**Maggie the Gullible**

by[YDB95](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1345851&page=submissions)©

She had the house -- Mom's house -- to herself for the weekend, thank heavens. And she hadn't been shy about telling him so as they were leaving the movie. "Come on over?" she'd asked in the demurest tone she could muster.  
  
"Are you sure?" he'd asked.  
  
"I just invited you, didn't I?" Did she need to remind him it was their fifth date already? Or how lucky he was that she adored shy guys so much? Just how long did he expect her to wait?  
  
"I'd love to. If you're sure."  
  
She was sure, all right. And she was absolutely certain now that he sat on the couch in the candlelit living room, sipping chardonnay and admiring her as she fiddled with the stereo. "I just love the glow from the radio, don't you?" he asked. "So romantic."  
  
She stepped back for a look at that glow as the soft jazz purred out of the speakers. It wasn't quite loud enough to drown out the howling winter winds outside, but that only made her feel cozier. "Yes, I guess it is, in a masculine sort of way," she said. Turning to him, she picked up her own wine glass from the cocktail table and drank in his appreciative gaze. He still hadn't even tried to make a move on her.  
  
"Romantic in a masculine way?" he repeated. "Is there such a thing?"  
  
"You'd be surprised at what some guys find romantic," she said between sips of wine. She swayed gently to the beat of the music, enjoying the feel of her skirt swishing around her tights-clad legs and hoping he enjoyed the sight of it. "It usually involves something stereotypically masculine, like a stereo. Of course..." she let out a gentle laugh. "This is my mother's stereo, isn't it?"  
  
He joined in on the laughter. "Beautiful."  
  
"Me or the stereo?!"  
  
"Both!"  
  
"What am I going to do with you?!" She set her wine glass down and held out her arms. "Come here. Dance with me."  
  
Her heart was flying as he joined her in the center of the room and enfolded her in his arms. As they swayed gently around the rug, she gazed up into his eyes and made up her mind, if he didn't at least try to kiss her first, she would give up. To her immense relief, he did lean in. Her lips met his most eagerly, and soon the dancing was forgotten in favor of a passionate, still embrace that lasted well into the next song on the radio. He rubbed her back affectionately throughout, but never once reached for anywhere more daring. For the moment she followed that lead.  
  
When he came up for air at last, he looked to his right at the guest bedroom, where she'd turned the bedside lamp on. "I take it I'll be sleeping there."  
  
"We will, I hope!" she quipped with a gentle laugh.  
  
He replied with a nervous laugh of his own. "Oh, I'd love that, if you really want to."  
  
"Of course I really want to! Why do you think I invited you here!"  
  
"I was hoping it was for that," he said. "I just didn't want to assume."  
  
She pulled away from him, still grinning. "You are so adorable! But please, give it a rest and just tell me if you want to make love already! I want to, if you do!"  
  
His face curled into the shyest smile she'd ever seen, and he struggled to maintain eye contact. "I do," he said. "More than you can imagine!"  
  
"Good answer!" She opened her arms to him again. "Shall we?"  
  
He nodded but looked terribly uncertain. "Sorry, it always takes me a bit to get used to..."  
  
"To what?"  
  
"To letting a woman see me naked. I know that sounds silly, but..."  
  
"No!" She gave him a gentle hug and then stepped back. "A lot of people are shy the first time. I used to be the same way, you know."  
  
"Used to be?"  
  
She nodded. "There are some things you don't know about me yet." Two things in particular, and she was sorely tempted to tell him one of them right now. But he would learn it soon enough anyway if they were going to be together. So she decided to show him rather than tell him. "I can undress first. Would that make it more comfortable for you?"  
  
"That sounds really hot!" He couldn't hide his delight.  
  
She laughed and nodded her agreement. "Sit down and finish your wine, then, and I will."  
  
She was already unzipping her skirt by the time he was settled on the couch again. As soon as it was on the floor, she peeled her tights down over her hips and pushed them down after it, but kept her panties on for the moment. After pulling her tights off both feet, she straightened up and saw him gazing contentedly at her. Perfect. "How do I compare with the stereo now?"  
  
"What stereo?"  
  
"Good answer!" She pulled her top and camisole off as one, and waved them around playfully a couple of times before tossing them at him. He caught them, but didn't take his eyes off her. Standing tall and proud with her legs spread a bit, she reached back and slowly, teasingly unhooked her bra. After sliding it off her shoulders, she tossed it on a chair behind her and then rubbed her newly-bared breasts with both hands.  
  
"Do you do that every night when you take it off?"  
  
"Usually," she said. "Feels great." She could hardly wait for him to do it for her. But she wasn't quite done. Unabashed and unashamed, she slid both palms down her hips into her panties. She didn't break her gaze at him, but she wasn't surprised when his eyes headed south as she pushed her panties down. Stretching out her arms as if in a victory celebration, she beamed at him and hoped he'd get back up and hold her. Now that she was nude, she wasn't embarrassed, but she was cold!  
  
She wasn't disappointed; he did get up. "So beautiful," he whispered, enfolding her nude body in his arms. "Feels so unfair, though!"  
  
"Then let's get you out of your clothes already!" She couldn't help noticing that he still hadn't touched her breasts or pussy, though he clearly loved the sight of them. She welcomed his admiring looks, but they made her hungry for more. So she begin tearing his clothes off, much faster than she had removed her own.

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It all started with Suzanne.  
  
Maggie didn't realize that at the time, but it would all make perfect sense to her when she pieced it all together later on. Of course it started with Suzanne. She would remember the incident well enough, even if she wouldn't appreciate its significance at the time. Suzanne's greatest hits were rather hard to forget, after all.  
  
Appropriately enough, it happened at the beginning of her shift one day back in the dead of winter, shortly after she'd arrived back in town. She stepped into the changing room to find Suzanne already there, with her skirt already on but not her blouse yet. "Aie!" Suzanne shrieked when she saw her, and quickly crossed her arms over her small breasts.  
  
"It's only me, Suzanne," Maggie said, hiding her annoyance as she kicked off her sneakers and opened her locker. She had to admit to herself that she didn't care to see any more of Suzanne's pasty body than she really needed to either.  
  
"I don't know you very well yet, Maggie," Suzanne said, forcing Maggie to put every bit of resolve she had into tamping down a smile. A month or so into her job, the others still had no idea -- and keeping it that way was even harder than Maggie had expected. But she'd done it so far. "The other girls have known me all my life, and I don't like them seeing me naked either."  
  
"Naked? You're are wearing everything but your blouse, aren't you?" reminded Maggie, who had herself stripped down to her bra by then. She also unbuttoned her jeans and pushed them down, and took her time stowing her clothes in the locker with no sign of discomfort. She noted without surprise that Suzanne had no qualms about looking at Maggie in her underwear. But Maggie got a kick out of that as always.  
  
"That's true, but...I just don't like being checked out, okay?" Suzanne said. By now she did have her blouse on, and set about lacing up the silly uniform shoes that reminded Maggie of ballet slippers. "As a woman, I've had to live with a lot of people looking at me like a piece of meat, which is why I'm a feminist."  
  
"Do you think I haven't been through that too?" Maggie asked her. "Or that I'm not a feminist?"  
  
"I told you, I don't know you," Suzanne said. "Not like the others do. We've all lived here all our lives. You just moved here a month or two ago, wasn't it?"  
  
"Yes," Maggie said, buttoning up her own ruffly blouse. Once again it was all she could do to keep from spilling the beans about who she was, about the whole story, about how much she remembered about them all including Suzanne. But the time wasn't right, and it certainly wasn't worth wasting on only Suzanne.  
  
"Then you wouldn't understand. I'm sorry, Maggie, but you just wouldn't."  
  
"If you say so, Suzanne," Maggie said. Figuring there was no sense in beating that horse any further, she asked, "So how was your weekend in Philly?"  
  
"Oh, lovely!" Suzanne said, turning off the passive-aggressiveness as easily as ever. Having finished lacing her shoes, she was now openly watching Maggie get dressed without a trace of irony. "Every time I go visit my parents, I feel like moving in with them, actually. They're so lucky they got to move out there, I wish I could've grown up there instead of here. You wouldn't understand, Maggie, but this town is death to grow up in. They always say I'm welcome, you know, and Mom and I could make dinner for Dad just like when I was a girl...oh, those were the days! I miss taking care of him! But Dad said I ought to stick with this job, so it was back on the bus this morning. Oh!" Suzanne burst into laughter. "Want to hear something funny?"  
  
"Sure," Maggie said, buttoning up her skirt.  
  
"On the bus back, a man got on in Atlantic City and tried to buy a ticket using fake money. Two-dollar bills!" Suzanne dissolved into peals of laughter. "Can you believe he thought that would work?"  
  
"Fake two-dollar bills?" Maggie asked. "I'm not too surprised he thought he could get away with that. Most people probably don't know what real ones look like anymore."  
  
"But Maggie, two-dollar bills! There's no such thing as a real one!"  
  
"Yes there is." Maggie struggled not to laugh.  
  
"No there's not!"  
  
"Yes! People don't use them very often, but they're real! They have Thomas Jefferson on the front and the signing of the Declaration of Independence on the back."  
  
Suzanne's face hardened into the look she always had when she was frustrated, like a child pretending to be a heavyweight boxer. "Well, the bus driver said they were fake, anyway. The man had to exchange them for tens with another passenger who believed him. A woman, of course. Women always end up getting cheated, which is why I'm a feminist."  
  
"You do see funny things on buses," Maggie said. Turning her attention back to lacing her shoes, she continued. "When I was on the bus down from Boston, when I moved here? When we were stopped in Hartford, a guy got on the bus and asked if anyone had change for a hundred dollar bill, but he didn't actually hold one up or anything. An older man in the first seat opened his wallet and pulled out a twenty, and he said 'Sorry, all I have is a twenty.' The first guy said 'That'll do!' and grabbed it and ran off. A few minutes later the older man turned back to us and said, 'You know, I don't think he's coming back!'"  
  
Suzanne burst into laughter, and Maggie joined her. Whatever she thought of Suzanne, it felt good to laugh just before heading out into the restaurant in their silly colonial attire for the busy dinner shift, which they both now did. Maggie loved the opulent restaurant and didn't even really dislike her uniform. But it was a stern reminder that she was stuck back in this town she'd escaped the summer after seventh grade, and which she'd never wanted to see again, and that she wouldn't be getting out until she'd saved up some money, and that the others just might figure out who she was before that could happen. So it always felt good to start each shift on a cheerful note.  
  
Maggie and Suzanne were still laughing at her story when they got out to the as-yet deserted dining room, where Linda, Sarah, and Richanda were busy setting the tables. "What's tickling you two?" Richanda asked.  
  
"Well, Maggie here fell for an awful trick on the bus, apparently!" Suzanne squealed.  
  
"What?" Maggie asked. "It wasn't --"  
  
"Gave some guy your real phone number, Maggie?" Linda asked. "Don't you know you have to have a fake at the ready?"  
  
"No!" Maggie and Suzanne said in unison. Before Maggie could even think of how to explain what had really happened, Suzanne plowed ahead in the too-loud voice Maggie remembered so well from the bad old days. "A man asked her for change for a hundred, she pulled out a twenty, and he took it and ran without changing it!"  
  
"It wasn't me!" Maggie protested. But none of the others heard her, as they were laughing too loud.  
  
"Never trust a stranger on a bus, Maggie!" Sarah chided.  
  
"I didn't!" Maggie said.  
  
"Not anymore anyway, huh?" Richanda said. "Live and learn."  
  
"But-" All at once Maggie felt ten years old again, but she didn't care in the heat of the moment.  
  
"Maggie, it's okay!" Linda said in the same smarmy drawl she'd used back on the playground, the same tone Maggie recalled her using on Maggie while she was crying over the latest round of bullying, reminding her that Mommy wasn't here. "We all do something stupid once in a while!"  
  
Maggie shook her head and sighed. She remembered all too well what trying to set the record straight with these girls had always gotten her back in the day, and the last thing she wanted to do was remind them of that. Even letting them believe she'd been that stupid was preferable, she conceded, and without another word she was off to the kitchen for the briefing on the evening's specials.  
  
At least Pam and Tom weren't on duty that night. Pam wouldn't have shut up about it all evening. Tom would never have joined in on the teasing, Maggie knew that, but she didn't need him witnessing it either. On the other hand, the girls were mostly a lot nicer when he was around, so maybe there wouldn't have even been any teasing.  
  
There also wouldn't have been any open sniping among them as to which one was going to get him in bed. But in his absence, there was plenty of that as usual. Sarah began it this time. "I think Tom might come by to flirt with me tonight, you know. Don't you see the way he always looks at me when I turn around to greet guests and my skirt billows out?" She twirled around to demonstrate.  
  
"He does that with all of us!" Linda countered with a haughty laugh. "It's my jokes he laughs at, though."  
  
"You laugh at them first, every time!" Richanda said. "You've always done that, ever since grade school. He's just laughing along to be polite." Silently Maggie agreed -- for once -- with Richanda; Linda had indeed always done that.  
  
"I think it's me he wants, actually," Suzanne declared, oblivious as usual to the others rolling their eyes and shaking their heads behind her back. "And I'm not happy about it. It's sexual harassment, and if he doesn't back off, I'll report him."  
  
"Report him for what, Suzanne?" Sarah demanded. "Has he ever touched you? I've never even seen him shake your hand!"  
  
"No, he hasn't touched me, but..."  
  
"Asked you out?" Richanda asked. "That would be a problem, you know, if he did it while you were both working." The others all nodded their heads, passing over in silence the fact that it was a 'problem' they all wanted to have.  
  
"Not yet," Suzanne said.  
  
"And we won't even ask if he's made any rude jokes," Maggie added. None of the women had ever heard him say anything the least bit ungentlemanly on the job.  
  
"But...he's too friendly, you know?" Suzanne looked around at all the others, searching in vain for agreement. "He's charming! You know what men want when they're like that! That's why I'm a feminist."  
  
"Some men are charming by nature, Suzanne," Linda said gently.  
  
"Really?!" Suzanne's eyes opened wide. The others -- including Maggie -- exchanged bemused looks. They all knew Suzanne well enough to know she wasn't joking; the question was entirely in earnest. Just like that time in the fourth grade when she had replied with that very same "Really?!" when Mrs. Harvey had explained that any number times zero was zero.  
  
"Really," Richanda said. "And Suzanne, unless he actually does something inappropriate, you really need to watch your mouth. A false accusation could get you in a lot of trouble."  
  
"Besides, you've always been very friendly with him, too," Sarah said. "If you think he has a crush on you, maybe you should be more careful about letting him believe you might be interested, don't you think?"  
  
Suzanne picked up a stack of menus and walked off in silence to set them on her assigned tables. But Maggie spotted a sly grin on her face before she did.  
  
The first dinner guests arrived shortly afterward, and Maggie turned her attention to them. Though she couldn't be sure if Suzanne had lied or simply gotten the story wrong -- she was dumb enough for the latter to be possible -- Maggie assumed the whole thing would be forgotten once the dinner rush hit.  
  
But she was wrong. It was that very evening that Linda started calling her "Maggie the Gullible" behind her back. By the end of their shift, she'd passed the name on to Richanda and Sarah, who were smart enough to keep it from Suzanne at least.

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"This rain ought to wash away the last of the dirty snow at least," she said, standing naked in the window at dawn. "Can't wait for spring!"  
  
"Yeah, me too," he mumbled as he rolled over and opened his eyes. When he saw where she was, he sat up with a start. "Hey! Aren't you afraid someone will see you?"  
  
She turned to him with a fearless grin, and made no effort to cover up. "Nope," she said. "Besides, it is the second floor."  
  
"But anyone who looks up from the sidewalk at the right angle..."  
  
"Will see a woman who isn't ashamed to be who she is," she finished for him. Turning at last to come back to bed, she pulled the sheets back and lay down beside him, and placed his willing hand on her breast just the way she liked it. "I spent far too long being told I ought to hate my body when I was younger. This is all part of me reclaiming my self-respect. I enjoy showing people I'm proud of who and what I am. That's all." As she looked down to appreciate his stroking on her breast, she added, "And I love what you can do to it, too!"  
  
"You're sweet," he said. "Shall we wake up with a bang?"  
  
"You don't really think I was going to let you out of this bed without that, do you?" she teased, and with that she pushed him onto his back and straddled his chest, spreading her pussy wide open in easy reach. She felt anticipatory tickles within it as he moved his free hand between her thighs. "Ooohhhh!" she squealed as his fingers grazed her lips just right. "You're really good at that!"  
  
"Thanks for letting me practice so much," he said, grinning up at her as she wriggled about appreciatively, rubbing his chest. With his free hand he resumed teasing her breasts.  
  
She closed her eyes and, leaning over to further encourage the breast play, she began rocking eagerly on his hand. The sensation was divine and she was soon moaning hard and loud, thanking her lucky stars that her mother always left for work early. He'd improved a lot since that fun but awkward first evening just a couple of weeks before, and his shyness about exploring her pussy with his fingers was wonderfully gone, as he now reminded her with a perfect come-hither stroke inside that made her scream in joy. "Yes! Dothatagain!" And he did, a bit faster this time, and again and again until she felt her first orgasm wash over her. "Ohhhhhh, thank you," she murmured as he slowed his stroking and finally pulled his finger out. She lost no time in taking his cock in her right hand and sliding him effortlessly in. "Your turn," she whispered huskily.

"You come again too," he said. "I love watching it!"  
  
"I love feeling it!" She almost felt guilty about the way she nearly always came at least twice to his once, but then, it was his wonderful body and his magic fingers that made it happen! But she wasn't keeping score this morning. She was thinking -- or feeling -- what a blessing in disguise it had all turned out to be. No job, no money, no choice but to come to the last place on earth she'd wanted to move, and it had all led to this! It wasn't guilt, it was karma. If only the others knew!  
  
Clamping her strong legs around his torso, she pushed lovingly again and again into his body, his soul, his cock, and she adored the growing loss of control on his face beneath her. "Gonna come," she said when she sensed he was close as well."  
  
"Do it!" He took both her hands in hers and pushed in and out as hard and fast as he could while pinned beneath her. And she did. She picked up the pace and rocked back and forth as far as she dared, and she was rewarded with his screeches as he came. The delightful noise was the last touch that brought her over the edge as well.  
  
"I love how you make so much noise when you come," she said, leaning down to let her hair spill around him and give him a triumphant kiss. "Most men never let go like that."  
  
"Most women don't get me that worked up, even at the big moment!" he replied.  
  
"Thank you!" She kissed him again and lay flat atop him. She could stay like this all day, if only work didn't beckon for them both in a few hours. "That's...the nicest thing anyone has ever said to me in bed."  
  
"Wow!" he gave her an affectionate squeeze. "Don't take this the wrong way, but I think you're probably a lot more experienced than I am. So that's really something!"  
  
"More experienced?" she repeated, not unkindly. "You mean you don't hook up with one of the girls at the restaurant every time there's a new batch of them?"  
  
"No," he said. "For one thing, there hasn't been a new batch in a while. Some of the others have been there longer than I have. For another, well, would you want to sleep with them?"  
  
She laughed and nodded her agreement. "You do know they're all crazy about you, don't you?"  
  
"Are they?"  
  
"Oh, come on!"  
  
"Well, I've seen a clue here and there. The way they take every opportunity to twirl around in those full skirts, and how they don't sass me like they do each other. But no, I didn't really know for sure."  
  
"Well, now you do. In the locker room, or in the dining room when you're not there, it's always 'he did this or that, it proves he likes me, no, he likes me better because this happened, no, it's me, and on and on and on." She laughed and shook her head in disbelief.  
  
"Have they noticed you don't do that?" he asked.  
  
"I do," she said. "Just so they don't get suspicious."

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The locker room had showers, but Maggie had never seen anyone use them and wasn't even sure if they worked. It was already sounding like a good idea when she arrived for the lunch rush that day, as it was warmer outside than the rain had made it look and her heavy winter coat had her sweating a fair bit. So she was relieved and pleased when she stepped into the locker room and heard a shower running. The water turned off just as Maggie got her locker open, and she lingered fully-clothed but for her shoes while waiting for her unseen colleague to dry off.  
  
It took a couple of minutes before Pam, the head waitress, emerged from the steamy doorway. She was wrapped in a towel but already wearing a bra underneath it. This didn't surprise Maggie, who had noticed she was even more modest than Suzanne. "Maggie," Pam said without a hello. "You gave a stranger twenty bucks on the bus?" She snickered.  
  
"No, I didn't. Hey --"  
  
"Ain't what I heard." Pam set about pulling her panties on without removing the towel.  
  
"Well, you heard wrong. Where can we get towels and soap for the showers?"  
  
"Get a towel from the kitchen. The showers have soap dispensers. You should have been showering every day anyway."  
  
"I haven't seen anyone else doing that."  
  
"They should be, too." Pam pulled her blouse on over her towel, and then removed the towel at last.  
  
"Off to get a towel, then." Maggie stood up.  
  
"Not without your shoes, Maggie."  
  
"Sorry." Maggie swallowed the comment she felt like giving Pam, and slipped her shoes back on. No use in sinking to the others' level, after all.  
  
The showers were in a row along the wall adjacent to the kitchen, with no dividers between them. They looked entirely too much like the ones at their middle school of accursed memory, or maybe it was just a matter of who was there in the restaurant now. Maggie could hear the fat-shaming and worse as she washed herself down, most of it in the voices of her colleagues, even though she had the row to herself. Had they ever really been among her tormentors? Pam was two years older and couldn't have been, Richanda was in with the popular crowd and definitely had been. Maggie was nearly certain the others had been as well, though she'd blocked out the worst of the details.  
  
As Maggie rinsed out her hair and turned the water off, she willed herself to turn off the self-pity. She also heard Linda and Sarah entering the locker room, chatting a mile a minute as usual, and could hear their long-ago taunts clear as a bell. A self-respecting look down at her now in-shape body as she patted it dry gave her an idea, and her face curled into a confident smile.  
  
"Is someone using the shower?" Linda asked as Maggie opened the stall door.  
  
"Yes!" Maggie called out as she stepped back into the locker area, patting her hair dry with her towel, and unabashedly naked. "I wish I'd known all along we were allowed to use them," she added, pretending not to notice their bewilderment as she tossed the towel on a bench and opened her locker.  
  
"Maggie, geez!" Sarah snapped, looking away.  
  
"I did not need to see that!" Linda added, though she did not look away.  
  
"Are we all on duty today?" Maggie ignored the barbs as she swung her bra on.  
  
"Maggie, what is wrong with you?" Sarah demanded.  
  
Maggie looked down at herself, still bare except for her bra. "Nothing that I can see. Now, are we all on today?"  
  
"Y...yes," Sarah said. She and Linda hadn't even started changing into their uniforms yet.  
  
"Then you'd better hurry up and change, don't you think?" Maggie asked. She put her blouse on next, amused to still be barebottom in their presence.  
  
Sarah and Linda exchanged bewildered looks at one another and at Maggie's natural, untrimmed pussy, but they did set about changing.  
  
Pam was engaged in an intense-looking discussion with Tom when Maggie emerged. They both turned their attention promptly to Maggie when they saw her. "You and Linda have the front room for lunch," Pam said. "There are three reserved parties."  
  
"Great." Maggie was careful not to sound overly pleased, but she was. The front room was for the VIP customers, and being assigned there was a sign that she was trusted. Perfect that she should get such an offer on a day when everyone else would know it. And that she'd have a chance to see up close how her little show had affected Linda.  
  
"Congrats," Tom said as Maggie collected up the menus. "Looks like a great day to be out of the madhouse."  
  
"Thank you, Tom," Maggie said. "I just wish you were joining me in there!"  
  
"You wish he were joining you in a lot of places, I'll bet!" Richanda hissed under her breath as Maggie walked proudly past her.  
  
Maggie ignored her and took up her post in the stately front room, which was empty for the moment.  
  
Linda joined her shortly thereafter. "You going to put on a show like that for Tom, Maggie?" she needled.  
  
"At least then he'll know I take a shower now and then." Maggie smiled sweetly as she said it, helped along by the sight of the first guests arriving. Linda could only respond with a dirty look as Maggie helped them to their seats and took their drink orders.  
  
The lunch rush was never very rushed in the front room, so Maggie enjoyed a relaxing and agreeable couple of hours minding her guests and occasionally chatting with them. Linda was busy doing the same on her side of the room, so there were no further obnoxious comments. Only on her trips to and from the bar for drink orders was there any intrigue to put up with from the others.  
  
That, though, was enough to confirm she'd made a splash. "Stripping now, are we?" Richanda said when Maggie stepped up to the bar to collect five glasses of wine for her guests.  
  
"I didn't know it was in style to take a shower in your clothes," she responded without looking at Richanda.  
  
"You don't think prancing around naked in there is going to get Tom's attention, do you? It'll probably just make him think you're a lesbian!"  
  
"That explains why you don't do it, huh?" Maggie chirped.  
  
"Oh, you're too clever, Maggie, can I hang around with you?"  
  
"No thanks!" Maggie set the last of the wine glasses on her tray, and turned away before Richanda could see her knowing grin. Even her insults hadn't changed since they were girls!  
  
On another drink run, she saw Tom talking to Suzanne by the cash register. "Hi, Tom," she said; still annoyed with Suzanne for botching up the bus story at her expense, she ignored her.  
  
"You're looking good today," Tom replied.  
  
"Thanks!" and she gave her skirt a flirtatious toss that, unbeknownst to her at first, caught Pam's attention.  
  
Pam appeared at her shoulder a moment later while she was collecting her drinks. "Enough of that, Maggie," she said.  
  
"Pam, we all flirt with Tom, including you!"  
  
"We don't all yank up our skirts in the dining room."  
  
"Neither did I!"  
  
"Just...show some modesty in the dining room, understood?"  
  
"In the dining room?" Maggie couldn't help smiling.  
  
"Yes. In the dining room." Pam returned her smile, and set off back to her tables.  
  
And when Maggie walked back past Tom and Suzanne (who was telling him sternly that "men never tip as well, which is why I'm a feminist"), she stuck to a demure smile, which he returned in kind.  
  
When she returned to the table with her drinks, the party waiting for them were laughing uproariously at something. One younger man spoke up just as Maggie was setting the drinks on the table. "My favorite is, 'US colleges consider banning Bob Marley albums.'"  
  
Maggie joined in on the laughter, and recalled reading that joke somewhere, maybe in The Onion. "I remember thinking that was a pretty good idea when I was in college," she agreed. "You couldn't get away from those songs if you tried!"  
  
"Oh, this is a joke," spoke up a woman across the table from the young man, perhaps his mother, Maggie guessed. "There's a fake newspaper called The Radish, apparently..."  
  
"That's The Onion, Mom," the young man said.  
  
"Oh, I know," Maggie added. "I'm a big fan myself. So often those stories sound plausible, don't they?"  
  
"Exactly!" the young man agreed.  
  
Because Maggie was so attentive to her guests, she didn't notice that Linda had overheard the exchange. She learned soon enough after the lunch rush had died down and she and Linda were reassigned to the main dining room. "The Onion isn't real, Maggie," Sarah -- a know it all now as then -- informed her out of nowhere when they were setting the round table by the back window together. "It's fake news."  
  
"What?"  
  
"The thing about colleges banning Bob Marley? Linda told us all about it."  
  
"Did she tell you I recognized the joke because I remembered reading it myself?" Maggie asked.  
  
"Yeah, right, Maggie. First the thing on the bus and now this? Say, did you know the word 'gullible' wasn't in the dictionary?"  
  
Maggie nearly lost her cool at that, and set down a stack of teaspoons on the table hard enough to ring out through the dining room. "Look," she told Sarah sternly.  
  
"Look at what?" came Tom's voice, as he appeared with Suzanne in tow at the last booth along the wall.  
  
"Look at the beautiful job Maggie is doing on the table settings!" Sarah offered up with a sheepish grin. "I'm sorry I wasn't paying more attention to her, Tom. She's so great at it."  
  
Tom looked at the one setting Maggie had completed. "That is a nice job, Maggie," he said. "Do you and Sarah need help with the rest of the table?"  
  
"You're here to help me, Tom, remember?" Suzanne said.  
  
"Right you are, Suzanne," he said, turning back to her.  
  
"Got him first, you lucky girl," Sarah purred.  
  
"After all, someone's got to make sure the token male doesn't mess things up," Suzanne chirped. "Where would you be without us to help you, right, Tom?"  
  
Tom turned to Maggie and Sarah with a wry grin. "And this is why I'd rather we didn't work in couples!" he declared.  
  
"What are you talking about, Tom?" Suzanne demanded, her smile vanishing in favor of her trademark angry, furrowed-brow look.  
  
"He's saying he'd rather not have to work with you when you act like you are now, Suzanne," Maggie said. "And I can't say I blame him."  
  
"No," Suzanne said, turning to Tom. "You said 'couples'. Just what are you implying?"  
  
"I'm not implying anything," Tom said. "I was just trying to make light of an uncomfortable moment. You clearly don't understand."  
  
Suzanne gave him another dirty look. "No, Tom. I don't." While Tom took off in a huff, she then looked to Maggie and Sarah for support. "You both heard and saw everything here, didn't you?"  
  
"We saw you being horribly rude to Tom when he was only trying to do his job, Suzanne," Sarah said. "That's all."  
  
Suzanne gave her a withering look and then turned back to the booth. "I have got to ask him to leave me alone," she said. "I'm not interested in him like that, but men never listen when we tell them that, which is why I'm a feminist. And I know a lot more than him about how to set a table! Mom taught me to do it for Dad when I was a little girl, so we could always have his dinner ready for him when he walked in the door. And it always was ready!"  
  
"Suzanne," Maggie said more patiently than she felt as she resumed her own work on the round table. "How can you call yourself a feminist and then also have such happy memories of waiting on your father hand and foot like that?"  
  
"Yeah!" added Sarah, who Maggie guessed had found an easier target than herself.  
  
"Guys!" Suzanne looked bewildered. "Because I love him! He's old fashioned and a sexist pig, but what do you expect, he's a man! Besides, with him you get both sides of the deal. Dad thinks the sun rises and sets around Mom and me, and anytime we want something, all we have to do is snap our fingers and we've got it!" She gave them both a triumphant look as she slid the last fork into place. "I can see you two don't get it," she concluded. "But it's true." And she was off without another word.  
  
"Wow," Maggie said, shaking her head in amazement as soon as Suzanne was out of earshot.  
  
"Yeah," Sarah said. "But at least she's not a sucker, Maggie."

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"God, you'll make me see stars!" she whispered between husky breaths, gripping at the fitted sheet with both hands. She gazed into his eyes as he stroked her vulva gently with his left hand and fingered her with his right. "That feels amazing!"  
  
"You feel pretty amazing too," he cooed, admiring the tender look on her face as he rubbed her into her second orgasm. Her eyes were sweetly vulnerable as she lurched forward and opened her mouth for a cathartic moan. "Oh, that's beautiful," he said.  
  
"Keep your fingers in there," she said as she fell back on the pillows and caught her breath.  
  
"With pleasure." He continued teasing her bush with his free fingers. "Feels beautiful."  
  
"Thank you," she said. "If only the girls could see this, huh?"  
  
He laughed. "Oh, speaking of which, is it true what they're saying about the locker room?"  
  
"What about the locker room?" she asked.  
  
"Pam was complaining to me the other day, one of the girls -- she wouldn't say who -- was prancing around the locker room naked! Some of the others complained about her, but Pam couldn't do anything about it because she wasn't breaking any rules."  
  
"Oh, that," she said. "Yes, that's true. But I don't see what the problem is. It is a shower and locker room after all."  
  
"That's what I told Pam," he said. "As long as she's not jiggling her boobs in anyone else's face or anything, she's not really doing anything wrong." He gave her that shy smile that had made all the women at the restaurant fall for him. "Just tell me one thing."  
  
"You know I can't tell you who it is," she said.  
  
"No, of course not, but you can tell me who it isn't. Please tell me it isn't Suzanne. That would be a hostile working environment!"  
  
She burst into peals of laughter. "Oh my god, that's an image I didn't need! No, it's not Suzanne. She doesn't even like us seeing her in her bra!"  
  
"I wouldn't want to even see that either."  
  
"You do know she's convinced you have a crush on her, aren't you?" she asked.  
  
"What?!"  
  
She nodded. "Every time you're not around, in the locker room or even the dining room when you're off duty, it's always some tiny little thing you did and she won't shut up about how it proves you're crazy about her." She sighed. "And that is..."  
  
"Why she's a feminist," he joined in, and they laughed.

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There was another early spring rain on the way to work, so Maggie didn't even think about avoiding the showers this time. Tom was on duty in the office off the kitchen when she stopped by to collect a towel. "Hi, Tom!" she said with a friendly wave none of the girls ever got. He replied with a smile and a wave.  
  
This did not go unnoticed by Pam, who was taking inventory behind the bread racks; or Sarah, who was also just arriving for her shift. "Hi, Tom!" Sarah mimicked under her breath, giving Maggie a dirty look.  
  
Maggie chuckled and ignored Sarah, though she noticed to her surprise that she was also collecting a towel. Pam did not ignore her; she followed them into the locker room. "Sarah, Maggie, a word?" she said.  
  
"Yes?" they both said in unison, turning to face her.  
  
"I know we're all crazy about Tom, but I want to remind you both to be professional here, understood?"  
  
"All I did was say hello, Pam," Maggie said.  
  
"You didn't say it, you practically drooled it," Sarah said. "You don't talk to anyone else here the way you talk to him. And don't think he doesn't notice it."  
  
"I'm afraid she's right, Maggie," Pam said. "You're a fine waitress, but you are standoffish with all the others, we've all noticed that. I know you haven't known them all their lives like they have each other, but that's no excuse."  
  
"Since when is it a job requirement to be Miss Congeniality with people I barely know?" Maggie protested.  
  
"It isn't, which is why you're not in any trouble for that," Pam said. "In fact, Sarah, I have also noticed the lot of you treating Maggie like the odd one out, and I'd like you to stop that as well. But Maggie, the point is, I know flirting when I see it, and I don't it happening on my staff. Understood?"  
  
"Of course, Pam." Maggie forced a smile through her irritation at the whole thing; she wasn't really surprised at it all anyway.  
  
"While you're at it, Pam," came Richanda's voice from behind them, in the locker room doorway, "Could you ask Maggie to cover up in here?"  
  
"No, I can't, Richanda, and mind your own business," Pam snapped. "You should all be taking a shower before you go on duty anyway."  
  
"You think she isn't doing it just to tease Tom?" Richanda protested.  
  
"If she is, it isn't working," Pam said. "Tom was glad to hear at least one of you is following that rule. Think about that." And she returned to the kitchen without another word.  
  
"I can't imagine not showering today anyway," Maggie said with a triumphant flair, and she set about undressing as brazenly as ever. "So rainy out there, you know?"

She was careful not to look at Sarah and Richanda. So she couldn't see them exchange defeated glances and shrug their shoulders. It was Sarah who broke the silence: "Yeah, it is. Richanda, are you joining us too?"  
  
"Just what I want, just like back in school," Richanda grumbled. But she did go back to the kitchen to get a towel.  
  
"What she means is, the showers here are just like at our junior high," Sarah said. Having stripped down to her underwear, she draped herself in her towel before removing her bra, and wrapped the towel tightly around her before taking her panties off. "It's a lousy memory for us all, having to shower together. Some of the girls even kept their underwear on."  
  
"I hope they at least had extras to change into," said Maggie, picking up her towel and once again making no effort to cover up as she headed for the showers. She remembered perfectly well that those girls did have extras, of course, not to mention that Sarah was one of them.  
  
"I guess they must have," Sarah said. She followed Maggie to the showers, but chose the tap farthest from Maggie and kept her towel on while she waited for the water to heat up.  
  
"Well then," Maggie said, "Surely it's just as well that now you can see how much more mature you are now? Nothing to be ashamed of now, is there?"  
  
"I guess," Sarah said, looking far more uncomfortable than Maggie felt despite the fact that Maggie was still the only naked one. Looking on in amazement at Maggie's utter lack of shame, she asked, "Say, Maggie, what was it like at your school?"  
  
"We had community showers too," Maggie said as she set about soaping herself up all over her body. That much was completely true; her new school up in Massachusetts had also had them. "And yes, we were all pretty uncomfortable with it too at first. But I mean, it's not like we didn't all have boobs and pussies, and insecurities about them. I think some of us even considered it a bonding thing." She nodded hello-again to Richanda, who had appeared also swathed in a towel and turned on the shower halfway between them.  
  
"That's an interesting conversation to walk in on at work, Maggie," Richanda said. Like Sarah, she kept her modesty preserved to the last possible moment.  
  
"Just answering a question," Maggie said. "Besides, you know, we're not shy little kids anymore. What's the big deal?"  
  
"The big deal is I like my privacy!" Richanda said, staring only straight ahead as she finally removed her towel and stepped under the spray. Maggie could barely mask her satisfaction that Richanda's wiry body was just as unsexy as she had thought she remembered. She had no trouble at all avoiding any uncomfortable glances. "I don't know what it was like where you went to school, Maggie, but for Sarah and me, it was really creepy! Lots of dirty looks and teasing -- yuck!"  
  
"Well, it could've been worse, Richanda," Sarah told her. "You could've been one of those pathetic girls who kept your panties on in the shower!"  
  
"Oh my God!" Richanda burst into laughter. "They looked so ridiculous when they got wet...hey, wait a minute, Sarah, didn't you --"  
  
"And what about Molly?!" Sarah interrupted. "Remember her? Molly Baker?"  
  
Richanda roared with a louder laugh than before. "God, who could forget Molly?" She had to grab onto the towel rack for balance until she got herself under control. "Roly Poly Moly!" she cackled, and Sarah joined in. "Maggie, I'm sorry, you had to be there, but there was this little porker we used to know back in junior high, as round as she was tall, and she'd cry if you even looked at her the wrong way. Pathetic! But she was great to have in gym class, because no matter how uncomfortable you felt in the shower, at least you knew you weren't the ugliest girl there. She was!"  
  
"That's right!" Sarah added, and they were both still laughing uncontrollably when Maggie finished rinsing her hair and turned the water off.  
  
"You must have had one of those in your school too, though, Maggie," Sarah said.  
  
"We sure did." Maggie forced a smile as she dried herself off. For once she really wanted to cover up, but she resisted the temptation. All the more opportunity to remind herself of how much she had changed. She kept her head high and her back straight -- and bare -- as she strolled back to the lockers.  
  
"So that bitch got us all required to take showers now?" Richanda said to Sarah as soon as Maggie was gone.  
  
"Yeah," Sarah said. "But I've got an idea. Why don't we make Maggie the Gullible think we're all really into it? Get her guard all the way down and then really humiliate her?"  
  
"How?" Richanda asked. "I don't see how anyone that comfortable with being naked can be humiliated!"  
  
"If we make her trust us enough, I'll bet we can convince her Tom has the hots for her," Sarah said. "I mean, she's just as crazy about him as we all are. And then if she makes a move on him..."  
  
"It'll get her in all kinds of trouble," Richanda said. "I love it! We could make it an April Fool's joke, even."  
  
"That's almost a month off," Sarah pointed out.  
  
"All that time to work up her desire for him? And it gives us time to figure out how to set Tom up to have her make a pass at him."  
  
"I like it," Sarah said. "And that way if anything goes wrong, we can say it was just a prank."  
  
"What if Tom doesn't buy that?" Richanda wondered.  
  
"We invite him in here for a shower? Then he'd forgive us!"  
  
Maggie couldn't hear their conversation as she got dressed, and after the comments about 'Roly Poly Moly' she didn't want to. But she did hear them laughing uproariously at Sarah's idea, whatever it was.  
  
Suzanne was giving Tom her usual vapid smile-and-nod routine when Maggie emerged. But Maggie welcomed the distraction that offered. "Tom, I want the front room," she was saying.  
  
"That's up to Pam, and I think she's got Sarah and Linda set for today," Tom said, with sidelong welcome nod to Maggie, who gave him her usual flirtatious smile.  
  
"Well, surely you could have a word with her?" Suzanne said.  
  
"Of course I can ask. But unless she tells you otherwise, you're on the main dining room with Richanda. You too, Maggie," he added.  
  
"Anything for you, Tom!" Maggie agreed, collecting up her notepad and a stack of menus.  
  
"I wish you wouldn't flirt with him like that, Maggie," Suzanne grumbled as soon as Tom had taken his leave. "You don't want to encourage him, especially when he already won't leave me alone."  
  
"Look who's talking!" Maggie retorted. "Do you think I couldn't see how you were looking at him now, and you know you should have asked Pam, not him."  
  
"Pam is more likely to listen to him than to me, and I was only doing what I need to do in this place," Suzanne said. "Men only listen to you if you use your sex appeal, which is why I'm a feminist."  
  
"What sex appeal?" Maggie couldn't resist.  
  
"That was uncalled for, Maggie!" Suzanne sounded near tears. "Women shouldn't attack one another like that!"  
  
"Then maybe you shouldn't be accusing us of flirting when all I did was smile at him," Maggie said, passing over in silence her memories of Suzanne teasing her on the playground about breaking up her family when her parents were getting divorced. "Besides, we all know you flirt with him just as much as the rest of us do."  
  
"But I'm only trying to get better assignments!" Suzanne whined. "I know how the game is played. My mom and I have been doing it to my dad all my life. And it always works with him!"  
  
Maggie turned away so Suzanne wouldn't see her laughing. So she only just overheard Richanda calling Suzanne over to the corner table for a quiet word.  
  
She didn't know -- or care in the least -- what her two colleagues discussed while she set about taking her first orders of the shift. She also didn't read anything into Richanda's condescending looks or Suzanne's cluelessly quizzical ones throughout the shift, for she was used to both. She had her poker face at the ready as usual when Tom put in an appearance, but Suzanne's silly commentary had her in a more daring mood than usual. "Hey, handsome!" she teased when he appeared around the corner.  
  
"Who're you talking to?" Tom quipped, looking over his shoulder.  
  
"She meant you, Tom," Suzanne declared drily.  
  
"No kidding?" Tom smirked. "Thank you, Suzanne."  
  
"This is just a woman thing, Tom, but she was probably flirting with you," Suzanne explained.  
  
"I never would've guessed," Tom said. "Listen, all three of you, I've got some updates on the specials. Got a minute?"  
  
During the impromptu meeting, Richanda dished out her coy smile and cutesy dumbness as much as ever and Suzanne made her usual pathetic attempts at standoffishness. Maggie listened politely and bid a polite thank-you when Tom was done with his update. Nevertheless, Richanda gave her an uncharacteristically polite look as soon as Tom had left. "Wow, Maggie, I guess you win!" she declared.  
  
"I win what?"  
  
"Couldn't you see the way Tom looked at you when you called him 'Handsome'? He likes you! Here we've all been head over heels for him --"  
  
"All except me," Suzanne sniffed.  
  
"Whatever," Richanda said, rolling her eyes. "But clearly it's you who's stolen his heart. Maybe he's heard about the shows you've been putting on in the locker room?"  
  
"So now taking a shower when you're supposed to is putting on a show? Besides, why would that make a difference?" Maggie asked. "It's not like he's ever going to see that."  
  
"Oh, I think you've got his imagination running wild," Richanda said. "Maybe he's hoping for a private performance. And I'll tell you what, I'm jealous, but if you've got his attention now, I say go for it! Love him for all of us!"  
  
"Well, that certainly is a nice idea," Maggie admitted. She waited for Suzanne's inevitable comment about how it was her Pete liked and she was sick and tired of it.  
  
But it didn't come. Instead, Suzanne said, "Better you than me, Maggie. Congratulations."  
  
"Well, thanks." Maggie didn't know what to think about that. But she knew to say nothing about it.  
  
"I hear Tom's got the hots for you?" Linda asked Maggie hours later in the locker room. With the dinner rush over, they were both off early while the others would work to closing.  
  
"So do I, but I think it's just Richanda's crazy idea," Maggie said, stuffing her uniform into the laundry chute. "I don't know what she's seeing."  
  
"I do," Linda said. "He was asking about you in the front room, you know. I think I even heard him ask Sarah what your favorite flower was."  
  
"I guess I'll have to tell Sarah what it is, then." Maggie laughed and didn't give Linda the satisfaction of looking at her as she set about changing back into her street clothes. "I wonder what made him think she would know?"  
  
"We explained, we don't know you like we know each other," Linda said. "I mean, it's not like you'd know my favorite flower either."  
  
Maggie couldn't stop herself in time. "Pink roses."  
  
"No," Linda said, but it was dripping with surprise and confusion. "I mean, lucky guess, I guess."  
  
"Must be." Maggie was glad she was done getting dressed, for she couldn't hide her triumphant smile for long. Any of the others could, she reasoned, have told her about how Linda always brought a single pink rose to school on her birthday every year. They hadn't, but they could have.

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"What's it like living in town as a kid?" he asked. "All I can ever think is, no wonder you're all so mean to one another!"  
  
"Oh, you don't want to get me started on that," she said, pouring herself another glass of wine. "It's such a depressing memory. Such a hopeless atmosphere, even the teachers didn't give a shit about us once the factory closed down...no wonder we all ended up out here at the hotel. We're all really lucky about that."  
  
"I wonder why Suzanne didn't move to Philadelphia with her parents?" he mused.  
  
"Oh, God! Don't say that name when we're naked, please!" She stood up from the dinette table and, still holding her wine glass, twirled around playfully. "Wouldn't you rather think about anyone else right now?" Coming to a stop, she stretched one leg out playfully and set her free hand on her hip, giving him an utterly unfettered look at her body.  
  
"Sorry," he said, standing up to reveal the view of her body had not gone unappreciated -- his cock was pointing at her most invitingly. "Just that she is kind of a train-wreck, isn't she?"  
  
"Always has been," she agreed. "To answer your question, my best guess is her parents are privately just as sick of her as we all are." As he approached her, she eagerly took his cock in her free hand and began rubbing it gently. "But enough about that."  
  
"Ohhh, more of that please!" he said, and he set about returning the favor on her breasts. "Now, if it's such a depressing memory, when are we getting out of here?"  
  
"When I've saved up enough to leave without my mother freaking out about it," she said. "That won't be for a while. But that's okay. I have it on good authority I can get all the hours I want at work if I just flirt with the manager!"  
  
"No kidding," he said with a grin, leaning in for a kiss. As their lips met, he drew his right hand downward from her breast and ran his fingers playfully through her bush, and ever-so-tentatively brushed his middle finger just inside her wet lips.  
  
"Ooh!" she exhaled huskily. "Don't stop!"  
  
"Maybe the manager wants to flirt with you too," he whispered, and on that note he pushed his finger gently all the way inside.  
  
Before she could say another word, he was rubbing up a storm in tight circles on the inside, and she was howling in pleasure and hanging onto his arm for balance. "Ohmygod, yes! Yes!" She squeezed his arm tighter and shut her eyes tightly, and squeezed his cock with her other hand. "God, yes!" She was nearly there when he gave her clit a playful swipe with his thumb and pulled his fingers out. "You didn't!" she snapped, opening her eyes.  
  
"Oh, we're not done," he said, and gently he pushed her back onto the bed.  
  
"We sure aren't!" He hooked both arms under her legs to keep them pulled apart, and promptly buried his face in her bush.  
  
"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed, just as happy as she had been frustrated a moment before. It was her last articulate comment for the moment, for his kisses and licks and a playful fingering here and there had her howling for the next several minutes. He didn't let up this time until she came with a guttural scream that surprised even herself. "Thank you!" she sighed when she'd finally caught her breath, taking him in a fierce embrace when he slid up alongside her.  
  
"Now then," he joked, "Why would you want to flirt with the manager when you've already got that?"

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"Well, ladies," Richanda declared a week or so later, the first time she, Maggie, Linda and Sarah all found themselves in the shower at once, "It looks like Maggie won the big prize. Maggie, when are you going to ask Tom out?"  
  
"I'm not, of course!" Maggie said. Having arrived a bit before the others, she was nearly done washing her hair; but she was in no hurry for the novelty of them all being naked together to end.  
  
"Oh, but you've got to!" Linda protested. "Here we're all crazy about him, but it's you that caught his eye! You can't let that go to waste on us!"  
  
"If you all like him, why doesn't one of you ask him out?" Maggie asked.  
  
"Maybe that's how they do things in Boston, Maggie, but we're more traditional here," Sarah said. "Guys ask girls, end of story."  
  
"Then I guess I ought to wait and see if he asks me," Maggie demurred. "I'm not in Boston anymore either, after all."  
  
"Oh, you can't do that!" Richanda said. "Listen, Maggie, he told me, he really likes you but he won't ask you out because it's against restaurant policy. Since he's management. But it's okay if you ask him!"  
  
"No kidding?" Maggie asked. "Well, I guess I'll check with Pam and if she says it's okay..."  
  
"We already did!" Sarah said. "She said it was fine."  
  
"Why would you ask her that for me?"  
  
"Because we're all so happy for you!" Sarah replied.  
  
"Yeah, we really are," Linda said. "I know we haven't always been very nice to you since you're the new girl, and..."  
  
"We wanted to make it up to you, Maggie," Richanda said. "We owe it to you, really."  
  
"Gosh, that's awfully nice of you all!" Maggie gushed as she turned off her tap. "I guess I just need to wait for the right moment, then!"  
  
"You do that, Maggie," Sarah said. "And congratulations."  
  
"Thanks," Maggie said as she patted herself dry. Once she was done, she turned and headed back to the lockers, once again not bothering to cover anything up.  
  
"God, she's even dumber than I thought," Linda said as soon as Maggie was out of earshot.  
  
"Yeah, she is," Richanda agreed. "But, listen, do you think it might backfire? I mean, I was just checking her out, since I had an excuse to look at her anyway while we were talking, and you know, she's really beautiful naked, isn't she? She's in great shape!"  
  
"What does that matter?" Sarah asked. "Beautiful or not, she's screwed if she comes on to Tom."  
  
"I guess," Richanda said. "It's just, I hadn't noticed before, but she's really pretty hot. No wonder she likes prancing around naked. Even if she gets fired, she still gets Tom."  
  
"Tom's too smart for Maggie the Gullible," Linda said. "He'll say no."  
  
"Don't you think for a minute he's going to want you instead of her," Richanda snapped.  
  
"Why wouldn't he?!" Linda shut off her tap and stood hands on hips before her two old friends. "What's not to love about this body?"  
  
"Whose body?!" demanded Pam out of nowhere, appearing from around the corner. "Is this a shower room or an orgy? You're all on duty in two minutes. Get your clothes on and get out there, and Linda, any more of that and I'll write you up!"  
  
Maggie, having warned Pam that the others were dragging their feet in the shower, had the dining room almost to herself for the moment as she set about boning up on the specials for the day. Only Suzanne, who resolutely refused to shower with the others, was also present for the moment, and she was otherwise indisposed as well. Maggie pretended not to hear through the ajar kitchen door as Suzanne cornered Tom for a word.  
  
"How can I help you?" he asked Suzanne.  
  
"Well, it's no big deal, really," she said. "It's just, I have a request. Look, I know you have feelings for me, and you've tried to be a gentleman about it, but I've noticed all the same. It's not going to happen, Tom, and I want you to stop flirting with me, okay?"  
  
Tom swallowed hard and gave her an exasperated look, at a loss for what to say. "Suzanne, you are being absolutely absurd here..."  
  
"If I have to report you to Pam, I will," Suzanne said. Maggie couldn't see her, but had no doubt she was giving him her patented furrowed-brow look. "Now, are you going to leave me alone or not?"  
  
"Consider it done." Tom snapped.  
  
Then several things happened at once. Tom stormed out of the kitchen, his fists clenched in frustration. Suzanne said, "I appreciate it!" with a friendly wave, in the same tone of voice one might use for asking a colleague to take over her shift. Richanda, Linda and Sarah all emerged from the locker room just in time to see it all, including Maggie looking bewildered just outside the kitchen door.  
  
"You appreciate what?" Richanda asked Suzanne.  
  
"Cut," Suzanne sniffed. None of the other women needed to ask what that meant; they'd all known since grade school that "cut" was Suzanne's word for "none of your business".  
  
"Oh, come on, Suze, you can't leave us hanging like that!" Sarah said.  
  
"Oh, all right," Suzanne grumbled. "I warned Tom he'd better not ask Maggie out, and I guess I got under his skin." She then trotted off to the front room, although she wasn't on duty there.  
  
"You got her jealous, now?" Linda asked Maggie. "Maggie, we don't pick on Suzanne. She's stupid, but she can't help it."

"I had nothing to do with it," Maggie replied. She turned on her heel and also headed for the front room, where she really was on duty along with Richanda. She didn't want them to see her telltale smile and ask any more questions. It was fine with her that they all believed Suzanne's lie.  
  
"I underestimated Suzanne," Richanda declared to Linda and Sarah as soon as they were alone. "Now Tom will be on his guard with Maggie, and all set to can her as soon as she comes on to him."  
  
"Yes," Sarah said. "Suzanne always was a useful idiot, wasn't she?" She then turned her head to see Tom returning to the dining room, looking calmed down, and she gave him a smile and her patented flirtatious twirl.  
  
"Don't mind Suzanne, Maggie," Richanda told her later on during a lull in orders. "She was only trying to help. In her own really weird way."  
  
"I've seen how Suzanne helps," Maggie grumbled, remembering how Suzanne had garbled her bus story.  
  
"What does that mean?" Richanda asked. "Maggie, we don't pick on Suzanne! She's stupid, but she can't help it."  
  
"Right," Maggie said, tamping down a flashback of both herself and Suzanne being teased mercilessly back in the day.  
  
"In any event, you saw how angry Tom was," Richanda continued. "That just shows how much he likes you! He didn't want Suzanne telling him what to do!"  
  
"Neither would I," Maggie admitted. And before Richanda could harass her any further, she gratefully noted a customer waving an empty wine glass at her, and set off to offer him a refill.

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She readily agreed to his request to close all the curtains ("I don't want to get arrested either!"), but he still looked reluctant as he came down the stairs in his bathrobe. "I've drawn them all!" she reassured him, standing naked at the foot of the steps. "What are you afraid of?"  
  
"Well, it is your mother's house, isn't it?" he asked. Even as he drank in her natural beauty, he fumbled with the sash of his robe as if he hoped it would somehow get stuck.  
  
"She's off on business all week, I told you!" she said, helping herself to the sash. She pulled it and his robe fell open. "Come on, it's completely safe."  
  
"Safe but a little weird," he said, though he did take the robe off and drape it over the banister. "What's the point of spending the entire evening naked anyway?"  
  
"All the stupid stuff at work has me remembering, body shame, getting hung up about sex, and worse," she said as she hooked her arm through his and guided him into the living room. "Reminds me of college and what a kick I got out of posing nude for the art students. That was such a nice change for me, I felt so beautiful for the first time! And this new trend at work, everyone showering together, it's hilarious, really, and so much fun! I want you and me to have that same fun!" She slid her arms around him as they stood over the couch and the cocktail table, where she had two glasses of wine at the ready. "Besides," she said, resting her head on his bare chest, "I've got good news."  
  
"You found a new job?" he asked.  
  
"How'd you know?" She pulled back in amazement.  
  
"I can't imagine what else you'd call good news these days!"  
  
"Good point," she said. "In any event, yes, a friend of mine out in California knows someone with a startup company that needs a graphic designer. I sent them my portfolio ages ago and forgot all about them, but they called me last week for a phone interview -- I didn't want to tell you in case it didn't work out, but I got a message after my shift today saying it did!"  
  
"That's great," he said. "I've been hoping to go out there myself one of these days."  
  
"Are you sure you want to do that, just for me?" She pulled back and took both his hands in hers, and admired his body -- certainly that was what she wanted...  
  
"Babe, I love you, and I don't like working for Pam any more than you do. I was just too damn lazy to look for other things to do lately, but these past few months with you...it was just what I needed! And I mean, the way I see all you girls go at each other all the time?"  
  
"Good answer," she allowed. "I just..." Looking in his eyes, she decided to stop fighting it. "I just nothing, sweetie. I love you and I want you to go with me!" She threw her arms around him, and he returned the squeeze. Then something occurred to her. "You know, it won't look good if we both give Pam our notice at the same time."  
  
"Who cares?" he replied.  
  
"Good point!" She laughed, and drew both her hands down to his hardness. "Now then, come join your California girl on the couch for wine and a movie. And more."  
  
"How much more?" he asked, letting her lead him by his cock to the couch.  
  
"Up to you," she said. "Emphasis on 'up,'" and on that word she gave him an intense squeeze that had him howling and wiggling delightfully. She sat down kittycorner on the end of the couch and pulled him onto her in a bear hug. Enjoying his firm back against her breasts, she tickled his balls and stroked his cock, and kissed his neck.  
  
"Ooh!" he squealed, sounding almost feminine, which delighted her. "God, where'd you learn to please a guy?"  
  
"Not here, that's for sure," she said. "But never mind that!" She curled around him, still keeping him in her grip, and kissed his lips passionately. As he responded in kind, slowly he twisted around so they were facing one another, and he was free to fondle her breasts until she was moaning in lovely harmony with him.  
  
After several minutes, she whispered, "Get on the floor" between kisses.  
  
He did as he was told, sprawling on the thick carpet. She turned off the lamp, so the only light remaining was from the mostly forgotten television, and climbed down onto him. "To California!" she exclaimed as she guided him inside her.  
  
"Two more weeks!" he grunted.  
  
"We can do it!" she replied. Already she was rocking and grinding hard into him.  
  
"Your boobs look so hot bouncing around like that!" he said, gazing up at her.  
  
"Well don't just look at them!" She picked up his hands and cupped them both over her breasts. Once that was done, his touch was expert and beautiful as always, and she thrilled to his soft caresses as she rode him hard into her first orgasm. "Gonna come!" she squealed. "Anhhhh!" She didn't slow down as it washed over her, and began rocking faster once it was passed. "Now you!" she said, though she knew that was a tall order for him with her on top. But she welcomed the challenge.  
  
"You know what to do!" he said.  
  
Indeed she did. She leaned down over him and, barely slowing down, began riding his cock up and down, almost out, all the way back in, and was rewarded with moans and grunts from him that rivaled her own for once. "Oh, that's beautiful!" she whispered as he opened his mouth wide and his eyes even wider to gaze up at her. As he came with a wonderful scream, she lowered herself all the way onto him and planted a triumphant kiss on his lips. "Thank you," she said.  
  
"What for?"  
  
"All that noise you made, it makes me feel like a million dollars knowing I can do that. Especially to the guy everyone at work is crunching on!" She let out a triumphant laugh, and he joined in.  
  
"No way I'd ever mess with any of the others," he said, stroking her hair. "You know that, don't you?"  
  
"Of course I do!" she said. Laughing again, she added, "After all, I've seen them all naked except for Suzanne."  
  
"They can't all be that bad!"  
  
"Well, I'm biased," she admitted.  
  
"Why? Did you even know them before, really?"  
  
She gave him a probing look in the eye -- he deserved to know the whole story -- but she wasn't in a mood to explain just now. Instead she sat up and slid off him, though she'd been immensely enjoying the last of his hardness inside her, and turned off the television. "We weren't really watching that anyway, were we?" she asked.  
  
"No, but it was giving a nice romantic glow. Like the stereo that night."  
  
She laughed. "You know what else has a nice romantic glow? The moon."  
  
"You're not going outside naked!" he exclaimed.  
  
"Well, not for long," she said. "It's pretty chilly out there. Not as bad as Boston in March, but still."  
  
"You're not serious..."  
  
"You know by now I am, don't you?" She gave him a fearless smile, and pulled back the curtains from the back door, which led into their backyard, which wasn't readily visible from the street but also wasn't fenced in. Anyone who happened to be out in their neighbors' yards, had a good chance of seeing everything. "Join me," she said gently as she opened the door.  
  
She did not expect him to do so. But as she stepped out onto the cold deck, she was surprised to hear his footsteps on the carpet behind her. "If you can do it, I can do it," he whispered. "And this is a beautiful sight," he added as he admired her standing by the railing, hands on hips, gazing up at the moon and utterly uninhibited by the presence of a few house lights in the neighbors' windows and a car driving by in the street. He took up the same position at her side, and welcomed her naughty grin. "Wow, this does feel incredible," he added.  
  
"I know!" she said. "Now you see why I like it?"  
  
"I guess so," he admitted. "Do you...have you always been like this? So open and daring?"  
  
"God, no!" she said. Then she fell silent and looked up at the moon, deep in thought about what to tell him next and what to keep to herself for now. This moment was for enjoying their sweet vulnerability, and she drank that in utterly in her silence, hoping he felt the same.  
  
He evidently did, for as soon as they had stepped back into the living room, he said, "Wow, that was a rush! Thanks!"  
  
"Thank you for joining me. I know it takes guts the first time."  
  
"Now, are you going to tell me the story here?" he added. "I know there must be a good one."  
  
"I'll tell you the whole thing someday," she said, turning the lamp back on as she settled herself back on the couch, still welcoming his gaze on her body and happily returning the favor. "For now, well, I'll tell you this. I volunteered to be a nude model in college, for the art classes. There's a reason why I did, but it wasn't to be an exhibitionist. But that's the effect it had on me, it made me love getting naked in places maybe I shouldn't really. It just really made me embrace my own body and want to put it on display just a little bit."  
  
"So I take it you're happy with the turn of events at the restaurant? With the mandatory showers?"  
  
"Of course," she grinned, hoping he wouldn't ask who had started it; that would lead to more questions she didn't care to answer.  
  
Fortunately, he didn't ask. He nodded and smiled knowingly as he joined her on the couch for another glass of wine, but he didn't ask.

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Maggie was not happy at all about showering with only Linda. Of the lot of them, it was Linda who inspired the worst memories: the smarm, the teacher's pet, nasty as the rest of them underneath it all, but always delivering it with a sugary smile. But that smile was on display along with the rest of Linda that afternoon, even without an audience. "You know, Maggie, I'm starting to enjoy this," she said as Maggie turned her shower off; Linda followed suit and set about patting herself dry. "It's kind of a kick once you get used to it."  
  
"I've always found that," Maggie agreed, smiling through her skepticism and letting it down ever so slightly. She also let her towel down as usual for the walk back to her locker.  
  
To her great surprise, Linda did the same, walking naked beside her to the lockers. "We're a pretty sexy bunch, really," she said. "Imagine if Tom could see this!"  
  
Maggie laughed. "Yeah, I think he'd appreciate that."  
  
"Maybe you could lure him in here, when you seduce him," Linda said as they got to their lockers and she opened hers. "Just the two of you, of course," she added quickly. "I could keep the others out for a while."  
  
"Oh, would you do that?" Maggie asked with an impressed grin -- it did sound hot all right! "I couldn't ask you to, though. It'd be awfully risky for you, and what do you get out of it?"  
  
"What are friends for?" Linda said. "The others, look, I've known them all my life, and we're always there for our friends in a situation like this. You could ask anyone we grew up with."  
  
It was all Maggie could do not to laugh. "That's awfully kind of you, Linda," she said. "Really gracious, too, when I know you were all interested in Tom. But what about Suzanne? You know how jealous she really is, with all this nonsense about him coming on to her? She's the craziest of all about him!"  
  
"Oh, we can keep Suzanne in line," Linda said. "Leave that to me. I just want you to really go wild with Tom. You deserve that, you're the one who caught his eye. All's fair in love and war!"  
  
"Seduce him in here," Maggie said, looking around the otherwise-empty locker room as she laced up her uniform shoes. "I like it! Linda, thank you!"  
  
Sarah was holding court by the front room door when Maggie came in, still looking tickled by Linda's idea. "Maggie, you look cheerful!" she said. "Spring is in the air, huh?"  
  
"And how!" Maggie agreed. Spotting Tom out of the corner of her eye, she added, "I'm really looking forward to next week, you know. Really getting butterflies every time I see him now!"  
  
"You lucky girl!" Sarah sighed. "We're all pulling for you!"  
  
"Thank you," Maggie said over her shoulder as she pranced off to her corner of the main dining room.  
  
Sarah couldn't contain her snickering when Linda emerged from the kitchen a moment later. "I see Maggie the Gullible is gullible as ever!" she said.  
  
"I can't believe she bought it!" Linda agreed. "But she did bring up a problem for us. What are we going to do about Suzanne? We'll never keep her mouth shut!"  
  
"Just tell her the truth once it happens, that Tom followed Maggie in there," Sarah said. "She'll be so disgusted she'll be the last one to get in our way! All we'll need to do is make sure she's busy with her customers at the big moment."  
  
"You're right, that'll work," Linda said. "In fact, she'll probably be the one to tell Pam!"  
  
"I can just hear it," Sarah agreed. "'Pam, I knew he was going to molest one of us sooner or later, and that's why I'm a feminist!'"  
  
They both laughed so hard they had to step into the kitchen to get control of themselves. And so they never noticed that Suzanne, who had finally earned a front-room assignment, had overheard their whole exchange from around the corner.

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"I think Suzanne had something to tell me," he said over his shoulder as she rubbed her breasts up and down his back. "That feels wonderful, by the way."  
  
"Thank you, and I guess you're still not speaking to her?"  
  
"Nope," he said. "I know it's not the professional thing to do, but really, she pissed me off that much, and now what does it matter? Quitting on April Fool's Day! I wonder if Pam thought it was a prank?"  
  
"She did when I gave my notice," she said. "She said, 'You too? Are you and Tom playing games? April Fools, is that it?' And I said, well, the joke is on us if we tell you this when we don't really want to quit, isn't it?"  
  
"Did she ask you if we were involved?" he asked.  
  
"No, but the way she looked at me, I'm pretty sure she guessed it."  
  
"Then no one knew, all this time." He felt her pulling back, so he flipped over and pulled her down on top of him. "We covered our tracks pretty well, didn't we?"  
  
"Everywhere but here," she agreed, pleased with him for not arguing the point about leaving the curtains open this time. It was a bright morning out there, chilly but promising of spring, and she felt wonderfully alive in the sunbeams on her bare body. "Thank you for indulging me on that, by the way."  
  
"Indulging you?" he gently rolled her off him and stood up, a sight that delighted her as his hard cock pointed straight and proudly at her. "To tell you the truth, I'm really starting to enjoy it!" He strode fearlessly to the window and stood just as proudly as he had seen her do some weeks before. "Come join me?" he asked.  
  
"Gladly!" She stepped up behind him and took her place beside him in the window, slipping an arm around his back. There was no sign of life in the house next door or the backyard of the house behind theirs, but she was deliciously aware that they could easily be seen from either. "Isn't this a great rush?" she asked him. "All this vulnerability, and yet feeling more beautiful and alive than ever?"  
  
"Is that what you felt in your art classes?"  
  
She looked at him and nodded. "I wasn't expecting to, but yes. So liberating! So unapologetic about my body for a change. I loved it."  
  
"Unapologetic about your body?" he asked. "Was that new to you? Why?"  
  
She cringed, having not wanted to divulge that part of the story just yet. Turning to him -- still on full view in the window -- she took his hardness playfully in both hands and stroked it. "I'll explain that at the big event, okay? The others deserve to hear it too, just for different reasons."  
  
"If you say so," he said, returning the favor on her breasts and sending shivers of pleasure throughout her body. "Just...I hope you trust me with your secrets."  
  
"Completely!" And she gave him a harder squeeze and rubbed his tip playfully in her bush. "Now get back in bed!"  
  
As it was the first almost-warm day of spring, he opened the window a bit before he joined her in bed, and they were both wonderfully aware that the sounds of their lovemaking just might be heard from outside. By now she had a lot more practice making him come with her on top, and his moans were just as loud and intense as hers as they racked up five orgasms between them.

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Sundays were usually the busiest day at the restaurant -- one last lunch for the hotel guests before they went home, and the locals came out in force as well after church -- so they were all on duty for the opening shift late that morning. Maggie had to admit, as she arrived at work for her last day -- Sunday, April 1 -- it was all too fitting that the final shift would be such a long and busy one.  
  
She was the first to arrive and had the showers to herself, which almost disappointed her. She would, she had to admit, genuinely miss having the opportunity to make the others so uncomfortable. But when she returned from the shower, naked as usual and clutching her damp towel by her side, she was greeted with a consolation prize: Suzanne, putting the last touches on her uniform. Maggie's smile as she strode into her nemesis' view was utterly genuine. "Good morning, Suzanne," she said.  
  
Suzanne looked up in disgust as Maggie took her time opening her locker. "Don't you have any shame at all?" she asked.  
  
"What's to be ashamed of?" Maggie looked down at her bare body, facing Suzanne so she'd be forced to look at it as well. "I'm proud of my body, and I worked hard to get it in this shape."  
  
"First of all, it's got nothing to do with being attractive or in shape!" Suzanne said. "Every woman has a right to be proud of her body. But it doesn't mean you have to put it on display like something for sale!"  
  
"Suzanne, you're absolutely right," Maggie said, still making no move to cover anything up as she heard the door from the kitchen open. "Every woman has the right to be proud of her body no matter what shape it's in. So why does it bother you so much that I'm proud of mine?"  
  
"She's always been that way, Maggie," said Richanda, who sidled up to the lockers now with Sarah and Linda in tow. "Going all the way back to middle school, she was the one who always refused to just get changed for gym already. Her and this one other girl in our class, I think I told you before about Molly, who'd cry if we even looked at her while she changed."  
  
"Roly Poly Moly, we called her!" Linda cackled. "She could have used some of your attitude, Maggie!"

"Totally," Richanda agreed.  
  
"Yeah, she was something else," Sarah said. "What a little baby."  
  
Maggie kept her cool and focused on getting her underwear and uniform on. Suzanne did not keep her cool. "Hey, wait a minute!" she snapped. "Molly didn't cry because you looked at her the wrong way, she cried because you guys were always picking on her! Calling her 'Roly Poly Moly" for one thing! And worse!  
  
"Suzanne, you need to let these things go," Linda said. "I'm sure Molly has, wherever she is now." Looking at the others, she asked, "Did we ever hear what happened to her? She just disappeared after seventh grade, right?"  
  
"Don't know, don't care," Richanda said. "Listen, everyone, before I forget, I think we've all agreed today should be Maggie's big day with Tom. Maggie, you're finally going to do it, aren't you?"  
  
"Well, gosh," Maggie said. "Do you really think I ought to?"  
  
"Totally!" Sarah said. "We're all dying to see how he reacts when you let him know how you feel!"  
  
"Yeah, it'll be beautiful!" Linda added.  
  
"It'll be a totally inappropriate relationship at best and sexual harassment at worst," Suzanne said. Having finished dressing, she was standing just inside the kitchen door now, and she turned back to address them all. "Women have to put up with this all the time without their friends encouraging it, you know, which is why I'm a feminist!"  
  
The others, including Maggie, didn't even try to hide their laughter at Suzanne's outrage as she took her leave. "Well, Maggie?" Richanda asked. "You're going to do it, aren't you?"  
  
Maggie looked at all three of them in turn, feigning pleasure at the situation. "Okay, I'll do it!" she declared, drawing cheers and playful pats on the back and shoulders from them all. "Just, please give me a few minutes alone with him when we get in there, okay?"  
  
"Gladly!" Sarah said. "Go get him for us all, Maggie!"  
  
"Oh, I will!" she said with a grin that wasn't fake at all as she stepped out into the kitchen.  
  
Richanda, Linda and Sarah all waited long enough to give Maggie time to get out to the dining room before they burst into triumphant laughter.  
  
With an hour or so to opening time, there was plenty to be done. Pam dispatched Suzanne and Maggie to set the tables in the front room. Richanda, Linda, and Sarah got the same assignment in the main dining room, where they had the perfect view of the kitchen door when Maggie cornered Tom there and asked him for a word.  
  
"Maggie the Gullible is really doing it!" Linda squealed under her breath.  
  
"God, this is too perfect!" Richanda agreed.  
  
They couldn't hear a word either Tom or Maggie said. They could, though, see that she looked nervous and he looked happy. They could see that he nodded his head yes and then Maggie threw her arms around him with a joyful smile. They could see her draw back from him and hold up one finger, as if to say "one minute," and then vanish into the kitchen.  
  
"Oh my god, it worked," Sarah said, a little too loudly."  
  
"Shhh!" Richanda snapped. "He might overhear us! And we don't want Pam to know we know anything about it either."  
  
"Where is Pam?" Linda wondered.  
  
"In the front room with Suzanne," Richanda said. "You know she doesn't trust Suzanne to get the place settings right on her own."  
  
"Which means..." Sarah said.  
  
"She'll see if he follows her in there," Linda concluded. "Then their goose is cooked!"  
  
As if on cue, Tom did follow Maggie into the kitchen presently. They couldn't see from their angle whether he took the right turn into the locker room, but they knew the lay of the land well enough to know Pam would be able to see from the front room. And they were all thrilled to see Pam rushing in from the front room just a moment later, following him into the kitchen.  
  
With the coast now clear except for Suzanne, the three let out a triumphant chorus of whoops and slapped high fives with one another. "Serves her right!" Richanda proclaimed.  
  
"Maggie the gullible," Linda chuckled. "Her own fault for falling for it!"  
  
They all quieted down in anticipation that Pam would appear at any moment, ordering Tom and Maggie out of the building forever. When it didn't happen immediately, first Richanda and then the others turned back to doing the place settings halfheartedly, all of them stealing looks at the kitchen door every few seconds.  
  
When five minutes had ticked by and the door still didn't burst open, they saw Suzanne come out of the front room, heading for the kitchen herself.  
  
"Oh no you don't!" Sarah snapped, and she set off after Suzanne. "If she gets a front row seat, so do we!"  
  
"No kidding!" Richanda agreed, and she and Linda followed close behind her.  
  
They all burst into the kitchen as one, and had just enough time to realize there was dead silence in the locker room rather than the yelling and screaming they'd hoped for, before Richanda opened the locker room door. They all rushed in, and stopped in their tracks just inside the door at the bizarre sight that greeted them.  
  
Maggie and Tom stood in the entryway to the showers, their arms entwined around one another, each of them wearing a broad smile and absolutely nothing else. Pam and Suzanne, both fully clothed, stood flanking them.  
  
"What the..." Richanda's voice trailed away, both in confusion and in eager admiration for Tom's body. Linda and Sarah also gawked at him, not caring for the moment about anything else, and they were vaguely aware that Suzanne was also enjoying a hungry and hypocritical gander at him.  
  
"Ladies," Pam said. "I'm sorry to announce that Tom and Maggie will be leaving us after today."  
  
"I should hope so!" Richanda managed to remember the act she'd come in to put on. "Maggie, you should know better than to proposition a coworker."  
  
"That's why she waited until after they both gave their two weeks' notice," Pam declared. "They gave it two weeks ago. Technically they broke the rules by not waiting until they were both out, but there's been no harm done. Not by them, at least," she said with a meaningful look at Richanda, Sarah and Linda.  
  
"By whom, then?" Sarah asked defiantly.  
  
"You three," Pam said. "Suzanne came to me a couple of weeks ago and said you were cooking up some kind of April Fool's trick."  
  
"You were right," Suzanne said, at last tearing her gaze away from Tom's penis to address them. "You couldn't count on me to keep my mouth shut."  
  
"You bitch," Linda muttered.  
  
"Oh, I don't approve of what they did," Suzanne said. "But what business was it of yours?"  
  
"Exactly," Pam said. "You three are lucky Tom and Maggie are quitting. It means I can't afford to fire you -- yet. But I will be making Suzanne head waitress."  
  
"What?!" Sarah and Richanda snapped in unison, while Linda just glared at Suzanne. "You know she's not up to that, Pam!" Richanda added.  
  
"I also know I can trust her, which is something I literally can't say for anyone else here." Turning to Maggie and Tom, she added, "No offense. Falling in love shouldn't be against the rules, even if it is. But you did hide it from me."  
  
"We're sorry, Pam," Tom said. "We did our best to be discreet. Especially Maggie. Even I didn't know her whole story until just last night." Turning to face their three tormentors, he added, "You really ought to listen to this, you know. Just look at her." He stepped back, so Maggie had the spotlight to herself.  
  
"It's kind of hard not to look at her," Linda grumbled. "She's the one you've heard about, who's been prancing around here naked all the time!"  
  
"Yes, and Tom and I have both heard why she did that," Pam said. "Speaking of which, Maggie, I've been making out your paychecks to Margaret Holcomb. Would you prefer Margaret Baker on the last one?"  
  
"Margaret Baker!" Linda stared at Maggie's lean, in-shape body in disbelief.  
  
"Molly!" Sarah exclaimed under her breath.  
  
"Yeah," Maggie declared. "It's me, girls. Roly Poly Moly." Turning to Pam, she said, "No, Margaret Holcomb is my name now. Holcomb is my mother's maiden name, and we both took it back when she kicked my dad to the curb. Molly Baker is just a bad memory now, ever since the lovely day Mom and I moved up to Boston the summer after seventh grade. I got a scholarship to a private school up there where you had to do at least two sports. Basketball and crew took the baby fat off at last, and with no one knowing I cried easily, the teasing finally stopped. And I learned to take better care of myself and to love my body, as you can see. I think I did quite a good job of it, too, wouldn't you say, Tom?"  
  
"You're beautiful all right," Tom said, looking down at himself to acknowledge that he was hard as a rock. "Don't you ladies think so?"  
  
"Mom got a promotion back to her old office," Maggie continued without waiting for the others to comment on her body. "So we had to move back here when I was halfway through college. I was hoping I'd never have to visit again, but I couldn't find a job in time and she heard they were hiring here. Imagine how delighted I was when I saw who I was working with! But at least you obviously didn't know it was me."  
  
"I'm...sorry," Sarah said, while Richanda and Linda just gawked at their old nemesis in silence.  
  
"No you're not," Maggie said. "If you were, you wouldn't have tried to get me in trouble with Tom and Pam."  
  
"And you wouldn't have been calling her 'Maggie the Gullible' behind her back all this time," Tom added.  
  
"This is just a woman thing, Tom," Suzanne said, "But maybe they were jealous of Maggie for winning your heart."  
  
"Gee, do you think?" Tom let out a snort of sarcastic laughter.  
  
"Yes, I do," Suzanne said. "You see..."  
  
"Suzanne, can it!" Pam snapped. "Tom isn't stupid, he knew that already, that's what he's saying!"  
  
"And I knew it too," Maggie said, giving the other three a triumphant look. "Do you think I didn't notice you all flirting with him?"  
  
"But you did that too!" Linda whined.  
  
"Yes, and which one of us is the gullible one?" Maggie replied. "Now get out of here and give Tom and me some privacy to get dressed again."  
  
"Good luck to you both with the move," Pam said. "California, huh? I'm jealous! Linda, Sarah, Richanda, you're all on probation for three months, understood?"  
  
"Pam, what's the harm done?" Richanda demanded. "They're leaving anyway, aren't they? And we were right about them dating behind your back!"  
  
"Any more whining from you and you're fired," Pam said. "Try me!" Turning to Suzanne, she said, "Can you handle rearranging the schedules for this week, having the others cover for Maggie?"  
  
"Of course," Suzanne said. "Pam, I just want to say I'm sorry you had to be dragged into this. I think society really encourages women to hate each other and pull dirty tricks like this, which is why I'm --"  
  
"Oh, Suzanne, shut the fuck up!" Richanda shouted.  
  
"That's it!" Pam said. "Richanda, clean out your locker. You're fired."  
  
Richanda gave them all a glare of death, but said nothing else as she went to her locker and pulled out her street clothes. She tore her uniform off and threw it on the floor, pulled her own clothes on in a huff, and stormed out of the locker room without another word. Maggie and Tom, still stark naked, looked on in triumph as she did.  
  
When the door had finally swung shut behind Richanda, Maggie turned to Tom and rubbed his chest playfully. "Think we've got time for a quickie and another shower before our last shift?"  
  
Slipping one hand around her back and the other into her pussy, he whispered, "I might have to insist, my dear."