**Hannah**

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**Hannah 01: Devils Playground**

*Hannah Scott was finally home.*  
Summer away from college was a welcomed sigh of relief. It had been a difficult first year living four hours away. Having never been away from home more than a week it took awhile to adjust to her new environment. Although her grades were steady and promising she spent a lot of her time discovering herself. She knew very well that her beauty claimed the attention of every man within a three block radius of her presence. She swore off the idea of a boyfriend choosing to stay single and enjoy the company of whomever she felt worthy. Once she lost her virginity the rest was history. She would forever be grateful to "What's his name". He was hot, she was drunk. After his attentions she took full advantage of boys. Learning what they liked came easy, guys loved seductive women who teased yet followed through on their intentions. She became a master at the art.  
  
Summer break was going to be the best.  
  
Utilizing a taxi that drove her from the bus station to her parents home, Hannah vacated the cab, obtained her luggage and paid her driver. She silently contained her amusement at the elderly drivers roving eyes.  
  
She knew it was difficult for all men to behave rationally. She was drop dead gorgeous. Standing at 5 foot 2 inches, 110 pounds. Her flesh a golden tan not too dark, not too pale. Brown hair that when straightened reached the middle of her back. A tiny mole to the left of her chin added to her cuteness factor. She was well defined.   
  
Muscularly toned legs, tight belly with stunning belly button, and big green eyes that flirted without trying helped. However it was her busty 36C tits that reared proudly that found the most attention.  
  
This day as hot as it was in California she wore tight white shorts along with a matching white top that had thin straps over the shoulders. Her cleavage was devastating.   
  
She chose to secretly surprise her parents by sneaking home without warning. Today was not her day.  
  
At the door she dropped her bag and rang the doorbell expecting one of them to answer and burst into joyful tears. After four rings Hannah frowns and locates her keys from her clutch purse tucked into her bag. Unlocking the door she enters and closes up to avoid the family cat escaping.  
  
"Hey Bruno. Where is everybody?" She sets her things aside to pick up the fluffy Persian and cuddle him tightly. Walking with him in hand she reaches the kitchen and notes papers sprawled out on the counter near the phone.   
  
"Are you kidding me? They freaking went to the Bahamas. What the hell!"  
  
Resting Bruno on the floor she claims the phone preparing to call her Dad on his cell. After dialing the prefix she stops cold and hangs up.  
  
"What am I thinking? I have the house to myself for however long they're gone." She eyes the itinerary etched on an open notepad. They had hotel reservations for two weeks. She had just missed them by four hours.   
  
"Two whole weeks to myself. I can do anything I want." She beams and shivers at the thought.  
  
Containing her joy she gathers up her bag and heads upstairs to her old bedroom. It was stuffy in the house as her parents had turned the central air off while gone. Fanning herself she opened her window blind and lifted the window all the way up.   
  
Immediately she heard a man's voice and paused. She noted it was coming from the house next door. She recalled her Mother telling her they had a new neighbor. A real stud as her Mom liked to refer to him.  
  
Rolling her eyes at the thought she started to turn away. Just before losing interest she saw through the window directly across from her own the man himself wearing only a towel around his waist. He had his window wide open and the curtains billowing gently. This made her interest pique. He paced his own bedroom while talking on his cellphone. Standing at an angle to prevent being caught watching him she was mesmerized by the fact his towel was tented out in front of him. Obviously he had a hard on.  
  
Cautiously she lifted her own window in order to hear better. Listening intently Hannah heard him talking to someone about his love life. What he was looking for in a woman. Young, sexy, bold. Open minded. Someone who prided herself on fitness. The depth of his voice was nearly baritone.   
  
Fanning herself at his chiseled body and Gerard Butler good looks she almost lost track of his conversation. Crouching now she tore herself away to merely listen in.  
  
She overheard him tell whomever he was talking to that he was lonely but couldn't settle on just anyone. He repeated himself of what he needed in a woman. His voice then carried louder as if antagonized, barking that he would never pay for sex. He was better than that. The man then chuckled at his caller, who mentioned porn and masturbation. It sounded as if it was an acceptable alternative. At least he had a sense of humor.  
  
Hannah found it difficult to avoid giggling at his playful discussion. Luckily his pacing led to another room for a moment giving her a breather to express her amusement. Then, it dawned on her that he might not come back. She whined and sat up on her knees directly in the window with a pout for a hopeful return.  
  
Three minutes later he does, forcing her to dive out of view and reposition for a more concealed spying. Standing directly in front of his window she spots him untie his towel and remove it. Her jaw drops at the unexpected revelation.  
  
"Oh My God! He has to be eight or nine inches." She thinks while holding her breath and fanning herself vividly.   
  
Glued to his magnificence she hadn't realized his call was ending. All she heard was something about having lunch on his back deck before getting back to work. She then watched him stroke himself slightly as he hung up. A second more he faded to his left and returned in a pair of black sweat pants. Nothing else. He remained shirtless as he left his room.  
  
Once gone she sits on the floor with a puckered lower lip. The stud was gone and she felt bummed out. Suddenly, her eyes bulged.  
  
"What are you doing? He's going outside to eat lunch. I can just go say hi and ask if he knows where my mom and dad are. No. Sounds stupid. He would know I would know already. WOW! His dick was gigantic. How do I get to see that again?"  
  
She crawls to her feet and circles almost franticly in step. Then, it dawns on her his conversation over what he was looking for in a woman. Someone young, she was young. Sexy, she was very sexy she thought. Bold, she could learn to be. Open minded? Sure, why not.  
  
Quickly she pilfers through her bag looking for a bikini. Finding the spaghetti string black top she rapidly undressed and tied it on over her monstrous chest. Then, she dug into her bag further and offers a look of horror, "WHERE'S THE BOTTOMS?"  
  
In a panic she digs again and comes up empty handed.   
  
"I must have left them back in my dorm room. Oh my God! What do I do now? Do I wear shorts? So not sexy if I lay out back and tan."  
  
Thinking swiftly she goes to her dresser which still had a leftover amount of older clothing and rummages through drawer after drawer. Suddenly she locates an old black thong with a thin lace waist band. It was made of almost sheer material and the band between her legs was as thin as the waist band.  
  
Trying it on in a hurry she examines herself in the mirror of her dresser.   
  
"Totally doesn't match. Bare ass it is. That's bold I guess. What choice do I have?" With a deep breath she makes a startling revelation.   
  
"Nooo! Brazilian rain forest."  
  
Before her eyes she realized that her pubic hair was bushing over the front of the thong. She had no time to waste either, by trimming it. She heard his backyard French doors open and close. With a shrug she decided not to care. Open minded she agreed.  
  
Racing about she gathers a giant beach towel and suntan oil from a well stocked linen closet. She then went back to her room for her Ipod and earplugs to use as a distraction.  
  
Heading downstairs she shuffles through the kitchen and out into a sunroom addition. It was here her parents built a hot tub enclosure slash fitness area.  
  
At her own set of French doors she pauses to look through a side window which bordered the neighbors deck. Shivering she hears him talking to someone else.  
  
"Am I crazy? I'm 19! This guy could be like 35 or older."  
  
Biting a nail she fidgets over whether it mattered or not. Finally, she remembered his giant cock. Still she took time to listen.  
  
From his second story deck the man belts out, "I hear that. These days the 15 year olds look 25. It's insane. I like younger women for sure but there are limits. If there's doubt I'm out."   
  
After a pause of chuckling he continues, "I was never into women my own age. My ideal girl would be like 19. Very fit. Beautiful eyes. Healthy chest. Tight ass. Winning smile. Too much to ask for? I mean come on I know I'm good looking. I deserve the same right? No, I'm not even trying to be conceited. Look I have to go. It seems like all we ever do is talk about women. I have a company to run, Basil. Tell Nancy I said hello. Yeah, talk later Bro."  
  
Hannah ponders his words, "I'm young. I'm Hot. I can do this. I mean seriously, it is only teasing right? Turning him on turns me on. I'm the true goal here. My fantasy. I'll just give him his own fantasy."  
  
Before she could open her door she hears his cell ring yet again and decides to hold out a little longer. This time his words were obviously job related. Talk of stocks and commodities. He was buying and trading.   
  
Growing bored of eavesdropping she decided to brave the yard and step outside. Walking to the back of the property where the sun was brightest, she acted as if he wasn't even there. It was a no brainer that he had seen her, his voice paused mid sentence a number of times. Laying out her towel she feigned dancing and singing along with music from her Ipod. Earplugs in for effect. She made certain her ass faced him when she bent over.   
  
Stuttering the man continued his conversation until he chose to end the call and shut his phone off.  
  
Amused by his inability to talk and observe at the same time she dropped to her knees on the towel and sat on her feet. She decided to play it safe and not even look directly at him.   
  
Cracking open the suntan oil she proceeded to coat her butt and legs until glossy. Then moved to her front. Deciding to lay on her belly first she gave up on the lotion until later.   
  
The sudden silence made Hannah worry. Did he give up and go inside? Was he watching her and drooling? Just sitting there eating lunch? She needed to know.  
  
In a huff she leans up on her elbows and pulls her hair forward under her. In the process she looked at the house behind her parents home. Facing it and away from her new neighbor she caught a glimpse of the man standing on his deck looking down at her through a window pane.   
  
"There you are." She thought smiling to herself, "You just stare away Handsome. I'm here all afternoon if necessary."  
  
Grinning devilishly she reaches back and unties her bikini top letting the strings drop   
  
to her sides. To his vision she was totally naked. Her thong vanishing within her butt crack.  
  
Within the window she spotted the man rubbing his crotch.  
  
"That's it. Get that dick nice and hard. Let me see it big boy." She giggles to herself laying on her forearms.  
  
Then, something dawned on her as she eyed the home behind her, "I sure hope Vernon and Gail aren't home. This time of day they should both be at work. This would be very embarrassing. Not to mention they might tell my parents what I'm doing. I should be safe though. I'll risk it. I'm too darned horny to let this guy off easy."  
  
Feeling the sun beating down hard on her backside she knows that she might burn. Applying more lotion into her hands she reaches over her shoulders as best she could to glaze them. The same maneuver led to her lower back and butt. While rubbing her butt she grinned mischievously and guided her thong band down over her cheeks. Too the on looking neighbor her butt crack was now 90% visible.   
  
"No tan lines I say." She giggles.  
  
Within the windows of Vernon and Gail's home she maintained the image of the standing man. He was as curious as ever.  
  
"You like this beautiful young booty don't you, Mister Sweatpants?" She wiggles her ass lightly as if adjusting on her towel.  
  
The man was turning away suddenly as she observed his reflection.   
  
"Where are you going? She verbally whines.   
  
Suddenly, without warning she hears a male voice, "Ummm! I'm here to read the water meter."  
  
Her eyes bulged as she tightened up to look over at her blindside. There stood a younger man, tall and lanky.   
  
"I didn't see you sneak up on me." She cringed lightly.  
  
"Sorry if I scared you. I came around the shed there without any expectations. I guess in a sense you snuck up on me too. I wasn't expecting anyone sunbathing. Like that at least."  
  
She swallows lightly and maintains her nerves. She felt like covering up but knew the neighbor would be turned off by her fear and insecurity. Instead she smiles up at the man and huffs.  
  
"I'm not scared. It is my yard. If anything it's you that are the intruder. Not that I'm complaining or trying to make you feel guilty. I'm not. Hi Toby."  
  
She notes the sewn on patch with his name on it.   
  
He grins at her, "Oh you saw my name tag. Hi. I should probably stop looking at your body shouldn't I?" He fidgets with a smirk.  
  
"I'm not uncomfortable. Want to help a girl out? I could use some lotion in my hard to get to spots."  
  
He inhales deafeningly and grits his teeth.  
  
"Tempting. But, considering we're being watched by a guy up on that deck, as well as the two guys leering out of that garage door window behind us, I better decline. Not that I don't want to. You're pretty hot."  
  
"Getting hotter in this sun. You don't want me to burn to a crisp do you?" She beguiles him kicking her legs up and down.  
  
"No. If I lose my job over this you owe me HUGE."  
  
She giggles hoisting up her lotion bottle at a revealing angle, "I'm worth it. When will this ever happen to you again?"  
  
"Probably never." He kneels down beside her dropping his clip board in the grass. Claiming the lotion bottle he dabs some lotion into his palms. Gritting his teeth again he begins rubbing her shoulders, moving down her spine. At her butt crack he hesitates.  
  
"I'm okay if you rub my ass and legs. Stop worrying about creepy old guy neighbors."   
  
As he braves her ass cheeks Hannah smiles to herself when it dawns on her silently, "Wait! What guys in the garage window? Oh crap! Vernon must be home. In there watching me with some other old guy. So wrong. So wrong. He's known me since I was like 8 years old. He and Gail used to babysit me. Have camp outs in the yard. I'll never hear the end of this. Then again, why isn't he out here scolding me? Yelling at Toby for touching me. Creepy."  
  
The man up on his back yard deck was sitting down at his table. Still watching her and Toby. Even as he acted like he was working on his laptop. He was interested still, just playing it safe. This made Hannah excited. She was wet as hell.  
  
Toby had squeezed her ass a number of times before moving to her lowered thong. As his fingers moved under the bands she intentionally lifted her hips.  
  
"If my bottoms are in your way you can pull them lower."  
  
Toby huffs loudly, "Any lower there's no hiding what they're supposed to hide."  
  
"Close your eyes then." Hannah giggles.  
  
Growling toby pinches the thong bands at her hips and guides them lower. Her anal cavity was now in full view. As was the clam shaped pussy below it. Once he decides the thong was low enough he releases the bands and oils the inner recesses of her ass.   
  
She shivered as his thumbs grazed over her ass hole and lightly tickles her pussy.  
  
"Oh my God!" She whines again hoisting her hips.  
  
"I better stop. Sorry. Trust me I'm enjoying this but the eyes on me are giving me the willy's."  
  
"I understand. Hey. Write down my address and come by later this week. I have the house to myself for two whole weeks. We can watch a movie or something. Maybe I'll let you massage me again. Only inside my house out of prying eyes."  
  
Toby nods and rubs the oil from his hands on her towel as she leers back at him, "Sounds fun. What's your name?"  
  
"Hannah. Thank you for saving me Toby." She blows him a kiss.  
  
"My pleasure. Might wanna cover up more. Eyes, y'know?"  
  
"I'm fine. Thanks for caring though. Sadly, I know my neighbors. I can deal with them. Have fun reading meters."  
  
"Not likely. I'll be by say Friday night?" He grins.  
  
"I'll pop popcorn. You can rub the butter on me." She giggles as he stammers away. Finishing his reading he moves to the neighbors house nervously. The guy above him growls down through his deck planks at Toby.  
  
"Good job. Secret's safe with me."  
  
From below Toby painfully chuckles, "Unexpected. But, thanks."  
  
Toby opted to leave quickly.  
  
Hannah refused to pull her thong back into place. She merely laid there in her folded arms and eyed the windows. Both for the neighbor and for Vernon. Only Vernon worried her. Not enough to panic though.  
  
After ten minutes pass by she hears the garage door open automatically from Vernon's home. Hiding her eyes she whines to herself knowing she was getting ready to be chewed out.  
  
Out of the garage staggered Vernon Wiley, a 52 year old balding and portly Car salesman. To his right followed his brother Mike Wiley, younger at 50 but with a full head of peppered gray hair and an unshaven stubble on his face.  
  
"Is that you Hannah Marie?"   
  
She lifted her chin with a look of disbelief. Finally, she reaches back and pulls her thong back over her hips before cradling her untied top to cover her chest. Hannah then sat up with her top barely covering her 36C's  
  
"Vernie. Hi there. I figured you were at work. I guess this looks bad doesn't it? At least it's you and not Gail. She would probably break out a switch and tan my ass good."  
  
"No reason to worry about Gail. She left me and moved to her Sister's in Oregon. You remember my brother Mike?"  
  
"It's been awhile. Hey there Mike." She smiles brightly.  
  
"Hey there yourself. All grown up and beautiful." Mike tilts his beer bottle toward her winking.  
  
"Awww! Charmer. Yeah, I'm 19 now. In college. I came home to surprise Mom and Dad. I was the one surprised though. Bahamas! Go figure."  
  
Vernon tries hard not to look at Hannah with lust but his brother was totally different. Mike was all about her cleavage.  
  
"Yeah, Dan told me he was gonna treat Nina to a vacation. Said you were planning to stay in school for summer classes."  
  
"I schemed that to catch them off guard. Blew up in my face." She frowns.  
  
Mike pictured blowing his wad in her face.   
  
Vernon just nodded and rubbed the back of his neck.  
  
"You do know our new neighbor over there has been eye balling you since you first laid out." Vernon offers without looking toward the man.  
  
Hannah creases her brow, "Oh really? I didn't notice. So you were watching me the whole time too?"  
  
Vernon cringes chuckling, "Not intentionally. But I suppose I can't hide that now."  
  
"Like hell. I pointed you out the second I saw you laying your towel down. We're old but not dead." Mike boasts.  
  
She grimaces with a half smile, "I refuse to turn beet red. Thanks Mike. So, I guess you saw the Meter guy oiling me up?"  
  
"Lucky young man." Mike cackles.  
  
Vernon merely scowls at him, "Leave her alone Mike. She's an adult now. I still see you as the little pigtailed girl we used to babysit."  
  
"Aww! Thanks Vernie. Fond memories for sure."  
  
"Yup. Pajama party when your folks went out of town for weekends." He shakes his head.  
  
Mike huffs, "Bet you don't wear pajamas anymore."  
  
She giggles and rolls her eyes, "Afraid not. Truth be told I'm rather resistant to anything constrictive."

"I can tell." Mike eyes her chest and puckers.  
  
"Knock it off Mike. Let's go tune that motor up before the days shot." Vernon comes to her defense.  
  
"Spoil sport." Mike guzzles his beer and again winks at Hannah, "Nice seeing you again Hannah. Hope to see more of you."  
  
Vernon nudges his brother the other direction then turns to Hannah.  
  
"Enjoy your sunbathing. I'll close the blinds."  
  
Hannah flutters her fingers, "You don't have to Vernie. I'm comfortable in my skin. But, thank you. I'm sorry to hear about you and Gail. If you need a shoulder I'm here until the parents get home."  
  
"Thanks Kiddo."  
  
Once the garage door closes back down Hannah turns her back to them and lays skyward to tan her front. Her top is left dangling as she oils her belly and cleavage. Leaning forward to oil her legs her top slips away to reveal her full breasts to the man on the deck. She still kept her eyes glued away from him and on to herself. Only peripherally did she know he was still there.  
  
Laying back she decided to just discard her top and give him a birds eye view of her 34DD's. Nipples stabbing toward the heavens.  
  
Her hands oiled her full breasts and squeezed them playfully for his perusal. Once done she rested lifelessly for five minutes. The sun made her sleepy. Before long she drifted away.  
  
For twelve minutes the man above noticed her unmoving and rubbed his goatee. He presumed she had fallen asleep and sensed her predicament. Her body was already golden and teetering on redness.  
  
He decided then to step inside his house and return with a pair of bottled waters. He then trudged down his back decks staircase and through his yard. reaching her he stood over her slumbering form and admired her. His sweat pants bulged out causing him to attempt to rearrange his junk. Impossible as he growled.  
  
His abrupt growl startled Hannah awake. Blinded by the sun she only saw his silhouette.  
  
"I noticed you asleep. I was going to wake you so you didn't burn. Here, hydrate yourself." He crouches beside her and opens a bottle to hand it to her. She sits up and leans back on one hand allowing him to observe her gulping down the water. Her chest heaving before his eyes. Finishing she gasps.  
  
"So needed. Thank you. You must be the new neighbor Mom told me about."  
  
"That would be me. I'm "Cullen McMann". Nina showed me a picture of you on her cellphone. Your selfie hid quite a lot." He grins playfully.  
  
"Well, it's not like I'm going to send pictures of my tits to my Mother. How long have you been watching me tan?"  
  
"Oh, since you stepped out into the yard. Now, let me ask you. How long have you been watching me? Total honesty."  
  
She becomes expressionless, "Since I saw you from my bedroom window."  
  
"Good answer. I knew you were home. Saw the cab drop you off. Then I noticed your bedroom window open. It wasn't before you got home."  
  
"So you were keeping tabs on me. Do you always drop your towel in front of open windows? What if it had been my Mom?"  
  
"Then, she might be sunbathing nude right now instead of you." He chuckles and sips his own water.  
  
"Ewww! Highly unlikely. If we're going to be so honest I overheard your phone conversations. They inspired me to tease you."  
  
"Every word I said was true. Glad I could inspire you. Very much worth it. Nice tits. Nice ass. Beautiful legs, shoulders. Firm belly. Eyes to die for."  
  
"I forgot to shave." She pinches the front of her thong open revealing her pubic bush.  
  
"Do something about that the next time you tease me." He narrows his eyes for effect.  
  
"Next time? That's presumptuous. This might be the only time you realize."  
  
He shakes his head, "No. Your folks are gone at least two weeks. I believe you want to push your limits. Am I wrong?"  
  
Almost pouting she shivers, "No."  
  
"You do know there's going to be tan lines down there if you don't do something fast." He reaches down and curls a finger under her thong strap.  
  
Her eyes lower to observe his finger.  
  
"Help me out of it?" She offers doe like eyes.  
  
"Do it yourself. Do it without fear." He expresses.  
  
She casts her water bottle aside and lays back to lift her hips and peels her thong off over her lengthy legs. Escaping her toes she tosses the crumpled cloth at him.  
  
Eying her pussy he nods, "Very nice. You shave that as soon as you go inside. I expect to see only a very thin nose nuzzler tomorrow."  
  
"You seem so sure I'll let you see it again."  
  
"I'll see it every day over the next two weeks. Won't I?"  
  
Her eyes bulge and her expression reaches the point of excitement.  
  
"You really want to see me every day?"  
  
"I intend to force you to push your limits. As wet as that pussy looks I know I'm right. Can you deny you don't want to be pushed?"  
  
"Encouraged. Yes. Do you like my pussy?" Her legs move further apart for a better view.  
  
He leans over and retrieves her dangling top tossing it and her thong aside.  
  
"Rub your clit."  
  
Her hand immediately tantalizes her clitoris.  
  
"Don't tease it. Rub it."  
  
His tone was more direct. Intimidating yet sensually dominating.  
  
Her fingers frolic in a faster motion increasing her hormonal intensity. An array of moans followed. As did trembling eyes. Curling toes.  
  
"Did you like the Meter Man's touch?" Cullen whispers.  
  
"Yes. I pictured you though."  
  
He stands up and steps directly between the outstretch of her legs looking down at her.  
  
"The two old guys over there. Did you like them seeing you like this?"  
  
"It felt awkward. I've known them since childhood. I guess it didn't bother me. Are they watching us now?" She attempts looking back.  
  
"LOOK AT ME! Not for them." He barks with a smug intensity.  
  
"Okay. Sorry." She quivers, her clit stimulation feeling increasingly good.  
  
"No. They're not watching. Would it matter if they were?"  
  
"I guess not. I am an adult now. It's just creepy because they know me as a little girl still."  
  
"Use the other hand. Bury fingers in that pussy while you rub that clit."  
  
"Okay." She makes use of both hands. Prying her pink pussy wide she inserts two fingers and moves them in and out.  
  
"Look me directly in the eye. Do NOT blink. Cum like you mean it."  
  
"Oh my God!" She turns red and breathless as her fingers ravage her body. She holds her gaze on his intense glare as he awaits results.  
  
In moments she gushes all over her knuckles. Tensed up she loosens her fingers away.  
  
"AGAIN!" He snarls.  
  
Her eyes well up as she continues to play with herself.  
  
On his knees in front of her Cullen lowers his sweats allowing her to view his nine inch monstrosity. His balls were massive and tight.  
  
"Focus your eyes on my cock. Do NOT blink. Fail me and I'll go inside. You will never see me again."  
  
"No. I won't fail you. God your cock is gigantic. I've never seen one so big."  
  
"Fail me and you will never feel one like this inside you either." He squints with pride.  
  
"Do you plan on fucking me?" Her fingers move even deeper and energetically.  
  
"When I feel like it. Not before. Focus." He strokes his cock mere inches from her hands insertion.  
  
A shuffle forward he touches his crown on her ass just below her knuckles.  
  
"I can't see it to focus on." She whimpers.  
  
"Eyes closed. If you open them I get up and leave. Am I clear?"  
  
"Yes." Her lids seal tightly.  
  
"CUM HARD!"  
  
"I'm trying."  
  
Cullen looks up toward Vernon's garage. Watching them were both brothers in awe. He puts a finger to his lips for silence then motions them closer.  
  
Mike took the initiative and crept out the side door of the garage to avoid the noise. Vernon followed but at a distance. It was easy to tell he felt guilty.  
  
Cullen motions Mike to her left side. Vernon to her right.  
  
In her ecstasy she had not heard their approach. Nor their crouching.  
  
Cullen glides his cock on her knuckles as if moving over her.  
  
"I'm going to squeeze your tits as you play. EYES TIGHT!"  
  
"I won't open them. I swear." She wheezes.  
  
Cullen then prompts the brothers to carefully lean over and squeeze her breasts multiple times. With Cullen's direction they even used the right hands to appear as if they were Cullen's himself.  
  
"I love your grip on my tits." Hannah whispers then bites her lower lip.  
  
Above Vernon shakes his head and moves away pointing at Mike to follow suit. With a look of anger Mike silently follows his brother away.  
  
Cullen watched them leave. He then growls.  
  
"Remove your hands."  
  
She swiftly slid her palms up her belly as Cullen grips her ankles. Prying her legs wide she squeals. His cock rolls through her labia softly. It was sticky yet wet all the same.  
  
"Merely a sample." He huffs.  
  
His crown lines up with her pussy and nudges inside slowly. Each inch Hannah cries out loudly, "OH MY GOD!"  
  
As his dick vanishes inside her all the way he freezes up and observes her convulsing. She was cumming all around his girth.  
  
As he removes his dick slowly she creases her brow and whimpers like a lost puppy. Once reaching its end he merely caresses between her labia again.  
  
"So bad?" He grins at the corner of his mouth.  
  
"No words to describe that. Oh My God! Again?"  
  
"Not yet. Ask again I'll deny you forever."  
  
"Okay. You will earn more of this. Am I clear?"  
  
"Yes. How?" She snivels ever so slightly.  
  
Cullen rears erect and releases her right ankle. He then proceeds to jerk himself off.  
  
In his fever he remains focused.  
  
"I expect 100% obedience from you for two weeks. You wear what I tell you to wear. You tease whomever I tell you to tease. Your body is mine to use as I see fit. Sexually or otherwise. Do you accept this?"  
  
Hannah shivers and breaths heavily. Nodding she expels, "Yes. I'm your slave."  
  
"Open your eyes and greet my cock. Do NOT blink."  
  
She flutters her eyes wide as he masturbates. In a lengthy drama he detonates a massive load of creamy white jizz all over her belly and chest. A final coat spews directly on her pussy.  
  
She had never seen so much cum from any one guy.  
  
Once his final drops expel he releases her left ankle and drops over her limp form. His forehead pressed against hers as his cock lay on her belly. His eyes unblinking stare at her own. She resists blinking herself.  
  
"First mission. Shave that pussy."  
  
"I will." She exhales softly.  
  
"Second mission. Tonight you tease the old guys back there. Out in the open for me to see. Anyway you have to. AM I CLEAR?"  
  
"Yes. How far should I tease?"  
  
"If you need to ask, you're unworthy." He huffs.  
  
"I'll succeed. I swear." She trembles at his gaze.  
  
"Every window open wide. Every curtain tied back. Every light on. No clothing worn. AM I CLEAR?"  
  
"Yes. Let the world see me." She smiles.  
  
He lifts himself off of her and stands up. Stretching over her she loved his muscled physique. It all led to that monster cock though.  
  
"Cullen?"  
  
"What?"  
  
"I can't wait for you to fuck me. For real."  
  
"Obey every command. Earn your desires."  
  
"Anything you want. I'll achieve. So much fun."  
  
"Remains to be seen. Now lay out here until those tan lines are gone. Body must be flawless."  
  
"I'll get right on that." She stretches out and levels out his leftover cum all over her thighs.  
  
As he walks away she kicks her legs out of excitement.  
  
"God I hope Mom and Dad stay away longer."  
  
Her tan was perfect an hour and a half later.  
  
Two hours pass.  
  
After a shower and shave her pussy was stunning.  
  
Walking through the house she opened every curtain and window for later.  
  
Once done she locates Vernon Wiley's phone number from her parents refrigerator. Dialing it she awaits his answer.  
  
"Hey Vernie. It's Hannah. I have a crazy idea. You up for a trip down Memory Lane? Awsomeness. Still have that old tent? Let's camp out tonight. Mike can join us. We can toast marshmallows and get drunk."  
  
Four minutes of banter later, Hannah had plans.  
  
Shivering at her nudeness due to the breeze coming through the windows she folds her arms.  
  
"Oh Cullen. I won't fail you. Why? Because I live for this stuff. Challenge away Buddy. Even if you never fuck me I'll enjoy myself. Hope you do though. Nine inches." She rolls her eyes toward the ceiling and dances in step, squealing.

**Hannah 02: Barbie Cue**

As the evening closed in Hannah Scott formulated a plan.  
  
At dusk she got ready for Vernon, Mike, and the camp out.  
  
Digging through her clothing she found a short mini dress with spaghetti straps. It had a floral print with a hem that barely concealed her ass cheeks. The thin straps holding it on her shoulders revealed massive cleavage. Going braless offered a bounce as she walked. Without panties would give the brothers plenty to look out for.  
  
Her flowing brown hair she decided to tie up in ponytails like she wore as a child. The humor behind it might ease their nerves.   
  
Spraying on perfume that smelled like cherry blossoms would attract their senses. Even old guys had a tough time saying no to their manhood getting a whiff of the scent.  
  
Forsaking shoes she tiptoed out into the sunroom to peer out at Vernon's.   
  
He had indeed put up the four man tent they used to camp out in years ago. He had a small brick enclosed fire pit blazing, lawn chairs set up, and a beer cooler full. Both Vernon and Mike were already drinking.  
  
"I won't fail Cullen. Still, this is really weird. They're over 30 years older than me. Not to mention they still see me as the little girl they knew. Guess I prove I'm not so little anymore. Here goes."  
  
Hannah leaves her house and trudges toward the lantern light of an otherwise pitch black yard. Approaching the men she looks back to see if Cullen was watching. His home was completely in the dark. Was he even at home?  
  
With a fidget she continued her journey.  
  
"Hannah's here!" She calls out and dances into view of the men.  
  
"Hey there Sweetheart. This was a great idea. Brings back memories." Vernon nods.  
  
She twirls in step letting her short skirt fan in the campfire light. They barely saw anything but Mike knew immediately she wasn't wearing underwear.  
  
Mike in a lawn chair leaned back and swigged his beer, "That's a pretty dress there Hannah."  
  
"Thank you for noticing Mike. I love dresses."  
  
"Me too. For all the wrong reasons." He chuckles.  
  
Hannah points at him playfully, "You behave Mister. I'm young and impressionable still."  
  
"Pay him no mind Hannah Marie. He's just an old perv."  
  
Mike scowls at his brother, "And you aren't?"  
  
Giggling Hannah watches Mike lift the cooler beside him.  
  
"Grab a beer and join the party. Just don't tell your Mother we let an underage girl drink on our watch."  
  
"Under age." She rolls her eyes, "I won't tell Mom if you don't tell her I was nude sunbathing."  
  
"Speaking of that. What prompted you to start doing that kind of stuff?" Vernon shakes his head.  
  
She shrugs bouncing her chest in the process. The jiggling made Mike smirk.  
  
"I really didn't think you were home Vernie. And, I didn't know about you and Gail splitting up. I'm really sad to hear that."  
  
Vernon stands up to stretch when Hannah moves in without warning to hug him tightly.  
  
"Hey now. Nice as this is don't make me sad."  
  
Squeezing him tightly Hannah crushes her breasts against his belly. His height of 6'1 towered over her 5'2 status. She lifts her chin on his chest looking up at him.  
  
"I just want you to know I care. I loved Gail too. But, she hurt my Uncle Vernie. I'll never forgive her for that."  
  
Rubbing her shoulder blade Vernon hisses, "Uncle Vernie. Brings back the good old days. I recall you hugging me and calling me that when you were a wee one. I guess you still are a wee one. Your never grew up just out."  
  
"Are you saying I'm fat?" She pouts.  
  
Mike huffs behind her, "Hell you ain't got an ounce of fat on you. Well, maybe in those hooters. That's where you're bursting out."  
  
Vernon releases Hannah to turn and face Mike. She looks down at her chest and agrees with a nod.  
  
"Yeah, they got huge. Guy's never complain though."  
  
"Who's complaining? I love how you filled out." Mike toasts her with his beer.  
  
"Sweet of you." She eyes the open cooler, "Only beer?"  
  
"You expecting wine coolers?" Vernon is taken back.  
  
She frowns, "No. Anything harder?"  
  
Mike grins, "Oh I got something harder for you."  
  
She shakes her head feigning a blush, "Well now."  
  
"Mike means he's got a bottle of Bourbon beside him."  
  
"Oh!" She snorts laughing.  
  
Mike reaches to his side and lifts a bottle of Kentucky Bourbon.  
  
"Wanna shot?"  
  
"I've never tried Bourbon. Will I get drunk?"  
  
"Let's hope so." Mike jests, standing to locate a shot glass from the grass.  
  
Pouring a shot he belts it back before shaking his head.   
  
"Wow! If it effects you like that I might gag."  
  
He pours her a shot and offers it up.  
  
"Pinch your nose before you toss it back. Gotta down it in one gulp."  
  
Claiming the shot Hannah eyes Vernon who looked concerned. She pats Vernon on the chest, "I got this Vernie. I'm an adult now."  
  
Pinching her nose she swallows the shot whole and chokes. Fanning herself she exhales.  
  
"Whoa! Burns going down. Your turn Vernie."  
  
Mike fills the shot for his brother. In a single belt his drink disappeared. His expression was nothing, merely a grin.  
  
"Tough guy." Hannah pats his belly.  
  
"I'm just used to it."  
  
"How about a belly shot Hannah?" Mike chuckles.  
  
"In this dress? I can't." She smirks then uses her hand to conceal her lips from Mike. Whispering to Vernon she hisses, "No panties."  
  
His eyes bulge, "Yea, no belly shots. Mike needs to get his mind out of the gutter. You're like family for Christ's sakes."  
  
"I know right?" She plants her hands on her hips defiantly.   
  
Vernon nods at her assurance pointing at Mike who frowns. Vernon then turns to stoke the fire. Once his back turned Hannah leaned over to whisper, "Maybe later."  
  
This made Mike grin like a Cheshire Cat.  
  
"So, Mike. What's new with you? Dating anyone?" She changes the subject.  
  
"Naaa! No gal wants an ugly old fart like me. Lowly mechanic at that. Bad back even."  
  
"Awww! Poor Mike. I'm sure that's not true. You just need to go out more. And, a good massage."  
  
"Massage? What the hell is that? Been ten years since that kind of thing."  
  
"Don't get him started. He's bound to ask you for one." Vernon looks over his shoulder.  
  
Hannah flares her eyes at the notion.   
  
"The guys in school say I have magic hands. It's funny though. I never get one in return."  
  
"I'll give you one if you give me one." Mike winks.  
  
"Promise to behave yourself?" She leers mischievously.  
  
"Best I can." Mike grunts.  
  
"Okay. I'll give you one first. Me afterwards. Deal?"  
  
"Deal."  
  
Hannah giggles and moves behind Mike's chair. Watching as Mike removes his polo shirt she winces.  
  
"Male stripper. Look out. Should I go get my purse? I think I have dollar bills."  
  
Vernon shakes his head and returns to his own seat. He mumbles at his brothers choices. As Hannah kneads at Mike's shoulders and neck he decides to pour another shot of bourbon to drown his guilt.  
  
"Dang Mike. Shave much?" She tangles her fingers in his mass of body hair.  
  
"Naa! I hear girls like animals in bed. Figured I needed to look the part."  
  
Hannah groans, "So not funny."  
  
Her fingers ease his tension enough to hear moans from the younger brother.  
  
"You sure have talent Hannah." He hisses.  
  
In reply she rolls her palms over his shoulders and across his pectorals. Her cleavage molding around his neckline. She then hugs Mike from behind.  
  
"I love compliments." She whispers into his ear with an evil giggle.  
  
Vernon rolls his eyes as Mike reaches an arm up to palm Hannah's head from the side.   
  
"I can compliment you all night long. You smell delicious. Your hairs soft."  
  
Hannah pats his chest and tugs hair, "I get the idea. Now shush and let me work."  
  
Mike nods and swigs his beer, enjoying ten more minutes of her grip. Including a taunting trail of her fingernails along his back. It gave him shivers.  
  
After a deep breath Mike grips her by the hand and guides her toward Vernon.   
  
"Give my Big Brother here a massage too. Afterwards I'll give you the best you ever had."  
  
She pouts, "Vernie."  
  
Vernon left his shirt on as Hannah massaged his neck and upper deltoids. Her chest teased his scalp from behind.  
  
"Like that Vernie?" She whispers.  
  
"Feels nice, Hannah Marie. Little wrong."  
  
"But oh so perfect." Mike adds.  
  
"Flatterer." She sticks her tongue out at Mike while leaning over Vernon to run a hand down his chest. This made Vernon tense up and pat her hand.  
  
"That's good Hannah Marie. Thanks."  
  
"You sure? I can work out that tension if you let me." She pouts.  
  
He shakes his head and pats her cheek from behind lovingly, "You did great."  
  
Mike clears his throat, "Come on over here Hannah. Sit in my lap."  
  
She eases around Vernon and stands in front of Mike looking back at him.  
  
"We might break the lawn chair."  
  
"Naaa! You don't weigh much. 90 or 100 pounds maybe."  
  
"110 last time I checked. I trust you."  
  
Sitting down between his legs was awkward. Once settled in Mike gripped her shoulders and squeezed slightly too much at first. After a deafening cringe he softened up.   
  
Her spaghetti straps toppled off of her shoulders and dangled over her biceps. She felt her dress loosen in front, the soft material slipping on her flesh easily. She however kept her hands from stopping it's gradual descent. With each squeeze her body trembled. Her cleavage was escaping more and more.  
  
"That feels so good. It's nice to finally know what it's like to receive. I think I'm losing my dress though."  
  
"Don't you worry about that. Just close your eyes and let ole mike release you of all your burdens."  
  
"Is my dress a burden?" She giggles.  
  
Vernon found his eyes on her cleavage. Her 36C's were bulging like melons in her doubled over angle. Mike smirked at his brother's gaze. In a bold move he pulls her back toward him more forcing her dress to droop even lower. Her areolas began to slip into view.  
  
"Pour ole Hannah another shot Big Brother."  
  
Vernon sighs and offers her another drink. Accepting she belts it down and gasps.  
  
"On fire. Whoa! Is it hot in here or is it just me?" She sighs.  
  
"Tipsy Hannah Marie?" Vernon looks concerned.  
  
"Maybe a lil. Not used to the hard stuff. Don't stop Mike. Magic in your hands too."  
  
"Wouldn't dream of stopping. You deserve it like anyone else."  
  
His hands glide forward. Only his thumbs remained on her upper back. Fanning his fingers on her cleavage she eyes his intent.  
  
She felt him move forward even more, his thumbs on her clavicle.   
  
"Mike? Are you misbehaving?" She trembles.  
  
"Not yet. Getting there though."  
  
She giggles and eyes Vernon with a scowl.  
  
"Okay. Just checking."  
  
Mike chuckles and rolls his palms right under her dress to squeeze her tits.  
  
Her eyes bulge, "Little girl age 8. Remember?"  
  
Vernon growls, "Knock it off Mikey. She's getting uncomfortable."  
  
Looking back at Mike, Hannah pats his left cheek. Still Mike squeezes her tits.  
  
"Can I get another shot? I might need it." She giggles.  
  
"You like my hands on these titties don't you?" Mike boasts.  
  
"I can't admit to that. Yet, I won't deny it either. Mixed reviews." She fans herself with her fingers.  
  
"You sure didn't mind it when we squeezed them earlier." Mike grunts.  
  
Vernon turned pale as Hannah offered a puzzled expression.  
  
"You're an idiot." Vernon winced at Mike.  
  
"Earlier? Ohhh, you mean when Cullen let you two sneak up and squeeze them? Come on I'm not that naïve. Aftershaves gave you both away. I just played along."  
  
Vernon covered his eyes out of guilt.  
  
Mike merely pulled her dress off of her tits and jiggled them about.  
  
"Damn these are nice."  
  
She eyes his grip tossing them about and huffs, "They are pretty nifty aren't they."  
  
Vernon decided to get up and walk around.  
  
She eyes Vern move about and decides to pat Mike's hands over her breasts.  
  
"I think we're upsetting Vernie. You need to behave Mister."  
  
Snarling Mike releases her and lets her stand up. She pulls her dress up and returns to normal.  
  
"I'm sorry Vernie. I think I'm getting drunk. My decisions aren't quite my own right now." She hugs his arm.  
  
"No harm I guess. I just think back at the youthful you. Not at the adult you."  
  
"I'm still your little girl Vernie. I recall snuggling up to you when we slept in the tent. Even when you..."  
  
Vernon leers at her, "When I what?"  
  
She whispers, "Got a hard on. I was too young to understand it. I mean you were a gentleman. You didn't do anything to me that was wrong. I just remember waking up and seeing a hard on under your sweats."  
  
"That's not true."  
  
"It was. I just kept it to myself because I didn't know better. I didn't create trouble because you were like my real Uncle. I adored you."  
  
"I had no idea. I'm sorry."  
  
"It's okay. You can get a hard on now and it won't bother me." She giggles and again hugs his arm.  
  
"Not going to happen. I think I'm gonna turn in. Oh by the way, the sleeping bags were all riddled by mice. I just brought out every blanket I own to pad a bed."  
  
"It's okay. The weather's warm. I'll just snuggle up like I used too."  
  
"Sounds like a plan. You bring pajamas?"  
  
I told you earlier today I don't wear jammies anymore. Too constrictive. I sleep in the nude. And, seeing as you both saw me nude today there shouldn't be any shock."  
  
Mike speaks up, "No problem. I sleep in the nude too."  
  
"Not tonight you don't. Enough already. I'm going to bed."  
  
Vern drops down and unzips the tent taking a lantern in with him.   
  
"Leave the light on for us Vernie."  
  
As Vernon slips away Hannah returns to Mike. He had poured another shot for her.  
  
"You're determined to get me drunk."  
  
He smirks, "How about that belly shot now?"  
  
"Promise to behave?"  
  
"No."  
  
"You better. I'll scream."  
  
"Lay down in the grass. Lift that dress."  
  
"Only one time."  
  
She moves out a bit and lifts her dress showing him her bare ass as she sits down in the grass. Laying back for him he admires her belly and freshly shaved pubic area. Her pussy was concealed by her tightly closed legs.   
  
Kneeling down beside her he carefully pours Bourbon into her belly button. Once puddled up he leans forward and sucks the booze from her. After swallowing he licks her belly and trails his tongue upward. She lifted her shirt to reveal her breasts and allowed him one suck upon each nipple.   
  
"Okay. That's enough."  
  
Sitting up she lowers her dress and sticks her tongue out at him. Moving to all fours she crawls toward the tent. At the curtain she peels her dress over her head and tosses it aside.  
  
"Night Mike." She winks  
  
As Hannah crawled inside the tent she observed Vernon's traumatized features.  
  
"Relax Vernie. No ghosts here." She leaned forward on her hands and knees with her ass in the air just inside the tent.   
  
As Mike followed her in he was looking own and collided with her ass. He lifted his gaze and found her snatch right in his face.  
  
"Hey! Watch the fender bender." She gasps.  
  
Looking up for a better view he found his forehead moist. It wasn't sweat. Examining closer he found her pussy wet and glossy.   
  
She moves forward and lays on her side facing Vernon. She snuggles up under his nervous arm and pats his belly. He was only wearing his boxers.  
  
Mike moves in behind her and faces her propping his head up on his hand.  
  
"Are you okay Vernie?" She pouts.  
  
"This is insane. Yeah, I'm good."  
  
Her breasts crush up against his ribcage as she not only pats his belly but rubs it softly.  
  
"Just like I remember. I felt safe." She smiles exhaling on his chest.  
  
"Nothing like I remember." He nervously hisses.  
  
Mike behind them started to turn out the lantern.  
  
"Nooo! Leave it lit. Me scared of monsters." She shivers while grinning sheepishly.  
  
Hannah needed the light to expose their shadows through the tent. If Cullen was watching he needed to see her every move.  
  
"Hot as hell in here." Mike snaps.  
  
"I thought it was me that made it hot in here." She chuckles.  
  
"Too hot." Vernon grits his teeth.  
  
Hannah sighs, "I'm fine if you two old timers want to shed your boxers. We're all adults here."  
  
"Good God!" Vern expels as Hannah looks up at him with puppy dog eyes.  
  
Mike sits up taking advantage of the offer, "If the lantern stays on, my boxers come off."  
  
"Dammit!" Vern curses under his breath.   
  
As Mike escapes his boxers he frees his swollen ball sack and timid six inch erection. He instinctively gripped his cock and coaxed it alive. After all, Hannah's bare ass was a mere six inches away.  
  
She ignored Mike knowing full well what he was doing back there. Instead she focused on Vernon's troubled soul.  
  
Lightly rubbing Vern's belly she whispers up to him.  
  
"Nobody is forcing you Vernie. I'm just letting you know that I'm not uncomfortable if you guys need to unwind."  
  
"Define unwind Hannah Marie." Vernon cringes.  
  
She uses her fingertips like a spider crawling over his abdomen until they reached his obvious erection. Pinching it's girth between her index finger and thumb she felt him tense up.   
  
This made Vernon jump and grab her hand.  
  
"Beejeezus! "He bellowed, " We can't be having sex with you Hannah Marie. I could never face your family again."  
  
"I can live with it." Mike grunts as he rolls closer to slide his cock along her butt crack.  
  
Hannah yelps as his crown slips dangerously close to her pussy.  
  
"WAIT!" She reaches back defensively, "I never said anything about fucking me. Everything I've done tonight is too make you two feel young again. A helpful fantasy. By unwind I meant you guys can jerk off if you want to. I'll watch and tease."  
  
Both brothers stop cold and stare at each other. Vernon's protective arm held her closer almost smothering her.   
  
Mike fidgeted yet kept his cock in her general vicinity. Hannah's hand lingered over his hip prepared to slap at him.  
  
"I trust you two." In saying that Hannah pats Mike's hip then returns her hand to Vernon's waist band, before patting his erection. She noticed it had doubled in size.  
  
"Wow! Vernie missed me."  
  
He feels her index finger continually tap his crown trapped under a straining array of tiny snaps.  
  
With controlled breathing she allows Mike to taunt her labia. His cock enjoyed the warm molding around his girth. She went so far as to hike her leg up for a better angle.  
  
Mike whispers to himself, "Goddamn! So warm and wet."  
  
Hannah did her best not to moan at Mike's elegant friction. Her thoughts were on the tougher of two nuts to crack.  
  
Eyes locked with Vernon's, he flinches as he hears a snap unclasp at her nails mischief. She refrains from blinking and unsnaps the second and final clasp of his boxers. Hannah halts there and moves her hand back to rest on his stomach. There she trails her nails around his belly button time and time again.  
  
Finally, he lowered his free hand and pulled out seven inches of meat and greet.  
  
"There he is." She smiles sheepishly and arches her neck to kiss Vernon on the cheek.  
  
A tear wells up in Vernon's eye as he attempts to stroke himself. After a dozen times he pouts and mutters, "Help me."  
  
Shocked by his barely audible request she sighs. Her fingers again creep lower to his exposed hard on. Pinching the crown first, she then teases the foreskin.  
  
As her attention remained on Vernon, Mike gripped her inner leg and lifted it. He then continued his slippery adventure. His dick slid higher to antagonize her clit. In doing so she gasped and held her breath. Eyes flaring wide directly at Vernon.  
  
"That feels really good back there. Please be careful."  
  
Mike huffs, "You worry about my Brother. I'll worry about Me."  
  
Distressed slightly, her fingers curl around Vernon's girth and begins jerking him off. He immediately tilts his face toward her and kisses her forehead.  
  
"Thank you, Vernie." She glows.  
  
"Perfect rhythm Sweetheart. I know it sounds silly but please don't stop."  
  
"I'll do it for awhile. The rest is up to you."  
  
"Yeah, okay." He trembles.

Tilting her gaze she spies Mike's dick creeping into view between her legs.. Each time his crown slides through her labia she shivers. Her own protective mind was on guard.  
  
Hannah's quick rhythm of Vernon's cock slowed down. Releasing her grip she moves her hand up to tap the tip of his nose before again kissing his cheek.  
  
"Your turn." She emits allowing him to return to his own destiny.  
  
Easing over she forces Mike to let her stretch out on her back. He grumbled at backing away until she offered him an expression of yearn.  
  
Mike scoots closer again leaning over on one elbow to gaze down at her.  
  
"You are one drop dead gorgeous teenager."  
  
Her smile is warm and uncertain. She bites her lower lip and reaches her right arm out to caress Vernon's belly for emotional support. Her left hand fans across Mike's abdomen.  
  
She decides no words were better.  
  
Mike watches her fingers tangle amid his body hair. This tempts him to grip his cock with his left hand and rub her pelvic area.   
  
Finally, Hannah goes lower and touches Mike's dick. He stops and removes his hand to allow her to gently jerk him off.  
  
"Little girl, I love your style."  
  
Eying her chest he repositions his arm and drops his profile down to flick his tongue around her left areola.   
  
She whimpers then feels Vernon stir to turn on his own side facing her. After a moment of watching her eyes flutter he finds her still the child he loved all these years. Only now he craved her.  
  
Observing her tongue swirling her own lips out of excitement, Vernon gives in and begins suckling her right nipple.  
  
Hannah freezes up. Her hands move in to caress both of their scalps.  
  
"Oh my God!" She quivers at their teeth and lips tugging and nibbling at her nipples.   
  
Both brothers in unison found their hands trailing down her thighs. Mike's fingers enter her pussy. Vernon chose to rub her clit briskly.  
  
Her mind from the alcohol intake enhanced her own hormones. Foggy yet intrigued.  
  
In less than five minutes Hannah Marie Scott had an orgasm.  
  
As she convulsed both men fell over on their backs, showing their ages. Winded they could barely fondle their erections.  
  
She decides to set up between them scooting around to face them. Cupping both of their balls as they tiredly attempted to stroke themselves fell short. Blowing the strands of hair from her eyes she shakes her head.  
  
"I guess I owe you guys for getting me off so sweetly. Let's see which of you I can get off first."  
  
Her grip turned to rapid friction. They could only watch her tits bouncing up and down at her effort. Their dicks grew tighter at her attentiveness. Still her arms were growing tired.   
  
"Help me out here." She whines. Winking she stretches out over Mike and decides to mold her tongue over his ball sack as he returned to stroking himself.  
  
Tongue rolling upward she made him remove his hand to allow her to lick all the way up his foreskin to kiss his crown.  
  
She replaces his hand back into action before moving over to Vernon for a sample of the same maneuver. However, as her lips kissed Vernon's crown she decided to open her mouth and swallow his cock whole. Vernon quaked at her throats constriction.  
  
Releasing it she returned to Mike and engulfed his own cock. Three swift thrusts into her throat made him groan loudly.  
  
Vernon instead of watching, tugged his boxers down and off to lay nude and ready.  
  
She sits up looking down at them.  
  
"Look Vernie's nakie. He loves my teasing."  
  
Vernon growls while stroking his cock, "I need a hug."  
  
She giggles and crawls over him, laying on his chest as he pulls her tightly into his arms. He rocks their bodies back and forth before rolling his hands down her spine and clutch her ass cheeks.  
  
As Hannah sighs she feels him curl his legs around hers and pulls her lighter weight too him like a second skin.  
  
"Vernie? What are you doing here?" She narrows her eyes at him.  
  
His feet pin her ankles as his arms hold her body. She feels his hips grind as if locating. His dick searched for her pussy.  
  
"Oh my God! Vernie, what are you trying to do?"  
  
Helpless she feels his crown dig past her labia and penetrate her pussy.   
  
"Vernie! I trusted you."  
  
He thrusts up into her multiple times until she gives in to moaning out of pure pleasure. It felt entirely too good to both of them. Tears began to form in both of their eyes.  
  
Behind her she felt Mike on his knees. He moves closer to prime his crown into her ass hole.   
  
"Noooo! I've never done that. Mike please don't. It hurts."  
  
Neither brother listened. For the next twenty minutes they double penetrated her until she screams at a masterful orgasm.  
  
Mike grips her hips tightly and nuts inside her ass.   
  
Vernon held it in as Mike pulled out of her and fell to the blankets at their side exhausted.  
  
Releasing his grip on her ankles Vernon feels her convulsions brewing again. In an unprecedented move she rises up and straddles Vernon, riding him like a pornstar. Her ass grinding deeper and dramatically.   
  
In the distance Cullen McMann admires her silhouettes performance. From the darkness he applauds her.  
  
Hannah Scott couldn't stop. Her body craved more and more. Poor Vernon exploded inside her and still she rode on.   
  
Mike with a second wind grabbed her arm and yanked her off his brother. On the blankets he forced her to her hands and knees. Taking her pussy doggy style she lost her sanity, crying out her desire to fuck all night.  
  
Ignoring her he quickly nuts into her again before pulling out. Eager she turns to face him and sucks his cock of every drop he had left in him.  
  
"Hannah Marie Slut! I hope you know we're going to fuck you again before your folks come home."  
  
She continues licking his crown nodding.  
  
"I hate you guys. Now I like fucking senior citizens." She chuckles.  
  
Falling back beside Vernon who was fast asleep and snoring, Hannah watched Mike join her. He pulls her into his arms and kisses her on the lips. Frenching she absorbs his desires. After five minutes he passed out.   
  
Kissing them both on the forehead she crawled out of the tent and gathered up her clothing. As she strolls toward her house nude she spots a cigarettes cherry up on Cullen's deck.  
  
She pauses, "Enjoy the show? I told you I wouldn't fail you."   
  
"That you did. Lots more to do."  
  
"I'm game."  
  
"Set your alarm for 6:30. We're going jogging. Wear boy shorts and a cut off tank top. Hem borders your tits. Bobbi socks and tennis shoes."  
  
"Might have to cut up a tank top. I have sexy boy shorts. I'll be ready."  
  
"Sleep tight, Whore."  
  
"I think so too. No, I know so. That was intense."  
  
"Hang with me it gets better."   
  
"Promise?"  
  
"Swear."  
  
"Wanna fuck me right now? I'm still horny."  
  
"When I'm ready."  
  
"Night Cullen."  
  
"Night Slut."  
  
"Yay Me."   
  
He would watch her sleep naked from his bedroom.   
  
She slept like a baby.  
  
With the lights on.  
  
As ordered.

**Hannah 03: Street Regal**

Don't you hate annoying alarm clocks going off? 5:30 A.M. came way too early.  
  
Hannah Scott wanted to sleep in more but found herself dragging her butt up. Today she was going to go jogging with neighbor stud Cullen McMann. Groaning with a deafening exhale she shut the blaring time bomb off and hit the shower to revive herself.   
  
She didn't have much time as it was. He expected her a 6:30 sharp. Hurrying she rinsed off and trimmed her pubes into stunning little runway of land. North to south. She would never let her jungle overtake the landscape ever again.   
  
Perfuming up and primping her hair she keeps tabs on the clock. Whining at only 30 minutes left she races to her dresser. Having unpacked finally. Locating sexy white lace boy shorts she slithers them up over her hips and poses in a rectangular mirror on her closet door. Her curves were magnificent. The shorts nearly transparent but hiding just enough. So erotic. She hoped that Cullen would approve.   
  
The tank top would prove more difficult. He wanted its hemline just under her breasts. That meant scissor time. Deciding on what tank she was willing to sacrifice she chose a bright yellow colored rather snug top. Haunted suddenly she knew her tiny pair of scissors used to trim her pubes weren't strong enough to cut fabric. This meant a mad dash to find her Mother's sewing kit.  
  
Room to room she had no luck. Finding them in of all places her Dad's den. Her Mom must have been scrapbooking in there while he watched a Football game or something. Shirt with her she sat down and made her surgical incisions. She wore the tank while snipping it straight up to get an idea where she should cut width wise. Once convinced she had it even enough she began cutting around the guideline. Her perception was off a bit. In back the new hem was higher than the front. It was sexy seeing her expose so much. Final trimming led to seeing just a smidgeon of her breasts lower fullness.  
  
Time running out she left her mess on the coffee table and darted back upstairs. She needed Bobbi socks and tennis shoes. Her hair needed pinned back to run without blinding herself. This led to elastic bands as a solution. Her neckline was so cute when her hair was back. Rolling her fingers up along her neck gave her a chill.   
  
"Why yes you can choke me Cullen. I'm glad you like my throat. Kiss it while you're at it." She giggles then flares her eyes mimicking that possibility.  
  
Lost for a second she hears a door slam outside. Her time nearly slipped by. It was 6:23. The door must have been Cullen. Socks on she dons neon green tennis shoes and grabs her key and wallet. Totally forgetting her cell on a charger dock.  
  
Storming downstairs she witnesses a Silver Jeep Wrangler pull up to the curb. Cullen McMann behind the steering wheel. He was looking to his left. Across the street was another neighbor.  
  
"Hooboy! Shelby's Dad is washing their cars. Why do old people get up before the chickens?"  
  
Gazing down at her silky stomach that went on forever between tits and boy shorts she jumps nervously in step. Her high school friend Shelby Loomis was her bestie all through childhood. She didn't want her to hear about her slutty activities through her Dad. Shelby took her faith in God very seriously. Unlike her Dad luckily.  
  
Grant Loomis was a Bank manager uptown. He was washing his wife Harper's Red Jetta before she herself headed to work. As sweet as it was, that chore still gave Grant time to socialize. He and Cullen were talking slightly too loud. Was Cullen meaning to keep Grant's attention directed this way so he could see Hannah?  
  
Out of time Hannah grit her teeth and opened the front door. Stepping outside she hides her house key in a planter near a porch swing. Shivering at Grant who had immediately noticed Hannah skip down her front steps she started for Cullen's Jeep.   
  
"Hey they Hannah." Grant waved, "How come you're not in the Bahamas with the parents?"  
  
In looking at her his hose kept spraying. Toward the sidewalk. He had zero muscle control after seeing the girl in her skimpy attire. His interest piqued. As uncomfortable as the scene was Hannah maintained her course waving back. Not realizing that her zestful wave over her head meant exposing her right boob. He just had to notice.   
  
"Hi Grant. I tried to surprise my parents by coming home for a few weeks. Surprise was on me. They snuck out without even telling me. So, I'm home alone. Little ole' me."  
  
Lowering her arm left consequences. The tank ruffled up over her morning nipple hard on. In her hurry to Cullen it finally fell. Cullen was amused. As she was three feet from hopping in Cullen hit the gas pedal and surged forward enough to let Grant see her full frontal without anything to obstruct his view. She squeals at his sudden departure.   
  
"Hey! Don't leave me."  
  
Cullen eyes her in the rearview mirror braking. She starts to head toward him then puts it in reverse to back past her. With her jaw drooping at his games she points at him.  
  
"Are we jogging today or playing keep away?"  
  
Cullen lets her get close finally. Her advance hesitant expecting him to move again. Not this time. Holding her breath she gets into the Jeep which had the doors removed. Easy access.  
  
"Seat belt."  
  
She locks herself in, the belt planted between her tits pressing her shirt inwardly for a tighter fit. Her nipples stabbing vibrantly through the tank top. Just as she was ready Cullen hit the gas and pivots the steering wheel. He crosses the street and pulls right up into Grant's driveway. With Grant on the passenger side of his Jeep. Hannah bulges her eyes.   
  
"What the heck, Cullen?" She glares at him with a mentally nervous thought.  
  
Grant stopped spraying his water and dropped the hose to the drive. Approaching the Jeep he plants his right hand on the windshields threshold and his left on his hip.  
  
"I wasn't aware you two had met. You've been at school since Cullen here moved in."  
  
"Met yesterday. He volunteered to keep me busy until the Parents get home."  
  
Lowering his eyes to check Hannah out led to discomfort. He had never seen her dress this inappropriately. She trembled at his eyes looking straight at her boy shorts. She realized that her legs were probably too wide at the moment. Before she could consider closing them Cullen reaches over and pats her left leg just above the knee.  
  
"Least I could do. It's Summer. She should enjoy herself. Hell we all should." Cullen winks at Grant who wavered his gaze between Cullen and Hannah's lap. Cullen gripping and fanning Hannah's leg slightly wider. Each time he did Grant notes her panties creasing over her labia beneath. It was as if it was trying to say, "Look at me Grant."  
  
Hannah knew she needed to try changing the subject. Grant and her Parents were pretty tight as neighbors.  
  
"Is Shelby coming home for the Summer?"  
  
Grant hearing his daughters name averts his gaze toward reality.  
  
"Oh yeah. She should be home in a few days. Offered her services to a Homeless Shelter this past week. Held her up."  
  
"Nice of her. Tell her to drop over when she gets back."  
  
"I'll do that." Grants smiles his eyes this time noting her nipple hard on.  
  
Cullen pats Hannah's leg to get her attention. Glancing to her left she looks him in the eye.  
  
"I forgot bottled water. I know your folks live off those. Can you RUN over and grab us a couple for the trails? Getting hot already."  
  
Hannah shivers and cautiously unhooks her seat belt. Placing one foot out the doorway she feels Cullen grip her left knee again. Her legs were wider than ever. The shorts constricting deeper in to her cameltoe. Grant hadn't stepped aside an inch. He was admiring the dampness brewing between her legs. Tiny stains revealed.  
  
Releasing her knee Hannah finishes her retreat. Having to brush against Grant on the way out.  
  
"Hurry it up." Cullen called after her. Her shuffled pace darting into a fantasy filled run across the street. Both men enjoy her ass bouncing from side to side. As she obtains her key hurrying indoors Grant turns to Cullen.  
  
"Ain't that something." He swallows.  
  
Cullen smirks, "Damn sexy ass ain't it?"  
  
"Never once seen her dress like that. You put some kind of spell over her?"  
  
"I'm Irish. I get lucky." Cullen chuckles.  
  
"I sure hope Harper doesn't step out and see her dressed that skimpy. Might raise hell."  
  
"I'll get out of your hair as soon as she comes back."  
  
"If this were tomorrow I wouldn't be sweating. Harper has to go to a seminar."  
  
"I can have Hannah come help wash your car. Save yours til tomorrow?"  
  
"I'm feeling mighty old McMann. That girl brings back my youth. Too bad she's my daughters best friend. I don't want her catching wind that her Dad is drooling over Hannah."  
  
"I'll buy her a micro bikini and send her over by 10:00." Cullen insisted.  
  
Haunted by the prospect Grant would have to go into the Office late tomorrow.  
  
Moments later Hannah leaves her house, hiding the key again and runs toward them. Water bottle in each hand her chest bounces wildly for both men to enjoy. Hannah had come to accept that Grant wanted to witness this. As did Cullen who encouraged it. By the time she reaches the Jeep she stood with her shirt again ruffled above her left breast. Her scissors had cut it slightly higher over that tit than she realized.   
  
Eying her nipple Grant became a Gentleman suddenly. Raising his left hand he pinched the shirt and hid her exposure. In doing so the knuckle of his middle finger grazed over her pink little nipple. Hannah flared her eyes at him. The sensation unexpected.  
  
Grant played it off, "Enjoy your run."  
  
Hannah climbed back into the Jeep handing Cullen a bottled water. He in turn placed it between her legs. The cold bottle sent chills over her inner thighs. The condensation absorbing into her lacey boy shorts. Hannah locks herself back in and reclines in her seat. Tilting it back into almost a horizontal position. Her mind told her to impress Cullen.   
  
"Man it's getting hot out here." She fans herself before rolling her own bottle of water over the full length of her front. From thighs across her tummy and up under her breasts.   
  
Popping the bottle cap she takes a sip then trickles some water across her bare skin. Shining up her pores for a scintillating eye fantasy. She was as horny as Grant looked.  
  
He was rubbing his chin and taking it all in.  
  
"I offered your services to wash Grants car tomorrow. 10:00 A.M. sharp." Cullen reaches for his own bottle between her legs and trails her upper thighs with its own beaded sweat. Offering even more seductive shine.  
  
"I'll see you then Grant." She shivered.  
  
With a wink at Grant Cullen backed out of the Loomis driveway and sped away North.  
  
Seconds later the lovely Harper Loomis leaves her home. She was the spitting image of actress Jennifer Connelly. Proper and well maintained. Wearing a peach colored dress that flowed below the knee. Minimal cleavage but a hint expressed for her own attention getting ego.  
  
Seeing Grant standing in the drive lost in thought she stopped on the sidewalk with a creased brow. Why did her Husband have a raging hard on? Just standing there with zero expression. Pale at that.  
  
"You having a Stroke?" Harper winced approaching slowly.  
  
Reacting Grant bends down to retrieve his water hose. Eying his lovely wife he felt guilty.  
  
"Just got sidetracked. Realized we need to consider buying Shelby a car. Picking her up at the bus station every couple months is a chore with our schedule."  
  
She agreed. Standing in front of him she lowers her gaze. Why would he be thinking of his daughter and getting aroused? With a scowl she pats him on the cheek and kisses him goodbye. Keys jingling in her fingers she nudges him aside. Her car looked nice.   
  
Grant Loomis wasn't having a stroke but he sure needed to stroke something before heading out himself.   
  
Leaving the residential section of the city Cullen McMann drove East now. Heading toward the highway about twelve blocks down. Hannah had sat up straight in her seat and enjoyed the cool air in her hair. The cars going by admiring her. Guys were checking her out at every stoplight.   
  
Idling at a cross section Cullen noticed the car keeping up with him to spy on her. As the car stopped beside her in the other lane she looked down smiling and biting her nail.   
  
They rolled down their window and nodded their interest. Three men in the car. Early 20's.  
  
Traffic was light so Cullen reached over and unhooked Hannah's seatbelt. Shocked she glared at his body over her. Once upright he growls, "Chinese fire drill. Now."  
  
Eyes bulging as she knew the light was ready to change she hopped from the Jeep in front of the guys next to her. She races around the Jeep and returns to her side. Her chest bobbing wildly for their pleasure. They loved her sweet ass wiggling about playfully as well. Whistles erupted. Ready to crawl back in Cullen stops her. There were four cars behind them at the light. All men at the moment but a car with two women was approaching. Oncoming traffic a motorcycle.  
  
"Fire drill around their car too."  
  
Squealing Hannah twists in step and circles the guys as they laughed at her adventure. She goes so far as to flash her tits when in front of their windshield. Hannah returns just as the light turned green. She swiftly peeled down her boy shorts and mooned them. Their words were pretty perverted. Climbing in she bursts out in her own round of laughter.  
  
"OMG! That was so hot." She danced in her seat fanning herself.  
  
Cullen smirks and drives slow to see if the men would keep up with him. They were along for the duration. Timing the lights Cullen had to stop again. This time he points behind him with his thumb.  
  
"Drill the older guy behind us."  
  
Bailing Hannah did the same routine. Flashing and mooning. The car behind her first admirers got a similar show. She was in a hurry though. The light turned green just as she began to crawl into her seat.  
  
"This is so much fun." She pelts Cullen with a mild slap to his arm.  
  
The straightaway continued to yet another light. Halting as before traffic was becoming a bit more congested. He looks over at the guys who had kept up beside him.  
  
"Open your door. She's coming through. Give her back to me at the next light." He called down.  
  
Her jaw drops as the driver laughs opening his door. Hannah took a deep breath and jumped down racing to crawl over the driver's lap. His hand on her ass nudging her over to the passenger side. She let all three men paw her up. Their hands raced all over her full frontal as she lay on her back across the two in front. The third guy reaching over for his own inspection.  
  
Tough driving and enjoying her the man behind the wheel swerved a bit. Cullen eyed their journey closely. As did the people behind them. Literally passing the next light gave the group longer with her. She allowed the passenger whos lap she sat in to squeeze her breasts. She was giddy and laughing the entire time. The man in the back seat rubbed her crotch forcing her to moan. This was incredible.  
  
Finalizing their molestation the driver stops at the next light and she crawls out racing back to Cullen. Once up in the seat he reaches over, slipping his fingers under her shorts and rubs her thighs. A finger dipping inside her pussy she rears back with a deafening whimper. The guys heard her vividly. Removing his hand he waves her out.  
  
"Not wet enough. Get back over there."  
  
Her eyes burst wide. Her heart rate all over the chart she hurries back. This time she dives through the back window to join the passenger. She literally straddles his lap and gyrates her hips in a confined lap dance. Her hands on the roof for support. The guy lifts her shirt as the car continues on. He sucks on her nipples the entire ride. The next light was green so Cullen kept on driving. The driver calling back toward her.  
  
"Your boyfriend is crazy."  
  
She didn't answer only continued on her mission while she had the chance. Removing one hand from the roof she slides her fingers under her boy shorts and massages her clit. She was lubing up fast.  
  
She felt the front seat passenger squeeze her ass beneath the fabric as well. She loved his grip. Reaching the next light they were forced to give her up. She left with a kiss to the backseat drivers lips. Out the door she nearly trips but waves at the traffic behind them Everyone seemed amused. Especially the two women that had intentionally kept up with Cullen and their insanity. As cars had turned off they became next in line.  
  
Both women were at least 35 and not too shabby. Medium build but nicely shaped. One with long brunette hair. The driver blond with short wavy hair and blue eyes. They went so far as to honk their approval.  
  
Hannah had returned to her seat and literally claimed Cullen's right hand, tucking his fingers in for a second determination of wetness.  
  
"That's better. Keep it that way." He grunts before looking at the ladies behind him. As the light switched green Hannah fluttered her fingers at her boy toys who decided they had, had enough. Cullen proceeded. Switching lanes to let the women move up on his left. Winking at them they blushed and fanned themselves.   
  
Lifting a finger for them to see brought an unexpected outcome. The brunette took her own raised finger and placed it between her lips sucking on it with a flirtatious flare of her green eyes. Cullen puckered his lips. His next idea would garner their attention even more.  
  
Eying traffic he unhooks his seatbelt and lifts his hips. Guiding his shorts down until he could reach under the waistband and produce seven of nine inches. He then snaps his fingers at Hannah. She had been looking away. Spotting his erection she turned sideways in her seat. Stopping at the next light he sits back and points at his cock.  
  
The ladies watched Hannah lean over his lap and suck his cock. Cullen forced her into a deep throat for the duration of the light. As the light changed he proceeded onward. The women in tight pursuit. They loved what they were seeing. Hannah swallowed Cullen the entire drive. He knew he was going to have to hit the Interstate soon. Three more blocks. He would go slow if necessary to hit each red light. The women slowed too. Regardless of cars behind them.  
  
At the next light Cullen braked and yanked Hannah off of him by her ponytail. She offered the women a look of disappointment. Hovering still her saliva webbing from her mouth.  
  
With a point toward the women he curls his finger for them to come get some. Then pointing at his cock. The women dare each other until the brunette takes a huge risk and hops out with her door left wide. Racing to Cullen she gasps, "I love what you two are doing. This is so crazy. I can't believe--" Cullen drags her in and her mouth engulfs his cock. She thrusts up and down on him until he too pulls her up by her hair.  
  
Slightly embarrassed she huffs, "You taste soooo good. My name's Marcy. Find me at "Hair to Dye For Salon."  
  
Cullen chuckles as she races back to the car. Vehicles were honking their horns. Flipping them off she closes her door just in time. Her friend had to speed up to catch Cullen. The entire time Marcy bragged. Reaching the next light Cullen stops on purpose. He could have made the light. Looking toward the blond he points at her next. Jaw drooping Marcy pushes her out of the car. Sliding over into the drivers seat. The blond squealed and bounced around the hood of her car and darted for Cullen. Unlike Marcy she jumped too it. Her mouth swallowing his cock for five thrusts. As the light turned green Cullen held her last thrust deep. Cars were honking at his procrastination. She remained on course.   
  
Hannah looked behind them at the car buildup and threw her hands out. She was laughing her ass off.  
  
Finally, Cullen released her with a wink. She cooed at his eyes. He was so cute. Suddenly, Cullen hit the gas and left her standing in the street. She was so embarrassed that she nearly panicked.

Speeding now Cullen ditched everyone. His dick loud and proud in his hand.  
  
"I can help you out there Romeo." She eases her arm over to stroke him. Her knuckles rising and falling with zest. Cullen McMann endured it the entire ride on the Interstate.   
  
Hannah was happy to help.  
  
The radio turned up to the tune of AC/DC's "Big Balls."  
  
They certainly were.

**Hannah 04: Trail Mix**

San Sabastion State Park, California  
  
Cullen McMann parks his Jeep Wrangler in a very familiar spot. Namely by the Ranger Station. Here he felt safe leaving it without its doors and roof. He had already consulted the Forecast to be certain his vehicle would be safe.  
  
He himself frequented this area due to it's long winding paths which made for a scenic run. He thrived on keeping fit. Pulling in to the station he shuts his Jeep off and sits back.   
  
Caressing Hannah Scott's long brown hair as she continued sucking his dick. He had given her the command to keep at it until he reached their destination. She definitely didn't object. However her jaw was tired.   
  
"Okay Little Princess. We're here. You can come up for air now." He smirks.  
  
She refused. She wanted to make him cum. His strength of will maintained his decision to hold on before cumming. Even in his relentless self control that in itself might have caused a car accident. That was not going to happen on his watch. Her parents would never forgive him. He wouldn't forgive himself.  
  
Leaning back in his seat he allowed her to continue. As he enjoyed her long deep throat thrusts the side door to the Ranger station flew open. A young blond beauty of 5'8, 140 carried out a case of potted trees. Ready to be planted once she reached her burial plot. Looking over at Cullen and Hannah she rolled her eyes.  
  
"Mighty bold, McMann." She spoke lowering her sunglasses to get a better view of his enormous cock. She had seen it before. Numerous times in fact. They had dated a couple months back. When Cullen first began running here.  
  
"You know me, Wendy. Up at the crack of dawn. In more ways than one."  
  
She hesitates making the journey over to his Jeep. Choosing to unload her arms by tossing her baby trees into her pickup. Wendy Johanson knew that he was her kryptonite. Even if another young beauty was giving him attention. One healthy view of it and she would attack like a Cougar on a Buck. She remembered how good that beast was in bed. Too bad she wanted more. He didn't.  
  
"Here comes Old Faithful." Cullen smirks then reels back. His mighty nine inch destroyer floods Hannah's mouth. With so much cum she starts choking and turning blood red in the face. Cullen held her firmly by the back of the head. He demanded every drop swallowed. Pinching her nostrils tight encouraged the extra effort. She had little choice in the matter. No complaints.  
  
Finally, leaping away from his cock to gasp for air she coughs numerous times. Eyes watering like a faucet. Mascara streaking her cheeks. She hovers over him staring up at him with childlike eyes. She loved this man. Who wouldn't?  
  
"Been there done that Sugar. You get used to it after awhile."  
  
Hannah followed the voice to see the busty Ranger who resembled Christina Aguilara. Only non Hispanic. This woman was raised in America. Half Swedish. Half Caucasion American. Making eye contact the two women pause to study the other.  
  
Wendy winced at Hannah's youth. She was uncertain just how old Hannah was but she knew that she couldn't be over 20. The realization shocked her. She had no idea that Cullen was into such younger women.   
  
Hannah wipes her chin while thinking of Wendy as someone she could actually see Cullen with longterm. Wondering why this Irish Adonis would abandon this woman gave her pause to look at Cullen himself.  
  
"Quit looking at me like that. I used to date Wendy. Didn't work for us. Besides does that matter? You and I have an arrangement until your folks get home from the Bahamas. Unless you want out?"  
  
She tilts her head with a frown, "Are you crazy? I'm yours oh Irish Master. Slut me out."  
  
He smirks with a wink, "I knew you wouldn't bail."  
  
"No way. She just caught me by surprise. She's gorgeous."  
  
Wendy overhears them and puts the tailgate up on her Ranger's pickup. She then strolls over to Cullen's side. His dick still fierce and intimidating. He chuckles and wags it in Wendy's direction.  
  
"Still got a few drops if you want some." He grins.  
  
"Still an ass. Sure I'll bite." She turns her ball cap backwards on her head.  
  
Wendy lowers her mouth and holds her hair out of the way as she shows Hannah how it's done. Her jaw wide and thrusting deep until she gags then releases, before gagging on it again.   
  
Cullen McMann throws his arms behind his head in a smug comfort. He enjoyed seeing Wendy go to town. Thrust after thrust he admires her succulent inhales and extravagant exhales. No matter that they couldn't realize their chemistry there was always a strength in their satisfying natures.  
  
With a wink toward Hannah Cullen offers her his own arrogant nod of "Who's the Man?"  
Hannah smirked and shivered at Wendy's interest. She didn't want to stop. Her eyes going so far as to revealing a possession of white. Proof positive of just how much she loved that cock. Hannah grew jealous slightly. Her eyes darting from Cullen's glare to Wendy's departure from reality.  
  
Finally, Cullen reaches under Wendy's chin and escorts her away from his crown. The woman offered a deafening sigh of departure. Her eyes trembling at her lost meal. Then, just as fast she recalls who this Man was and what had occurred in their past. It was enough for her to take a step back and wipe her chin on her sleeve.   
  
"Good to see you again Cullen. I have dutch elms to plant."  
  
Cullen puckers, "Going from one tree to another."  
  
She shakes her head thinking, "I'll be sure to throw a noose over your tree next time. Just so you can hang yourself."  
  
With a saluted wave toward Hannah, Wendy Johanson parted ways. Getting in her pickup and heading out East on to the gravel roadways.  
  
"She seemed nice." Hannah flares her eyes at Cullen as he puts his beast away wet.  
"She has her moments. No more talk about her. Let's get some exercise."  
  
"You mean we haven't gotten enough already?" She giggles, "My jaw feels like it ran a marathon."  
  
"Not by a long shot. Now grab a water and get that sexy ass out of my Jeep. Start shaking it." He points to a dirt trail in front of them leading into the forest.   
  
"Yes, Sir." She salutes playfully and crawld down from her seat. She stretches to regain her loss of limberness. Once satisfied that Cullen was watching her touch her toes and pop her nipples out while tossing herself from left to right she was ready.  
  
Stepping up behind her he slaps her ass hard and bellows, "Run Bitch!"  
  
Hannah bulges her eyes and takes off in a swift sprint. Cullen behind her smug as all get out. He loved a sweet young ass. Hannah had that perfect heart shaped curve that made his blood pump faster. He thoroughly enjoyed her body bouncing in a delicious array of swagger.   
  
Cullen loved being in control.  
  
The trail was well used by joggers and BMX bikers. A separate trail running parallel for each. So as not to run over or get in each others way. Working up a healthy sweat Hannah's body began to gloss up in her first thirty minutes. Her shirt stained directly down the middle between her breasts which were colliding rather painfully and leaving a good impression.  
  
Begging for a breather Hannah stops and bends over holding her knees. Her boy shorts crinkling up tightly between her cheeks. Her concealed clam peeking between her thighs.   
  
Cullen just ran past her and kept on going. Her jaw drops at his resistance to let her rest. Growling under her breath she gives chase. Catching up slowly she hears a pair of BMXers riding up along side of them. Both men leering behind them at her. Enjoying the glimpses of her bare breasts flopping in and out of her cut off tank. So much so that the bikers nearly run over each other. She had to giggle at their reactions.  
  
Sprinting by them she blows them a kiss just for kicks. Looking forward she loses her laughter.  
  
"Where did Cullen go?"  
  
She stops cold and looks around her. He was no where in sight. Had he darted into the underbrush? To take a leak? Surely he didn't just abandon her out here. Did he? Her fear rose as the bikers caught up to her stopping to check her out.  
  
"You okay?" A short redheaded man with freckles asks while straddling his bike, feet on the dirt.  
  
"Yeah. I think I lost my friend."  
  
Hannah wrinkles her brow. Deciding to walk the path in a troubled reaction. The two bike riders coasted along side her as much to make her feel they cared as they just enjoyed her fine ass body.  
  
"Want me to ride up ahead and tell your friend to wait up?" The second rider offers.  
"How did he vanish so quickly? He couldn't have gone far. Maybe just around that batch of tall bushes. He's probably hiding ready to scare me as I run by."  
  
She sprints toward the line of shrubs reaching them and prepared to hit him should he spring out of them. He wasn't around. Now she was beginning to worry. The bikers loitering near her talking. She could easily hear them talk about her cute ass. Her tits peeking out as she runs. It made her uneasy suddenly.  
  
"Let me go find him. Stay here." The short rider finally leaves his friend with her to search the trail.  
  
Zipping around a corner he disappears. Hannah paced about with her hands on her hips. Eventually she steps next to the remaining rider.  
  
"Do you always go running dressed like that?" He swallows dryly.  
  
"Sometimes even less." She flirts while searching with her eyes.  
  
"That would be streaking wouldn't it?"  
  
She smirks, "Something like that."  
  
"Awesome. Hope you don't mind my saying so, but you're hot. My name's Cody."  
  
"I do my best. Thanks Cody."  
  
The missing rider starts his journey back forcing her to avert attention toward his arrival. Leaving the second man to gracefully follow.  
  
"Did you find him?" She asks.  
  
"He's around the bend waiting. Sitting on a rock."  
  
"Cool. Thanks."  
  
"Wait up. He told me to tell you to hand me your shirt and shorts. I have to take them to him before you start running."  
  
"What?" Her eyes flare then dart back down the trail as if receiving a mental confirmation. Knowing this would be common for Cullen to expect of her she growls under her breath and circles the dirt beneath her to build up bravery. Turning to Cody she puffs her cheeks.  
  
"Guess you get to see me streak."  
  
Over her head she peels the cut off tank and tosses it at Cody's friend. His name unknown to her is Greg. Her tits bobbing about as she wiggles her boy shorts down her hips and legs. Standing in front of them nude she steps out of her shorts and walks over to Cody personally.   
  
"You can sniff them if you want."  
  
He hesitantly does. His dramatic reaction made her blush.  
  
"Oh that's nice."  
  
"I know." She winks.  
  
Greg claims the shorts then whistles at her freshly shaved snatch. Her inner smile was stunning.  
  
"Let's ride Cody. See you down there."  
  
She shuffles with her hands wagging in the air to her sides as she watches both bikers disappear. Waiting a few moments knowing that Cullen needed time to grab her belongings from them she hops in step. With a deep breath she begins her jog.  
  
The freedom was intoxicating she thought. The sun creeping through the overgrowth of the trees magical. Her chest dancing wildly hurt a bit but she didn't want her show to look concealing. She had to express pride in this adventure to impress Cullen.  
  
Rounding the bend she smiles expecting Cullen to be waiting. Her smile fades instantly. Not only was Cullen nowhere to be found. Neither were the bikers. Had they just swiped her clothing for the hell of it? Just to see her naked.   
  
"Crap!" She shivers suddenly, "I guess I keep going."  
  
Sucking up her fears she proceeds down the trail. Running as she expected to see him at some point. For the next half mile she ran. Passing joggers that eyed her and offered friendly respect for her boldness. Compliments and whistles alike.  
  
"This is fun." She giggles.  
  
More joggers cross her path. More wolf calls. Even a flicking tongue lustfully hoping to be shared with her. She wags her own tongue back but continues onward. Another tenth of a mile she realizes her tongue waggers had changed course to follow behind her. Catching up gradually.  
  
"Stalkers. Great!" She whines through gnashing teeth.  
  
"You've got a perfect ass." One jogger calls out.  
  
Possibly regretting her reply she turns in mid run and jogs backwards. She smiles brightly, "Who said you could look at my ass?"  
  
"You did. The second you went streaking out here." His partner chuckled.  
  
"I guess I did. Don't get dizzy and fall behind. I know my wiggle well." She giggles and turns back around. Picking up pace in hopes to ditch them.  
  
Rounding another blind corner of trees she nearly collides with a Married couple walking their dogs. Caught by surprise the dogs began barking at her. She squeals and darts around them.  
  
"Sorry." She huffs and waves, twisting back to wince at the fact a woman just spotted her. She knew most men wouldn't say a damn thing. Women were fickle and possessive. Trouble usually. She hoped to get away fast.  
  
Her boobs were aching from their rapid bouncing. She wanted to clutch them but grit her teeth. She just couldn't. Cullen might be watching. Her tailing Joggers were catching up again. Fear was gently creeping in. Did Cullen arrange this? Did he want her to fear this situation?   
  
"Not going to get scared Irishman."   
  
She sneers, lips pressed for support in her decision.  
Corner after corner she met oncoming traffic. She had no idea this many people ran these trails. To each person she passed she would smile pleasantly and say "Hello."  
Finally, she found herself at a crossroads. Trails in four directions. Stopping in the middle she huffs and catches her breath. Groaning she notes high ridges on all four sides. It felt like a box canyon. Glancing behind her she spots her stalkers slowing up to walk the remainder of the way huffing at her resilience.  
  
"You sure give a guy a good workout." One exhales loudly.  
  
"Not worth my time if you can't catch me." She puffs her cheeks bending over to hold her kneecaps.  
  
She eyes the trails to her right. Oncoming joggers. Too her left. Oncoming joggers. Ahead of her?  
  
"Hey! Where's my clothes?" She eyes the two BMX bikers.   
  
They point up on the ridge beside her. There sat Cullen on a gangling tree trunk. Legs to each side of it as if the trunk was a massive cock. He waved her clothing about.  
  
"Have a nice run?" Cullen chuckles.  
  
She squints against the sun's glare, "Best ever. Why did you leave me?"  
  
"You needed some time to yourself. Liberating to run naked isn't it?"  
  
"Love it. We should do this more often."  
  
He nods his approval then crawls from his bark saddle and carefully makes his way down the incline. Reaching the trail he points at her.  
  
"On your knees."  
  
Hannah fans her fingers to her sides before dropping down resting her knees in the sand. Looking up at Cullen for whatever came next.  
  
Cullen circles her as the congregation of six men watch him. She watches him at every turn. Observing him take his shirt off. Then his shorts. Cullen McMann paces about her nude. His erection the mightiest of trunks. Her eyes loving the monster dangling tight and purple.  
  
"I am going to fuck you Hannah."  
  
"Bring it on." She acts excited by the offer.  
  
"As I do. Each of these strapping young lads is going to face fuck you. Would you tell them no?"  
  
"I said Bring it on." She goads.  
  
Nodding his affirmation he steps behind her and grabs her by her hair. Guiding her to stand up he rolls his free hand from her ass up along her spine. The Joggers that had given chase move in front of her and lower their sweats. Beefy cocks flop in front of her face.  
  
Her eyes cross at their taunting. The men were stroking them less than three inches from her brow. Cullen holds her firm to let the men begin slapping her cheeks with their mushroom shaped crowns. Smack after smack she endured their sensual assault. Her mouth gaping wide with expectation. This was so fucking hot she thought.  
  
Feeling Cullen ease his behemoth inside her she gasps as the cocks before her blind her by placing the crowns over her eyes. Inch by inch Cullen feeds her pussy. Her pink recesses rippling at his girth. It took her breath away.  
  
"Fuck." She whimpers with an expression of respect. Mouth yawning wider at each centimeter of Cullen's entry. She loved that cock. He was God to her senses.  
  
Nine inches vanish deep. The second she felt his balls smother against her ass cheeks and inner thighs the war began. In and out time and again. Cullen made her screech and moan. Cry out her desire to please them all. Hannah Scott loved sex more and more. This was going to be a long very hot summer.  
  
The first man rams his cock inside her jaw. Sinking deadly deep and holding her face first. Cullen's grip on her hair equally enforcing it. Her gagging on girth and saliva echoing and challenging the birds to make more noise.  
  
A seesaw effect began. Cullen retreats as the man penetrates her face. The moans and groans building. Her facial cheeks get slapped with her throat full. Behind her Cullen makes his own marks. His free hand leaving handprints on her bare butt. One guy cums in her mouth and departs, his partner takes over. Equally as forceful. Hannah was becoming a sweaty cum sucking mess.  
  
Dragging her stance to the right Cullen continues on his mission. Her jaw dripping in jizz and saliva. The second set of six storms into position. Pinching her nose to take her breath away. Her eyes weeping from the pressure. Mascara everywhere. Sweat trickling all over her body.  
  
Mouth relieved. Mouth crammed. Her eyes bulging as an orgasm erupted. Cullen had to hold her firmer to keep her legs from buckling. Still his hips thrusted hard. There was no stopping this freight train.  
  
Fourth cock flooding her mouth Cullen yanks her like a rag doll to face the bikers. They had dismounted and stood ready. Cody going first. Squeamish of all the cum Hannah swallows her load and awaits him with starving eyes. Cody loved the neediness in her eyes. With a wink from Cullen he braved the unknown.  
  
Her mouth around his cock warm and wet. Her lips clamping around him. Molding to sensually suck him off rather than him force her. Her body trembling hard. Her mind weary from the orgasm and another brewing. Cullen was relentless.  
  
Cody detonates in her mouth and she licks him dry. Greg moving in jerking at his own efforts. She took over her hands squeezing his balls while cupping them. Kneading at them for circulation. Her assist made Greg fire upon her teeth like a cannon. His balls were full and expectant.  
  
The second Greg pulls out Cullen retreats and whirls her around in front of him like a doll and lifts her up. Her legs entwine his waist as his cock re-enters her for another thunderous response. Jaw coated in cum and pleading at each inches insertion. Her pussy was stretching wide to join him. She starts to grab his shoulders for support but he snarls, "Touch me you walk home."  
  
Her arms flailing her nudges her to dangle backwards. His strength incredible he fucks her suspended backwards. Her tits circling counter clockwise to each other. Cum slipping from her lips to trickle down across her face. He was holding her by her hips. In her arched posture Hannah Scott lost track of the world around her. Her next orgasm so dramatic that she rolled her eyes back and releases her legs. She was now dead weight. Yet, Cullen still maintained her limp form. Still fucking hard. Her cries deafening. One last spasm she was gone.   
  
Blackout!  
  
Waking up alone laying in the dirt. Her body covered in cum. Head to toe.  
  
Whiteout!  
  
She found her clothes along the right trail showing her the way back. She refused to put her clothes on. Nor use them to wipe herself off. In her stagger she located the Ranger station. Having passed more Joggers who asked if she was alright. Her reply, "Better than ever."  
  
Reaching Cullen's Jeep she found him talking with Wendy. Laughing and flirting. Just like old times.

"About time!" Cullen smirks, "Decide to take a nap?"  
  
Hannah frowns then smirks just as fast.  
  
"I think I got raped by Bigfoot."  
  
Wendy looked concerned.  
  
Easing next to them Hannah pats Wendy on the ass.  
  
"Don't be."  
  
Cullen pats Wendy on her other butt cheek.  
  
"Stop by some time."  
  
Wendy Johanson rolls her eyes and steps away gracefully.  
  
Her thoughts knowing better.  
  
"I hate you McMann."  
  
"Happy Trails?" Cullen hops into his Jeep.  
  
"All over my body."  
  
Hannah remained naked.  
  
As long as she could.

**Hannah 05: Irish Spring**

8:30 A.M.  
  
Hannah brushed her teeth while walking through her home naked. This newfound freedom instilled upon her by Cullen McMann had consumed her. Yesterday was so incredible sexually that she ended up masturbating three more times while attempting to sleep.  
  
It didn't help knowing that Cullen stood in his bedroom window with expectations of seeing her sleep with the lights on. Curtains wide and tied open. It turned her on beyond anything ever. No other boys in college even captured her imagination as Cullen had. She was under his spell.  
  
She was becoming so bold that she even stepped outside nude to check the mail. The mailman meeting her on the porch with a glimmer of respect, and a hard dose of lust. "Don't tell my parents." She winks grinning with a toothpaste smile.  
  
The mailman had no clue who lived at this address anyway. Regardless the 40 something man smirks handing her the bundle of mail.  
  
"No problem. Hope to see you again."  
  
"Definitely. I'll be waiting tomorrow. No toothbrush next time."  
  
Chuckling the mail man continued on but chose to look back as she walked inside. That tight little ass needed spanked. He would fantasize about doing just that the rest of his day.  
  
Reaching Cullen's home the mail man was met at the door by Cullen.  
  
"Neighbor's something isn't she Ted"  
  
"That is one fine ass. Hope to God she's of age."  
  
"Nineteen. Want some of that?"  
  
Ted Carver stares with disbelief, "I'm a little too old for that. Nice fantasy though."  
  
"No. The fantasy is her mouth around your cock. I can make it happen." Cullen smirks.  
  
Hesitance sinks in. Doubt followed. Finally Ted Carver shrugs and moves away from Cullen. Cullen would make certain he got his fantasy fulfilled any way he had too. For the next few weeks while Hannah was home alone he intended to use her in every sexual way possible. He knew he had her hooked.  
  
Cullen drank his coffee in his downstairs living room. Going over some paperwork to do with his job online. He kept a healthy eye across the street. Wondering if his neighbor would shy away from the car wash he had set up with Hannah. Would the man chicken out?  
  
By 9:05, Harper Loomis backed her Jetta out of the drive and headed to work. Cullen admired her with interest. She was certainly a hot commodity in her own right. A youthful Kelly LeBrock from back in the day.  
  
Twenty minutes later Cullen spots Grant Loomis backing his third vehicle, a Yellow Camaro out of his garage. Dead center of his driveway he parked it and gathered the necessities to wash it. Cullen was proud of the guy. He truly expected him to just go on to work. He could obviously make his own hours.  
  
Cell in hand Cullen calls Hannah next door. Three rings and the lovely young lady answers.  
  
"Morning Handsome."  
  
"Grant's setting up now."  
  
"I'm trying to decide what to wear. Remember I only have half a bikini." She giggles.  
  
"We need to take you shopping don't we?" He sighs.  
  
"For food too. Mom and Dad left the cupboards bare."  
  
"We can go shopping later. Let's just get Grant taken care of first."  
  
"Am I fucking my best friend's Dad? So weird."  
  
"If he wants to then you give it up. Failing is not an option."  
  
"Oh, I won't fail. I just hope nobody tells my parents."  
  
"You're a grown woman."  
  
"I know. It's still awkward. Are you going to make me have sex with all of my old neighbors?"  
  
"Complaining?"  
  
"No. I just might start digging their senior citizens events. Ballroom dancing. Bingo." She chuckles.  
  
"Giving me ideas. Good girl." He snickers.  
  
"I try. Just so you know Mister Cullen Sir. I might start my period by weeks end. Fair warning."  
  
"Going to let that stop you?"  
  
She takes a deep breath, "Wow! I guess not. I didn't figure you or any other guy would want the mess. I've never had sex on my period before."  
  
"Time to experience it all."  
  
She coughs lightly, "I'm with you."  
  
"Wear that G-string thong you wore the first day home."  
  
"Bikini top?"  
  
"No. No top at all."  
  
"Seriously? Grant might wave me away afraid of the neighbors seeing."  
  
"Stalk him like a lion toward a gazelle."  
  
She giggles, "Should I wear knee pads so I can crawl on all fours across the street?"  
  
"Are you afraid of what the neighbors might think of you?" He growls bordering a sigh.  
  
"Not really. I mean, obviously I don't want my parents to know what I'm doing. I would be disowned even before they lose their minds."  
  
"Just stay home then."  
  
With a deafening click Cullen McMann hangs up on her. Her heart stopped as she eyed her cell. What had just happened? She pauses to breath yet darts her eyes about as if comprehending what he was trying to accomplish by hanging up. She had already agreed to take the risk. She had even sworn her allegiance to this man while her parents were on vacation.  
  
The clock ticked away as Hannah paced the floor in only her thong. Taking the time to observe Grant outside waiting on her arrival. For five minutes she stewed over Cullen's behavior. She worried that if she didn't do this that Cullen would give up on her entirely. Noting Grant's behavior she also knew that he really did want her to come over and tease him. To really wash his car.  
  
She recalls her friendship with his kids. His daughter Shelby her best friend through high school. Even back then she would catch Grant looking at her ass, or her tits. Harmless enough but she was pretty certain he was lusting over her. Of course, Grant did that same thing toward his own daughter. Shelby, though nerdy was a beauty in her own right. If he could lust over his kid then he was certainly obsessed enough to see Hannah naked. Strangely, Hannah wanted him to see her naked.  
  
"Oh Cullen. This is a test isn't it? Too bad, so sad. I'm still doing this."  
  
At 9:57 Hannah Marie Scott stepped out on her front porch wearing only her thong. Barefoot she waves at Grant who stood watching her home feverishly. Topless she bounces in step for Grant and twirls on her heel. With her back to him she bends over and delicately peels her thong down her thighs and too her ankles. As swift step out and she kicks them over toward the front door.  
  
Facing Grant full frontal Hannah looks both ways for oncoming traffic and skips down her front steps. Across the sidewalk, a short section of grass, the curb, the street itself, she stalked Grant. Her eyes beguiling with a wince of deadliness. She could see Grant swallow and turn pale.  
  
Crossing the street she heads up his drive where he awaited.  
  
"Right on time." Grant choked up.  
  
"Only for you, Mister Loomis." She shuffles in a circle around him. Her fingers caressing his upper body in her journey. Ever so lightly.  
  
"I didn't expect total nudity."  
  
"Should I go get dressed?" She pouts directly into his eyes.  
  
"N-no." He stutters.  
  
Playfully she plants both palms on his chest looking up at him with puppy like eyes, "Can I ask you a question?"  
  
"Sure thing."  
  
Have you pictured me naked before seeing me today?"  
  
"Yep. Won't even deny that."  
  
"Have you fantasized about touching me?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Kissing me?"  
  
"Y-yes."  
  
"Making love to me?" She nibbles her lower lip with expectation.  
  
"God yes." He breaks.  
  
"Have you jerked off thinking about me?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"I'm going to wash your car now. You just stand back and get that thing hard."  
  
Her right hand slithers low and caresses his brewing erection. With a sheepish grin she backs away and retrieves the garden hose. Water already on she sprays the car down. Circling it to dampen it from bumper to bumper. Taking time to rinse her chest to get her body glossed up. The water was so cold her nipples shredded the air around them.  
  
Meeting eyes often she sat the hose down and bent over with her ass toward Grant. He stood behind her by four feet. Watching her heart shaped ass tighten in her spreading stance. Pussy peeking at him with a sealed wink of succulence. She reaches into a bucket of suds and obtains a sponge. She then went to work scrubbing the hood of the Camaro.  
  
Teasing him at every turn she mashes her breasts along the hood as she stretches across it. Noting his struggle to keep his hand from touching his crotch.  
  
During her cleaning a number of cars drove by. It was impossible not to see her. Working from the passenger side now. She flutters her hands at anyone who looks her way. Although it worried her that Grant might panic and end her fun.  
  
"They like seeing you naked." Grant surprises her.  
  
"I like letting them see me naked. Does that turn you on Mister Loomis?"  
  
"You have no idea." He folds his arms over his chest admiring her seductive poses.  
  
"I love your Camaro. You should give me a ride sometime." She twerks her booty giggling in his direction.  
  
"I didn't know you could do that." He chuckles, "Personally I didn't think your butt was beefy enough to shake like that."  
  
"Oh, you would be amazed what this body can do."  
  
"I bet."  
  
She wants to look toward Cullen's home to see if he was keeping his eyes on her. Forcing herself to ignore the possibility she returns to her washing duties. Reaching the back of the car she was now facing the street. More cars going by. Tooting their horns. Whistling. Waving. Literally stopping to check her out.  
  
"Nice car Grant." A man in a Ford Taurus stops to ogle Hannah bending and stretching.  
  
Grant grins and walks toward the car. Leaning slightly with hands in his pockets he concurs, "Loving the new body style."  
  
"Is that Hannah from across the street?" Steve Cornell grins.  
  
"Oh, yes."  
  
"Why is she naked?" Steve shakes his head smirking.  
  
"She wants to show off. Does it bother you?"  
  
"Naaa! Send her to my house after she's done." He snickers, "She grew up mighty fine."  
  
"I heard that." Hannah twists giggling, "I can come wash your car if you want. That or pull up beside the Camaro. If Grant doesn't mind."  
  
"You object?" Steve smirks.  
  
"Not at all. We can enjoy her together."  
  
Backing up a few feet Steve proceeds to pull his car up along side Grant's Camaro.  
  
Leaving enough room for her to work between vehicles. Shutting the engine off he steps from his vehicle and walks around his car to join Grant.  
  
"Aren't you worried your wife might find out Hannah's doing this?"  
  
Grant fidgets, "Yeah! Worth the risk though."  
  
"Awww! I feel special." Hannah grabs the hose to rinse the areas she had scrubbed. In the process spraying her body down for their viewing pleasure. The cold water attacking her nipples until they couldn't possibly get any more erect. She playfully glares at both men as her left hand pinches their tightness.  
  
"So what's gotten into you Hannah?" Steve grew intrigued.  
  
"That remains to be seen." She sticks her tongue out at him.  
  
"No seriously. I don't ever recall you being this open minded. My boy Ronnie said you were too shy to put out."  
  
"No offense Steve. Ronnie just didn't excite me. We went on two movie dates. Zero chemistry. Sorry."  
  
She returns to washing the other side of the Camaro making certain her ass always remained in view as she bent over sponging. Tormenting them was so much fun.  
  
"None taken. I know my boy." He chuckles, "I gotta say, you filled out damned nice. I always wondered what you looked like naked."  
  
"Now you know. Disappointed?"  
  
"Nope. Loving every second of this. You missed a spot." Steve points while elbowing Grant's arm gently to gain his curiosity.  
  
"Where?" She steps back to look over her work.  
  
"Here I'll show you." Steve walks over to face her. Pointing down along the fender well she bends over in front of him to get a closer look. Her ass rubbing directly over his crotch. She remains there wiggling slightly as she touches up the spot he directed her attention toward.  
  
"Now that's just cruel." Steve laughs at her rubbing along the length of his brewing erection.  
  
"You started this Mister Cornell." She looks over her shoulder winking.  
  
Grant felt the humor in their flirting and chooses to step around both cars to face Hannah from the other direction. Close enough to her bent over posture he himself points at a missed spot. One that wasn't really existent but he played along.  
  
"I don't see it." She stares at it until Grant moves closer toward her face. His crotch a mere two inches from her right profile. Again he points and steps even closer. His erection now directly in her face. She turns her cheek to bury her face directly into his tented slacks. The contour of his cock standing proud from her lips to the bridge of her nose.  
  
"I think you found it." Grant leers down at her expression.  
  
"I thought I was washing your car." She giggles and bites the girth of his groin through his pants. The response made Grant jump.  
  
"That's what you get for getting in my way." She rolls her cheek across his bulge.  
  
Behind her Steve had began touching her hips and ass. Gentle caresses at first until she backs her body up tighter against him.  
  
"Aren't you Guys glad I came home for the summer?"  
  
Both men nod their thankfulness as she gives up washing the car and standing up straight. Facing Grant she creeps forward and tilts her chin up to kiss him on the lips. With passion she sucks on his lower lip before stepping backwards with a follow me glint in her eyes.  
  
Stepping back against Steve she allows him to wrap his arms around her waist. Leaning her head back she kisses Steve with just as much passion. This led Steve to raise his hands upward to squeeze her breasts.  
  
While kissing Steve, Hannah reaches out and grabs Grant by his shirt pulling him close. Both men smother her body. Grant lowered his face to her shoulder and began kissing her tenderly. She sighs heavily then begins running both of her hands through their scalps.  
  
Intensity arrived. They couldn't stop kissing her. Touching her. Grant moving his hand low to palm her pussy. Embedding two fingers up inside her stance. She had to part her legs a bit as Grant had massive hands.  
  
Steve releases her right breast and moves higher to grip her by the throat. His power play made Hannah moan into his mouth. She in turn moved her hand from Steve's hair down to grip his cock behind her.  
  
Steve parts lips long enough to whisper, "You want that cock don't you?"  
  
She whimpers faintly turning her profile to kiss Grant as he hears their exchange.  
  
Seconds later she exhales, "I want both of those cocks."  
  
Swiftly both men release her long enough to unzip their pants and drag out their demons. Wagging them taught as she eyes them with lust and playful brilliance in her gaze. She immediately kneels and begins stroking both men. They get ballsy and step closer toward each other and look down at her needy eyes that refuse to blink. Her mouth open with awe and expectation.  
  
"Suck that cock Hannah." Steve encourages.  
  
In response she chooses Grant first. Devouring him as she jerks off Steve. Her chin burrowing into Grant's rounded balls. Throat deep she gags and offers him succulent trembling eyes that welcome him in.  
  
"There's that fantasy coming back." Grant whistles lightly, enjoying her tongue on his foreskin.  
  
Pulling away with a puckered kiss to his crown she switches cocks and begins blowing Steve. In turn stroking Grant to keep him energized. Steve rears his head back and absorbs her lips moving back and forth with a rapid round of thrusts and retreat.  
  
Grant caresses her hair as she continues on her mission. Suddenly something catches his eye. Looking to his right was his neighbor Doug. Doug was preparing to mow his yard when he looks over to witness their activity. There was no stopping now Grant thought. Doug was usually pretty open minded. Younger than Steve and Grant he would often joke about his conquests to Grant just for kicks.  
  
Deciding to acknowledge Doug, Grant nods his direction and motions him over. Doug decides to join them rounding the Camaro to stop cold. Seeing Hannah he drops his jaw. Steve winks at Doug chuckling.  
  
"Whip it out and get in here." Steve offers forcefully.  
  
Doug looks back at his house. His wife Phoebe was inside cleaning. If she didn't hear the mower she might step out and see what the hold up was. Yet, his curiosity drew him in to witness her overactive jaw.  
  
"Is that Hannah?" Doug is taken back.  
  
She halts just long enough to offer a sensual, "Hi Doug."  
  
Her smile messy but hopeful. She flicks her tongue at him then resumes by going back to Steve's cock. Rolling his girth all across her face as she stares at Doug with enticing beauty. After a dramatic temptation she opens her mouth and swallows Steve again. The rest would be up to Doug.  
  
Doug Swayze knew Hannah well. Having admired her growing up. Not so much lustfully but had seen and spoken to her over the last two years of High School. She used to babysit Doug and Phoebe's daughter Rhea a time or two.  
  
Doug decides to take the risk and hides with his back to his home as he drops his cargo pants to give into temptation. Three dicks gave her variety. Eager to please Hannah popped her lips away from Steve's cock and pivots in step. Both hands nurturing Grant and Steve as her mouth engulfs Doug.  
  
"You like that cock don't you Babysitter?" Doug prods her with a smug expression. She merely nods and deep throats him with bulging eyes. Her fingers frantically stroking the other two men. She moved from cock to cock giving each enough to make them praise her efforts. Hannah loved this scenario. She just hoped Cullen was watching.  
  
A door opens behind Doug that makes him tense. Looking over his shoulder he spots his wife Phoebe stepping out on the front porch. She couldn't see Hannah luckily and that made Doug want this young girl even more. He lived for the thrill. Unless Phoebe chose to join them. That would be bad.  
  
"I thought you were going to mow the yard." Phoebe calls out.  
  
"Hey Babe. Just shooting the shit with the guys here."  
  
Both Steve and Grant wave nervously in her direction. Doing their best not to look obvious that they were nearing ejaculation. Hannah was doing her job well. Ferocious even. Dedicated. Demanding.  
  
"I'll get to it in a few. Trump talk." Doug knew Phoebe hated politics. That should keep her away. Besides their daughter Rhea was playing inside and the likelihood of Phoebe leaving her alone long was slim. Still he maintained a peripheral just in case.  
  
Steve admired Phoebe. Doug was a lucky man. His wife was drop dead gorgeous in her own right. Long red hair. Milky skin. Big green eyes. Huge tits and firm ass. Having a kid certainly never hurt her shape.  
  
Phoebe lingered on the porch a bit enjoying the sun. She decides to step down from the porch and pluck weeds from the flower bed along the front of the house. She was harmless at this point. Yet, the three men had to join forces and discuss current events out loud to run interference for Doug. He was thankful. The more boring they made their conversation the better.  
  
However, Hannah was horny as hell. Her pussy dripping and needing sex. She prolonged on her knees as long as possible but she needed to stretch. Regardless she maintained her course until Grant stammered in step. He was the closest to detonation. Snarling out loud he begins spitting cum under Hannah's grip. She released Steve from her mouth to look at Grant long enough to capture a round of cum to her face. The men were amazed and readying to join Grant.  
  
Steve watches Phoebe bend over in her tight white shorts. Her butt cheeks exposing just enough to give him a secondary fantasy. It was easy to tell she wasn't wearing underwear. Her crack was deep. While staring Phoebe stands tall and looks over at them. Smiling at Steve she flutters her fingers and wags her eye brows up and down in her own flirtatious way. Why not? Doug wasn't paying attention. He rarely paid her any attention these days.  
  
Eyes locked Steve melted. Then winced. Groaned. Coughed. Shot his load in Hannah's opened mouth. There was no hiding his expression and that haunted Doug who bore witness. This just left Doug to Hannah's full attention.

Steve zips up and chuckles, "I'll go talk to your ole lady and keep her busy."  
  
Doug turns pale and nods. He was getting the best blowjob he had ever gotten. Hannah was talented for sure. Her rhythm steady and true. Her fingers kneading at his balls. Nails trailing his thighs.  
  
Stepping away Steve rounded the cars and walked over to Phoebe.  
  
"Tulips are looking good Phoebe. How you been?"  
  
"Hey Steve." She brightens up noting Steve eyeing her chest. Her tank top swelling with cleavage. It was nice being noticed. Steve wasn't all that unattractive either, "I'm good. How's Casey?"  
  
"Let's not talk about mates. Paradise has been gone for ages." He winks at her.  
  
Toying with her hair she agrees with flaring eyes, "You're telling me."  
  
"Keeping in shape I see." He smirks then looks back at Doug and Grant.  
  
"Someone finally notices."  
  
"Oh I notice. If you don't mind my saying."  
  
"Not at all. Just don't let Doug hear that." Phoebe shivers, her nipples maturing at his inspection. Lowering her gaze she notes Steve's still vital erection. Was it due to her? She presumed so and giggles lightly.  
  
He notices her examination and decides to use it for his own selfish desires. Palming his crotch he chuckles, "Can't hide much from you can I?"  
  
She bites her lower lip and pinches her nipples, "That makes two of us."  
  
He nods with a pucker looking back at Doug who was consumed by Hannah's efforts. Phoebe watching Steve with interest. He appeared tempted to say or do something. She hoped for both. Her marriage sucked and she needed the self esteem boost.  
  
"Those nipples are beautiful." He whispers.  
  
"Your dick must be huge." She grits her teeth for even admitting her thoughts.  
  
"Bet he would fit nicely between those tits."  
  
Phoebe fans herself at his boldness. Eying Doug she decides on a bit of teasing of her own. Cautiously looking about her for traffic and neighbors she coyly lifts her tank and lets Steve see her tits mounding out with a firm succulent bravado.  
  
"Oh those are nice." He grins, looking back for his own sake before reaching up to palm her breasts. Phoebe sighs heavily at his touch.  
  
"Oh my God! I can't believe I just did that with Doug right over there talking to Grant."  
  
"They're busy talking DC. I bet you have lots of weeds on the side of your home." He suggests with a devilish inspiration.  
  
She looks behind her then carefully grabs Steve by the hand and leads him to the blind side of her house. Once around the corner she pulls Steve in to lift her shirt again and suck on her nipples. It had been far too long since they had been sampled. Steve fed like a beast.  
  
Grant noticed Steve and Phoebe vanish eying Doug. Doug was so into Hannah's destruction that he didn't care about his wife. Steve would keep her busy. Not quite how he expected him too but regardless what she didn't know couldn't hurt him. The same could be said of Phoebe.  
  
Doug ponders his options and decides to look behind him.  
  
"Where did they go?"  
  
Grant leans on the roof of his car, "Went around the side of the house. Looked like they were pulling weeds."  
  
"Fuck this." Doug stops Hannah pulling her hair until she releases him. In a bold move he lifts Hannah up and turns her around. Bending her over Steve's Ford Taurus. A well positioned crown leads him into penetration, "Fucking the babysitter."  
  
Hannah moans and doesn't hold back. Grant worried but did like the show. Hannah was manhandled pretty good. Hair tugged. Ass slapped. Tits mashed against the car hood. Should Phoebe and Steve return there would be no hiding the situation. Grant could only sweat it out.  
  
Around the corner of the Swayze home Steve found Phoebe more than willing to kneel and let him titty fuck her monstrous 38C's. Shirt raised for the ideal compression. She loved his crown peeking in and out of her cleavage. She even found her tongue dipping low to touch his beast as it popped high then faded back.  
  
"Oh my God! I can't believe I'm doing this." She whimpers.  
  
He nods his own thoughts on the matter. Halting he points at her, "Don't move." He then backs up hiding his dangling cock to look around the front of the house at Doug and Grant. He notices Hannah being fucked and whistles under his breath. Knowing his time frame he hurries back to Phoebe and pulls her upright.  
  
"We have time." He twirls her in step and assists her white shorts down to her knees. Posturing her forwards he lines his cock up to her pussy and slams into her. Phoebe Swayze nearly panicked. Yet, the thrill made her forge ahead. Steve's cock felt entirely too good.  
  
Her moans escalate under held breath. Biting her lip as best she could to hide her shrill whines. Steve Cornell grips her by the hips and goes full on stampede. He couldn't believe his luck. Nor did he care about Doug's feelings. After all, he was having an affair of his own.  
  
Dueling cocks tormented their targets. Neither woman knowing of the other. Doug nuts first as Hannah orgasms beneath his roughness. Feeling his detonation torpedo into her deep. She yelped loudly as he pulls out and drags her up by her hair. Turning her back to the car he kisses her long and hard.  
  
"God I've wanted to fuck you forever." Doug admits to an innermost secret.  
  
"I'm home alone for a few weeks. You can sneak over and get some again. You too Grant."  
  
The men nod at the offer. They just might. Doug zips up and gives them a thumbs up upon a hasty retreat. He races over to his mower and starts it up. Roaring loudly. Beside his home Steve and Phoebe hear the mower. Steve grabs her by the hair and fucks the redhead even harder. He knew the mower's snarl would mask her moans. Phoebe couldn't agree more. Screaming bloody murder at Steve's persistence. In minutes she quakes and nearly loses her balance.  
  
Knowing Doug could round the corner in his path Steve nuts into Phoebe and hurries out to pepper her ass with final droplets. Once convinced he needed to stop both of them hurried to get dressed.  
  
Steve drags Phoebe into a kiss and breaks lip lock long enough to whisper into her ear, "God I've wanted to fuck you forever."  
  
Two of a kind. Doug had uttered the very same to Hannah.  
  
"Call me?" She begs.  
  
"Meet me."  
  
"Let me know."  
  
Together they stroll from the side of the house into Doug's view. Acting as if nothing had happened. Doug stopped his mower to greet them.  
  
"Sorry Babe. I'll finish up here and join you and Rhea for lunch."  
  
Phoebe smiles at her husband and waves goodbye to Steve. On her way up her porch she opts to look over at Grant to wave goodbye. Noticing Hannah scrubbing Steve's car. Her eyes bulge at the girl's nudity. Where did she come from? In her heart she deduced the situation and felt like crap. Still, she had a good time too. No reason to fight over it. She wanted more. She would get more.  
  
Steve notes Phoebe's hesitation chuckling at the dilemma. He didn't sweat it for a second. He knew he hooked Phoebe in. Without another thought he steps over to Doug. Doug wipes sweat from his brow nervously, "Thanks Buddy. I fucked Hannah hard. We should gangbang that little whore before she heads back to college."  
  
"Sounds good. Tell Phoebe I said to buy Round Up to kill these weeds."  
  
"Gotcha."  
  
Steve left Doug to his yard. Returning to Grant as he watched Hannah wash his Ford Taurus. Hannah couldn't stop smiling. None of them could. While she twerks her ass at them playfully she hears a cell phone ring. Grant notes it as his and greets the caller. "Hey Cullen. Yeah, she's about done."  
  
Hannah hears Cullen's name mentioned and stops cold to listen. Grant eying her as he absorbs Cullen McMann's words.  
  
"He wants to talk to you." Grant passes her his cell.  
  
Nervous she apprehends the device and replies, "Hello Sir."  
  
Cullen growls, "My Wrangler's on the street. Detail it then go get cleaned up. I ordered you Chinese."  
  
"Chinese? Let me guess. I'm seducing a Black Belt." She giggles.  
  
"Not a bad idea." He huffs then hangs up.  
  
Returning the cell into Grant's possession she kisses the two men goodbye and borrows a fresh bucket of suds and sponge. Waddling proudly down the street and around Cullen's home. His Jeep would be spotless in no time.  
  
Cars would honk. Cars would stop and say hello. Cars would get a show.  
  
Cullen stood in his yard with arms folded. Expression stern.  
  
Hannah still couldn't stop smiling.  
  
Cullen growls as she stops to look over his Jeep. Using his hose to rinse it off she was proud of her job. Convinced she was done she turns around to face Cullen. He stood directly behind her catching her off guard. His glare dark and foreboding.  
  
"Missed a spot." He recites as she shivers.  
  
"Where?"  
  
Roughly he turns her around and marches her right out into the middle of the street. Bending her over he drops his jeans and fucks her from behind. Hannah laughed her ass off. They were stopping traffic.  
  
Spring in their step. The cars patiently waited until Hannah has another orgasm. Cullen nutting hard inside her. He felt like God. She felt like the world wanted to fuck her.  
  
Irish eyes were smiling.  
  
Chinese take out was the second car in line.  
  
Cullen luckily was a big tipper.  
  
She washed the car as payment.  
  
The driver had a happy ending.  
  
The Lo Mein was delicious.

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