**Ghost of a Chance**

by[CaptainKirk](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=895567&page=submissions)©

Tom slammed the shovel into the ground, loosening up more dirt and widening the hole for the new fence post. It felt like he was digging his own grave. He had felt this way for years but when Helen left, that was the final nail in the coffin.  
  
All his life, Tom was the center of ridicule and was bullied and dumped on by his peers. Growing up a skinny, sickly looking kid, his tormentors wasted no time in zeroing in on him. In high school, the best four years of his life turned into four of the worst. No guy would befriend him, no girl would even give him a second glance (or a first, for that matter), much less date him. By the time he had grown out of his awkward appearance, high school was over.  
  
He had to work his way through college; two jobs, and even that didn't help much. The only thing it did was to put some weight and muscle on his frame. The construction jobs transformed him from a skinny kid into the 5' 11", 190 lbs. husky man he was now. His skin, once acne covered, was smooth and chiseled and his flat oily hair was now a soft, well groomed thatch of auburn.   
  
He was considered a 'late bloomer' in school, much to the delight of his tormentors in the boy's locker room. That had definitely changed around his senior year, but even the rumors that floated around about his 'package' did nothing for his confidence. All the girls wanted him for was his thick, eight and a half inch cock, and nothing more.   
  
Despite his good looking appearance, Tom still didn't have any luck with women because of the low self esteem he had in high school, and had carried on into college. The degree he struggled to get didn't help, either; there just weren't any jobs where he and his family lived.  
  
Tom decided to move away the first chance he got, not that his parents would really care much. They always doted on his older brother and sister, praising them for their accomplishments, but he received none of it. They kept telling him that he was useless and wouldn't amount to anything, much less reach the level of his darling siblings. After a while, his mother took a cocktail waitress job and became an almost full blown alcoholic after his bullying father left her and ran off with some young brunette.   
  
Tom got his chance when he tried to contact him a year later to tell him that his mother drank herself to death, but found out that his old man and his slut girlfriend were also dead; killed in a car wreck, both of them drunk and hopped up on drugs.  
  
Being wrapped up in their own selfish lives, Tom's siblings wanted nothing to do with their dead parents or the estate they left behind, not that there was much of one. So, being the only beneficiary, Tom sold off the estate and moved on.  
  
With what money he had, Tom managed to buy a house on the outskirts of a city growing and coming into its own. The country house was nice but needed repair, and Tom figured that once he got a good job, he could fix it up.   
  
Finally, he thought, things are starting to look up.  
  
No such luck. He did manage to find a good paying job using his Engineering degree, but always felt that the hammer would fall on him any second. It fell the day the new boss walked into the building. The guy was one of Tom's fellow school mates, one of many tormentors, and he wasted no time in starting up his old bullying routine.   
  
Lacking the confidence that should have come his way during his adolescence, Tom couldn't muster any kind of defense against his new boss and the ridicule he spewed on a daily basis. And, not wanting to jeopardize his position, didn't try.  
  
The only bright spot was Helen, a woman he met at a party. They hit it off fairly well and dated for a year or so before he finally got up the nerve to ask her to marry him. She said 'yes' and his confidence was finally starting to spring to life. He planned on telling off his boss, warning him that if he didn't back off he would have the company's board members fire him for harassment.   
  
Tom never got the chance.  
  
It turned out that his old high school 'chum' was a thief. He had made off with the company's money, leaving the board members and employees holding the bag. As news leaked out about the investigation, contract offers dried up and disappeared until the company was forced into bankruptcy. All of the employees' jobs were terminated, including Tom's.  
  
When Helen found out, that's when he discovered who and what she really was: a gold digger. Once she found out that his great pay was no longer heading his way, she immediately dumped him and took off. Not that he was sorry to see her go, of course; at the very least, she didn't get her hands on the money he had saved up. A mixed blessing though, for he honestly thought she loved him but she turned out to be like all the rest: using and abusing him for her own purposes and delight.  
  
Now, here he was: a 28 year old shell of a man that should have had his turn in the sun but didn't, financially stable (for now) but unemployed, handsome and ready to give and receive love and was now alone. He was right back where he started.  
  
"It's not fair," he grumbled, slamming the shovel into the dirt, "Why is this happening to me? I didn't do anything wrong, but I'm the one that got shit on." He shouted to the sky, "When is it going to be my turn? When am I going to get a chance?" and speared the ground with the shovel... producing a clanking noise.  
  
Frowning, he groused, "Now what the Hell did I hit?"  
  
Tom tested the area where the blade made contact, and produced another clank, then another. Something was definitely down there, and it wasn't a rock.   
  
Digging around wide, Tom pried up more and more dirt until the object he hit was revealed: it was a box. About the size of a thick paperback book, the metal box looked old with an equally looking old small padlock clamped to the front.  
  
What the Hell is this, he thought. A time capsule? Somebody's old safety deposit box? With my luck, it's probably some young girl's old jewelry case filled with fake earrings or something.  
  
Giving up on digging a new hole for his fence post for the day, Tom took the box to his garage workshop. He examined his newfound treasure on the way wondering, if it wasn't that important, why bother burying it? He decided that there must be something of import inside it, and proceeded to work on opening the lock.   
  
Giving up on most of the tools he was using, for he was getting nowhere with them fast, Tom did the only thing left that would surely work. Giving it a firm grip, he swung his trusty roofing hammer down on the lock and, with a loud crack, broke it free. Feeling the rush of 'jackpot', Tom pitched the broken lock and carefully opened the box.  
  
He found a piece of old paper lying in it, and that was all.  
  
I knew it was too good to be true, he thought. Nothing but somebody's old love letter or...  
  
He didn't finish his thought, for when he picked up the paper, something fell out from the folds. Two 'somethings' made of metal, for they hit the bottom of the box with a pair of pings.  
  
They were a pair of rings; ordinary gold bands with some type of inscription inside.  
  
"Who would bury rings?" Tom said, to himself of course.  
  
Then he realized that the answer was in his hand: the paper. Carefully opening it up, he read what was written for it was indeed a letter...  
  
'...My name isn't important.'   
  
'I am the last recipient of these rings. I found them years ago while planting my crops, in a box similar to the one you have just opened. Along with the rings was a note like this one, and I have copied the instructions for you on how to use them. These instructions were copied by the previous owner, and the owner before him. No one knows where the rings came from or when they were made...'  
  
"'Use the rings'," Tom muttered, "Use them for what?"  
  
He picked up one of them and saw that, to him, it was just a plain ordinary ring. He read on...  
  
'...The inscription inside the rings is possibly ancient Latin; I'm not sure, nor were any other of the previous owners. All we, and I, were sure of was that these rings have an unusual ability.'  
  
'All you have to do is say the inscription aloud, place one of the rings on your finger, and no one will be able to see you. The rings render the wearers invisible. I know it...'  
  
"What?" Tom said, incredulously, "Is this guy for real? Wonder what the Hell he was drinking when he wrote this."   
  
Curious, he kept reading...  
  
'...I know it sounds ridiculous but I swear on my life, it's the truth. Folks can still hear you, they can even touch you, but they can't see you. Anything you pick up and hold onto will turn invisible with you, and it will reappear when you let go of it. You can't make everything invisible, though; only things about the same size as you, maybe a little bigger. You will become visible again when you remove the rings. Remember: you have to recite the inscription each time you put a ring on or it won't work.'   
  
'I accomplished many things with these rings. Some things were for myself, my missus, and my young ones. Other things were to help others in need. Imagine what you could do with this power.'  
  
'I can only hope that you are a person with good intentions, for that's the only thing we used the rings for, me and my wife. That isn't to say we didn't have our fun with them, but we never stole anything with them, nor did we harm anyone... well, those that didn't deserve it, that is. I stopped a gang of bank robbers with mine once; almost got cut in half by a Tommy gun...'  
  
"'Tommy gun'?"  
  
'...I was told by the previous note to seal the rings, along with the instructions, in a box and bury it when I was finished with them. Having achieved all I have after forty-odd years, it's time for another to use them. All I, and the others, ask of you is to do the same when the time comes.'  
  
'Remember: use this gift wisely, use it for good purposes, and, if you can, use it to help folks. The Almighty will reward you for it.'  
  
'God bless, and good luck...'  
  
Tom's eyes widened a bit when he saw what was written at the bottom of the paper...  
  
...September 6, 1938...  
  
1938?  
  
That explained the 'missus', 'young ones', and the 'Tommy gun' references; the previous owner had the rings since the late 1800's, right at the turn of the century, and all the way through the Great Depression. It also meant that the box had been in the ground for over seventy years.  
  
"Well," Tom huffed, "A couple of old rings might be worth something. Heh, invisible..." He just shook his head and when inside the house to get something cold to drink, the box and its contents under his arm.  
  
Sitting at the kitchen table with a beer, Tom removed the bigger ring and examined it again. It didn't look like anything special; just a gold ring.  
  
"The guy was probably drinking too much of his moonshine or something," he chuckled. "All right old man; I'll humor you. You went to all the trouble, so why not. Besides, what have I got to lose?"  
  
Peering into the inside edge of the ring, it took him three tries to pronounce the words etched there, but on the third try he finally got it out in a coherent sentence.  
  
"Per is vox, lux lucis sinus."  
  
Tom slid the ring onto his third finger, the only finger the ring would fit without slipping off or getting stuck... and almost fell out of his chair when everything around him brightened slightly. Every object around him was in clear and crisp focus, with a whisper of a glow around it, like an aura. He slowly rose from his chair and looked around him.  
  
"What the Hell just happened?"  
  
He took off the ring, and everything was back to the way it was, the strange glow shimmering and fading. Tom blinked a few times to clear his vision, thinking it was the beer he was drinking. But he had been drinking beer for years; one wouldn't do this to him. Hell, it wasn't even one; he had only taken a sip or two.  
  
Cautiously, Tom repeated the phrase, "Per is vox, lux lucis sinus", and put the ring back on. Once again, everything took on an aura of dim light, startling him. He looked at his own hands next; they looked the same as they always did, maybe a little out of focus but no aura around them.  
  
"This is weird," he mumbling, slipping the ring off. Again, everything returned to normal. Speaking into the air, he said, "Okay, old timer; let's see if you were telling the truth."  
  
Tom rushed over to the hallway mirror and recited the inscription again, slipping the ring back on... and backed away in fright when he looked into the mirror and saw no one looking back at him. It had the faint aura around it, as well as the couple of pictures hanging near it, but there was no reflection of his face staring back.  
  
"Oh, my God!"   
  
Tom wanted to test the power of this ring by making things invisible. He plucked one of the pictures off the wall at random and passed it in front of the mirror. It threw back a reflection of it, but that was all. It seemed to just hover in mid-air. Tom was shocked further when after a few seconds, just like the note said, the picture shimmered and faded into nothing. Its reflection in the mirror disappeared, but he could still see it in his grasp... well, sort of.   
  
The picture no longer had an aura around it, just as his hands didn't, but the picture was gone as well. Only an outline of the picture, like the negative of a child's pencil drawing, remained. He hung it back on the wall, and it shimmered back into existence a second later, the aura around it reappearing.  
  
"Holy shit; it really does work!"  
  
Tom went over to the table to try the other ring. It had the same inscription inside it, but was too small for him. The second ring was made to fit a lady's finger or, at the very least, a finger smaller than any of his. It might have fit his pinky, but he didn't want to take the chance of it getting stuck and not coming off. He glanced at the one he was wearing and thought, "I only need one." Putting the other ring away, he hid the box on top of one of his kitchen cupboards behind some brick-a-brack his ex-fiancé forgot to take with her when she left.  
  
Tom took off his own ring and everything went back to the way it was. Cradling it as if it were made of fine crystal, he just stared at the ring for a moment. All sorts of wild thoughts ran through his brain. All the things he could do with this ability, things that could make him powerful, wealthy, commanding and controlling. No more would he have to tolerate the abuse he had been given throughout the years. He could turn the tables; he could get even with all of the bullies and stuck-up women that had...   
  
But two dominate thoughts popped into his head.   
  
First, and most important of all, he knew in his heart that he was not the type of person to take advantage of people for his own gain. He was hard working, honest, and always tried to do the right thing no matter what others would do or say to him. He was not a manipulator or a bully; he refused to become that which he had come to despise the most.  
  
Second, the words the old man wrote in the note floated in front of his eyes... 'I can only hope that you are a person with good intentions, for that's the only thing we used the rings for... ...we never stole anything with them, nor did we harm anyone... ... Remember: use this gift wisely, use it for good purposes, and, if you can, use it to help folks.'  
  
"He's right," Tom said to himself, "I can't use this ring to hurt anyone or steal anything; that wouldn't be right. I'm not that kind of man; I'll never be that kind of a person."  
  
But then he recalled something else the old man had written... 'That isn't to say we didn't have our fun with them...'   
  
"'Fun', eh? I wonder what kind of fun you had with this..." Amusing and wicked thoughts were now going through his head, but the important thoughts were still prevalent.   
  
Tom looked up, clutching the ring in his fist, "I'll have my fun, but I promise you this: I'll do what you did, old man. I'll use it to do good things. I'll help people with this power if I can, and punish those who want to hurt them. That's a promise."  
  
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The next morning, Tom decided to go into town and test his new ability. Before leaving the house, he wondered what the rings' inscription meant and looked it up on the Internet. The closest he came to a translation was something in Latin. The words 'Per is vox, lux lucis sinus' roughly translated into English as 'With this power, the light bends'.   
  
On his way into town, Tom remembered some of his science class text book chapters from high school, and recalled something about how objects could be seen by the human eye. The reason things could be seen was because light waves were bouncing off their surfaces and being reflected back into people's eyes. Different wave lengths represented different colors. A blue object would absorb all the wave lengths of color, except the blue wave length. It would be reflected back and people would see that the object was the color blue. A black object would absorb all the wave lengths hitting it; a white object would reflect all of them.  
  
But Tom remembered the words and what they meant. 'The light bends' it said. Not 'reflects', but 'bends'. He had come to the conclusion that, if he wasn't reflecting light waves while he wore the ring, he must be bending them somehow. The ring must have the power to bend light waves around him and, if no light waves at all were hitting him and being reflected back into peoples' eyes, no one would be able to see him. He really would be, for all practical purposes, invisible.  
  
Tom parked his car in a supermarket lot and readied himself for the chance to test his newfound power.  
  
"Okay," he breathed, "here goes. Per is vox, lux lucis sinus." The ring slipped into place, and everything shimmered for a second, coming into clear focus and dimly glowing with an aura. Tom gave a quick glance into the rear view mirror, not seeing any reflection of himself, and smiled (not seeing that, either).  
  
"So far, so good." Tom said, and waited for someone to come out of the store to try his next test.   
  
After a minute, an elderly lady emerged pushing a small cart of groceries to the car right across from his. The next thing he saw made him smile more as the woman's eyes almost popped out of her head when she the door of his car open and close, apparently all by itself. After seeing her shake her head and rub at her eyes, Tom repeated the maneuver, doing it fast so there wasn't enough time for the car door to vanish. This time she didn't wait around to figure it out, as she hastily shove the rest of her groceries into the back seat and came within a foot of hitting another oncoming car as she hurried out of the lot on squealing tires.  
  
Tom started to laugh but stopped himself short.   
  
I have to be careful, he thought, I don't want to cause an accident by scaring someone too much. Time to try something else.  
  
Tom entered the market that was full of shoppers, banging carts, and the beeping of register tag scanners. He idly walked around, trying to figure out his next test, until he found himself in the produce aisle. That's where he spied his next target.  
  
The woman he saw was quite lovely. About five and a half feet tall, blondish, and was wearing a summer dress that didn't quite hide the fact that she was built. Her dress was hugging luscious curves that presented themselves when she stretched to reach for a head of cabbage, and managed to show off a little bit of creamy thigh for good measure. In the reflecting mirror of the display case, he was treated to a beautiful view of abundant cleavage.

Tom couldn't resist. When no one was looking in his direction, he grabbed a cucumber from the produce bin, barely lifting it from the pile, and the vegetable lost its aura and substance, replaced with a light outline. To make sure, he carried it around for a moment and even passed it in front of another shopper's face. She noticed nothing; the cucumber was invisible, too.  
  
Quietly getting behind the blond, Tom waited for her to reach for something again. When she stretched to grab a bunch of grapes, he quickly slipped the cucumber between her legs and rubbed it up to her crotch. She let loose a squeal of alarm that made everyone within earshot (and that was pretty much everyone in the store) turn their heads. She spun around so fast, her ample breasts bounced and swayed as she raised her hand ready to slap the pervert that...  
  
But her face twisted in confusion, and she started looking around her. There was no one near her that could have touched her. Then her eyes bugged out and her jaw dropped when she felt something being slipped between her large breasts. She hugged her chest to cover it, as if she had suddenly found herself topless, and bolted from the produce section and ran out the front door.   
  
People started looking around when they heard laughter. One elderly woman started admonishing one of the young stock boys standing not three feet away from Tom, but he immediately proclaimed his innocence. That's when Tom slapped his hand over his mouth.  
  
I forgot; they can't see me, but they can still hear me.  
  
Carefully placing the cucumber in the admonishing lady's basket, it shimmered back into being. The lady noticed it and picked it up, wondering how it got there and trying to remember if and when she had placed it in her cart in the first place. She also wondered why it had an odd smell to it; familiar, but odd.  
  
Tom did his best to control his snickering as he wandered through the store in search of his next victim. Nothing cruel, he reminded himself, just a bit of harmless fun. It was in the cereal aisle where he found his next target.  
  
She was young, college age he guessed, with short dark hair and wearing a simple blouse and knee-length skirt that covered a cute, slim figure. Her back was to the shelves as she fished around in her cart for something, and Tom saw his chance. He quickly grabbed a hanging product hook strip that was empty of merchandise and snagged one of the empty hooks into the hem of her skirt. It disappeared the moment he touched it, but he could still see the outline of it. He then stepped back to watch the fun.  
  
Sure enough, the second she started to move away from the shelves, the product strip caught and quickly lifted her skirt up, revealing (to Tom's surprise, as well as a couple other shoppers) that she wasn't wearing any panties. She yelped in surprise as her little bare ass was exposed and, turning to release her dress from the hook, flashed Tom her pouting, and shaven, pussy.  
  
Tom again stifled his laughing, not just at the embarrassed girl whose cheeks were flushed red, but also at the shocked look on the face of the lady at the end of the aisle, along with the bemused smirk on the face of her husband; a smirk that quickly disappeared when his wife shot him an annoyed glare.  
  
Tom hurried out of the store, got into his car, and making sure no one was looking in his direction, slipped the ring off. Everything shimmered back to normal as Tom let go a laugh, the likes of which he hadn't heard himself do in years. He hadn't had much reason to laugh, back in the day or recently, and it felt good to finally be able to laugh again.  
  
He left his car in the lot, deciding to take a walk through that part of town and test his ability further. Again he thought, nothing mean; just a few harmless pranks.  
  
He stepped into a restroom in the town's park and, making sure no one was inside, said "Per is vox, lux lucis sinus.", and slipped the ring on. He smiled as he saw his reflection in the restroom's mirror disappear and the object surrounding aura glow into view.   
  
Stepping back outside, Tom thought of different ways to test his power. He touched a leaf with one finger to see if it was enough to make it vanish, and it lost its aura becoming just an outline. He tried a bigger object; a tree. Tom hugged the trunk as best he could, but part of its aura remained; the part just above his head. That puzzled him. Then he tried a new tactic: he reached up and grabbed one of the tree's low hanging branches, but only part of the branch's aura vanished.   
  
He then tried something different; he walked over to a parked car and laid his hand on the hood. Tom watched in fascination as half of the hood and the bulk of the engine under it lost their auras and became simple outlines, disappearing and making the car look as if something had just taken a huge bite out of the front end. He let go of the hood and knelt down to touch one of the tires. The tire, along with some of the fender and that side of the engine vanished.   
  
This intrigued Tom, wondering how much (or how little) he could make disappear. He touched the tire again and concentrated only on the tire. A second later, just the tire was invisible and outlined in white, leaving the brake shoe, rotor, and rim in plain sight.  
  
It works, he thought, I can make specific objects invisible. All I have to do is concentrate hard enough, and not even that hard.   
  
Tom stood up and touched the car's hood again, concentrating on the entire automobile this time. But the results were the same as before: only part of the car disappeared. It puzzled him for a minute, and then he finally figured it out, remembering what the old man has said in the note. 'You can't make everything invisible, though; only things about the same size as you, maybe a little bigger...'  
  
The ring's 'power field', its 'sphere of influence', whatever you wanted to call it, extended outward from his body only so far. With a few more experiments, Tom calculated that the 'field' extended out for only about three feet from him in any direction. He could control how far the field extended from his body, be it an inch or a foot away from him, but three feet appeared to be its limit.   
  
Just then, a jogger came running up the path near him. Looking forward to seeing his reaction, Tom leaned on the fender and grinned. But his grin faded when he noticed that nothing had changed; the car's aura was still there. He put his hand on it and that part of the car vanished, but the jogger having already ran by him, didn't notice a thing.   
  
Tom had discovered another limit to the ring's ability: he had to be in direct physical contact with an object in order to make it invisible. And by 'direct', that meant his bare hand (or any part of his bare skin, for he had rolled up his sleeve and touched the car with his elbow, making that part of the car vanish as before) had to be in contact with the object.  
  
Tom spent an hour discovering what his amazing gift could do. As long as he had an object in his touch and it was within the three foot field the ring projected, even with just a finger, the object would become invisible. Concentrating, he could make specific parts of an object vanish while leaving the rest of it visible.   
  
"Amazing," he whispered.  
  
But then Tom was shocked into delight when he saw who had just walked up near him and sat down on one of the park's benches. It was too good to be true.  
  
Phyllis Quigley sat down and adjusted herself lady-like, then cracked open a magazine. 'Lady-like' was actually being polite, for she was no lady in Tom's opinion; she was snobbish, stuck-up, and a real cock tease. She was one of the assistants in the office where he use to work, and purposely gave every guy there blue balls with her short tight skirts, low-cut blouses, and shameless flirting and teasing. Phyllis liked manipulating men and did her best to 'sleep her way to the top' as it were, even though no man (at least no one Tom knew) ever got past second base with her. She got one guy fired, his friend Gary, all because he wouldn't give in to her charms, refusing her advances; she was that heartless and a real bitch.  
  
Oh, I'm going to have so much fun with her, he thought.  
  
Quietly, Tom snuck up behind her and knelt down behind the bench, waiting for a small group of people down the path to come walking by.  
  
This is for Gary, you cunt.  
  
Very lightly, he touched a loose fold on the back of her blouse and reached under the bench to touch the hem of her skirt, and concentrated. Just as the group of four or five people walked up, Phyllis's blouse and skirt disappeared. She just sat reading her magazine, as the eyes of everyone in the small crowd bugged out upon seeing her sitting there wearing just underwear and heels.  
  
The lacy black bra did practically nothing except cover her nipples, for her huge breasts were spilling out of the cups. Since her long legs were crossed, they could only see the thin string of the tiny matching thong on her hips, almost making her appear to be bottomless. The only one who got a good view of her naked ass was Tom, who did his best not to burst out laughing. Phyllis was completely oblivious to the looks, snickers, and indignant huffs of the folks that walked by her.  
  
Tom was going to adjust his fingers in order to make her underwear vanish as well, making her appear to be completely nude. But he stopped himself short when he realized that it wouldn't work.  
  
He reminded himself, 'Direct physical contact', remember?  
  
Phyllis's blouse and skirt, albeit invisible, were still real and solid. Tom would have to touch her underwear to make them disappear but, even though anyone that passed by could see her undergarments, he couldn't just place a finger on them through her clothes. The ring's power made things invisible, not intangible. Just using the ability in a general sense wouldn't work either; that would just make Phyllis disappear all together.  
  
Tom still got satisfaction in making her appear almost naked. Two ladies out for a stroll gasped and hurried by upon seeing Phyllis, and the jogger from earlier was running back up the path when he tripped over himself, landing in a bush when he saw an almost naked woman sitting on the bench.  
  
Startled, Phyllis looked over to the hapless man and started to rise. Tom saw it as a chance to really get even with her on behalf of his friend. He let go of her blouse (which came back into view), quickly grabbed a handful of her skirt and, as she stood up, yanked it down to her ankles. She let out a yelp in surprise as the skirt got tangled in her heels and tripped her up. She landed in the grass, her bare ass sticking out and exposed for all to see, this time without Tom's invisible help. She hurriedly snatched her skirt back up to avoid being seen, but it didn't escape the notice of some grinning guy walking his dog.  
  
Tom ran back to the restroom and released his hand from his mouth, completely cracking up and laughing so hard he almost lost his breath. After removing the ring and shimmering back into the here and now, he looked up and said, "That was for you, Gary old pal. I'm just sorry you weren't here to see it. I'm going to have to tell you about it someday when I see..."  
  
Tom stopped his thought as a new one popped in front of him, one that would be foremost in his mind from now on.  
  
I can't tell Gary; I can't tell anybody about this. If anyone found out, people would never leave me alone about it, especially the authorities. Good God, if they found out...  
  
Tom decided right then and there not to say a word about the rings to anyone. If word leaked out, the authorities... the government would not stop until they had the rings for themselves, and who knew what they would use them for. And if, God forbid, they fell into the wrong hands...  
  
He shook the frightening thought out of his head; he would tell no one, resolving to be extra careful with his ability in the future.  
  
It still didn't stop him from having fun, though. On the way back to his car, he lightly touched the dress of a woman walking down the sidewalk, treating himself and everyone around her to the sight of her walking in her underwear. Men with stupid grins and women with shocked expressions gawked at the almost naked woman walking towards them with boobs bouncing and jiggling within a pink bra. At the same time, men behind her (including Tom) were treated to a view of her twitching, pink panty clad ass. Tom let go of her dress just as she walked into a clothing store, still kind of freaked out watching just an outline of her dress sway back and forth as she walked.  
  
He repeated the maneuver on some strutting business man with an arrogant, pompous look about him. After the 'full of himself' business jerk belittled some kid working a news stand, Tom decided to get even with the blowhard on the kid's behalf, remembering how much he himself hated being bullied.   
  
He hooked a finger into one of the belt loops on the man's pants and walked with him. Chuckles and guffaws sprang out all over as the passersby saw a man walking down the street in boxer shorts. What made it even more hilarious was that he looked like every TV comedy cliché Tom ever saw. The man was wearing white boxers with red hearts all over them and dark socks held up with calf suspenders, a classic visual gag. Mr. Business Man started to get a confused and not-so-cocky look on his face when he noticed the laughter was directed towards him, and picked up his pace to get away from it.   
  
Letting him go and chuckling to himself when Business Jerk got into his car, Tom muttered, "That'll teach you not to be an asshole to people" and continued on his way to the supermarket parking lot.   
  
Along the way, he passed a couple of homes with fenced in yards. Knowing no one would see him and call him a 'Peeping Tom' (which made him stifle a laugh when he thought about it), Tom's curiosity got the better of him and he peeked between two of the fence's wood slats. What he saw made his jaw drop.  
  
Reclining in a lawn chair was a woman, sunning herself in the nude. Lying on her stomach with her arms over her head and dangling off the end of the chair, her rather large tits were flattened out and being pushed out the sides of her body. Her plump, round ass jiggled slightly as she adjusted herself. He couldn't see her head or face, as both were covered with a beach hat.  
  
"Honey," she called out, "Come on out and put some oil on my back!"  
  
"As soon as the game's done," was the reply from inside the house.  
  
The lady huffed and just lied there, giving up.   
  
Could I get away with it? Do I dare?  
  
Tom's wicked thoughts won out as he quietly entered the backyard and crept up to the woman.  
  
Why the Hell not?  
  
He grabbed the bottle of oil (which disappeared, of course) and poured some on the lady's back and ass, smiling at the sight of oil coming out of... nothing. She started moaning as he rubbed the oil into her smooth browning skin.  
  
"Mmmmm," she purred, not getting up or looking from under the hat on her head, "Changed your mind?"  
  
"Mm-hmm," Tom muttered back, not wanting to give himself away. After working on her shoulders and back, he noticed the aura around the chair was glowing, but the lady's was gone.   
  
Damn it, he thought, I forgot again; 'direct physical contact'.  
  
That's when he noticed her husband in the window looking out around the yard, confused. Shrugging, he left and went back to his ball game.  
  
He couldn't see her; he couldn't see us. All he saw was an empty lawn chair, because I'm concentrating on the woman and not the chair.  
  
But he saw that the lady wasn't an outline in his eyes, either. She was a little out of focus, the color of her skin dulled slightly, but he could still see her, whole and intact.  
  
How's that possible? She should be just an outline, shouldn't she? Maybe it's because she human, or just alive. I can see living things within the field, but inanimate objects... no, I made a leaf and a cucumber vanish, along with part of a tree. They were living things, plant-wise anyway, and they were just outlines, too. Maybe...   
  
Realizing that he still had a naked woman under his oily hands, Tom stopped wondering and decided to just go with the flow, almost giggling in delight.   
  
This definitely has possibilities. I'll figure it out later.  
  
The woman wiggled her butt at him, giving him a hint, and he immediately started in on her luscious cheeks making them all oily and shiny. Tom's cock was ready to burst through his pants when she spread her legs more, revealing a pair of glistening pussy lips to him, as well as a glimpse of her little puckered asshole. Feeling braver, Tom wiggled a finger around the little hole.  
  
"That's tickles," she giggled like a little girl, still not looking from under the hat she wore, "How do you always know what I want?" She spread her ass cheeks more and whispered, "Give it to me; nobody will see us."  
  
Tom couldn't believe his change of luck; it had gone from zero all the way up into the stratosphere. He quickly got out of the T-shirt and jeans he wore and was ready to make his move when something startled him.  
  
The ground was no longer under his feet.   
  
Instead, a small crater marked the spot where he was standing. Tom realized what happened and quickly slipped his loafers back on. Contact with his bare feet made the ground disappear within the power field but, once his shoes were back on, the crater melted back into grass and the lawn was just lawn again.  
  
Whew, I have to remember that next time.  
  
Turning his attention back to the lady, Tom knelt down and proceeded to give her asshole a tongue tickling. She giggled and squirmed under his invading tongue and started humping back into his face. She then let out a soft moan as she felt oily fingers probing into her ass and more fingers reaching under her and tickling the tuft of fur above her pussy.  
  
"Oh, yes," she hissed, "I'm ready; my ass wants your cock."  
  
Tom thought he was going to blow his load all over her back when she said that. Holding out as best he could, he pressed his dickhead against her asshole and eased it inside; the oil on her ass making it easier than he thought it would be.  
  
The woman moaned open mouthed and started to reach back to Tom, but he quickly grabbed her hands and held them down. This made her hump her ass back at him even more; apparently she liked it.  
  
"Oh God, yes; your cock feels... ugh... so huge in my ass... ooh... ...oh, bigger than usual," she huffed.  
  
Lady, if you only knew, Tom thought, and proceeded to fuck her ass with long steady strokes.   
  
He knew he couldn't hold out for very long, her ass being so hot and tight and practically milking his cock. Fortunately, he didn't have to. The woman let out a small squeak and said she was going to cum. Tom plunged his cock into her tight ass faster and harder as she bit down on the towel she was lying on, trying not to be loud and alert her neighbors. She released a muffled squeal as her ass and thighs started quivering uncontrollably when her orgasm hit.   
  
When that happened, Tom couldn't hold back any longer. He grunted and clamped his teeth together, not wanting to say anything or make any kind of noise that would give away the fact that he wasn't her husband. Sperm exploded from his cock and into her ass, making her hump and quiver more. His balls empty after what seemed like several minutes instead of less than one, Tom leaned forward and kissed the woman's back, letting his cock slip out of her ass, cum oozing out of the red puckered hole afterwards.   
  
"Oh, God; that was great," she said, breathless, "Let me lie here for a minute, and then we can do it again, okay?"  
  
"Mm-hmm," Tom muttered back.  
  
She didn't move or say a word as Tom picked up his clothes (which disappeared with him) and quietly walked to the gate, still unseen. He started to put his shirt on when he thought, what the Hell for? No one can see me, so why am I bothering to get dressed? I'll do it when I get back to the car.

Just as he tucked his shirt and jeans under his arm and was ready to leave, the lady's husband came outside. With a wicked and naughty grin, she reached up to him when he was close enough and yanked down his swim shorts, leaving him naked. Confused, but delighted, he simply stared in awe as his naked wife sat up and hungrily sucked on his cock and grabbed his balls.   
  
Tom finally got a glimpse of her front and wasn't disappointed; her huge oily boobs, topped with large, swollen nipples, glistening and swaying back and forth with every bob of her head. He just snickered and shook his head as he left the two horny sun bathers alone.  
  
Tom suddenly realized that something was happening to him. Despite his size and good looks, he was still reserved and gun shy around people in the regular world, especially women. But being invisible, he discovered that he could let himself go (to a certain extent) and overcome his shyness, his awkwardness, and lack of confidence. And being able to walk around town completely naked (with the exception of his shoes) didn't hurt his self-assurance, either. He was starting to become the man he'd always wanted to be... well, after a fashion. His confidence was growing, but no one could see it; he'd have to work on that in the visible world.  
  
Just as he approached his car and was ready to get dressed, Tom heard what sounded like a scream coming from inside a car. He didn't have to look far, for in the car right next to his own, a struggle was taking place in the back seat.   
  
Tom saw the backside of a man, his pants sagging off his hips, and two bare legs belonging to a woman on either side of him, kicking and flailing about. He heard the start of another scream, but it was finished with a slap as the man reared his arm back and swung down, connecting his hand to her face.  
  
Anger flashed in Tom's eyes when he realized what he was witnessing: the punk was attacking a woman and trying to rape her, and actually had the balls to think he could get away with it in a public place and in broad daylight, yet. Then he saw the creep reach into his pocket and pull out a hunting knife, and adrenalin rushed his body into action.  
  
Furious, Tom whipped the car door open and grabbed the wiry scumbag by the shoulders, hauling him off the girl and throwing him out of the car. The punk slammed into the parking lot with a hard thud, his knife flying out of his hand and clattering across the asphalt.   
  
Regaining his balance and zipping his pants back up, the skinny punk reared back and was ready to start swinging at whomever just...   
  
But there was no one there.  
  
The girl inside the car pushed her mussed brown hair out of her eyes to see who her rescuer was, holding her ripped open blouse closed with her free hand, then pulling on her panties the dirt bag removed with the other... and her jaw dropped open when she saw the punk's head flying back as if someone had just cashiered him right in his kisser. In fact, she actually heard the sound of a fist punching a mouth.  
  
But she saw the same thing the punk did, or rather didn't see; there was no one there.  
  
Tom grabbed a handful of the lowlife's shirt and started pummeling him, finishing it up with a sharp jab to the gut.  
  
The gal in the car was just finished picking up her purse and what was left of her clothes when her eyes almost popped out of her head. She had just seen her attacker completely vanish right before her eyes. Then she heard, "You sick, twisted, little fuck! You're gonna regret the day you met me!" and that was when the scream that was stuck in her throat finally reached her lips and exploded from her mouth, because the voice she heard had come from... no one!  
  
The punk's shock was just about on par with hers when he finally saw his opponent, not just because the man was naked but because the man had suddenly appeared... right out of thin air! The man being half a person bigger than he was didn't help either and, not being able to say a word or even breath, he froze where he was, scared stiff.  
  
Tom suddenly turned towards the scream and saw the woman get out of the car and jump into the front seat, groceries from a ripped bag scattered everywhere in the back. She gunned the engine and roared out of the parking lot, with about a dozen or so onlookers gawking after her. None of them looked in Tom's direction, and that's when it occurred to him.  
  
Of course, I'm holding onto the creep; he's invisible now, too. The woman must have seen him disappear, heard me yell at him, and freaked out.  
  
Tom turned his attention back to the would-be rapist, slamming his skinny body against his car. He noticed the shocked look on his face as well, and had discovered yet another trait of the ring's power.  
  
He's inside the power field with me; he can see me!   
  
"You listen to me, you little shit," Tom hissed through clenched teeth, not wanting anyone else to hear a voice coming from nowhere like the girl did and be frightened out of their wits, "If I ever catch you doing something like this again, you're a dead man. I'll be watching, and you'll never know where I'll be." He tightened his grip on the petrified punk's shirt and hauled him up to his face coming nose to nose with him, blood dripping from the creep's nose, mouth, and the cut under his now swelling eye, "You better pray I never see you again, because you definitely won't see me... until it's too late."  
  
To make sure he got his point across, Tom gave him one last roundhouse punch to the jaw and sent the punk tumbling over his car's hood. The lowlife shimmered back into view once he hit the pavement, frantically looking around for his tormentor and saw nothing and no one. All he heard from his attacker was a low, growling laugh. Terrified, he ran as fast as his legs could carry him across the parking lot and disappeared around the back of the store.  
  
Tom got dressed and waited around until the hullabaloo died down, and noticed something on the ground while he was waiting. Touching it first to make it disappear, he picked it up and found that it was a ladies' wallet. When no one was looking in his direction, he took the ring off and got into his car, he and the wallet reappearing. He saw a picture of the woman who was being attacked on the driver's license, and figured it must have fallen out of her purse when she took off in a hurry.   
  
Tom decided to give the woman a little (and he was certain, much needed) space for tonight and take her wallet back to her the next day. He also thought about what he had done. He helped someone in trouble; he saved a life. All this time, he had the capability of standing up to someone who was causing trouble, for himself or anyone else, bottled up inside him. It just took the confidence he gained from the ring to bring it out. It made him feel good about himself for the first time in a long while.  
  
It also made him feel a little less guilty about doing the other things he had done. Most were just pranks, but sneaking into the lady's yard and having anal sex with her without her knowing that he wasn't her husband... he started feeling bad about that. She'd never know of course, but it still didn't make it right. He took advantage of someone and that, he realized now, made him almost as bad as the punk he clobbered.  
  
Still, Tom felt that what he had done for the woman he rescued made up for the things he did, but he decided not to have unsuspecting sex with someone anymore. No matter how much fun it was or whether or not they suspected anything, it wasn't right.   
  
"I'll still have some fun," he said to himself, "but that kind of fun... never again, at least not without their knowledge."  
  
But that gave him another thought.  
  
He couldn't use his ability with someone's knowledge about it, be it having sex or anything else. Back in the park, Tom promised himself that he would never tell anyone about the rings, so that kind of scenario was just rendered moot.  
  
A little later, Tom was relaxing in his easy chair at home, watching the news... and almost spit out a mouthful of beer when he saw what was being reported.  
  
It was the punk, the rapist who attacked the woman in the parking lot. According to the newscast, he had attacked two other women earlier in the month and, following a tip, the police caught him hiding behind the supermarket in a dumpster, scared out of his mind and (they guessed) whacked out on drugs. He was being lead away in handcuffs, news reporters following along and asking him questions.  
  
"The dude came out of thin air, man," he shouted, "He wasn't there, then he was! He was invisible, man; like a ghost or something!"  
  
The cops leading him into the stationhouse just nodded and rolled their eyes, not believing one word of the punk's story.  
  
"Serves you right," Tom snickered as he saluted the freak with his beer, "So long, douche bag; have fun in prison."  
  
After taking a well earned swig of beer, Tom picked up the ring and stared at it for a while, all the time thinking about what kinds of things he could do with it that would help people. He also thought about what that dirt bag rapist had said about him.   
  
'...like a ghost or something!'  
  
"'Ghost', huh? Hmm..."  
  
This really did have possibilities...

**Ghost of a Chance Ch. 02**

Tom's nervousness started to well up inside him when he pulled into the driveway.  
  
It's funny, he thought, you've got nerve one minute, then the next your stomach's doing summersaults. C'mon, Tom; you had confidence yesterday. Let's see some of it now.  
  
Two days ago, Tom thought his world was crashing down around him. He had lost his job, lost his fiancé, and was feeling picked on by the whole world as bad as when he was in school.  
  
He found that his luck had changed when he dug up a box out of his yard that contained a pair of gold rings. The note left behind with them said that the rings would make the wearers invisible and gave them the ability to make things they touched invisible as well. All he had to do was to say the rings' inscription aloud and put the ring on.   
  
It had worked, for he spend the day testing his newfound ability around town, having fun making things disappear, walking around town completely naked, and even saving someone's life, rescuing a woman from a rapist. The very same woman who owned the driveway he was parked in now.   
  
She had dropped her wallet when she fled the scene of her attack, and Tom blamed himself for that. He rescued her while he was wearing the ring and she witnessed... absolutely no one beating up her attacker, then seeing the scumbag rapist disappear into thin air.  
  
Tom wondered if he should explain what happened to the frightened woman, because he didn't want her to think that she had lost her mind. The only thing that bothered him about it was that he promised himself that he would tell no one about the rings or their ability. If the wrong people found out, they would stop at nothing to get the rings from him and use them for bad things, illegal things, and maybe even deadly things.  
  
This was what was making Tom's stomach flip-flop. After what happened, he thought the woman deserved some kind of explanation for what she had seen yesterday. But could he trust her with the secret? She didn't seem like the type of person that would be manipulative or evil. Then again, he didn't have much of a chance to see her, much less get to know her; he was a little busy beating her would-be rapist within an inch of his life.  
  
Tom startled himself back to the here and now when he suddenly found himself up the sidewalk path and standing in front of the lady's door.  
  
"Okay," he muttered as he pushed the doorbell button, "Just say 'you found it in the parking lot and wanted to return it'. That's all."  
  
The front door opened and the woman stepped into view, an annoyed look on her face. It changed quickly when she saw that it wasn't who she expected.  
  
"Oh, hello. I thought you might be a detective or another reporter. You're not, are you? Because I've already given my statement to..."  
  
"Uh, no; I'm not a cop or a reporter. Are you Brenda Delmont?"  
  
"Well, I was. It's 'Johnson' now."  
  
Tom handed the wallet to her, "I think this belongs to you. I found it in the supermarket parking lot. Everything's still in it. I know I should've taken it to the cops, but..."  
  
Her eyes lit up as she took the small purse, "My wallet! I thought I'd lost it forever, or that creep took off with it!" She beamed a bright smile at Tom, "Thank you so much; you've just saved me a whole lot of time and trouble having to replace my driver's license and credit cards. Thank you."  
  
"You're welcome; glad I could help... and I'm glad that skinny little punk didn't hurt you." Tom smiled back at her, appreciating the view of his grateful 'damsel in distress'.  
  
She was almost half a head shorter than he was, with long brown hair and eyes to match; a very pretty face with a cute smile, the only thing marring her looks was a bruise on her left cheek.  
  
Where that fucker slapped her, he fumed.   
  
She looked to be about his age and the halter top and shorts she wore revealed a nice figure with a little baby fat she hadn't quite managed to drop in her youth.   
  
Quite lovely, he thought, the tiny mole makes her look cute. She has the same type of birthmark mole on her upper lip like the one that supermodel has.   
  
It also made her look... familiar.  
  
But she gave him a confused look and asked, "How did you know what happened?"  
  
Uh oh.  
  
"Uh, I saw it on the news." Tom answered rather quickly. But he was getting the impression that she didn't believe him when she looked at him quizzically.  
  
"Do I know you? You look familiar."  
  
Oh shit; here we go. She must have seen... no, wait a minute. I was invisible; she couldn't have...  
  
"Tom? Tommy Pierce, from Brentwood High School?"  
  
"Yeah, that's me. How did you know I went to...?" That's when Tom's face lit up in a 'bingo' expression. She did look familiar, and so did her name when he finally thought about it and put two and two together. "Brenda Johnson? You were in my science class and the school's Music Club! I thought you looked familiar!"  
  
"Oh my God!" she laughed, "I didn't think anyone would remember me from school; I looked a lot different then." Brenda held the door open, "Come on in."  
  
"Oh, no; I don't want to disturb you and your husband. You've been through enough, what with the attack, the cops, the reporters..."  
  
Brenda shook her head, "Don't worry about my husband, or I should say 'ex-husband'. He's out of here; packed his stuff and left two months ago... and I really could use a friend right now."  
  
Tom smiled and nodded, "Okay, sure; thanks," and entered the house. A nice place, though somewhat bare in spots.  
  
"Don't mind the mess or the empty spots; half the stuff belonged to the 'jerk'. Want a beer?"  
  
"That's okay. I went through something similar not long ago... and a beer sounds good right now."  
  
"You're divorced, too?" she asked, handing him a bottle.  
  
Tom shook his head, "Never even made it to the altar. She left me right after I lost my job and found out her 'gravy train' was no longer on the tracks."  
  
Brenda's face hardened, "I'm so sorry. That's a terrible thing to do to someone like you. You were a nice guy in school."  
  
Tom grinned sheepishly after taking a drink, "I'm afraid you're the only one who noticed."  
  
Brenda walked over to the couch and sat down, patting the cushion next to her. Tom got the hint and sat down as well.  
  
"I noticed that you were really shy," Brenda replied with her own grin, "I wanted to go up and talk to you, but... well, guess I was shy, too. The other girls weren't so shy around you in our senior year."  
  
"That's only because of..." Tom stopped himself short, too embarrassed to say that the only reason girls wanted him in the end was because of the story circulating around the school about his large cock.  
  
"...the rumor that went around?" Brenda said carefully, "I heard about it right before graduation. Don't let that bother you anymore, Tom. Those girls were real bitches, shallow and stuck-up, and if that's all they wanted you for, then they didn't deserve you."  
  
Feeling a little better, Tom braved the question, "How come you never came up and talked to me? I wanted to get to know you, but you were always so shy, so reserved and withdrawn."  
  
"Oh I wanted to, but the way I looked back then... I was a typical 'geek', thick rimmed glasses and all. I couldn't afford the nice clothes and make-up the other girls wore, so nobody noticed me. I didn't think anyone wanted to, so I didn't even try to attract attention."  
  
"I noticed you... and I wanted to get to know you," Tom perked up, "I was the same way; too much of a geek, so I couldn't get up the nerve to talk to you."  
  
"Well, you're here now," Brenda smiled, "Maybe it's fate. The two high school 'geeks' getting together, the way it should have happened ten years ago."  
  
Tom nodded, "Maybe you're right; maybe it is fate." Lifting an eyebrow, he muttered, "There's a lot of that going around lately."  
  
"Huh?"  
  
Catching himself, Tom uttered, "Oh, it's nothing; just something that happened a little while ago. So tell me, do I know your hus... uh, I mean ex-husband?"  
  
Brenda nodded with a sour look on her face, "Bradley Delmont."  
  
Tom's eyes widened a bit, "Brad Delmont, the football team's place kicker?"  
  
"The same," she replied after sipping her beer, "He showed up at the same college I was attending. He didn't recognize me at first..."  
  
"That's understandable; I didn't recognize you, either."  
  
"I changed myself around during the summer after high school. Diet, exercise, new clothes, make-up, contact lenses... the whole bit."  
  
"Well, you look wonderful. I feel like such an idiot not having gotten to know you." He stopped when she started to blush, "I'm sorry; go on."  
  
"Well, we dated for a while, and then got married after we graduated. And six months ago, I found out he was cheating on me with some woman he was working with at his office. For almost two years, he cheated on me and I never knew. He told me he was leaving me for her, because she was pregnant and he wanted kids. I found out that I would have a hard time getting pregnant; low egg production, something like that. He didn't even touch me for three months after I told him..." Brenda stopped her story to wipe a tear away from her eye, "I'm sorry; I shouldn't be dumping this on you. It's all my fault."  
  
"Hey, don't you dare blame yourself!" Tom said, scooting closer and putting an arm around her. She laid her head on his shoulder as he went on, her sniffling into his shirt sleeve, "It's all right, Brenda, and it wasn't your fault. He was a selfish bastard, just like Helen was to me. He doesn't deserve someone as sweet as you."   
  
Brenda hugged Tom and said, "Thanks... and thanks for being here for me. It's been so hard, not talking about this to anyone."  
  
"Well like you said, I'm here now," said Tom, smiling down at her. Getting more serious, he asked, "Are you okay? I mean, after what happened yesterday... did he hurt you?"  
  
"Just this," she replied, pointing to the small bruise on her face, "He smacked me a good one, huh? But no, he didn't... well, you know. He didn't get the chance; somebody grabbed him before he could."  
  
"Well, that's a relief."  
  
"The weird part is, I don't know how the other guy fought him and..." Brenda paused, as if she wasn't sure what to say next.  
  
"'And...' what?" Tom urged.   
  
She shook her head, "No; you'll just think I'm crazy."  
  
"No I won't; tell me."  
  
She shrugged her shoulders and continued, "Well... the other guy... wasn't there."  
  
Tom purposely narrowed his eyebrows in mock confusion, "I... don't understand what you mean."   
  
"I mean, he was there, but I couldn't see him. He was... I don't know, invisible. I saw the creep getting hit and then... he disappeared. He vanished right in front of me. One second he was there, and the next..." Brenda's face scrunched up as she sat back and started pouting, "See? You do think I'm nuts. The cops didn't believe me, either."  
  
Tom took hold of her shoulders and stated, "I do believe you. I believe you saw what you saw, but you were reacting to a terrible experience. You were traumatized and confused and scared, but it's okay; anyone would've reacted that way to something like that, and it doesn't mean you're crazy. And you can believe me; if I ever see that sick, twisted fuck, I'll pound him into the ground for what he tried to do to you!"  
  
She lifted a corner of her mouth in a grin and said, "Well, don't worry about that. He's in jail now, and by the time he gets out, he'll be old and..." Brenda paused and abruptly sat back, staring at him. "What did you say?"  
  
"What, you mean about that creep? I said that if I ever see that sick, twisted fuck, I'll..."  
  
Brenda clasped her hands over her mouth in shock and, when she released her lips, all she could say at the moment was, "...you."  
  
Oh, shit.  
  
Tom tried to feint confusion again and asked, "Uh, what are you talking about?"  
  
"Your voice," she answered, "I've been trying figure out why it sounded familiar. I may not remember places or faces that well, but I've still got a good ear from Music class, and not just for musical notes. Your voice... the voice I heard outside my car," Brenda's eyes lit up as well as a smile, "It was you."  
  
Tom started to smile and try to come up with some kind of excuse, but seeing the look on Brenda's face convinced him that nothing he could say would distract her from the truth. Giving up, he held out his hands in supplication and sighed, "It was me."  
  
Unexpectedly, Brenda flung her arms around Tom's neck and kissed him. She then buried her face in his chest, sniffling, and hugged him.  
  
"Thank you," she wept.  
  
"You're welcome. Like I said, I'm glad I was there to help." he said, holding her close and kissing the top of her head.  
  
After a few seconds, Brenda backed up, wiping tears from her face, and asked, "But how did you do it?"  
  
"I just saw him attacking some girl in a car, and..."  
  
"No, that's not what I mean. How did you do it without me seeing you?"  
  
"Look, it was probably like I was saying. You were hysterical, you were..."  
  
"No!" Brenda got up and started pacing the room, her fists balled up in frustration, "It wasn't like that at all! I am not crazy! I know what I saw!"  
  
Tom gave up.  
  
He honestly didn't want anyone knowing about his ability for fear they would use it for unscrupulous purposes, but he couldn't in good conscious let Brenda think she was losing her mind nor have others think the same.  
  
He rose from the couch and stood in front of her, taking her hands into his.  
  
"All right, do you really want to know how I did it?" After she nodded, he added, "You have to promise me that you will never tell anyone about this."  
  
"You saved my life," she said, "I owe you one."  
  
"Okay," Tom sighed. He reached into his pocket and pulled out the ring. "Promise me you won't freak out when you see this."  
  
"I'm already freaked out by what I saw yesterday; go ahead and show me."  
  
Tom closed his eyes and stepped back, "Watch carefully. Per is vox, lux lucis sinus." After reciting the ring's inscription, he slipped the ring onto his finger and winced at the sound of Brenda yelping in shock. She clamped her hands over her mouth and just stared at the now empty spot where Tom was standing, not knowing he was still standing there.  
  
"What happened?" Brenda looked around with wide open eyes, slowly and cautiously, "Tom?"  
  
He made her jump when he answered, "I'm still here."  
  
"Where?"  
  
"Exactly where I was when you last saw me; I'm still in the same spot." To prove it, Tom slipped the ring off, and made Brenda cry out in surprise again.  
  
"How did you do that?"  
  
Tom made her sit down and explained everything. He told her the whole story about how he found the box containing the rings, the note inside explaining how they work, and his little tests he had conducted in the supermarket and the park. The tests had opened his eyes to possibilities he never considered before.   
  
He purposely left out the part about the nude sun bather and the fact that he had anal intercourse with her without her knowing that he wasn't the lady's husband. He didn't want Brenda to think he was some kind of a pervert, using his ability to take sexual advantage of unsuspecting women. He had already promised himself that he would never do that again.  
  
"...and when I got back to my car, that's when I found you and that dirt bag in your back seat. I couldn't just leave you like that, so I reached in, pulled him out, and clobbered him."  
  
Brenda started to laugh a little and explained herself when Tom gave her a confused look, "No, I'm not laughing about that. It was sweet and brave of you to do what you did for me. I'm laughing about the part... you were walking around town, naked?"  
  
Tom nodded, "No one could see me, so I thought, 'What the Hell'.  
  
Brenda blushed a little, "I don't know if I could do that."  
  
"But nobody would be able to see you," Tom countered. He helped her off the couch and said, "Let me show you."  
  
He stood her in front of the large mirror hanging over the sofa and got behind her. "Now watch the mirror. Per is vox, lux lucis sinus." He put the ring on and Brenda's face lit up in surprise when he vanished from sight in the mirror. "Now, I'm going to touch your shoulder; don't get scared, but watch your reflection. Ready?"  
  
"Okay; go ahead," she said, and jumped a little when she felt his hand on her shoulder. She stared at her reflection... and again yelped when it disappeared from view.  
  
"Oh, my God!"  
  
"Look behind you."  
  
Brenda looked over her shoulder at Tom, "I can see you."  
  
"Anyone within the ring's power field can see me, but anyone outside of it can't see either of us. Can you see a dim light around everything around you, like an aura?"  
  
She looked around at all the things in her living room and nodded, "Yes, I can."  
  
"Now look at your hands."  
  
She did. "I don't see the light around them. I look kind of faded, though."  
  
"That tells you when you, or anything you touch, are invisible. Grab that small vase on the coffee table."  
  
Brenda picked it up and stared at it, "Okay, when does the aura go away?"  
  
But Tom stared at it, confused, "It should have disappeared already." He had her move it in front of the mirror and, sure enough, the vase's reflection was in plain sight, almost seeming to float in place.  
  
"That's weird," he commented.  
  
"It certainly is," Brenda had to admit, seeing an object bobbing and floating in mid-air.  
  
"No, that's not what I mean. Maybe... maybe since I'm the one wearing the ring, I'm the only one that can make things disappear. Anyone I touch and make invisible along with me... can't. Here, watch," He reached out and touched the lip of the vase, its reflection in the mirror fading, then reappearing when he let go of it, making Brenda gasp in wonderment.  
  
"Did you see the vase as an outline, like the negative of a pencil drawing?"  
  
Brenda looked more closely at the vase, "No, it just looked faded to me."  
  
"Hmm, maybe that's another trait to the ring. I see things I make invisible as a negative outline, but others invisible with me can still see the whole thing."  
  
"Maybe that's just the way it works, you know to help the person wearing the ring see what they're making invisible." Brenda offered.  
  
Tom nodded, "That could very well be... and it's only inanimate objects that turn into an outline, not people."   
  
He let go of Brenda's shoulder and she smiled in delight when she saw her reflection shimmer into view.  
  
"This is amazing," Brenda blurted out, "You can make anything disappear?"  
  
"Yes, as long as I touch it with my bare hand. I don't pretend to know how everything works with this ring; all I know is what I can do with it, after a little practice and a little trial-and-error. I can make specific things vanish, too. Want to see?"   
  
"Okay, show me."  
  
"You promise you won't be shocked again?"  
  
Brenda gave him a scolding look and waved her hand at the mirror, "I've just seen myself vanish; nothing could shock me anymore."  
  
Even though she couldn't see it, Tom had a mischievous grin on his face, "Okay; you asked for it. Ready?"  
  
"Ready."  
  
"Okay... it's done."  
  
"What's done?"  
  
"Take a look at yourself."  
  
Brenda looked down at herself... and squealed in surprise and (she had to admit) delight when she saw herself standing in the middle of the living room, wearing nothing but her lacy white bra and skimpy panties. Giggling and blushing from head to toe, she tried to cover herself and shouted, "That's not fair!"  
  
She looked again, and her clothes were back on her. Turning towards the laughter she heard, Brenda saw Tom shimmer back into view, holding his ring and chuckling. Unable to hide the grin on her blushing cheeks, Brenda playfully scolded him, "That wasn't funny!"

Tom couldn't help himself, and nodded, "Yes, it was!" laughing through it. He was a bit relieved when she burst out laughing herself.  
  
"Thanks," she finally said, catching her breath, "that's the best laugh I've had in a long time. How does it work?"  
  
"I'm not sure," said Tom, holding the ring up, "The inscription inside is Latin, I think. I looked it up and it translates as, 'With this power, the light bends'. I think that means the ring bends light waves around you, making you invisible."  
  
"Oh, I see. I remember that from school. Light waves bounce off objects and get reflected back into our eyes. We see a certain wavelength reflected back and that tells us what color the object is. But if no light waves are reflected off an object, we can't see it."  
  
"Exactly... at least, that's what I think is going on with the ring; I really don't know," Tom shrugged, "It could be some type of old science at work, the metal the ring's made of... Hell, it could be black magic for all I know. The man that had it before me didn't know, either."   
  
"Well, 'bending light waves' sounds right to me... and you can make specific things disappear and leave the rest visible?"  
  
Tom nodded, "All I have to do is concentrate on the object I want to vanish, even if it's touching or connected to something else."   
  
"That's amazing," Brenda said, playfully swatting at him, "You almost made me naked. I suppose you can do that too, right?"  
  
Tom smiled but shook his head, "Only if I can touch everything you're wearing. I can't touch your underwear through your clothes."  
  
His eyes, as well as his smile, widened when Brenda quickly lifted her halter top off and slipped out of her shorts, figuring since Tom had already seen her in her underwear...  
  
"You can now; try it."  
  
"Are you sure?"  
  
"No," she answered, blushing a little, "but this is fun, and I want to see how it looks."  
  
"Alright," he said, gazing over the luscious curves being hidden by her underwear, "Per is vox, lux lucis sinus." The ring went back on, and Tom vanished. He stepped up behind her and touched her bra strap with one finger and slipped another into her panties' waistband.   
  
"Oh, shit!" she cried out as she looked down at herself and saw that she was completely naked. She halfheartedly covered herself again and giggled, embarrassed.  
  
"I can still see your butt," Tom teased, resisting the urge to be perverted and peek at her front. He didn't really have to, for the view of her rear was enough to excite him. He definitely approved of her rounded, heart shaped ass, his favorite type.  
  
Brenda laughed again and felt her chest, "It's weird. I can't see them, but I can still feel the cups of my bra."  
  
"Of course; they're just invisible. They're still as real and solid as they always were." He let go and the undergarments shimmered back to the visible realm, as did he when he took off the ring.  
  
Brenda just laughed, "That was so cool," then blushed again, "You were staring at my butt, weren't you."  
  
Tom just shrugged, himself a little embarrassed, "I couldn't help it; it was right there out in the open... and it was a nice looking butt, too."  
  
Brenda fidgeted slightly, not making a move to get dressed, "You really think so? I still have some baby fat to lose, and I still feel a little chubby."  
  
"You look great the way you are; I wouldn't change a thing."  
  
"Brad didn't like it. He was always on me about losing those ten extra pounds he said I had."  
  
"Then he's an idiot!" Tom drew nearer to her, "You're beautiful, and if he couldn't see that, he doesn't deserve you. If he told you your body wasn't right, then he's an asshole! There are guys all over this city that would crawl on their hands and knees, and beg you to let them kiss your beautiful butt... including me!"  
  
Brenda's eyes widened and began to sparkle a little at that statement, moisture building up in the corners, "You mean it?"  
  
"Of course I mean it," Tom answered, then started to fluster a bit, "Uh, I mean... I'm sorry; I shouldn't have said that... uh, I mean say it that way. Well... what I mean is..."  
  
Brenda didn't give him the chance to try and finish his explanation. She flung her arms around him again and passionately kissed him, standing on her toes to reach him. Tom, taken by surprise at first, responded by pulling her close to him, his body starting to react to her almost nakedness. Their lips locked in heat, their tongues entwining.   
  
She released him and looked into his eyes, a tear spilling out of hers, "That's the sweetest thing anybody has ever said to me. You are a wonderful man and... and I want to give you a proper 'thank you' for saving my life."  
  
With that, she reached around to unhook her bra, but Tom grabbed her arms and stopped her.  
  
"Brenda... you don't have to do that," he said, trying to be a gentleman about it.  
  
She smiled back at him, "I know," and undid her bra letting it fall to the floor. She then said, "I want to" and hooked her thumbs into her panties, pulling them down off her hips and letting them slide down her legs, joining her bra.  
  
Tom could only stare at the beautiful, naked woman standing before him as if he were hypnotized; her ample breasts, full and round with light pink nipples that stood at attention, her hips and thighs, rounded and definitely as luscious as her cute, round ass. And her pussy, neatly trimmed with a little tuft of brown fur above a pouting labia with just a hint of pussy lips peeking out, just enough to tickle. Her body was covered with a thin smoothing of baby fat, making her curves... well, more curvy. He couldn't take his eyes off of her.  
  
Brenda sensed his hungry scrutiny and her eyes seemed to smile as they tracked Tom's body down to his crotch, noticing the huge bulge.  
  
"Oh my," she teased, "Is that for me?"   
  
She knelt down in front of him and unzipped his pants. Pulling them and his shorts off his hips, Tom's engorged member popped out and sprang back upright.   
  
"Goodness, that rumor was true; lucky me."   
  
With a grin, Brenda gently took Tom's cock in her little fist, pumping it a few times, and started running her tongue up and down the shaft. Playfully fondling his balls, she then flicked her tongue over his cock head, slathering it with spittle.  
  
Tom groaned at the sensation. He longed for some woman to do this to him, his ex-fiancé never wanting anything to do with oral foreplay, giving or receiving. His groan became louder when Brenda enveloped his cock head with her lips and proceeded to give him a blowjob, his first.   
  
After a minute of sucking and licking, she stopped and said, "Take off your clothes and get comfortable. I can't get to your cock this way; it's bending too far up."  
  
Tom immediately shucked the rest of his clothes and joined her on the floor, Brenda pushing him to lie on his back. As she laid herself across his stomach to continue her oral assault, she stopped for a second to comment on his genitalia, "Mmm, so soft and smooth; I like it when a guy shaves. Less hair, more fun."   
  
She kneaded and tickled his balls while she sucked on his dick, smacking and slurping all over its head and pausing a few times to gently stroke his hard shaft while she dipped her head to lick at his hairless scrotum. Tom felt like he was in Heaven, this beautiful woman paying attention to his cock like he had always wanted someone to do.   
  
Then his eyes widened as he felt Brenda's lips sneak down the length of his dick until he felt them near the base. She was deep throating him, something he had never experienced in his life. Her tongue licked and darted around the shaft as best she could manage, the muscles in her throat massaging the head. It was too much for him; his legs and hips started to quiver and he felt his balls starting to tighten up. Brenda sensed the movements and backed his cock out of her throat, then furiously sucked on it, almost vacuum-like.  
  
That was it; he could take no more. With a deep groan, Tom felt cum bubbling in his balls and racing up his cock. Brenda let out a delighted squeak as the first little jet of sperm leaped out of his cock head, then another, and another. Then, all at once, the rest of Tom's load exploded from his cock in one huge blast, the cry of delight from Tom coming out with the same intensity.   
  
Brenda's eyes bugged out and she released a muffled sound of surprise. She hungrily sucked on his swollen member, trying to get every last drop. She didn't quite get all of it for his load was so large, some of it spilled out from her lips and ran down her chin.  
  
When Tom's cock finally stopped jerking and calmed down, Brenda released it from her mouth with a sloppy, slurping pop. She slowly pumped it up and down, making Tom moan, its head glistening.  
  
"Wow," she finally said, catching her breath and wiping her mouth, "That was one hefty load. Can you cum like that all the time?"  
  
"For you, yes," Tom replied, equally out of breath, "You're very good at that. I've never had a woman do that to me before."  
  
"You can thank Brad for that, I guess. That's all he ever wanted was a blowjob, besides an occasional piece of ass. I guess I've gotten good over the years, but it's been awhile. I wasn't sure if I could fit you inside my mouth, but I wanted to try. Now..." Brenda laid herself back on the floor, throwing her arms over her head and bending her knees up, spreading her soft, squeezable thighs apart. "...my turn."  
  
Tom knew he must have looked like a moron, because his tongue was actually sticking out of his mouth at the sight of Brenda's creamy body. Her breasts flattened out a little and she shrugged, "They get a little flat when I lie down; maybe I should do something to perk them up."  
  
"No!" Tom objected, "They're fine just the way they are. If I wanted plastic parts, I'd buy a blow-up doll." She laughed as he gently caressed one of her tits with one hand and her hip and thigh with the other, making her purr. "I want a woman with real curves on her... beautiful, tasty curves like yours."  
  
She smiled at him as he took in her body, moving her torso a bit to make her boobs flop and jiggle. Tom was practically drooling on her, not knowing where to begin. He decided to start where his right hand was.  
  
Kneeling forward, Tom nuzzled and kissed one breast, then the other. Brenda sighed as he kissed and nibbled all over her chest, then gasped as he took one of her nipples into his mouth. Rolling it with his lips and flicking his tongue over it, Tom made her arch herself towards his mouth and softly moan. He repeated the assault on the other nipple going back and forth between them, making them stiff. Brenda started breathing harder as Tom stopped his nipple playing and kissed his way down her body. He paused to flick his tongue in her navel, making her tummy flutter.  
  
Before his main oral attack upon her, Tom lovingly licked and kissed her delicious thighs, causing her to giggle and say, "That tickles!"   
  
Smiling, Tom lowered his mouth to her pussy, enjoying the sweet scent of her womanhood, and nuzzled the tuft of hair above it with his nose. Placing his mouth around the thatch, he gently sucked on it making her moan louder.   
  
Brenda readied herself by planting her feet on the floor as Tom lowered his mouth to her vagina. Carefully parting the lips with his fingers, he slowly drew his tongue up the length of her moist pussy, then down it, causing her to inhale sharply. He repeated the maneuver over and over, flicking at her pouting lips, and dipped down for a minute to leave some of those promised kisses on her beautiful round butt and wiggled his tongue between her cheeks, licking at her little anus. She giggled again as she looked down at him and declared, "You're teasing me; no fair!"  
  
Tom peeked over her pussy and grinned at her, "All right, if that's how you feel..." and plunged right back into her, slathering his tongue all over her pussy, tugging at her lips with his own, and wiggling his tongue inside of her. Brenda closed her eyes tight and her smile got wider, as she began to hump into his face. Her breasts flopped and heaved as her breathing got harder, her thighs quivered and jiggled with every thrust of her hips.  
  
"I have to... uhg... warn you," she said, breathless and grunting, "if you... ooh... make me cum just right, you'll... oh... OH... get wet. I... OH... squirt a little when I... OOH... OH!"  
  
That was all the incentive Tom needed. As he continued to snake his tongue inside her, he touched the top of her pussy to gently ease the hood back and there it was: her clit, pink and swollen like a precious pearl.  
  
Tom slowly circled her clit with the tip of his tongue, making her whole body stiffen up and gasp in delight. He bore down on it, dragging the flat of his tongue over it, then licked it back and forth.  
  
"Oh, God... oh, yes..." she panted and hissed, "Oh yes, right there... yes... yes..."  
  
Tom explored her pearly nub, darting his tongue all over it. When he hit the lower right side of it, it made her body jump a little. Sensing this was her 'special spot', he proceeded to attack it.  
  
Brenda's eyes bugged out and her grin got wider, but she started to push his head away with her hands.  
  
"Oh God, no... no, please..."  
  
Tom quickly grabbed her wrists and held them down, putting his arms over her thighs to hold them open, knowing that this was 'THE spot'. He started his assault on her again, and she got the look of terrified delight, like she was on a roller coaster.  
  
"Oh, my God... heehee... no, no don't... teeheehee... oh shit, no... no, not there; please, not there!" Brenda started to squirm and giggle as her hips began quivering, "Oh God, NOT THERE! IT TICKLES! NOOOOOO!"  
  
Tom hungrily lapped at that spot near her clit and smiled to himself, as Brenda writhed and squirmed under him, trying to get away from his invading tongue. But it was no use; Tom held her in place trapping her under his mouth and exquisitely torturous tongue. She thrashed her head back and forth, giggling insanely and pleading with him to stop.  
  
Tom adjusted his hips slightly to make room for his cock which was growing again, excitement running through it and him as he watched Brenda wriggle about in sexual heat.  
  
Then her eyes got as wide as saucers as she started lifting her hips off the floor as best she could, still giggling like a little girl. Tom sensed what was coming: she was almost there. Mercilessly, he attacked her clit and ate her pussy as if she were the last woman on Earth.  
  
"...oh... Oh... OH... OH, FUUUUUUCK!" Brenda's moans of pleasure turned into yelps of ecstasy as the first wave of her orgasm hit her, Tom furiously lapping at her pussy and clit. Then, like a little fountain going off, tiny squirts of liquid leaped out of her pussy. Not a lot, but enough to wet down Tom's face and urge him on.  
  
He let go of Brenda's wrists to reach under her and grab two handfuls of her jiggling ass, and she pounded and clawed at the carpet beneath her, humping her pussy into Tom's mouth and squealing in delight. She then pulled and tugged at her tits, making her nipples harder.  
  
Tom slowed his assault, gently licking at her wet, hot pussy and gave her clitoris a soft, loving tug with his tongue, bringing her down from her orgasm.  
  
"Oh, oh, oh... ohhhhhhhhh!" Brenda lowered her hips and her whole body collapsed into a quivering, jiggling mass of gorgeous, creamy flesh. Tom paused to wipe his face, tasting her nectar by licking it off his hand.  
  
"Oh, shit!" she exclaimed in between breaths, "I haven't... cum like that... in a... long time."   
  
She propped herself up on her elbows, then Tom helped her sit up so she could hug him, and vice versa. She sat back to give him a scolding, 'stupid grin', look and said, "You son-of-a-bitch..." then kissed him with fire-like passion, her tongue darting and playing with his, tasting some of her juices on his lips, "...that was incredible."  
  
"Thank you for letting me," he replied, smiling as well, "Do you always cum like that?"  
  
"Not lately, I haven't," she sighed, "Brad tried it once... once. The minute I squirted, he backed off and said "that was nasty". He never did it again."  
  
"Like I said: he's an idiot. How he could possibly leave someone like you is beyond me." He reached up and stroked her hair, then cupped her face in his palm, "You're warm, loving, your body is beautiful and delicious... and I like the way you giggle and squirt when you cum. It tells me that I did something right."  
  
Brenda blushed as she smiled at him, then got a little serious, "Didn't your fiancé enjoy it when you did it to her?"  
  
Tom shook his head, "She never let me. All she wanted was her weekly dose of this," he grabbed his cock, which was hard and swollen again after his oral assault on Brenda, "and the money I gave her to go shopping with. She was so 'vanilla'; wouldn't do anything else, except lie there."  
  
"What a bitch," Brenda commented, reaching between his legs and stroking his cock, "Well, I think I've got some ideas on how to add some 'chocolate sauce and sprinkles' to your 'vanilla'. I've wanted to try them out, but Brad was the same way: boring."  
  
Tom raised an eyebrow, "Oh? And just what do you have in mind?"  
  
Brenda grinned like the Cheshire cat, "I'll tell you after."  
  
"After what?"  
  
She lied back again, parting her legs and licking her lips, staring at his throbbing dick, and winked.  
  
Tom didn't need to be told twice; he knew what she wanted. Positioning himself between her legs, Tom pointed his huge cock at her wet pussy and rubbed the head up and down her slit, making her purr again.  
  
"Just go slow at first," she whispered, reaching down to hold her thighs open, "I've never had anyone as big as you... and I'm kind of small down there."  
  
Tom leaned forward and kissed her, "No problem; I'll go easy."  
  
He gently eased the head of his cock into her moist folds, and she moaned softly. Going an inch at a time, Tom slowly entered her, then pulled back a bit, then entered her again going a little deeper with each thrust. Brenda grunted and moaned as his dick stretched her pussy as he went deeper inside her. She finally grabbed his hips and pulled him to her, and she arched her back and groaned loudly as he buried his member all the way in.  
  
"Oh... oh... OHHHHHHH!"  
  
Tom smiled at her pleasure, but then got a worried look on his face; he noticed a tear coming from her eye and started to back out of her, fearing that he might have hurt her. But Brenda quickly grabbed his hips again, forcing him to stay put.  
  
"No, it's all right," she sniffled, "It's just... it feels so good, and... it's been a long time since I've had a man inside me."  
  
Tom smiled down at her and wiped away the tear running down her cheek. "He never deserved you. You don't need someone like him, and you don't need just sex... you need to be made love to."  
  
Brenda smiled back at him, another tear coming out. She embraced him, hugging him close, and kissed him with gusto. He did the same, pressing his body into hers and feeling her heat, feeling her hard nipples rubbing against his hairy chest, and feeling her legs wrap around his hips.  
  
Brenda clung to him as he lifted both of them off the floor and walked down the short hall to the bedroom, her pointing the way as she gently bounced up and down on his cock and gasped every time he took a step. Once there, she kissed and nuzzled his neck as his hands explored her body, caressing and fondling her soft curves.  
  
Tom laid them both gently on the bed, him looking into her almond colored eyes. They clung to one another as he began thrusting in and out of her pussy, slowly at first to make sure he didn't overwhelm her, then picking up speed.  
  
As he nibbled at her neck and earlobe, Brenda ran her fingers through his golden brown hair, grunting with every thrust, then raked her nails across his back, "Oh, oh, oh... oh yes... yes... oh God, you're so fucking big! Oh, yes!"

Tom panted and growled, enjoying the velvety soft squeezes her pussy was giving his cock, "Ohhhh, shit! Your pussy is so tight and hot... ooh... you feel so wonderful!"  
  
With a wicked grin, Brenda stopped his hip moments with her hands and pushed him off, telling him to lie back.  
  
"'Vanillia', huh? Well, I guess she's never done this to you, either."   
  
She lifted her leg over Tom's hips and straddled him, her pussy lips rubbing the head of his dick. Gripping it, she guided it into her wet hole and eased herself down upon it slowly.  
  
"Oh... Oh shit! Oh, yes... Yes!" When she finally had all of Tom's member inside her, Brenda arched back and squealed, "YES!" drowning out Tom's cry of pleasure.  
  
He couldn't believe it. Almost three years of Helen just lying on her back like a corpse while he pleased her, his only function other than being her own private bank... and now, here he was with this beautiful, spunky, horny gal, who was pleasing him as much as she was herself, riding his cock with a big smile on her face.  
  
"Oh God; you're huge! I love it!" Brenda exclaimed, raising and lowering her hips and lovingly squeezing his cock with her pussy. Tom could only stare and smile in awe as she bounced on his dick, enjoying every inch of it.  
  
Brenda leaned back and grabbed his legs to steady herself, still humping him and giving him a great view of his swollen meat sliding in and out of her wet clam.  
  
"Oh, shit!" she said through clenched teeth, "You're so hard! Your cock is digging... uh... into my... oh, OH... G-spot!"  
  
Tom placed his hands on her shaking hips, helping her ride him. He dipped his thumb down to playfully flick at her clit, making her giggle and squirm again. After a few more minutes, Brenda got that 'look' on her face again, eyes wide as well as her grin, and her thighs started to quiver.  
  
"Are you almost there?" he teased.  
  
Brenda looked at him, nodding her head quickly, "Mm-hmm."  
  
Tom smiled, "Are you going to cum?"  
  
"Mm-Hmm." Her hips moved faster and she started giggling more.  
  
"Are you going to cum hard?" Tom kneaded her thighs.  
  
"Mm-Hmm!" Her body arched back.  
  
"Are you going to cum all over my hard cock?"  
  
"MM-HMM!"   
  
Tom reached up and cupped her tits, thumbing her hard, pink nipples, "Cum for me, Brenda; I want to watch you cum on me."  
  
That was it. Brenda threw her head back, shaking it from side to side, and released a shrieking "YES!", her hips undulating wildly, making her boobs bounce in Tom's hands.  
  
Suddenly, she pushed herself up and laid herself on Tom's body. She straightened her legs out and started humping his cock so fast he thought it would pop out of her pussy. Then he felt cum boiling in his balls, ready to burst forth. Brenda propped herself up, arching her head and body back, panting and moaning.  
  
"Oh shit! Oh God, I'm gonna cum! ...yes... yes... Yes... Yes!" Tom felt her pussy squeezing his cock as she ground her hips into his and she let out, "YYYYEEEEEESSSSS!!!!!" Brenda's pussy tightened up and started drowning Tom's cock in squirts of pussy juice, wetting them both down, and he knew he couldn't hold back any longer.  
  
Tom arched his hips up to Brenda's and every muscle and cord on his neck flexed and stood out as he growled out a cry of release. Brenda plunged her pussy down on his cock, feeling it swell and throb, and groaned loudly as his sperm blasted her pussy walls.   
  
It seemed like half an hour had passed until both of them felt their orgasms subside, and Brenda collapsed on top of Tom, sweaty, hot, and quaking all over. Tom, catching his breath and focusing his eyes, held her close to his chest, his pulsing member still snug inside her hot, wet cunt.  
  
"Oh... my... God..." she said, breathlessly, "That was the best fuck I've ever had." She raised her head to kiss him, "Thank you."  
  
"Thank you," Tom replied, equally out of breath, "I've never been anybody's 'best' before. And you were wonderful."  
  
"So were you. I've never been on top of a guy before; the 'jerk' just jumped on me or took me from behind and fucked me until he came. He didn't even give me time to cum or nothing."  
  
"He didn't know a good thing when he had it. 'Idiot', remember?" Then Tom got a look of regret, "I'm such a fucking fool. In school, I had the perfect girl right in front of me the whole damn time, and I couldn't even get up the nerve to talk to her, let alone..."  
  
He stopped when a tear left her eye.  
  
"'Perfect'?" she smiled, "You really mean it?"  
  
Tom smiled back and nodded, "I really do. You're passionate, you're beautiful," he ran his hands over her back and ass, "You've got a great body, and you're lots of fun in bed. I enjoyed making love with you; I could never say that to any woman, not even Helen... and like I said: I love the way you giggle and squirt when you orgasm." Tom reached up and cupped her cheek, wiping away the tear with his thumb, "You... were definitely my 'best fuck'."  
  
Brenda beamed at him and stammered out, "I... I've never been anyone's 'best', either."  
  
"Well then, here's to 'firsts'," Tom said sweetly as he took Brenda's face in both hands, "and 'bests'." and lovingly kissed her.  
  
They laid there in bed, kissing and snuggling and playing with each other. Then Tom got a thought as he gently cupped one of Brenda's breasts.  
  
"So... what are these 'ideas' you have to, uh..."  
  
"'Add sprinkles to your 'vanilla'?" Brenda finished, idly caressing his cock, "Well, I've always wanted to have sex in different places, maybe even outdoors. The girls in the dorm at college got me hooked on the idea when we went streaking once. Brad didn't want to do anything fun, no matter how many times I tried to coax him into..." She paused when she saw the smirk on Tom's face, and asked, "What is it?"  
  
"I think I've got the solution. How would like to help me with some more experiments tomorrow? Remember I told you that there were two rings?"  
  
Brenda raised her eyebrow at him, "What do you have in mind?"  
  
Tom matched her expression, his grin widening, "How would you like to go out tomorrow with me... and have some fun?"  
  
Brenda smiled.  
  
Possibilities, indeed...

**Ghost of a Chance Ch. 03**

Tom pulled into the lot of the city's park area and parked in the very last slot at the end, far away from the benches, the restrooms and maintenance shacks, and anyone who happened to be there. A large tree and some medium sized bushes partially concealed his car from curious and wandering eyes.  
  
Tom turned to his driving companion and asked, "Are you ready?"  
  
"I think so," she replied, nervous.  
  
Brenda, the woman who Tom had saved from a rapist a couple of days ago, climbed out of the car. She was there to help Tom conduct experiments with an unusual pair of rings he had found. The rings had the ability to make the wearers completely invisible, as well as give them the power to make objects invisible, too. Generally or specifically, any object within the rings' power field, even people, could be made to vanish from sight.  
  
Tom had rescued Brenda from her attacker while he was wearing one of the rings, and she had figured out that it was him who had saved her. Because he didn't want anyone to think she had lost her mind by telling them about an invisible savior, Tom told Brenda the whole story about how he had found the rings and how to use their unique ability. He also made her promise not to tell anyone about them or what they can do, fearing they could be used for the wrong, even illegal, purposes.   
  
Tom made a promise to the previous owner, a gentleman farmer who wrote the note and instructions left with the rings and used them during the turn of the century, his newfound abilities would be used to help, not hurt.  
  
But it was okay (according to the long gone farmer) to have a little fun with the rings, and that's exactly what he and Brenda were going to do: have some fun. Nothing mean or cruel, of course; just some harmless 'fooling around', like the fun Tom had when he first tried out the rings during some risqué pranks he had pulled the day after he discovered them.  
  
Discovering each other, Tom and Brenda spent yesterday exploring their bodies and sexual delights. He enjoyed that wonderful afternoon (and evening), making love to Brenda, who enjoyed Tom's sexual prowess as well as his large penis.   
  
The discovery of their attraction and lustful yearning for each other was glorious and magical for both of them, the pair feeling neglected for want of companionship and tenderness, neither of which was given to them by their respective (and 'ex') significant others.  
  
But Brenda, now having the courage to tell someone about her desire to have more than just 'regular' sex, wanted to try out her fun and naughty ideas with Tom, knowing he was on the same page as she was. And Tom obliged her by bringing her with him to the park to fulfill her wishes... with a little invisible help.  
  
Tom got out of his car and joined her on the other side, "Okay, what would like to try first?"  
  
Brenda shrugged, "I'm not sure; I've never done this before." She stood there thinking about for a moment, then, "Okay, give me an idea of what to do. Show me what you did the other day."  
  
"Alright," Tom nodded and looked around, "Sit down over there, and watch the fun." He pointed to one of the benches. Grabbing a magazine out of the car, Brenda sauntered over and sat down near the park's path.  
  
Tom looked around to make sure no one would witness him disappearing and mumbled the words, 'Per is vox, lux lucis sinus', the inscription on the inside of the ring, and slipped the ring onto his finger. Pretending to read her magazine, Brenda watched him fade from view and become invisible. She sat back on the bench and readied herself for the 'show'.  
  
Their first experiment came in the form of a woman walking her small dog. She was slim and athletic looking, wearing red shorts and what looked like a sports bra/top. Glancing over her magazine, Brenda's eyes widened and she suppressed a smirk when she saw the lady's top and shorts vanish.   
  
She wasn't wearing anything under her top, and it was quickly noticed by some guy in his car who slammed on his brakes to avoid running off the park's lot into the bushes. Brenda saw the poor man shake his head, as if he were seeing things, at the sight of a woman walking her pooch wearing a pair of white panties and nothing else.  
  
The lady turned at the sound of the squealing brakes just as her clothes came back into view.  
  
The next test came in the form of another woman, this time getting out of her car and setting her purse on the hood. Digging out a make-up compact, she checked her face and hair in the tiny mirror, not realizing that her slacks were missing.   
  
The one person who did realize it was a man sitting in the car next to her, and he grinned at the sight of her bare bottom, her ass crack topped with the T-bar of the tiny thong she was wearing.  
  
Seeing his gaze in her mirror, the lady turned and gave him an annoyed glare, not knowing she had just given the gazer a flash of camel toe when her crotch was presented to him. She simply huffed at the man and stalked off, leaving him with a confused look when her pants return to the visible realm.   
  
Brenda just hid her grin behind the magazine, and started a little when she heard, "How was that?" whispered at her. Tom, still invisible, was sitting next to her.  
  
"Oh, my God," she giggled quietly, "That was hilarious. That poor guy in the first car, though..."  
  
"Yeah, I know," Tom chuckled, just as quietly, "We have to be careful. We don't someone getting hurt by doing this." Brenda couldn't see it, but Tom got a mischievous grin on his face and asked, "Are you ready for the next test?"  
  
Brenda got butterflies in her stomach and said, "I'm ready... I think."  
  
"Don't worry; I'll be right here with you the whole time."  
  
Tom waited for a young man he spotted to come up the path, and then touched the strap of the zip-up summer dress Brenda was wearing. She gasped a little when she looked down from the magazine she held and saw her dress disappear.   
  
Tom's dick started to stir at the sight of her creamy curves... all of them, for he had told her not to wear anything under her dress. So when the young man walked up, the first thing he saw was Brenda, sitting quietly on the bench, reading her magazine... and, with the exception of her tennis shoes, completely nude. He slowly walked up to her, almost speechless.  
  
"Hi," said Brenda as the man approached, butterflies still fluttering away inside her, and smiled.  
  
"Uh... hi there," was all he could say at that moment.  
  
"Isn't it a great day?" she asked, noticing that his eyes were drifting down to her full, round, and now visible, boobs.  
  
"Uh, yeah; it's... beautiful... uh, outside today." The young man leaned in a little and asked, "Uh, should you be doing this?"  
  
Brenda gave him a fake, quizzical look, "Doing what, reading a magazine?"  
  
"Uh, no; sitting here... like that." He pointed to her body.  
  
"Like what?"  
  
The man looked around, "Look, some people might not like what you're doing; if you ask me, they're all prudes. But I'd hate to see someone as pretty as you get the cops called on her, because..." and turned back to Brenda, his face twisted in confusion when he saw her dressed in the outfit she started with.   
  
"'Get the cops called on me' for what?" Brenda asked, still feinting seriousness.  
  
The young guy just blinked a couple of times and sputtered, "Uh... um... nothing."  
  
"Are you all right?"   
  
"Uh... yes... ...no." He slowly walked away, very confused.   
  
Once the guy was out of sight, Brenda started giggling and blushing all over. Still unseen sitting next to her, Tom added his chortles to hers.  
  
"Oh, my God," she squeaked out, "I can't believe I just did that."  
  
"Pretty cool, huh?" Tom commented.  
  
"That was exciting and scary at the same time," she whispered, "That guy saw me naked... but I wasn't, was I?"  
  
"Nope. Technically, you were still wearing your dress."  
  
"That was weird; I could still feel it on my body... but it wasn't there."  
  
"You wanna do it again?"  
  
Brenda grinned and quickly nodded.  
  
Two elderly ladies walked by, chatting about this and that, and suddenly gasped at the sight of Brenda standing up to stretch, wearing... absolutely nothing!   
  
Tom had to adjust his cock through his shorts, for it and his eyes were enjoying the view of Brenda's round, luscious, bare ass. And she almost let loose a suppressed giggle, knowing full well she was flashing her tits and her bare, almost bald pussy at the ladies.  
  
They whispered and huffed to each other about how 'indecent and disgusting' it was for a woman to walk around that way but, when they looked back to admonish Brenda, their faces froze in puzzlement. Brenda sat back down and picked up her magazine, fully dressed.   
  
One lady actually took off her glasses and inspected them, thinking that they weren't working correctly. Completely baffled, the two ladies walked off still chatting about what they saw... or didn't see.  
  
Brenda waited until the pair was down the path and out of earshot before releasing a laugh into her magazine. Tom, still invisible, joined her.  
  
"Oh, shit," she snickered in a small voice, "Did you see the looks on their faces when they saw me?"  
  
"And the look afterwards when you were dressed again?" Tom finished, "I think that one lady's going to have her glasses remade."  
  
Brenda chuckled... and abruptly stopped when she heard, "What the joke, sweetie?"  
  
Tom looked behind him at the sound of another voice, "Yeah, what's so funny, honey?"  
  
Oh, fuck.  
  
"My name isn't 'sweetie' or 'honey'," Brenda groused, "and what are you two suppose to be; refugees from the 80s?"  
  
Standing behind the park bench were two guys that looked like they belonged to a punk rock band. Dressed in dark, ripped clothes and wearing spiked collars with dog chains attached, one had a spiked hairdo that was a mixture of green and pink, and had his lip pierced in three different spots.   
  
The other had a ring in his nose, the kind bulls wore, and a bald, shaven head with a black widow spider tattoo etched on his crown. Both were grinning at Brenda, looking up and down her body and enjoying the cleavage she was showing.  
  
"She's got a sassy mouth on her, Spider," Mr. Hair Spikes said.  
  
"Yeah; I wonder what else she can do with it," replied his friend.  
  
"Leave me alone, Spider Head! Get lost, and take your girlfriend with you!" Brenda started to get scared, having been through something like this once already, but calmed down when she heard, "Don't worry; I've got this" whispered in her ear.   
  
The pair of punk rejects sauntered around the bench to get in front of Brenda, preventing her from getting up and running.  
  
"C'mon, baby; show us what you can really do with that smart mouth of yours." Hair Spikes unzipped his pants and fished around inside.  
  
"Yeah, and I'm next," said Spider, doing the same.  
  
"Oh, shit," Brenda hissed.  
  
"What? You afraid of cock, sweet cheeks?" asked Spikes, pulling out a rather average, and limp, penis from his pants. It too was pierced with a ring.  
  
"No," she answered, hesitantly, "I'm afraid that... you two have just made the biggest mistake of your lives."  
  
The two perverted punks just laughed for a second, then howled in pain as both of their heads were slammed together. Spider swayed for a moment, then landed flat on his butt, while Spikes stumbled back waving his arms trying to keep his balance.  
  
"What the fuck did you do that for?"  
  
Spikes shook his head to shake out the pain and answered, "Me? I didn't do anything, asshole! You hit me!"  
  
"No I didn't, fuckhead; you did that!"  
  
Confused, they both turned to Brenda, who simply shrugged and said, "Don't look at me, guys; I was over here."  
  
Growling, Spikes blurted out, "You little twat! You think that's funny?" He started to move in on her, "You ever been DPed by a couple of real men?"  
  
"As soon as they show up, I'll let you know," was Brenda's scowling reply.  
  
"You asked for it, you little bitch!"  
  
Spikes took one, maybe two steps towards Brenda... and immediately fell forward, catching his foot on something. The shout of surprise barely had time to come out of his mouth before his head made a solid connection with the bench's metal armrest. A dull clang sounded out, and Spikes hit the ground rolling his eyes back and moaning, his forehead marked with a swelling red welt.  
  
When he heard Brenda start to laugh, Spider tried to come at her, saying, "You won't be laughing long, you little cunt." but never made it more than a step. The ring in his nose vanished, and he started to yelp, bending forward as if someone was pulling him along by his nose. He started to cry and wail even more when he tried to reach out and grab at whatever had him and, when he finally had a firm grip, discovered he was grabbing... nothing!   
  
For a split second, he thought he saw someone hanging onto his nose ring, but then felt his head being pushed down sharply as he too kissed the bench's armrest with his forehead.  
  
Landing near his partner, Spider shook off the effects of pain, rousted his friend, and was trying to go after Brenda again.  
  
Okay; time to end this.  
  
"Okay, bitch," grumbled Spikes, regaining his balance, "after we're done having fun with you, we're going to..."  
  
He never finished his sentence.  
  
Both of the goons started gagging and their eyes bugged out. A second or two later, Brenda saw both of them vanish.  
  
Pulling them close to him, Tom had each punk by his throat. Their eyes were as far out of their heads as possible, not expecting to see someone come at them out of thin air.   
  
Putting on the meanest look he could muster, Tom growled, "No, means 'no'", and shoved both of them back to the ground, coughing and wheezing.  
  
The pair of punks got up and looked around, still trying to get their breath, and saw... no one standing anywhere near them. But they did hear something: a low, haunting laugh.  
  
Scrambling away from the area, Spikes grabbed his friend by his shirt and started hauling him behind, hearing him asked, "Did you see that shit?"  
  
"No," he yelled back, "and you didn't see shit, either! C'mon!"  
  
Both of them stumbled and tripped over anything and everything, trying to run and get away from... whatever they didn't see, and disappeared into the brush behind the park.  
  
Looking around and seeing no one, Tom slipped the ring off his finger and shimmered back into the visible world, seeing Brenda smiling at him. He put the ring back on, this time without reciting the Latin phrase (so he wouldn't lose it) and stayed visible.  
  
"Are you okay?"  
  
She nodded and got up to hug him. She didn't know whether to be amused by the spectacle Tom put on for her or terrified at the thought of being attacked again; she was laughing and shaking at the same time.  
  
"I'm sorry," he said, holding her close, "I didn't want you to go through something like that again."  
  
"Don't be sorry," she replied, "It wasn't your fault; you had no idea that was going to happen." She looked up into his eyes, "I knew you'd be here to protect me."   
  
They held onto one another, oblivious to all who saw them. Some simply shrugged and went about their afternoon strolls, whiles others smiled at them pleased to see two people together in love.  
  
That's when it hit Tom.   
  
It was the very thing missing from his life; something he never truly had before. No, not something... someone; someone to hold, someone to protect, someone to have fun with...  
  
Someone to love.  
  
That's what it is, he thought, that's what I've been feeling ever since I saw Brenda again. The feeling I've been missing for years! You... c'mon Tom, you fucking coward; say it!   
  
You love her!  
  
"So... what now?"  
  
Tom started at the sound of Brenda's question, snapping him out of his thoughts, "Uh, what?"  
  
"You alright?"  
  
Gathering his thoughts back up and placing them into the here and now, Tom replied, "That was my question of you."  
  
"I'm okay, really. So, what do we do now?"  
  
"You sure you want to keep doing this? I mean, after what just happened..."  
  
Brenda shook her head, "Don't worry; I'm alright. C'mon, we were having fun; I want to keep going."  
  
Tom smiled back at her, "You're right; we're having a good time out here. Let's keep going. What do you want to do next?"  
  
Brenda fidgeted a little and asked, "Can I try the ring?"  
  
"I'll do you one better," Tom answered with a smile, and reached into his pocket. He pulled out the other ring he found in the box, identical to the one he had, except smaller.  
  
She smiled in anticipation as he placed it in her hand and said, "Your turn. Give it a try."  
  
"It works just like yours?"  
  
"Actually, I'm not sure. It's supposed to work like mine, but this one is too small for any of my fingers, so I haven't tested it yet. You get to be the one that gives it a trial run."  
  
Brenda smile in expectance as they both sat back down on the bench, Tom getting comfortable and opening the magazine. They looked around and, when no one was watching, Tom nodded to Brenda and said, "Now."  
  
"Per is vox, lux lucis sinus," Brenda whispered the exact words Tom taught her, the same inscription that was inside his own ring, and slipped the ring on her third finger.  
  
Tom heard her gasped as everything around her was in crisp focus with a faint aura around each object she looked at, and whispered, "Shh, not too loud. Remember, people can't see you, but they can still hear you."  
  
"Oops... sorry," she whispered back. "Can you see me?"  
  
Tom shook his head slightly, "Not a hair. Okay, now just touch something, concentrate a little on it, and it will disappear."  
  
"Like this?" Brenda touched the sleeve of his T-shirt and Tom watched it fade from sight, leaving his chest bare.  
  
"Perfect," he said, still whispering, "Be careful when you do this to someone else; you don't want them to feel you touching them."  
  
"Right; got it." She let go, and his shirt was back on his body. "This is so cool; your shirt was just an outline, it looked weird," she quietly giggled, as she spotted some people walking up the path, four in all; two coming from each direction. One pair was a couple of young ladies dressed in office work clothes taking their lunch break, the other was a middle aged couple out for an afternoon stroll, enjoying the beautiful, sunny day.  
  
Brenda grinned wickedly (though Tom couldn't see it) and asked, "Ready to put on a show?"  
  
"Go for it," he answered, picking up the magazine off his lap and pretending to read it. He heard Brenda quietly snicker and felt her touch his sleeve again, as well as the waistband of his shorts, knowing what she, and the others, would see. Like her, Tom wasn't wearing any underwear either.  
  
The office girls walked passed Tom... and Brenda clamped her lips shut, trying not to burst out laughing, when she saw their eyes widen at the sight of a man sitting on a bench, completely naked with a huge hard on jutting out and up from his crotch. Not saying a word, they walked by with their eyes glued to his cock, mesmerized by its size, and almost bumped into the other couple.  
  
The husband was distracted by something off to the other side of the park and didn't see his wife, gawking and practically drooling at the sight of Tom's nakedness, as well as his swollen member. The grin on her face went from ear to ear as her husband just chattered on, oblivious to the show Tom was putting on and not realizing his wife wasn't paying any attention to him.   
  
That is, until he nudged her and asked if she was listening to him. She jumped a little and said she was, then turned back to her view of free eye candy. But her grin changed into a frown when she saw the man on the bench was not naked anymore, and wondered how the Hell he managed to get dressed so fast.  
  
Brenda almost exploded into laughter when she saw the wife, obviously horny from Tom's show, reach down and grab her husband's butt and whispered in his ear. The couple started walking faster down the path and hurried to get home.

Once everyone was out of sight, Brenda shimmered into view and cracked up, unable to contain her laughter anymore. Tom joined her, and they both giggled and snickered like school children, not caring if anyone saw them.  
  
"Oh, God," Brenda exclaimed between guffaws, "That was the funniest damn thing I've ever seen! Did you see those women staring at you? They were almost drooling!"  
  
"Especially the wife of that couple," Tom fired back with a chortle, "You could tell what was on her mind."  
  
"Oh, I knew, even before she goosed her husband." Brenda had to stop for a moment to catch her breath, she was laughing so hard. They both laughed for awhile, and she said, "Thank you, Tom," she held the ring up, "This is the best time I've ever spent with someone."  
  
"You're welcome," Tom replied, smiling, "and you're right; it's more fun when you have someone with you." He took Brenda by the hand and got up from the bench. As they walked back to the car, Tom asked, "Okay; are you ready to take it to the next level?"  
  
Brenda nodded, a little nervously, "I think so. What's the next test?"  
  
The pair got behind the car and, when no one was around, Tom said, "Put your ring on."  
  
They said the inscriptions aloud, placed the rings on their fingers, and disappeared... but not completely. They look at each other with confused fascination and whispered, almost at the same time, "I can see you."  
  
Tom removed his ring, telling her to keep hers on, and Brenda disappeared from his sight.   
  
"Nothing," he muttered, putting the ring back on.   
  
She shimmered into view again, the color of her form fading slightly as if she were nothing more than a photo taken with black and white film. Brenda said he looked the same way, like an actor on an old black and white TV show.  
  
"It must be another ability of the rings," Tom whispered, "It let's us see each other when we're invisible."  
  
"Well, that's a good thing," she whispered back, "This way, I don't have to wonder where you are, and vice versa."  
  
"I want to try something," he said, and told her to follow him in front of the car.   
  
Down the path, a man was strolling towards them idly taking in the scenery as he walked. There was no way he couldn't have seen them standing in front of Tom's car if they weren't invisible.  
  
"Okay," said Tom, holding up his hand as the man got nearer, "Touch my hand."  
  
Brenda placed the flat of her hand against his as the man walked by them, and Tom smiled and waved at him.  
  
Nothing. No reaction from the stroller.  
  
They looked at each other... no change. They looked the same as before.  
  
"That guy didn't see us," Tom deduced, "The two power fields don't react to each other; we can touch each other without cancelling each other out."  
  
"Cool," Brenda smiled, looking around, "So, what's next?"  
  
Tom grinned and guided her to the side of his car.  
  
"Okay... take your dress off."  
  
Brenda's eyes widened, then her grin as Tom pulled off his T-shirt and shorts. She giggled nervously as she unzipped her dress and slipped it off her body, handing it to him.   
  
Tom quickly made the door disappear and opened it quietly, tossing their clothes into the back seat and locking it, leaving the two of them outside without a stitch of clothing on.  
  
"How are we going to get our clothes back," asked Brenda, cautiously looking around her as she pulled her long brown hair back and secured it with a hair tie.   
  
"I have an extra key in a magnet box; it's right underneath the car behind the rear bumper. Don't worry."  
  
"'Don't worry'?" Brenda halfheartedly covered herself, "We're both standing out in the open... naked."  
  
"But no one can see us," Tom retorted, "Watch."  
  
Brenda covered her mouth to prevent anyone hearing her laugh as Tom walked right out onto the park path and stood in front of a woman who stopped to light a cigarette. He shook his hips at her, making his semi-erect penis waggle about, but the woman noticed nothing and continued on her way.  
  
Waving to her to join him, Tom watched Brenda sneak out from behind the car, still uncertain, and quickly jog over to him. His cock began to stir as he watched her breasts jiggle and bounce upon her approach.  
  
"Oh, shit," she hissed in between giggles, "I can't believe I'm doing this."  
  
"You said you've done this before." Brenda told him that she went streaking once with her girlfriends in college.  
  
"Yeah, but that was at night," she countered. She looked around again, spying a man sitting on the bench. "They really can't see me?"  
  
"Nope."   
  
Then Tom grinned as Brenda walked up to the man, strutting her stuff and purposely wiggling her hips. She stood right in front of him and grabbed her boobs, shaking them almost in his face, then turned around and bent over giving him a tongue wagging beaver shot. The man just sat there and removed a sandwich from a brown lunch bag, seeing nothing.  
  
Tom's dick started growing, watching Brenda put on a stripper show for some guy, and he smiled as she sauntered back over to him.  
  
"Oh, fuck," she snickered, "They really can't see us, can they?"  
  
"They really can't," he smiled back, enjoying the sight of Brenda's nude curves.  
  
She took him by the hand and they walked over to the open area of the park, idly plodding pass the people walking or lounging about. No one saw the naked couple go by them and Brenda felt her pussy start to get moist, excited by their nude, outdoor stroll.  
  
Tom felt frisky and reached down to grab a handful of Brenda's ass, making her release a tiny "Ooh!" at being goosed. Giggling, she suddenly started jogging down the grassy area, flinging her arms out and skipping happily; her pony tail whipping about her shoulders.   
  
Tom, enjoying the view of her wiggling ass, went after her. She stopped and turned to see him coming towards her, and snickered at the sight of his cock and balls bouncing and bobbing up and down as he ran.  
  
They wrapped their arms around each other and hugged, her nipples rubbing against his chest and his cock rubbing up against her little brown muff. They looked into each other's eyes and locked their lips and tongues together, completely unnoticed by the passersby in the park.  
  
Tom saw the impish gleam in her eye as she reached down and started stroking his member as she whispered, "This is making me horny... I want you right now."   
  
Using his cock as a leash, Brenda guided Tom over to a cement guard post next to the parking lot, and leaned on it with her hands. The post disappeared; no one noticed. She bent over and spread her legs apart, giving Tom the same beaver shot the guy on the bench received but didn't see. His cock twitched at the sight of her looking over her shoulder and winking as she licked her lips.  
  
Edging up behind her, Tom rubbed his hard dick up and down her ass crack and reached around to grab two handfuls of her tits, feeling her hard nipples rub into his palms. Brenda sighed quietly and humped her ass back at him, enjoying how slippery he was making her crack with his precum.   
  
She tried to be as quiet as she could, but couldn't help releasing a tiny squeak when she felt his bloated cock head parting and squeezing passed her pussy lips. Tom did his best to be quiet as well, but let out a clenched teeth grunt as he eased his dick inside Brenda. Her wet, velvet soft pussy tightened up around the shaft, pulling him in, and she let out a long sigh when he had all of his cock buried in her snug hole.  
  
People walking by thought they heard something as they passed a certain spot in the park: a few squeaks, maybe a small 'ooh' and 'oh', but saw nothing.  
  
Tom and Brenda were having the time of their lives, being in the middle of the park during the day, butt naked and fucking in front of a dozen or so people, and none of them suspecting a thing.  
  
Thrusting in and out of her delightfully tight cunt, Tom felt Brenda begin to tremble and heard her trying to suppress a fit of giggles, telling him she was going to cum. He fucked her faster and she arched up on her toes, making her legs stiff, and started hissing giggles through her teeth. Her thighs quivered as he played with her tit in one hand, and kneaded and squeezed her ass with the other.  
  
Tom dipped a finger between her cheeks and playfully wiggled it into her tight asshole, and that sent her over the edge. She arched back and shook her head back and forth, still hissing and panting out giggles as she came all over Tom's cock. She drenched his hard-on and balls in squirting pussy juice, squeezing the shaft with her orgasmic contractions, and desperately trying not to let out squeals and yelps of delight that would give away their unseen position.  
  
Tom's full balls were starting to bubble over with cum and knew he was close. Brenda felt his cock twitching inside of her and quickly slipped off of it, causing the post to reappear when she let go of it. Squatting down, she grabbed his wet, slippery rod and furiously pumped it up and down.  
  
Tom arched back and let out a few suppressed grunts as Brenda jacked him off, attracting the attention of a few puzzled strollers who looked around for the source of the sounds they heard, but couldn't see anything.  
  
Brenda smiled open mouthed as she watched Tom's cock twitch and jerk, more precum oozing from the tip. Knowing what kind of load he was capable of producing, she lowered her head down and quickly started licking and sucking on his swollen balls, her fist still stroking his cock.  
  
Every muscle in Tom's body tensed up, and he let out a muffled groan as a huge wad of sperm launched itself out of his dick, over Brenda's shoulder, and landed on the front bumper of the car parked near them with a splat. Another blast of cum joined it a second later. Brenda didn't give anymore cum a chance to land on the car; she lifted her head and engulfed his swollen cock head with her mouth, sucking and slurping out the rest of his spunk.  
  
Tom released a satisfying sigh as he felt the last of his semen pour out of his dick and Brenda's tongue licking it away from its head and swallowing it. She made his knees quiver a little when she wiggled the point of her tongue into his piss hole, teasing him.  
  
Once finished, Brenda rose up with a smile, wiping cum and spit from her mouth, and whispered, "That was fun; I've always wanted to do this outdoors during the day."  
  
"Me too," Tom smiled back, "and we did it with people around us."  
  
Just then, a man walked up and started to get into the car they were standing (or rather fucking) next to. But he stopped and looked down at the front bumper, scowling at the blobs of cum dripping off it and muttering, "Damn birds." The naked couple just snorted as the man drove off.  
  
"This is so much fun," Brenda said, her arms around his neck, "Thank you for sharing this with me; this is the best time I've ever had," and kissed him.  
  
Tom, pulling her close and returning the kiss with nothing short of love, replied, "I've enjoyed every minute of it, and the best part is... I got to enjoy it... with you."  
  
Brenda beamed a bright smile at him, and they continued their lustful making-out, kissing and fondling and groping each other, completely naked and without anyone noticing.  
  
Should I tell her? Should I tell her how I really feel about her? I know it's been only a couple of days, but I can't help feeling the way I feel. She's the one thing that's been missing from my life, and I...   
  
But Tom stopped his thought when Brenda got a sparkle in her eye, giving him that mischievous grin again.  
  
"Uh oh," Tom muttered with a look of apprehension, "Now what have you got in mind?"  
  
She took his hand and led him behind some tall bushes near a bend in the path and, checking to make sure no one was looking... took her ring off. Tom's eyes bugged out, knowing she was standing out in the open, in plain sight, in the nude. Tom quickly removed his ring shimmering back into view, his naked body now visible.  
  
"What are we doing?" he quickly whispered.  
  
With a nervous giggle, Brenda answered, "We're going streaking."  
  
"But, if we get caught..."  
  
"But we won't," she countered, putting the ring back on her finger. Not reciting the ring's inscription, she remained visible. "When we get to the other side near the car, we'll become invisible; they'll never catch us."  
  
Tom slipped his ring back, remaining visible as well, and grinned, "You're crazy."  
  
"I know, but I've always wanted to do it during the day." she winked back. "So let's do it before I chicken out. Ready? One... two... three!"  
  
They both ran out from behind the bush and started jogging straight down the path, both of them smiling and enjoying the feeling of the sunshine touching their skin and the liberating sensation of being naked outdoors, this time in full view of anyone and everyone.  
  
'Anyone and everyone', when they finally noticed, gawked at the pair of nude joggers running down the trail. Women were grinning at the sight of Tom's muscular body, not to mention his large penis wagging up and down, while men were ogling Brenda's naked curves, mesmerized by her bouncing boobs and jiggling ass. They even heard a few cheers, wolf whistles, and applause from the spectators, making Tom's dick get hard again and Brenda's pussy get moist and tingly at the sounds of approval.   
  
Well, not everyone approved. An elderly lady scoffed at the pair and swung her purse at Tom as they passed her, hearing her call them, "Perverts!"  
  
Tom looked back at her and started to laugh, but stopped himself when he saw trouble.  
  
"Oh, shit!"  
  
"What?" Brenda asked, and looked back over her shoulder... and saw what he saw, "Oh, shit!"  
  
A police car had pulled up into the lot and both officers bolted from the cruiser upon seeing Tom and Brenda's naked butts running down the path.  
  
"Quick, over here!" Brenda said, and veered off behind the hedges on the other side of Tom's car, with Tom right behind her. They were actually laughing like little kids, knowing the cops would be coming over any second, but they took off the rings and said at the same time, "Per is vox, lux lucis sinus.", then slipped them back on, fading from sight.  
  
They quietly snuck around the hedge and along side the car just as the two police officers darted passed them and around the bushes. Tom reached under the rear bumper and pulled out a small black box with a magnet on the back and, opening it, plucked out a car key.   
  
Making the door invisible again so as not to let anyone see it opening by itself, Tom and Brenda snuck into the back seat and quickly got dressed, Brenda pulling out her hair tie knowing they saw a naked girl with a pony tail streak down the path.   
  
"Okay, take off the ring and act like we've been back here for a while," said Tom.   
  
They both became visible again and hugged each other, pretending to be making out in the back seat. They didn't have to pretend that much, however; they started fondling and necking like two teenagers, just as the officers appeared out from behind the hedge with looks of puzzlement.  
  
Tom and Brenda stopped their necking when they heard a tap at the window, and Tom rolled it down and innocently asked, "Problem, Officer?"  
  
"Uh... you two didn't happen to see two streakers run by here, did you?"  
  
"'Streakers'?" asked Brenda, "As in, people running around naked?" She shook her head, "No, we haven't seen anyone doing that."  
  
"They ran right passed your car, Miss."  
  
"Well, maybe," said Tom, "but we were... uh, a little distracted," he smiled at Brenda who was still wrapped in his arms and cuddled up to him. She looked up at the two cops and flashed a sheepish grin at them.  
  
"Oh... uh, yeah; I guess you were," the cop muttered, catching a glimpse of Brenda's cleavage. "Uh look, some folks might get upset seeing you two... uh, you know... in public. So, if you wouldn't mind..."  
  
"Oh sure, Officer," Tom piped in, "No problem; we'll go somewhere else."  
  
"Oh, of course," said Brenda, both of them getting out of the back seat, "We're sorry; we didn't mean to... you know."  
  
"No, it's okay Miss. I mean, technically you weren't doing anything wrong." The officer shrugged a little with a smile and continued, "It's just that there are some older folks around here who don't approve of that sort of thing going on. They're kinda set in their ways, and we don't want to upset them too much. Know what I mean?"  
  
"Oh, absolutely," agreed Tom, "We understand."  
  
"You're right," Brenda chimed in, returning the officer's smile with her own, "It's no problem; we'll go someplace else."  
  
"I appreciate that, folks," the officer tipped his hat and, "Sorry to have bothered you."  
  
"No bother at all," Tom smiled, and added, "I hope you find those two streakers."  
  
"Damnedest thing; they just disappeared around the bushes and 'poof', gone." Both cops shrugged and the other said, "I suppose we'll find 'em eventually, and if not... oh well. Have a nice day, folks."   
  
The pair of officers wandered back to their cruiser, glancing around the park and checking around trees and parked cars, and waved at Tom and Brenda as they rode out of the lot.  
  
Tom made sure he had a good grip on the wheel before he let loose a laugh that might have made him lose control of his car. Brenda was gasping for breath, unable to stop laughing.  
  
"Oh my God!" she blurted out after catching her breath, "That was thrilling! We almost got caught!" She smiled at Tom and started rubbing his leg, "That was the most exciting thing I've ever done... and now you've made me really horny."   
  
"Me? It was your idea."  
  
She giggled and reached between her legs and started playing with herself, "Let's go back to my house; we can experiment more with the rings tomorrow."  
  
Tom glanced at the naughty look on her face, then, releasing his thigh, saw her pull the zipper down on her dress enough to release one of her breasts. His cock made a huge bulge in his shorts at the sight of her fondling her nipple and playing with her pussy, diddling her clit with her middle finger.   
  
She's right, he thought, hurrying down the street to her house. We've got plenty of time for more invisible fun later.   
  
But, for now...  
  
Tom gunned the engine and hurried to get back to her place as she unzipped the rest of her dress, wearing that big, mischievous grin again.  
  
Oh, man; was I right about those possibilities...

**Ghost of a Chance Ch. 04**

Tom pulled into the supermarket parking lot and parked far down at the end. His companion, Brenda, smiled and started to undress, but he stopped her.  
  
"Not yet; put the ring on first."   
  
Putting on a fake grin, she unzipped the summer dress she wore and let her boobs fall out, innocently saying, "Oops, I forgot."  
  
Knowing she was teasing him, Tom playfully scolded her, "You behave."  
  
"Uh uh; I wanna be naughty," she replied, unzipping her dress and revealing the rest of her naked body.   
  
"I think I've created a horny monster," he said, grinning as he untucked his shirt from his shorts, "We'll do that later, but for now..."  
  
Brenda rolled her eyes, still grinning, "Oh, alright," and pulled the gold ring from her finger.  
  
It was one of a pair of rings Tom had found buried in a box in his yard. The note that was with them said that the rings had the ability to make the wearers invisible and Tom had spent a day experimenting with his newfound power. Later, he asked Brenda, an old classmate and a woman whose life he had saved from an attacker while being invisible, to join him in testing the rings' abilities.  
  
The pair spent the day in the park, pulling pranks on people and walking around the grassy parkland in the nude. They even had sex in front of a dozen people, not one of them suspecting or seeing a thing even though they thought they heard some love making sounds coming from somewhere.  
  
One of the most exciting parts for them was when they took off their rings, becoming visible and went streaking through the park, much to the delight of the park patrons. They were almost caught by the police who happened to pull up in time to see two naked butts running down the jogging path. But slipping the rings back on and fading from view, Tom and Brenda avoided the cops easily, leaving them wondering where the two nudists had run off to.  
  
That night, excited and horny from their naked escapade, they made love like no other couple; christening every room in her house and even had a go at her backyard. They loved each other under the stars, with and without the rings' invisible help, and Brenda thought for sure that she caught her neighbor peeking at them through his curtains.  
  
But for Tom, the magical part of their adventures was locked away inside his heart; he wanted to tell her how he really felt about her. Ever since they met up again, he was feeling something deep inside of him that he hadn't felt in years, and discovered that it was love. But, not having the confidence that should have come his way during their high school years to tell her, Tom couldn't say what was truly in his heart... at least, not yet.  
  
I'll tell her... when the time is right.  
  
In the meantime, they decided to test their invisible abilities further and pick up where they left off yesterday.  
  
Tom and Brenda recited the inscriptions inside their rings, saying "Per is vox, lux lucis sinus" (possibly old Latin for 'With this power, the light bends), and slipped them back onto their fingers. The pair shimmered out of the visible realm and vanished. They got out of the car quietly, leaving their clothes lying on the floor near the back seat and, with the exception of their shoes (for contact with any part of their bare skin would render any object they touched invisible, including a part of whatever they walked on), strolled across the parking lot and into the store completely in the nude.   
  
Brenda's heart started beating faster at the thought of walking around the store she always shopped at, naked. She knew she shouldn't be nervous being invisible and all, having done this very thing in the park yesterday, but still...  
  
"Ready to go have some more fun?" Tom whispered at her. She grinned and nodded, anticipating the fun of pulling a few harmless pranks, not to mention risqué ones. The rings' power allowed the two of them to see each other while being invisible, and she saw Tom grin back at her.  
  
Brenda came up with the first prank when they were near the frozen foods aisle. She walked up to one of the freezer doors and touched the handle, making it disappear, and opened it. No one noticed the top to bottom glass door vanish as she waited for the glass to fog up. With a small giggle, she pressed her boobs against the door making her nipples instantly hard from the cold. She did the same with the door next to it; this time pressing her ass against the glass, then stepped back over to Tom to watch the fun.  
  
They both covered their mouths and suppressed their laughter (for, even if no one saw them, they could still be heard), watching the reactions from store patrons upon seeing the imprints of Brenda's body parts on the glass doors. The looks on people's faces ranged from blushing grins to indignant shock at the sight of the impressions of her tits and ass left behind on the fogged up glass. It was almost certain their thoughts also led them to wonder who in the store was responsible for such lewd behavior.   
  
Tom and Brenda worked their way over to a quiet spot near the canned goods and quietly snickered at their prank, but Tom stopped as he spied a woman coming around the end. The little brunette was wearing a short summer dress that covered a thin figure, and Tom whispered to Brenda that he wanted to show her what he had done the other day to a young lady wearing something similar.  
  
He walked up to the woman who was standing near an empty product strip hanging from the shelf, and plucked it off its hanger. Snagging one of the hooks into the hem of her dress, he hooked it back onto the shelf, then stepped back.  
  
Brenda's eyes lit up and her mouth dropped open in a smile as she watched the lady placed some cans in her cart and walk away from the shelf. The product strip caught and lifted her dress up above her hips, revealing her tiny, baby blue panties that did basically nothing to cover her little round ass cheeks. The woman yelped when she realized that she was exposing herself and quickly snatched her dress off the strip and smoothed it back out, hurrying down the aisle with her face flushed red.  
  
"This is great," whispered Brenda in between quiet giggles, "We can have lots of fun in here."  
  
"We just have to be careful," warned Tom, "We don't want to get too carried away with stuff and make people think they're nuts."  
  
"Speaking of 'nuts'", Brenda grinned as she reached down to playfully fondle Tom's balls, "these need to be emptied."  
  
He swatted her hand and scolded, "You behave yourself."  
  
She shook her head and grinned, this time grabbing his growing cock and started stroking it. Tom sighed at the great feeling of Brenda's soft, delicate fingers fondling and caressing his shaft... but she abruptly stopped with a 'I've got an idea' look on her face.  
  
"Let's go to the produce section," she whispered and walked him over to the other side of the grocery area, his cock still in her hand. Looking over the fruits and vegetables tables, she spotted the very thing she needed to carry out her plan.  
  
"Stand in between those," she said, pointing to two, free standing, displays in the middle of the floor, almost back to back leaving a narrow gap between them. The bottom shelf of each stand ran all the way across, but the rest were divided in the middle by a small space used by the store's employees to better restock the shelves and tend to any equipment underneath.  
  
From the wicked grin Brenda was flashing him and from what he saw on the shelves, Tom knew what she had in mind.  
  
The shelves were stocked with bananas.  
  
Tom got into the shelf divide and leaned over the bottom shelf, grabbing his cock and pointing it outward over a bunch of ripe, yellow bananas. He waited for a few minutes as Brenda stood at the end of the shelves, smiling in anticipation, when a middle aged woman wandered up to the stands. Not bad looking in Tom's eyes, with long reddish hair streaked with a touch of gray and slightly sagging breasts that filled out her T-shirt quite nicely.  
  
Brenda actually licked her lips waiting for the woman to make a grab for Tom, and slipped her hand between her legs to rub at her pussy. She wasn't disappointed.  
  
The woman saw the bunch she wanted and reached for them... and got a peculiar look on her face when she felt something other than a banana in her hand. She looked down and saw a long, hard penis in her palm, and almost yelped in surprise. Almost, because she then looked up and saw who it was attached to. Tom just shrugged and smiled.  
  
Outside of Tom's power field, the lady couldn't be seen; she disappeared a second after she grabbed his cock. Fortunately nobody saw her vanish, the other patrons busy with their shopping, except for Brenda who was standing not three feet away from her, watching with delight as the woman fondled Tom.  
  
She looked at Tom... then his cock... and grinned as she started stroking it, enjoying its size and stiffness in her hand. Tom leaned back a bit and sighed happily as the woman jacked him off, cautiously looking around her to make sure no one noticed her obscene playing. No one did, for she too was invisible (even though she didn't realize it), the other store goers not giving her a second glance.  
  
When she looked in Brenda's direction, Brenda froze for a second, her hand still between her legs. But the woman didn't seem to notice that there was a naked girl standing three feet away from her and playing with herself.  
  
She can't see me, Brenda thought, the rings must only work for us when we're invisible, and not anyone else. I'll tell Tom about it when she's finished playing with him.  
  
Brenda just snickered quietly watching Tom receive a hand job from some stranger, and saw his cock begin to twitch; he was going to blow his load soon.  
  
Using the precum blobbing out of his piss hole to lubricate his member, the woman pumped Tom dick up and down faster and smiled when he leaned back farther and quietly moaned.  
  
Then Brenda's eyes almost popped out of her head when she saw the woman quickly drop her head and swallow Tom's cock head with her lips, sucking on it like a straw. Tom's hips quivered and she knew he had just ejaculated, seeing the woman's eyes widen and her cheeks puff out slightly. She sucked harder, making sure to get all of his cum out, but coughed a little when she couldn't keep his load in her mouth. Some of his cum dribbled passed her lips and landed on the bunch of bananas under his balls.  
  
The woman finished her 'snack', releasing Tom's cock from her mouth and letting go of it to wipe at her lips and chin. She looked at Tom and whispered, "Thank y...", and her smile dropped into a confused frown when she saw the handsome young man was no longer there.  
  
The woman then yelped in surprise when another shopper bumped into her.  
  
"Oh, I'm sorry," the shopper said, "I didn't see you there."  
  
"Uh... it's okay," she replied, looking back at the spot where her naked boy toy was standing, still confused. Then she looked down at the bananas she was going to grab in the first place and saw them spotted with sperm. Trying to hide her grin, she picked up the 'fertilized' fruit and placed it in her cart, absentmindedly wiping at her mouth as she left the shelves.  
  
Tom, crouching under the shelf stand, saw Brenda sneak in and crawl under next to him. They had a hard time containing their fits of laughter.  
  
"Oh, my God," hissed Brenda, "That was hilarious."  
  
"Shit," Tom hissed back, "I thought for sure she was going to freak out when she saw what was in her hand."  
  
Brenda smiled and looked at him askance, "Yeah, you were enjoying it I saw."  
  
"I was, but now... it's your turn."  
  
Brenda almost let out a giggle as she stood up and placed herself above the banana shelf just as Tom did. She had to bend over a bit to place her boobs just above another bunch, and gave Tom a mouth watering view of her pussy peeking out from between her thighs.  
  
But just as Tom was going to grab her thighs and start licking her crotch, a commotion broke out at the front of the store.  
  
Shoppers and employees cried out in fright as two men entered the store, wearing masks and brandishing guns. Tom and Brenda peeked out from under the shelves, seeing the pair of robbers pointing their weapons at anyone close to them and listened to their demands.  
  
"Alright! We want all the money in the registers, now! Put it in bags and hand them over, and no one gets hurts! Anybody tries anything funny, and..." One of the robbers grabbed a grocery bagger, pressing the barrel of his handgun against her head, making her yelp in terror, "...she's the first one that gets it!"  
  
"Tom," Brenda whispered, tilting her ear towards the pair of goons, "I know that voice. That's the guy that..."  
  
"I know," Tom hissed back, eyeing the pair with red hot anger, "I recognize one of them." He pointed to the one holding the sawed off shotgun.  
  
Just under the goon's nose, the outline of a large hoop protruding from under the ski mask he wore could be seen.  
  
Oh, shit; not these two again.  
  
Brenda was almost attacked yesterday in the park by two upstarts that looked like they were leftovers from a punk rock band, and would have succeeded if not for Tom. Invisible, he trounced their perverted plans for Brenda as easily as he had defeated her would-be rapist a few days earlier and scared them off, thinking that they wouldn't be bothering anyone for a while.  
  
"Apparently, they haven't learned their lesson," said Tom, now out from behind the stands and heading towards the punks.   
  
He stopped when Brenda grabbed his arm and quickly whispered, "Tom, don't; they're armed."  
  
"But we've got the advantage, remember?" He held up his hand, the one with the ring on one of his fingers.   
  
"We may be invisible, but that doesn't make us bullet-proof."  
  
"All we have to do is hold them here long enough for the cops to get here."  
  
"'If' they get her," Brenda looked wearily at the cashiers emptying their registers.  
  
"They will, once I hit the alarm," Tom and Brenda worked their way quietly around one of the check out lanes not being manned. Tom reached under the register shelf and, sure enough, felt the emergency response button that would set off the silent alarm and pressed it.  
  
"Okay, keep them between us. We'll fake them out and stall them. If they start shooting, duck for cover."  
  
Brenda kissed him quick and added, "You be careful, too."  
  
The invisible pair got on opposite sides of the robbing duo and readied themselves for the attack. Tom was behind a large display of two liter soda bottles and Brenda grabbed an empty shopping cart, making it vanish the moment she touched the handle.  
  
"C'mon; hurry up!" yelled the one with the bagger in his clutches. The cashiers doubled their efforts to stuff more money into grocery bags.  
  
Signaling Brenda to get ready, Tom made his move. He grabbed a can of vegetables out of someone's cart and tossed it over to the other side of the register lanes. The can clattered across the tile floor and clanked against another display.  
  
Both goons turned towards the sound of the crashing can, readying their weapons, but didn't see anything or anyone. Distracted, neither one of them saw the soda bottle display start to lean and fall, especially the one who was standing right next it.  
  
The one with the hostage turned back to his cohort and, seeing impending doom heading straight for his partner, yelled, "Spider, look out!"  
  
Too late. By the time Spider reacted to his pal's warning, the heavy bottles were already on top of him. Only half of his yelp of surprise made it out of his mouth as the display came crashing down on him, knocking his shotgun out of his hands and spraying him with every flavor of soda there was. One bottle managed to slam directly into his forehead, the resulting impact slamming the other side of his head into the floor and putting his lights out.  
  
Spike, Tom and Brenda already knowing who it was under the mask, just stared dumbfounded at his unconscious partner for a moment, then turned his attention to the rest of the store's occupants.  
  
"Alright, who did that?" he shouted, waving his gun around... and his eyes bugged out when he felt his gun being snatched out of his grasp and disappearing.   
  
"I did."  
  
The voice was low and menacing. Spike, distracted by the haunting response and inadvertently releasing the young bagging girl, slowly looked around him... and his bottom lip began to tremble when he heard, "Remember me?" growled at him. The mask he wore was snatched off his head, confirming that it was indeed the green and pink haired loser that tried to molest Brenda in the park.   
  
Brenda readied herself by the door, shopping cart poised and ready to roll, smirking at the wet spot that formed in front of the punk's pants.  
  
Giving up on his knocked out partner in crime, Spike bolted from the registers and ran for the doors. But he didn't get more than three steps before he let out a yelp of terror as he crashed into something.   
  
Brenda pushed and let go of the cart, which came back into view, and stepped back to watch Spike tackle it. The cart tipped over with his foot caught in the bottom rung and catapulted him over it, sending him into the candy machines. Colorful candy chocolates, gumballs, and glass flew out in every direction when Spike's body slammed into the display and hit the floor in a crumpled heap.  
  
A big red knot formed on one side of his forehead and small rivulets of blood oozed out of his mouth and a couple of cuts on his cheek as Spike's body collapsed. His eyes rolled back into his head... and that was that.  
  
Tom carefully picked up the punk's gun and wiped it off, using some paper towel under one of the registers and, placing it back on the floor near the bagger area, snuck over to his nude partner.   
  
"Nice shot," he whispered into Brenda's ear.   
  
Smiling back, she replied, "Thank you. Yours, too; the soda display was brilliant."  
  
Just then, they heard sirens wailing outside as police cars roared up and squealed to a stop in front of the store. One of the store managers waved at the cops to come in, and four of them charged inside, guns drawn and ready, and almost immediately relaxed when they saw the two robbers lying on the floor and out of commission.  
  
While the store personnel, scared shoppers, and police exchanged questions and answers, Tom and Brenda slipped out of the supermarket, unseen.   
  
"Let's walk for awhile," Brenda suggested, "If they see us leaving the scene of a crime in the car..."  
  
"You're right," Tom nodded, "We'll let things cool down for awhile, then we'll come back."  
  
Still naked and invisible, the pair walked around the neighborhood next to the store, the residents not taking any notice of them.   
  
"Oh, I forgot to mention something," said Brenda, "When that lady was stroking you off at the banana section, she could see you, right?"  
  
Tom grinned, "Yeah, she saw me."  
  
"Well, I was only a couple of feet away from you two and she looked right at me. She didn't even notice that I was there; she couldn't see me."  
  
Tom thought about it for a minute, then, "I guess it works the same way as them touching anything. They can't make anything invisible when they're inside the power field; I guess that means they can't see anything that's invisible, either. I mean, someone else using a ring too; they can't see you the way I can."  
  
"So the rings just work for the persons wearing them, and no one else."  
  
"It looks that way. Well, we're still going to have to be careful what we touch. That's why I wiped off the gun I grabbed."  
  
Brenda was going to ask "Why?" when her eyes lit up and realized what he meant. "Fingerprints."  
  
"Right. If we do anything else to help someone or stop somebody from committing a crime, we have to make sure we don't leave any evidence behind for the police to find."  
  
Brenda stopped their walk and faced him, "'Anything else'? You want to do this full time?"

"Well... think about it. We're invisible; that's a major advantage. We could take down assholes like those two nitwits in the store easily, and they'll never figure it out."  
  
"And if they do 'figure it out' and tell someone..."  
  
"Who are they going to tell? And what would they say? "Two naked people stopped me from robbing a store... oh, and they were invisible."? Who's going to believe them?"  
  
Brenda, hands on her hips in a scolding posture, just lifted an eyebrow, "I'd be more worried about you getting hurt than somebody finding out who we are and what we can do."  
  
Tom closed in on her and took her in his arms, "Believe me, I'd be more worried about you. I don't want anything happening to you, because..."  
  
"'Because' what?"  
  
Tom stared into Brenda's brown eyes and wanted to say what was truly in his heart. He desperately wanted to tell her how much he cared for her, how much he needed someone like her in his life, how much he...  
  
He couldn't make the words come out. Even after all he and Brenda had experienced over the past few days, he still didn't have the confidence to come right out and tell her that he had fallen in love with her.  
  
Tom leaned in to kiss Brenda, holding her close and rubbing her soft skin... and got a strange look on his face as he stared across a lawn at the house next to them.  
  
"Tom, what's the matter?" Brenda craned her neck to look in the direction of his intense stare.  
  
Two young men were loading a plasma screen TV into the back of a van, placing it beside other high end items already inside. The nude pair crept up to the vehicle, seeing among the assorted items a CD/stereo system, a computer with all the extras, two laptops, and various boxes filled with CDs, jewelry, and silver brick-a-brack. They watched the two guys looked carefully around them, as if they were afraid of being seen, and hurried back into the house, leaving the door open.  
  
"What do you think?"  
  
Tom answered Brenda's question as he walked up to the front door, "Let's check it out."  
  
The intrepid pair peeked inside the house and saw a living room, devoid of any valuable items. They quietly entered and were going to start searching when they both heard a door open at one end of the home, then heard footsteps clomping down wooden stairs. They made their way through the kitchen and saw the open door that led to the basement. Carefully creeping down the staircase so as not to make the wood steps creak, Tom and Brenda almost gasped at the sight before them when they reached the bottom.  
  
"Okay, that's everything," one of the two men said, the other one saying a beat after, "Yeah, thanks for the stuff."  
  
The person they were addressing was a woman, about thirty-ish with mussed blond hair and slightly shorter than Brenda... with her hands tied up and yanked over her head and a gag stuffed in her mouth. She was semiconscious, dangling from a ceiling beam with the rope flung over it and tied off to a metal support pole. She tried to get better footing but, in her present position, could only balance herself on her toes, and the welt on her cheekbone swelled her eye shut.  
  
"Before we go," the bigger of the two chuckled, "we're going to have some fun with you, and make sure you don't tell anyone about us."  
  
The terrified woman wearily shook her head and pleaded with them with muffled grunts. The big goon just laughed and unzipped his pants while the other one got behind her and started removing her clothes. He had just got her pants and panties down to her ankles when he suddenly stopped at the sound of something scraping the cement floor.  
  
"What's that?"  
  
He looked at his partner for an answer, but the only response he got was a loud clang. The big goon's eyes rolled back and his body slumped to the floor, out cold.  
  
Just as the other one made a move to help his partner, he heard "Psst." and turned sharply at the sound beckoning him. A fraction of a second later, he immediately doubled over, grabbing his crotch and bellowing to a pitch no man should have been able to hit. Then, with a loud crack, his head jerked sideways and he fell to the floor joining his friend in unconsciousness.  
  
"Get her down; I'll take care of these two," Tom said, tossing the shovel off to the side. Brenda, dropping the now broken tennis racket, went to the pole and untied the knot, slowly lowering it to let the lady regain her balance.   
  
The woman let her arms drop while Brenda put her pants back on for her, and guide her over to a chair to untie her hands. Rubbing her forearms to get the circulation in them going again, Brenda saw the woman trying to get a good look at the ones who saved her, but the hit she took to her face had dazed her so much she couldn't focus on her rescuers.  
  
Undoing the gag, Brenda whispered to her, "Don't be afraid; we're here to help you."   
  
"Are you... ghosts?" the lady managed to mumble.  
  
Brenda glanced behind her to see Tom tying the hands of the two lowlifes and throwing the excess rope over the ceiling beam, silently asking him what she should tell her. He just shrugged unsure as he hoisted the goons, leaving them trussed up in the same position as they had left the woman in, and tied off the rope to the pole, the rope itself vanishing the second he grabbed it.  
  
Brenda turned back to the dazed woman, who was even more confused at seeing the pair of goons being lifted and suspended by... nothing, and answered, "Sort of."  
  
After he was finished, Tom knelt down beside the lady and said, "Look, just tell the police that you..." but he stopped when the woman's head lolled over. Brenda quickly checked her over and sighed in relief.  
  
"She's okay; she just passed out."  
  
Helping her lay the lady back in the chair, Tom said, "Well, in a way, that's good. When she wakes up, more than likely she'll think she dreamed the whole thing about us, or she won't remember."  
  
"And like you said: if she does remember, what could she say? 'Two naked ghosts saved her'? Nobody will believe her."  
  
"Hang on a minute," Tom got up and dashed upstairs. Coming back down with the phone in his hand, he dialed 9-1-1 and handed the phone to Brenda. Sounding tired and scared, she cried into the phone about how she caught two men robbing her house, knocked them both out with a shovel, and had them tied up in her basement.  
  
While she sobbed her harrowing tale, Tom wiped off the shovel's handle with a wet bath towel from a pile of laundry ready for the dryer and placed the garden tool in the sleeping woman's hands. He then tossed the broken racket into the trash and covered it with garbage as Brenda ended her conversation with, "They've hurt me; I can't stay... awake... please hurry..." and clicked the phone off, wiping it and putting it the lady's lap.  
  
Once outside, they walked down the street as sirens were blaring in the distance. When they got to the end of the block, Tom and Brenda saw two police cars and an ambulance screech to a halt in front of the burglarized home.  
  
"She'll be okay now," Tom muttered.  
  
Brenda wanted to be serious about the whole affair but she couldn't help smiling, elated at what they accomplished.  
  
"That was great," she whispered, "We saved her life. Is this how you felt when you saved me?"  
  
"Absolutely; it's a rush, isn't it?"  
  
Brenda nodded, "I feel wonderful. We did a good thing, didn't we? I could get used to this."  
  
When they found themselves wandering through a small field behind the neighborhood, that's when Tom stopped her and made her look at him.  
  
"I don't think I want you getting used to this."  
  
Brenda cocked her hip and asked, "Why not? We make a good team."  
  
"I don't want you getting hurt."  
  
"I won't; we'll be invisible, remember?" She started miming a boxer, dancing around and throwing punches, "They'll never lay a glove on me."  
  
Tom reached out and grabbed her putting a halt to her playing, getting deadly serious with her and making her smile suddenly drop into a frown, "This isn't funny, Brenda! I made a promise to the man who had the rings before me, that I would use this power to help people if I could. But you didn't make that kind of commitment, so you don't have to get involved."   
  
"I'm already involved," Brenda fired back, "You wanted me to help you test the rings, and that's what we're doing."  
  
"Look, pulling pranks and fooling around naked is one thing, but going up against the type of lowlifes we just trashed... guys like that are serious about doing what they do, hurting people because they think they can do whatever they please. I don't want you to be one of the victims."  
  
Brenda loosened herself from his grip and crossed her arms, pouting at him, "I was almost a victim myself, remember? And you just got through saying that we could take down assholes like that easily."  
  
"I know what I said before, but I was wrong; that lady reminded me too much of what could have happened to you. I don't want to purposely put you in the same situation, again."   
  
"You've seen what's going on in this city, Tom," she waved her hand back towards the neighborhood, "That poor lady, in her own home... that's just a small part of what's happening now, and it's getting worse. You weren't wrong; we could help put a stop to it."  
  
"I don't want you in the line of fire. 'Not bullet proof', remember?"  
  
"This is because I'm a woman, right?" she huffed.  
  
Tom threw up his hands in frustration, "No, that's not it at all!"  
  
"Then what is it?" Brenda stomped up to him, anger glowing in her eyes, "Why don't you want me helping you with this?"  
  
"I don't want you in on this sort of thing!"  
  
"WHY NOT!?"  
  
"BECAUSE I LOVE YOU, AND I DON'T WANT...!"  
  
Tom blurted it out without even thinking about it, and now it was too late to snatch it back. His eyes went wide when he realized what he had said, and started to get flustered again. Brenda backed up a step, her eyes tearing up and her bottom lip quivering.  
  
The two of them just stood in the middle of the small field, still invisible and still nude, staring at each other and not making a move or sound. Then Tom held out his arms, giving up on keeping his true feelings bottled up inside him and let it all come out.  
  
"I've wanted to say that ever since we met up again, and I didn't know how to say it until now. I know we've only spent a few days together, and I know it sounds like puppy love or teenage infatuation, but I can't help feeling the way I feel about you. You're soft and loving, you're beautiful, you're fun to be with... you're the only one that's ever affected me like this; not even Helen sparked this kind of..." He stopped himself, knowing he was rambling on, and a tear left his eye as he took her hands into his and uttered, "What I'm trying to say is... I love you, Brenda."  
  
Brenda's own tears started spilling down her cheeks as she edged closer to him, not knowing what to say... so, she let her actions say what was in her heart.  
  
She flung her arms around him, pressing her lips against his. Tom wrapped his arms around her waist and held her close, returning her kiss with fiery passion. Their bodies responded to their sexual heat; Tom feeling her nipples harden and rubbing against his chest, and Brenda feeling his swelling cock nuzzling into her pussy.  
  
They laid themselves down on the soft grass, surrounded by patches of wild flowers and a few cotton wood puffs and dandelion seeds floating in the slight breeze. Some birds chirped here and there and insects buzzed and clicked away as the naked pair kissed and caressed one another.  
  
Brenda rolled on top of Tom, feeling his swollen manhood rubbing into her moist vagina, and asked, "You really mean it?"  
  
"I do," he answered, holding her close and rubbing her bare back, "I know it sounds crazy, since we've only been together for a few days, and I've thought of at least two dozen reasons why I shouldn't feel this way. But there's one reason I couldn't knock down, no matter how hard I tried," he cupped her face, letting her tears run down his thumb, "I've fallen in love with you."  
  
Brenda's smile was bright as she tried to sniff away more tears, and failed.   
  
"I've felt the same way."  
  
Tom's eyes widened at that, more tears threatening to come out.  
  
Brenda nodded, "I thought it was just because you saved me. You know, 'falling in love with the hero' thing. But as we got to know each other better, I realized that... I've fallen in love with you, too."  
  
The tears that threatened to come out of Tom's eyes did just that.  
  
The naked couple embraced, kissing and fondling each other in the middle of the open field, knowing they couldn't be seen but not caring if anyone heard them. Their love was kindling the sexual heat coming off of their bodies as they hungrily devoured each other with hands and lips.  
  
Brenda suddenly turned herself around, placing her face inches away from Tom dick and lowering her crotch onto Tom's. He inhaled her sweet scent and started to lick at her pussy as he felt his cock being lovingly kissed and licked. Brenda moaned around his shaft, feeling his tongue caressing her wet inner folds, as she slathered hers all over his bloated tip.  
  
The only evidence of someone in the throes of love making were the muffled moans and wet smacking sounds coming from the field... and the crater in the middle of it. Tom's and Brenda's skin were in contact with the ground, creating a scooped out hole under them because of the influence of the rings' power fields.  
  
If either of them noticed it, they didn't care.  
  
They stopped their '69' playing, and Brenda turned to face him, rubbing her wet pussy into his hard cock. Wedging his cock head into her love hole, she sighed as she eased herself down on him, smiling and crying at the same time.  
  
Tom caressed and squeezed every curve on her body, from her succulent round breasts to her creamy soft thighs and ass, enjoying her with his eyes and hands as she rode him. He pushed himself up into a sitting position and held her close, burying his face into her cleavage and lovingly kissed and nibbled her boobs and flicked his tongue over her taut nipples.  
  
Brenda arched her head back, enjoying all the attention Tom was giving her, and started to let little giggles come out of her mouth, telling him she was close to orgasm.  
  
Holding onto her sides, Tom let her arch the rest of her body as she humped faster, shaking her head and trying not to be loud. Tom struggled as well, feeling his cock twitch and the sperm inside him start to race up his shaft.  
  
Both of them failed... and neither of them cared.  
  
Brenda, quaking and giggling, couldn't hold it inside of her any longer as her whole body lunged and let out a squealing, "YES!" Her juices gushed out of her pussy, fluttering with orgasmic spasms.  
  
At the same time, Tom's body tightened up as he groaned loudly, feeling his cum rushing up his dick and bursting from his cock hole, adding to Brenda's wetness. Her pussy walls squeezed his cock in response, milking out every last drop of his love.  
  
They clung to each other letting their orgasms subside; Tom rubbing her back and nuzzling her chest, Brenda quivering in his lap with her arms around his neck and kissing his ear. All around them, the sounds of nature wafted their way threw the trees and brush of the field as they simply held each other, basking in the afterglow of their love making.  
  
After a few minutes, Tom faced Brenda with a concerned look.  
  
"Brenda... that was the reason I didn't want you involved. You are in my heart now, and if something happens to you because of some stupid, heroic deed I'm dumb enough to perform, it would leave a hole in that heart."  
  
"Tom," she replied, touching his face, "how do you think it would affect me if you got hurt? Worse, how would I feel if you got hurt because I could've prevented it, but didn't because I wasn't there with you?"  
  
"Brenda, listen to me," he ran his fingers through her hair, "I dragged you into this..."  
  
"But you didn't; you didn't drag me into anything."  
  
"I gave you the ring, I tempted you into all this," he started to cry, "If something happened to you, it would be my fault. If you got hurt, that would kill me."  
  
Brenda matched his tears with her own, "You didn't talk me into anything, Tom; I wanted to help you. I still do, and you said yourself that we would have the advantage." She took his face in her hands, "I'm telling you: we can do this... together."  
  
Tom thought long and hard about what she said, and wondered if they really could accomplish such a daring and daunting task. Their invisibility could help people, thwart criminals, even save lives; already, without even thinking about it, they had saved the lives of dozens of people in the supermarket. And the woman terrorized by two invaders in her own home; if Tom and Brenda hadn't gone inside and stopped them from...  
  
Could they really do it?   
  
Could they really become... heroes?  
  
Tom looked Brenda square in the eye and gave her the answer.  
  
"We'll have to disguise ourselves in the future. Remember, they can see us when they're inside the field with us."  
  
Brenda smiled, "It needs to be something really scary, something that will make 'em pee in their pants."  
  
"Well, your would-be rapist called me a 'ghost'... so did the lady in the basement. I've got an idea or two on how we can use that to our advantage, too. We'll need masks and some kind of protective clothing."  
  
She nodded again, elation welling up inside her, "We'll need some tools, too. Some weapons to bring them down, handcuffs, things like that."  
  
"Whoa, hold on; I don't want to start shooting off guns," Tom thought for a second, then, "but we could use some non-lethal stuff: stun guns, batons, things to bruise them up and knock them out."  
  
"And when we're done with them, we leave them for the police. It'll work."  
  
Brenda was delighted at the prospect of becoming a hero, but Tom gave her an extremely serious look and said, "You have to promise me that you won't get hurt."  
  
She kissed him and answered, "I promise. You better promise me the same thing."  
  
"I promise."  
  
They got up off the grassy field and hugged each other, then headed back to the supermarket to pick up the car, feeling good about themselves and still playfully groping each other's naked bodies along the way.  
  
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Brenda came out of the bathroom to see Tom sitting up in her bed with a sketch pad in his lap. She laid her nude body next to his and watched him scribble his pencil back and forth, her face twisting in confusion when she peeked at the page.  
  
"What are you drawing?"  
  
Tom grinned as he continued putting the finishing touches on his creation, and answered, "This city's two new heroes," and tilted the pad to show her the whole sketch.  
  
Brenda's eyes got bigger when she saw what they were going to become, and all she could say at that moment was, "Good God."  
  
"Too scary?"  
  
She gave him a smirk, "Way too scary... that's why I love it." She smiled at him, reaching for his cock.  
  
"Brenda, quit that; it's distracting."  
  
"I know," she shot back, fondling him.  
  
"C'mon, we've got to put these together if we're really going to do this. We'll need the masks, the clothing... I know where we can get a couple of... Brenda!" Tom stopped reciting their 'shopping list' and groaned when he felt Brenda's mouth engulf his growing member. She suckled the head as she stroked the shaft, making it bigger and harder. Letting the pad fall away, he relaxed and enjoyed the sensation.  
  
Brenda released his now erect and hard dick from her lips and said, "That's better." She stroked him and added, "The disguises can wait for tonight; there's no rush. In the meantime..."  
  
She got up from the bed and sauntered out into the kitchen near the back door, Tom following her with curiosity and lust, watching her bare ass wiggle as she walked.  
  
"And just what's on your mind?" he asked.

Brenda simply grabbed the knob and opened the door, flashing him her mischievous grin again.  
  
"I'll get the rings," he said, but felt her hand on his arm, stopping him. She shook her head 'no', still grinning.  
  
Tom just smirked at her, "Like I said before... I think I've created a monster."  
  
She nodded quickly and, giggling, darted out the door and outside, butt naked and very visible to anyone that happened to be looking in her back yard.  
  
Shrugging, Tom jogged after her into the warm, star speckled night... with a big grin on his face as well.  
  
Boy, those possibilities just keep getting better and better...

**Ghost of a Chance Ch. 05**

The pair of office workers stepped into the empty elevator, readying themselves for the day's job ahead. One was holding a cup of morning coffee in her hand, while the other idly glanced through the paper work in his. The doors closed and the elevator ascended, the floor chime quietly pinging at each level they passed.  
  
The lady's eyebrow went up at the sound of... it sounded like a grunt, muffled and almost too quiet for anyone to hear if it wasn't enclosed in the small space they were in.  
  
"Upset stomach?"  
  
The man turned to his co-worker, "What?"  
  
"I heard you grunt. What, your wife made lasagna for dinner again? You said it upsets your..."  
  
"I didn't say anything; I thought that was you."  
  
They both looked at each other when they heard a small giggle next.  
  
"Alright, what's so funny?"  
  
This time, both of the lady's brows went up, "That wasn't me; I thought it was you."  
  
"Wasn't me."  
  
The pair looked around the elevator car, knowing full well that they were the only two inside.  
  
"Maybe someone's on the intercom," said the man, pointing up to the speaker in the corner.  
  
"And from the sounds of it," his cohort replied with a grin, "it sounds like they're... having fun."  
  
The man admonished her, matching her grin, "And you said I had a dirty mind?"  
  
They both laughed when the car reached their floor and allowed them to exit. The doors closed again and the workers went on about their business.  
  
If they stayed at the elevator doors and strained to listen, they would have heard a woman giggling like a little girl and yelping quietly in the throes of orgasm.   
  
Tom and Brenda, completely naked, were in the final motions of love making, her bending over to meet his thrusts from behind in the corner of the elevator. The only reason the two workers didn't notice them... was because the naked pair was unseen.  
  
Using a pair of rings he found, Tom and his new partner Brenda were able to become invisible. Pulling pranks, having fun and walking around in the nude, the couple tested their new abilities on various things and people. They even managed to save the lives of folks in trouble, thwarting an attempted store robbery and a home invasion. All of their exploits, heroic and sexual (for they were having their own kind of 'fun' being naked and outdoors), were unseen by anyone passing them by.  
  
The safety rail of the elevator disappeared as Brenda grasped it to steady herself, her curvaceous body quivering as she came down from her orgasm. Tom shuddered and smiled as he slipped his large penis out of her delightfully wet and soft vagina, with some of his sperm seeping passed the pink lips.  
  
"Oh," she sighed, looking over her shoulder at Tom, "I love it when you fuck me from behind like that."  
  
He smiled back at Brenda, "I love it when you squirt all over my cock when you cum." He reached for her to cuddle her, his softening dick rubbing against her ass crack, and gently caressed her breasts, "Your giggling is going to get us caught one of these days."  
  
"I can't help it; it tickles," she smiled back as she reached around to grab his butt, "but that's part of the fun."  
  
Even though they couldn't be seen while wearing the mysterious rings, people could still hear them. So they both tried to make an effort to be quiet during their nude escapades, and sometimes not entirely succeeding.  
  
The elevator stopped again and, as a few more office workers entered, Tom and Brenda slipped out. She took his hand and guided him over to a corner of the expansive office layout filled with cubicles, office machines, and computers beeping and clicking away.  
  
"You seem to know your way around up here," Tom whispered.  
  
"I should," Brenda whispered back, "this is the office where my ex-husband works."  
  
Tom gave her a quizzical, foreboding look, "Brenda..."  
  
"I'm not going to do anything; I just wanted to check up on him... and see how he and Carol are doing."  
  
"'Carol'?"  
  
"His slut girlfriend."  
  
"Brenda," Tom hissed, grabbing her arm, "that's not what we're supposed to be doing with the rings."   
  
He had made a promise to the previous owner of the rings that his new power would be used to have a little fun and help people whenever possible, preventing them from being harmed or stopping those that would do harm to others. He was fairly certain that 'revenge' was not what the old owner, or any of the others that preceded him, had in mind.  
  
"I'm just going to take a peek; no harm in that is there?"  
  
Tom sighed and let go of Brenda, "Oh, alright; just a peek. But don't do anything foolish."  
  
"I won't."  
  
They both made their way around cubicles and the few workers that were still hard at it during the midday break and found themselves in front of an office door with the words 'Bradley Delmont- Systems Manager' stenciled across the frosted glass. A paper sign that said "Out to lunch; back in a hour." was taped on the glass.  
  
Making sure none of the office people were looking, Brenda quietly opened the door and the two of them quickly slipped inside. There was no one in the outer waiting area of the office, the secretary's desk unmanned, and next to the single filing cabinet was the door that led into her ex's private office.  
  
"Wendy must be out for lunch," Brenda remarked, referring to Brad's assistant, "if she's still working for him."  
  
"Okay, so what now?" asked Tom in a hushed voice.  
  
Creeping over to the inner office, Brenda strained her ear to the door and heard some kind of movement behind it.  
  
"Somebody must be in there," she whispered.  
  
"Allow me," said Tom, touching the door knob. The brass handle disappeared, leaving the hole that was drilled into the door to accommodate it and its mechanisms remaining. Brenda smirked at the feat and knelt down to peer through the improvised peephole... and almost gasped out loud by what she saw.  
  
In the middle of the office, standing in front of the wide desk, was a woman who was in the process of removing her clothes. She had just finished unzipping her skirt and letting it slide off of her hips, joining the blue blouse that was already pooled up near her feet. Walking up to the desk, she casually unclasped her bra and dropped it to the floor, leaving her wearing a pair of extremely small black panties and heels.  
  
Brenda immediately recognized the man sitting behind the desk, smiling in anticipation at the approach of the almost naked woman; her ex-husband, Brad. She saw his arms move quickly, then saw his pants and shorts hit the floor under the desk, his smile getting brighter with each step the woman took.  
  
Tom noticed the huffy expression on her face and asked, "What's wrong? What do you see?"  
  
Brenda leaned back with a disgusted look, and motioned him to take a peek. He bent down and looked, his eyes widening at the sight of the woman sauntering around the desk to get closer to Brad wearing nothing but panties; her slim figure enhanced by perky breasts topped with swollen, puffy nipples. She placed herself in front of Brad and he slid her panties down, revealing a taut, fashion model's ass. She then leaned forward and held on to the back of his chair as she raised herself up to straddle his lap.  
  
"She doesn't look pregnant to me," he said as he backed away from the door. Brenda told him that her ex left her because the woman he was cheating on her with was with child and he, knowing Brenda would have difficulty becoming pregnant, wanted children and a family.  
  
"That's because she's not!" she hissed, the anger in her voice apparent. She peeped into the hole again to see the woman now hanging onto the chair's armrests, raising and lowering herself onto Brad's lap. When her ass came up, she could see his hands, one under each of her thighs, helping her ride his cock; her legs pointing out and away from her with her panties dangling from her ankle.  
  
"She already had her baby?" Tom asked.  
  
"That's not Carol!" Brenda huffed back, "That's Wendy!"  
  
"What?"  
  
"It's Wendy! Carol is blonde and built like a centerfold!" Her voice came up a notch, looking in on the lewd office pair, the slim girl in Brad's lap a brunette. "That's his secretary!"  
  
"Shh, not so loud; they'll hear you," Tom scolded, "So what if she's his secretary? You're divorced; it's not your problem anymore."  
  
"But I know Wendy. She's young, barely out of high school, and not too bright about things in the real world. I'll bet almost anything that Brad talked her into this just to use her."  
  
"She'll learn," Tom shrugged, looking into the hole again, "Unfortunately, she'll learn this lesson the hard way."  
  
"Not if I can help it." Brenda started to get up and charged through the door when Tom stopped her, letting go of the door knob and causing it to shimmer back into view.  
  
"Hold it. You can't just waltz in there and make demands of him; he's your EX-husband. Besides, he won't be able to see you; invisible, remember?"  
  
"So, I'll take the ring off and..."  
  
"'And' what? Charge in there and start berating him? You're forgetting something; you're not just invisible, you're naked too." Tom looked at her with a serious face as Brenda folded her arms and snorted in disgust, "Listen to me: now that he's divorced from you, what he does is his own affair and none of your business."  
  
"Wendy isn't too smart about things, but she's a sweet girl and doesn't deserve to be treated like that," Brenda shot back, "He's using her because she just happens to be handy for him at the moment. I'm not going to let him get away with that. Who knows how many other girls he's done this to?"  
  
Tom thought about it for a moment, then asked, "You really think he's using his position and authority just for his own sexual gratification?"  
  
Brenda looked him square in the eye and answered, "I'd bet a whole week's paycheck on it."  
  
Tom made the door knob vanish again and peered through the hole, this time seeing Wendy, huffing and grunting, bent over the desk while Brad banged her from behind, sweating and panting from his efforts.  
  
It was happening again: someone was using someone else and taking advantage of them for their own purposes and pleasure. Tom, growing up with people who used and tormented others, despised bullies and manipulators. All his life, he was surrounded by people that bullied and pushed him around, using their authority (real or imagined) to make him feel as if he were nothing more than someone they could use as their own private punching bag. And the only reason they saw for it was, 'because they could'.  
  
If what Brenda was saying about Wendy was true, that she was a naïve young girl that was being manipulated, even forced, by her superior to perform for him, maybe even to the point of threatening her with the loss of her job...  
  
Tom's face hardened as he looked at Brenda, "Then there's only one thing to do about this." He quickly whispered a plan into Brenda's ear and, once the details were set, knocked on the door.  
  
Brenda heard what sounded like someone shuffling around in a hurry. Tom, still kneeling at the door and looking through the hole, saw Brad adjusting his clothes and Wendy scooping up hers and darting off to the side of the room, hiding out of sight. He signaled Brenda to get ready as Brad hurried to the door and opened it.  
  
"I'm on lunch right now; come back..." Brad stopped his retort to look around the office, seeing no one. Shrugging, he turned back into his office and said, "Nobody there; they must have left," closing the door.  
  
Wendy sighed in relief, fearing that if she was caught she would be instantly disciplined for inappropriate behavior in the workplace. Bad enough she was fooling around with her manager who would have dismissed her if she hadn't given in to his whims, but to be caught by someone higher up... Brad would have said anything to place the blame on her and have her fired; she was caught between a rock and a hard place, and felt like the biggest slut in the world as she obediently walked over to her boss at his beckoning.  
  
But Brad stopped her and said, "Run out to the outer office and make sure the door is locked."  
  
Wendy scooped up her clothes, just in case, and carefully crept out into the waiting room while Brad leaned back in his chair, closing his eyes and relaxing while he waited for her.  
  
Wendy hurried to the outer door clutching her clothes to her naked body when, all of a sudden, she felt hands grab her. One hand quickly came up to cover her mouth to prevent the scream that started from erupting and, almost panic-stricken, she saw her vision get a little blurry and heard someone whisper in her ear... and it wasn't Brad.   
  
"Listen to me very carefully," the whisper started, "I am not here to hurt you; I'm here to help you. Do you understand?"  
  
The frightened girl nodded quickly, still unsure of the man's intentions. She knew it was a man behind her because she was feeling what felt like a man's cock rubbing into her ass crack while he held her close to him.  
  
"You don't need to put up with this kind of abuse," Tom continued, "He's using you for his own pleasure; he's forcing you to do these things, isn't he?"  
  
Wendy nodded again.  
  
"He threatened to fire you if you didn't go along with it?"  
  
Again she nodded, a tear leaking out of the corner of her eye.  
  
Tom sighed, relaxing his grip on her a little and said, "Wendy, what he's doing is illegal and he could lose his job over this; worse, he could go to jail. But that would mean a long, drawn out, lengthy process of charges, counter-charges, court appearances, and legal fees that I know you can't afford on a secretary's salary. Besides, there's a chance you might not win; some companies will go to great lengths to turn it around and put the blame on the victim just to save their own asses. So this is what I want you to do: I want you to get dressed, quit this job, and leave right now. You're young enough that you can find another job like this one somewhere else," he released her and, "now, get dressed."  
  
Wendy turned around to see who it was who had grabbed her... and looked around wide eyed at the empty room, not noticing the pen and paper on her desk that vanished.   
  
"C'mon, hurry up and put your clothes on," Tom hissed at her, making her jump. He sensed her fright, and followed with, "I know; you can't see me. It'll take too long to explain, but trust me; I'm here to help you. Get dressed!"  
  
She hurriedly put her clothes back on, with the exception of her bra and panties that she left in Brad's office, while Tom scribbled something on the paper.  
  
Once her blouse was properly adjusted, she felt the hand on her mouth again and felt something being slipped into her skirt pocket.  
  
"This is the name and number of someone you can use as a reference. He's a good man and he will give you a glowing recommendation for your next job interview. Just tell them that it's someone you used to work with and asked if you could put them down as a reference, okay?"  
  
Wendy nodded, not quite as scared as she was the first time Tom held her.  
  
"When you get into a new employment position, just do the job, do your best, and don't let anyone manipulate you like Brad did. Trust me; you'll be better off this way."  
  
From under his hand, Wendy mumbled, "Who are you? What are you? A... ghost?"  
  
"Sort of, yes," he answered. Tom released her and, "Now go."  
  
Wendy bolted for the office door and, taking one last look around and still seeing no one there, opened it and rushed out of the waiting area, quickly stepping towards the elevator and not caring if anyone there saw her leave in a hurry.  
  
While the whole exchange between Tom and Wendy was taking place, Brenda slipped into Brad's office as Wendy sneaked out to check if the outer door was locked. Just as Tom grabbed her and prevented her from alerting Brad, she quietly closed the door and snuck up behind him as he faced the window of his office. She slipped the ring off of her finger and shimmered into view, knowing she wouldn't be able to accomplish her task while being invisible; anything she touched with her bare hands would disappear.   
  
Feeling hands run down his chest from behind, Brad started to get up but was held in place while the hands loosened and removed his tie. If she were invisible, Brenda's power would have made the tie vanish, and her need for it rendered useless until she let go of it. He grinned as the tie was wrapped around his eyes and felt the hands help him out of his chair and push him back to lie on top of his desk.  
  
"I think I like where this is going," he commented, "You're quick to pick up on stuff for a young thing."  
  
Ignoring the snub, Brenda replied in a hushed, light voice, "Per is vox, lux lucis sinus," and put her ring back on, becoming invisible once again. Now that she couldn't be seen, she felt no worries about someone coming into the office unexpectedly; all they would see was Brad lying on his desk and, more than likely, listen to his rushed explanation for the reason behind it.   
  
"What was that, honey?"  
  
Brenda stammered out in a little voice, "Uh, I said it gets better, baby."  
  
Grabbing the curtain ties off the windows, Brenda tied his feet down to the legs of his desk, then tied one of his hands at the opposite end. She had to improvise for his remaining hand, so she grabbed Wendy's discarded and forgotten bra and used that to finish securing Brad to the desk. She saw her panties lying next to the desk leg and picked those up as well.  
  
Brad smiled and gasped in delight when he felt what he thought were Wendy's hands wrestle his pants down again, his dick springing out and standing straight up.  
  
Brenda's lips cracked into an evil grin as she gently teased and tickled his cock and balls, causing him to writhe in lust. Precum oozed out of his piss hole, and Brenda rubbed it into his cockhead making him moan.  
  
Underneath her grin, she was seething at the thought of being used almost in the same manner as Wendy; all she was to Brad were blowjobs and quickies while they were married, just to please himself. Her boring sex life with Brad was just that: hers, and hers alone. He wasn't the dull, unimaginative partner he let on to be; he enjoyed different ways of love making and adventurous types of sexy fun, judging from how easy and quickly he submitted to being tied down and blindfolded... and the smile on his face.  
  
He enjoys doing things like this... just not with me obviously, she fumed.   
  
She spied some hand lotion on his desk and pumped some into her palm, then gently took his hard dick in her hand and began stroking it slowly. More precum bubbled out as Brad squirmed and enjoyed the sensation of 'Wendy's' sweet young hands on his tool.  
  
Brenda pumped his cock faster, playing with his balls, slowing down just to tease him, then speeding back up again. She repeated this maneuver over and over, making Brad writhe and desperate to cum.   
  
She let go of his dick, watching it twitch and turn almost purple in color, and asked, "Would you like to cum now?" in a light, girlish tone.  
  
"Yes," Brad replied in a desperate voice, "Oh God, yes; I need to cum now. My balls are so full, they hurt."  
  
"Aw," Brenda mewled, lightly bouncing his big scrotum on her finger tips, making him groan, "poor little balls; you want to be emptied, don't you?" Her playing made his cock bob and nod in response, "and you, little dick... you want to be played with, too?" Brenda quickly grabbed the discarded panties and stuffed them into his mouth just before his hips lifted off the desk when she grabbed the throbbing penis with one hand and the full sack with the other and, grinning wickedly, said, "Whatever you want, sir." Brad whole body lunged when Brenda kneaded his balls and furiously pumped his hard cock, and felt the tidal wave of sperm start to race up his shaft.

She leaned back as she watched spurts of thick, ropey cum shoot out of Brad's dick, his groans of pleasure muffled by the panties in his mouth. She pumped and squeezed until the last of his spunk leaked out, then let go of his cock to watch it twitch and jerk as his orgasm subsided.  
  
"Now that you've gotten yours," Brenda sweetly whispered, "it's my turn," and grabbed his cock again, slowly stroking it.  
  
Brad started to squirm as his over-stimulated cock was being jacked off again, causing a combination of pleasure and pain. He grunted through the panties for 'Wendy' to stop, but Brenda ignored him as she tortured his pulsing, purple cock by stroking the already sensitive head and lightly slapping at his sore balls.  
  
"Now, let's talk about this situation you have me in," Brenda hissed, "You're threatening to fire me if I don't let you do as you want with me, right?"  
  
Brad nodded quickly, moaning and trying to plead with her through his gag and attempting to free himself from the improvised bonds.  
  
"You're just using me as a piece of ass whenever you want because you're the boss and I'm just a secretary, aren't you?" When she didn't get a fast enough response from him, Brenda stopped her cock stroking and held it in place as she roughly rubbed her palm over his sensitive cockhead, making him lurch. "Aren't you!?"  
  
Brad nodded again, sobbing out muffled pleas.  
  
Brenda went back to her slow stroking and said, "Well, don't you think I deserve some restitution for this?" Again, the response wasn't fast enough, and Brenda started to pump his painfully tickling cock faster and give his nut sack a quick slap, making him nod quickly and sob some more.  
  
"I want your word that you will never manipulate me or anyone else this way ever again." She held onto his cock and twirled her finger around the bloated, purple head until he nodded, whimpering into the gag. She then let go of his dick and grabbed his balls, ready to twist them off, as she fingered his cockhead and watched the shaft jerk back and forth, "If you do anything like this again, I'll charge you with sexual harassment and have you fire for it. Or worse, I'll tell Carol what you've been up to; I don't think a pregnant woman is going to be in a good mood as it is, let alone when finding out her boyfriend is fooling around on her, do you?"  
  
Brad started crying and whining as Brenda continued torturing his genitals, teasing his dickhead and squeezing his testicles, and shook his head.  
  
"Good," said Brenda, "now that we've got that settled..." She let go of his cock and balls, much to Brad's relief, and headed for the door. Hearing her shuffle across the carpet, Brad pulled at his bonds to try and free himself and heard the bra start to rip. But just as the garment was about to give, Brenda turned quickly and said, "Oh, and by the way... I quit," and walked out of the office.   
  
Seeing Tom off to the side, Brenda joined him just as Brad undid the ties that held him, as well as the one that was around his eyes. Spitting out the panties gag, he pulled his pants back on and ran to the door. Rushing out into the waiting room, he saw that Wendy had already left and quietly peeked out of the glass door... and gulped when he saw who was coming down the aisle. Quickly adjusting his clothes, Brad hurried back into his office, not having the slightest inkling that there were two naked people practically standing next to him.  
  
Tom and Brenda just stared at each other in puzzlement by his reaction, but then understood when they saw who had just walked in. It was his pregnant girlfriend, Carol, carefully waddling in with one protective hand across her very swollen belly and a shopping bag in the other. She knocked and entered Brad's office, smiling at him and eager to show him what she had just purchased.  
  
Once the door was closed, Brenda leaned into Tom and whispered, "I hope he had time to hide the bra and panties."  
  
Tom snickered in response as the nude, invisible pair left the office and headed for the elevator. As the couple waited for someone to come up to the floor they were on (for the lunch break was almost over), Tom playfully squeezed her bare ass as Brenda gently stroked his thick, growing member. The elevator dinged and the doors parted, releasing a crowd of workers back from lunch and heading back to their desks. Brenda, still holding onto Tom's cock, led them into the now empty car and dropped to her knees as the doors closed.  
  
As she licked and sucked at his now hard dick, Tom looked down and asked, "What did you do to him in there? I thought I heard crying."  
  
Releasing his cockhead with a slurp, Brenda smiled up and answered, "Let's just say he got... over excited," and stroked Tom's dickhead quickly, giving him a demonstration. He shuddered, not just at the sensation of Brenda's soft, playful hands, but also at the thought of being tortured and painfully teased by a woman scorned. He almost felt sorry for Brad.  
  
Almost.  
  
Tom quietly moaned as Brenda went back to her oral assault on his dick, twirling her tongue around the head and caressing the shaft. He was just on the verge of cumming when the elevator stopped at the ground floor. Brenda got up and the pair quickly slipped by the workers and patrons getting into the car, and she continued to stroke his dick as they made their way to the exit.  
  
"Brenda," Tom grunted through his teeth, "stop that; you're going to make me cum."  
  
"I know," she quietly giggled back at him, and guided him over to a planter near the main doors. Once in front of the shrubbery, Brenda quickly pumped his swelling cock making him arch back and groan through a clenched jaw.  
  
Brenda smiled as she felt Tom's cock twitch and pulse, and saw wads of sperm squirt out of it. The thick white juice splattered the leaves of the bush and dripped down into the soil and rocks beneath it. She slowed down hearing Tom sigh as the last of his semen dribbled out of his cock's piss hole, Brenda leaning down quickly to lick it off the bloated head and making him shiver.  
  
She gave him a sheepish, innocent grin when Tom threw her a 'later for you' look and the two walked out of the building hand in hand naked, and no one noticing a thing due to their invisibility.  
  
Outside, the downtown street was busy with cars, people mulling about and going to work or idly looking into store windows... just a typical average day with folks going about their business. What would have broken up their routine was if they realized that there were two people walking among them in the nude. Tom and Brenda enjoyed the free feeling of being naked outdoors and not being ridiculed for it; nudity in public places was illegal in their city after all, not to mention frowned upon by the town's so-called 'moral' residents.  
  
The nude pair, still fondling each other playfully, reached Tom's car parked at the top of a parking ramp. Seeing no one around, he popped the trunk and hauled out two backpacks, handing one to Brenda.  
  
"Let's take a break and have some real fun," he said, unzipping his pack. Brenda did the same, pulling out a grayish costume and mask.   
  
Once their garments were in place, they looked each other over and grimaced at the sight of their mutual appearance, though under the masks they wore they couldn't see each other's expression. The rings, making them both invisible to all around them, allowed the duo to see each other, after a fashion.  
  
"How do I look?" asked Brenda.  
  
"Hideous," came the reply, "How about me?"  
  
Brenda shuddered a little and answered, "If I didn't know it was you under there, I'd pee my pants."  
  
"Good; the exact effect we want," Tom clipped on a harness full of items that looked menacing (which they were) and said, "Let's start cleaning up this city."  
  
Adjusting her own harness, Brenda followed Tom out of the ramp and onto the streets of the town.  
  
"It's going to take a while without using a car, isn't it?"  
  
"We have the time," Tom answered in a low voice, "We'll just take care of the problems around here one at a time, and we'll let the word spread around that the city doesn't belong to the lowlifes and criminals anymore."  
  
"'Spread the word'? You want people to know about us?"  
  
"Just the scumbags. Once the word gets out, we'll let fear do half the work for us."  
  
Brenda smiled under her mask, "Oh, I get it. Once they find out about us, they'll be scared stiff not knowing if we're around or not."  
  
"Exactly," Tom smiled back, unseen under his own disguise, "Not knowing where we're going to strike next will be a good deterrent. They'll be so paranoid, they'll start making mistakes..."  
  
"...and when that happens, that's when we take them down."  
  
Tom stopped and pointed towards an alley off to the side, "And I think we've just found our first contestant."  
  
Brenda looked to where he was pointing and saw their target.  
  
Hidden just inside the alley opening was a young man in street clothes, a gold chain dangling from his neck and wearing expensive sneakers. As certain people walked by him, his hands quickly darted out; one hand slipping something to them, and the other taking something from them and pocketing it.  
  
Tom and Brenda crossed the street to get a closer look, but they already knew what the young man was up to. Unseen, the pair positioned themselves on either side of him and confirmed their suspicions upon the next hand trade off.  
  
Tiny plastic baggies with off-white colored crystal rocks were being handed over to buyers, while wads of cash were being handed back and immediately stuffed into the kid's pocket.  
  
Tom and Brenda just shook their heads in disgust.  
  
Checking to make sure no one was looking in their direction, Tom laid the pinky side of his gloved hand against the kid's waist. The glove had an opening cut into it, exposing a small part of his hand and, once it touched the belt line of the kid's pants (for any part of his bare skin would render anything he touched invisible upon direct contact, be it something specific or an area in general within three feet), the punk vanished.  
  
The kid shook his head for a minute, trying to clear his vision; everything around him became fuzzy and out of focus. His confused look changed to surprise when he heard someone behind him.  
  
"Ahem..."  
  
A few people on the street were startled by the sound of someone screaming and the clatter of a couple of trash cans being toppled as the young punk darted down the alley, not believing what he just saw.  
  
Recovering from his fall into the garbage cans, (because something tripped him up) the kid frantically looked around him for... whatever the Hell it was that he saw. But the only thing present with him in the alley was the various garbage cans and trash strewn about... and a low, haunting chuckle.  
  
Scrambling to his feet, the kid started down the alley again, but was tripped up once more by something that made him sail right into another pile of garbage. He didn't have the time to get back to his feet on his own; a pair of hands helped him and, once he was up, he let out a terrified shriek as his 'helper' shimmered into view.  
  
"You've got some explaining to do, young man," said the growling figure in front of him. But the kid couldn't make any words come out of his throat at the sight of his tormentor.  
  
He... it... was slightly taller than he was and twice as wide, with huge arms bulging within a long dark coat. The black boots matched the clothing under it, as did the weapons on the belt. But the most frightening part of the thing's appearance was his face... or lack of it, rather. Under a black wide brimmed fedora was a skull, its eyes tinted red.   
  
The punk then pulled out a knife and was ready to plunge it into the freak, but felt another hand grab his wrist. The knife was quickly twisted out of his grip and he let out another shriek at the sight of a second apparition, this one dressed almost the same as the first but in dark grey and a hood instead of a hat. The face wasn't a skull... it was worse. From tinted blue eyes stared a face that looked like it was stitched together in places, exposed bone in others. Like a face of a corpse that had been dead for years.   
  
"You've been a bad boy, haven't you?" the corpse rumbled.  
  
"H... here," the punk managed to get out, reaching into his pockets and pulling out the drugs and a large folded wad of money, which he offered to the frightening pair, "Just take it! I... I don't want no trouble, man!"  
  
The skull faced horror slapped the drug baggies away, "I don't want your poison!" He then grabbed the cash and threw it back into the punk's face, "and I don't want your tainted money!"  
  
Holding the punk against the wall with one hand, Tom drew a black baton with the other and held the blunt end of it under the kid's chin. At the same time, Brenda pulled out a stun gun and activated the business end making blue sparks arch between the prongs.  
  
The punk immediately peed in his pants, the smell of urine wafting up to their noses despite the masks the menacing pair wore.  
  
"You're out of business, you little shit," the skull growled, "If I ever see you dealing again..." he left the threat dangle as he pushed the kid's chin higher with the baton.  
  
"Don't... don't kill me," he whined.  
  
"Oh no," the corpse answered, "We're not going to kill you; you have a job to do."  
  
"That's right; you're going to tell all of your lowlife friends about us," the skull monster pulled the kid closer to him and got into his face, continuing, "You're going to spread the word and give the criminals of this city a message: the streets no longer belong to you... they belong to us now! We'll be watching, and you'll never know where we'll strike next!"  
  
"What the fuck are you?" the kid whimpered, his eyes bulging out.  
  
Tom leaned in closer, his red eyes glinting, "I'm... the Ghost." He nodded to Brenda, and she edged up to the terrified punk.  
  
"And I'm the Ghoul; we're two versions of the same thing: death." Brenda placed the sparking stun gun up to the kid's face, and, "and that's exactly the result that's going to happen if we ever catch you doing this again!"  
  
Tom dropped the punk down into the trash bags and backed away, he and Brenda disappearing the moment they let go of him. The dealer struggled out of the garbage and looked around the alley, only to see that he was alone. His eyes popped out when he heard, "You better pray we don't see you again... because you definitely won't see us!" followed by a pair of horrific, evil laughs.  
  
Cars came to a screeching halt as the screaming petrified punk darted out of the alleyway and into the oncoming traffic, losing himself in the cityscape as fast as he could run with the eyes of puzzled people boring into him.  
  
Even though Tom couldn't see it under her mask, Brenda smiled and said, "It worked; he pissed his pants he was so scared. I don't think he'll be a problem anymore."  
  
Tom nodded, "Another one down; several to go."  
  
Brenda knelt down and picked up the discarded baggies and tossed them into a trash can, then retrieved the scattered bills of twenties and fifties and held them out, "What should we do with this?"  
  
Tom eyed the bundle of cash thoughtfully and answered, "I'm not sure. Should we donate it? Drop it into a charity box? Give it to some homeless people, maybe?"  
  
"Well... actually," Brenda hesitated, "I had an idea, if we ever came across this situation."  
  
"You're not thinking of keeping it, are you?" Tom swore, to himself and the rings' previous owners, that he would never use his ability for personal gain; that included money, as far as he was concerned.  
  
"Well... yes and no," Brenda cocked her hip and continued, "Now before you start lecturing me, hear me out. This... 'extracurricular activity' we're doing is going to get expensive, and the money you have put away and my trust fund won't last forever. So..."  
  
Tom interrupted her, "You have a trust fund?"  
  
She nodded, "My father started it for me when I was young. I didn't tell Brad about it, just in case."  
  
"Good call."  
  
Brenda tilted her head in a smirk, "Anyway, it's a good size chunk of money but it's not going to last long if we keep doing this. Neither of us is working right now, and we're going to need some... extra income." For emphasis, she waved the wad of bills at him.  
  
Tom thought it over for a minute, and, "You want to use this kind of money to fund our... 'activities'."  
  
"The kind people don't call the cops about and report 'stolen', yes. And we'll use it just for our 'hero' work, and nothing else."  
  
Tom had to admit that Brenda's idea did make sense. No criminal would start yelling about being robbed, especially if their money was ill gotten. And using it against them would be considered 'poetic justice'.  
  
"Only the money that's received through illegal transactions, like drug deals and money laundering; things like that," he warned, "If they stole it from someone directly, the money goes back to the victim."  
  
"Deal," Brenda stuffed the cash into a pocket on her belt pack and idly checked the 'tools' hanging from it, "Ready to make some criminals cry?"   
  
The invisible duo walked the streets of the city, checking out store alleys and back lots, looking for more trouble makers. Throughout the day, they had managed to thwart a mugger, a purse snatcher, and a pair of would-be shakedown artists extorting 'protection' money from a shop keeper. Each one of them received the same warning as the drug dealing punk got, and each one leaving the scene of their crimes with wet spots on their crotches.  
  
Evening was approaching and the crime fighting pair decided to call it a night. Still unseen, they walked up to the top tier of the parking ramp and headed for their car.  
  
"You wouldn't happen to know anyone on the police force, would you?" asked Brenda.  
  
"No I don't; why?"  
  
"That's too bad; we could use some tips and inside information about crimes going down. You know, like stakeouts and undercover stuff, drug raids and..."  
  
"Whoa, let's not get carried away with this," Tom scolded, "Let's just take this one step at a... what the Hell?"  
  
Brenda looked towards the area Tom was staring at and was puzzled as well.  
  
A young woman had just stumbled out of the stairwell on the other side of the parking ramp, and was franticly searching the cars for an unlocked door. What made the sight more shocking was the fact that she was wearing a black bra with one ripped strap and a pair of boy shorts to match... and nothing else.  
  
Tom and Brenda, Ghost and Ghoul, drew their batons already having a suspicion as to what was going on, and it was confirmed when two men bolted out of the stairwell and pointed towards the woman trying to hide between the cars. The pair got on either side of the hapless girl, trapping her between the vehicles, and slowly advanced on her.  
  
"We gave you what you wanted, sweetheart," said one of them, "Some drinks, some dancing, and some extra fun with the pill we slipped you. Now, you're going to give us some fun."  
  
"No," the lady whimpered, her speech slurred, "you put that shit in... my drink."  
  
"Just to loosen you up, doll," replied the other man, "And now that you're loose..."  
  
"Excuse me."  
  
The bigger of the two men turned sharply at the sound of someone behind him, but didn't see anyone.  
  
"Did you hear that?" he called to his partner.  
  
"Hear what?"  
  
"This!" came the growling reply.  
  
The eyes of the smaller man bugged out as he witnessed his friend double over in pain, clutching at his stomach. He then saw him throw himself into the side of the car the girl was crouching next to, his head slamming into the fender and knocking himself out.  
  
Foolishly thinking the woman had done something, the smaller man turned to accuse her of... but backed off a step and started looking around the lot, because the woman had somehow got passed him and disappeared among the maze of autos.

Suddenly, the man jerked around when he felt someone tapping his shoulder and was treated to a fist connecting to his face. He hit the pavement, dazed and shaking his head, then felt hands grabbing him. The look on his face was pure gold to Ghost as he materialized in front of him and grumbled, "Looking for me?"  
  
The punk shrieked in terror at the sight of a menacing skull in his face and tried to break free of the monster's grip. Ghost helped him get loose by smashing him in the jaw again, sending him sprawling to the cement and moaning through a haze of pain.  
  
Ghost decided to end the ordeal when the other one started to roust himself, and gave both of them a zap of his stun gun sending the pair of goons into unconsciousness.  
  
Once the attackers were down for the count, he carefully walked over to Ghoul who was holding the almost nude woman in the same spot she was hiding in. Inside her power field, the woman was unseen by her assailants giving them the impression that she had escaped.  
  
"My partner's coming over," Ghoul whispered at the trembling woman, "Don't be afraid when you see him; he's here to help you, too. He's the one who took out Tweedledumb and Tweedledumber."  
  
The woman jumped a little when she felt another hand on her arm, and her look of shock got wider when Ghost appeared beside her.  
  
"Is she alright?" he asked.  
  
"I'm not sure," was the reply, "She's scared, but she's really out of it... and she's hot. Whatever those idiots gave her, I think it's starting to kick in."  
  
"Okay, let's get her to the car." Ghost hefted the lady on one side, Ghoul on the other, and they both gently guided her over to Tom's car and poured her into the back seat.  
  
"They gave me... a Sex-O," the girl said, but in a soft slurred way.  
  
"Oh shit!" Ghoul blurted out, "I've heard of those!"  
  
Ghoul got into the seat next to the drugged woman, and she and Ghost removed their masks and the parts of their costumes that could be seen through the windows.   
  
"That's a cool trick, you guys," the woman said in a half asleep voice, and started to giggle when Tom and Brenda took off their rings and shimmered into view, "Show me how you do that."  
  
"Oh man," huffed Tom as he started the car, "We've got to get her to a hospital."  
  
"They can't give her what she needs," Brenda shot back.  
  
"What are you talking about? Those idiots drugged her with... what the Hell did she say it was, a 'Sex-O'? I don't even know what that is!"  
  
"I do; it's... relatively harmless."  
  
"'Harmless'? You're kidding, right? Just look at her!"  
  
"It'll be all right, Tom. Just go to my house; we can take care of her there."  
  
Tom pulled out of the parking ramp and headed for Brenda's home, still not convinced that they shouldn't take the half out of it lady to a doctor.  
  
Halfway there, the woman giggled some more and started rubbing her body all over, moaning and purring when she brushed her bra clad breasts with her palms.  
  
"You're sure she'll be alright?" Tom asked, throwing the question over his shoulder.  
  
"She'll be fine; don't worry. I've seen this kind of thing before," Brenda explained what was happening to the girl, as the trio made their way through the nighttime streets.  
  
The pill she took (or was given without her knowledge), called a 'Sex-O, was a homemade drug that surfaced within the last decade, used to increase sexual activity and endurance while leaving the person in an almost euphoric state. Shaped like a tiny donut (hence the name), it was anything but a sweet treat, even though some people ate them that way. Both men and women could take it and, since most took it willingly, Sex-O was only considered 'half immoral/illegal', street-wise anyway. It had twice the potency of so-called 'Spanish Fly', but without any of the debilitating aftereffects or brain damaging chemical reactions of regular street drugs.   
  
What it did was make the person relaxed, happy, and extremely horny. So horny that they would continue to relieve themselves of sexual frustration until the drug had worked its way out of their system, sometimes for hours depending on how much they took. Once the drug wears off, the person would simply fall asleep ten or so minutes afterwards. The only side affect of Sex-O was that it left gaps in the memories of some with certain metabolisms.   
  
"One of my dorm sisters used a couple of them once," Brenda continued, watching the girl start to feel herself up under her bra, "She said she was going to have fun at a party. Well, the party turned out to be three guys and a case of beer. She had fun alright, taking all three of them on at once... for four hours, and even after the guys were spent she was still 'jilling off'."  
  
"How did you know?"  
  
"She told me the next morning, after they brought her back to the dorm. She thought she dreamt the whole thing, until she showed me the pictures those pigs took of her. She was actually proud of it and bragging about how she wore out three guys in one night!"  
  
Tom smirked a little at that, "I'll bet she wasn't feeling so hot afterwards."  
  
Brenda snorted a laugh and answered, "The next week, she said her throat and pussy were sore for two days and her asshole for three."   
  
Tom huffed out his own laugh and glanced at the girl in the back, catching a glimpse of her hand under her bra cup fondling her boob.  
  
"So how are we going to help her?"  
  
Before Brenda could answer him, Tom pulled the car into her driveway and said, "Put your ring on; we don't want anyone seeing us with her and getting the wrong idea."   
  
Brenda recited the ring's inscription, as did Tom, and they both vanished. The girl started to say something, confused by what she saw happen, but Brenda shushed her and put her arm around her making her disappear as well.  
  
Seeing no one in any of the neighbors' windows, the invisible trio quietly got out of the car and headed to the back door of the house, the drugged woman swaying slightly in a buzzed stupor.  
  
Once safely inside, Brenda sat the girl down on the couch and blew out a sigh of relief, she and Tom slipping their rings off and making the girl giggle again when they reappeared.  
  
"Okay," said Tom, unbuckling his weapons belt, grabbing Brenda's and tossing both of them into a chair, "Tell me how we're supposed to help her."  
  
"The only way to help her is to let the drug work its way through her system until it wears off. And the only way to do that is to... let her ease her... sexual frustration."  
  
"Oh, great," Tom groaned, "You mean we're going to have to keep an eye on her, while she's getting off playing with herself?"  
  
"Mmm, sounds like fun," the woman purred as she proceeded to remove her bra. Just as it fell into her lap, Brenda grabbed her wrists.  
  
"Whoa; slow down, girl. What's your name?"  
  
"Monica Presssseesssesss," she replied, slurring her last name.  
  
Brenda sighed, "Well listen, Monica; we're going to do what we can to help you."  
  
Monica smiled, "You wanna help? Good; take your clothes off." With that, Brenda let go of her wrists and watched as Monica slipped her boy shorts off her hips and let them drop down to her feet.  
  
"Brenda, why didn't you stop her?"  
  
"You're not going to able to stop her, unless you knock her out; trust me."   
  
The pair of heroes just stared at the girl reclining on the couch, naked and horny. With one hand, she cupped her breast (about the same size as Brenda's) pinching the hard, dark nipple topping it, and slid the other down between her spread thighs to diddle her moist vagina, smooth and topped with a thin strip of light brown pubic hair. She started breathing harder as her fingers quickened their pace, making her writhe and moan. "Best thing we can do is just let her have at it... or..." Brenda flashed Tom a raised eyebrow.  
  
Already knowing what she was thinking, Tom returned the look with a scowl, "Brenda..."  
  
"I know," she replied, rolling her eyes, "You said you didn't want to take advantage of someone like this, but we'd actually be helping her in a way. The more sexual tension that she releases, the quicker the drug works its way out of her system." Brenda started removing her clothes, undoing her pants first, "And besides, half the time the person doesn't remember anything that happened."  
  
But Tom balked, watching Brenda pull her shirt off after she had kicked her pants away, "But what if she does remember?"  
  
"We'll worry about that when the time comes," Brenda unclasped her bra and let it fall to the floor, "Right now she needs relief... unless you want to listen to her play with herself all night long. She'll be up for hours if we don't help her out and if she keeps it up that long, she could hurt herself by rubbing her pussy raw. The kind of infections you could get from that... she could definitely wind up in a hospital then."  
  
Brenda removed the last of her clothes by slipping her panties off her hips and letting them drop down her legs. She sat down next to the horny, frustrated girl and, caressing her thigh, whispered sweetly, "Don't worry, honey; I'll help you."  
  
Monica smiled as Brenda looked into her eyes and gently leaned in to kiss her. Their lips parted and their tongues started dancing as Monica stopped fondling her boob and reached out to cup one of Brenda's. She moaned as the girl's hand and fingers made her nipple stand out, and she returned the favor by placing her own hand on Monica's tit.  
  
Tom was definitely conflicted, torn between keeping his word that he wouldn't take advantage of someone this way and wanting to join the pair of naked women on the couch. He was enjoying the sight of Brenda's and Monica's lustful playing; so was his cock as it made a huge bulge in front of his pants.  
  
Brenda dipped her head down to flick her tongue over Monica's hard nipple, making her arch her back and moan. Monica's fingers moved faster over her wet pussy and her thighs started jiggling.  
  
Noticing his bulge, Brenda stopped her tongue flicking and said, "C'mon, get your clothes off and help me with her. The more excited she gets, the faster the drug will wear off."   
  
She saw the hesitation in his eyes, not because of the way he felt about doing something he thought might be unethical, but because of the way he felt about her. Tom had professed his love for Brenda, and he didn't want her to think he was cheating on her, after a fashion.   
  
Knowing what he was really worried about, Brenda flashed him her grin that always said, 'Let's get naked and do something naughty', and said, "It's okay, Tom; just consider this... 'in the line of duty'."  
  
Tom resigned to the fact that he couldn't argue with what needed to be done, even though it was a bit out of the ordinary, and stripped down. His cock certainly wasn't objecting to it as it popped out of his pants and sprang upwards, precum oozing from the tip.  
  
Monica moaned as her sleepy eyes locked onto Tom's fat member, and stretched her hand out to grab it. But Brenda gently pulled it back in, saying, "Not yet, Monica; us first, then we'll take that big boy on."  
  
Brenda kissed Monica's boobs all over, then trailed her lips down her body and wiggled her tongue into her belly button, making her giggle.  
  
"I didn't know you were bisexual," Tom muttered, his hand slowly pumping his cock up and down as he watched the two women play their sexual game.  
  
"I'm not," she answered, nuzzling Monica's little strip of fur and inhaling the scent, "Once in a while, the girls in the dorm would... well, you know. Nothing serious; it was mostly just for fun." With that, she lowered her mouth to Monica's pussy and playfully swiped her tongue over the swollen lips, knowing as only a woman could where all the right spots were.   
  
Lying herself back and squeezing her tits, Monica lifted her hips up slightly to meet Brenda's delightfully teasing tongue and panted out gasps of pleasure.   
  
Tom wanted to keep jerking off at the beautiful sexy sight, but made himself stop. If Brenda was right about Monica's condition, he couldn't afford to cum right now and make her wait until he was ready again; he would have to hold out as long as he could. It wasn't easy, though; he forced himself not to touch his dick, even though it was twitching and demanding attention by leaking precum from its bulging head and letting it run down the length of its shaft.  
  
Monica spied his dribbling cock, watching it twitch and throb; she wanted his cock in her, and it didn't matter which hole he chose as long as she could feel its hardness inside her.   
  
But suddenly, her eyes widened and her breath came out in a sharp gasp as Brenda, still licking and munching away at her pussy, found her 'sweet spot'. Brenda spread her thighs apart farther and held her in place, feeling Monica's reaction to her teasing, and attacked the area with gusto.  
  
Tom's cock was so hard it was almost painful as he watched Monica squirm and gasp for air under Brenda's talented tongue. He knew she wouldn't be able to hold back the orgasm building up, being on the receiving end of Brenda's mouth himself.  
  
With a quick intake of breath, Monica grasped the arm of the couch behind her head and held on for dear life.  
  
"Oh... oh... oh, God... I'm gonna... gonna..."  
  
The wave of pleasure overtook her as Monica flung her head back and let out an animalistic groan. Brenda lapped furiously at her wet and quivering pussy, her juices coating her mouth and chin. Monica's whole body lunged and started quaking as her orgasm flooded through her loins.  
  
"Oh, God... oh, yes... oh... ohhhhhh," she sobbed.  
  
After a moment or two, Monica lowered her body back down on the cushions, panting and shivering as Brenda brought her down from her cum by lovingly licking and kissing her puffy cunt.  
  
She rose up from her crouch, and Tom noticed her own sexual response to her oral ministrations. Her swollen nipples were sticking out so far they looked like they hurt, and her pussy was glistening from horny moisture.  
  
She caressed Monica's thighs and smiled at her, watching her rub and squeeze her breasts then her hot pussy, still needing sexual release.  
  
"Okay, sweetie," she said softly, then threw a glance at Tom, his cock turning purple and shining on one side with precum, "Now you can have him."   
  
Still panting with sexual heat, Monica hungrily licked her lips at the sight of Tom's huge, pulsing cock. Tom, still a little hesitant, threw Brenda a look to check and see if the situation was alright.  
  
Brenda winked at him assuredly and said, "It's okay, lover; go for it. Give her what she needs."  
  
Monica reached out to grab Tom's shaft, but he stopped her and said, "Not yet, Monica; let's get a little more comfortable." He knelt down and scooped up Monica in his arms, hers wrapping around his shoulders as she nibbled and kissed his neck. Tom carried her into the bedroom with Brenda right behind them, and laid her down.  
  
Monica didn't stay put for long, for once Tom got along side of the bed, she rolled over to him and began fingering his cock, scrutinizing it with her eyes and soft fingertips, making it twitch in response. She stroked it a few times making more precum flow out of the piss hole, then started licking up and down the vein covered shaft. Tom inhaled quickly as the sex crazed girl engulfed his cockhead and started stuffing as much of his dick into her warm, wet mouth as she could, her tongue slathering it with lustful swipes.  
  
Lying next to Monica, Brenda's boobs heaved as her breathing became heavier and she pushed her hand between her thighs, fingering her already wet pussy.  
  
Her other hand reached under Monica and squeezed one of her soft tits, whispering, "That's it, Monica; suck him good. He loves blowjobs."  
  
Hearing that, Monica picked up her pace and made her head bob faster. Tom groaned in delight at the attention his dick was getting; from Monica's warm mouth and Brenda's voyeuristic stare. She was enjoying watching Tom receive head from other woman, having seen it once before when a woman 'accidentally' found his cock in the supermarket during one of their naked, invisible romps.  
  
Monica moaned around Tom's dick and her hand immediately darted between her legs to play with her clit; she felt fingers sliding in and out of her pussy. Her fingertips flew over her swollen bud as Brenda wriggled two digits inside of her velvet love hole, making it slick and shiny.  
  
Her eyes bugged out when Brenda slipped a finger into her tight anus and, wiggling them in unison, sent her over the edge again. Monica slipped her mouth off of Tom's cock and grunted, her hips quaking, as the next orgasm clamped her holes around Brenda's probing fingers.  
  
They both thought Monica was going to lie back and rest for a minute when she flipped onto her back, panting and smiling, but were mistaken. Her hands eagerly groped and fondled her body once again, wanting more of what Tom and Brenda were offering.  
  
"Please," she begged, spreading her legs apart, "I need a cock inside me, right now."  
  
"How long did you say this would last?" asked Tom, giving Brenda a worried glance.  
  
"Another hour, maybe more," she answered, running her fingers over the horny girl's stomach.  
  
"You said your friend was at it for four hours, and then some."  
  
"Yes, but she took two Sex-Os; those clowns at the parking ramp said they slipped a pill into her drink. 'Pill', singular. If that's true, then she'll be through this in an hour, maybe less if we both work on her." Brenda's hand drifted up from Monica's belly to cup her boob, still hot and topped with a puffy nipple.  
  
"All right," Tom sighed as he positioned himself between the horny girl's parted legs. He checked one last time with Brenda to be sure, and she smiled and nodded that it was okay.  
  
With Brenda licking her neck and ear and caressing her tits, Monica moaned in satisfaction when she felt the head of Tom's cock part her pussy lips and ease its way inside her hot canal. As soon as his hard length was halfway inside her, she quickly wrapped her legs around his hips and pulled him into hers.  
  
"Ohhhhhh, yes," she sighed, then looked at Brenda with sleepy eyes, "He's so big... you're a lucky gal."  
  
Brenda smiled sweetly at her, then winked at Tom and said, "I certainly am."  
  
Tom returned her smile with love, then got back to business. He was humping Monica, but he didn't really put too much effort into it; she was doing most of the work. Monica's hips were thrusting up hard against him, trying to get his entire thick member in her slippery, wet cunt.  
  
Tom did his best to hold out while Monica's pussy squeezed and milked his cock; Brenda wasn't helping his situation any, turning him on even more by licking and sucking Monica's nipples and watching them kiss like two porn stars in heat.  
  
He fucked her faster when she started moaning louder, and Brenda nibbled and tugged at her nipples knowing she was going to cum again. Her orgasm lasted a little longer than the previous ones as she arched her body to Tom and let out a sobbing moan when her pussy tightened up around Tom's cock.  
  
Tom withdrew his throbbing shaft as Monica calmed down and laid her hips back down on the bed, proud of himself for holding out as long as he did; her tight, hot pussy making it difficult.   
  
But he and Brenda knew they weren't finished yet when Monica rolled over and lifted her hips into the air again, spreading her ass cheeks apart and moaned, "More..."  
  
Tom rolled his eyes and groaned, "You've got to be kidding," then looked at Brenda, "Does this drug let you rest at all?"  
  
"That's the appeal of it," she shrugged, "It can make you go all night if you take enough of it."  
  
Tom rubbed his face and muttered, "Oh, Christ on a crutch. I love having lots of sex, but this..."  
  
"Don't worry," Brenda assured him, positioning herself in front of Monica, "She's starting to sound wore out; one more time and that should do it." She reached towards Monica's ass and rubbed a finger tip around her little puckered hole, making her quiver and giving Tom a hint, "Give it to her good; that should wear the drug down."

Tom lubed up his fingers with baby oil and gently probed Monica's anus while Brenda spread her legs under the woman's head.  
  
Grabbing a handful of her hair, she made Monica look at her and said, "Okay, horny girl; you really want to get off good this time?"  
  
"Oh, yes." Monica sighed back, feeling Tom's fingers wiggling inside her ass.  
  
Figuring she would get more excited and shake off the affects of the Sex-O faster, Brenda smiled wickedly and seductively and said in a stern, sultry voice, "Well, then you're going to have to give me something too. Do you want to please me, baby girl?"  
  
"Ooh, yes; let me please you."  
  
"Would you like to taste me?"  
  
Monica looked down at Brenda's moist, glistening pussy lips and said, "Oh, please let me taste you."  
  
"Will you lick me and make me cum?"  
  
"Oh, God yes; I want you to cum on my face!"  
  
Tom did his best to calm down and ignore what the two women were saying, but their sexy talk was making his balls ache.  
  
Brenda released Monica's hair and leaned back against the headboard, saying, "Lick me, Monica; make me cum."  
  
Monica cooed as she lowered her head into Brenda's crotch, and started nuzzling her thatch of fur and kissing her pussy lips. Brenda sighed when she felt her tongue lapping over her pussy, her breasts slowly rising and lowering with heavy breaths.  
  
His swollen cock twitching and his nuts full and aching for release, Tom watched the two women writhing on the bed in lustful abandon, his fingers still sliding in and out of Monica's tight hole. With all the sex going on, it didn't take too long for Brenda to start cumming, though it felt like hours to Tom. Reaching behind to grab the headboard and steady herself, Brenda panted and giggled as her orgasm closed in on her, Monica licking at her clit and hitting her special 'tickle' spot.  
  
"Oh... oh... ohhhhhhh, yes!" she cried out as she came into Monica's mouth, tiny squirts of pussy juice wetting down her face. Brenda humped at her tongue, yelping with each thrust, and finally groaned as the last of her orgasm fluttered out of her pussy. Running her fingers through Monica's hair as she lapped up the rest of her love juice, Brenda nodded to Tom and sighed, "That was wonderful, sweetie... now, you get your reward."  
  
Monica's ass cheeks quivered in excitement as she felt Tom's bulbous dickhead press against her asshole.   
  
"Yes... yes..." she panted, lowering her hips to bear down on his cock, "Oh, yes; give it to me! Give me your big cock!"  
  
Tom sighed in relief when what he was hoping for happened: Brenda moved out from under Monica's mouth and laid down beside her, reaching up between her thighs to play with her wet cunt. Making Monica cum sooner was a good thing, for Tom doubted he could have held out for long; her ass hot and tight and wanting more of him inside.  
  
"Oh... oh, yes... yes... oh, fuck!" Monica blurted out as the last of Tom's cock slid into her ass all the way to its base, "Oh, shit; he's so fucking big! Make me cum again! Oh God, make me cum!"  
  
Once again, Monica was doing most of the work as she humped her ass into Tom's hips, his swollen slab of man meat slipping in and out, faster and faster. She buried her face into a pillow and moaned and grunted as Brenda wiggled her fingers into her already fucked pussy and brushed her clit with her thumb.  
  
Tom was thankful when he felt Monica's thighs start to quiver and his balls slapping against her even more wet cunt; it told him she was cumming again... hopefully for the last time tonight. Thankful, because he was close to his own orgasm.  
  
Monica humped faster and started trembling all over; her squeals muffled by the pillow, but getting louder. Finally, her whole body stiffened up and she grunted wildly into the pillow as her orgasm hit her with full force; Tom's throbbing cock in her ass and Brenda's fingers tickling her twat.  
  
"Oh, oh, oh, oh... ohhhh, fuuuuck!" As her orgasm flushed through her groin and started to subside, Monica lowered her shivering body down on the bed, forcing Tom to slip his bloated cock out of her ass. Knowing he needed to cum too, Brenda grabbed his slippery shaft and quickly pumped it making him arch back and groan. Thick jets of sperm shot out of his cock and splattered all over Monica's back and ass, making her moan softly and gyrate her hips at the sensation of hot cum being squirted on her body.   
  
Brenda milked Tom's dick to make sure his balls were properly emptied to relieve the pent up pressure building inside his sack during their sexual escapade and, once the last of his cum seeped out and dribbled onto Monica's shapely ass, she drew herself up and kissed him.  
  
"You were wonderful, baby."  
  
"So were you," he said, rubbing her back and butt, "I had no idea you were into sex on this level."  
  
"Well," she blushed, "I'm not really, but it was the only way I could think of to help her out. We had to get that drug out of her system, or else it might have..."  
  
They both turned to Monica as she lazily turned her head to face them and smiled, "That was incredible... thank you."  
  
Cautiously, Brenda asked, "Do you want more, honey?"  
  
Monica shook her head slowly, "Not right now... maybe later... just have to... rest a minute...", and let her head fall back down on the pillow.  
  
Brenda moved over to her and checked her forehead, "She's not as hot as she was before; I think she's finally passed it."  
  
"Thank goodness," Tom sighed, "any more of that, and I'll be sore for two or three days."  
  
Brenda quietly chuckled and headed for the bathroom, "Let's get her cleaned up."  
  
Tom removed some clean sheets from the closet as Brenda returned with a warm wash cloth and started wiping away the cum and oil from Monica's body. Once done, Tom placed a sheet in her lap and gently picked her up, carrying her to the living room couch while Brenda changed the sheets on the bed.  
  
After laying her down and covering her, Tom gave her a kiss on her forehead and whispered, "Just sleep now, honey; you're safe here. We'll explain everything tomorrow... if you remember it, that is."  
  
"Mm-hmmmmm," Monica purred back. Just as Brenda had said about the Sex-O pill, ten or so minutes after it wore off, she was asleep.  
  
The lights were off and Brenda was already in bed when Tom crawled in beside her and let her snuggle up to him.  
  
"Do you think she'll remember what happened?" he asked quietly.  
  
"Six or seven times out of ten, they usually don't they say," Brenda mumbled back, "We'll think of something to tell her, tomorrow."  
  
"We did the right thing by helping her, didn't we?"  
  
"Absolutely," Brenda reached down and fondled Tom's now flaccid cock, "but I didn't get any of this bad boy."  
  
"You will, but not tonight. I'm saving it for a special fuck, just for you. I owe you one, remember?"  
  
Brenda grinned in the darkness, knowing what he was referring to: making him cum against his will into the bush at the office building downtown.  
  
"What are you going to do?" she asked with a nervous giggle. She suddenly squeaked when he reached for her body and tickled her.  
  
They snuggled back down into bed as he whispered, "You'll see."  
  
Brenda laid her head against his shoulder, quietly giggling in anticipation.  
  
I think I'm really going to like this 'hero' stuff, he thought as the lovers drifted off to sleep.

**Ghost of a Chance Ch. 06**

"I can only remember bits and pieces of it," said Monica, after sipping from her coffee mug, "I was on the dance floor with two guys when I started getting hot and dizzy. When I left the floor to go to the bathroom, I remembered feeling this way before. That's when I figured out they must has slipped that pill in my drink."  
  
Brenda and Tom, sitting across from her at the kitchen table, sipped from their own mugs and listened to Monica's account of what happened to her when a pair of lowlifes dropped a sex pill into her cocktail at a nightclub.  
  
"I was running out of the club and made it into the stairwell of the parking ramp... I wasn't wearing my dress; I don't remember how it came off... I got to the top, and... those two guys followed me... and someone else," Monica's face narrowed in confusion as she tried to recall the events on the ramp. "The two jerks came at me, and... then they were on the floor, unconscious. I was riding in a car; yours?" Tom and Brenda both nodded to her query, "Then I was naked, and... that's when we had sex, right?" Again, the pair across from her nodded.  
  
During the night, Tom and Brenda went out on patrol of the city dressed as its two newest heroes, Ghost and Ghoul. Thanks to the rings that made both of them invisible, the intrepid pair managed to take down criminals one at a time in an attempt to clean up their crime ridden city and help those in trouble.   
  
One of the people they helped was Monica, a young girl who was drugged at a dance club with a pill called a 'Sex-O', a narcotic that made the victim sexually aroused for hours until it wore off. Saving her from being raped, Tom and Brenda took the hapless girl home with them and eased her sexual frustration in order to work the drug out of her system.  
  
The following morning, Monica woke up to the smell of coffee. Wrapping the bed sheet she was sleeping on around her, she found Brenda in the kitchen, two steaming mugs in her hands. She told the young lady to go into the bathroom first and get dressed; Brenda had left some of her own clothes for her to use since the only thing Monica wore were her torn bra and boy shorts.   
  
Seeing her return to the kitchen fully dressed, she sat her down at the table and explained what had happened and what they did to help her. Tom walked in at the middle of the explanation, pouring himself some java, and joined the ladies. Monica grinned sheepishly and blushed; that told Tom that she remembered what happened that night. Brenda just patted the girl's hand and told that it was alright and that the wild sex the three of them engaged in was necessary in order to get the drug worked out of her body.  
  
"I know," said Monica, quietly, "I've... taken it before, when I was a freshmen. It was a dumb thing to do, I know." Monica dropped her head in shame.  
  
"It's okay, honey," Tom assured her, "We've all done foolish things in our youth."   
  
She looked up again at the couple, a tear rolling down her cheek, "Thank you for helping me."  
  
Brenda leaned into Monica and hugged her, "You're welcome, sweetheart. Everything's okay now."  
  
As Monica sat back, absently wiping at her face, she asked, "Who were those other two people?"  
  
Tom and Brenda purposely put confused looks on their faces, "What other two people?"  
  
"Wasn't there two others with you guys?" Monica's face scrunched up in confusion, "There were two people with ugly faces dressed in dark clothes... weren't there?"  
  
Brenda shook her head, "Honey, there was no one else there except us."  
  
"But I thought I saw..." Monica finally gave up, chalking it up to the drug which left memory gaps in the minds of most who took it, its only side effect. "I guess maybe I imagined them. I thought for sure that there were..." She shook her head, confused.   
  
"That's okay, Monica," said Brenda with a consoling smile, "You were really out of it when we found you; you barely knew where you were when we brought you here."  
  
Monica shrugged, "Well they say if you can't remember the night before, you must have had a good time. So... thanks." She smiled shyly through the blush on her cheeks. Tom tipped his mug to her with his own grin.  
  
"Well, I should be getting home now," Monica sipped the last of her coffee and rose from the table, Tom and Brenda getting up and walking her to the door.  
  
"You're sure you don't want a ride home?"  
  
Monica shook her head, "No, it's alright; I only live about four blocks from here. It's a nice day out, and... I think I'd like to walk for awhile. Kinda... have time to myself, you know?"  
  
"We understand," Tom nodded.  
  
Monica leaned into Tom to hug him, kissing his cheek, then repeated the maneuver on Brenda, whispering, "Thank you.", and strolled out the door and onto the sidewalk.  
  
"Oh, brother," said Tom, rolling his eyes, "that was close."  
  
"You're telling me," answered Brenda, matching his expression, "We're going to have to be more careful when we do shit like that."  
  
Early on, Tom made the decision never to tell anyone about the rings that he had found and what they could do. If some unscrupulous person ever discovered that the rings had the power to render their wearers invisible, there was no telling what purpose they would use them for.  
  
The only exception he made to that promise was Brenda, a woman he had saved from being raped. Recognizing her from his high school days, he told her how he helped her and showed her how the rings worked. Since he knew she had seen (or rather 'didn't see') him fighting off her attacker, he figured he owed her an explanation, worried that she might think she was loosing her mind or have other people think she was crazy.  
  
Together they discovered that, not only could they have fun being invisible (i.e. walking through the city naked, having sex in public, making things disappear), they could help others with their abilities. After a heated discussion and a round of 'make-up' sex, they decided to take on the criminals of their city dressed as Ghost and Ghoul, two hideous apparitions armed with non-lethal weapons that thwarted and pummeled dirtbag law breakers and scaring the piss out of them... literally, as well as figuratively.  
  
Tom started to get into his new role as a crime fighter, but still worried about the safety of his new partner. During their escapades of naked fun, he discovered that he had fallen in love with Brenda, and didn't want any harm to come to her. Confessing the same feelings for him, Brenda convinced Tom that together they could clean up their city one lowlife at a time and, thanks to their invisibility, the scum of the town would never figure it out. And if they did, what could they say? 'Two invisible people stopped them from committing a crime'?  
  
"Oh, by the way; what should I do with these?" Brenda reached into a drawer of the living room end table and pulled out a small plastic baggie. Inside were about a dozen or so white pills, shaped like tiny donuts; the 'Sex-O' drugs. "I picked them out of the pocket of the first clown you slammed into the car last night."  
  
Tom just shook his head, "Well, that's at least a dozen other girls they can't hurt with those damn things anymore," he reached for her and pulled her close, nuzzling her neck, "and we certainly don't need them." Brenda giggled as he nibbled on her ear. Kissing her cheek, he jerked his head towards the bathroom, "Flush 'em."  
  
Brenda trotted off to dispose of the pills as Tom packed their weapons and disguises into their backpacks. He finished packing both when Brenda walked back in.  
  
"So, what's on for today?"  
  
"Oh, a little bit of fun," Tom answered, holding up the packs, "this kind," he reached around Brenda and squeezed a handful of her round, luscious ass, "and our kind."  
  
Brenda gave him a lustful look, flashing him her mischievous 'Let's do something naughty' grin.  
  
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"So, do we have a deal?"  
  
The goatee wearing fencer closed the top to the briefcase that was full of assorted jewels, mostly diamonds, and casually lit a cigarette as he waited for an answer.  
  
The swarthy, dark skinned man in the charcoal grey suit sitting across from him answered him with a snap of his fingers. A big goon waltzed up and placed another case on the table, opening it. Inside were stacks of one hundred dollar bills neatly piled to the brim.  
  
"We have a deal," he said in a gravelly voice.  
  
The pair of smugglers smiled at each other, toasting their transaction... unaware that their hired muscle guarding the warehouse they were doing business in were falling one by one. There were about fifteen in all, now down to five all seated or standing at the table set in the middle of the floor's expanse.  
  
Mr. Goatee pushed the case of jewels towards his business associate, he doing the same with the case of money, when the big goon suddenly grunted and fell forward hitting the floor full length with a not-so-graceful thud.  
  
Both men and their respective body guards bolted up from the table and drew their weapons.  
  
"What is this? What did you do?"  
  
Mr. Goatee scanned the warehouse, his face plastered with confusion and fear, and answered Mr. Dark Suit, "Me? I didn't do anything! What's the matter with your man?" He aimed his gun at his would-be partner, "If this is a setup..."  
  
"I did nothing!" replied Dark Suit, matching the gesture with his own gun.  
  
Suddenly, both of their remaining body guards let out a painful yelp and slumped to the dirty floor, unconscious. The two smugglers simply stared at their knocked out cohorts, then at each other.  
  
"What's going on?" asked Mr. Goatee as he swung his gun around ready to shoot, and yelled, "Who's doing this? Where are you?"  
  
"Close."  
  
At the sound of a low, menacing answer, the scum in the goatee whipped around and fire his gun twice. A heartbeat after the echoes of the shot died off, he and his associate heard the haunting shrill of laughter, followed by, "Missed."   
  
Sweat dripped off the forehead of Mr. Dark Suit as he too scanned the expanse of the warehouse with narrow eyes.  
  
"Boo!"  
  
Startled by the voice suddenly behind him, he turned sharply and was ready to fire his own weapon... when it was quickly yanked out of his hand and flying across the floor.  
  
"Who are you?" he bellowed, his bottom lip quivering, "What are you?"  
  
Out of nowhere, his adversary appeared in front of him, grabbing the lapels of his suit and answered, "Your worst nightmare!"  
  
The man's terrified scream echoed throughout the warehouse when his tormentor's face came into view... or rather what was left of it. Looking like a freshly dug up corpse, its electric blue eyes glinted in the paltry light from the low hanging fixtures on the high ceiling. He started to swing at the hideous face, but didn't get any farther than rearing back for the punch. Two electrified prongs snapped up and were pressed into the man's neck, sending him into stunned unconsciousness. His heavy form flopped down onto the table, knocking off both cases, then slipped to the floor.  
  
Mr. Goatee just stood there in shock, first by seeing his business partner disappear right in front of him, then seeing him reappear, out cold and on the deck.  
  
"You bastard!" he shouted, raising his gun, "You're dead!"  
  
"After you."  
  
He turned to the second voice behind him, just as his own gun was pulled out of his grasp, and felt someone grabbing him. His own echoing shriek of terror matched his unconscious partner's as a skull with glowing red eyes materialized in front of him.  
  
"You've been trafficking stolen goods," the skull face growled, "that's not very nice."  
  
"What the fuck are you?" Mr. Goatee whined.  
  
"The Ghost."  
  
Recognition glinted in the hapless smuggler's eye, "Yeah, I've heard about you... and your partner."  
  
"Ghoul!" Ghost retorted angrily, tightening his grip on the lowlife and making sure he had contact with the bare part of the side of his hand against the man's body.  
  
"Yeah, yeah... 'Ghoul', whatever. I thought somebody made that shit up."  
  
"You thought wrong." Ghost nodded to his partner, unseen by the goon but in full view of him thanks to one of the abilities of the rings that allowed them to see each other while being invisible to others around them.  
  
Ghoul walked up to the dueling pair, briefcase in hand, and touched the side of her open glove to the scum's shoulder. Contact with any part of her (or Tom's) bare skin to any object would render it invisible, and people inside the invisible field with them would be able to see them. Goatee let out another shriek when her decomposed corpse face appeared.  
  
"You just went out of business, fuzzy face," she growled at him, dropping the case at his feet and cracking it open, scattering the glittering jewels everywhere. "You're done dealing in this city, as well as your friend over there," she jerked her head towards the dark suit still out like a light on the floor under the table.  
  
Pulling the scumbag closer, Ghost focused his attention on him, "If we ever catch you dealing again, we're going to be very... upset." Goatee didn't even want to think about how 'upset' they could get after witnessing what happened as his defeater continued, "Take this back to your friends: the city no longer belongs to any of you; it belongs to us now... and we'll be watching."  
  
With that, Ghost tossed the goon away from him sending him to the dusty floor and vanishing once contact was broken. Goatee pushed himself up and frantically looked around the warehouse to see... nothing. With the exception of his business partner and their collective associates unconscious on the floor and bound hand and foot with plastic zip ties, there was no one else there.  
  
But that thought disappeared as quickly as his tormentors when he heard the echo of frightening laughter bounce off the warehouse walls.  
  
Giving up on his associates, his business partner, and his ill-gotten gains still scattered all over the floor, Goatee took off like a shot towards the door and disappeared himself.  
  
"Should we go after him?" asked Ghoul.  
  
Ghost shook his head, "No, let him go. I've got a feeling he and his buddies won't be doing any 'business' for a while."  
  
Even though it couldn't be seen under her mask, Ghoul frowned, "But I wanted to see him pee his pants."  
  
Ghost chuckled a little at that, but then got serious, "In a way, that worries me a little. Anyone tough enough not to get that scared might be a problem later."  
  
Just then, the sounds of sirens blared close to the warehouse and the pair of heroes saw police officers charging into the huge room a moment later, guns drawn and ready. They quietly slipped off to the side and didn't make a sound as the cops began rousing the dazed goons and hauling them outside.  
  
Two men in suits, flanked by two other burly cops, carefully stepped through the maze of clutter, bodies, and merchandise as they made their way to the table. The taller of the two suits started his questioning as the beefy cops hauled Mr. Dark Suit up off the floor.  
  
"Well, looks like you didn't learn your lesson the first time did you Frankie boy."  
  
Franco Typalla, Mr. Dark Suit, simply gave the detective a contemptible look.  
  
"Where's your business partner, Frankie?" asked the other detective.  
  
No answer.  
  
"Well since I don't see any money around, I'll assume the deal was made and he's already on his way to Cancun." Looking around at the mess, he continued, "So, you wanna tell me what happened? The deal didn't go down the way you thought it would?"  
  
As the officers behind him cuffed his hands, Typalla thought for a split second to tell the detectives exactly what went down, but in the same second decided not to. What the Hell could he say? They'd never believe him; in fact, he barely believed it himself.  
  
"I'm sure you'll feel like talking after we get you downtown and give you your phone call. Get him outta here."  
  
The tall detective jerked his head, and the two big cops hustled Typalla out the door and into a police car. Another cop entered and addressed them.  
  
"We've checked the rest of the building and the grounds; there's nobody else here."  
  
"Okay," the shorter detective answered, "Start processing the scene and get the evidence together."  
  
"Yes, sir."  
  
The tall detective turned to his partner and asked, "What do you think?"  
  
"Somebody must've taken out and trussed up these clowns," the other one answered, thumbing at the assorted riff-raff being manhandled out of the building, "Fourteen in all. I doubt the other guy did it by himself, and some of those goons worked for him. He must have had help."  
  
"Or somebody beat him to it," the tall cop rubbed his forehead, scanning the area around him carefully, "I wonder... maybe there is something to that 'Ghost' character all these scumbags keep yappin' about."  
  
"Ah, c'mon; you don't really buy into that shit, do you?"  
  
"Look how many perps we've brought in that say just about the same thing: some ghostly figure with a skull's face trounced them. Some said that there were two of them; that's too many similar stories to be a coincidence."  
  
"They're probably hyped up on the same drugs and flying off to the same area of Dreamland."  
  
The tall one rubbed at his head again, "Yeah, maybe... but it's just... you said yourself Typalla's business partner couldn't have taken out all of these guys by himself. Fourteen of them? Even ten of us couldn't take down that many without firing a shot."  
  
"All right," his partner conceded, "we'll keep the file open for now, but... a ghost? Get real; there's no such thing as ghosts. If it is somebody running around taking out dirtbags, he isn't a spirit. C'mon, let's get Typalla and rest of the Peanut Gallery down to the station."  
  
As most of the cops left the warehouse, three people with kits in their hands starting scooping up the jewels and weapons left lying around into evidence bags. One of them turned to the door when he heard a clanking sound.  
  
"Did you hear that?"  
  
One of his team turned her head to him and answered, "It's an old building, practically falling apart. They've already cleared it; there's no one else here but us."  
  
The man simply shrugged and when back to his work, as Ghoul carefully stepped around the thin wire pipe she accidentally bumped into. Once outside, the heroes saw two remaining police cars and three officers guarding the area. Unseen, they simply walked passed them.  
  
"Sorry," Ghoul whispered as they made their way to the parking ramp a few blocks away.  
  
"It's okay," her partner answered, "they didn't think anything of it. Just be more careful next time."  
  
"I think we're both going to have to be careful; they're starting to catch on."  
  
"All they have right now are a lot of questions and no answers. We take it easy for awhile, but I think we're still safe."  
  
Ghoul hefted the briefcase in her hand, "How much do you think is in here?"  
  
"Judging from what was in the other one, I'm guessing a couple million."  
  
"Wow," she breathed, "this will definitely help us out with our... 'extracurricular activities'."  
  
"That, and then some," Ghost smirked.  
  
Walking up to the top level, they paused at Tom's car to make sure there was no one else around, then popped the trunk open. They shucked their disguises and tossed them into the back along with the money filled case, leaving them wearing summer street clothes. Brenda smiled as she stepped out of her boots to slip on her tennis shoes, for when her bare feet came into contact with the ramp floor it disappeared, leaving a round hole under her. The floor became solid concrete again when she got her shoes back on.  
  
"That's so weird seeing stuff like that," she said, tying her laces. Her face lit up when she looked up at Tom, standing near the car wearing... nothing, except his own shoes. Her grin came back, and, "And just what's on your mind?"

"A little fun," he smiled back.  
  
Brenda stood up and quickly pulled off her T-shirt and slipped out of her shorts, letting them fall and stepping out of them. With no underwear, she tossed them into the trunk leaving her naked. Still invisible, they embraced and kissed lustfully, Tom's dick growing and Brenda's pussy getting moist.  
  
"Are you ready to pay for that little 'naughty' you pulled on me in the office building?" He was referring to the incident in the complex where Brenda's ex-husband worked. She was sucking on Tom's cock in the elevator and continued to play with him after they exited, bringing him to orgasm. Ignoring his pleas to stop, Brenda made him cum into a planter in the lobby. If anyone there happened to be looking in that direction, they would have seen thick spurts of semen come out of... nothing, and splatter all over the leaves of the plants, not to mention hearing Tom's stifled grunts of pleasure as Brenda jacked him off. They came close to getting caught, and Tom was ready to 'get even'.  
  
Brenda nervously nodded, her heart beating faster in anticipation as to what Tom had in mind.  
  
"You're going streaking, you naughty little girl," said Tom, the smile on Brenda's face widening. But her expression dropped into a surprised "O" face when she heard him say, "but without the ring."  
  
"That's not fair," she giggled.  
  
"It wasn't fair when you made me cum all over that planter. I almost squirted the back of some guy's head behind it."  
  
Brenda giggled again, "I know."  
  
"Well now you're going to be punished for being a bad girl," Tom wickedly grinned as he held out his hand, "Give it up."  
  
Brenda looked around her, nervous, and slipped the ring off her finger and handed it to Tom, who had his free hand resting on her hip keeping her invisible. As they walked hand in hand to the elevator, Tom spelled out the plan.  
  
"I checked and there aren't any cameras in this structure, so you don't have to worry about being seen by any security guards. There's a bright red SUV parked near the exit; I'll be right in front of it waiting for you. You can use the elevator if you want, but..." he shrugged, knowing that Brenda would be taking a risk getting caught in the elevator naked by anyone who happened to be riding it. Brenda knew it too, getting a little excited at the thought of being caught.  
  
"'Near the exit'? That's four levels down."  
  
"You better be careful, then... and fast. This time of day, there shouldn't be anyone in the ramp, but you never know."  
  
"This isn't fair," she whined with a smile.  
  
"You said you wanted to try things outdoors, and we've already been streaking."  
  
Brenda got a little wetter, remembering their time in the city park where they both took off their rings and streaked through the park to sounds of approval and disapproval from the patrons.  
  
"Yeah, but I had the ring to hide with afterwards." A good thing too, considering they came within a hair of getting arrested by the two cops who saw their naked butts run down the jogging trail.  
  
"I'll let you know where I am when you get down there; all you have to do is touch me and 'poof', gone."  
  
They reached the elevator and Tom pressed the button, the doors parting a minute later to reveal an empty car. Holding the doors with one hand and Brenda's with the other, he turned and asked, "Ready?"  
  
Smiling, Brenda nodded quickly even though she was quivering all over.  
  
"Oh, all right," sighed Tom. Sensing her apprehension, he held the door open with his foot and handed her the ring back, "Stick this in your shoe; you can use it in an emergency. But I expect to see you coming towards me naked when you get to the bottom."  
  
"Thanks," she sighed in relief.  
  
Tom let go of her hand and stepped into the elevator car and said "This should be fun. Good luck." right before the doors closed.  
  
Grinning at the thought of running around naked, this time without being invisible, she slid the ring inside of her shoe and wiggled her foot to make sure it slipped down to her toes.  
  
That's when her eyes went eyes with realization. Tom wasn't holding her hand anymore, leaving her outside of his power field. She was standing on the roof floor of the parking ramp, out in the open, naked and very visible to anyone that happened to be looking, and that would be anyone looking out of their office windows of the buildings surrounding the ramp.  
  
Quickly darting behind the stairwell structure (which didn't help too much, considering anyone on the other side of the ramp could see her), Brenda formulated her plan.  
  
"All I have to do is stay in the stairwell until I get to the bottom, then..." But she remembered what Tom had said: meet her at the red SUV near the exit, and the exit was on the opposite side of the ramp. She'd have to get to the other stairwell across the lot floor.  
  
"Oh, great," she huffed, rolling her eyes, "well... I have the ring just in case." But in her heart, she wanted to try it all the way down without becoming invisible. The thought of running through the ramp structure naked, where anyone could catch her got her aroused.  
  
"Okay... here goes."  
  
Skipping quickly and staying close to the parked cars, Brenda made her way across the roof to the other stairwell, her breasts and ass cheeks bouncing and wobbling. She kept picturing in her mind everyone in the office building across from her staring out of their windows watching her naked body jiggling as she ran. When she made it to the doors, she scanned the building, and sure enough there was somebody looking: a man dressed in a janitor's uniform holding a trash bag.  
  
I knew it, she thought.  
  
Seeing the man staring and smiling, Brenda panicked for a second, then realized that she was somewhat safe. What could he do from two blocks away and six floors up?   
  
Call the cops, that's what.  
  
But judging from the smile, she didn't think he was going to do anything. Smiling back and blowing him a kiss, she darted into the doors and down the well. She grinned at being caught naked, and being seen got her horny; her nipples starting to harden.  
  
Okay, one down; three to go. Just stay in this stairwell, and...  
  
Her brain stopped when she heard a door open and feet clomping up the steps.  
  
Uh, oh.  
  
She peeked out of the doors on the third level, scanned the area, and darted out into the maze of parked cars. She hid between two big trucks as she listened to someone exiting the stairwell and start walking. A man in coveralls and wearing a tool belt strolled passed, not even giving a glance in her direction when he passed the trucks, making Brenda sigh with relief. She heard a car door slam shut and an engine roar to life, and then saw a work truck glide by and down the exit ramp.  
  
Her heart was beating with excitement knowing she was almost caught, and found she was actually enjoying her nude romp in a public place.  
  
This is even better than the park, she mused.  
  
Brenda started to get up from her hiding place, but froze when she heard the sound of another set of feet coming up the stairs. She turned back and headed for the stairwell opposite from the one she needed, slipping between cars and staying low.  
  
But halfway there, the doors to the other stairwell creaked open and she ducked down behind a sedan. Peeking out from behind the fender, she saw another guy with a tool belt heading her way, and heard the sound of footsteps behind her. She was caught in the middle.  
  
Brenda looked around quickly and spotted her only way out: the car ramp that led down to the next level. Holding her breath, she flashed across the floor and down the ramp, knowing full well a car could be coming up any moment and there was no place to hide. She was hot with excitement, the sweat rolling off her forehead. Her breasts swelled up with her nipples getting as hard as pencil erasers, and she could feel her pussy getting wetter, the juices starting to run down her thighs.  
  
At the bottom of the ramp, she hid behind one of the structure's support columns and searched the area, seeing no one in sight.  
  
Breathing heavily, Brenda contemplated fishing the ring out of her shoe and putting it on. But she decided to go all the way with her 'punishment'. Coming within a hair's breath of being caught in the nude made her so horny, and she liked it. She was going to finish this and then relieve her pent up sexual frustrations once Tom was within reach.  
  
Oh, is he going to get it when I get a hold of him, she thought grinning from ear to ear and rubbing at her tingling vagina.  
  
Another door cracked open and two more people walked out of the stairwell, the one she needed.  
  
Cripes, don't these people have jobs?  
  
Seeing the other well was closer, Brenda jogged toward it with her boobs bouncing and swaying all the way. Just as she got to the doors, the elevator dinged and the doors started to part. A man in a grey suit carrying a briefcase eased out of the car and started a little. For a second, he thought he saw a naked woman slip into the stairwell, her bare ass disappearing behind the closing door.   
  
"Naaaah," he mumbled, shaking his head and thinking he was seeing things because of the drinks he had at lunch.  
  
Brenda panted with thrilling fear and sexual heat racing through her body, her boobs heaving up and down with every breath. Her nipples were so hard they almost hurt, and her pussy was glistening with wetness. She was almost sure she had an orgasm when she narrowly avoided the man in the elevator.  
  
She again peeked out of the well to scan the area, finally reaching the bottom of the ramp and, just as Tom said, seeing the red SUV parked near the exit to the road... all the way at the other end of the lot. Not seeing anyone, she gulped and whispered to herself, "Okay, it's 'go for broke' time." She mentally counted off: one... two... THREE!  
  
Brenda couldn't help but start to laugh as she took off from the stairwell as fast as she could and ran down the middle of the aisle, naked as the day she was born and in plain sight of anyone that was watching. She was thrilled and terrified at the same time.  
  
Tom, watching her from in front of the SUV, took of his ring and became visible, still naked as she was and sporting a huge hard on upon seeing Brenda's wobbling breasts bouncing at him and spying her wet pussy.  
  
Seeing him and what was waiting for her between his legs, Brenda picked up her pace, smiling.   
  
"Per is vox, lux lucis sinus," mumbled Tom (the Latin phrase he was told to say in order to make the ring's power work) as he slipped the ring back on, vanishing.  
  
Brenda finally arrived at the red car and reached out to Tom and, grabbing his arm and coming into contact with his skin, vanished from sight as well. He saw her breasts rising and falling with her excited pants and the horny gleam in her eyes.  
  
"Oh, God; that was exciting," she breathed out, "I almost got caught by three or four people, and one guy saw me from the window of the building across the street."  
  
"You didn't use your ring?"  
  
She shook her head, "I wanted to see if I could get away with it, and I did. I ran through the whole parking ramp naked." She couldn't stop smiling.  
  
"How do you feel? If you want to rest a bit..."  
  
But she shook her head again, this time slowly and with a seductive look in her eye, "I'm horny as Hell right now, and you're going to be sorry you made me hot."  
  
She grabbed his hard, bloated cock and hauled him behind her to a protective yellow guard post against a wall and pointed to it, "Lean up against that."  
  
"Just don't let go of me," he said, leaning back against the pole, "you'll become visible if you break contact."  
  
"Oh, don't you worry," she snickered wickedly, bending at the waist, "I'm not planning on it."  
  
And with that, she started stroking his swollen member and quickly engulfed its head into her hungry wet mouth, her tongue slathering it with spit and playfully poking into its piss hole.  
  
Tom groaned quietly as Brenda bobbed her head up and down, sucking and slurping all over his cock and reaching between her legs to diddle her clit. She let go of his shaft to knead her breast and tug at the hard nipple, her mouth the only thing coming into contact with Tom and the only thing keeping her invisible. Knowing that if she slipped off his dick and reappeared nude in front of anyone passing by excited her even more, and she doubled her efforts licking and sucking up and down his bone.  
  
Tom arched back and grunted when she grabbed his balls, milking them; Brenda knew he was close when his dickhead swelled up and the shaft started twitching. She stopped playing with her extremely wet pussy and held onto his hard dick as she sucked harder on its head.   
  
Tom couldn't hold back the tidal wave of semen that was bubbling up his cock and groaned through his clenched teeth. Sperm blasted out of his cock hole and into the awaiting, greedy mouth of Brenda, who squeaked when the first shot leaped out and splattered her tongue. Thick jets of cum filled her mouth and she quickly gulped them down, Tom panting and groaning with pleasure. Sucking out the last of his spunk, Brenda teased him by running her tongue over his sensitive cock head, making him quiver, and released it with a smacking pop.  
  
Still holding onto his dick, Brenda smiled at him seeing the look of satisfaction on his face. But she stood upright and said, "We're not done yet; come on."  
  
Brenda guided Tom back to the elevator, again by his cock. Making it all the way to the top level without being stopped, they got out and headed for their car, but Brenda suddenly stopped.  
  
"I'm still horny," she said, gently pumping his still hard dick.  
  
"So am I," he replied, slightly out of breath.  
  
"Well, we'd better take care of that, don't you think?" With that, Brenda let go of his cock and started towards the car.  
  
"Brenda, you're visible; somebody will see you!"  
  
"Then you'd better catch me before someone does," she grinned naughtily.  
  
Tom smiled watching Brenda saunter back to the car, slowly and sexy and in full view. Her naked ass twitched back and forth as she raised her arms to stretch, showing off her ample breasts and pert nipples. Tom hurried behind her, but didn't reach out to touch her until they were both back at the car. Once there, she leaned on the trunk and spread her legs apart giving Tom a great view of her swollen and wet pussy.  
  
"Do me right here, right now," she hissed over her shoulder.  
  
Tom didn't hesitate for a second. He immediately got behind her and rubbed his cock up and down her wet slit, making her rear back and moan. He wedged the head in between her pouting lips and slowly entered her, enjoying the way her cunt contracted and pulled him in.  
  
But Brenda didn't want it slow. She sharply pushed her hips back and impaled herself on Tom's cock, letting out a squeal of delight when his thick shaft squeezed into her tight hole. Tom started humping her ass hard and fast, with Brenda meeting his thrusts with equal force.  
  
"Oh God, yes," she spit out, "Fuck me, Tom. Fuck me hard!"   
  
Tom banged at her ass making her cheeks jiggle and produced slapping sounds as he plowed his fat cock into Brenda, her cunt squeezing and milking the shaft with every thrust. Grunting and panting, Brenda arched back as he plunged his dick all the way inside her and held it there for a few seconds making her moan loudly. If there was anyone there to hear them, they didn't care.  
  
Once again, Tom felt his dick swell up and his balls tighten; he was going to cum again. Brenda felt it inside her pussy and started thrusting back at him again, giggling because it hit her 'tickle' spot and was bringing her close to her own orgasm.  
  
All of his muscles tightened up as Tom slammed his cock into Brenda, trying to hold back another explosive orgasm. Brenda wasn't helping, humping her hips back at him, giggling and mewling with sexual passion.  
  
"Ohhhh, I'm so close," she snickered, trying not to be loud, "I can't hold it back anymore." Shaking her head from side to side, she arched her body and braced her arms against the trunk lid, letting out a series of squeaks and squeals as her pussy clamped down on Tom's cock and started squirting.  
  
Feeling her squirts of love drench his member, Tom body stiffened up and a strained growl escaped from his mouth. The cum churning in his balls raced up his shaft and exploded inside Brenda, covering her inner walls in hot, thick spurts. Brenda bobbed her hips on his dick, milking it for all it would squirt and coming down from her own tickling and powerful orgasm.  
  
Hot and sweaty, Tom swayed a bit and leaned forward to leave kisses on Brenda's equally hot and sweaty back and shoulders, letting his now spent and wet cock slip out of her moist, dripping hole.  
  
"Oh shit," she panted heavily, still leaning against the car, "that was fantastic."  
  
Knowing that no one could see them but still curious, Tom looked around at the office building windows around the ramp as he rubbed Brenda's shoulders, "Do you think anyone saw you walking to the car?"  
  
"Oh, God; I hope so," she replied, grinning and exhausted. Still keeping contact with him, Brenda turned to face him and wrapped her arms around him to kiss him.  
  
"Next time, I want it in my ass."  
  
Tom's eyes widened a bit, and not just at the request for anal sex, "'Next time'?"  
  
"Uh huh," she nodded, wearing that daring grin again and throwing a glance at the lower levels of the parking ramp, "because... I want to do that again."  
  
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Ghost and Ghoul simply shook their heads and stared at the goons loading up a van with boxes of fenced goods, everything from computer download music pods to portable DVD players. They had just started their transfer of goods when the pair of heroes showed up and were ready to try out their new 'toys'.  
  
Ghoul reached up and touched the side of her throat to click off her new 'voice box', a device they acquired that altered their voices and were also hooked up to listening plugs in their ears to better hear one another.  
  
"That tip we heard on the police scanner was right," she whispered in her normal voice.  
  
Matching her gesture, Ghost switched off and replied, "Yeah; looks that way..."  
  
"What is it?"  
  
"I don't know; something doesn't feel right. Does this seem too easy to you?"  
  
"Easy, hard; what's the difference? It's not like they're expecting us. Let's go."  
  
Clicking their 'evil voices' back on, the intrepid duo walked up to the group of lowlifes through puffs of steam wafting from cracks in the many pipes lining the walls of the alley. They were just about to pounce on the gang of thugs when one of them swung a large hammer down and broke open one of the rusted pipes. Steam blasted out of the opening and filled the alley with a fine mist.  
  
"NOW!" one of them shouted.  
  
A freight train slammed into Ghost's chest when a goon fired at him. The impact of the bullet striking the bullet-proof vest he was wearing sent him flying backwards into a pile of garbage bags, and the top portion of the heap rained down on him, covering him in trash and obscuring his body from view. Semi-conscious, the voices around him faded in and out, his vision blurred and distorted.  
  
"NO!" another one of them shouted out, "He wants them alive, you fucking idiot!"  
  
Ghoul managed to dodge the bullet heading in her direction with the round whizzing passed her ear, and swiftly came up with her baton to bash the nearest goon in the face. She was able to take out another one right before she felt a hard object come into contact with the back of her head. Dazed and unable to focus her eyes, another swing connected to her head and dropped her to the ground, unconscious.  
  
"Pick him up!" another one ordered.  
  
Two cohorts grabbed at Ghoul and, once getting a solid grip, hoisted her up and into the back of the van.  
  
"I still can't see him."  
  
"It doesn't matter. You can still feel him; he's real. Find his arms and tie him up."

"Where's the other one?"  
  
"'Dirty Harry' over here shot him," the one barking orders thumbed at the goon next to him, then reached around to slap him upside the head, "You dumb fuck! He wanted both of them, alive!"  
  
"I'm sorry!" the nitwit whined back, "He came at us; what were we suppose to do?"  
  
"Follow fucking orders, you asshole!"  
  
"Shut up, all of you!" This came from the front of the van. The man in the driver's seat turned back to the rest and continued, "We've got one of them; if the other one isn't dead, he'll come to us to get his partner back. Let's just go before the cops get here!"  
  
The rest of the group piled into the van, which roared to life and pulled out of the alley.   
  
A few minutes later, hidden underneath mounds of garbage and trash can lids, Ghost pulled himself out of the mess slowly and winced when he twisted the wrong way. The pain from the bullet that smashed into his vest shot through his chest and up into his shoulder.  
  
Oh, Christ; I didn't think getting shot would hurt so much.  
  
On his feet again and getting his bearings, Ghost looked around for his partner... and didn't see her anywhere.  
  
"Ghoul?"  
  
No answer. He looked down at the ground to see if she was in the same unconscious situation as he was.   
  
Nothing.  
  
"Ghoul?" he said louder.  
  
Still nothing.  
  
He then touched the other side of his throat and clicked on a switch that directly connected his voice to her earpiece.  
  
"Ghoul, come in."  
  
He didn't get a response.  
  
"Brenda?" he called out, louder this time, and again didn't get a reply.  
  
Tom frantically looked all around the alleyway and around the buildings. She was no where in sight. Then he remembered what happened: the van, the broken steam pipe, the shooting, and then...   
  
They took her; they saw us coming. But how?  
  
As Ghost walked back into the alley, he noticed something peculiar about the puffs of steam he passed through. When he looked at his hand, a fine steamy mist was all around it... with the exception of the half an inch of nothing between it and his hand and arm. The space in between where the invisible power field hugged his form was as clear as crystal, and that's when he figured it out.  
  
The power field left a 'hole' in the cloud of steam; they 'saw' us from the impression we left in the mist!  
  
Tom looked at the now empty space where the van used to be, a trickle of fear running down his spine.  
  
Oh, God; Brenda...   
  
This was one possibility he didn't see coming...

**Ghost of a Chance Ch. 07**

Ohhhhhhh... my head...  
  
Brenda slowly rousted herself out of the painful haze that clouded her brain.  
  
What the Hell did they hit me with?  
  
She tried to turn her head and found that to be a mistake; a sharp pain stabbed through her skull.  
  
Okay, that was bad. All right; one thing at a time.  
  
She forced her eyes open and attempted to focus them on the first thing she saw.  
  
Okay... ceiling, hanging lamp...  
  
She wiggled her fingers and found that they still worked. Then she tried moving her arms, but something held them back. The same result happened when she tried to move her legs. Turning her sore head slowly, she spied a door out of the corner of her eye. The rest of the room was bare.  
  
All right, I'm lying on a table in a small room with only one door...  
  
She then noticed her arm flung over her head, her bare arm. Then she lifted her head as best she could to look her body over, and found herself staring at her tits.  
  
...and I'm naked.  
  
But she also noticed that her form was slightly out of focus, and that the door frame and what little she could see of the white table she was lying on had an aura glowing around them.  
  
...but still invisible. They didn't take the ring off.  
  
Brenda wriggled her body as best she could. She felt fabric underneath her; a bed sheet. Narrowing her eyes, she saw a faint outline of a wrinkle in it.  
  
Of course, my skin is in contact with the sheet; it's invisible. That's why I can see the table... and the shackles are outlines, too.  
  
Her wrists were encased in leather restraining cuffs, and she was willing to bet that her ankles were equally restrained. Her mind was conflicted with thoughts of how to get free mixed with what happened in the alley... where her love was shot.  
  
"Tom..." she whispered on the verge of crying.   
  
No, she thought quickly blinking back her tears. He had his bullet proof vest and body armor on. He's made of tougher stuff than that. He's alive and probably looking for me right now; I'm sure of it. I've got to try and contact him. Where's my stuff?  
  
Brenda strained her head to get a better look around, producing more jabs of pain in her skull, and saw her disguise and mask dumped in the room's corner along with her weapons.  
  
I wonder...  
  
"Ghost," she blurted in a hushed voice, "Ghost, can you hear me?"  
  
For a moment or two, Brenda panicked but then a tiny squeal sounded in her ear, and she smiled.  
  
They didn't take the ear plug out, either... or just didn't see it.  
  
Small bursts of weak static came from the ear piece; that told her Tom could hear her or he was trying to contact her.  
  
"Tom?" she hissed.  
  
Another burst of static, and, "Brenda?"  
  
She sighed in relief, "I can hear you."  
  
"Where are you?"  
  
"I don't know. I woke up tied down to a table in a bare room," she glanced at her body again, "and speaking of 'bare', they've taken everything off of me. My stuff is in the corner."  
  
"How can I hear you then?"  
  
"The voice box in my mask must still be on; I was counting on that."  
  
The doorknob rattled, somebody shoving a key into it.  
  
Brenda stiffened up, "Someone's coming in."  
  
"Get them to talk and tell you where you are; I'll hear them."  
  
"Right. Tom, hurry." Forcing herself to relax, Brenda readied herself for... whatever was going to happen next.  
  
And judging from the way they had her bound hand and foot and naked, she didn't think it was going to be fun.  
  
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After Brenda stopped talking, Tom adjusted the knobs on the tracker on the car's dashboard. Looking like any global positioning device that most cars had nowadays, it was actually a tracking device that homed in on a tiny beacon inside their ear pieces. The beeping on the screen was getting louder and faster; that told him he was getting closer to Brenda position.  
  
She was right; that money did help with our 'activities'.  
  
Taking the money from a fencer last week, Tom and Brenda bought new, high tech gadgets to assist them in their crime fighting endeavors. Instead of being used for illegal transactions, the two and a half million dollars they confiscated from the dealer was put to better use, including the purchase of secret gear from a local 'spy' shop, the kind that sells things to help private detectives track down and listen in on people they're investigating. It really amazed Tom at the things someone could get, if they had the right amount of money.  
  
The pitch from the beep on the screen jumped up and turned into one long tone; the tracker pinpointed Brenda's whereabouts.  
  
Well, almost. The screen narrowed it down to half a city block.  
  
Driving slowly through the streets of a seedy part of town, Tom crept up on the area of interest and park when he got to the edge of the block in question. The tracker managed to narrow the search again, this time down to two or three buildings.   
  
Tom checked the area and, not seeing anyone, got out of the car fully dressed in his disguise, sans mask and gloves.  
  
"Per is vox, lux lucis sinus." Tom spoke the old Latin phrase and slipped the ring onto his finger, instantly vanishing from sight. He donned his mask and gloves, checked his weapons belt one last time, and started towards the building on his right, the nearest.  
  
But he stopped in mid stride when his ear piece squeaked at him.  
  
"Rise and shine."  
  
The voice wasn't Brenda's.  
  
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"You awake, sweetheart?"  
  
For a second, Brenda was going to remain silent and make the thugs work for the answers they wanted, but thought the better of it. If they had to 'work for it', they might 'work' on her to get results.  
  
"My name isn't 'sweetheart', and you're going to be in a world of hurt when my partner gets here."  
  
"We're counting on your partner to show up."   
  
Brenda saw three goons, all standing at the end of the table near her feet. The tallest of the trio was doing the talking. "You're pretty; our boss likes chicks that are curvy."  
  
Of course, she thought, they saw me inside the field when they stripped me and touched my skin while I was unconscious. That means the ring works when I'm asleep, too.  
  
"Mind telling me why I'm naked?"  
  
The tall one drew nearer, "We wanted to see what you looked like; see if you were anyone we knew. I was surprised that you weren't a guy. We can only see you when we touch you; why?"  
  
"Magic."  
  
The goon walked up to her side and reached out, "You're in no position to be a smartass, bitch." He grabbed at her body and found her belly, moving his hand up to her chest. "What the fuck?"  
  
He felt all around her torso, groping at her breasts, but she still remained invisible. He let go and stared at the table.  
  
"Something's wrong. We saw you before, but it doesn't work now. What did you do?"  
  
Brenda didn't say a word, her stomach fluttering.  
  
Frustrated, the thug groped her again and found her neck, "You better start talkin', bitch! My boss wants to know how you and your friend do this thing you do!"  
  
"Yeah, I'll bet he does," Brenda choked out, "but if you strangle me, nobody gets to know."  
  
The clod lightened his grip but still had his hand ready, "We may not be able to see you, but I can still feel you. You're going to tell us, or I'm going to start breaking things."  
  
"Your boss isn't going to like me very well all beat up, now is he?" Seeing the apprehensive look on his face, Brenda pressed on, "I didn't think so. Don't you guys have anymore lights in this place, except the one over my head?"  
  
"It's an old building," this from one of the other two in the room, "scheduled for demolition; nothin' much works here..."  
  
"Shut up, Leo! She don't need to know that!"  
  
Brenda smirked, "Any minute now, my partner's going to come crashing through that door."  
  
"Don't bet on it," the tall goon smirked back, "That's the only way in or out of this room, and it's guarded."  
  
Not for long, I'm willing to bet. "What about the skylight?"  
  
Everyone in the paltry room glanced up at the soot smudged glass fixture off to their right, and the thug answered, "Unless your partner can fly, he's not coming in that way." He let go of Brenda's throat and felt down her chest again, "Now, are you gonna start talking, or..." He found her breast again and squeezed, making her yelp.  
  
Up until now, Brenda had no problem keeping the goons confused. Now that she was conscious, all she had to do was concentrate on making specific parts of the thug's body disappear instead of his whole body which would allow him to see her. She made his palm and the flat of his fingers vanish, leaving the rest of him visible and outside of the power field.  
  
But now she was starting to lose focus and had to concentrate harder, doing her best to ignore the pain being inflicted on her breast.  
  
"You little cunt!" the thug yelled, "I'll do a lot worse if you don't..."  
  
"What the Hell's going on in here?"  
  
All eyes in the room turned to the door when a man dressed in a business suit bolted in. He walked right up to the tall goon and smartly backhanded him.  
  
"I told you not to do anything to her!"  
  
Rubbing his now sore jaw, the thug mumbled, "Sorry, Boss."  
  
"Not half as sorry as you're going to be if you ever disobey me again! And where the fuck is Chaz? He's supposed to be guarding the door!"   
  
Brenda recognized the man in charge; he was the one who was dealing with other man in the warehouse they staked out a few weeks ago. He took off before the police arrived, and had been hiding out ever since.  
  
"Now, my dear," he started, reaching out to her and caressed her thigh. But his charming expression changed to confusion.  
  
"We tried that, Boss," the one that got smacked spoke up, "It's not working now."  
  
"Then you're not doing it right," he sneered.  
  
Brenda started breathing harder as his hand traveled up her leg to her crotch. His fingers probed her soft pussy lips and she felt one of them being inserted.  
  
"Do I have your attention now?"  
  
The lowlife wiggled his finger deeper into Brenda's vagina, making her squirm. She tried to concentrate, making just his finger disappear, but his playing was making her wet. Brenda bit down on her lip when he curled his finger up and found her 'tickle' spot, and started sweating and tried not to moan.  
  
"I don't know how you're doing this, but you can keep it up for long," the greasy scumbag snickered.  
  
One of his hired goons perked up, "Hey Boss!"  
  
"I know; it's starting to work again."  
  
Brenda couldn't focus her ability and was fading in and out from her tormentor's point of view. From the outside, the thugs saw their boss doing the same. Finally, he disappeared all together and, in his eyes, Brenda came into view.  
  
"That's better," he cooed, seeing Brenda wriggling, "Now, who are you? Who's your friend?"   
  
Her boobs were rising and falling with each heavy breath, her nipples hardening. Her pussy was shiny and slick with her juices. She looked at his contemptible face with one of her own.  
  
"You fucking pig!" she hissed, and spat on him, "When he gets here, you'll be the one who gets it worst of all."  
  
"Oh, I don't think so," he sneered back, idly brushing her spittle off of his jacket, "So your partner a 'he', huh; your husband, maybe? Well, we're ready for him this time."  
  
"With what, more steam?" Brenda figured out that the lowlifes 'saw' the two of them in the alley when one of them broke open a pipe, and the steam that touched their power fields disappeared leaving a 'hole' in the cloud of vapor. And the reason was because of the slit cut into the side of their gloves, the only exposed skin on their bodies, which allowed the steam to come into contact with them. "How did you know that would work?"  
  
"I didn't," he admitted, enjoying the sight of Brenda writhing in sexual heat and not being able to stop it, "I took an educated guess."  
  
"You're 'educated'? I wouldn't have guessed."  
  
Brenda cried out when the scum roughly push more fingers into her pussy.  
  
"Crank was right," he growled, nodding to the one he slapped, "You do have a smart mouth. I'll put it to better use in a minute," To emphasize his point, he grabbed his crotch and continued, "Yeah, it was a guess. I figured that any object passing through a cloud would leave some kind of a sign. Even if the object couldn't be seen, the trail it left behind could... and I was right."  
  
Quickly but casually, Brenda looked up at the skylight, then back to her captor, "Did the teacher give you a gold star for it?"  
  
Brenda squealed in pain as her torturer grabbed her nipple and twisted. "I'm sick of your mouth, you little bitch," he grunted, "Who are you? Where's the money you took from me?"  
  
Brenda scowled at him, breathing hard through her nose.  
  
"Don't want to tell me, huh? Maybe this will change your mind." He let go of her nipple and unzipped his pants.  
  
"I'm going to enjoy seeing you in pain, you motherfucker." Brenda winced when his fingers entered her deeper. He fished around in his pants and brought out his dick, semi-hard and starting to drool precum, "and I'd rather have my tits super glued to one of the booster rockets on the space shuttle than touch your pathetic little pecker!" She glanced up again and smiled to herself.  
  
The slimy boss withdrew his fingers from Brenda's sore and wet pussy and hoisted his body up onto the table, straddling her chest. He playfully smacked at her tits with his still somewhat flaccid penis. "Let's see if your mouth sucks as good as it sasses," he grabbed her hair forcing her face towards his dick, then drew a gun out of his pocket and pressed the barrel against her temple, "and the second I feel teeth starting to chomp down," he clicked the gun's hammer back, "you feel lead."  
  
The other goons in the room, still not able to see the action going on but hoping that they might get a turn, closed in on the table. Not one of them noticed that the dirty skylight opened and closed, nor did they see the rubber shim that was being jammed under the door from the inside.   
  
"You know," she said sweetly, "You could at least tell me your name. I like to know whose cock I'm sucking on; I'm particular that way." Inwardly, she readied herself for a fight.  
  
"It's Jacko," he answered.  
  
How appropriate, she mused.  
  
"Well Jacko, I hope you enjoy this," she licked her lips seductively, "because... it's probably the last time you will."  
  
"Are you trying to scare me, little girl?" said Jacko, ready to press the tip of his dick against her mouth, twisted into an evil grin.  
  
"No," Brenda answered, matching his sneer with her own, "I'm trying to distract you."  
  
Jacko's look changed from 'lewd' to 'scared' in two seconds flat. Before he could say another word, he let out a cry of pain. His head flung itself back and the rest of his body followed, flying backwards off of Brenda and roughly landing in the lap of the thug behind him. The goon hollered in surprise at seeing his boss suddenly coming out of the ether at him and both of them hit the floor as the other two rushed to help them up, Brenda disappearing from his sight again once contact was broken.  
  
Ghost, listening in on the exchange between Brenda and the cockroaches and talking to her through her ear piece telling her to keep them occupied, immediately went to her restraints and freed her hands. Unbuckling her ankles, Brenda jumped off the table and ran to the corner of the room, grabbing her disguise and weapons.  
  
"No!" Jacko bellowed through a painfully aching mouth and missing teeth, waving off the helping hands thrust at him, "Not me, you idiots! He's here! Hit the sprinklers!"  
  
Oh fuck, Ghost thought. If the steam gave us away, water dripping on our fields will to.  
  
As Brenda hurriedly donned her belongings, a groan came from the pipes overhead. A torrent of water sprayed out of the sprinkler heads just as Ghoul pulled her mask over her face. Clicking her harness into place, she looked at Ghost who was looking back at her.  
  
Sure enough, the droplets of water were raining down all over the room... except the place where they were both standing. The drops that came into contact with their power fields simply rolled off their forms and created perfect outlines in the curtain of water.  
  
"Ghost!" Ghoul called out, the worry evident in her altered voice. Ghost just shook his head, telling her not to be concerned, and readied his baton as he crept up to the table.  
  
"What did I tell you?" Jacko yelled out in glee at his cohorts and pointing his gun at the pair of 'holes' in the water. He aimed at Ghost, "You can't hide from us now!"  
  
"Wanna bet?"  
  
Ghost swung his baton up and ducked out of the line of fire, Ghoul doing the same. Just as Jacko was squeezing the trigger, the baton smashed into the overhead lamp, the only light source in the room. The bulb in the fixture popped and shattered into tiny bits plunging the entire room into darkness, the filthy skylight letting in absolutely no light from the outside and leaving everyone literally 'in the dark'.  
  
Ghost and Ghoul readied for the fight... and were stunned when they saw each other, discovering yet another unknown trait of the rings' power.  
  
The pair was surrounded in an eerie glow of pale white light, and their bodies looked like photographic negatives with tiny dots of light flashing on their fields where the drops of water hit. Glancing around the room, everything was black... with the exception of a thin white outline around objects and people. No colors, no features; just simple outlines, and the outlines of Jacko and his goons were trying to feel their way around the dark interior, with no success.  
  
I'll be a son of a bitch, thought Ghost. The grin under his mask twisted into pure fury.  
  
"Find the door!" The shout was barely out of Crank's mouth when he was clobbered from behind, hitting the floor in a heap.  
  
The other two thugs desperately tried to reach a wall in order to feel their way to the door; only one of them made it as Ghoul dropped the other with a swing of her baton.  
  
The third goon, Leo, managed to find the doorknob and started to pull, but instead started grunting as he yanked on the door and found it jammed.  
  
"Won't open, Boss! Chaz! Open the fuckin' door!" That was the last thing he said before he joined his companions on the floor, out cold.  
  
Jacko was in a panic, darting his head around and wildly waving his gun. He jumped when another groan from the pipes blared out, the water pressure dropping and cutting off the sprinklers.  
  
"You're still in here; I know it!" He started firing at anything, the echoes of the shots ricocheting off the bare walls; four shots in all. Breathing through clenched teeth (what was left of them), he listened carefully for any movement.  
  
But his face drained of color when he sensed something directly behind him, and immediately urinated in his pants when he heard, "Missed me" growled at him in a sing-song voice.  
  
Before he could swing around to meet his adversary, the gun was pulled from his hand and the front of his suit was being grabbed. Jacko's eyes were wide with fright when Ghost materialized before him, his vision the same as the fighting duo when he was brought inside the power field. Ghost appeared as just that: a hideous apparition of pale dead light that was reserved for someone's bad dreams.  
  
"You... you... you won't kill me," whined Jacko, his bottom lip quivering.  
  
Ghost tightened his grip on Jacko's suit, "Give me one good reason why I shouldn't!"  
  
"Because you don't do that," Jacko gulped and pressed on, "I told you I've heard of you, and you don't kill anyone. You just beat them and leave them for the cops to find."

Ghost brought his skull face closer to Jacko's and grumbled, "There are always exceptions to the rule." He then nodded to Ghoul, who strolled over and took his place gripping Jacko's suit.  
  
"Remember that 'pain' I mentioned earlier?"  
  
With her free hand, she reached down and grabbed his crotch. Jacko let out a shriek as tiny sparks fired from Ghoul's fingertips. She was dying to try out her new toy, a low powered stun gun with the tips wired through her insulated gloves. All she had to do was touch the tip of her pinkie to her palm and, once the metal nubs came into contact to complete the circuit... ZAP! Not powerful enough to render anyone unconscious, but just the right amount of sting to 'get the point across'.   
  
And Ghoul was definitely making her point with Jacko, sending electric pain through his scrotum.  
  
"I like the way this works," growled Ghoul, flexing her fingers once she let go of the scumbag's balls, "Do I have your attention now?"  
  
Jacko, whimpering and clutching at his groin, shrank away from Ghoul as she brought her hand up to his face.  
  
"Okay, let's go," Ghost called out.  
  
While Ghoul was busy 'stimulating' Jacko... her way, he was busy picking up lowlifes off the floor and piling their bodies onto the table. Finished, he waltzed over to the dueling pair and grabbed Jacko by his shoulder.  
  
"Up on the table," he ordered. Jacko climbed onto the only available space there was, leaning on one of his sleeping goons and trying to find the pair in the dark once they let go of him and couldn't.  
  
Ghost nodded to Ghoul, "Ready?"  
  
The heroes pulled two gun-like devices from their belts and clicked them on. Ghost opened the skylight with his baton, then aimed his 'gun' at the opening, Ghoul mimicking his actions. What little light was let in from the outside finally allowed Jacko to see and get his bearings. All three of his hired bozos were lying next to him on the table, bloodied and out cold.  
  
The devices the heroes used were grappler guns, each with a powerful magnet at the grappling end and hooked to a thin wire stored on a small reel. CO2 cartridges fired the magnets, trailing the tow lines behind them, then another gas blast would fire the reel in reverse, reeling in whatever was hanging onto the other end for about fifty feet, give or take a yard. Once the grappler's butt end touched the barrel or a button was pressed to cut off the battery power in the gun's grip, the magnets would lose power and disengage. They were good for ten shots total, and both of the heroes practiced with them for days, getting the hang of it and having fun at the same time.  
  
They fired and the lines were played out, a dull clink sounding after a second. Ghoul reeled herself up and out of the room and steadied herself once her feet found solid purchase on the roof. Ghost did the same, but before he left he yanked the light fixture down and pulled the wires through the crumbling ceiling plaster.  
  
"You know, these old buildings are really unsafe," he croaked out at Jacko, "You should be careful; you never know when an accident might happen."  
  
Ghost reeled himself out of the dark room, dropping the broken light before he was through the skylight and heard it clatter onto the floor.  
  
The floor covered in sprinkler water.  
  
Jacko yelped in fright when sparks started flying out from the bare wires of the fixture once they made contact with the wet floor, casting an eerie 'strobe light' glow around the room.  
  
Ghost and Ghoul could still hear Jacko crying out for help as they lowered themselves to the ground. Reeling in their tow lines and clamping the grapplers back onto their belts, they headed for the car. But Ghoul stopped them when they reached the front, and slipped her arms around her partner.  
  
He hugged her back and whispered, "Are you alright?"  
  
Ghoul nodded into his shoulder, "I am now," She took off her mask, Ghost doing the same, and, "I knew you'd find me; I knew you'd come for me."  
  
They embraced each other and passionately kissed.  
  
Tom broke their hug and looked around, seeing no one, "Let's go home."  
  
"What about...?" Brenda tilted her head towards the building.  
  
"Oh, somebody's bound to find him... eventually," he grinned back at her.  
  
The duo removed the top part of the disguises and took off their rings shimmering into view, jumping into the car and driving away leaving the echoes of cries for help behind them.  
  
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"Are you feeling better, now?"  
  
Tom sat down next to Brenda, reclining on the couch and sipping coffee as the morning sun started creeping through the window blinds.  
  
"I'm alright, Tom; honest." She reached up and caressed his cheek, "It was scary, but I knew it would be all right in the end. I knew you'd be there for me."  
  
"And I always will," he said warmly, matching her gesture with a loving touch of his hand to her face and kissing her. But he sat back and got serious with her, "This is what I've been afraid of. This is why I didn't want you in on this sort of thing. If something happens to you..."  
  
Brenda pressed her fingers to his lips and retorted, "Tom, you knew something like this was going to happen sooner or later. Now that it has, we'll know what to do next time."  
  
Tom got up off the couch and started pacing, "I'm not so sure there should be a 'next time'.  
  
Brenda sat up, "We've had this conversation already."  
  
"I know," Tom threw over his shoulder, "but this isn't a game anymore; they've upped the ante on us. You know those idiots aren't going to keep quiet about it. They've found a weak spot they can exploit..."  
  
"...and so did we," Brenda countered, getting off the sofa and facing him, "Anything those guys come up with we can find a way around. You did it when you smashed the light."  
  
"That was a guess."  
  
"But a good one. Jacko said his 'steam' trick was a guess, too."  
  
Tom scratched at his head, "I still can't figure out how that worked. We should've been blinded in the dark like they were. It must be something the power field is doing, maybe amplifying light so we... but there wasn't any light to amplify... or was there? I remember something in school about light waves that can't be seen, like ultraviolet and infrared light. Maybe the fields concentrated that kind of..."   
  
Brenda drew nearer and hugged Tom, "You're going to give yourself a headache over thinking this."  
  
Tom smirked and decided to let it go for now, and cradled her face in his palm, "Yeah, probably... it's just... I came close to losing you, and..." But Brenda cut him off.   
  
"Listen to me. We've done some good things for this city. We've helped a lot of people and showed them that their situation isn't as hopeless as they think. We've shown them that there is someone on their side, willing to help. If we stop now, we'll smash any hope we gave them... and they'll give up." Brenda looked hard into Tom's eyes, "You'd be handing the city over to the types of people you've despised all these years... and you'd hate yourself for it."  
  
"What about the police? You said they were starting to catch on; sooner or later, I know they're going to figure it out somehow."  
  
"But you said they haven't got any clues. All they have are stories, rumors, and a lot of unanswered questions."  
  
Tom smiled sweetly at the love of his life and said, "You know we can't keep doing this forever."  
  
"Who says we have to? We don't have to go out every night; Hell, we haven't been doing that now." Brenda grinned seductively at him and said, "In fact, I don't want to go out and do the 'hero' thing tonight; I want to have some fun."  
  
Tom held her close, rubbing her back, "You're sure you're up to it?"  
  
She nodded, "I'm okay, really. We should go 'peeping'"  
  
"You mean spy on people?" Tom snickered, his eyes wide, "We can't do that; that's not right."  
  
"We made people's clothes vanish; that's like 'peeping', isn't it?"  
  
Tom shrugged, forced to admit that she had a point. "Okay, where do you want to go?"  
  
Brenda grin got wider, "I know the perfect place."  
  
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There was a flurry of activity happening in the building as most of the young people who lived there had already packed most of their belongings, ready to take off when classes were finished. It was a week before the spring session ended, and the students were relaxing and partying before the time came for them to leave for the summer.  
  
"What is this place?" asked Tom as the pair of invisible (and nude) explorers strolled up the front walkway, the night air warm and pleasant.  
  
"This was my dorm when I attended college," answered Brenda, grinning in anticipation, "It's a little rowdy right now; the kids are going to leave for summer break soon. But if it's the same as I remember it, it's going to be entertaining."  
  
Brenda grabbed Tom's hand and guided him off to the side of the house, passing a few students hanging out along the bushes and passing around a bottle of liquor.  
  
"They invited the guys here to party one last time?"  
  
Brenda shook her head, "It's a co-ed dorm," she whispered back.  
  
"I thought you said you went streaking with just your dorm sisters."  
  
"I did," she replied, smiling passed a blush, "We had a bet with the guys in the house; the girls lost, so we had to strip and run across the quad."  
  
They waited until a pair of students walked out of the side door and quickly slipped in.  
  
"Looks like everyone is in a good mood," said Brenda. Students were walking up and down the hallways, smiling and laughing. Some simply enjoying each other's company, others in various stages of undress and getting tipsy on whatever alcohol was handy, and all were having a good time. Especially the seniors, who got their respective degrees and were celebrating their final year of college, congratulating each other and readying themselves to face the world as accomplished young adults... but not quite yet; now was the time to have one last, big hurrah.   
  
Wearing her 'let's get in trouble' grin, Brenda said, "Let's go take a peek."  
  
The unseen nudes crept down the hall, Tom allowing himself be guided by Brenda since he was unfamiliar with the layout. She stopped a one of the room doors and knelt down.  
  
"We'll start here," she whispered, though she didn't really need to; the noise from the partying students would drown out any conversation between the pair of naked snoopers. "You take the knob; I'll use this," and she pointed at the mail slot affixed in the door's center.  
  
They both touched their respective peeking places and the doorknob and mail slot vanished. Tom and Brenda peered into the holes made by their power field, and were disappointed when all they saw was a dark, empty room.  
  
Brenda rose from her kneeling position and shrugged, "Oh well, there's plenty more rooms to peep," and winked.  
  
The duo carefully picked their way through a collage of drunken students swaying down the hallway as they stopped to peek through doorknob and slot holes. As they made their way down the hall, Tom's eyes lit up when a young co-ed waltzed down the corridor wearing a towel around her wet hair... and nothing else. Brenda raised an eyebrow at the nude girl who entered one of the rooms they had already checked, then smirked at Tom.  
  
"Told you it would be entertaining. We can check out the showers later."  
  
Tom smirked back at her, adjusting the backpack on his shoulders. Brenda frowned at it, "I told you I didn't want to do any of that tonight."  
  
"It's only got our masks, costumes, and a few 'toys' in it, including your glove and my grappler," Tom scolded at the face she was giving him, "You never know what might come up."  
  
"Oh, alright," Brenda sighed, rolling her eyes at him, "but only if we need them; we're suppose to be having fun tonight."  
  
"Okay, okay; I promise," Tom hushed back.  
  
They continued their exploration, still not finding any occupants in the rooms they checked, until they came to the eighth door. Both felt the rush of lust and naughtiness when they spied through the niches in the door.  
  
Kneeling on the bed were two young girls, one a slim blonde and the other a petite but busty Asian gal with long dark hair that reached to her butt. Both were naked and fondling each other; the Asian girl squeezing the blonde's little round ass and the blonde massaging the other one's 'more than a handful' tits. Their kisses were long and passionate, tongues playing and probing while their hands explored every nook and curve of their bodies.  
  
Brenda spied Tom's dick growing at the sight of the horny gals and reached over to stroke it, still keeping the mail slot invisible with her free hand. Tom's free fingers wasted no time slipping down Brenda's thigh and tickling her moist pussy. She bit her lip and breathed harder watching the girls lustfully please each other while Tom was pleasing her.  
  
They watched the blonde lie back on the bed, waiting for her companion to climb on top of her. The brunette crawled up to her friend and turned her body around straddling the blonde's head and parting her partner's thighs. Though it was difficult to hear, the snooping pair heard their muffled giggles.  
  
"Oh, man; I've never done this before," said the Asian girl, "My parents would kill me if they ever found out I did something like this."  
  
"So would mine," the blonde giggled back, "so, we better not let them find out."  
  
With that, the brunette dipped her head down between her friend's legs, the blonde lifting her head to do the same. Both heads started bobbing slightly as they lovingly licked each other, their purring and moaning quietly seeping through the door. Tom and Brenda stared at the horny pair while they continued their own playing; his cock drooling precum on her fist and her pussy wetting down his fingers. All the while, no one that passed by took notice of the fact that a doorknob and a mail slip were missing from one of the doors, being preoccupied with their own fun.  
  
After a few minutes, the Asian girl stopped her oral assault and jumped off her friend, telling her she'd be right back. Tom and Brenda let go of their peeking spots and moved away as the door creaked open. The girl checked the hall, seeing her fellow students in almost the same state of undress as she was and, without bothering to put something on, darted across the hallway and into the door almost across from the one she left. A second or two later, she emerged from her(?) room and, checking again, trotted back to her friend's room, her large boobs bouncing and swaying. Brenda saw a vibrator not very well hidden in her hands as she quickly closed the door, giggling.  
  
"Should we watch some more?" asked Tom, his cock swollen and still oozing.  
  
Brenda shook her head, "Nah, let 'em have their fun. Besides, we've got plenty of other rooms to check out." Grinning, she took his hand and together walked down the hall to the stairwell, leaving the hot and horny gals alone to play.  
  
It was a little livelier on the second floor. Naked and intoxicated students swayed and wobbled down the halls, laughing and groping each other. One guy was running after a gal who was laughing hysterically and trying to get away from the ping-pong paddle he was swatting her bare butt with, the others watching the chase laughing with them. Tom and Brenda smiled at the antics; Brenda saying, "I miss college."  
  
Stopping at another door, the pair knelt down again and 'peeped', and both of their faces dropped in surprise by what they saw.  
  
Two curvaceous girls, both blonde, were on their knees in front of a big, beefy guy sporting a hard on that had to be at least twelve inches long and as thick as one of the gal's wrists.  
  
"Oh, my God," Brenda whispered, her hand darting between her legs, "That's a monster."  
  
"Lucky guy," Tom mumbled back, "Here; you watch." He let go of the door knob and place a finger on the mail slot so Brenda could watch with her hands free. She tugged at her hard nipples as she rubbed at her pussy, watching the two girls kiss and lick at the guy's huge bloated shaft. Tom's dick started twitching at the sight of Brenda's playing, her fingers fluttering over her pussy lips and cupping one of her breasts, the swollen nipple being tweaked between two fingers.  
  
Her breath coming out in pants and hisses, Brenda watched the pair of blondes slather their tongues all over the guy's cock and fondle his balls. The guy arched his body and started moaning, his hips and thighs quivering, as the girls picked up their pace knowing he was going to cum. Brenda started snickering as her fingers danced over her wet cunt; that told Tom she was close to orgasm, too.  
  
Both girls flashed their tongues over the head of the guy's dick as he reared back farther and let out a strained groan. One gal grabbed his balls while the other reached around and squeezed a butt cheek, both panting and waiting in anticipation. His cock jerked and a fountain of sperm leaped out of his pisshole, splattering the girls' faces. Then another blast, and another, the girls moaning for more. After the sixth jet of spunk, little blobs of white dripped out onto their awaiting tongues, the gals quickly lapping them off his dick head and making him whimper and quake.  
  
As the blondes started licking cum off of each other's face, Brenda's body trembled as her own orgasm streaked through her loins, her cum squirts leaving a small puddle on the floor after she calmed down.  
  
Tom helped her to stand and said, "I take it they were having a good time."  
  
Brenda just nodded, not able to keep the grin off her face. She took his hand again and proceeded down the halls, pausing to check a room to make sure it was empty.  
  
"Wait here," she said, and skipped down the hallway, quickly checking out rooms. At the fourth door, Tom's eyes widened when she materialized into view; she had removed her ring and placed it back on her finger without reciting the inscription that would activate the invisibility field. Grinning sheepishly, she shrugged and knocked on the door.  
  
"Come on in, Deb," was the muffled response.  
  
Brenda entered the candle lit room and took in the sight of lustful sex going on.  
  
Three girls, all nude, were on a large bed kissing and feeling each other with hot desire. The redhead in the middle was being kissed and licked all over when she noticed that it wasn't her friend who walked in.  
  
"Oh... hi. Sorry; I thought you were Debra." She said, smiling at the sight of Brenda's curves.  
  
"Uh, sorry to interrupt you guys," she smiled back, sweetly, "I was wondering if you have any extra lube I could borrow."  
  
"Sure, honey," the redhead answered, pointing off to the side at a dresser in the corner. On top were bottles of lotions and what-not, "Take what you need."  
  
"I'll bring it back when I'm done." Brenda grabbed a small bottle of baby oil.  
  
"Don't worry; we've got plenty... ooooh." One of the girls dipped her head down and started licking at her friend's twat also topped with red hair. "But... you can come back and join us after you're done... if you want." The redhead smiled wickedly at Brenda, ogling her yummy curves and licking her lips, as her friends continued their playful tonguing.  
  
"I might just do that," Brenda grinned back, waving the bottle at them, "Thanks." She checked the hall and seeing no one removed her ring and said "Per is vox, lux lucus sinus," slipped the ring back on and vanished from sight, leaving the horny trio to their sex play.  
  
Trotting back to Tom, she pulled his hand and said, "In here." They entered the dark room, a lounge area that was unoccupied, and headed for one of the couches. Brenda poured oil all over Tom's cock, then handed the bottle to him and said, "Lube me up."   
  
"But you're already wet," said Tom, readying the bottle of oil.  
  
"I know," she grinned at him, bending over the couch and spreading her legs, making part of the cushions disappear. She wiggled her butt at him and said, "That's not where I want your cock."

Tom's dick throbbed at the request he got; she wanted it in her ass. Oiling his fingers, he gently probed between her cheeks and found her little hole. She quivered a little when she felt a digit being slowly inserted inside of her ass and sighed, "Ohhhhh, yeah."  
  
More fingers, more oil, and more probing had her humping her ass back at him, telling Tom she was ready for him. Withdrawing his fingers, he grabbed his slippery cock and pressed the head against her shiny asshole. Brenda's whole body stiffened up and shivered as his bloated dickhead eased into the opening, flaring it out, and she grunted as the ring of muscle tissue engulfed the head, making Tom shudder and moan.  
  
In and out slowly, Tom entered Brenda an inch at a time not wanting to hurt her and, at the same time, not wanting to cum too soon. After a minute or two, Brenda pushed her hips back and moaned soft and long as she let Tom's whole cock slip into her.  
  
"Ohhhhh, God," she sobbed, "You're so big. You feel so good in my ass." Brenda looked over her shoulder and smiled, "Do me, baby; fuck my ass."  
  
Tom felt his balls churning at that statement, and proceeded to hump her round, delicious butt. Slowly at first, he loved the sensation of her asshole squeezing and milking his dick, then he started thrusting faster.  
  
"Oh, yes... oh, yes; do me," Brenda huffed. She moaned and panted with his humping, wiggling her hips and thrusting back to meet him. His balls were slapping against her hot, dripping cunt, sending tingles of pleasure through her crotch.  
  
Tom loved watching her ass jiggle and hump back at him, wanting more of his cock inside of her. His scrotum was glazed with her juices as he plunged deeper into her tight hole. Leaning forward a bit, he cupped both of her breasts and gently squeezed them, brushing the stiff nipples with his fingers and making her mewl lustfully.  
  
Brenda reached down and played with herself, little giggles starting to slip passed her lips.   
  
"Oh, Tom," she grunted, "Oh, I'm gonna cum; I'm gonna cum so hard... oh... oh... Oh... Ohhhhh, yyyyyyyes!"  
  
Brenda thighs quivered as she arched up onto her toes, her hand furiously frigging her pussy, and she yelped in delight as she came. Her usual cum squirts came out this time as a thick jet of wetness, blasting out of her cunt and splashing onto the vinyl seat cushion of the couch.  
  
Tom felt sperm bubbling up his cock and buried it in her ass. He groaned as a huge blast of cum coated her bowels, her butt wiggling at feeling his dick twitching and jerking inside of her and emptying his nuts into her ass. His orgasm lasted longer than usual, her contracting innards milking out every last drop of semen.  
  
When the last of their orgasms subsided, Tom gently eased his spent prick out of her red and puffy asshole, cum and baby oil oozing out of her orifice. Brenda leaned back against him, reaching behind her to hold his waist while Tom wrapped his arms around her caressing her hot skin.  
  
"Oh, God; that was great," she said, out of breath, "I've never cum like that before." She idly glanced at the now wet couch, and chuckled, "I guess I made a mess, didn't I?"  
  
"You were incredible, baby; I love your ass and how it makes my dick feel," Tom smiled at her, and checked his sack, "I think I'll be dry for a while after cumming like that."  
  
"I hope not," she grinned back, "I still want to play some more."  
  
"The horny monster's back again, isn't she?"  
  
Brenda nodded and snickered at him. She placed the bottle of oil into the pack on Tom's back, telling him the girls she borrowed it from said she could keep it. After cleaning up the couch and themselves with some table napkins, they carefully exited the lounge.  
  
Working their way up to the other floors, they spied more sexual escapades along the way. More girls hungrily devouring each other in Sapphic lust, couples in various positions (one guy holding a girl upside-down with her legs draped over his shoulders; he licking at her crotch, she slurping on his dick), and groups of students fondling and fucking anything close to them, even a guy and a gal going down on another guy's cock. And all the while, Tom and Brenda were fondling and playing with each other making themselves hornier than two rabbits in heat.  
  
"Man, these kids really know how to throw a 'going away' party," Tom commented as he peeked in on two girls racing each other to see which one of them could jack off their guy first, caressing Brenda's ass as they watched. The race turned out to be a tie, both guys rearing back and groaning as cum shot out of their cocks and landing on their girlfriends' chests at the same time. Both girls just shrugged and then laid down side by side on the bed and spread their legs, obviously being their turn, and the guys immediately dived in and started 'racing'.  
  
The two peepers headed for the stairwell, but just as they reached the landing a girl rushed by them hugging herself and crying, her nude body covered in red welts and tears streaming down her face.  
  
"What the Hell was that?" asked Tom, watching the hurt girl dash into a room.  
  
"Something's not right," said Brenda and proceeded to the stairs.  
  
The invisible pair climbed up to the last floor, Brenda telling him that the floor wasn't used for anything except storage... and occasional partying, but saw that the halls were empty.  
  
No, not quite empty. There were two guys standing on either side of the door at the far end, wearing T-shirts with a crest on the pockets.  
  
"Something's definitely not right," she whispered, "Those two don't go to this school."  
  
Tom turned back to her, "How do you know?"  
  
"The school crests on their shirts; the school colors here are dark red and gold."  
  
Tom looked more closely at the pair of guards (for that's what they were obviously doing; guarding the door), and saw that the crests on their shirts were navy blue, the insignias and outer edges stitched in white.  
  
"What are they doing here?"  
  
Brenda shook her head, "No idea, but I know they don't belong here. Nobody would invite somebody from the other college of this town here; they're bitter rivals."  
  
Tom's eye narrowed, "That's telling me they're up to no good."  
  
"Ditto." Brenda reached for the back pack and pulled out the contents, donning her mask, costume (minus any protective covering), and her 'shock' glove. Holding the pack open for him, Tom did the same, checking to make sure the grappler was fastened securely to his belt, and both turned on their 'voices' and ear pieces.  
  
"We don't have our vests or body armor," Brenda hissed into her voice box, switching her glove on.  
  
"Then we'll have to be extra careful," Tom countered, slipping his baton into the belt loop, "Besides, they're college kids. What could they have that could hurt us?"  
  
"Somehow, that doesn't make me feel any better," she said, a clear picture of the welt covered girl in her mind. Brenda edged along the wall of the hallway, Tom on the opposite side. "I didn't want to do any of this tonight; I wanted to have fun."  
  
"I know, but we should check it out anyway. The 'fun' isn't going anywhere; we'll come back to it."  
  
Positioning herself between the two frat boys who were simply standing aside the door, staring off down the hall, and not saying a word, Brenda knelt down and touched the mail slot with the open side of her glove. She heard what sounded like a struggle as the slot faded, and peeked inside. What she saw made her mouth drop open.  
  
In the dim room lit only by a single small lamp, three girls were in the process of being tortured. Two of them were tied to a wall with their arms over their heads, one with her head lolled over and a gag in her mouth. The third was laid out over a small table, on her stomach with her wrists and ankles bound together forcing her legs apart. All three girls were naked, and all showed signs of abuse from bruises to whip marks that were bleeding.  
  
And enjoying their suffering were two naked boys, evil leers on their faces and stiff pricks jutting out from their crotches. One was dripping candle wax on the table girl's red and sore ass and the other one tugging on metal clamps biting down on her nipples, her screams muffled by the gag in her mouth. A couple of whips, paddles, and other assorted 'toys' were scattered on the floor, all dotted with blood.  
  
"Get off of her, you bastards!" this coming from the only girl not gagged, her voice hoarse from yelling, "You fucking animals; leave her alone!"  
  
"Shut up, you little cunt," bellowed the one with the candle, "or you're going to be next!"  
  
The one shouting started to cry and turned her head away, unable to look at her friend thrashing about and grunting in pain when the hot wax dripped onto her enflamed pussy.  
  
"I want some more of her mouth," said the other one, letting go of the nipple clamps and sliding the gag off of her face. The girl coughed and wheezed and tried to talk, but no words would come out. The young man grabbed her hair, forced her head up, and then drew a long hunting knife and laid it across her throat. "Give me some more, bitch." He pushed the head of his dick passed her lips, then shoved the rest down her throat and proceeded to face fuck her. The girl gagged and sobbed around his shaft, tears running down her face, but obeyed his command knowing that if she didn't he would use the knife.  
  
"And I want some of that sweet ass."  
  
Her eyes widened with fear and tried to protest, but the other guy's cock muffled her objections. Her whole body lunged as the first one placed his cock on her asshole and rammed it inside, her screams cut off by the frantic mouth fucking of the other one. He slapped hard at her ass cheek with a leather crop and both of them just laughed as the one on the wall berated them, struggling to get free of her bonds. The last girl on the wall barely moved, swaying back and forth and mumbling incoherently through her gag.  
  
Brenda (Ghoul) had seen enough. This wasn't the kind of bondage sex that some people enjoyed; this was sadistic torture and the guys loved inflicting pain on their victims.  
  
She motioned to Ghost, and he crept up on the two goons at the door. She pointed to them and made a slashing movement across her neck, and he tapped the shoulder of one with a finger.  
  
"What?" he said, turning to his cohort.  
  
The other turned and shrugged, "What?"  
  
"What is it?"  
  
"What're you talkin' about?"  
  
"You tapped my shoulder; what do you want?"  
  
"No I didn't."  
  
A bright haze of pain flashed through their skulls as their heads were banged together. Ghost grabbed one of them and slammed his head into the wall as Ghoul got a hold of the other, grabbing his crotch and activating her shock glove. The ones inside didn't hear his shriek, drowned out by the yelling going on in the room. Once she whacked his head with her baton, both frat boys were on the floor, their lights punched out. They quickly zip tied their hands and feet, then entered the room.  
  
"Hey, close the damn door!" one of the boys shouted when the door creaked open. It closed slowly. "This one's all done," he remarked, nodding to the limp and sore girl on the table, "Let's use the bitchy one next," and tilted his head towards the one that was yelling.  
  
"Just a minute," his friend grunted, humping the poor girl's face and shooting cum down her throat. Once finished, he withdrew his cock and the hapless girl choked on his spunk and immediately threw up, coughing and sobbing with tear tracks on her cheeks. Again, they just laughed and one turned to the girl on the wall while the other started to untie the abused one on the table.  
  
"This looks like fun; I want to be next."  
  
Both frat goons looked at each other, startled by the unexpected (and creepy) voice they heard, then at their captives.  
  
"Which one of you said that?" asked the face fucker. Suddenly, his eyes bugged out of his head as he started gagging, clutching at his throat. His friend started over to help him, but was tripped up slamming his head into the edge of the table.   
  
Dazed, he tried to rise... and then screamed as fire shot through his ball sack. Ghoul, holding his nuts with her zap glove, just smirked when a thick jet of cum leaped out of his cock and splattered his chest. She simply leaned down to the whimpering boy and, connecting a solid right to his jaw, growled, "Was it good for you?" before he passed out.  
  
Ghost had the other goon against the wall by his throat, ready to put his lights out, but the kid managed to grab his knife before being dragged away and sliced at whatever had a hold of him. Ghost winced as the blade cut into his arm and, making him angrier than he was before, shoved the kid's head into the wall leaving a dent in the plaster board. The kid slumped to the floor unconscious, the knife slipping out of his grasp. Ghost picked it up carefully and wiped the blade with an extra napkin from the lounge, then stuffed the used wipe into his pocket.  
  
Ghost and Ghoul carefully removed the beaten girl off the table and laid her down on the floor, trying not to aggravate her wounded body any more than it already was. The one on the wall couldn't say anything, shocked to see the guys beat up and her friend gently laid down by... nobody. Both of the heroes noticed her confusion.  
  
"It's alright, honey," grumbled Ghost, "we're here to help you and your friends." He went over to the other one on the wall and cut her loose, being just as gentle; the young girl was semiconscious and moaning.  
  
"Who are you?" the remaining one asked.  
  
"This one's wrist is broken," said Ghoul, checking over the table girl.   
  
Ghost was untying the only one that was still coherent and said, "And the other one looks like she has a concussion. What happened here?"  
  
"One of the girls was dating one of these guys," the young lady sobbed, sniffing away tears and trembling at the growling voices coming out of the air, "She broke up with him and he didn't like it, so he and his buddies snuck in and got my friend up here. He left a text message on my cell, saying there was a party; he did that to two other girls she knows. And when we got here..." she started crying, "They were taking pictures of us and said they'd post them if we said anything..." That was enough to make her break down and point to the cell phone next to the lamp in the corner once her arms were free.   
  
Ghoul reached out and picked up the slim phone with her gloved hand, and the girl jumped a little at seeing it float off the table and hang in midair. She then gasped when sparks flew out all around it when Ghoul touched her pinkie to her palm, activating the shock tips, and sent bolts of electricity through the device frying the electronics inside of it.  
  
"They can't now," Ghoul said, nonchalantly tossing the now useless phone into the trash can next to her.  
  
Ghost jumped in, "Call an ambulance and the police; tell them what happened."  
  
"What about you two?" the one on the wall asked, shaking the circulation back into her arms and still trying to see her rescuers, but couldn't.  
  
"You could tell them about us," Ghost said as he tossed the two naked boys onto the table and tied them up like their friends outside, "but I don't think they'll believe you." He nodded to his partner, "Let's go," and the pair exited the room with the sound of "Thank you" following them out.  
  
"Why does somebody always have to come along and spoil a good time for everyone," Ghoul fumed as they walked down the empty hall, "Does this shit ever end?"  
  
Ghost took hold of her hand and squeezed as they went down the stairs, "I'm sorry, honey; I know you didn't want to do the 'hero' thing tonight."  
  
"Oh, it's alright. It's just... frustrating. Every time people are having fun... every time I want to have some fun, something like this has to come along and fuck it all up for me and everyone else. Why do some people have to be assholes?" She was going to continue her bitching, but stopped when she saw his arm, "You're hurt."  
  
Ghost glanced at the wound, a rip through the forearm of his shirt and a small amount of dark red soaking into the edges, "Yeah, he managed to slice into me. It's not that bad, though; probably doesn't even need stitches."  
  
"We still have to get you cleaned up," Ghoul ruefully looked around the dorm as they made their way to the exit, "We'll have to come back some other time; may have to wait until September, though."  
  
Ghost chuckled as they left the building, sirens wailing in the distance once outside, "There's still one more week to go; but if we can't have fun here, don't worry. We'll still have our fun, but it'll have to be in... other places..." Ghost turned back to peer at the dorm house, cop cars and an ambulance roaring up to the front and students hurrying to get out of the way.  
  
"What's the matter? Ghoul asked, watching with him as the paramedics rolled out a gurney, "I'm sure they'll be okay now."  
  
"No... it's something else... a feeling that we forgot something; that I forgot something. It's probably nothing, but..." Ghost shook the thought out of his head, "No, forget it; let's go home."  
  
The heroes walked back to their car, the nagging feeling still in the back of Tom's mind.  
  
Nah, it's nothing, he thought, nothing we haven't done before, and it'll be the same confusing story no one will believe. The cops don't have anything on us; they haven't got a clue.  
  
\*\*\*  
  
Detective Trent read the report in his hand for the fourth time, and that nagging feeling was still in the back of his mind: maybe there was something to all the stories he's heard. All he needed was one solid clue.   
  
I'm glad Paul decided to keep that file open, he thought, silently thanking his partner.  
  
Waiting for the test results in the department's lab, Trent saw the same account in the report from the witnesses like the other cases he and his partner worked: two ghostly figures taking out scumbags and rescuing their victims. He didn't think it was a coincidence, but the other detective chalked it up to drug use.  
  
But all of them, using the same kind of drug? He decided that if it looked too much like a coincidence, it probably wasn't.  
  
"Okay; I've got the results, Bob," this from the forensics' tech hunched over a keyboard and screen. Trent walked over to her, peering over her shoulder at the tests.  
  
"Alright," she started, using a pen as a pointer, "The blood and semen samples match the ones from everyone involved: four attackers, four victims..."  
  
"Great, then the case should be a slam dunk from here."  
  
"...and someone else."  
  
"How did I know it wasn't going to be that easy," he groaned, letting his head droop, "Someone else was there?"   
  
"I believe so," the tech went on, punching up another window on her screen, "We've matched the semen collected from the rape kits to the perps, and the blood samples at the scene to the vics..."  
  
"But..." Trent sighed.   
  
"But, this came up as well," she pointed to a sample result off to the right, "This result came from a small piece of dark fabric found on the floor; it showed traces of blood."  
  
Trent frowned, "The blood didn't come from one of the vics?"  
  
"Nope, not a single match... to any of them, vic or perp."  
  
"What else?"  
  
The tech handed Trent another report, "They found two cell phones; one belongs to one of the vics, and the other was in a trash can. It looks like somebody nuked it in a microwave; the whole thing is fried, and the memory card is useless. No useful prints, either."  
  
"What about the knife?"  
  
"There were three blood traces on it, but the blade was wiped and I've only been able to isolate one sample. Belongs to one of the girls; the other two are inconclusive, and one of the perp's prints were on the handle," she turned to look at him, "But the trace on the fabric piece definitely doesn't match up to anyone involved so far. There was somebody else in the room with them." then, turning back to the screen, "According to the test results, it was a male in pretty good shape; low fat content, low cholesterol, good blood sugar levels. From the cell count and structure analysis, I'm guessing around age thirty, give or take a year."

Trent thought about it for a second.  
  
Sure, there must have been someone else; those girls sure as Hell didn't take out those clowns and tie them up, not in their conditions. And the guys were all zip tied, just like...   
  
"Not a student then, at least not a young one."  
  
"One of the faculty, maybe?" the tech offered.   
  
"Maybe," Trent wrinkled his brow, "Thanks, Kathy; I'll take it from here."  
  
Trent took the paper report from her and headed to his office. Once there, he started typing into his computer and had it compare the test sample against anyone it had in the files. While it scrolled through dozens of people, Trent wondered if the mystery guest was just another punk who changed his mind in midstream and got reprimanded by his buddies for it, or the 'ghostly benefactor' that seemed to pop up in every rescue and takedown report that came across his desk. Every one else kept saying 'coincidence', but him; there had to be something to all of...  
  
His computer stopped comparing files and beeped at him, the word 'match' flashing at the top in green. The file was an old report of a job accident from years ago, and the person it matched the sample to had no prior arrests or convictions; not even a parking ticket.   
  
If he wasn't one of the attackers or one of their victims, and he was pretty certain none of the kids would invite one of the teachers to their party, Trent assumed that if it really wasn't a coincidence, it must have been...   
  
In his mind, it left only one other possibility.  
  
His lip curled up in a smile.  
  
"Gotcha."

**Ghost of a Chance Ch. 08**

Brenda rolled off of Tom to lie beside him in his bed, sweating and panting. She draped her leg over one of his as he wrapped an arm around her to cuddle her, rubbing her back.  
  
"Mmm," she purred, "I think I like waking up with morning sex." She traced a fingertip down his chest and belly to caress his cock, making him moan in satisfaction.  
  
"I could get use to it," he said in a tired voice as his hand slid down to rub her butt.  
  
She smiled and kissed him, then rose off the bed, "I'm going to shower; you've got clean towels, right?"  
  
"Yes, in the closet."  
  
"How's your arm, still sore?"  
  
Tom looked at the bandage covering a long, but shallow gash along his forearm. A present from one of the sick lowlifes that tortured some young girls at a dorm party they peeped in on. He thanked the young man by slamming his head into the wall and leaving him tied up for the police to haul away.  
  
"Actually, it's not that bad anymore; still a little stiff. I'll change the bandage after I start the coffee."  
  
Brenda trotted off to the bathroom while Tom pulled on a T-shirt and some sweatpants, and headed for the kitchen. Clicking the coffee maker on, he gently peeled back the tape on his arm, wincing when it pulled a couple of hairs, and removed the bandage. The wound had already scabbed over leaving only a hint of pink around the edges; no infection had set in. He sprayed some more disinfectant onto the area and put a fresh bandage over it, again wincing as the healing mist started stinging his skin.  
  
Okay, maybe a little infection left, he thought.  
  
Just as the coffee maker finished bubbling out the last of the brew, the doorbell chimed and Tom answered it, wondering who it could be this early in the morning.  
  
It was a tall man with a manila file in his hand, wearing a sleepy look and a well worn suit jacket, the strap of a gun holster not quite hidden under it, "Thomas Pierce?"  
  
"Yes, that's me," Tom nodded.  
  
"Sergeant Robert Trent, detectives' division," the man flashed a badge and continued, "I need to speak with you about an incident that occurred two nights ago."  
  
"All right; come on in," Tom let the officer inside, his stomach fluttering as he closed the door. "Would you care for some coffee? Just made a fresh pot."  
  
"No, thank you," Trent said, getting down to business, "Mr. Pierce, I need to know where you were the night before last around 10:30."  
  
Uh oh; okay, just play it straight but play it cool.  
  
"I was at a party," Tom answered as he poured himself a mug.  
  
"On the college campus?"  
  
"Yes; I left right around the time you mentioned." Tom casually walked around the officer, seeing him eyeing this or that around the living room.  
  
"How long were you there?"  
  
"A couple of hours." When Trent turned to look at something on the couch, Tom felt a quick tap on his shoulder telling him Brenda was right behind him, undoubtedly invisible. Then he saw Trent carefully pick up a garment off the couch's arm.  
  
"Not yours, I take it," he said with a smirk, dangling the pink bra on his finger.  
  
"You take correctly," Tom shot back, matching his smirk, "That belongs to my girlfriend."  
  
"Is she here?" Trent dropped the bra back onto the sofa.  
  
Tom thumbed behind him, "In the shower."  
  
"Did she go to this party, too?"  
  
"She invited me; she works in one of the dorms."  
  
"I'll need to speak with her, too."  
  
Tom held out his hand, offering the chair beside the officer. They both sat waiting for Brenda to come out, Trent idly glancing at the bandage on Tom's arm.  
  
"Must have been some party," he said, nodding at his arm.  
  
"This was from... work; I fix things," Tom answered, absently rubbing at his forearm, "occupational hazard."  
  
Trent's eyebrow shot up suddenly when Brenda walked out of the bathroom wearing a towel and rubbing at her hair with a smaller one.  
  
"Is the coffee ready, Tom? Oh!" she voiced surprise, grasping at the towel that didn't quite cover her body, "Sorry, I didn't know you had company."  
  
"It's okay; this is Detective Trent," Tom waved a hand, "This is Brenda Johnson."  
  
"Miss," Trent tipped his head to her, spying some wet flesh peeking out from the opening where the towel gaped.  
  
Brenda shrugged, "I didn't mean to interrupt."  
  
"I need to ask you some questions, Miss Johnson; were you at a dorm party with Tom two nights ago around 10:00 or so?"  
  
"Yes, I invited him there."  
  
"Are you a student?"  
  
"I work in that dorm; I'm the house mother and I tutor some of the students... well, at least I did; classes are over for the summer."  
  
Trent nodded slowly, "What time did you leave?"  
  
"Well, we were only there for a couple of hours. The kids were getting a little... rambunctious with there fun, if you know what I mean. So we congratulated them and left them to their partying. I think it was almost 10:30 when we left."  
  
"And you came back here?"  
  
Brenda grinned seductively, "Yes... and last night, too."  
  
Trent didn't even crack a smile at that and continued, "Do you know anything about the incident that happened in one of the rooms?"  
  
"We heard something about it," said Tom, a trickle of worry running down his spine.  
  
"Oh, I think you did more than just 'hear' about it," Trent said, opening the file and thumbing through the contents. He pulled out a piece of paper and held it out for Tom to look at. "This is the result of a sample test on a piece of fabric we found in the room where an assault took place. Your blood was on it."  
  
Oh, shit! The knife attack! I knew there was something that was wrong. "My blood?" he asked, feinting confusion.  
  
"We collected samples that matched up to everyone that was in the room at the time of the attacks: four male students from another college, four females that were raped and assaulted by them... and you." He slipped the paper back into the file and stepped up to Tom, "There was no trace of you on any of the victims; that tells me you weren't involved in any sexual assault that we know of. But that fabric sample also tells me that you were in that room with them. So, what I want to know is: what were you doing there?"  
  
Tom decided to just come out with it and hope the consequences wouldn't be that bad; the detective had hard evidence right in front of him so there was no ducking out of it.  
  
"Yes, I was in there. I saw two guys standing outside the door, guarding it. They didn't go to that college, so I went up to them and asked them what they were doing there..."  
  
"... and you beat the shit out of them?" Trent asked.  
  
"I heard what was going on in the room, Detective. Yes, I punched their tickets in..."  
  
"...and zip tied them? That's convenient."  
  
"I told you I fix things; I happened to have them on me, so I used them." Tom was starting to get hot.  
  
"And then?"  
  
"I busted into the room and saw what was going on, so I took out the other two and untied the girls."  
  
"Yes," Trent started pacing, tapping the folder against his chin, "the girls said someone came in and helped them. Pretty brave of you taking on four big college guys by yourself... or were you by yourself?"  
  
Tom scowled, "What's that suppose to mean?" Brenda placed her hand on his back and squeezed, telling him to calm down.  
  
"The witnesses said that there were two people helping them."  
  
"No, it was just me," Tom said, trying to keep an even and convincing voice, "Brenda waited for me out in the car while I went back in to get my keys I left in her room. A girl ran passed me all beat up, so I checked out what was going on and found those guys assaulting three more. I took them out, freed the girls, and told them to call the cops."  
  
"And you didn't feel it necessary to stick around?" Trent raised an eyebrow to him.  
  
"I didn't feel like being a hero, okay?"  
  
"No it's not 'okay', Mr. Pierce," said Trent hotly, "You're a material witness to multiple assaults, some of which you were responsible for," he got right in Tom's face, "and you're not telling me everything."  
  
Now Tom was really getting upset and shouted, "I told you what happened!"  
  
"But not all of it!" Trent fired back, "You left out the part about not being seen!"  
  
Tom's brow climbed up, "What are you talking about? You've got witnesses that said I was there helping them!"  
  
"'Helping' yes," Trent dug out another paper from his folder, "but one of them said she couldn't see you."  
  
"It was dark in the room; I could barely see anything either."  
  
"That's not what she meant," Trent held up the paper, "She said that her 'savior'... was invisible."  
  
"That's ridiculous!" Brenda now chimed in, "She must have been out of it; she was hurt, after all!"  
  
"Yeah, so ridiculous that we have reports from at least three dozen other witnesses claiming the same thing: criminals saying they were beat up by invisible ghosts; victims saying they were rescued by them." Trent now stared at Brenda carefully, and his brow went up as well, "Yes... now I know you: Brenda Johnson. Yes, I remember you, too. You're in one of the case files we have; an attempted rape victim." His lip curled up in a sneer, "You claimed that your benefactor was invisible, too."  
  
Both Tom and Brenda remained silent; what could they say? Trent was on to them.  
  
"Look," the detective sighed, impatiently, "I don't know how you're doing it or what you're using to do it with, but I'm pretty sure of one thing," he stared Tom dead in the eye, "It was you. You... are this 'Ghost' character they keep talking about. You're the one taking out dirtbags left and right; you," he then glared at Brenda, "and your partner."  
  
Tom remained indignant while Brenda's lips were pulled down into a scowl. "Well," she grumbled, "it was fun while it lasted."   
  
Trent just smirked and resumed his pacing, "How are you doing it, this 'not being seen' thing?"  
  
Neither of them uttered a word.  
  
Trent's smirk disappeared, "You realize I could haul both of you in on charges right now."  
  
"What charges?" Brenda asked, nostrils flaring.  
  
"Aggravated and felonious assault, for starters; illegal entry, battery, tampering with and removing evidence from a crime scene, and those are just off the top of my head."  
  
"All of which were done against people who were doing something bad to someone else... and that you have no proof of," Brenda spat out.  
  
The detective balked a little at that, but pressed on, "Have you two kept track of how many people you've managed to hurt and put in the hospital?"  
  
Tom stepped up; he had heard enough, "Alright, fine; so you know. It was us, but like she said: you have no real proof, just hearsay and speculation. Now let me ask you a question Detective, and answer me honestly: who have we hurt?"   
  
Trent started to say something but stopped himself, his face getting as hard as stone as Tom went on, "Yeah, that's right: criminals; degenerates that don't give a damn about anyone or anything but themselves. Scumbags that do whatever they please, hurt whomever they want, and take from hard working, decent folks that count on you guys to protect them and keep them safe... and don't." Trent's brow dropped at that, Tom knowing he struck a nerve, "And all because 'they can'; they don't respect the law because they never obey it. They don't care about common decency because they don't have any!"  
  
"And that gives you the right to take the law into your own hands?" Trent spat at him.  
  
"Somebody has to do something about it," Tom narrowed the gap between them, "because you clowns certainly aren't!" Trent was almost nose to nose with Tom when Brenda intervened.  
  
"Alright, that's enough! We're not getting anywhere with this!" She then turned to Trent, still hanging onto the towel around her body, "Look, all we were doing was helping those who needed it. A lot worse could have happened to them if we hadn't done something."  
  
The detective nailed her point blank with a glare and asked, "Why? Why are you two doing this?"  
  
Tom answered the detective, "Because nobody else can."  
  
Trent folded his arms in a huff and asked, "And just what the Hell is that suppose to mean? You think I've worn this badge for almost twenty years for nothing?"  
  
"You're a cop, and you know as well as I do that you can only go so far with that badge and gun. The criminals know it, too; they're the ones with all the rights, all the privileges allowed by the law."  
  
"That's the way it is, Pierce. Until a better system comes along..." But Tom cut him off.  
  
"Yeah, until then what are their victims left with? Fear and pain, broken spirits, and shattered lives. Where are their rights?"  
  
"They get justice when their attackers are put behind bars."  
  
"A small consolation, considering the criminals already know how the court system works better than the lawyers do. And for someone with nothing to lose, a bed and three meals a day without working or paying taxes for it would be paradise, while their victims try to cope with the loss of security... or a loved one."  
  
"As long as their locked up, they can't hurt anyone else," Trent counter.  
  
But Tom immediately fired back with, "The way the system is set up, most of them are back on the streets in a few months or a few years and pick up right where they left off: doing whatever they please and ruining lives in the process," He put on a dour look and, "The criminals know they can get away with it, because they're not afraid of you, their victims, or anything the law can throw at them. But thanks to us..." Tom's look changed from dour to rancorous, "they have a reason to be afraid now."  
  
Trent was silent for a moment or two, then, "Criminals or not, you're violating their rights."  
  
"I seriously doubt their victims would agree with you," said Brenda with a sarcastic sneer.  
  
"And I'm almost certain that the people we've helped would be on our side of the argument," Tom picked up, "So I ask you again, Detective: who have we hurt?"   
  
Again, Trent took a moment to answer, then, "Even though the 'help' you're handing out is stopping criminals, it still doesn't make it right."  
  
"Probably not, but it does make it...'even'. It's no longer tilted in the criminals' favor; we're helping to level the playing field." Tom felt his confidence become rock solid for the first time in a long while, then Brenda backed him up with, "Hell, you should be thanking us; we're making your job easier."  
  
"That is entirely beside the point, young lady," Trent huffed, then closed his eyes and let out his breath slowly, "Look, I can understand what you two are trying to do and between you and me, you actually are helping out the people of this city to a degree. However... you're still breaking the law."  
  
"Like we said: you have no proof of that."  
  
Trent just glared at Tom and held up the file in his hand.  
  
"One piece of evidence that says I was at a crime scene, and witnesses that said I helped to save them. What do you think the courts will say?"  
  
Trent sighed, already knowing the answer, "More than likely... they'd dismiss the charges on 'self defense' grounds. At worst, suspend the sentence, if any, and give you probation." He and the pair of heroes just stood in the living room contemplating their views in silence for a minute, then he asked, "What do you think I should do with you two?"  
  
Tom blinked, not moving, "It's your call, Detective."  
  
For a split second, Trent considered calling in back up and having the pair placed under arrest. Instead, he headed for the door, but turned as he grabbed the doorknob, "I need some time to think about this one. Just for the sake of argument, I'm giving you two the benefit of the doubt, because I think you really are trying to help." He held up the file, "I'll keep this buried for now, but do me a favor: don't leave town, and don't go out and perform any 'good citizen' routines for a while. I'll be in touch." With that, the detective left the house.  
  
"Oh, Christ!" Tom slapped his forehead and started sputtering, "I fucking knew it! I knew something like this could happen! In the back of my mind, I always thought that someone would..."  
  
"Now Tom, don't start panicking yet," said Brenda, holding his arm.  
  
"I'm not 'starting' anything; we're way passed the point of 'panicking'!" He glanced at Brenda, and suddenly felt a little better when a bit of humor leaped into his mind, "and you were putting on a show for him."  
  
Brenda just shrugged, "Just trying to distract him."  
  
"Your nipples are showing."  
  
Brenda looked down and saw that both of her nipples were peeking out over the top of the towel. She yelped a little and blushed, realizing she was giving the detective a free peep, and couldn't quite hide the grin tugging at the corner of her mouth.  
  
"It's a good thing you came out of the bathroom; our stories wouldn't have matched up too well."  
  
Brenda nodded, "I heard you talking to someone right before I jumped into the shower, so I put my ring on and snuck in."  
  
"You didn't make the floor disappear," Tom noted.  
  
"I put on my socks. After you two sat down, I got in the shower for a second and came out." But Brenda sighed, adding, "It still didn't help much, though; he already figured it out."  
  
Tom slumped down on the couch, still aggravated and worried. "What the Hell are we going to do, Brenda?"  
  
"For now... nothing," she answered, sitting next to him, "You just said it's his call."  
  
Tom nodded, "He's 'letting it go' for now; he's still trying to figure out what to do next. He's got evidence, but nothing solid on our 'hero' work. It just proves that I was there at the dorm, but it doesn't prove that I'm the Ghost. He guessed right about us, but that's all it was: a guess."  
  
Brenda rubbed his shoulder, "So, what do you think he'll do about it?"  
  
"I don't know; that's what worries me the most."  
  
Brenda leaned on his shoulder, "Maybe we should cool it for a while; no sense in aggravating the situation any more than it is now."  
  
"Whether we take it easy or not, this whole thing could explode any minute, and Trent's got the match to light the fuse."  
  
They both stayed silent for a while, then Brenda thought of something, "Tom, do you think we could trust him?"  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"Remember when I asked you if you knew anyone on the police force, and you said 'no'?"  
  
"Yes," he answered slowly and cautiously.  
  
"Well... you do now." Tom started to speak, but Brenda cut him off, "Now just hear me out on this. If we would be willing to help him out with some police matters, he might be willing to help us by not spilling the beans about our 'activities'."  
  
"And let him blackmail us?  
  
"With what? He's got no proof, you just said so."  
  
"One slip, one word into a criminal's ear is all it would take for them to come looking for us and get some payback."  
  
"He doesn't look like the type to slip up on anything, and it did seem like you had him convinced of our good intentions for a second."  
  
Tom paused, thinking hard about their encounter with Trent. At the end, he was obviously torn about what to do; otherwise he would have slapped handcuffs on the pair and arrested both of them right then and there. He had no solid proof of their identities and he knew it.  
  
But there was something else about him, almost as if his 'wait and see' posture was hiding a 'let's see what they can do for me' kind of notion.  
  
Could they trust him? Could they even team up, maybe work together for the greater good? Unofficially, of course; 'off the books', so to speak. Tom wasn't quite convinced.  
  
Tom laid his head back on the couch and blew out his breath slowly, "I think we should just do what he suggested. We should chill out on this for a while."  
  
"Well the 'hero' stuff, yeah," Brenda agreed, "But what about our 'fun'?"  
  
Tom saw the grin on her face and said, "Well, he didn't say we couldn't have... 'fun', now did he?"  
  
Brenda started giggling as Tom reached inside of her towel and pulled it off of her, fondling her luscious, naked curves and lovingly kissed her.

Tom pulled the car up into a slot in the parking area, seeing only a few students here and there strolling across the campus.  
  
"Uh, Tom... why did we come back here?"  
  
He looked at Brenda and said, "Why not?"  
  
"Because the last time we were here, we caused a ruckus."  
  
"No, we didn't; we finished one..."  
  
"...and got nailed for it," Brenda cautiously looked around her.  
  
"Don't worry," said Tom, getting out of the car, "We're not here to play 'hero'; we're here to have some more fun."  
  
Brenda smirked, ready to activate her ring, "What kind of fun?"  
  
"You promised me we could peek in the showers; we never did come back to that." Tom pulled his ring off.  
  
Brenda's 'let's do something naughty' grin appeared, "Okay, but we can't go back to the dorm, not after what happened."  
  
"I know that can't be the only co-ed dorm on the campus."  
  
Brenda shook her head, still grinning, "Nope, there's one just down at the other end of the quad," and pointed off to their left and across an expanse of green grass and crisscrossing sidewalks.  
  
Tom nodded to her and, checking one last time for any spying eyes, both of them said, "Per is vox, lux lucus sinus," at the same time. They slipped the rings on and vanished from sight.  
  
Stripping down to their shoes and quickly stuffing their clothes into the car, the invisible naked duo started trekking across the quad. In the warm twilight evening, the lights that lined the sidewalks started to come on but the walkways were devoid of foot traffic.  
  
"I wonder where everyone is," said Brenda as she scanned the empty quad looking for any sign of activity.  
  
"Well, it is their last week here," answered Tom, not seeing anyone either, "Some of them have probably left already."  
  
"Probably, but this is a college; you know there must be a party going on somewhere." Brenda flashed her naughty grin at him. Tom smiled back, anticipating the same kind of fun they had the last time they were on campus.  
  
Reaching the opposite side of the quad, they found themselves in front of another dorm house, about the same size as the one they visited early on.  
  
"This is it," said Brenda, still grinning in anticipation, "I don't know my way around this one, so we'll take it slow and easy."  
  
Tom nodded, and the pair waited for someone to come out or go into the house. They didn't have to wait long; a young couple sauntered through the door, swaying a bit and snickering. Just before the door closed, Tom and Brenda quietly snuck inside.  
  
Once again, the unseen nudes didn't need to be quiet once they got through the entrance foyer. Just like the last dorm they explored, the halls of this one were filled with partying and laughing students passing around bottles of beer and liquor, enjoying their last good time together. And judging from what little clothing (if any) could be seen, the party was just getting started.  
  
Tom and Brenda smiled at the shenanigans, almost identical to the ones they peeked in on the last time, and started exploring.  
  
"It must be on the first floor somewhere," muttered Brenda, referring to the shower area, "Let's try down here," and pointed off to her left.  
  
The pair made their way through a maze of partiers in various stages of intoxication and dress. They spied a group of students in a lounge area cheering on a makeshift, wet T-shirt contest and yelling out, "Skin to win!" The cheers got louder as the contestants peeled off what little they were wearing, flashing boobs and butts in all shapes and sizes.  
  
"I remember those contests quite fondly," Tom chuckled.  
  
Brenda playfully swatted his arm and giggled, "Yeah, I'll bet you do."  
  
After waiting for a winner to be declared, a long haired brunette with a natural (and almost comically large) pair of breasts, the duo continued exploring. They passed more happy party goers as they found themselves close to a wide swinging door near the rear of the building. Two wet blondes waltzed into the corridor, clutching towels around them and giggling.  
  
"Did you see Cindy go after that Mark guy?" one of them snickered.  
  
"Yeah, well she's one of the few with big enough tits that can wrap around his cock," the other replied, "He's a fucking horse!"  
  
"If she gets him in bed, her twat's gonna be sore for a week."  
  
Tom and Brenda watched the two giddy blondes go into a room, then both nodded to the swinging door, knowing they hit their target. They saw no one near the door's steamed up window and quietly entered.  
  
"Uh, oh," Tom whispered, halting just inside the entrance alcove. Brenda started to question him, but stopped when she saw what was bothering him.  
  
Steam from the shower area wafted all around them and the room, with the exception of the impressions the invisible pair were creating. In between the clouds of vapor and their skin, the thin field surrounding their bodies was crystal clear, leaving perfect outlines of their forms in the mist. This was how they were 'seen' by the lowlifes in the alleyway where Tom was shot and Brenda was taken against her will.  
  
"How are going to get around this?" asked Tom, waving his arm in front of him. The steam cloud obscured his arm slightly when it passed between it and his chest.  
  
"It might be steamy enough that they won't notice," hissed Brenda, moving her arm in the same manner, "Let's take a peek."  
  
Before Tom could stop her, Brenda eased up to the dividing wall being careful not to touch it and making part of it vanish, and peeked around the other side. Her eyes bugged out when she came almost nose to nose with hot sex going on.  
  
Just on the opposite side of the tiled wall, a naked girl was bracing herself against it with her arms. Panting and moaning, her boobs swayed and wobbled as the naked guy behind her humped her ass, grunting and groaning along with her. His thrusts were producing wet slapping sounds as the shower water splashed down over them; both hands fondling and kneading her round ass cheeks.  
  
Brenda quickly waved Tom over to take a look as the young man slipped a hand up the girl's body and grabbed a handful of swinging breast, pinching and pulling at the swollen nipple and making her moan louder. The showering pair came into Tom's view just as the girl arched up on her toes and started yelping in delight. Brenda reached behind her and started stroking Tom's growing member as the young man reared back and groaned through clenched teeth, burying his cock deep inside of his partner's pussy and blowing his wad. Their bodies stiffened up for a second or two, their legs quivering, then went slack as they leaned against the shower wall trying to catch their breath.  
  
Finally peeling their eyes off of the young horny couple, Tom and Brenda took in the rest of the shower area, his cock still in her hand.  
  
Clouds of steam puffed all around the room, half obscuring the view. But the intrepid pair could definitely make out what was going on.  
  
Two more couples were going at it on one side of the shower room, being drenched in hot, steaming water. One girl was on her knees suckling her partner's hard dick as he steadied himself by hanging onto a faucet handle, the other couple in the exact opposite positions. The first guy's legs stiffened up and he let out a groan as his gal hungrily sucked on his cum squirting cockhead and milked his balls with gentle squeezes. A second after, the other gal lifted a leg over her partner's shoulder and pushed on his back with it. Balancing on her other trembling leg, she arched back against the wall and produced a series of mewling squeals as her guy buried his face into her pussy and made her cum on his awaiting mouth and tongue.  
  
Another couple, both girls, were gently soaping and caressing each other in one corner, their hands fondling sudsy, soft curves and moist crevices; their tongues fencing with each tender kiss.  
  
Tom reached down and grabbed at Brenda's ass as he watched the lustful shower play, wiggling a finger up to her butt hole and tickled it. Hissing out giggles, she in turn stroked his hard cock and rubbed her thumb over the sensitive, swollen head making his whole body stiffen and his dick quiver.  
  
But despite the horniness going on along the sidelines, the main attraction was what really got their attention.  
  
There were at least a dozen more students showering, more girls than guys, all naked and wet... and all aroused, judging from the hard cocks, stiff nipples, and groping hands that could be seen. They were all crowded around one guy leaning against the far wall.  
  
"Okay," one of the guys perked up, "Cindy obviously won the titty fuck contest," he gestured to a smiling redhead with boobs the size of volley balls; the crowd applauding when she made them wobble for them, "now it's time for the deep throat contest. Which one of you ladies think they can take on the monster?"  
  
Brenda carefully eased up to the crowd for a better look as a couple of co-eds smiled and raised their hands, with a couple more inching back slightly, unsure. Tom unglued his eyes from the monstrous rack on the redhead to see Brenda with her jaw almost on the floor, and looked where she was gawking.  
  
The guy leaning back against the wall wasn't the biggest or tallest in the room, but it was what was between his legs garnishing all the attention: the biggest dick either of them had ever seen, bloated and sticking straight out from his groin. A petite blonde giggled as she knelt down and placed a tape measure along the length, then around the shaft. Her eyes widened as she sputtered, "Twelve and a half inches long; six and a half inch girth!" She grinned as she gently fondled the guy's huge balls, weighing them in her palm. Tom and Brenda figured this had to be that Mark guy the toweled blondes were giggling about in the hall.  
  
"You saw what kind of a load he can produce," the impromptu emcee chimed in, again gesturing towards the redhead, her tits and face still covered in large splatters of cum, "Who thinks they can swallow it all, first the cock then the load? The winner gets a hundred bucks!"  
  
"I can do it," Brenda whispered in Tom's ear, the two eager girls readying themselves for their feast while the two shy ones were still debating whether they should try.  
  
"You really want to?" Tom whispered back. Brenda nodded quickly, that naughty grin getting wider on her face, "We'll have to become visible; we'll freak 'em out if we start making them vanish."  
  
"Okay," she hushed, and motioned for them to go back to the door. Once there they slipped off their shoes and made the tile under their bare feet disappear, but only for a moment. Brenda slipped off her ring as Tom did the same, both materializing into view, and went back to the shower fun and casually merged in with the crowd.  
  
Tom hung back a bit as Brenda edged up to the students cheering on a slim girl with short dark hair, kneeling down and readying herself in front of Mark's massive cock. She rolled her eyes in anxiety as she grasped his dick as best she could and slowly lowered her open mouth to it. She enveloped the fat head with her lips and suckled it for a moment, flicking her tongue over the pisshole and making Mark moan with pleasure. She then widened her mouth out and began to ease the length passed her tongue and into her awaiting throat.  
  
Brenda joined the students chanting, "Go, go, go!" as his cock disappeared into the girl's mouth, her throat undulating as it tried to accommodate its length and thickness. But when she got to a certain point, she started to gag and cough around the shaft. She tried to get more of the length inside of her, but it was too much for her and she quickly slid her mouth off the huge slab of man meat. She held her thumb and forefinger around the point where she stopped so her friend could measure it, still gagging and coughing with her eyes wide and watering.  
  
"Nine and three quarter inches!" her friend announced, the others applauding the choking girl's effort and Mark thanking her with a big grin.  
  
"Hi."  
  
Tom turned to the voice behind him and found himself facing the redhead's green eyes and huge tits as she stepped away from the running water behind her after rinsing Mark's load off her chest and face.  
  
"Uh, hi there," he replied. Knowing he and Brenda weren't supposed to be there, nervousness started to well up inside of his stomach. But it faded when she smiled sweetly at him not realizing he wasn't a student, be it because of intoxication or sexual giddiness.  
  
"I'm Cindy."  
  
"Tom," he nodded back, then took in the beautiful view of her body, her ass, hips, and legs just as luscious and curvaceous as her boobs, "I have to say, you have an amazing body."  
  
"Thank you," she grinned, lightly touching his muscular chest, "you have a great body, too," her eyes fell on his large and hard cock and her grin got bigger, "a really great body."  
  
Tom was caught up in his conversation with Cindy as Brenda was still staring at the cock sucking contest going on. The other eager girl got as far as nine and a half inches before she started choking on Mark's dick and had to back off. She shrugged and laughed as her fellow co-eds congratulated her attempt, and another gal (one of the 'not so sure' ones) knelt down before Mark and gripped his shaft.  
  
As the fat dick started sliding down the girl's throat, Brenda noticed Tom talking to the girl with the volley ball boobs and sauntered over.  
  
"You made a new friend, I see," she giggled.  
  
"This is Cindy," Tom motioned to Brenda, "Cindy, this is Brenda."  
  
"Oh... uh, hi," Cindy replied, obviously uncomfortable, "Look, I'm sorry if I got in the middle of something. I mean if you two are together..."  
  
But Brenda shook her head, "No, it's okay honey. Everybody seems to be... 'having fun' with each other," she winked at Cindy, making her blush a little, "so it's alright if you two want to have some fun. I'm waiting for my turn." She thumbed back at the group of contestants, the latest girl almost throwing up once she got passed seven inches.  
  
"So... you really don't mind?" Cindy asked cautiously, eyeing Tom's crotch.  
  
Brenda nodded, "It's okay; have fun." She leaned in and kissed Tom, whispering, "You have fun, too," and grinned wickedly.  
  
"You too," he replied, seeing another girl helping the latest contestant up off the floor, and then taking her place and licking her lips in anticipation.  
  
Tom's eyes were filled with love and lust watching Brenda trot back to the game, her round delicious butt wiggling with every hop. He then turned back to his new friend.  
  
"So... uh, what are you... I mean, what were you studying?" Although his confidence was secure enough to be naked around a group of strangers, and this time without being invisible and them being nude as well, he still stammered out the small-talk question with nervousness.  
  
"I graduated with a degree in Mathematics; I'm going for my certificate and becoming a teacher."  
  
Wow, thought Tom, that sweet smile is going to charm those kids into doing anything she asks of them, even extra homework over the weekends I'll bet.   
  
"But right now," she said seductively, tracing her fingers down his body and wrapped them around his cock, "I'm studying you."  
  
"Well, I'm definitely studying you," Tom answered, placing a hand on her wet, soft hip, "but I though maybe you'd be more interested in Mark. The other girls seem to be." Tom tilted his head over to the contest to spy yet another girl attempting to swallow Mark's log of a cock, and got as far as ten and a half inches before backing off.  
  
But Cindy shook her head, "Nah. I mean, Mark's cute and all, but if he tried to put that big thing inside my pussy, all my plumbing would fall out afterwards." Tom laughed along with her as she continued to fondle him, "I'm comfortable with someone who's," she squeezed his shaft, "your size."  
  
If that was a hint, Tom absolutely got it judging from the grin he knew he was wearing and the one Cindy was flashing back at him. Still having a good grip on his meat, she guided him over to one of the private shower stalls at the back of the room. Brenda, taking her eyes off a shapely blonde that was making an effort to deep throat Mark, spied the pair slipping away from the crowd. She winked at Tom when he caught her looking and winked back, the stupid grin on his face getting wider.  
  
Once inside the stall, Cindy stepped back to let the hot water rain down over her curves and pulled Tom in to join her. The relaxing spray splashed down over the nude pair as they started fondling each other, Tom's hands caressing and squeezing her round, soft ass cheeks.  
  
Cindy gently pushed Tom back against the tiled wall and knelt before him, her fingers immediately wrapping around his cock and balls. After slathering her tongue all over the shaft, she parted her lips and let his cockhead slip into her mouth, sucking slowly. Tom sighed in delight when he felt her mouth inch its way down the length of his dick, her fingers tickling and stroking his nuts.  
  
After a few minutes, she released his cock and rose up to lean back against the opposite wall and spread her legs apart. Again taking the hint, Tom dropped to his knees and placed his head between them, running his hands up and down her thighs. He started flicking his tongue all around her labia and worked his way to her delicate inner lips. Cindy pushed her hips forward and sighed heavily as Tom took her moist mound into his mouth, nuzzling the small patch of red hair topping it with his nose.  
  
She arched her body as Tom devoured her sweet pussy with lustful licks and steadied herself by grabbing onto the neck of the shower head with one hand and a small soap shelf with the other. He made her gasp when he found her budding clit and attacked it with loving tongue tickles. With mewling little pouts, her legs stiffened up and quivered as she reached around and pushed on his head, forcing more of his tongue against her. Her body lurched when she came on his face with a tiny squeal of delight as Tom lapped up as much her juices as he could, the rest being washed away by the shower.  
  
Tom stood up and held Cindy close so she wouldn't slip on the tile due to her weakened legs, but she surprised him by pushing him back against the wall and hungrily kissed him.  
  
"I want you right now," she panted. She turned around and, spreading her legs again, presented her ass to him as she braced herself on the wall, "Give me your big cock."  
  
Tom wasted no time rubbing up against Cindy, nuzzling his rock hard dick between her legs and, when he positioned the head against her hot and ready pussy, eased the length inside of her.  
  
Cindy moaned as his fat cock stretched her pussy lips apart, feeling the thickness and hardness filling her up, and started meeting his thrusts with her own. Slowly at first, then picking up speed, their showered bodies made wet smacking sounds as Tom banged against her ass. He reached around and grabbed two huge handfuls of her gigantic tits, catching her nipples between his fingers and tugging at the fat, swollen nubs. The nipple playing made Cindy breathe and pant quicker as she humped back against Tom's cock harder, wanting more.  
  
After about ten more minutes, Tom knew he couldn't hold back the wave of sperm building up inside his balls because of Cindy's wildly squeezing cunt milking his shaft with every hard thrust. Once again, her legs stiffened and more mewling sounds came out of her mouth. She reached back and grabbed his ass as he let go of one of her tits to squeeze hers, and her whole body started shaking. She sobbed open mouthed as her orgasm raced through her pussy, the inner walls clamping around Tom's cock. Tom reared back and groaned as cum bubbled up and spewed into her awaiting cunt, both of them hanging onto one another and riding out the orgasmic wave.  
  
Tom eased his dick out of Cindy's pussy once it stopped twitching and she stopped quaking. She breathed out in relief as his dick head slipped out of her folds and leaned against the wall for support, cum dripping out and down her thighs.

"Oh, my... God," she sighed as she turned to face Tom and embraced him for a lustful kiss, "That was great."  
  
"Yes, it was," he replied, caressing her soft, wet curves, "I enjoyed that."  
  
"Me, too." She stepped under the shower to rinse off, Tom joining her to help her. They washed and fondled each other and, once finished, then stepped out of the stall.   
  
But not before she stopped to give him one last kiss and say, "You were wonderful; thank you."  
  
"Thank you, and good luck with your new career; I hope you do well."  
  
Cindy smiled and winked at Tom, then joined the crowd of naked students still having sexy fun.  
  
While Tom's shower stall fun was going on, Brenda applauded with the others congratulating another girl's attempt to deep throat Mark. She came within a hair of eleven inches before she started gagging and had to release his massive member.  
  
"Well, it looks like Pam is the front runner with almost eleven inches," said the emcee of the contest, pointing to a short haired blonde with a very shapely ass, "Any other takers?"  
  
The remaining girls giggled and backed away, shaking their heads, when they heard, "I'll try it."  
  
They all turned to see Brenda grinning and sheepishly raising her hand.  
  
"Okay, one more contestant." The guy ushered Brenda over to Mark and presented her with the challenge, "You have to beat eleven inches; go for it!"  
  
As Brenda knelt down to face the monster cock, Mark looked down and said breathlessly, "With all this sucking going on, you might get an extra prize, if you know what I mean."  
  
Brenda eyed his swollen ball sack and gently caressed it with her fingertips, making him shudder, "Good; exactly what I want."  
  
She licked and nibbled up and down Mark's cock making it quiver, then grabbed it and pointed it at her awaiting mouth. Parting her lips, she enveloped the bloated tip, teasing it with her wicked tongue, then eased her mouth down the length. Mark braced himself against the wall as he felt Brenda's mouth and tongue sucking and slithering down more and more of his cock.  
  
After a minute or two, every eye in the shower room group widened as they watched Mark's enormous dick disappear into Brenda's hungry mouth. Mark watched in awe as her lips stretched apart to accommodate his thick girth and felt her throat open more to accommodate his length, and his jaw dropped open when her nose touched his wet, black pubic hair. She shook her head slightly to tease him, making him moan and tremble, and the whole group of spectators broke out into cheers and whistles congratulating the winner.  
  
"Okay, that's fifty bucks for the lady!" the young man sang out, "now for the other fifty. Can she take his load without spilling a drop?"  
  
Brenda slipped her mouth off of Mark's cock to catch her breath and smiled, "I'll give it a try," then looked up at Mark, "How close are you?"  
  
"Oh, man," he groaned, "My balls are so full, they're going to explode."  
  
"Well, then we should do something about that," she cooed at him, "Prepare to be relieved."  
  
And with that, she engulfed his cock and hungrily sucked on it, reaching up and cradling his sack.  
  
Mark groaned louder as he watched her head bob up and down on his dick, her tongue snaking around it and slathering it with lustful licks. She held it steady for a moment to quickly swiped her tongue all over the fat cockhead, making Mark quiver, then sucked it down with loud slurps.  
  
Not being able to stand it any longer, Mark thrust his hips forward and let out a strained growl as his orgasm reached its apex. Sperm shot up his shaft and exploded from his pisshole in huge globs, unseen of course for Brenda was swallowing them down and letting out muffled squeals of delight with every blast of cum that splashed her mouth and tongue. Mark shook his head back and forth against the wall and whimpered as Brenda teased more cum out of his cock with every slurping suck and tongue tickle against his glans. She almost let some sperm escape, for there was a lot of it coming out of his dick, but she managed to slurp it back into her mouth before it got passed her lips to dribble onto her chin.  
  
Finally, after she was certain all of his spunk was emptied out of his balls, Brenda released Mark cock from her talented mouth with one last loving slurp. She opened her mouth to show that absolutely no semen remained, and the crowd applauded once again with loud cheers. She spied one last drop of cum oozing out of Mark's cockhead and teasingly licked it off, making his whole body quake.  
  
"That was tasty," she mewled at him, and gave the tip of his dick a gentle kiss, "Thank you."  
  
"Thank... you," Mark replied, almost out of breath.  
  
Brenda rose up to the cheering crowd of students and thanked them as well, the emcee handing her two fifty dollar bills in a small clear baggie, just as Tom and Cindy emerged from the shower stall.  
  
Brenda just shook her head, "It's okay, guys; you keep it. Buy some more beer and stuff with it and enjoy the party," To keep up the façade of being one of the students, she added, "I have to get going; still got a lot of packing to do."  
  
"You sure?" asked the young man holding the money, "You won it fair and square."  
  
"I'm sure, but thanks anyway. You guys have fun and have a nice summer."  
  
With that, she joined Tom after he said goodbye to Cindy and headed for the swinging shower room door, leaving the partying students to their sexy celebrating.  
  
Seeing no one in the hall outside after slipping into their shoes, they both slipped off their rings and said, "Per is vox, lux lucus sinus," and replaced them onto their fingers, disappearing from view. Invisible, the naked duo made their way to the front door, passing more naked partiers, and snuck back outside the dorm into the warm evening.  
  
"That was fun," Brenda said quietly, "We should try that again, if we can get around the steam problem."  
  
"Yeah, that's going to be tricky," said Tom, and shrugged, "Oh well, we'll figure out other ways to have fun."  
  
They walked hand in hand across the empty quad towards the car, when Tom suddenly realized that the quad wasn't quite empty. On one of the benches that lined the sidewalks sat a girl wearing a sports jersey and shorts, with long brown hair pulled back in a ponytail, sporting a petite figure and a plain, pretty face with a small pointy nose topped with a pair of glasses.  
  
And crying.  
  
Tom nodded to the hapless girl and Brenda followed him over to the bench, idly wondering if maybe they shouldn't get involved in what was troubling the young lady; it could be something personal and none of their business.  
  
But as the unseen couple edged closer to the bench, they heard the girl start to sniffle out questions.  
  
"Why do they always do that? If they're not interested in me, why can't they just leave me alone?" The girl looked up to the twinkling stars above and asked, "When is going to be my turn? When am I going to get a chance at happiness?"  
  
Like an arrow, the question zinged through the air and pierced Tom through his heart, for he had asked that very same question before his fortune changed for the better after finding the rings.  
  
He nodded to Brenda, and the pair quietly walked up to the girl who tried to sniff back more tears.  
  
"Isn't there anyone who understands me?" she sobbed.  
  
"I do."  
  
Startled by the male voice, the girl looked around her but saw no one.  
  
"Don't be afraid, honey; we won't hurt you."  
  
She looked around again, eyes darting everywhere at the sound of another voice, female this time. But she still didn't see anyone.  
  
"Who said that?" she asked cautiously, "Who's there?"  
  
She jumped when she felt a hand touch her shoulder, and turned sharply to see a handsome man standing behind her. Then her head spun around to see a lovely woman sitting next to her when she touched her hand. She started to tremble a little, not because the couple was naked (well, it unnerved her a bit), but because they had suddenly appeared out of nowhere. Add to the fact that her eyesight was slightly out of focus as well. She checked her glasses, thinking there was something wrong with them, then she shook her head to clear her vision.  
  
"I know it can't be liquor," she muttered, "I haven't had a drink all night."  
  
"No, sweetie; it isn't that," the lady said softly, "We're real."  
  
"We just have a special way of not being seen, is all," added the man as he sat down next to the girl.  
  
"Why... why are you here?" she asked, uncertain of their intentions.   
  
"We're here to help you, if we can."  
  
She looked at the man with unsure eyes, "Are you... ghosts or something?"  
  
The woman smiled at her and answered, "Let's just say we're... guardian angels, and we want to help you."  
  
"Why are you..." she paused, blushing a bit, "naked?"  
  
"Well, angels have to have some fun too, you know," the man replied with his smile, "My name's Thomas."  
  
"And I'm Brenda," she said as she laid a gentle hand on the girl's wet cheek, "You were crying; what's wrong?"  
  
The girl looked down, almost ashamed, and relayed her dilemma.  
  
"I'm Lydia, and I'm sitting here because... I'm afraid."  
  
"Of what?"  
  
"There's this boy I like very much. He was in my science classes and he's very smart. Tonight, I finally got up the nerve to go talk to him at his dorm before he leaves for the summer," she pointed behind her to a house half hidden by the trees and shrubs lining the quad, "but before I even got to the door, the other boys in the house came out and..." she started to cry again, "They're always putting me down and making fun of me, just because I'm brainy and nerdy and not sexy and built like some of the other girls on campus. Nobody really knows how I feel or how much it hurts."  
  
"I do; I know exactly how you feel, Lydia," Tom said gently, "I was treated the same way when I was in school. Others abusing me and humiliating me for their own gratification, always being put down and ridiculed because of who and what I was on the outside, not the inside."  
  
"You really do understand," Lydia sniffled, "but I'm afraid if I try to go over there again, they'll just..." Lydia held her face in her hands and cried.  
  
Brenda put her arm around her and held her close, "Oh honey, don't cry. Colleges are full of jackasses like that. What about this boy you like? He doesn't do that to you, does he?"  
  
Lydia shook her head, "No, never. He's like me: kind of a geek and shy, but he's very sweet. I try to talk to him, but he seems nervous whenever I get near him. The only reason the other guys keep him around is so he can help them with their class assignments." Suddenly, she stopped and started shaking again, "Oh, no; there's one of them."  
  
Tom and Brenda turned to where Lydia was looking and saw a young, sports jock-like guy stumbling down the walk in a buzzed stupor.  
  
Brenda put an assuring hand on Lydia's arm and said, "Trust us; we'll deal with him."  
  
The pair rose off the bench and Lydia blinked a few times as her vision cleared, not knowing she was as invisible as the couple the whole time they were talking. The guy stopped and blinked a couple of times, focusing on Lydia.  
  
"Where'd you come from?" he slurred, slowly sauntering up to her, "You still here, pining away for your nerd in shining armor to come for you?" The kid laughed at her as he approached, Lydia starting to get scared. "What? You gonna cry again? Real guys don't go for little nerdy girls like you."  
  
"Then how about taking me on?"  
  
The guy twirled around at the sound of a woman behind him, but saw nothing.  
  
"C'mon, you're a real man, aren't you? Let's see what you've got."  
  
Lydia's eyes bugged out when the kid's pants suddenly fell to the ground, exposing his dick, and giggled when she heard, "Hmm; not much, I see."  
  
The guy tried to pull up his pants, but stumbled due to his drunken condition and fell flat on his face. He heard Lydia laughing at him as he got himself together and yelled, "You think that's funny, you little bitch?"  
  
Lydia stopped laughing when he advanced on her, but was shocked again when the guy disappeared.  
  
The kid's eyes almost popped out of his head when a huge guy grabbed him and growled, "You're pretty good at picking on a girl," he tightened his grip on the kid's shirt, getting in his face, "Why don't you try picking on me, Junior!"  
  
The kid cried out in fear and wrestled away from the beefy guy who grabbed him, but once he was free, his tormentor was nowhere in sight. Then he heard what sounded like a haunting laugh, and that was all it took for the scared punk to hightail it out of the quad and disappear into the brush beyond.  
  
After Lydia got off the bench and started searching, she felt hands touching her again, and her guardian angels reappeared.  
  
"How did you do that?" she said, a smile on her now dry cheeks.  
  
"It's a long story, honey," Tom answered, "Now, let's take care of this problem you have with getting... what's this young man's name?"  
  
"Stanley."  
  
Tom nodded, "...with getting Stanley to come out of his shell. The reason he's nervous around you is because I think he likes you, but he's too shy to say anything. I was like that, too."  
  
"So was I," Brenda chimed in, "So we know what to do in order to solve this. Come with us."  
  
The trio walked towards the frat house, but when they got to the front walk, Lydia balked.  
  
"Oh no; I couldn't."  
  
"Honey, it's okay; nobody can see you. When we touch you, you're invisible too."  
  
"Really?" She turned to Brenda and tried to focus her eyes again, but couldn't, "Is that why I can't see clearly?"  
  
"Yes," Tom answered, "your eyesight gets out of focus and makes everything a little blurry."  
  
"I think it's time to give you a confidence booster; let's go inside." Brenda ushered her charge through the door once someone stepped outside, Tom right behind the gals. Brenda assured her that he was still with them, knowing Lydia couldn't see him anymore since he wasn't touching her. She stared agape at the boys who simply walked passed the three unseen people, and even waved at a couple of them, the guys not giving her a second glance... or a first, for that matter.  
  
"They really can't see me?"  
  
"Shh," Brenda hushed, "No, they really can't as long as we touch you. But they can still hear you, so you have to be quiet."  
  
Lydia lowered her voice to a quiet hush, "Oh, okay. Now what?"  
  
Tom smiled at her, hearing some confidence in her voice, and whispered, "Which room is Stanley in?"  
  
"I don't know. He said he was close to the front door."  
  
"What does he look like?"  
  
Lydia described the young man in question, and Tom set off to explore the doors on the first floor of the building, making the doorknobs vanish and peeking inside the rooms. It didn't take him long, for the third door he tried proved to be the correct one.  
  
As Tom searched, Brenda whispered, "Okay, ready for the next step? Take your clothes off." Lydia face widened, but Brenda assured her, "It'll be okay; you're invisible, remember?"  
  
Nervous and quaking all over, Lydia carefully peeled off her jersey and shorts, then her bra and panties, and started blushing from head to toe as she handed her garments over to Brenda. The nervousness welled up stronger and she tried to cover her nude body as two more frat guys walked down the hallway... and straight passed her without even glancing in her direction. She smiled at Brenda passed the redness burning her cheeks.  
  
Tom walked up to the naked gals and said, "I've found him... I think. You'll have to check to make sure."  
  
Lydia realized Tom was talking to her and knew he could see her. Tom sensed her awkwardness at being nude in front of a guy, probably one of the few times in her adult life, and put her mind at ease.  
  
"Don't be embarrassed, Lydia; you are a lovely young lady." He took in her slim form with appreciation. Her light soft skin, almost like a porcelain doll; her small, pert breasts topped with puffy nipples; her smooth labia with a tuft of brown hair topping it. He flashed his winning, charming smile, making the blush on her face return.  
  
The trio stalked down the hall to the door Tom checked and Lydia peeked through the hole in it, once Tom made the knob disappear.  
  
Sitting on the bed packing things into a suitcase, the young man dressed in a T-shirt and baggy pants was built slender with a mop of light brown hair on his head. He had an average, boyish face with a pimple here and there and wire rimmed glasses perched on his small nose.  
  
Lydia nodded with a big smile on her face; that was Stanley all right.  
  
Stanley walked over to the door when someone knocked and opened it for... but there was no one there. Shrugging, thinking the guys were up to their usual obnoxious antics again, he went back to his packing. But when he grabbed another handful of clothes, he noticed the door still open.   
  
Thinking he didn't shut it all the way, he closed it and returned to his suitcase... and damn near fell on the floor when he saw a naked girl sitting on his bed with her clothes next to her.  
  
"Uh... hi, Stanley," she said, setting demurely with her hands in her lap.  
  
The shocked kid had to blink twice to make sure he was seeing what he saw, "Lydia? How did you get in here and... uh... why aren't you wearing your clothes? Did those assholes do something to you?" he pointed beyond his door to the inner of the house.  
  
"No, they didn't. Some friends... helped me get in here to see you."  
  
Just then, Stanley's door popped open and in walked one of his bigger frat brothers, drunk and with an arrogant sneer on his face.  
  
"Hey Super Nerd, have you seen..." The punk dropped off when he saw who was on the bed, and smirked, "Well, you finally managed to talk to her, I see. I didn't think you had the balls to get her in here for this, though."  
  
"What do you want, Mike?" Stanley asked, hotly.  
  
"I still don't know what you see in that little geek. She ain't pretty and she doesn't have much of a body."  
  
Stanley advanced on the loudmouth, "I told you to stop talking about her that way! Leave her alone and get out of here, you jerk!"  
  
The drunken brother, easily a half person bigger than Stanley, scowled at him and slurred, "Classes are over, Geek Boy; we don't need you anymore," he balled up his fist, and, "That means I can whip your scrawny little ass now..."  
  
That was as far as he got when he was grabbed and pushed against the wall. Stanley wasn't sure what to do, first seeing Mike get slammed by... nothing, then seeing him vanish from sight, but Lydia grabbed his arm and told him it would be all right.  
  
Mike's eyes bulged when a big guy materialized in front of him with his fist balling up the front of his shirt.  
  
"Didn't your mother tell you not to enter a room without knocking first?" the man growled, "You need a lesson in manners, boy!"  
  
Mike shouted out for help, trying to loosen the grip the guy had on him. But Tom held him fast against the wall as Brenda got behind Stanley and whispered instructions into his ear, telling him to trust them and giving him a turn at boosting his own confidence.  
  
Tom heard footsteps running down the hall in response to Mike's calls for help and readied the punk for his trip out of the room. Just as the pounding steps closed in, the other frat boys skidded to a halt when they saw Mike fly through the door and slam into the opposite wall. They all stepped up to their fraternity brother, slumped on the floor and somewhat out of it, then turned to look in the room he just came out of.  
  
There, standing in the middle of the room, fists clenched, anger on his face, and with Lydia hiding her naked body behind him, was Stanley.  
  
"She has asked you repeatedly to leave her alone," he grumbled, addressing the one on the floor, "I'm telling you to leave her alone! Pick on her again, and next time you won't be slammed into the wall; you'll be slammed dunked through the wall!" He gave the others an angry glare, "And that goes for the rest of you idiots: leave... her... alone!"

Stanley's frat brothers looked at him, and then their bigger brother on the floor dazed and mumbling incoherently, then back at Stanley... and slowly backed away from the room, some with their hands up in supplication, a few others picking Mike up off the carpet and dragging him back his own room.  
  
Stanley felt something rush through him; something he'd never felt before, and he liked it. He felt confident, strong, sure of himself for the first time in his life, and all thanks to... whoever it was who helped him. He started to search the room for his benefactors, but suddenly found himself with both arms full of Lydia, who rushed up to him, wrapped herself around his body, and passionately kissed him. Taken by surprise but liking the attention a naked girl was giving him, he returned the kiss.  
  
"You were wonderful," she said, beaming a bright smile at him.  
  
Stanley fidgeted a little, "Well, it wasn't all me; your friends helped."  
  
"But you telling them off was all you, I could tell."  
  
Stanley smiled through his own blushing cheeks, "I didn't know what to do, until now. I've wanted to tell them off for awhile now; I didn't like it when they were being jerks to... someone... someone I like a lot."  
  
Lydia's eyes sparkled with moister, "Really? You mean it?"  
  
Stanley nodded, and kissed her again, but got a little serious with her, "Oh... and not just because you're... well, here like this," he couldn't stop giving her naked body admiring glances, "I mean... how did you get in here? How do your friends do that? That's not possible... I mean, it might be possible, given the right conditions and using..."  
  
Lydia pressed her fingers to his lips and said, "You know, for a brainy guy... you think too much," and pulled his shirt over his head baring his thin boyish chest, much to his delight. She placed his hand on her little butt, and he gently squeezed it making her giggle. "Finish getting undressed and I'll be right back."  
  
She walked right out the door, oblivious to the fact that anyone could see her naked in the hall (or confidently not caring), and looked around. She jumped when Tom and Brenda touched her shoulders and appeared before her, smiling.  
  
Lydia stood on her toes and kissed Tom's cheek, then hugged Brenda whispering, "Thank you."  
  
"You're welcome, Lydia; good luck to both of you."  
  
Lydia grinned, a tear rolling her face, and trotted back to Stanley's room, hearing Tom say, "Have fun." She giggled with glee and darted quickly into the room and into the awaiting arms of Stanley.  
  
Back outside, Brenda had a tear of her own leaking out of one eye and said, "That was a very sweet thing you did for them."  
  
Tom nodded, stealing one last glance at the house, "Nobody will bother them again."  
  
Brenda kissed his cheek, "I love you."  
  
Tom returned the kiss and wrapped an arm around her waist as they made their way across the still quiet quad and back to the car.  
  
\* \* \*  
  
Once at Tom's house, they both stretched and decided to call it a night. But before he headed for the bedroom, Tom noticed the light on his answering machine blinking for his attention.  
  
The first two calls were advertisements, and he quickly skipped over them, but the third make Brenda double back into the living room and made Tom's eyes flare with worry.  
  
\*beep\* "Pierce? This is Trent. Call me tomorrow morning at this number," the detective rattled off a string of digits, then continued.  
  
"We need to talk." \*beep\*

**Ghost of a Chance Ch. 09**

Detective Trent paced the length of the tar papered roof for the twentieth time, still waiting for his contacts to appear. The night air was cooler than usual for this time of year, but still comfortable.  
  
After spending most of yesterday mulling it over, he decided that it might be beneficial for a pair of heroes to assist him in certain circumstances, and the duo having the ability to become unseen at will didn't hurt matters any. They would be able to slip in quietly amongst the criminals and riff-raff, thwart any attempt at illegal activities, and no one would suspect a thing. So when Tom called him this morning, Trent set up a rendezvous late in the evening to meet with the daring pair and lay out a plan of action.   
  
And here he was: standing on the rooftop of an office building close to the police station, waiting.  
  
Trent had just turned around to start another volley of pacing steps when he heard some sounds at the other side of the roof. The first were a pair of what sounded like air guns going off with a quick release of hissing gas. The second was two metallic clanks, followed by more hisses.  
  
He instinctively moved his hand to his gun tucked under his arm, unsure of what was coming but had a fairly good idea. He then turned sharply to the sound of quiet footsteps behind him and started to draw his weapon.  
  
"That won't be necessary, Detective."  
  
Trent's eyes darted everywhere, scanning the roof for the source of the growling, creepy voice but saw nothing. Edging towards the middle with his hand still clasped around the grip of his pistol, he called out quietly to the voice.  
  
"Pierce?"  
  
"I'm here."  
  
Again, his eyes peered across the expanse of tar paper, still seeing nothing.  
  
"And your partner?"  
  
"I'm here, too."  
  
The second voice, just as menacing, came from the other side of the roof; Trent was in the middle.  
  
"I'm not quite convinced that I won't need this," he said, readying his arm to yank his gun out of the holster, "How do I know you won't try something?"  
  
"You don't." The deeper voice was closer to him now.  
  
"Even if you wanted to, what do you expect to hit?" The other voice closed in on him as well.  
  
"All right," said Trent, releasing his weapon and snapping the safety loop over the hammer, "I'm willing to go on a little trust if you are."  
  
Suddenly, he felt something pressed against his arm and an ugly face appeared beside him; a corpse that looked like it was just unearthed.  
  
"Jesus," he whispered.  
  
Trent felt another something touching him and was treated to a view of a skull, its eyes glinting red.  
  
"No wonder these lowlifes are scared out of their minds," he remarked, scrutinizing their outfits and taking particular notice of their weapons' belts, nodding to them, "You probably don't even need to use any of that stuff half the time, I'll bet."  
  
"You asked us to meet you here," Ghost grumbled.  
  
"Not much for small talk, are you?" Looking him over, he added, "You look a little taller than I remember; lifts in your shoes?"  
  
"What do you want, Trent?" this from Ghoul, in a voice just as gravelly but higher in pitch.  
  
"Not much on patience, either."  
  
"We're busy."  
  
Trent idly glanced at their hands, one on each side of him pressing against his shoulders, "Just feel like getting close so you can get to know me better?"  
  
"So you'll be able to see us; 'trust', remember?" said Ghost, he and Ghoul keeping the slit open sides of their gloves against Trent, their bare skin coming into contact with him and enveloping him in their power fields.  
  
Trent blinked a few times and asked, "I can see both of you, but everything else is a little fuzzy; how do you do that?"  
  
Neither of them said a word.  
  
"What happened to that 'trust'?"  
  
"That depends on you," Ghost edged closer.   
  
"All right," he sighed, "have it your way... for now. The reason I called you here is because I have a proposition for you two."  
  
"We're listening," Ghoul rumbled.  
  
"Despite what some people think, either on the streets or at the precinct, you two actually are helping to clean up this city. Crime is down almost seven percent in the last few weeks, and folks are starting to feel a little better about walking the streets without fear of being accosted by scumbags. You've definitely made an impression; almost every punk in the city is scared shitless. Not knowing where you're going to show up next is a nice deterrent."   
  
"That's the idea," droned Ghost.  
  
The detective grimaced a little and said, "You know, it's hard talking to you two dressed up like that."  
  
"Get to the point, Trent," Ghoul growled.  
  
"Okay, okay... look, you could help us out a great deal, doing this 'thing' you do."  
  
"We already are."  
  
Trent turned to Ghost, "But with my help, we could take it a step further."  
  
"How?"  
  
He turned back to Ghoul, "We've got stakeouts and raids set up to close in on some major dealers that could lead to busting one of the biggest smuggling rings in the past few years. We're talking multi-millions in money and merchandise, here."  
  
"And you want us to take 'em out?"  
  
Trent smirked at Ghost, "You can get in, do your thing, and no one will have a clue. Just don't do anything too drastic; the clowns you'd be going up against are tough, but they're just the small fry. It's the big fish we want, and they can lead us right to him."  
  
"And that's it?"  
  
"Each stakeout is set up differently so the details will change from bust to bust, but yeah; basically, that's it. The first one is tomorrow night; I'll call you around eight and give you the particulars."  
  
"And if we say 'no'?"  
  
Trent turned his smirk towards Ghoul, a dour glint in his eye, "Do you really want to turn down a chance to take out a major crime ring? We're not talking about fencing jewelry or fancy computer gadgets and electronics; I'm talking about drugs, heavy duty stuff too. Isn't that part of what you're trying to eliminate: drug dealing? If you help us bust these assholes, the crime rate won't slip a percent or two... it'll drop like a ton of fucking rocks. Everybody will benefit from it; you, me... everyone in the city. You two go in and do your thing, we mop up and make the bust; everybody wins. Even the dirtbags; they get an all expense, paid vacation to one of many in the Gray Bar Resort chain. So... what do you say?"  
  
Whether the detective was being sincere or just stroking Tom and Brenda's egos and sense of justice, the heroes weren't sure. Tom was intrigued by the idea of taking down some major players in the crime world, but the thought of taking the next step made him balk a little. So far, all Ghost and Ghoul were doing was chopping away at the criminal element a little at a time; a street dealer here, a mugger there. The only time they dared to take on any bigger fish was when they broke up a gemstone fencing deal in a warehouse, one of the participants getting irate and kidnapping Ghoul and winding up in the hospital for his efforts.  
  
Tom was fairly certain that he and Brenda could get the jobs done with only a few worries. He was almost convinced that he could trust the detective to work with them; he was a cop, after all.  
  
What bothered him was someone else calling the shots, and what would happen afterwards if something went wrong. What if Trent's information was incorrect? What if the plan changed course suddenly and they had no way of notifying one another?  
  
What if this whole thing is...  
  
Tom tried to put that last thought out of his mind. He wanted to believe Trent's sincerity; that he wanted the same thing the heroes wanted and were on the same side, more or less. But he just couldn't get that nagging feeling out of the back of his head, the doubt.  
  
Trent shook his head when the pair of heroes disappeared from his sight, getting his eyes to focus again on the surroundings, and heard, "Eight o'clock, tomorrow night; we'll give you an answer."  
  
"And if you say 'no', then what?" the detective called out.   
  
He didn't get a reply.   
  
Trent peered across the roof, scanning the area, but saw nothing. Cautiously heading for the roof access, he left the pair to the night.  
  
"So... what do you think?"  
  
Tom turned to Brenda after the door closed behind the detective and answered, "I honestly don't know. I want to believe him..."  
  
"But?"  
  
"But... the only ones we've trusted with this are us, so far. If we bring him into the fold, we're going to have to be careful. We've been pressing our luck with the few people we've helped that have actually seen us without our masks. They may have made the connection, they may not have."  
  
"And the ones' we've scared? Like the punks who tried to rob the supermarket and the knuckleheads at the college?"  
  
Ghost readied his grappler and moved towards the edge of the roof, "The ones at the frat house were drunk; I doubt they could've remembered their own names let alone what we look like. And the other two are idiots; all they saw was an opportunity to steal and got the shit scared out of them for their trouble."  
  
"And with or without our disguises, nobody believes a word they say anyway, right?" Ghoul joined her partner at the roof's edge, grappler in hand.  
  
"Right, but I still don't know about Trent. Why is he willing to go along with all of this?"  
  
"He wants the same thing we do: to clean up the city. The crime rate is down because of us."  
  
Ghost shook his head, "The crime rate will go down eventually because of what we're doing. Why is he in an all fired hurry to step things up to take out major players? What's the rush?"  
  
Ghoul turned off her voice box and placed a hand on her teammate's arm, "Tom, this is our chance to prove to everyone that somebody really is on their side, especially the cops. If taking down a big time drug operation will do that, I say we should work with Trent and give it a shot."  
  
"I'm still going to keep an eye on him," grumbled Tom as he fired his grappler at a metal over hang on the opposite building. The magnetic head clanked against it and he jumped off the roof, swinging towards the other building's wall and planted both feet against it. Brenda was beside him a moment later, ready to lower herself down to the street with him.  
  
"I know you will," she answered him as the grappling lines slowly played themselves out, letting the pair rappel down the building's side, "So will I."  
  
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"Mmmm, I love nice warm mornings," said Brenda stretching hers arms out to embrace the early sunshine.  
  
"A nice day to be out and about," agreed Tom, strolling beside her, "and being naked makes it all the more fun."  
  
After parking the car in a far off spot, Tom and Brenda put on their rings and vanished from sight, then slipped out of their clothes. Leaving their garments in the car, they walked across the expanse of the parking lot to the rear entrance of the shopping mall.  
  
"We can have lots of fun in here."  
  
Brenda smiled back at Tom, anticipating some of things they had in store for their day of fun before going to 'work'. Brenda seems to be okay with it, but Tom still wasn't sure if they should take up Trent's offer, so they decided to put it on the back burner for now and think it over.  
  
Just as they crossed the car lane in front of the doors, a young kid came sauntering up the sidewalk. Dressed in dark and ragged 'punk' clothing, his gait along with his face had 'arrogance' written all over it. Just ahead of him, an elderly lady was waiting at the bus stop with a small pull cart in hand.  
  
Tom's face dropped into a scowl when the punk purposely bumped into the lady's cart, knocking it over and spilling some of its contents onto the walkway.  
  
"Why don't you watch where I'm going, Grandma," he said with a sneer, leaving the lady looking annoyed and scared. The punk simply huffed and proceeded towards the doors, seeing one of them already open. Picking up his 'full of it' stride, he marched up to the open door... and suddenly found himself on the sidewalk, flat on his butt and holding his now aching forehead.  
  
Tom simply let go of the handle, and the door shimmered into view. He saw Brenda giving him that 'look'.  
  
"Aw, c'mon," he whispered as the chastised youth picked himself up off the walk and quickly entered the mall, the snickers of the pull cart lady following him, "that was funny. Besides, the kid deserved it."  
  
"You promised we weren't going to be doing that stuff today," Brenda huffed at him, pouting.  
  
"I know, I know; this is our 'fun' time," Tom apologized as the pair slipped into the mall, "I'm sorry, but that kid had it coming."  
  
"That may be, but I want to have fun before we go out tonight on our 'mission'."  
  
"And I told you I haven't decided, yet."  
  
Brenda stopped almost in front of the inside doors to face him, Tom already knowing what she was going to say.  
  
"Brenda, listen to me. I know you think this is a good idea, and you're probably right. But I'm still not convinced about the whole set up."  
  
"What has got you so thrown by this?" asked Brenda, folding her arms under her naked boobs, "Taking out some major criminals is the next logical step, and Trent is willing to help us."  
  
"This isn't something we can just dive right into, Brenda."  
  
"We've been at this for over a month now."  
  
"Taking out the small fry, yes," Tom rubbed his forehead, "and we are getting pretty good at it. But going up against big time bad guys? We've only done that once, and you know what happened. I don't want it happening again."  
  
"What don't you trust about this?"  
  
"If you really want to know, it's Trent I don't trust."  
  
Brenda crinkled her brow, "Why not?"  
  
Tom rubbed at his head again, "That's the problem I've having; I don't know why. Ever since we talked to him, I've had this bad feeling that..." He shook his head, "I don't know; I can't put my finger on it, but something about all of this doesn't sound right. And I'm frustrated because I don't know what it is."  
  
Brenda unfolded her arms and wrapped them around Tom's waist, pressing her nude body against his, "Look, we came here to have fun. So let's have fun and forget about Trent for awhile. We'll decide later."  
  
Tom kissed her, his hands rubbing her soft curves and feeling her small patch of pussy fur rub against his growing cock, "Okay; let's have fun."  
  
Hand in hand, the unseen nudes walked into the mall and out into the main aisle. Dozens of early morning shoppers strolled passed the many shops and department stores lining the walkways, window shopping and scrutinizing the stores' wares, talking with their companions, or just simply walking to pass the time. Some, mostly younger adults, were wandering in and out of the various shops while others were sitting in lounge chairs with bags of merchandise beside them chatting about this or that. And all the while, none of them even suspected that there were two naked people among them.  
  
Tom guided Brenda into a large store with an escalator and winked. She got that 'naughty' grin on her face and followed him to the bottom step area. Waiting for the right moment, they hopped on the moving steps right behind a woman wearing a skirt. Right behind them was a couple of young college guys talking about their plans for the summer.  
  
Brenda dropped her jaw into an open mouthed smile as Tom gently touched the hem of the young lady's skirt. It vanished from sight and gave the astonished young men behind her a beautiful view of her smooth rounded ass, the thin string of her thong disappearing between her cheeks.  
  
Tom let go of her dress as she reached the top of the escalator, making the smiles on the faces of the guys disappear as quickly as her skirt did and leaving them confused. The unseen pair of nudes stepped off to the side and quietly giggled.  
  
They both rode the opposite side of the stairs behind a woman with a very large set of boobs, her nipples budding out showing that she wasn't wearing a bra. With nobody behind them, Brenda lightly touched a loose fold of the lady's shirt, and everyone on the main floor in view of the escalator was treated to the sight of a woman riding down the steps, topless. Her big round tits swayed slightly as she adjusted the bags in her hands, her equally huge nipples poking out and swaying with them. She sweetly smiled back at the men with grins on their faces, unaware that she was giving them a free peep show, while she chuckled inwardly at the ladies who were aghast and chiding their husbands and boyfriends.  
  
The woman's blouse reappeared when she reached the bottom floor, men blinking their eyes in confusion but still grinning. Tom and Brenda hurried off to the side of the store and snickered when they found a quiet spot.  
  
"We really shouldn't do things like that," she hissed through giggles, "It's mean."  
  
"No, it's not that mean," whispered Tom, "It's harmless fun, and nobody seems to be complaining."  
  
Brenda looked down at his crotch, "I see you were enjoying it."  
  
Tom looked down at his cock, now hard and drooling precum, and shrugged. Brenda wrapped her fingers around the shaft and gently pumped it up and down, smearing the precum over the bloated head.  
  
With a wicked grin, she lowered her head down to his cock and twirled her tongue around his swollen gland, making him quietly moan. She parted her lips and lovingly suckled his dickhead, wiggling the point of her tongue into the pisshole. After a moment or two, she released his cock with a tender, suckling kiss.  
  
"More to come later," she cooed, "let's have more fun."  
  
The nude duo strolled out of the store and out to the main walkway, searching for more areas of 'entertainment'. While walking passed the shops that lined the aisle, Brenda stopped neared the entrance to a ladies' clothing store when she heard something at the shop's register counter.  
  
"There's no way it could cost that fucking much!"   
  
"No, ma'am; it doesn't. There's a problem with the register. Don't worry; I'll fix it."  
  
The tirade was coming from a young woman wearing a summer dress and a cocky look on her face, and 'spoiled little brat' immediately popped into Brenda's mind when she heard, "All the money I spend in this mall, you'd think they'd hire semi-competent people at least. My father doesn't put up with this kind of thing in any of his stores. You're lucky he doesn't own this one."  
  
Another employee went behind the counter to get the story from the cashier, and then started to type in commands on the register's keyboard.  
  
"Sorry, ma'am," she replied, "The computer suffered a power surge for a second. The glitch made the register ring up the item twice, but the problem is fixed now."  
  
The bratty girl just tossed her money at the cashier with a huff, "Maybe you should train your help better."  
  
"Ma'am, it wasn't her fault. The computer..."  
  
"Your manager should be made aware of the incompetence of his employees."  
  
The woman behind the counter pointed to her nametag, showing the girl that she was the manager of the store, "'She' is already aware... and there was no incompetence involved," and placed the receipt in the bag, "Have a nice day, ma'am."  
  
The irate girl threw a mean look at the register girl and snatched the bag off the counter, strutting out of the store with a full load of arrogance squarely on her shoulders.  
  
Brenda stared daggers into her and whispered, "That stuck up, snobby little bitch. I think Miss Prissy needs a lesson in humility."  
  
Before Tom could even say a word, Brenda was already on the move. He got an 'uh oh' look on his face when she walked up behind Miss Prissy and carefully touched a fold along her dress.

Tom started having fits of suppressed laughter as he, as well as half of the patrons of the mall, was treated to a view of the snooty girl waltzing down the aisle in her underwear. The really funny part was that her shapely bust line wasn't hers. It was painfully obvious that her bra was stuffed with tissue paper and raised eyebrows, smirks, and snickers followed her all the way down the main walkway.  
  
The woman gave the bemused onlookers an annoyed, quizzical glare not certain what they were smiling at, but when she passed the darkened windows of a bath and bedroom boutique the reason became clear. Her face dropped in surprise, as well as the bag she was carrying, when she saw her reflection. The scream of embarrassment echoed throughout the mall as she tried to cover her almost naked body, only to find that she wasn't as undressed as she appeared.  
  
The onlookers, still smiling and chuckling, got slightly confused when her dress reappeared, the woman slightly more so when she checked her reflection again and saw herself clothed. Some wanted to ask her how she pulled off that trick, but she didn't give anyone the chance. In a hurried huff, she grabbed her bag and rushed to the nearest exit, blushing all the way out of the shopping center as the sound of applause and laughter followed her out.  
  
Brenda, snickering along with the rest of the crowd, walked up to Tom who had a scolding smirk on his face waiting for her.  
  
"What was that about 'not doing that stuff' and our 'fun time'?"  
  
Brenda just smirked back and retorted, "I'm using your excuse: 'she had it coming and she deserved it'."  
  
The pair of invisible nudes just quietly laughed and continued down the main walkway of the mall. But when they reached a T-section of the walk, Tom's eyebrow lifted in curiosity.  
  
"Wonder what's going on over there."  
  
Brenda followed his gaze towards the small crowd of people, mostly folks in their middle aged years, gathered in front of a shop. Standing on a small platform was a woman, dressed very conservatively and speaking into a microphone, addressing the onlookers. The gentleman next to her was dress much the same wearing a sour look on his face. Her words became clearer when Tom and Brenda got close enough to the gatherers.  
  
"How can our civic leaders and influential business people allow this sort of thing to go on?" the woman barked out, waving her hand behind her, "This store, and dozens like it, are the reason this community is suffering from a lack of moral and righteous discipline!"  
  
The unseen nudes looked pass the crowd and speaker to see what the fuss was about, and saw that the shop in question was a ladies' apparel store. The windows and racks that could be seen were filled with lingerie and undergarments, some modest and what most women would consider as 'normal', others were frilly, dainty, and some would say 'risqué'. Tom and Brenda had a feeling the irate women with the mike was referring to the small, lacy, colorful brassieres and corsets along with the tiny, flimsy G-string panties that went with them. Leather items could be seen hanging on the back walls as well; everything from provocative outfits and boots to whips, paddles, masks, and other fetish paraphernalia that users would consider 'toys'.   
  
Patrons of the store simply ignored the snide remarks and contemptible sneers of the speaker and her group for the most part, but a few just threw their remarks and looks right back at them with some retorts of their own.  
  
"You see?" the speaking woman gestured as an annoyed couple walked out of the shop with a bag full of merchandise, "This is the kind of decadent, deviant people we have roaming the streets and shopping centers of our fair city! Do we want these sinful adulterers setting a bad example for our children and destroying our moral and decent way of life?"  
  
Tom and Brenda simply rolled their eyes as the crowd fired back with applause and shouts of approval at the obvious preaching being thrown at them.  
  
Just then, the owner of the store came out in a huff and told the couple on the platform to leave, saying they were harassing his customers. He turned to the crowd and told them the same, threatening to have them removed by security. The prudish woman scoffed at him, telling him that the Almighty gave them the right to drive out the evils among them and even started quoting scripture at him. The owner, fed up with all the negative attention they were giving his store, went back inside to call the mall's security officers.  
  
Brenda simply looked at Tom... and flashed that mischievous grin of hers.  
  
Uh oh, he thought.  
  
Before he could say anything, Brenda was off and running again. She made her way behind the platform as the snooty couple berated another young couple coming out of the shop. The young lady snapped back at them with colorful wording, telling them to basically mind their own business.  
  
"There you have it, good people," the lady sneered, "this is the kind of disrespectful behavior stores like this one are promoting! We, as the moral upholding citizens of the city, must put a stop to this! We can't, in good conscience, let our elected officials allow these dens of..."  
  
The lady just droned on, not realizing that she was putting on a show for her audience. Some in the crowd gasped in shock while others suddenly got bemused grins on their faces, and all of them had their eyes threatening to pop out of their heads.  
  
Still rambling, the preachy woman didn't know that her underwear was being displayed for all to see. But the kind of undergarments she wore was what really left the group bewildered.  
  
Underneath her bland and somewhat stiff clothing, she sported a shiny black, latex corset with pink frills lining the hem and holes cut out of the cups to reveal her nipples... which were pierced with silvery clasps hooked together with a thin chain! Her extremely small panties and garter belt matched the corset, frills and all, and the onlookers along side the platform snickered at the fine haired horse tail dangling from the back of the belt.  
  
Tom covered his mouth, desperately trying not to laugh out loud at the shocked faces of the crowd, and saw Brenda manipulating her hands and fingers against the woman's clothes and reaching for the man next to her. But he couldn't help himself and completely lost it when the woman's companion joined her in revealing his wares, Brenda's face turning red and her lips clamped shut holding in the laughter that threatened to burst from her mouth.  
  
Shouts of surprise echoed through the mall and a few of the ladies in the group actually fainted when the stuffy, 'no nonsense' man's clothes faded... revealing the same outfit his lady partner was wearing, right down to the panties and with the exception of the nipple rings and horse tail.  
  
Tom couldn't help laughing, almost losing his breath, and wiped tears from his face when the couple finally glanced at one another and cried out in fright. The woman was utterly speechless as she and her male friend tried to cover themselves, while chortles, hisses, and some very nasty and negative remarks were flung at them from the crowd. As shouts of "Hypocrites!" and "Deviants!" erupted from the floor, the thoroughly chastised couple found themselves dressed once again, much to the confusion of their followers.  
  
Tom saw Brenda hurrying out from behind the platform, waving at him to follow her, and both quickly made for the nearest exit. Once outside, the naked invisible pair exploded in fits of uncontrolled laughter.  
  
"Oh, my God," said Brenda between guffaws, "that was hilarious! I almost peed myself when the guy's clothes vanished!"  
  
Tom, finally catching his breath, replied, "I was laughing so hard, I was crying! Thank goodness some of the others were laughing; otherwise I would have given myself away!"  
  
Brenda leaned over and hung onto Tom, her upper body convulsing and her head shaking back and forth into his shoulder; she couldn't stop laughing. Tom simply held her, racked with quaking fits himself and tears still rolling down his cheeks.   
  
Finally, after about ten minutes, the nude couple gathered themselves and started back to the car. Still snickering, Tom looked back to see the preaching couple being escorted out the door by security, the irate and damning crowd following them and still berating them for their so-called 'moral views'. Brenda looked back as well and fits of giggles bubbled up from her once again.  
  
As they neared their vehicle, Brenda's eyes kept darting down at Tom's crotch and she grinned while she watched his semi-hard cock and balls swing and bounce up and down. Her pussy starting to get wet and tingly, she reached down and fondled his package.   
  
"You're making me horny wiggling your dick at me like that."  
  
"Me?" Tom retorted, putting on a mocked look of shock, "You're purposely strutting so your tits and ass will jiggle." Snickering, he reached behind her and grabbed at her round butt and wiggled a finger between her cheeks.  
  
When they arrived at the car, Brenda turned to Tom and squatted down. Still stroking his now bloated cock, she licked and sucked at his scrotum. Tom groaned at the sensation of her loving wet tongue and her soft hands as both caressed his groin. After a few minutes, she rose up giving his dickhead a quick, sloppy suck and then grinned at him again.   
  
Tom immediately hunkered down, turning Brenda around and spreading her legs. She gasped as he buried his face in her crotch, licking at her moist pussy and kneading her luscious ass. She let out a tiny "Ooh!" when he spread her cheeks apart and started rimming her, his playful tongue licking all around her anus before wriggling it inside her tight hole. Her hand darted between her legs and started frigging at her clit, making her thighs quiver, while the other grabbed and tugged at one of her stiff nipples.  
  
Tom stopped his ass playing and slowly stood up, his tongue giving her one last loving lick from her asshole all the way up to her nape. Brenda purred when he nibbled her neck and backed into him, feeling his hard prick make her ass crack slippery with precum.  
  
"I want you right now," she said, hungrily, "Unlock the car, quick."  
  
Tom complied, grabbing the key box from under the rear bumper and unlocking the back door. But just as he made a grab for their clothes, Brenda quickly shoved him inside and closed the door.  
  
"Brenda, we need to get dressed first," he said, lying on the back seat.  
  
"No we don't," she replied, grinning at him and climbing on top of his naked body. She pressed her wet vagina against his cock and started humping.  
  
"We're going to make the back seat disappear."  
  
Brenda simply gave him a cocked eyebrow look that said, 'So?'  
  
"Somebody's going to see the car bounce up and down with nobody in it."  
  
She laid herself on his chest, smashing her boobs into him and wriggling the tip of his dick into her pussy, and looked him in the eye and said, "Shut up and fuck me."  
  
With that, Brenda eased her hips down onto his and slipped his cock into her awaiting cunt, gasping and grunting as it entered her inch by inch. When the last of his dick was inside her, she sighed with a smile and started humping him. Giving up, Tom just went along for the ride and wrapped his arms around her, caressing her soft, curvy body and kissing her with lustful hunger.  
  
Brenda writhed on his body, slipping his big cock in and out of her hot, wet box and squeezing it with the muscles of her inner folds. Tom watched her rounded ass rise and fall with each thrust, moaning and grunting with the pleasure his shaft was receiving.  
  
The back of the car wasn't very big, but it was roomy enough for Brenda to push herself up and start bouncing on Tom's cock without hitting her head on the roof. She could feel it throb and pulse, ready to blow its load inside her, and she quickened her pace. She started to giggle at the tickling feeling in her pussy when her eyes widened a bit.  
  
Outside, a few people threw glances in their direction; some peering in curiosity, others in bewilderment. It dawned on her that what Tom predicted came true: they were watching the car bounce up and down with no one in it. She wondered what it would be like if they saw the two of them naked and fucking in the backseat, and that made her even more horny and excited.   
  
Tom tried to hump back with her as best he could, given the somewhat limited room of the back, and smiled when Brenda started giggling and quaking. He knew she was close.  
  
"Come on my big cock, sweetie," he said, reaching for her breasts and fondling her taut nipples, "I love watching you come."  
  
Wriggling her body and humping as quickly as she could, Brenda quivered at his nipple playing giggling and panting as her orgasm reached its peak.  
  
"Yes... yes... yes..." she hissed, "Oh, God... oh, God; I'm cumming... I'm... I'M..." she clenched her eyes shut, her whole body lurching, and screamed, "CUMMIIIIIIIIIIIIING!"  
  
Brenda thrashed her head back and forth as her orgasm shot through her loins, laughing with giddiness as it tickled her. Right on cue, her pussy started squirting its juices all over Tom's cock, bathing it in liquid love and sending his own orgasm over the edge. With a loud groan, his body tightened up as sperm raced up his twitching dick and flooded her womb with explosive splatters.  
  
The pair rode out their orgasms until both were thoroughly satisfied, then Brenda laid herself down on Tom again heaving in time with his heavy breathing. He cuddled her close to him, rubbing her smooth and curvaceous body, his cock still twitching inside of her velvet pussy.  
  
"Oh, damn," she panted, "I love fucking you like this." She gave a glance out the window and started a little when she saw some guy peering inside the car, curious as to why it was shaking and idly wondering why it didn't have a backseat. It made her smile.  
  
"What are you grinning at now?"  
  
Brenda pointed, "We have an audience... well, sort of."  
  
Tom cranked his head around to see the guy in the window give the back a final look, then shrug and walk away. Others did the same as they concluded that the show was over, but were left confused.  
  
They both got the giggles again as Tom said, "I told you that might happen."  
  
Brenda just nodded, smiling, "I know; it was fun. Next time, we should try it without the rings."  
  
"That might get us arrested."  
  
"Yeah," she sighed, "but it would be exciting. Being naked and fucking, where somebody could catch us and see us," she rubbed her hips into his, "that makes me hot."  
  
Tom squeezed her wriggling ass and humped back, "If we get busted, there goes our 'extracurricular activity'."  
  
Brenda snickered, then lifted herself off of Tom, "Speaking of which, we should get home. We need to clean up before going out tonight."  
  
Tom sat up and reached for their clothes lying on the floor of the car, but after dropping them in the seat he cupped her face in his palm.  
  
"You're sure we should give this a try?"  
  
Brenda touched his hand and nodded with hopeful eyes.  
  
Tom sighed, "Alright, let's get dressed and get back home; we need to rest up."  
  
She smiled at him as they donned their clothing and, once done and after waiting for everyone around to be looking somewhere else, they removed their power rings and shimmered into sight. Climbing into the front, Tom gunned the engine and pulled out of the mall lot.  
  
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The couple was relaxing in the living room after showering and checking their 'hardware' for the adventure yet to come. Everything was charged and ready to go; all they were waiting for was the phone call.  
  
"You're still sure?" asked Tom.  
  
Brenda, reclining on the couch, nodded, "Yeah, I think we should give it a shot."  
  
"And if he's lying to us?"  
  
She cracked her knuckles and said, "Then we'll deal with it... our way."  
  
Tom gave her a foreboding look, "Attacking a police officer is a felony."  
  
"We don't have to attack him; we can just make his life... miserable." She flashed Tom her 'let's get into trouble' grin at him.  
  
"You're devious when you want to be," he said, grinning back.  
  
Right then, the phone rang. Tom checked the wall clock, 8:02 PM, and answered it.  
  
"Yes?"  
  
"Trent," was the reply at the other end.  
  
Tom looked at Brenda, checking one last time. She confidently nodded, and he returned to the caller.  
  
"Where and when?"  
  
"You're in?"  
  
Tom let out his breath slowly, his gaze narrowing to a razor sharp glare; hard... cold.  
  
"We're in."