone was enjoying themselves. Her head was all over the place. So confused. Finally, Keith sat down with her. Pulled her into a hug. Kissed the top of her head.  
  
"Want me to take you home yet?"  
  
"Quit trying to scare me off." She exhales on to his chest. Her fingers teasing amid his chest hair.  
  
"Just checking."  
  
"Am I still yours?"  
  
"Call me Master."  
  
"That is a yes then."  
  
"Yes?" He prompts.  
  
"Yes Master."  
  
"That's my Mennonite Slave. Let's go get us some dinner. These guys can clean up the house while we're gone."  
  
"I shall get dressed."  
  
"Wear the dress you wore to the bar. No more hiding what I own."  
  
She smiles and kisses him warmly. On the sofa Emily Grace's cell phone was buzzing unheard. The screaming orgasms around the room blocking the hum. Isaiah Ruuthouse was checking in. He chalked it up to the women charging the cell. For now. He would call again later.   
  
Lance Foxx finally nuts inside Cryssa. A victory dance led him to beat his chest. That was followed by Evan who detonated inside Rita. A victory dance on her beating his own chest pissed Lance off. Lunging for Evan Lance fell short and found himself facing his friends balls mashed against his Mom's vagina. Defeated he beat his head on the carpet.  
  
"Not my life. Not my life."  
  
Then he heard the recital of, "SHUT UP AND FUCK US LANCE."  
  
Lifting his head with a grin he spotted Tara, Chloe, Britney, Dawn, Grace, and Sophia flipping him off. Realizing they were fucking with him he drops his head down once more.  
  
"Not my life. Not my life."  
  
Cryssa crawls to her knees shrugging, "He wasn't bad."  
  
A resounding, "EWWWWWW!" did not help matters.  
  
Nancy found Lance cute though. Not his type she knew. "Oh well." She shrugged it off. She had the Bolger Twins wrapped around her pinky.  
  
Rita needed a cigarette. She offered them all one. Smoky room.  
  
Another reason for Lance to whine.

**Britney Ch. 50: PROMise Ring**

"I can't believe Dad woke us up so early to come shovel horse shit. What the fuck?"   
  
"I can't believe he called my Dad and asked him if I could come help. I was cozy in my warm bed dreaming hard about your sister. Now look at me. Pushing a wheel barrel of smelly shit out of a horse barn. My Dad just laughed and kicked me out of the house. Said it was good for me. It's MASTER training he laughed. So fuck you Lance."  
  
Styles nudged past Lance Foxx moving toward the next horse stall. Lance tugging his shirt collar up over his nose to prevent a smell that would never end. In the adjoining stall their friend Evan was griping in his own fashion. Overhearing him mumble about the gangbang in the Foxx hole a mere two days earlier. At least he was expressing regret for touching Lance and Britney's Mom. Admitting he felt like he was being punished by Lance's Dad Keith.   
  
"Dude! Stop talking about fucking my Mom. I have a shovel. I can easily bury your ass."  
  
Evan quiets down and utilizes his own shovel to scoop leftovers from the straw floor. A big beautiful horse shying away from him as he finished his job. No sooner than Evan cleaned up the mess and started to roll his own wheel barrel out the horse unloads a fresh pile. The smell of hot crap destroying all of their senses. All three young men bailed and headed outside for fresh air. In their temptation to vomit they were joined by the Mennonite Romeo of Britney's fantasies, Jonah. A strand of straw in his mouth discarded in favor of a hanky tied around his face like a bandit he snatches a shovel from Lance and heads in like a warrior. Lance could only frown which morphed into a grin.  
  
"Let him do the rest. I say we go find Gretchen and her sister."  
  
"Smelling like this? Yeah, they're going to be all over us." Styles rolls his eyes.  
  
Hearing a tractor the three boys halt to look around. From behind the barn rode Keith Foxx as if he was born to be a Farmer. Sitting up proud and regal on a newfound throne. Lance could only admire him. For thirty seconds.  
  
"Hide before he makes us bail hay or something."  
  
Ditching the wheel barrel in an empty horse stall they race out the back door and into the woods. They hadn't realized before today there were multiple pathways through the woods, not just the single path from the barn to Mary and Isaiah's house. Choosing one they head off to find mischief. Wherever it might lead them. Not once did any of them notice the Do Not Trespass sign on a tree.   
  
Jonah seeing their departure looked around a bit then took off as well in another direction, lost amid the timber. He had his own ideas.  
  
Back at the main house Mary Ruuthouse and her daughter Emily Grace, mainly Grace had just brought in laundry and were putting it all away. As the basket emptied Mary sat down on her large Queen size bed and pats the side next to her. Where Isaiah would normally sleep. Grace noticing her Mother lost in thought threw herself next to her laying on her belly. Toying with her braids Grace fidgets, "You miss Father?"  
  
"Of course I miss your Father. He and I have been together a very long time. He has not called. Merely a text to see how we are doing."  
  
"I wrote him back saying things were fine. Horses fed. I lied about their brushing. I'll repent."  
  
"We have much to repent over Daughter. I more than any."  
  
"Are you having second thoughts about Mister Foxx?"  
  
Mary pauses to stare at her daughter before sheepishly grinning, "I have many second thoughts on Keith. All quite good. Third thoughts perhaps."  
  
"Isn't this nice not to live by so many rules?"  
  
"Yes. However I do like it when a man sets me straight."  
  
"Oooo! Is my Mommy going BDSM?"  
  
"BD what?"  
  
"It stands for Big Daddy Slave Mary." Grace laughs slapping her left palm on her Mother's leg. Mary peaks an eye brow at the term.  
  
"That is truly a thing?"  
  
"The abbreviations yes but not the actual meaning. It's really Bondage Discipline Sadism and Masochism."  
  
"That is quite a mouth full."  
  
"That's what she said." Grace continues to be amused.  
  
"She? Keith's wife Rita?"  
  
"Ohhhh! Don't let her hear that you two might be rolling in the grass fighting. But, yeah from what I hear that's true."  
  
"This world is so new to me Grace. I enjoy my moments with Keith, yet it scares me of when Isaiah returns. I will need to make a choice when he does."  
  
"You know I love Father but I cannot live the way he expects me to live. I want to experience the world."  
  
"You frighten me child. These changes you have a such a young age."  
  
"So I should wait until I'm your age with three kids and a dog?" She rolls her eyes, "Not! Let me grow up my own way Mother. Please."  
  
"Do not grow up to be a...loose goose like your Mother." Mary frowns at herself toward a bedside mirror.  
  
"Loose goose? You're killing me Mom. We both deserve to actually feel something."  
  
"As I do when I am with Keith." Mary pauses to place a palm on her daughter's cheek, "You have not...?"  
  
"Popped my cherry? No Mother your baby girl is still a virgin."  
  
"Bless the Lord."  
  
"Has Mister Foxx had you call him Lord Keith yet?"  
  
"He has not. Would he ask that of me?"  
  
"Ohhh yeah! Master even."  
  
"Oh my." Mary Ruuthouse could not stop smiling, "How do you know of these things you speak?"  
  
"Public school. Can we talk about Prom now? I need a prom dress. Something beautiful."  
  
"We could buy some material and make one. I have never made a dress such as the pictures you have shown me on our phone."  
  
"Dresses are expensive. I know we don't have the money especially with Daddy off in Ohio. Britney has offered to pay for my dress out of our class charity funds yet I find guilt in misusing it."  
  
"That money should go to the school should it not?"  
  
"Most of it. We earned the money we kept. We washed a lot of...cars." She withholds information on the girls club and their sexual favors. Too much too soon for Mary to cope.  
  
"I see. I will think of something. Whatever we decide we cannot ask Keith for money. He is still on unemployment until his job calls him back. He and Rita are living on what she earns."  
  
"Bet that's a bundle. Just saying." Grace couldn't stop snickering.  
  
"Do not be cruel toward Rita. She seems very nice."  
  
"Nice? You're stealing her Husband. You know she wants to whoop your...bottom."  
  
"Yet, she as agreed to let Keith and I continue to see each other."  
  
"Only because Master Keith set her straight. Come on Mom. Reality check Britney's Mom is not really okay with you two being together. She's just compromising because of her career. Keith has let her do her thing for years now. She owes him whatever he wants from their relationship."  
  
"This still feels so very wrong."  
  
"So tell Keith you don't want to play with him anymore."  
  
"I will wash your mouth out with soap young lady." Mary wrestles with her daughter playfully.  
  
"Didn't think so."  
  
Hearing a knock on their door the two Ruuthouse women straighten their dresses and sit up properly. Mary then opting for, "Come in."  
  
As the door opens in steps Britney Foxx and her bestie Cryssa Apari the Filipino Goddess herself. Followed by fellow cheerleader Sophia Pope.  
  
"Kitchen is spotless. Vacuumed the downstairs and dusted." Britney informs Mary while Cryssa uses a feather duster to try and make Britney sneeze, "Stop that Fifi."  
  
"Fifi, HA!" Cryssa chuckles, "I like that. It's short for Filipino, Filipino. FiFi. Good one Foxxy."  
  
"Glad I could help."  
  
"Right!" Sophia smirks, "And, you really are a short Filipino."  
  
"Don't remind me. Now I need new heels to go with a Prom dress."  
  
"We need to get to shopping soon it's only three weeks away." Brit acknowledges.  
  
"No guy has even asked us to go yet." Sophia frowns, "Come on we're Cheerleaders, we should have the cream of the crop."  
  
"It's early yet. Tara has a date with Trent. Grace here has a date. I'm going with Jonah." It dawns on her a thought, "Oh, no. Will Jonah's parents allow him to wear a Tuxedo to Prom?"  
  
Mary stands up and moves around the foot of the bed to greet the girls. Placing a hand on each of Britney's shoulders she warmly smiles, "I will convince his parents to allow it."  
  
"Whew!" Brit fans her face, "I really didn't wanna look like the Beverly Hillbillies for Prom."  
  
"I want a Jethro." Cryssa pouts stomping her foot on the floor.  
  
"Chill out Smelly Mae." Sophia shakes her head, "I just want a date."  
  
"Smelly Mae." Grace snickers sitting up, "So funny."  
  
"You have watched this Beverly Hillbillies?" Mary turns as Grace bulges her eyes.  
  
"Yep. Oldy but goody. Eddie Murphy was so hilarious in it."  
  
"Wrong set of Hills Carrot Top." Brit groans.  
  
"Oops!"  
  
"Enough girls. All will work out."  
  
"My Mom's already set aside money for my dress." Sophia admits, "There's a really cool dress shop in Kissimmee that we should drive over and look through."  
  
"Maybe we can drag Nancy away from the Twin's and have her give us a lift there." Brit poses.  
  
"How are we all going to fit into her small SUV?" Cryssa considers, "I may be small but I'm not that small." Lifting her massive tits makes her point.  
  
"We all have a similar problem Bozo." Sophia rolls her eyes.  
  
"Did you know I have a cousin over in the mountains of the Philippines named Bozo? Too funny."  
  
"Girls?" Mary raises her voice, "Rugs to beat with a broom. Bathrooms to clean."  
  
Each of the girls point at one another hearing Bathroom cleanliness. None wanted the duty until Grace steps up, "I got it Losers."   
  
They were all relieved.  
  
The pathway that the boys snuck down seemed to wind forever through the thicket of trees. So dense in some areas due to Cyprus overhang they considered turning back until they heard a creek flowing water. Then singing. A girl singing at that. What would be the odds? Lance led Evan and Styles through underbrush trailing the sounds of rushing water. It wasn't like a torrent but it was enough to know the creek lead somewhere more vast. Careful not to disturb the singer by thinking she was in harms way they crept as close as they could until they discovered a thin opening into a somewhat hidden pond that was fed into by the stone creek. Sun beams filtered through the treetops like something in a fantasy film. They half expected to find a Unicorn.  
  
"Who is that?" Styles said as they crouched hidden observing a brunette in a lengthy dress. From a homemade dock of rotten lumber the girl held her skirt up to her upper thighs while dangling her feet into the water. This was hardly swamp land so the pond was not coated heavily in moss and fish seemed to jump lively about. To her left the creek's flow in was bubbly and fresh.  
  
"Wonder if she knows Matilda and Gretchen?"  
  
"If she goes skinny dipping I'm joining her." Evan wanted to whistle but Lance clamped a palm over his friends mouth.  
  
"Dude don't go spooking her or we won't be able to ask her if she knows the girls. I for one don't want to be shot at by the Farmer's daughters Ole Man."  
  
"How old do you think she is?" Styles mumbles.  
  
"I don't know. I don't recall seeing her at the bar dance. She must not have been there."  
  
"Early twenties I'm thinking." Styles ponders it.  
  
The girl stops singing long enough to listen to nature around her. Obviously she was quite familiar with the area. The smart thing to do was to snap a picture of her and go show Grace for any information she could offer. Lance took his cellphone out and snapped two pictures of her looking in their direction. Her entire face would help identify her better. As they remained mesmerized by her the girl appeared to be confident that she was alone. Standing on the dock they watch as it looked like she might be undressing. Outer dress removed confirmed it. Only her petticoat slip lie beneath. All three boys inhaled and held their breath, eyes going without blinking.   
  
Unpinning her brunette hair in back it toppled past her shoulders. All Lance could think of was that she had half the length of Grace's mane. Still very long it was. Once more examining her surroundings for no unexpected intruders she removed her slip and stood nude on the dock. They could tell she was shivering and uncertain but eventually the girl removed her arms to give them a full frontal view. Not as top heavy as the girls they knew but healthy enough, possibly a 34C. Her curves were thin but hardly boney. An untrimmed bush covered her pubic area. The boys could not move frozen in their tracks. Finally the girl felt comfortable enough to dive into the pond. Submerged for a minute gave the guys a chance to exhale and communicate.  
  
"Holy shit! That girl is beautiful." Styles still wanted to strip and join her.  
  
"Aye! That be Abigail Friese." A voice whispered from above. Startled the guys wanted to piss their trousers. Looking up at a rickety old deer tree stand they found Britney's crush Jonah and a friend of his named Zeke short for Ezekiel. Both had index fingers over their mouths to remain silent.  
  
"How old is she?" Lance dared to ask. Ezekiel preferred to answer with a show of fingers which added up to twenty. She sure didn't look twenty more twenty five.   
  
Styles points at his wedding finger toward Jonah as if curious to know if she was married. Again Ezekiel did the answering with a negative head motion.  
  
Rising up from the pond Abigail uses both hands to stroke her wet mane from her eyes and back over her scalp. Flowing backward she floated on top of the water, her breasts like mighty bobbers that stood valiantly at attention.   
  
Ever so quietly Jonah climbed down the tree leaving Zeke in the perch. Kneeling beside Lance he whispers, "Will you be telling your sister I be watching Abigail?"  
  
Wincing at him Lance frowned, "Dude get Abigail to be my Prom date you can marry my sister and I'll carry you being here to the grave."  
  
"Hey I wanted to ask her. I thought you wanted Gretchen or that Matilda girl."   
  
Styles cut in.  
  
"I did until I saw Ariel there."  
  
"Abigail." Jonah corrected him.  
  
"No. Ariel is the Little Mermaid. Whatever! Jonah buddy introduce us."  
  
"Another time. If she see's us she will never talk to me again." Jonah fidgets watching Abigail's movements. She was like an elegant swan in a peaceful coast upon the water. The sunlight shining on the pond gave her a bed of diamond like reflections. Dicks were seriously hard.  
  
"How come I never spotted her at the barn dance?" questioned Lance.  
  
"She has just returned from caring for her Aunt. Sorely missed but we lads as you might have noticed."  
  
"Why aren't you chasing her instead of my sister?"  
  
"She thinks of me as a baby brother. Our community is very close knit."  
  
"Dang it! How do I go about this?" Lance ponders in his thoughts, "I want this girl."  
  
"How do we find this Matilda and Gretchen?"  
  
Jonah smirks pointing straight up at Zeke, "That be Matilda's brother."  
  
"No way." Evan bulges his eyes glaring up at Zeke with a hint of fear. Not knowing Zeke he might object to their interest in her. Reacting Zeke shook his head and continued to observe Abigail.  
  
"Wait for Abigail lads."  
  
"You're a lad too." Lance grins.  
  
Jonah winks back, "Nay! I be a young buck."   
  
"Same thing. I don't wanna lose her. How can I get to know her?"  
  
A loud splash toward them they discover Abigail six feet from them looking directly at them, "You might try asking me for permission to spy upon me. If ye truly want to get to know me."  
  
All eyes erupt at her notice. Jonah stands up laughing as Zeke climbs down from the tree. Joining the cluster Zeke calls down, "We could never sneak up on you could we?"  
  
"Never once Zeke Wilder. Nor you Jonah. Who might your friends be?" Abigail gracefully floats with wadding arms.  
  
"Hi! My name is Lance. Jonah here is my sister's boyfriend." Lance stands up followed by the others now busted for snooping.  
  
"I see. Do you always sneak up on unsuspecting mermaids?"  
  
"You heard my Ariel comment?"  
  
"I heard you all before I ever stripped out of my dress."  
  
"Great!" Styles rolls his eyes.  
  
"I'm not even going to apologize for gawking at you Abigail. You're too beautiful to look away."  
  
"A sweet talker you are Lance. Here to woo me into leaving the Mennonite faith?"  
  
"Not unless you want me too. Does that mean I don't stand a chance with you?"  
  
"A wee young for me aren't you?"  
  
"We're all eighteen here I think. Not sure of Zeke."  
  
"Nineteen." Zeke confirms.  
  
"There you have it." Lance continues, "You're twenty right? Unless I counted Zeke's fingers wrong."  
  
"Yes I am twenty. Are you going to watch me all morning or join me for a swim?" She beguiles them with big green eyes.  
  
"I'm so playing Aquaman." Lance kicks his shoes off then strips down to his briefs, hesitant he looks at Abigail, "Yes or no? I'm going to be a Gentleman."  
  
"That's a first." Evan chuckles.  
  
"I meant all of you." Abigail rolls backward on the surface of the water giving them another horizontal full frontal. Looking amongst each other Jonah pats the backs of Evan and Styles, "I'll be going to finish your jobs at the barn. Have fun lads." Ezekiel starts after Jonah when Styles stops him, "Zeke? Can I get to know Matilda?"  
  
"Ye can ask her for yourself." He points toward the opposing path leading to the creek. From beneath the shrubs enter both Matilda and Gretchen. Seeing Lance as his briefs drop they both giggle and point. "We recognize that penis."  
  
"I know it well." Gretchen chuckles.  
  
Abigail peaks an eye brow at Lance, "They do?"  
  
"Before I even knew about you Ariel." Lance leaps into the water and swims directly up to Abigail who rises to face him, her tits barely below the surface.  
  
"What was that about a Prom?" She smiles at him brilliantly. He stutters slightly then shakes off his nerves.  
  
"I don't have a date for Prom. We live here nearby in Braxton."  
  
"The mighty Beavers." She brightens her eyes.  
  
"Not so mighty. We lose at every game. I don't want to lose you Abigail."  
  
"Do you have me Lance? I think not." She looks beyond him at a nervous Styles and Evan, before turning her attention toward Gretchen and Matilda, "I don't think Lance's friends will lose their clothing unless you two do."  
  
Staring between themselves both Gretchen and Matilda strip naked and pose seductively for the guys. In seconds Evan and Styles were tripping over themselves to get their clothes off. Once giving each other confidence their boxers drop at the same time and offer poses of their own as if a mating ritual amongst girls and guys. Laughing the girls dive in and surface as Abigail had, red hair and blond hair wiped back over their scalps in order to see. Eyes open they face the boys who shake off their hesitation and leap in with them. Everyone had a counterpart. Styles meeting Matilda and Evan with Gretchen.   
  
"Come here often?" Styles breaks the ice.  
  
Matilda winks at him boldly throwing her arms around his neck, her chest grazing bountiful nipples along his chest, "This is our favorite place to touch ourselves. So yes we come here often."  
  
"Nice." He chuckles and grabs her hips below the water. She wasted no time whatsoever in kissing him. Styles was in heaven.  
  
"Love your red hair. Reminds me of Grace's only not as long." Evan makes casual conversation with Gretchen. The redhead circling Evan as if a shark going in for the kill. Finally as he lets her swim behind him she moves in and crushes her breasts against his back. Her hands wrapping around him to prowl his chest.  
  
"Are you going to fantasize about Grace or me?" She nibbles his earlobe whispering.  
  
"Definitely you."  
  
"Good answer." Her right hand lowers and grips Evan's dick forcing his eyes wide.  
  
"Where have you been all of my life?" He whimpers.  
  
"Waiting for a stud like you to take me away from this place."  
  
"You're not happy living here?"  
  
"Would you be if your parents beat you with a bible?"  
  
"Ummmm! I believe in God."

"As do I, but not to the point of being withdrawn from reality. I cannot be a good girl."  
  
"Sounds like you would fit right in with Britney's friends."  
  
"Again you talk about other girls. Am I not pleasing?"  
  
"Heck yeah! I'm just saying the other girls can't keep their clothes on. Which is cool."  
  
"I don't think you want me." Gretchen releases him and turns her back nibbling her lower lip awaiting him to pursue her. She knew he would. In seconds Evan surrounds his own arms around her this time and squeezes her tits. His raging hard on slithered between her legs. As his crown grazes her clit she yelps slightly.  
  
"Maybe you do want me after all."  
  
"Fuck yes I do. You're freaking hot as hell."  
  
"See you are not a bible thumper like my family."  
  
"Let's not talk religion unless you're crying out Oh my God!"  
  
"Make me." She pulls away from him and dives under the water. Caught by surprise he dove under giving chase. The water was cloudy but he knew a sweet ass even in the murkiness of the pond. They would tease each other for ten minutes before he caught her and they made out excessively.  
  
"Your friends are having all of the fun." Abigail peers about at their horseplay. Lance for some strange reason was struggling with getting too close to Abigail. Normally he was a horn dog toward every girl in sight. Maybe it was the fact he was thinking of his next door neighbor Chloe. He did have a deep infatuation with the busty blond even though her man Chuck pretty much had a ring on her. Although she agreed to see him occasionally when Chuck was on the road, here lately that had not been the case. He knew deep down that neither of these girls would be anything more than a play thing. Still it taunted him. Not that much though.  
  
"Sorry, I'm just mesmerized by you. Why don't you have a man?"  
  
"My family wants me to marry into the faith but I have held out. There are no men that interest me."  
  
"Am I interesting?"  
  
"At the moment." She wiggles her eye brows playfully.  
  
"I'm just going to ask you to think about something okay? Would you be my Prom date?"  
  
"I'll let you know after you stop acting so withdrawn."  
  
"With--?" He growls at her knowing exactly what she wanted. Her eyes brighten as he dives under the water and attacks her pussy. With a laughing yelp she feels his tongue on her clit. Fingers up inside her at least proved one thing to Lance. Not a virgin. Holding his breath as long as he could he made her moan loudly. Forced to surface for air he crawls up her kissing her dead on the lips before inhaling deeply and going down for another round of salty dog. She was impressed with him for certain. After losing his breath again he comes up gasping then launches in to kiss on her neck. She ran her fingers through his hair and smiled as if never before. She enjoyed this boys dedication. Not wanting hicky's to have to explain she grabs his face on both sides and drags him into a fulfilling breathtaking kiss. Once broken she winks at him then submerges in front of him. Feeling her mouth swallow his cock he bulges his eyes looking toward his buddies. Weirdly all three girls had the same idea. Three dicks were being sucked on while fingers squeeze at their balls.   
  
"I LOVE MENNONITES." Evan yells.  
  
"Shhhh!" Styles grits his teeth, "We don't need their Dad's to come hunting us down."  
  
Shocked by how long each of the girls could hold their breath Lance couldn't contain himself. He shot his load into her mouth hoping she wouldn't be mad. Seconds after Abigail rises with a sneer then opens her mouth to show that she saved his milky leftovers. She talks with her mouth full, "Kiss me and share this and I'll go to Prom with you."  
  
Gagging at the thought Lance decided it might be his only chance so he devours her mouth and Frenches her. His own cum swishing about amid their erotic moment. Shocked that he did it he doesn't even gag. Once their foreheads press together she smiles, "Not bad."  
  
"So you'll be my date?"  
  
"One other condition."   
  
"What?" He dreaded the answer.  
  
"You must ask my Father."  
  
"I-I'm not Mennonite. He would kick me in the ass for even looking at you."  
  
"Probably." She smirks and throws her arms around his neck. In his mind Lance Foxx knew he was on the losing end.  
  
Styles unloads his own beast into Matilda's mouth and expects the same scenario. As the blond rises she had swallowed every drop and wagged her tongue at him, "Tasty." She admits moving in to kiss him again.  
  
Evan held off firing instead choosing as Gretchen rose up for air to stretch out floating on the water. Eying his dancing erection Gretchen chooses to move next to him and stroke his cock. Never in his life had he experienced a floating hand job. Minutes later she forces him to fire shots into the air and attempts to catch his droplets. Only a few speckles of cum landed on her cheek.  
  
Regardless she enjoyed herself. So did Evan.  
  
"Let's go girls." Abigail coaxes her friends into leaving the boys. Jaws drop feeling as if they were being abandoned. Keeping afloat the guys watch the girls climb out on to the dock and sit side by side. Fluttering fingers playfully they each lay back on the planks and spread their legs. Fingers swiftly went to work on their own pussies.   
  
"Group masturbation." Styles calls it.  
  
Lance swims in front of Abigail and moves her feet further apart to cross his arms on the dock. Watching her sink fingers inside herself. His move led Evan to do the same toward Gretchen, Styles to Matilda. Each had a front row seat to their darling young pinkness. Moans grew louder by the second as the girls get lost in their sensations. Heads back not even looking toward the boys. Minutes pass as Abigail begins yelping excessively. Body in spasm she squirts a flood of her intimate juices all over a shocked Lance. Even in his opened mouth. Evan laughing at him discovers Gretchen's own fountain splattering his right cheek. Styles still waiting on Matilda enjoyed her three finger burrowing as her other hand stormed her clit. The blond reared up to look at Styles, "Ask me." She was holding on.  
  
"Will you be my Prom date?"  
  
""YESSSSSSSSSS!" She gushes as he felt obligated to plant his face directly into the current. She was ecstatic that he didn't shy away.  
  
Evan was the only hold out until he decides to impress her first. Easing her legs and hips toward him he devours her pussy getting his face a royal mess. Her howls had to be clamped by Matilda laughing at her. Evan terrorized the poor girl not caring how loud she got. As he forces her into a second eruption he fulfills his obligation. Drenched he drags her near lifeless body upward by her wrists and looks directly into her eye, "Be my Prom date too?"  
  
"I'd love to."  
  
The three Amigos had their dates. Well, wo at least. Lance fidgets in thought of how to ask Abigail's Father. Finally Abigail sits up and shakes her head at him, "You do not have to ask my Father. I just wanted to see if you wanted me bad enough to do that."  
  
"No. I'll ask him."  
  
Taken back by his decision she smiles brightly, "Be very careful what you say. Dress appropriately."  
  
"I'll do my best."  
  
The couples enjoyed the next hour getting to know each other. Lance would not fail Abigail.   
  
Back at the Ruuthouse farm...  
  
Keith Foxx had finished mowing the entire farm. Pulling the tractor up to the older barn off to the east pasture he shuts it off and leans back in the seat looking out over his job well done. The crisp air filled his lungs as he sighs, "I could get used to this fresh air and wide open spaces. Who knew Florida had this much to offer." After a few more minutes he hops down and stretches dramatically. This was actually the first time looking at this barn. Curiosity leads him to enter the dark barn and look over every little thing. One large item covered in a cloak of blankets caught his eye. Moving toward it he lifts a section to reveal wagon wheels. Puckering he had to see it all. Carefully removing tarps and blankets he discovers a thing of beauty.  
  
"Well hello there. You must be old."  
  
'It is quite old." He hears turning to see the lovely Mary Ruuthouse.  
  
"Got nosey."  
  
"I understand. This carriage belonged to my Great Grandfather. It has moved through the family for generations. It is a Braugham built I believe in 1858. Isaiah kept it quite maintained. It can be used if you want to hook up some horses."  
  
"Maybe." He moves in to drag her into his arms lifting her up for a warm welcomed kiss.  
  
"Let us hope you are not the only one snooping this day."  
  
"Truthfully I'm not caring these days. I like being with you Mary."  
  
"I feel the same. Yet, although you and Rita are very open with your relationship Isaiah's family would not be. Should they see us and tell Isaiah..."  
  
"Let them. I'll fight back if it means keeping you."  
  
"My! You just took my breath away." She looks deeply into his eyes, her own dancing with joy.  
  
"As I have said I only worry of my son Daniel. He needs me."  
  
"Then, we fight for him too."  
  
"You make it sound so easy Keith Foxx."  
  
"It won't be but I'm a fighter."  
  
"Yes, you are."  
  
"You know, " He lowers her and holds her from the side, "I think I just had a brilliant idea."  
  
"The carriage?"  
  
"Yup. It is the kids Prom here soon. Better than a rented Limo I say."  
  
"It seats only 2."   
  
"I guess they take turns then."  
  
"You are a good Father."  
  
"I try. I have a dark side."  
  
"As I have seen." If she only knew her daughter had blown Keith over a month ago now she might think differently. He was very close to stealing her virginity but had second thoughts. He was certainly glad he chose wisely.  
  
"Lemonade in the house?"  
  
"Of course."  
  
After draping the carriage once more the two lovers parted before leaving the barn. He gave her a three minute head start. Crossing the field he notes the newer barn and the boys Jonah and Ezekiel cleaning up shit in the corral area.   
  
"No sign of Lance and his friends. Imagine that." Shock followed shock as he now spots Britney, Cryssa, and Sophia pushing wheel barrels of shit out of the barn. Narrowing his eyes he had to chuckle, "Wonders never cease. I could never get Brit to clean the bathroom at home. My daughter must be in love to clean horse stalls." Watching a bit longer he notices Cryssa flash her tits at Ezekiel. Sophia was the only one behaving herself. Britney throwing herself at Jonah kissing him even as dirty as she was. Keith shook his head one last time and headed back to the house. Lemonade on his mind.  
  
Cryssa had asked Zeke to be her date. He said yes after fondling her breasts quite enthusiastically.  
  
Shady Hawkins, Britney called her.  
  
Sophia alone with no promised date was ready to throw her non existent hat into the ring.   
  
Her Prince would come.  
  
She would wear his crown.

**Britney Ch. 51: Gown South**

"Oh my God! Look at the prices on some of these prom dresses. I can't afford these?"   
  
"Quit pouting already. Carwash cash to the rescue." Britney pelted her bestie Cryssa on the forehead playfully.  
  
"I thought we were saving that money for our Daytona trip."  
  
"We have enough. Besides we can always throw another carwash."  
  
Tara Zellers bulges her eyes, "Another one? Say what?"  
  
"Just a thought. If we get too low on our funds we might have to."  
  
"How can we possibly top the last one? I don't think the Firehouse will let us pull a stunt like that on their property again." Sophia Pope frowns while looking over a blue dress with rhinestone pearls.  
  
Britney Foxx ponders the matter as she too rifles through dress after dress in the store. None seemed to attract her. She had something specific in mind and would shop until she found it."  
  
"See anything you like Nancy?" Dawn Lawrence the resident redhead asks while merely browsing without actually touching. Nancy Barker grimaces in Dawn's direction with a hint of hopelessness.  
  
"Nothing here will fit my big ass."  
  
"Now! Now!" Dawn scolded her knowing that Nancy was hard on herself being the extra big girl of the group, "They tailor to fit so stop already."  
  
"They're going to need three dresses to make one for me."  
  
Cryssa hearing her remark snorts then looks away with bulging eyes. She didn't want to offend Nancy but her comments just came across as hilarious. The other girls smirked but kept their thoughts to themselves. As the group divides an Employee enters the scene offering help.  
  
"Good morning Ladies. My name is Vivian let me know if I can be of assist. Looking for Prom dresses I bet."  
  
Britney peps up, "Do you have anything almost Amish but not?"  
  
"First time I've heard that one." Vivian was taken by surprise, " So, very conservative? No low front cleavage? Front or back?"  
  
"Forget I asked that. My date is Mennonite. I know his family will want to take pictures and I don't want to come across as slutty."  
  
"But, you are slutty." Cryssa chokes and runs.  
  
"You're one to talk Harlot." Brit calls out then instantly calms herself, "Sorry Vivian. She is right about one thing I like showing more skin than most. But, for Jonah I'm going to try and keep it together if you know what I mean."  
  
"Do we have a color in mind?" Vivian works with Britney.  
  
"Neutral. Too flashy might upset his parents."  
  
"I see. White?"  
  
"As long as it doesn't look like a wedding dress. So never getting hitched."  
  
"We all say that Dear." Vivian wags a diamond ring in front of the girls, "I said yes exactly one year ago. Our anniversary is tomorrow."  
  
"Not too late to throw him back." Cryssa had to be sarcastic again. This time Tara slaps the Filipino beauties back of the head, "HEY! You guys are gonna give me whiplash. Or, mess up my awesome hair."  
  
"Be nice Cryssa." Dawn points threateningly, "We can slap you from all sides."  
  
"Only on the ass Red."  
  
"That's for kicking." Sophia chuckles.  
  
"I'll hide behind Nancy. You'll never find me."  
  
"Stop being a bitch already." Brit throws her arms to her sides, palms up with a glare of "What the fuck!"  
  
"Apologize to Nancy. Now!" Brit stares with a bitter look. Nancy was half of their ride. Brit's mother Rita was outside smoking before coming in to be of assist.  
  
Vivian York smirks at their banter knowing they were merely being mischievous. As if ignoring them the Employee in her late 20's glances about for possibilities to suggest to Britney. Before she could point out an option Cryssa bulges her eyes and drops her jaw.   
  
"OH MY GAWD! That dress is so mwah." She races to grab a stunning red number from a clothes rod. It was a shoulder less number that had short bicep sleeves to hold the dress up. It's train was fairly long. Too long for her short legs, "I would look like a salsa dancer in this. I love it." She looks at the price and perks up, "Hey! This is only $175.00. How awesome is that?"  
  
Vivian smiles, "With your deep complexion that dress would look stunning on you. You're welcome to try it on. The changing room is right over there." Of course over there meant the back of the store that had an opening into an adjoining store for Men that dealt with Tuxedos. Eying the sign above the entry Cryssa busted up laughing, "Look! The Tuxedo Store is called Tux to be You."  
  
Everyone chose to laugh. Even Vivian.  
  
"The owners of our stores here have a very smart sense of humor." She was speaking of herself. Vivian and her Man owned both stores side by side. "It draws people in."  
  
"So that's why this place is called Gown South?" Tara brightens up, "I thought it was just because we're in Florida. As far South as we can get."  
  
As Cryssa shuffles toward the dressing room she stops cold as she notices three men her age in the Tuxedo store. It was obvious they were looking for their own Prom Tux's. All three were drop dead studs. With a loud whistle her friends look on their own. Jaws dropped at the sight. Her shrill whistle so loud that the guys heard her as well.   
  
Immediate flirting began. Cryssa was all winks and blown kisses. Two of the three guys returned the favor.  
  
Britney still searching for the perfect dress rolled her eyes at Vivian, "Ignore her. She's just being Filly."  
  
"Don't you mean silly?"  
  
"Nope. Filipino. Filly."  
  
"Ohhh! That's cute. I was going to suggest the black version of her dress. With the exception of the spaghetti straps that accent the shoulders. If you're worried about your dates family you could wear a shawl. When you're around them just pull it together over your cleavage."  
  
"Black shawl?"  
  
"Of course." Vivian procures the dress in question and removes the plastic covering, "Here! Try it on."  
  
"Me likey." After fives seconds of examination Brit follows Cryssa toward the changing rooms. Which were merely separate stalls with curtains to pull when changing. Before long Tara and Sophia occupied the final two of four stalls. Dawn indecisive chose to be supportive toward Nancy.  
  
Outside in the parking lot Rita Foxx took her final drag on her cigarette and stepped on it to put it out. On her cellphone she had been talking to her employer a known Escort service about potential clients. She needed a few more days to spend with her kids and figure out her new life now that husband Keith was essential claiming another man's wife as his. Sharing was not what she necessarily wanted but at the same time she did love her husband. For now this was for the kids. Hanging up she starts to stroll toward Gown South when her cell rings again. Speak of the Devil.  
  
"Break away from the cast of Witness?" She mocks Keith over the similarities of the Amish community Harrison Ford hid out with in the movie.  
  
"Can it Rita. I just dropped Mary and Grace off at the fabric store. Why Mary insists on making Grace's prom dress I'll never know. Soon as I get them home I told Jonah and Zeke I'd help them find Tuxedos. I'm shocked their families are being so open to the mixed communities."  
  
"What about Lance?"  
  
"Left him at the farm. You won't believe what he's wearing. Our son got all dressed up in a shirt and tie. He's really intent on getting that girl he and the boys met. Permission appears to be a priority to prove himself. Same for Styles and Evan. Both are looking like catalog models. Our brats are growing up."  
  
"With the way our entire family has turned into whores? I wouldn't go that far. Impressions are only to get them laid. You know that."  
  
"Ah well. As long as they have fun. They graduate here soon so we might as well spoil them."  
  
"With my money Mister Unemployed."  
  
"Yeah, yeah Miss leave me to raise our kids while you..."  
  
"Alright already, point made. I'm a lousy mother. Mister Dad with a wife and a mistress."  
  
"We can bicker forever but you know you love me."  
  
"Sorely tested but yes I do. Keith? How are we going to honestly make this work? We both know Mary's husband will come home at some point. She's already stressing over her son Daniel being taken away from her."  
  
"She's coping. Day at a time Rita. I know Isaiah will screw this up and make things easier on her getting custody of Daniel."  
  
"Can you honestly tell me you want to raise another child now that your adventurous lifestyle has evolved?"  
  
"If it means keeping Mary...yep."  
  
"Wow! I wish you would fight for me harder."  
  
"You're not going anywhere and you know it."  
  
"So sure of yourself aren't you?"  
  
"What other husband is gonna let you fuck other men and party with the big dogs? I'm your home away from home."  
  
She absorbs his assessment and stops to lean on an awning pylon. Looking over her shoulder at the dress store window she spots Nancy and Dawn exploring gowns with a beautiful employee. The other girls were long gone. At the far end of the storefront two men obviously from the Tuxedo shop next door were captivated by something going on inside. Rita frowned knowing exactly the cause. The reaction between the men was pure adrenalin and awe.  
  
"I think I'm needed. Call you later?"  
  
She hangs up on Keith's approval and slowly moves behind the men. They were so involved by the going on inside that they didn't even notice Rita's reflection in the glass. Sure enough there was Britney and Cryssa both changing out of their clothing and into a prom gown. Curtains wide open. Zero underwear on either girl. In came Tara noticing the men and waving at them. Sophia next until the girls found their own changing room. With one room obstructed by a rotating hangar setup Sophia joined Tara in her room. That meant two gorgeous girls up close and personal. Again curtain open and the girls flaunting what they had hidden away. Cryssa noticing finally took her time trying on the dress to lift a tit and lick her nipple at the onlookers.  
  
Rita smirked at the girls exhibitionist traits. It amazed her just how much her daughter Britney was taking after her. Back when Rita was Brit's age she was terrorizing young men with her perfect body. Here she was expressing her abundant sexuality right out in plain view. Any other Mom might be crying up a storm. Rita? She couldn't be more proud. These young bucks watching her and her beautiful friends were beyond stimulated. In the reflection Rita could see the twenty somethings rubbing obvious erections held in restraint behind snug jeans. Listening to their hopefulness at seeing more of Tara and Sophia. Their desire to have sex with any or all four of the lovely girls. So obsessed with the four they noted Britney literally dropping her gown to face the men. One hand rubs her clit while the other flutters her hello. The boys waved back sighing. Looking around the store to spot Vivian the greeter busy with Nancy and Dawn Brit crept from her changing stall and streaked across the showroom. Cryssa not to be upstaged followed. Tara and Sophia still getting undressed were stragglers. Reaching the window both Britney and Cryssa giggle and climb up next to the mannequins and press their breasts against the glass. Reeling the men in with coaxing index fingers the boys literally caved and placed their open mouths around their nipples with the glass between them. Laughing quietly the girls had to make room now for Sophia and Tara. The guys were losing their minds at four naked cuties strutting their stuff and teasing them. This was better than any strip club they had ever been to.  
  
The men chuckled looking at each other hesitant to do what both really wanted, which was pull their cocks out and jerk off teasing the girls in return. Looking around for safety they find Rita leaning with her arms folded. In panic mode both boys started to bolt when Rita put her hands up.  
  
"Whoa! Don't stop now. I won't tell on you. I'm enjoying this as much as you are."  
  
"Seriously?" One man admire Rita's perky nipples through her tight yellow t-shirt.   
  
"Give them what they want." She beguiles them with perfect teeth and motioning hands. The girls were amazed at Rita's encouragement. All of Brit's friends promptly said, "Your Mom is so cool."  
  
Brit had to agree. Here was her Mom guiding the men back toward the window and literally patting their crotches.   
  
"Let them have it." Rita grinned between the men. Her hands digging toward two separate zippers. The men were now just as equally invested in Rita. Letting the men drag out their own beasts Rita sighed, "Big boys you are." They stroked them to life right before all of the ladies. Thankfully the store was slow this early in the morning. The small outlet of the two adjoined stores parking lot only had seven cars. The men's store by far the busiest.  
  
"Dude I can't believe we're doing this. Fucking nuts." The man named Tony chuckled nervously.  
  
"I know." His friend Grant eyed Rita darting his gaze between his own cock to Rita then to the girls behind the glass. Rita catching on that Grant was just as mesmerized by Rita herself winked at him before moving behind him. Tempting fingers ease around his waist to replace his hand in jerking him off.  
  
"Aren't they beautiful?" Rita whispers up at him.  
  
Grant trembled at her voice and hand job. Tony grew jealous. Grant could barely speak, "Hell yes they are. So are you."  
  
"Awww! That's sweet." Rita moves between he and Tony and reaches out now to grasp both cocks stimulating them. The girls were blown away and looking for their own safety in between watching. The Men were as rock hard as they could get. Purple and screaming for attention. "There! Now scooch on up to that glass and let them have it." She slips back behind them patting their asses to take the risk. Shuffling forward they stroked their cocks while touching their crowns directly into the window. Tara and Sophia knelt in front of Tony. Brit and Cryssa in front of Grant. Faces cheek to cheek the four girls lapped their tongue over the impressions in the window. The Men groaned imagining these hotties fighting to suck their cocks. Seconds of awe later they shoot their loads on to the glass. Watching the cum spatter and slowly streak down the pane. All of the girls showed off trying to lick the cum as if wrestling over droplets.  
  
"That was fucking amazing." Tony shook uncontrollably.  
  
Grant concurred wagging his cock on the glass for Brit's tongue. It was easy to see he wanted Britney the most. "Living on the wild side." Grant chuckled looking over his shoulder for Rita. Where did she go? Hearing the banging of a palm on metal they discover Rita across the lot getting their attention. Zipping up they gather their Tuxedos which were dropped to the sidewalk and glanced again at Rita. Rita coaxing them with her own finger turned facing her back to them. Hands sinking beneath the waistband of her black leggings peeled them down seductively over her bare bottom. Zero panties they could see her pussy as she touched her toes.  
  
"Holy fuck." Tony looked at Grant. Both men raced out to meet Rita tossing their Tuxes into the truck bed to rub her ass.   
  
"My turn." She softly licked her lips at them over her shoulder. Suddenly neither Tony or Grant cared who saw them. Their jeans came down in record time. Tony fucked Rita from behind while Rita moved Grant in front of her to suck his cock. This day was not so boring after all.  
  
Inside the store the girls hurried back to try their dresses on. The giggles of getting away with that little adventure was contagious. Brit admired her Mother more and more.  
  
Back at the boonies...near Braxton, Florida.  
  
"Thanks for bringing me out to Abigail's farm Zeke. These trees I'd get lost for sure."   
  
Lance Foxx dressed for success followed his new Mennonite friend along a twig laden path. Every step was a snapping sound.  
  
"Tell me of Cryssa. As you know she asked me to be her Prom date."  
  
"You've let me know five times now Z. Cryssa is Filipino, I'm sure she's told you that too."  
  
"Aye! She be quite fetching."  
  
"Throw one of these sticks I bet she brings it back on all fours and wags her ass at you."  
  
"She would do this?" Zeke stops cold with a puzzled but excited glint in his eyes.  
  
"Dude that girl will fuck your suspenders off. Hell use those things to tie her up." He snaps a suspender over his chest chuckling.  
  
"I will lose my virginity?"  
  
"Guaranteed. Trust me Z. Cryssa is sexy as hell."  
  
"You have had coitus?"  
  
"Coitus? Ohhh sex. I learned that term from Sheldon on Big Bang." He ribs Zeke, "Maybe." He winks keeping any truth to himself, "Seen her naked lots of times. She can't keep her clothes on."  
  
"This be very exciting."  
  
"Yeah? Well just don't drop your drawers and whip it out on me. How much further to Abigail's?"  
  
"Beyond those trees there. Will you be going to be fitted for a tuxedo with your Father? He be taking Jonah and I."  
  
"Need to be sure she's really going to go with me."  
  
"Did Abigail not tell you that you need not ask her Father's permission?"  
  
"I know she said that but I feel like I need to impress her parents."  
  
"Her Father Morris is quite grumpy. We trespass on his land. Have you not seen the signs?"  
  
"You're trespassing too."  
  
"Aye! I go no further. Good luck. I will mark your way back by standing sticks up in the middle of the path."  
  
"Thanks Z I owe you."  
  
Ezekiel took his leave. Hugging his bookbag to hold flowers Lance removed the roses carefully. He had picked them from a neighbors flower bed uncaring of what they thought about their loss. He was cheap. Can't get much cheaper. The flowers nor he. Setting the bag on the path he marched straight through the trees and stepped out into a clearing. Spotting a single level cabin he took a deep breath and became a man. Outside of chickens a single horse and a cow there wasn't much to offer. Oh, wait there was a goat. It was obvious they were fairly poor. Clothing on a clothes line billowed in the breeze.   
  
"You can do this. You can do this. Please don't shoot the trespasser. Please don't shoot the trespasser." He chanted under his breath. Reaching the house he heard singing. Mesmerized by the angelic voice he hesitated going to the door. Creeping around the corner of the house he followed the voice like a siren calling him. Realizing it was coming from an opened window he dares to take the risk of peeking inside. He had hoped to see Abigail. What he found was another woman. Eyes bulging he notes this was an older lady with the same long hair as Abigail. She had just bathed and was getting ready to get dressed. Her body was incredible. It had to be Abigail's mother. Unless there was a much older sister. No he recalled Jonah saying Abby was an only child. Definitely Mother Friese. Yep! Wedding band. He couldn't stop looking at her as she rubbed lotion on her long silky legs. Then her firm tummy and large still perky breasts. His mouth was watering. Standing up she bent over to roll lotion on her ass, prying her cheeks apart to lotion even between her butt crack. In doing so her anal pucker drew his attention. So tiny and inviting. Her labia breathing at her separated cheeks. Growling he found himself rubbing his crotch. Reality sank in quickly as he heard a goat directly behind him. A male goat at that. A very agitated male goat.  
  
"Nice tin can eater. Don't you look at me like that." The goat instantly charged him. Holding his tongue to avoid detection he turned to run. The goat jabbed him with short dull horns directly in the ass. That was when he dropped the roses and cried out, "FUCK YOU GOAT!"  
  
Hearing this Mother Friese bulged her eyes and covered herself before ducking her head out the screen less window. She saw the goat charging a second time and nailing Lance's hip tearing his pants. Seeing roses the goat stopped to have lunch. Mother Friese found it amusing and couldn't stop laughing. Looking back horrified Lance spotted her leaning out the window holding fingers to her lips.  
  
"You must be Abigail's young suiter. I will let her know you are here. Be wary of Hans, he can be quite territorial. Much like my husband Morris. Go to the front door and await Abigail."

Waving with a nasally whine he felt like kicking the goat. Taking the risk of snatching up a single rose Lance darted away leaving Hans to the leftovers. Feeling safer on the wood porch Lance stood terrified of the immediate future. His ass and hip were bruised. He was thankful for dull horns.   
  
Hearing the front door unbolt he turns expecting Abigail. Instead he found a short thin bearded man wearing a brimmed hat. Lance felt his heart shrink. He had a gun. A shotgun at that. Pointing it at the ground the man spat on the porch planks.  
  
"Did you not read the No Trespassing signs?" He grumbled.  
  
"Forgive me Mister Freeze. I mean Friese. Sorry I like Batman. I-is Abigail here?"  
  
"I am." Abigail slips into the doorway patting her Father's shoulder. It was obvious that Abigail had also taken a bath recently. Her hair was still wet. Thoughts of the pond stimulated him. His little Mermaid. "Hello Lance Foxx. Did Hans harm you?"  
  
He looks at his hip wincing. "I don't think I'm bleeding out. Your guard dog caught me by surprise."  
  
She giggled as Morris hovered without expression. Studying Lance he didn't respect a man that didn't follow rules.  
  
"I didn't know any other way to be honorable toward your family so I took the risk of coming here. I..." He lifts the single rose grimacing, "I had 11 more but Hans ate them." He doesn't move closer merely extending the rose for Abigail to claim. In doing so a thorn pricks his thumb. "Ow! There's the bleeding out. I should have snipped the thorns I was in a hurry."  
  
Mother Friese nudges Morris aside and steps out on to the porch in her dress. Her hair pinned back. "Morris? Put the gun away. Abigail? Put your rose in a vase I will attend your caller." Morris grumbles and retreats. Abigail smiles sheepishly and winks before heading into the house. "I am Abigail's Mother, Penelope. You may call me Penny." She reaches closer obtaining his bleeding thumb. With tenderness she lifts it to her lips to suck the blood from his wound. His eyes popped out of his head. Her big blue eyes were stealing his soul. She sucked on his thumb a bit longer before winking and releasing his hand. "There! All better?"  
  
"I might have a cut on my..." He bites his tongue starting to look at his ass over his shoulder.  
  
"Do I need to take a look at it?" She whispers somewhat flirtatiously.  
  
"Sure!" His eyes still bulge as her bright blue eyes lower to his crotch.  
  
"My! Your eyes are not the only thing bulging this day." She looks behind her for safety before whispering, "I knew you were looking at me through the window. It is called a mirror."  
  
"Shit! Sorry."  
  
"Did you like what you witnessed?"  
  
He swallows dramatically, "Bulging eyes don't lie."  
  
"Abigail tells me you went swimming with her. We hide nothing from one another. Merely from Morris."  
  
"I love Mennonites." He grins.  
  
"Be careful what you say around My husband. Abigail may be your date."  
  
"Can I take you to the Prom too?" He chuckles.  
  
"You are indeed the charmer as Abigail has spoken of. If only I could." She bats her lashes as Abigail returns to join them. Acknowledging her return Penny excuses herself. She palms her Daughter's shoulder and whispers something into her ear that makes Abby blush. Going inside Penny seals the door behind her.  
  
"What did your Mom just say?"  
  
"She told me I should check your backside for open wounds." She giggles and continues her blushing.  
  
"I like your Mom."  
  
"Did you enjoy watching her rub lotion on her body?"  
  
"Fuck! You know too?"  
  
"I am not offended. I will be ready to go with you to Prom. Nothing fancy. I have no money to purchase a Prom dress."  
  
"I'll squeeze the money from somewhere. I want you to look like a Disney Princess."  
  
"You would do this?"  
  
"Hell yes. I really like you Abigail."  
  
"I think you really like my Mother as well." She giggles pointing at his crotch as her Mother had.  
  
"You two notice that an awful lot."  
  
"Like Mother, like daughter."  
  
"I like both." He challenges her swagger.  
  
"We shall see. Did you still wish to ask my Father's permission?"  
  
"Should I?"  
  
"No." She giggles, "He appears grumpy and stern but he is easily persuaded. How will you know my dress size?"  
  
"You're the size of my sister's friend Tara. I'll ask her and hopefully get it right. What's your favorite color?"  
  
"I favor blue as my eyes. As my Mother's eyes."  
  
"Trying to drown me?"  
  
"If I were it would have been when we were skinny dipping. Thank you for my rose. See you in a week?"  
  
"I'll have my Dad pick you up. My Mom can bring me to get your dress to you." He steps away holding his bruised backside. On the bottom step her turns, "Hey! II think the school is looking for chaperones. Maybe your Mom might be interested. To keep an eye on us." He sticks his tongue out at her.  
  
"She would watch us...very closely." She returns the favor.  
  
"Counting on that." He marched away with confidence. Until Hans chased him to the tree line. Abigail laughed very hard. Penelope did as well peering through the front window caressing her breast while Morris sat in his favorite chair reading the Bible.  
  
"A chaperone you say?" Penny bit her lip pondering the idea. Open windows allowed her opportunities. Morris was half deaf. His hearing aid turned down. It was a good thing. Lance had no idea what he had just arranged.  
  
On his way back down the path he received texts from Styles and Evan. Both had done as he had and convinced the parents of Matilda and Gretchen into allowing their daughters to be their dates. The boys were happy.   
  
Back at Gown South Dress Emporium...  
  
"You look divine in that dress." Vivian York the sole Employee and co-owner this day admired Dawn Lawrence wearing a deep green dress that showed off her curves. A long slit up the side gifted her milky white legs a chance to shine.   
  
"Your cleavage is going to fall out." Nancy Barker joins them trudging along in a dress she herself had shockingly fit into. A red dress with bits of white accenting it.  
  
"You're one to talk Boulder Boobs." Dawn chuckles, "Or should I saw Bolger Boobs?"   
  
"Funny!" Nancy brightens up looking into a mirror, "Wow! The Brothers are going to die when they see me in this." She turns to Vivian, "I have two Prom dates. Twin brothers."  
  
"Oooo! Aren't we the lucky one. Good job." Vivian lightly claps and shares a thumbs up. That alone helped Nancy overcome her reluctance to find any dress.  
  
"It's really tight over Bonnie and Clydia. You're right I might topple down the mountain side." Nancy chuckles at Dawn.  
  
"Do you think Kimber will like my dress?" Dawn was indecisive looking at herself in the mirror. Vivian taking an interest in being overly helpful jumped at the chance.  
  
"Why don't I take pictures of you to send your dates for their approval?"  
  
"Good idea." Dawn looked at Nancy for an agreeable shrug. Dawn points at a chair where her cell sat. Vivian hands it to Dawn allowing her to set up her camera. Three separate shots were taken. Full frontal, entire backside with profile over the shoulder, and a side shot revealing leg.   
  
"You should be a model. You know the poses." Vivian smiled handing the cell back. She then stepped to Nancy claiming her own offered cell in ready. "Say cheese when ready."  
  
"Cheesecake." A full frontal with her chest lifted made her laugh. Another pose as Dawn had from the back she expels, "Cheetos." They were having too much fun. Nancy turned silly for her final pic turning seductively with a finger between puckered lips and a yearning expression. Dawn opted to say "Chester Cheetah." directing the shot.   
  
"You two are adorable." Vivian sighed and shared glances at the photos with the girls. As Dawn and Nancy fired the pics off to their dates Vivian frowned at the absence of the other girls. Stepping away she went to the other set of changing rooms finding only discarded clothing. Worried that they had slipped out she quickly changed her tune realizing how stupid that would be leaving their clothing behind. Moving to the front windows she spots strange white streaks and spots on the showroom window. "What in the world?" Concerned she steps out of the store and ventures to the exterior glass for closer inspection. Eyes widen as she considers the possibilities. Definitely not birds. Then a loud set of moans caught her attention. Looking behind her further out in the lot she realizes people were bolding fucking.  
  
"Oh my goodness." She watches cautiously to be certain nobody was going to be distressed by the public display. Vivian couldn't resist an extended look seeing Rita being held up against a truck fender well being pounded by a handsome male bottom. Another man literally standing in the bed of the truck standing over her head jerking off. Vivian couldn't move. Terrified of her Husband who ran the Tuxedo shop seeing and dialing the local police she inched next door to peer into the window. She spotted her Husband behind the counter dealing with a customer while three other men stood near the changing rooms. The expressions on their faces seemed awfully evident that they were in the throes of ecstasy. She could only see their upper bodies which led to suspicion. Moving to the furthest advantage of the Tux store windows she found her missing girls. All of them were on their knees wearing Prom dresses. Tits hanging out with the zippers in back clear down to their asses. Sophia sucking one man. Tara another. Brit and Cryssa sharing the third.  
  
"Sweet Lord in Heaven." Vivian held one palm to her mouth the other to her chest. Glancing about nervously Vivian realized there were no real opposing factors to discover their deeds. Considering putting an end to things she paced in a circle hearing Rita having another screaming orgasm hen noticing the Man on the truck bed peppering cum into her dangled back head. A beautiful facial for certain.  
  
Seeing the man at the counter gathering his bag Vivian knew he might catch everyone. Entering the store door Vivian intercepts the Man. Rambling about possibly knowing him the guy lingered. Vivian's own hotness kept his attention. Her husband curious leaned on the counter watching. He notes his wife's nipples protruding through her dress and cocks an eyebrow. What was this? Was she interested in this younger man? Surely not. Jared York knew he had her hook line and sinker. He was a buff clean cut man as handsome as any chiseled male model. No way was Vivian interested in this man.  
  
With the girls getting mouth loads right and left Jared heard the three guys gruffly snarl at their unloaded monsters. Leaving the counter to investigate Vivian panicked and abandoned the man who took the time to leave quickly. Vivian headed Jared off at the pass pushing him against the wall kissing him hard on the mouth. Her own hand grasping the contours of his tented slacks. His eyes erupted with a pleasant surprise. As they kissed he found his own hands clutching his wife's ass. Hearing shuffling noises Jared opens his eyes again to see a procession of four young ladies zipped up properly parading right by them. Patting her shoulder to break up the kiss Jared narrows his eyes. Cryssa turned winking at Jared. Cum all over her face. Jared huffed at Vivian. The three men having already been sized waved at Jared saying they'd be back in a week to get their duds.  
  
"What just happened?" Jared choked trying not to laugh.  
  
Vivian melted suddenly and knelt in front of him. Unzipping his fly and dragging her Husband's lengthy cock out she whispers, "This." Vivian York devoured her husband. He let her.   
  
Out in the parking lot the three leaving men observe the earlier fourth man examining his truck for a sticky substance on the sides of his pickup. Literally drawing wet fingers to his nose and grimacing. The three amigos laughed knowing that Rita was on her hands and knees just two cars over getting it doggy style by Tony. She used their tuxedos as padding on the asphalt. Fucking insane the guys just stood and watched. Rita merely waved at them. They waved back. Grant sat in his car laughing.  
  
Inside the store the girls make final choices and await Vivian. They marveled over the texting replies offered by Dawn's date Kimber and Nancy's double trouble the Bolger Boys. Nancy dared to show off the pictures of both brothers showing her their excited cocks. The girls called her, "Lucky bitch." Maybe she was. She needed the booth in esteem.  
  
An hour later Rita Foxx fully dressed entered the store extending arms at her side. "Why are we taking all day?"  
  
Britney strutted toward her Mom and tared at her with a grin. "When was the last time I told you I loved you?"  
  
Taken back Rita poises both brows, "It has been awhile."  
  
All of the girls suddenly smothered Rita with hugs like a huddle at a football game. Rita couldn't stop smiling. Seeing Nancy alone not knowing how to react Rita growls, "Get in here." Nancy crushed Cryssa along the way. It was an even better day.  
  
Vivian finally stepped back into her store through the adjoining entry looking a bit frazzled. The girls smiled brightly acting like perfect angels suddenly.   
  
"Sorry Ladies. Final decisions?" Each brought their dresses to the counter watching Vivian blush. "No alterations needed?" None said a word merely shaking their heads. Also frazzled Jared drifted on to the scene joining Vivian behind the counter to help bagging the dresses in their outer protective plastic. She coyly smiled at her Husband. Love evident.  
  
Rita starts to open her checkbook when Britney stops her. Lifting her own purse she drags out a roll of hundred dollar bills. Stunned Rita winces keeping her mouth shut. The total for six dresses bled into $900. She had money left to buy lunch. Worried by this Rita turned and walked out. The girls giddily joined her stopping at the door as a group to leer back at the couple.   
  
"Happy Anniversary."   
  
Brit turned the Open sign to Closed on the door and shut it behind her. Outside she points at the Tuxedo shop door suggesting the same move. A jingle heard they knew she had done just that.  
  
Jared York had his slacks down before the girls even headed to the Gown South front door. Vivian's dress was unzipped and the skirt up as the door closed. Her panties to her ankles at the chime of the next door bell. His dick inside his wife from behind going to town as they observed the girls getting into their cars.  
  
Both were naked on the floor of Gown South right dead center within ten minutes. The love making was grand.   
  
Happy Anniversary indeed.

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