**MEATHEAD'S JENNY**

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Meathead's Block by Meathead

Jenny and The Mauser by Meathead

Jenny and Ashley in Muy Gooey by Meathead

Jenny and Ashley in Star Gazers by Meathead

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Meathead's Block by Meathead

They call me Meathead. Most folks think of me as being slow or dumb. I am not particularly handsome nor do I have the body of a Greek god. All of my life I have been ridiculed or teased about the way I talk and the things I do (and undo). Perhaps, it was the bottle of bleach I drank when I was a youth or maybe I just gave up trying to make it in today’s society. Whatever the case, I am capable of saying some really stupid things. And while my intentions are always honorable, my actions are often clumsy and ill timed. It is not surprising then most people consider me to be a misbegotten creature and wouldn’t dream of trading placing with me for all the gold in Fort Knox.

And yet, another person might consider me the luckiest man in the world. That is, of course, because the beautiful, but luckless Jenny lives on my block. She and her friend, Ashley, rent the flat next to mine. Both of them have given me a reason, albeit different reasons, to live. As a matter of fact, both Jenny and Ashley are responsible for giving me my nickname, well sort of.

It all took place at the annual neighborhood block party. Everyone on my block was there. Old Mr. Lawton was there with his wife. She was constantly tugging on his arm as he stared wantonly at all of the females at the party. First, there was Miss Kitty Bee. A rather large German gal, whose breasts were the size of lunch sacks. Standing over the cooler, she was wearing a loose fitting light brown smock. Her bag-like milkers pressed their rounded noses against the thin cotton material as she guzzled a cold can of beer.

Near the barbecue was Paquita Culito. It was hard to tell which was hotter…. Ms Culito or the barbecue. She was a Latin number who loved to ‘accidentally’ expose herself. She was very proud of her body and wanted everyone to know it. She shamelessly wore tight revealing clothes. Today she was attired in a tight elastic red top. The elastic in the top squashed her boobs together causing them to spill over the top. Her large pronounced nipples strained against the fabric and were slightly visible. Her ultra-tight fitting pedal pusher pants detailed every contour of her butt. She abhorred wearing panties as they might conceal something.

Next came the Volta sisters, Upa and Loa. Upa was the older sister and was a bit heftier than her sister. Her breasts were enormous but unlike Miss Kitty’s titties that hung straight down, Upa’s jugs were large and round and resembled soft black leather pillows. Her ‘pillows’ were contained in a tan colored halter-top. Her fun bags strained against the thin material as she leaned over to fish out a can of beer from the cooler. Blessed with a generous bosom, Loa’s most attractive asset was her backside. Tightly packed in blue jeans that were both frayed and cut off, more than half of her ass hung deliciously outside of her pant legs. The contrast between the pale blue fabric and her smooth black skin was something to behold. Her butt shook like Jell-O when she walked. With the exception of the crotchety Mr. Lawton, I was the only male in attendance at the block party.

I was minding my own business when two gorgeous women, one blond and one brunette approached me. Both were sharply dressed. The shapely blond wore a powder blue sundress that fit her perfectly. The dress’s low cut front accented the blonde’s ample bosom and graceful neck. Her blond ponytail hung to one side and spilled gently across the top of her jugs. The dark-haired one wore a white tube top that displayed her richly tanned cleavage and form-fitting Lycra shorts that accentuated her lovely rear end. Both had bodies to die for, and yet, all the attention seemed focused on the comely blond.

The blond extended her hand to me and with the most endearing smile I had ever seen said, “Hi, I’m Jenny. This is my best friend Ashley. We’re new to the block. We’ve come to the block party to meet new people and make new friends. What’s your name”?

I wanted to say something clever or witty. I would have settled for something cordial.

Instead, I said, “Me Ted”.

Ashley laughed aloud, “Meathead, you most certainly look like a meathead”.

I was so embarrassed at my own faux pas my face turned bright red. Ashley continued to laugh at my blunder, but Jenny leaned her head to one side (which caused the end of her ponytail to slip between her jugs) and said, “I think he’s cute”.

Her tender smile and gentle blue eyes greatly eased my suffering and just like a thousand men before me; I fell instantly and hopelessly in love with this lovely blond girl. Jenny stepped forward and warmly embraced me with her sleeveless arms and then placed a kiss on my cheek. I felt her sweet breath on the side of my face and her breasts pressing against my chest. With mounting curiosity I peered over her becoming shoulder and took a look-see down her backside. The back of her summer dress was opened slightly. Open enough to provided me with a look at her back. She wore no bra and I could discern a pretty little pink ribbon atop her white thong underwear. I could have stayed in her arms forever.

With genuine affection she said, “We are so happy to be your neighbor, Meathead. I hope we get to be good friends”.

With that said, she neatly spun around causing the hem of dress to rise. My eyes traveled up her smooth thigh before the hem return to its former position. I stared intently as Jenny and Ashley walked away from me and towards Miss Kitty and the beer. The wiggle in their walk was captivating. I knew from that moment on my meager existence had changed for the better. I couldn’t wait until the next time we met.

I did not have to wait long. The very next day, unbeknownst to me, Jenny had decided to go for an invigorating jog around the neighborhood. Her friend Ashley had pulled off an elaborate scheme to humiliate the lovely Jenny.

It was a hot summer afternoon and I had left the house to retrieve the mail. As I started for the mailbox, I heard a tremendous commotion. When I looked down the block I could just barely make out a female jogger being chased by a pack of dogs. She was running directly towards me and running at what seemed to be a high rate of speed. The dogs were barking wildly as they nipped at her heels. Several of the dogs had an article of clothing in their mouths and were fighting over it. As she came closer, I became aware of the peculiar fact that this jogger wasn’t wearing a stitch of clothing, albeit her white running shoes and white ankle socks. Even with her blond hair in a jostled mess and her eyes wide with panic, she was the most beautiful woman I had ever laid eyes on.

I first noticed her breasts bouncing madly about. Judging from the gyrations of her jugs, I estimated them to be sized at 38CC. Although they were definitely a matched pair, they did not move in unison. Instead, they seemed to operate independent of each other. What I mean to say is that when her left nipple was pointing straight down at the sidewalk her right one would be pointed directly at the sun. Then they would swap places. Also, her intense running would momentarily contort one breast into a conical shape ending with her eraser-like nipple being stretched to its maximum, while the other breast would take on a flattened shape. A fraction of a second later, both would assume completely different shapes. My attention to her magnificent milkers was broken when I spied her golden triangle.

At first glance, my jaw unhinged and my tongue involuntarily forced it’s way out of my mouth, much the same way the barking dogs tongues hung out of their mouth. Her pubic mound possessed both a magnetic and a magical quality. I tried to lift my gaze up to her face but to no avail. It was as if her muff put out a tractor beam that grabbed me by the ears and slowly pulled my gaze towards her furry box. I was powerless to resist. I sensed her desperateness and embarrassment, yet I continued to gawk at all of her intimate body parts wiggling and jiggling in front of me. I wanted to somehow help this gorgeous woman but instead I only added to her embarrassment with my tongue-dangling gaze. It donned on me to simply turn my head away. But I did not, could not.

Close up, I could see her face was red with exertion and embarrassment. Her eyes were filled with terror and tears.

“Help me, Meathead” she said as she blew by me.

But alas, I did not. I was frozen in my tracks. My eyes remained transfixed to her well-developed charms while my tongue flapped aimlessly in the wind. I found the sight of this naked lady running towards me to be very stimulating. I was in for a special treat when my eyes picked up her backside. Her tanned back tapered gently down to her little waist. The tan stopped just north of the crack of her butt and started again about three inches later. Michaelangelo must have sculpted her bottom for it was truly a piece of art. Her tan continued down her naked legs.

On the left cheek of her flawless white ass was a small trail of blood left from the bite of the Great Dane who stole her jogging shorts. A small tuft of blond hair peeked out from the backside as her long athletic legs frantically carried her home. I felt both happiness and remorse knowing her ordeal was just about over.

Ashley stood in the doorway of their flat with a small white towel in her hand. She was laughing hysterically at Jenny’s misadventure. It was she who was responsible for dosing Jenny’s jogging clothes with a roast beef au jus solution, which had caused the dogs’ feeding frenzy. How she loved to see Jenny humiliated and embarrass in public. She secretly despised Jenny. She was a beautiful woman in her own right but Ashley had the green eye of envy and wanted all that was Jenny’s. She decided to do whatever necessary to embarrass and humiliate the lovely Jenny.

As Jenny hit the landing, Ashley flipped the white towel high in the air. For the first time since the ordeal began, Jenny came to an abrupt stop. She reached high with both hands to snatch the towel from the sky. For one sweet, brief moment, Jenny’s breast stopped their frolicking and came to rest with her crinkled nipples pointing slightly above the horizon. Her breasts resumed their rounded shape and her tummy went flat except for her slightly protruding blond muff. She rose up on her toes to extend her reach for the towel. The move pushed her bottom out accentuating the backs of her long muscular legs.

Even the dogs stopped their barking and watched as her beautiful body hung momentarily in the air. I found myself secretly wishing the towel would never come down. But alas, all good things must come to an end and this tale is no exception.

In the wink of an eye, Jenny caught the towel and duck inside. Still laughing loudly, Ashley spanked Jenny’s butt as she went by. A high pitched squeal was heard as Jenny’s comely bottom slipped out of sight. Then Ashley looked at me and stopped laughing.

“Shows over, Meathead. Go home and play with yourself,” She said as she pull the front door shut.

Feeling the anger rise in me, I start for my front door. Ashley made me so mad. First, she had disgraced the lovely Jenny and then she treated me like dirt. I marched back to my house and prayed for the day when the Biker would let me have my way with that dark-haired hussy. She would surely rue that day. But for now…. I would give her recommendation my full consideration. Hey, what can I say there is a reason why the nickname Meathead stuck.

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Jenny and The Mauser by Meathead

Jenny stepped up onto the hearth. She reached up to retrieve the old Boer's Mauser that hung so proudly above the fireplace. Her well-endowed bosom rubbed against the mantle as she extended her arms upward to secure the rifle. I sat directly behind her on the low couch and watched the hem of her short blue dress travel north as she reached for the rifle. More and more of her athletic legs came into view. She stood on her tippy toes, and then, on one foot as she extended her body to its maximum length. She briefly struggled with the rifle, as I feasted my eyes on the backs of her alabaster thighs. As luck would have it, Ashley was there to help things along.

Ashley took advantage of the situation by reaching over and lifting Jenny's dress until I could clearly see Jenny's dainty pale yellow underwear. Ashley tilted her head and took a long, slow look up the back of Jenny's naked legs. Then she turned her gaze to me on the couch. She gave me a look that immediately melted down my chubby. She then dropped the back of Jenny's dress and flashed an evil grin that sent a shiver down my spine. Jenny was too involved in retrieving the old Mauser to notice any of Ashley's shenanigans.

With the rifle in hand, Jenny presented it to me. She bowed slightly at the waist and extended her arms forward, cradling the heirloom. Her posture offered me a tantalizing view of her dairy farm. "My great-great grandfather captured it from a Boer in the siege of Ladysmith in South Africa. It's been in our Family for several generations and now I am the curator", she said.

I heard the words she was saying, but all that registered in my mind was how her breasts seemed to jiggle back and forth with every word she uttered. Mesmerized by the movement and proximity of her milkers, I completely missed her next statement.

"What makes this gun so special is the secret compartment in the stock of the rifle. The stock of the gun was carved out and held important papers. It was here, my great-great grandfather found the map detailing the Boers' defenses. For this, he received a medal and was promoted to the rank of captain".

She paused and held the rifle in front of me, giving me one last opportunity to drink in all of her beauty and charm. Her smile, bright eyes and fleshy bosom beckoned me to reach out and touch her. For a moment, I considered copping a feel. Then Ashley interrupted the moment with " Meathead has gone gaga over you, Jenny. "

Her comment caused me a great deal of embarrassment.

Jenny spun halfway around and stooped at the waist to lay the rifle down on the low coffee table beside the couch. I studied her backside as her dress began exposing more and more of her lovely legs. The sight of her short dress greatly eased my pain and helped me forget about my own embarrassment. The ever-opportunistic Ashley was there again to raise the dress of the unsuspecting Jenny.

This time, Ashley pulled Jenny's dress as high as it would go. Jenny was less than two meters away from me. I saw how the delicate yellow fabric of her underwear had worked its way into her crevice leaving most of her derriere exposed to my view. I nearly gave up the "juice" when I spied her blond pubic hair peeping out of the backside of her panties. As Jenny laid the gun on the coffee table, she teetered slightly, causing the cheeks of her bottom to wobble. This wobble had a "Jupiter effect" on me.

"Can I stick my finger in your butt", I blurted out.

My face was beet red before the last word left my mouth.

Ashley spewed a mouthful of beer across the room, as she dropped the hem of Jenny's dress, and sputtered, "Whatever for?"

"Meathead is just like all of the other guys I show this rifle to… they all want to put their fingers in the secret compartment", Jenny said as she return the gun to me for inspection.

"Sure you can! Just this once!" She laughed.

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Jenny and Ashley in Muy Gooey By Meathead

The monthly block parties in Meathead’s neighborhood were widely attended. Tonight was the much ballyhooed talent competition. At stake for the winner of the contest was Meathead’s 10-year old high school football trophy. All the contestants took the competition seriously (some more than others did). Ashley felt confident she would win tonight. She had never entered into a competition where she did not walk away with the judge and first place.

Jenny, on the other hand, felt a nervous ping in her stomach as she slipped on her dainty panties. The see-through lace on the front of her panties did little to conceal her blond bush while the thong in back slipped between the cheeks of her bottom and out of view. She stood half-naked and looked at herself in the mirror, “ I wonder what will happen tonight” she murmured out loud.

She hesitated before picking up an old lumpy over-sized sweater that she had planned on wearing for her act in the competition tonight. Instead she grabbed the lightest, most revealing dress she own and held it against her semi-nude body.

Again she looked into the mirror, “Yes, Oh Yes”, she said excitedly. “I will give it my all tonight and knocked ‘em all dead”, she said as she pulled the chiffon-like dress over her slender physique.

At precisely 8pm, the talent competition began at Meathead’s pad.

Mr. Lawton went first. He had decided to recite Alfred Lord Tennyson’s poem “The Charge of the Light Brigade”. It started off all right, but it went to pot soon after.

“Half a league, Half a league

Half a league onward” he started.

“Into the cleavage of death

Rode the six hundred,” he continued.

There were no literary giants in the room and his mistake went unnoticed. But if the crowd had missed his first blunder they would not miss the next.

“Charge for her guns,” he said. His eyes gazing at the buxom Ms. Paquita Culito.

Mr. Lawton stared longingly at Paquita’s brown-skinned bosom. She was wearing a short white cotton shirt that hung loosely off her shoulders. Her jet-black hair cascaded down onto her shoulders and spilled invitingly across the tops of her breasts. A strapless black shelf-bra made of fine lace did little to stop her jugs from jiggling whenever she moved about. Barely hidden by the bra, her dark brown areolas ached to be free.

“Check out her hooters will ya”, Mr. Lawton continued.

“Hey, that’s not Tennyson”, Interrupted Ashley.

Indeed, it was not Tennyson.

Bad form Mr. Lawton!

“Sit Down,” shouted Mrs. Lawton, as she dragged her husband by the arm from the stage back to their chairs. Slobber fell from his mouth as returned to his seat, his gaze steadfastly transfixed on the comely Culito.

Next was Miss Kitty Bee. For her talent, she had decided to sing “Edle Viss”. She was, you might say, a large woman. Shrouded in an oversized muumuu, the generously proportioned Miss Kitty was of German decent. Two buttons at the shoulders fastened her pink muumuu. The buttons were in the shape of butterflies and were brightly colored. She did not fancy wearing brassieres although her breast size warranted it. Years and years of not wearing her “boulder holder” had left her titties looking like a pair of lunch sacks.

Before she sang a single note her act fell apart. As she made the introductory curtsy, she farted. She might have gotten away with it if it had been a dainty one. But no, she laid down a full-fledged flutter-blaster. The entire audience gasped. Miss Kitty’s face went crimson. She would not be able to continue. She took off on a dead run for the bathroom. Her bag-like milkers lagging behind her as she ran.

After a brief intermission, the talent show continued. I started the overhead fan and an oscillating fan to freshen the air in the room. It had definitely taken on a sausage and beer seasoning.

Juan Nought, better known to his friends as Onenut, was due up next. Now Onenut was as worthless as “tits on a boar”. There was absolutely nothing redeeming about him except for one thing. Hooked to his belt there was a small white rabbit’s foot. Now it is said that this rabbit’s foot helped bring about whatever Onenut wishfully thought of.

I don’t really know if this power really emanated from the lucky token or not. All I know is funny things would occur whenever Onenut began rubbing the lucky charm. Anyway, for the talent show, Onenut had decided to perform the only trick he knew: how to make farting sounds by clapping air under one’s armpit. Maybe his act was positioned too close to Miss Kitty’s or maybe it just wasn’t funny. Only Onenut snorted with laughter after “ripping off a few”. The crowd looked horrified and then began chanting “Sit Down” immediately after his first demonstration. With a furrowed brow, Onenut took his seat.

Next up was the comely Culito. She planned to dance for her talent in the show to Santana’s “Ella” off of his Supernatural album. The full title is “Ella baile la Portegasa” (She dances the Portuguese). Paquita wore a white cotton shirt, which hung, loosely around her shoulders and a bright red dress with dark nylon stockings. A red silk scarf was tied around her forehead and was partially covered by her jet-black hair. Paquita’s dark black eyes sparkled mysteriously at the audience as the music began. She pursed her ruby red lips together and threw a mock kiss at the crowd.

Paquita began her dance slowly, moving around the room in an undulating fashion. Every once in a while she would shake her naked shoulders invitingly at the audience, causing her mountainous breasts to sway from side to side. As the tempo of the song picked up, so did the rhythm of her dance. Her dancing mesmerized the audience.

She reached down with both hands and grabbed a handful of her bright red skirt. Slowly she lifted her skirt up until it past her nylon-encased knees. All the while, she continued to danced to the Latin rhythm and to shake her shoulders tauntingly at the crowd.

Paquita’s blouse began to work its way off of her shoulders. This caused her to elevate her elbows higher. As she raised her elbows higher, to slow the descent of her blouse, the hem of her skirt rose higher and higher also. It went past the tops of her dark nylon stocking and then continued past her red garter belt and matching undies. She stopped lifting her hem when everything below her navel was clearly exposed to everyone in the room.

I know this Latin beauty wanted to let go of the hem of her skirt and preserve her dignity but for some strange reason she could not. I glanced over in Onenut’s direction and saw him running his thumb over the rabbit’s foot as he intently watched Paquita’s jugs tap out a Latin beat. Her dark areolas were starting to come into view.

Tired of holding them up, she let her elbows drop, just a bit, but this resulted in her blouse dropping below her shelf bra exposing the tops of her “guns”. Back up went her elbows and along with her elbows went the hem of her skirt. Back down went her elbows in a vain effort to cover her lower torso. Her blouse slipped down even further. Now her guns, inadequately covered by her lacy bra, were starting to spill out. Back up the elbows went and the crowd was treated to another view of her red lacy undies. Her panties were beginning to work their way into her crack. The coal black downy-like muff hairs were peeping over the top and out of the sides of her fiery red panties. All the while she continued dancing the ‘Portuguese’.

Finally, exhausted, she dropped both elbows to her side. Down went her blouse. It ultimately settled around her midriff, handcuffing her forearms to her waist. For the first time since her performance began, Ms. Culito’s embarrassed chin dropped to her chest and she leaned slightly forward. It was then that both “guns”, as Mr. Lawton so delicately put it, popped out of their holsters. All she could do was look at the crowd in an embarrassing way.

Her chocolate colored nipples were as long as her full name (which was Paquita Anna Maria Guadeloupe Culito). They were taut with excitement as they tipped southward. Her dark areolas were the size of dollar-sized pancakes. Unable to raise her arms to cover herself she trotted off the stage towards the front door. Bouncing up and down, her jugs with the incredibly long nipples pointed out her escape route. I had never seen anyone dance the “Portuguese” before Ms. Culito did. I cannot wait to see it danced again.

Next up was the beautiful Ashley. She was an accomplished violinist and for her talent she would play Beethoven’s 9th. Elegantly attired in a long black silk dress with her hair in a bun, she looked absolutely radiant. Her strapless gown allowed everyone to view her naked shoulders and her delicate neck. She was a very beautiful woman and the lightweight silk dress complimented her womanly form.

Ashley placed the violin under her chin and raised the bow to a starting position. What she did not noticed was a small black silk thread had become entangled with her bow. I looked at Onenut and saw him vigorously rubbing his rabbit foot again. As she started out, we watched the bow go back and forth across the violin, playing beautiful music while undoing the left seam of her silk dress. Ashley first noticed something was amiss when the oscillating fan blew the bottom half of her silk dress across both of her legs. She sat in a comfortable “V” position with her knees slightly spread apart. Her sitting posture allowed the audience to glimpse the brevity and sheerness of her panties. Being the consummate musician, she continued playing undeterred.

Ashley felt the level of panic rise within her when the bodice of her silk dress began to unravel. The cool air from the fan ran across her navel and made it damn near impossible for her to concentrate on playing the violin. She began to play faster. Ashley raced for the finish, but the thread in the seam ran out first. With her elbows held high, she played on. The fan returned once more to blow the bodice of her silk dress away from her graceful body. There she sat clad only in her sheer panties and black high heels, playing defiantly. Her erect brown nipples staring back at the audience. They reminded me of little conductor’s batons as they tried desperately to keep up with her bow. Ashley kept her eyes half-closed and her chin elevated as she near the finish.

When Ashley was finished playing, she stood up with her back straight and acted as if she was still elegantly attired. She slowly opened her eyes, splayed her arms wide, and then took a deep waist bow. The slow waist bow caused her breasts to adopt conical shapes as the showed their pale-white bellies to the lights. The full-length mirror directly behind her revealed her gorgeous lower torso. Her panties contained but did not conceal her beautiful backside and her long legs. My discerning eye located her pink pussy lips surrounded by a well-manicured muff. Ashley held her bow for a long moment and then returned to an upright position. She flashed an exasperated smile at the crowd. We were too busy studying her sheer panties to notice her smile. Ashley’s next-to-nothing panties confirmed what everyone thought was her shaving preference. (She sported a neatly trimmed bush). Without a trace of embarrassment, she turned and picked up what was left of her dress, treating the audience to a delicious view of her backside and exited stage left. Her defiant titties lead the way.

Ashley’s performance had left the audience breathless. After a salubrious squirt in my trousers, I was ready for the next act.

The Volta sisters, Upa and Loa, were a study of contrasts. Both were beautiful women with skin the color and texture of black velvet. Upa, the older sister, was a bit heftier than her younger sister and blessed with a huge rack. So massive were her mammary glands that she could not see her own feet when standing upright. Upa also had a bit of an attitude.

Loa, on the other hand, had the most pleasant disposition and the sweetest smile. While her rack was not as impressive as ‘Big Sis’s’ was, still she sported some real “Jim Dandies”. From the backside, Loa had it all ‘goin on’. Her cute bottom cried out “SPANK ME”. And when she walked, it shook most invitingly.

They were to perform the gospel tune “Amazing Grace”. Both were dressed in purple silk choir gowns with long braided rope belts tied around the middle. Neither wore anything underneath the gown except for white cotton underwear. The plan was for each of the sisters to alternate singing each of the different verses of the song, but after Upa finished the first verse she refused to yield the microphone to her younger sister.

Perplexed by her sister’s actions, Loa, at first smiled weakly at the audience and then mischievously. Unaware of her sister's wicked plan, Upa continued singing the second verse of the song. Loa, on the other hand, surreptitiously lifted the end of her sister’s rope belt up high above her head where it caught hold of the blade to the overhead fan. Upa was in the middle of the third verse when the rope belt she was wearing went taut. The force of the fan began to swing Upa around the room faster and faster. The centrifugal force placed an unbearable strain on Upa’s outfit. Finally, it gave away.

Upa was launched, free of her gown, towards the audience. Out of control, she whirled like a spinning top, her massive milkers a full count behind the rest of her. She landed on top of Juan, nearly knocking him unconscious and breaking his ‘death’ grip on the white rabbit’s foot. Now most people would have died from embarrassment but not Upa. Instead she picked herself up and then turned a most malevolent eye towards her younger sister.

Loa gulped and then started to run for the front door, for she had seen and felt her sister’s wrath many times before. Upa caught her little sister by the cornrows and drug her to the middle of the room. Loa was kicking and screaming all the way. She pulled her little sister across her lap and lifted Loa’s gown, exposing her white cotton underwear and her gorgeous bottom. Loa pleaded with her sister to be let go, but Upa was in no mood for forgiveness. She began to rain down a series of spanks on her sister’s poor bottom. Loa kicked wildly and squirmed right out her gown but it was still not enough for Big Sis. Pulling her sister’s underwear down to her knees, Upa continued to spank her sister’s behind. Finally satisfied that her little sister’s humiliation was completed, Upa released her grip on Loa’s hair. Loa tumbled away from her sister and landed in the middle of the floor with her knees apart and her white cotton underpants tangled around her ankles.

Elephant size tears fell from Loa’s face as she tried unsuccessfully to right herself. Her anger extinguished, Upa began feeling sorry for ‘lil sis’ and when to her sister’s side. Upa leaned over to help her sister get up, her massive milkers blotting out my view of Loa. With their dairy farms melded together, the Volta sisters rose to their feet. Upa kindly stooped over once more to return her sister’s underwear to their rightful place, but not before I had a chance to take a gander at Loa’s nappy muff. Most curious I thought to myself. The two sisters exited the stage arm in arm clad only in their matching cotton underpants, Upa’s gown still circling above.

I spasmodically shuddered as I creamed my jeans again.

Jenny was due up next.

Earlier that same evening when Jenny had first arrived, I was there to greet her and take her wrap. She warmly greeted me and then turned around and began removing her wrap. I closed within inches of her and extended my hands around her shoulders to assist her with the removal of her shawl. Her perfume filled my nostrils as her ponytail touched my chest. God, she was beautiful! She was wearing a light blue summer dress with very thin spaghetti straps. Her dress was low-cut in the front and the back, allowing me to view her delicate neck and her ample bosom. She looked stunningly beautiful tonight! She turned to face me and with a demure smile said, “I have been waiting a long time for this evening, Meathead. It is so good to see you again”.

I wanted to say something romantic as I looked deeply into her blue eyes. I wanted to let her know that I thought she was the most wonderful thing on this beleaguered planet. Instead, the words “Nice hangy downers, Jen”, awkwardly stumbled out of my mouth. My face began to turn red as I weakly pointed to one of the small hoop-earrings she was wearing. Jenny studied her own bust-line for a long moment and then slowly raised her eyes until she was looking directly into mine. Without acknowledging my blunder she replied, “They are very nice, aren’t they, Meathead”. “Would you like to touch one of them”?

“Thar She blows,” I thought to myself as I blew my load into my BVDs.

For her talent, Jenny chose to sing Patsy Cline’s “You belong to Me”.

As she bowed before the crowd, she paused, just for a moment, giving the audience an opportunity to study her pale neck and bosom and also allowing the oscillating fan to lift the back of her chiffon dress. Groans in the crowd could be heard as Jenny’s nearly naked bottom came into view in the mirror directly behind her. She held her bow and then return to an upright position and began with:

“See the Pyramids up along the Nile,

Watch the sunrise on a tropic isle,

Just remember, Darling, all the while,

You belong to me”.

The crowd began to grow restless. Hoots and hollers started coming from this biker-looking bloke in the back of the room. I also noticed a strange looking man standing next to a half-opened window. He had the rough look of an outlaw. Around his forehead he wore the distinctive Apache warrior’s headband. (The warriors were only allowed to wear such headbands when they were on the warpath). Jenny never seemed to notice as she continued on:

“See the market place in Old Algiers,

Send me photographs and then souvenirs,

Just remember when a dream appears,

You belong to me.”

Ashley sensing a disaster began booing Jenny’s performance. A well-dressed gentleman, standing directly behind her kicked the back of her chair causing it to collapse to the floor. Ashley tumbled to the ground. “She has caused quite a ruckus. Does anyone cotton to this belle’s ways” drawled the southern gentleman. “Allow me to get back to my ogling”, demanded the gentleman as he slipped his jacket over Ashley’s head as she made an attempt to stand up. Jenny never seemed to notice as she headed for the last verse.

“Fly the ocean in a silver plane,

See My Jungle when it’s wet with rain,

Just remember ‘til you’re home again,

You belong to me.

As Jenny finished her song, she took one final bow. Again she allowed everyone to gaze at her delicate shoulders and beckoning cleavage. And again, the fan returned to raise her dress exposing her long legs and the pink ribbon atop her panties in the mirror behind her.

The half-dozen men in the room were clapping enthusiastically and yelling hooray. Each of them was sporting a wet spot on the front of their trousers. It wasn’t hard to tell who they thought had won this talent show.

That’s when I pulled the boner of trying to award the first-prize trophy. Acting impulsively, I made my way to the stage area and handed Jenny the trophy. Holding it high above her head, I started to say, “We all think you are the greatest”. But it was drowned out by Miss Kitty’s remark, “Das es verboten! Das es verboten! And then all hell broke loose.

Everyone in the room seemed to rush the stage at the same moment. Poor Jenny did not have time to return her arms to her side before Miss Kitty tore the front of her lovely chiffon dress. This caused Jenny’s creamy white milkers to bob about. Miss Kitty proceeded to put Jenny in a headlock and parade her around the room. It was none other than Ashley who tore off the remaining part of Jenny’s dress and started spanking Jenny’s exposed rump. In a vain effort to save Jenny, I tore off Miss Kitty’s muumuu. I fell to the floor with the muumuu in hand as pandemonium broke out. That’s when the Indian-looking outlaw-fellow doused the lights.

What happened next, I really can’t say. Except that a pile of bodies began accumulating in the center of the room with me at the very bottom. What I can do is describe some the sounds and noises I heard as I lay at the bottom of the dog pile. There was the sound of clothes being rented as the girls did combat with one another. There was a loud clapping noise as Upa spanked Jenny’s bottom and the accompanying wailing as Jenny received her strokes. There were the hearty laughs of the males as they joined in the frolic and the surprised gasps by the females as they found out the males had joined in the frolic. I could hear the biker-looking dude making ‘motorboat motor’ sounds with his mouth and the Volta Sisters’ body parts. One could also hear Mr. Lawton humming the William Tell Overture as he pulled on Ms. Culito’s guns. It stayed that way until the police arrived.

“Stop in the name of the law,” shouted Officer O’Malley as he switched the lights back on. The Indian-looking fellow had long slipped out of the window he had slipped through earlier and into the night. Everybody else came to a sudden stop. I was on the bottom of this enormous pile of bodies. Laying flat on my back, my right hand was encumbered in Miss Kitty’s midriff folds, while my left hand had become hopelessly ensnared in Ashley’s underwear. I could not move a muscle (well maybe I could move the little finger on my left hand around a little bit).

Situated directly above my face was Jenny’s golden muff. The light filtered through her legs and blond pubic hairs and on to my face below. Somehow in the ruckus Onenut had become detached from his lucky charm. It had resurfaced and had somehow become wrapped around my right ear. It was the biker-looking dude’s big toe that came into fleshly contact with the rabbit’s foot and ignited its charm. I felt a small bolt of lightning travel from one ear to another. And then I noticed that Jenny was starting to get a ‘wide on’ with a small droplet of her nectar forming on the ‘little man in the boat’s forehead. Again the biker’s big toe struck the lucky charm and once again I felt the lightening in my brain. Jenny’s nectar began to accumulate until gravity would no longer hold it to her body. The droplet started its downward journey.

I sprayed my shorts for the last time that evening as the droplet melted into my moustache. The next thing I saw was Officer O’Malley face as he looked down between Jenny’s legs. “Is that you, Meathead”, he asked. I could only grunt my affirmation.

It took an exceptionally long time to disentangle all of the bodies in the dog pile. Mr. Lawton did not want to let go of Ms. Culito. The biker dude had become inexplicably wedged between the Volta Sisters and the southern gentleman had Ashley’s head buried in his trousers. How it all came about I haven’t the foggiest clue.

The biker dude did most of the explaining to the police. After a stern warning, they let us go. The last one to leave that night was Juan Nought. As he walked out the door he remarked, “I think it’s been a muy gooey affair, Senior”.

I could only nod my head(s) in agreement and look forward to the Fourth of July block party next month.

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Jenny and Ashley in Star Gazers By Meathead

“Help me set up the telescope, Meathead” Jenny said as she opened the sliding door to the deck, “I want to show you something very unusual”.

Now I don’t fancy astronomy too much but I do like this girl Jen. Tonight she was wearing the lightest of summer dresses. The light blue sundress was open in the back and tied around her slender neck. The front of the dress sloped into a vee while the front panels formed neatly around Jenny’s well-endowed bosom. Her bosom was so bountiful that most of her breasts lay outside the confines of the dress’s panels. So light and wispy the dress’s material that a gust of wind, let in by the door, lifted the hem and gave me a fleeting opportunity to gander at her lovely legs. The wind also pressed the fabric against her skin so I could see the outline of her curvaceous body. The light fabric was smooth against her taut stomach and I watched intently as her nipples hardened under it. She was easily the prettiest girl I had ever seen.

“Be a dear and help me with the legs of the stand” She asked with a smile so pleasant I was powerless to resist.

I was ‘spreading the legs’ of the telescope stand as Jenny simultaneously tried to attach the telescope to the stand.

“Hold it still, Meathead” she said as struggled with her precision instrument.

She stood very close to me as I worked on my knees to assemble the stand. As I looked in her direction a gust of wind lifted the front of her light blue dress and neatly deposited it over my head. I couldn’t believe my luck!

Here before my very eyes were the most transparent pair of panties I had laid eyes upon. Although the sun had set and the light was quickly fading, I could still clearly make out her blond pubic hair softly matted down by the lacy fabric. Mesmerized by her muff, I tilted my head under her skirt to gain a better ‘look’.

“Ahem! I don’t think we’re gonna find any stars under there, Meathead!” she said still struggling with the telescope.

My face was beet red as I withdrew my head from under her skirt and looked her in the eye.

“I’m sorry Jenny…I didn’t mean to…. I mean, it wasn’t my fault” I offered in a fumbling way.

“Forget about it!” she replied, “Just get on with it. This telescope is heavy!”

It wasn’t easy for my brain to leave the heavenly sight I had just witnessed under her dress and return to the task at hand but somehow I prevailed.

Finally we assembled the telescope and then we waited for the darkness.

“Why don’t you go and get Ashley while I locate the five-planet alignment? “ Jenny said to me with a smile.

I immediately set upon the task of finding Ashley. She had recently stepped from the tub and was still attired in a white terry cloth robe. I stood in the doorway and watched as she applied cream to her just-shaven legs. Her robe was open above and below the belt line and its color was in sharp contrast to her richly tanned body. I couldn’t help but notice her dark areolas as they bobbed about under the soft white fabric. She had to stoop over to rub her ankles with the moisturizing cream. This posture allowed me to peek down and see her breasts dangling about as she vigorously applied the cream. Her long, dark legs glistened in the bathroom light. As she completed the process of rubbing down her legs, she stood erect. The white robe vee-ed upward and showcased much of her legs, including the southern tip of her dark and mysterious muff.

“Can I help you with something, you pervert?” she snarled as my woody ‘winked out’.

“Jenny wants to show you something out on the deck” I stammered.

With a look of exasperation on her face, Ashley accompanied me to the observation deck. Her robe trailed far behind her lovely legs as she stepped out into the night.

It was a magnificently clear night. Even without the aid of the telescope, one could see a million stars. Each competed for attention as they twinkled and danced in the night sky. Jenny stood at one end of the raised wooden deck, hunkered over the viewfinder of the telescope. Her large white milkers hung like heavy dewdrops and strained against the light blue fabric. She was intensely focused on locating the five-planet alignment. She knew this particular alignment of planets wouldn’t occur again for another seventy years. Slowly, meticulously, she scanned the heavens.

Ashley became somewhat bored and stood behind Jenny and her blue dress. As Jenny leaned over the viewfinder of the telescope and fiddled with the lens adjustments, the back of her dress rose well past her knees. My eyes were trained on her alabaster thighs as Ashley reached down and grabbed the hem of Jenny’s skirt. Slowly she lifted Jenny’s dress until I could plainly see the pink ribbon that sat atop of her thong underwear. With her other hand, Ashley feigned a yawn and then used her free hand to stifle a giggle. She watched me twist and squirm in my seat, as my eyes remained affixed to Jenny’s beautiful backside.

Jenny spread her stance and continued to look through the telescope. “Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn are four of the five planets visible to the naked eye. Can either of you two tell me the name of the fifth planet?

Ashley bit her lip as she attempted to compose herself and then said “Hey Meathead, do you have an observation to make?

Her words found my ears but my eyes and mind were still affixed to Jenny’s pale taint. Below her taint, contained in fine lace pouch, hung her blond sex. As my eyes became accustomed to the light, the outline of her labia became more pronounced. The small string that disappeared between the cheeks of her bottom captivated me.

I was totally caught off guard when she decided to widen her stance. Her pert bottom parted as she shook her hips all around and then settled into a comfortable stance. It was in that instant…. I saw it! Like an excited miner who has just discovered the mother lode and shouts Eureka…I, too, couldn’t wait to announce….

“I think I’ve just seen your anus, Jen!”

Ashley lost control and broke out in a fit of laughter. She dropped the hem of Jenny’s dress as she arched her back and let loose a peal of laughter that could be heard through out the night. Her white terry cloth robe fell wide open as her raccoon-masked milkers popped their ‘eyes’ out to have a look at the commotion. I also got a good look at her dark, well-manicured muff.

“Nice try Meathead but I am afraid you are wrong. Uranus, Neptune and Pluto are not visible to the naked eye and you need a pretty powerful telescope to see them” Jenny said with a giggle and without ever taking her eye off the viewfinder of the telescope. “Mercury is the correct answer.”