**Monica**

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**Monica 01: Open Season**

"Monica Gift" was barely eighteen. With long dark brown hair and piercing green eyes she was the envy of every girl in her upcoming graduating class. Those that noticed her that is. Her thick rimmed glasses made her appear nerdy to some.

Petite in build ,weighing barely 110 pounds and standing at 5'3 she maintained the stares of every guy alive. Those that noticed. She played naïve and introverted most days. By choice. If they only knew. Her perfect smile was a favorite to those she shared them with. Her equally perfect flesh of a golden hue added to her charm.

She was a dream come true. When noticed.

Silky legs that led to painted toenails of bright pink, her almost always chosen color. She was a girly girl inside and out. Complimenting her body were a pair of massive 34DDD breasts. Round smoky areolas contained staggeringly daring nipples that refused to ever go down. Her pussy perfection in it's bright pink recesses shrouded by shadowy lips. The finest of landing strips leading in to paradise. Zero tan lines due to a wide open unshaded backyard which she dominated whenever she could get away with laying out nude.

She knew she had it all. She would make them notice. It was long overdue.

A loner by choice led to many adventures of secrecy. She loved the thrill of exhibition. The risk of being seen. Worshipped. Drooled over. It consumed her life. More so as the months go by.

Since she was seventeen she discovered her desire for freedom, wanting to be observed by any who might strike her fancy.. Yet, never truly exhibited it until the eve of her Eighteenth birthday. One special night indeed. This particular night her neighbors viewed her masturbating while her parents were out for the evening. Every weekend they had active plans. This gave her plenty of free time to be mischievous.

She would leave her bedroom window wide open, her curtains billowing in the breeze in the weeks thereafter. The lights brightly displaying every inch of her body. Her toys were few at first but widely used.

Her neighbor "Ryan" and his friends would sit in the dark observing her. She knew they were there in the living room of Ryan's home. What they didn't know was that Ryan's own father also observed her from his upstairs bedroom window. She ignored them, letting them think she was all alone in the world.

As the last month or so went by her shows became more often. Her neighbors becoming more and more friendly toward her. Ryan and his buddies "Shane" and "Holden" would even walk her home. That is until they recently got cars. That changed their world.

Too shy to hit on her. Even more shy to admit watching her for fear that she might run from them. She was out of their league in their naïve minds.

Ryan's father and his own set of friends would sneak about in the dark to capture her moans of pleasure. Fortunately, Ryan's father "Brock" was a divorcee. There was no wife nor girlfriend to be unfaithful toward. He just raised his boys.

Brock would keep his eyes glued to her bedroom below every chance he could in hopes to see more of her. She even caught him jerking off a number of times. She would escalate her cries of ecstasy to accommodate him. Then act as if she never knew he was there.

Ryan and Holden had even gone as far as to take a kitchen chair to stand on outside her window. The distance between they and she was only 12 feet. She saw their silhouettes, heard their barely audible whispers. Let them enjoy me she would squeal in delight.

On yet another occasion she spotted Brock upstairs videotaping her with a camcorder. She gave him her best show yet. Every hole abused. From every angle. Going so far as having a dildo in her pussy and a vibrator in her ass. That was only a week ago.

They never touched her. It was purely for show.

Neither party objected. She felt safe that they would keep their distance.

Now that eighteen had snuck up on her she was a legal option. Even if she had only been eighteen for a mere month and a half now. In her mind it was time to up the games. She recalled a few weeks back that Ryan had become a pizza delivery driver. This lonely Friday night would become a test of her true boldness.

She had been running around in her underwear which consisted of a bright red set of lacey bra and thong. This strolling about the house led to every light on, every window open. She even noticed that cars driving by her home were moving slower or better yet coming to a halt just to capture a glance. She loved it.

This night she knew there was no chance of her parents coming home. They had flown to Vegas for their anniversary. Monica had no other family in town. Any boyfriends she had had over the years were long gone. She dated occasionally but usually lost interest quickly. She loved sex but she preferred the teasing more. Most ex-boyfriends were shy and a little too reserved to meet her inner demons.

She would taunt them sporadically with deep cleavage or bathing suits. Yet, as bold as she was in streaking and exhibition she was hesitant toward sex. Not completely, but not that often.

Her thrill was more rooted in making men desire her.

If all went right, tonight Ryan would get an eye full up close. Pending on his actions she might be persuaded to increase her erotic impulses.

Dialing the pizza parlor that Ryan worked at she proceeded to order a large cheese pizza and a bottled water. Once on the phone though she realized it would sound like a set up rather than a surprise if she requested he deliver it. Fidgeting she decided the risk was that much more fun. If it wasn't Ryan it would most likely be another boy. She bit her nail smiling. Monica really didn't care who saw her. She just wanted to be seen.

Hanging up she decided to jump on her laptop computer and get online. Entering a chat room she quickly got overwhelmed by the male obsession. After ten minutes she turned on the interior webcam and let seven men see her in her bra and panties. Prompted by several to stand up and show off her body she complied. Giggling she caressed her body front and back, patting her butt cheeks for her own pleasures.

This display led to crushing her monster tits together and dipping her fingers below the upper hem of her thong in full view of her admirers. Before long her bra came off and her breasts were allowed to breath. She moved her hands away and let her tits dance about for the men ogling her from God knows where.

As she eyed the clock she knew her pizza should be here any minute. he told her viewers that she had ordered a pizza. The dares went out immediately to answer the door naked. She smirked to her thoughts.

"Already planned on that guys."

Seeing a car pull up on the street out front she noted a glowing pizza sign on the roof. Hearing footsteps she remained calm until she heard the doorbell. Poising a finger to her viewers she turned the camera to face the door then jumped up and prowled toward the entry in only her thong. Her beautifully sculpted ass dancing with each step.

At the door stood not only Ryan but his friends Holden and Shane. The appearance of all three caught her off guard.

She had left the front door open, so only a thin screen door stood between they and herself. She remained smiling and proud as her perky tits stared them in the eyes.

"Holy shit. Hey Ryan. I didn't know you delivered pizza." She bounced in step. Her lie intentional.

"Wow! Totally didn't see this coming. I'm training Holden and Shane as backup drivers." He grew intimidated suddenly. All three were blushing , yet, with greedy eyes. Eighteen year olds were prone to that behavior.

"So cool. I need to grab my money. You can step inside I won't bite."

She twists on her left heel and wiggles away toward her wallet strategically placed on her sofa. The second she had turned away the boys were entering the door behind her. They refused to let her out of their sight.

So distracted by her stunning body and the aroma of perfume they hadn't noticed the laptop cam watching the whole scene.

"How much was the pizza again?" She bent over in front of them to pick up her wallet from the seat cushion. The thongs spaghetti thin strap vanished between her ass cheeks and easily displayed a barely covered clam shaped pussy. They could even see her stunning anal cavity.

After nobody offered a price she stood up and turned around to face them. They were mesmerized and dumbfounded all at once.

Her eyes sparkled at their trembling reactions. Their affixed eyes made her wet as hell.

"How much do I owe you guys?" She giggled.

Holden looked at the side of the pizza box in it's leather warmer, "F-f-fourteen dollars and forget the cents."

"Pizza is free if you dance for us." Shane smirked trying to be bold.

Her eyes brighten up, "Oh really? Ummm! Seriously?"

Ryan turned pale, "Sure! I'll pay for it if you dance."

Holden hisses, "Hell, I'll bring you three more pizzas if you dance for us."

Brightly smiling she hears her computer going wild with pings. She grits her teeth playfully, "Give me a minute okay." She then sits down on the sofa and turns her laptop to face her better.

The boys realize they were being watched after noticing the tiny webcam box open on her screen. They look at each other with bulging eye sockets.

Monica types to three viewers then reads more boxes.

"My friends online want me to dance for my dinner. I guess I have too. Do you mind if they watch too?"

The boys shrug amongst themselves. It didn't really matter as long as they got their desire fulfilled. Finally in agreement they nod.

Patting her sofa on both sides of her she says, "You can sit down. I'll put some music on."

Standing up she moves to her living room stereo and puts in a mixed CD of metal music. Nothing too aggressive but hard beats still the same.

Once the music plays she moves around her coffee table and shoves it out to give herself room. She then adjusts her laptop for the perfect angles.

"Here goes. You guys ready?"

Ryan almost laughs, "I've been ready for two years now." He had, had a crush on her for that long.

Monica leans over and whispers while looking him straight in the eye, "I know. I've caught you guys watching me since I started leaving my window open. Did you really think I never knew?"

The boys chuckle uneasily as she stands up discarding her glasses on to the loveseat to the right of her. Monica then slowly dances about with her hands in her hair.

"If you knew why didn't you say something?" Ryan grimaces.

"Maybe I liked turning you guys on. Trust me knowing you were watching really turned me on." She winks.

Holden shakes his head and reaches up to grab her wrists, dragging her to straddle his lap. Her weight pulled against him planting her massive tits around his face.

"Lap dancing means a lifetime supply of pizza." She giggles and attempts to adjust in his lap better.

"You smell really good." He admits.

"Bet she tastes better." Shane coughs into his hand.

Monica in turn wiggles her ass over Holden's lap. It was an easy observation that he had a hard on. His girth tantalized her thighs.

Grinding her hips she pressed her chest snuggly around Holden's face. He kissed her cleavage and hissed, "I've dreamt of doing this to you."

She beams knowing her actions are turning him on. All of them. Her eyes dart about toward the laps of Ryan and Shane as well. Both nurtured a healthy erection.

"Somehow I think you all dream about me." She feigns a blush as Holden sneaks in to suckle her left nipple. She gasped and assumed it was destiny. Even though she hadn't anticipated it so quickly.

"Yup. Tastes delicious." Holden puckers boasting.

Ryan observed more than his friends actions. He eyed his watch knowing he was on a time limit delivering pizza.

"Guys we need to go. I can't lose my job."

"We can." Shane chuckles reaching over to rub Monica's ass.

She licks her lips while looking over at Ryan.

"Don't go Ryan. I'll let you take my panties off. You can even keep them." She drives him wild.

Holden eases her off of his lap and into Shane's for a similar act. As the music intensifies so does her grinding. After three minutes she crawls over to Ryan and switches positions to lay her back against his chest. Her hair tickled his nose. She even went so far as to grab his hands and plant them on her breasts. He squeezed them instantly.

"Remember last month when you and Holden stood outside my opened bedroom window? I was hoping you would crawl through and into bed with me." She sighs gently into his face pouting.

Ping after ping her laptop chimed.

Holden leans forward to read some of her comments.

"They want the panties off." He smugly recites.

Ryan shivers, "Do you want your panties off?"

She pouts, "Yes."

Her soft voice made him insane. In a mad rush he crawls out from under her and lets her fall into the cushion. His hands swiftly pinch the thin bands of her thong and guides them off of her. Leaving her pink painted toenails he sniffs the panties and grins.

"Dude! Eat that pussy." Holden encourages.

Her eyes erupt at the thought. It certainly wasn't on her agenda to go that far. Teasing was one thing. Sex another.

Before she could react Ryan dove in tongue first. His first taste ever. Although awkward in his approach she did enjoy his flicking tongue. She whimpers sensuously and runs her fingers through his scalp.

"That feels really nice Ryan. Lick here more." She points to her clit.

In complying she yelps and trembles heavily. Ryan had surprised her with his talented tongue. He couldn't resist it either.

Shane slouched in his seat and laid against her limp form.

"So, all those times you fingered yourself for us you pictured us touching you?"

Shane asked.

She eyes him with fluttering lashes and softly admits, "Sometimes."

He reaches in and squeezes her tit before pinching the nipple taunt. Her whimpers were seductive as hell.

"Did you imagine us sucking on your nipples?" Shane adds.

"Two at a time even." She sounded like a young child in her answer.

Holden leaps around the coffee table to plop down on Monica's left side. He took no time at all to devour her nipple. Shane sampled her right nipple tugging it taunt between his teeth.

"Yes. Just like that." She caressed both of their hairlines.

Her computer was alive with pings. The viewership was loving it. Every single watcher demanded one thing.

She eyes the boxes and turns beet red. They wanted her to get them naked with her. More than she bargained for. Finally she submits to their requests.

"Guys? Guys listen to me. I love what you're doing. Satisfy my wishes? Get naked with me and lets all masturbate together?"

Shane and Holden looked at one another and expressed a Bill and Ted shrug before standing to get undressed. As their underwear dropped so did Monica's jaw. The boys had certainly grown.

Sitting down beside Monica they returned to her tits while they stroked themselves.

"You too Ryan." She whispered.

He hesitated in his eating of her pussy and reluctantly stood to disrobe. Before her he let loose his seven inch cock. It was mildly erect. She knew it would be much bigger with a full erection.

"Jerk off for me." She encourages while massaging her clit with one hand and dipping two fingers inside herself.

That they did. They had a relentless nature that inspired her behavior. She quaked very quickly in anticipation of her own juices. Reading the monitor before her made her whine even harder. The viewers all wanted her to help them. Jerk them all off was the consensus.

Her fingers removed she reaches out to grasp both Shane and Holden. They swiftly let go in favor of her rapid friction over their dicks.

"Jerk off over my legs Ryan. I don't mind." She adds as his pout looked obvious that he wanted attention too.

Studying her Ryan grew grim. He was jealous. He desired more from her. In a bold move he lifts her legs and slides his cock over her labia. Slippery, warm, and soaked it was. Her pussy was quivering.

"Ryan? No." She released Holden to place her palm on Ryan's chest.

Too late. His dick zeroed in and penetrated her pussy. Her back arched at his thrust.

"Better than I imagined." Ryan gasped as he began thrusting.

She grit her teeth and winced, "I didn't want to go this far Ryan. I just wanted to tease you guys. Let you cum with me. After all this time."

He suddenly wasn't listening. Instead he closed his eyes and continued fucking her. Her moans let him know she wasn't truly resisting.

"Oh fuck! Forget what I just said. Keep that up Ryan."

Two exploding orgasms later Monica convulsed and went limp. As Ryan pulled out to jizz on her stomach, Holden eased into position to take over. Before she could plead for him not too he rammed it inside her and leaned over her face. He took the chance and kissed her. Locking lips Monica grew lost and let it all happen. Once Holden exited Shane took his turn. It was a remarkable feeling inside her. Three men in a row. As watched by dozens of other men out there.

"Never stop teasing us Monica." Ryan leaned in to nuzzle her hair and caress her cheek.

"I won't. Whenever I can I'll leave my window open and my light on."

"I'm crawling through from here on out. I want to fuck you some more."

"Okay. Now and then I'm open to that."

Shane grunts readying to bust a nut, "You should do things more in public. Masturbate in the park or something. If you want we can help you. Be your look out.'

"That sounds fun. Cum on me Shane."

Too late. He shot off into her forcing her to cry out. Her nerve endings felt the launch.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry." Shane panicked.

Sympathy came quickly as Monica slowed her breathing to appeal to his fears.

"It's alright. I'm on birth control. Calm down."

Stammering backwards Shane blocked the video feed, realizing his accident he moved aside to let them continue watching. What they saw was Monica tensing up to let Shane's cum ooze from her pussy and down through her ass crack.

Ryan swiftly swooped in to kiss her on the lips. He wasn't going to leave here tonight without fulfilling his dream. He had true feelings for her. Something he could only share through his kiss.

Shane and Holden watched her sensuous kiss. She felt his sincerity. After three minutes they peel away from each other with a sigh. Eye contact steamy and evident of thoughts percolating.

"I had to do that." Ryan softly admits.

She remains silent and glows with inner excitement.

Finally, realization pops back as Ryan's cellphone rang.

"My boss. We have to go." He growls.

Excuses would keep their job.

As they left Monica curled up in a ball on her sofa and just let her viewers observe her coziness.

So much to think about. So much to consider.

They did offer to help her be the bold exhibitionist beyond the home. She had done things away from home before on her own but with help she could do much more. They would keep her safe.

Thirty minutes expire before she blows a kiss at her viewers and closes her laptop.

Standing to stretch she danced about the house. She could barely contain her joy. Even though things went further than planned she was happy that it happened.

Shutting her lights out in the house she locks up and moves to her bedroom. Opting to leave her light on she opens her bedroom window and stands there in the gentle breeze. Nipples aroused she pinches them gently and shivers.

Eying Ryan's house in the darkness her gaze moved skyward. Sure enough. There stood Ryan's Father Brock. He was nursing a beer and jerking off in plain view. She didn't ignore him this time.

Fluttered fingers wave up at him to acknowledge that she had seen him. Tonight would be different. Although she wondered if he had seen his son leave her house in a hurry. Did it even matter to him if he had?

All three boys were eighteen after all. Grown men. Men who could make their own decisions. Still she didn't want Ryan's Father to be cross with his son. Regardless she let her worry vanish quickly. Her intentions staying on course.

She remained in her window and waited for him to open his own window sill. He wasn't certain at first but took his chances.

"Hey there Monica." Brock hid his cock by pulling his sweats higher.

"Hi, Mister Quinones. Hope I didn't scare you."

"Why would you do that?" He opens his screen up to lean out on his sill.

She waved her fingers over her breasts as if to show him what might have spooked him.

"Me. Like this. It's not something you see every day I'm sure."

He felt cocky, "Only every Friday night like clockwork. Not this boldly though. Why the change?"

She trembles at his admission, "Can you keep a secret?"

"I guess that depends on the secret." He smirks.

Biting a nail delicately she opens up, "We both know I like that you watch me every week. And, that you like watching me. I'm eighteen now and I feel like being even more open. So, if you remain nice about this I'm not afraid to be more open. Not sex but letting you watch me when you know I'm watching. I'll watch you and you will know I'm watching. Deal?"

He chuckles and shakes his head, "Not much of a secret there really. Yeah sure I can do that. The way you acted I thought you might be adding more to the equation."

"Did I say between windows?" She sticks her tongue out at him.

"Oh ho. There it is. What do you have in mind?"

"See you next Friday."

She playfully waves at him and shuts her window down.

Her lights remain on and she sleeps in the nude.

Poor ole Brock. His mind was racing.

So was his hand on his cock. Three times in one night.

Both of them slept like babies.

**Monica 02: Cutting Class**

**Early to rise.**
Monica Gift left her home on her way to school. Each day she walked the seven blocks there and seven back. She loved the exercise and it gave her time to think. Now more so than ever. Since the events of last Friday she had altered her perception of what she wanted. Her thrill seeking attitude was gnawing at all the right places to do all the wrong things. Her exhibitionist wiles were always on the radar for a chance to attract attention. Even at the risk of getting into trouble. Without the risk there certainly wasn't satisfaction.

Today, her neighbor "Ryan" had noted her departure from home and waited just long enough to not look obvious. He drove his recently purchased beater with a heater from his backyard parking spot and came out through his alley way right in front of Monica.

He hadn't seen her since the Friday delivery, after he and his two friends were treated to her body. Between schoolwork and his pizza delivery job he kept scarce the following two days. Not to mention his guilt over taking her so easily in her own living room. He and his friends. Not that she put up any real fight he just knew it wasn't what she had intended to happen. His ego got the best of him and now his nerves were paying for it.

He had adored Monica for the last two years but had never chanced getting too close. Even though she had a nerdy side to her she was drop dead gorgeous. Not too mention she kept to herself mostly. She had very few friends, yet nobody teased her or put her down for it. Even though they only shared a single class he always noticed her in the hall or over lunch. Always by herself. Guy's would get close to her then back off for some reason. She would never let anyone know her well. To his knowledge she had only been with one boy. Although in reality it had been two. Her first panicked after taking her virginity. Too much blood made him queasy. She never dated him again.

Tooting his car horn at her he nodded with his window rolled down, "Hey Stranger. Want a ride to school?"

Monica held her books to her chest while walking toward him.

"Hey Ryan. No. It's beautiful out. I'll walk."

He idles his car as she steps closer. His heart sank suddenly, "Are you mad at me for what happened last week?"

"Not at all. I took the risk letting you guys in. I told you I knew you three watched me through my bedroom window dozens of times. If I didn't like teasing you guys I would never have let you inside."

"Yeah, but the teasing went further than you wanted. You said so yourself."

"Don't get me wrong I love sex. I just hadn't planned on having any that night. It was me testing myself to see if I could tease you up close in person."

"Right. I know I loved it."

She blushes, "I could tell. You are a good kisser by the way."

"Thanks. I've wanted to kiss you like forever. Among other things obviously."

"Well, you succeeded. So did Holden and Shane. I'm shocked you're not jealous of them." She sticks her tongue out at him.

"I don't own you. I just hope you still like teasing us after that stunt."

"Oh, I'll never stop teasing. Just keep in mind to ask next time if you want more than that. And, no means no. Okay?"

"That's fine. We're going to be late for first bell. Sure you don't want a lift?"

Fidgeting she agrees and shuffles around to the passenger side and hops in beside him.

"So, what makes you like showing off your body so much?" He had to know as he drove.

She smirks, "Inner slut I guess. I just get off on guys watching me. Wanting me. But, it being my decision how far I take things. That's why I say no means no."

"I get that. I think it's safe to say I would love more." He nervously chuckles trying to be suave.

"I'm not against more Ryan. Just don't rush me. I love my freedom in every way. Now, if you guys are still interested in helping me now and then to keep me out of trouble I'm definitely up for that."

"Hell yeah! Anything you want we will back you up. I have an idea if you want to hear it."

"All ears." She beams.

"You should let us dare you. It can be a fun game if planned well."

"Dare me? To do things? Maybe." Her curiosity was piqued.

"Can I ask you another question?"

"Sure. Just ask I won't not answer you."

"How far do you want to go?"

"Until my nerves tell me to stop. I'm becoming more and more fearless. But, I can't get into trouble. My parents, well my Mom would kill me. Dad? He's a little more open minded. I'm glad they give me lots of space. They're so social it's unreal. Community service. Country club. Work events. You name it."

"Too bad there's a dress code at school. I bet you look awesome in a dress."

"I know I do." She giggles, "But, I don't think dresses are outlawed in school. Only the really short ones maybe. Which I own."

"Want a dare right this minute?" He darts his gaze back and forth from the street as he nears the school zone.

"Let's hear it."

He eyes her buttoned up blouse of off colored white. The cloth was a thicker cotton blend that looked like sweater material only much thinner that clung to her like her own skin. The hem of her shirt was waist high. If she stretched hard enough her belly button would pop into view. Beneath the material he could see her black bra faintly. The cloth was just thick enough to not be totally transparent.

"I dare you to take your bra off and go without it all day. Top three buttons unbuttoned."

"No problem on losing the bra. Of course my nipples will shred my shirt. In case you haven't noticed my boobs are monstrous. 34DDD. They would bounce every move I make."

"I thought you liked guys seeing you."

"I do. Teachers and Faculty not so much. Guys who are younger than us can look bad too. I mean I get stared at by them already. Guys are guys."

"You know they want you." He chuckles turning into the parking lot of the school.

"Of course they do. I'll tease them. Let's compromise. No bra until lunch time. All female teachers after lunch. Deal?"

"Bra stays in my car." He winks.

"Promise to give it back after lunch?" She eyes him as he pulls into a parking space.

He huffs, "No."

She narrows her eyes while smirking, "I won't be getting this bra back until after school. Will I?"

"I might keep it. Or, I might let Holden auction it off." He laughs.

She unbuttons her shirt to remove it without little regard to the students walking by. Nobody really looked.

Leaning forward slightly she reaches behind her to unclasp the bra. Removing it she tosses it at him before getting dressed and buttoning back up. The show was beautiful.

"Yep!" He eyes her chest, "Nip missiles are a go. I can even see the areolas."

Eying them with a chin compressed against her sternum gaze she sighs, "Free at last."

"You buttoned all the way up. We need cleavage."

"One button. Any more and somebody will bust me for it."

"Two. Compromise like you said."

"Ok. Two. No more."

As she lowers her chin to observe her buttons, her fingers loosen another. Her cleavage was already bursting behind the shirt in her seated position. The curvature was magnificent.

Ryan couldn't resist staring.

She opted to look up and around her rather than appeal to Ryan's zoned expression.

"I'm counting on you to get me out of trouble. You do know guys will be hovering over me like hawks."

Shaking off his awe Ryan nods, "In the hallways and in Morrison's class I have your back. I'll text Shane and Holden to look out for you when I can't. When none of us can you're on your own."

"No sweat. It's not like I'm naked. But, I'll still cause attention. Even if a Teacher tells me to go put a bra on I'll just go switch my shirt. I keep a jersey in my locker."

"Jersey? Who's Jersey?"

"It used to belong to "Jared Kent". He moved away last year so I kept it."

He knew that meant Jared was most likely her only sex partner. He decided to shrug and open his car door to exit. Monica joined him and stepped out so he could lock up. Bra in the back seat.

Meeting at the hood of his car he had to pat his cheek to quit staring.

"Morning chill. The girls are extra perky. Let's do this." She proudly arches her back before walking away.

Ryan swallowed hard. Now he viewed her perfect ass in super tight jeans. It took her to look back at him to break the spell.

"You coming?"

He groans under his breath, "Before this day is out."

She knew her allure was devastating. Already eyes were zeroing in on her chest. Guys and girls alike. It made no difference to her. This dare was actually too simple for her expectations. Yet, it was enough for now.

Giving her a head start Ryan laid back in his stride. He wanted her to feel as if he wasn't crowding her space. Too much attention he thought might shy her away from him in the future.

She smiled at everyone yet maintained her course of heading into the school. The closer she got the more congested the area became. At the door itself it became a cluster. She was forced to rub up against people to enter. Feeling her nipples caress the backs of boys made her mind reel. They sensed her attentiveness and turned to look. Eyes were definitely on her full time. Most guys were of age. Others no. She was fully dressed so at the moment she wasn't worried. She refused to acknowledge their drooling nature. She wanted things to seem natural. Still, the excitement made her wet as hell.

Ryan nearly lost her as he was texting Holden and Shane. She had pretty much ditched him he thought. Regardless he knew where her locker was. Not that hard to find her.

As he slid through the gauntlet he heard whispers. Guys were chattering about her right and left. Girls were already jealous. Not so much as their boyfriends eying Monica but that they themselves weren't as endowed, let alone bold enough to do what she was doing.

Strangely a lot of students didn't even notice. If they did there was no immediate reaction.

Monica spotted Ryan at his own locker and jiggled her tits toward him playfully. She was amazing he thought. She didn't care who witnessed her actions. Once he smiled she blatantly ignored him and moved on toward her first hour class. His soul sank to his toes.

Her first class was "Geography", under the tutelage of "Dennis Holt". Holt was a 36 year old man of 5'7, 170. A bushy moustache to go along with his equally bushy hair made him look as if he was in a Barbershop Quartet. Happily married but known for his roving eye.

Monica as ever took to her seat in the back where she felt more comfortable. Once seated she set her books aside and leaned back in her chair. Whispers were evident. She merely averted her eyes from the musings. Her ears were sufficient she thought. Why let on she heard them by eye contact? Let them feast on her beauty while she appears unaware.

As the class settled down Mr. Holt began his daily rambling of text book knowledge. As he strolled about she would conceal her bosom just enough to avoid his radar.

He liked to pace the class in favor of dramatic pause and strike with a question toward an unsuspecting daydreamer. The wake up call barely drew out any real knowledge. Nobody cared anything about World War 2 or where battles were fought on the map. They knew who Hitler was and that's about all.

As soon as Holt turned away from her, Monica sat up straight and occasionally arched her spine backwards to stretch. Each time her shirt would tighten up over her breasts and display those perfect missiles that stormed the beaches. With her stretch the hem rode high to offer a glimpse of her torso. The artillery drew a fire of glances. From every angle boys located her chest.

Luckily, this late in the school year the persistent age of the students in her class were all 18. If not she was certain they were on the edge of becoming legal. No matter, it wasn't like they were going to have sex with her. Merely get an eye full. She felt confident in that.

Monica did her best not to share eye contact with any of the boys. She opted to remain expressionless, playing naïve was all part of the fun. Before today most of these boys paid very little attention toward her. She normally dressed more conservatively. They weren't used to her change of wardrobe. Reading glasses made her nerdy to some, even though her curves were hard to miss. Everyone had mixed views of her up until today. Today the dogs were sniffing.

Even though she truly wasn't shy and introverted she loved to maintain that demeanor. It kept guys at bay. After awhile their curiosity just gave up. Few boys found her safe enough to date. Safe in the sense of not being ridiculed. She was certainly different.

If not for Ryan's dare she would never have given this type of flirtation any thought. Sure it was fun to taunt them but she knew it wasn't going to lead anywhere. Let them fantasize.

Her chair was dead center of the back row. Two seats to her left, two more to her right. All young adults. In front of her were three more young men and two young women. Luckily the girls paid no attention to her whatsoever.

Of the seven young men around her only one failed to look her way. The remaining six did their best to offer their enthusiasm, whether it be winks or nods in her direction. A thumbs up made her raise an eye brow. Tongue lashes she found amusing but led to a hesitant smirk at best.

Her eyes would brighten up in response yet her own perversions were kept hidden. It was difficult not to smile or giggle. She knew too much commosion might bring down the hammer if Holt caught her. A wrinkled nose let them know she noticed them. Lord knew that she wanted to burst at the seams and express that she loved all the attention. But, in doing so she would create monsters out of them. If she played into their hands too heavily they would never leave her alone.

Still, the temptation was strong.

Going braless was nourishing their manhood. Crotches were swelling to all sides of her. The open cleavage helped but even with her massive 34DDD's the girls were well concealed.

Maybe Ryan was right.

Three buttons undone would show off so much more flesh. That would only leave two more buttons to hold her in. Should she risk it?

As class progressed she contemplated her desires. Only the boys around her were really keeping tabs on her. Shyly she lowers her chin to view herself. Peering over her brow at her audience she waited until everyone took a break in eying her. Once she felt alone she reached in with one hand and unclasps that third button. In doing so the fullness of her breasts narrowed to show the upper flesh of her belly.

She awaited eyes to notice. One by one they located her alteration. Smiles erupted and a silent war of hormones circled amongst them. She found it amusing.

With Holt's back to the class Monica vibrantly stretches backwards to let her breasts pull her shirt tighter than ever. With the taunt material her hemline shared her stunning belly button. She lingered there with her back arched to let the boys drool.

As Holt turned she leaned forward to hide from him. Her breasts crush together and spread her shirt even wider. The rubbing cloth excites her nipples to erupt even harder.

The second Holt fades his attention away she stretches yet again. This time she rubs her fingers on her cleavage. With six sets of eyes glued to her she runs her palms under her shirt to pinch her nipples. Her knuckles stretching her shirt fabric was enticing to watch. A swift jostle of her tits and she removes her hands. The cleavage remained wide.

Finally, she couldn't contain herself. A sheepish smile led to a quick pull aside to let them see her left breast in it's entirety. Jaws dropped instantly.

Covering her left breast she hurried to show off her right breast for all of five seconds. As the boys sat stunned she unbuttons a fourth button yet leans forward to hide until the right moment to strike. Once feeling safe she stretches backward again and offers an 80% exposure. While stretching she takes a deep breath and unfastens the final button and fans her shirt wide. Both breasts pointing out for all to witness.

The young men go wild in their seats with a silent struggle of lust.

Monica pinches and pulls at her nipples just for kicks then leans forward to cover up. Enough she thought. Let them suffer.

Buttoning up all but one button she ignored them the rest of class.

Nobody would believe that she exposed herself like that in class. Let them talk.

The rumors would fly for certain. She didn't care.

Monica Gift got away with it.

She was proud of herself.

**Monica 03: Social Study**

**Third period Biology.**
Ryan Quinones only had one class with Monica Gift. This was it. He had already heard whispers of Monica showing her tits off in Holt's class. He was afraid that the whispers might make Monica clam up and forgo the accepted dare. Taking a seat and reserving the one to his left for Monica in the back row he sat nervously.

Monica finally entered the room followed by two of the young men who witnessed her exhibition in Geography. She was talking with them and forming an understanding. Once they nodded she left them and joined Ryan.

"That was fun." She sighed grinning at Ryan.

"I heard. I just hope everyone keeps their mouth shut." He groans.

"You know they won't. Guys gotta brag. I just told them to keep it quiet or I'll never do that again. I think they want to see more of the girls. So fingers crossed."

"I only see one button undone." He points out.

"Oh yeah. Did that to escape Holt's eyes." She quickly unbuttons another button then shrugs while releasing a third button. She then stuck her tongue out at Ryan.

"Fucking "A"!" He grins from ear to ear.

"I'm going to try this again. Keep me safe Ryan."

"Always."

The two 18 year old students from earlier jump to get seats near her like before. This round the ratio ended up with more boys than girls in the class. The six girls in the entire class hoarded toward the front right. This left Monica sitting amongst twelve men around her. All were luckily 18 so late in the school year. The situation made her wet as hell.

A number of the men had also heard mumblings of her adventure. They didn't believe it. Still their eyes remained curious. She noted their disbelief and pinched her nipples through her shirt for them to see. That caught their attention.

With a finger to her lips she recommends that they keep it quiet. Nods all around convinces her she might succeed once more. There was a lengthy silence as teacher "Dane Morrison" began class. Fortunate for everyone Dane cherished his black board and chalk. His back was turned for 50% of his classes duration.

Monica began her stretches that led to her unclasping of a fourth button. Safely making sure Morrison wasn't turning around, or any of the six girls, Monica unclasps her final button and fans her shirt wide. She squeezed her breasts together and jostled them about playfully. Leaving her shirt unbuttoned she closed up for a few minutes as Morrison turned around. To his eye there was nothing to see.

Ryan was in awe of her boldness. He hadn't expected her to go this far. His dare was only three buttons undone and no bra. Now every guy in class was eying her exhibitionist notions.

Trying their best not to look obvious.

Monica grins over at Ryan while leaning forward on her desk. She knew his mind was blown by her extra behavior. Ryan sat there wincing at her to continue. She smirked and sat up quickly while pulling her shirt off of her shoulders and resting the material over her biceps. Essentially she was topless. The young men all reacted with motions of triumph over any noise or commentary that might draw attention to their show.

Before Morrison could turn she covers back up and glares forward as if comprehending what the Teacher was informing them of. Her acting ability was pure genius.

Ryan narrows his eyes in thought then jots a note down on his notebook for Monica's eyes only. Lifting it toward her she reads it to herself.

"I dare you to unfasten your jeans while your shirts almost off."

Eyes flaring she bites her lip and waits for the right moment to lean back and reveal her breasts in full frontal glory once again. Eying the Teacher and students she moves her fingers to unsnap her jeans and tug her zipper south. In doing so her lower belly displayed golden flesh. She wasn't wearing panties.

Stretching backwards again she caresses herself from her breasts down to her belly. Then, sliding her fingertips beneath the zipper line.

Seeing Morrison act as if he was turning again she sits forward and hides herself. Not once does she button up.

The guys were a drooling mess. They wanted to see more. Ryan wanted to see more.

Monica wanted to show more. She was tingling like crazy between her legs.

After a lengthy speech to his students about Ecosystem's, Morrison returned to his chalkboard and broke down the various systems.

As soon as he turned away Monica stretched backwards and again lowers her shirt to her forearms this time. Her breasts crushed together was a thing of beauty.

Ryan scribbled another note showing it to her.

"I dare you to pull your pants down past your pussy."

After reading it her eyes bulged and prompts her to pull herself together yet again to secure not being seen. Once attired loosely she raises a finger for everyone to wait.

They were forced to endure Morrison's ramblings while facing his students for another ten minutes. Finally, Monica had another opening.

With twelve sets of eyes on her she carefully lifts her butt from her seat with a faint creak and tugs her jeans over her cheeks and down just below her pussy. She was freshly shaven except for a tiny triangle of pubic hair. Sitting back she lowers her shirt over her forearms again. Gritting her teeth she removes her hands from her shirt entirely. 100% topless her fans were going insane. She witnessed three guys gripping their crotches they were in so much agony over her.

Ryan sat shaking his head at her insanity. He wondered if she could go further.

Scribbling a third note he aims it over at her hesitant eyes.

"I dare you to rub your clit to the count of ten."

Rolling her eyes at the note she ran her fingers down her stomach and amid her labia. Teasing her clit made her tremble. Ten swift massages she stops and pulls her shirt back on for safety. Still unbuttoned she merely hides herself. Her jeans remained lowered and concealed by her hands.

The class was nearly over as Ryan eyes the clock. He had to see if she might go further. With twelve minutes remaining he writes yet another note.

"I dare you to finger yourself for three minutes. Two fingers."

Eying his note she shakes her head and looks around at her audience. All of them were waiting eagerly. Noting her shroud of Studs concealing her from the majority of the class she shivers. With a deep breath she carefully removes her shirt again and literally hands it to Ryan. Every guy there grew instantly jealous of him.

The gent sitting in front of her was a big boy. He chose to block her from Morrison's angle. Another young Man to her right leaned forward to help block her from others. The Teacher would have to move around them for a better view. Seeing this Monica blows them a kiss and eases her jeans down to her knees. She then rubs her clit some more for stimulation. In seconds she dips her two middle fingers up inside her pussy. Three minutes seemed like forever. Up close the Studs could hear her fingers sloshing amid her wet vagina. The sight was every man's fantasy. Ryan timed her three minutes and motioned for her to stop.

She resisted and forged onward. Monica had to know just how far she could go. Three more minutes she felt like cumming. She knew she couldn't get away with it. Her moans were brewing to the point that her pressed lips couldn't contain them.

Finally, with four minutes remaining until the bell rang she pulled her fingers out of her pussy and eased her pants back on. Ryan teasingly withheld her shirt for yet another minute. She shrugged as if she didn't mind and tapped her wet nails on her desk.

Seconds before the bell he hands it over and she gets fully dressed.

Bell ringing the students all rile up to leave.

The boys gather around Monica and Ryan.

"That was insane Gift." One man, "Justin" praises.

Another, "Toby" comes to her defense, "Guys! Let's keep this quiet. I for one want more of that. If she wants to that is."

Monica shyly smiles, "Promise to keep me safe and not tell the world I'm game."

Twelve boys make a pact.

Ryan waits until the crowd disperses then nudges his whole body into hers.

"I dare you to do that every day."

She rolls her eyes, "Not every day but I loved that. Someone will rat me out though. Only a matter of time."

"I think you're building up a wall of guys who will protect you. I say go as far as you can. Enjoy yourself."

"Dammit Ryan. I need fucked."

His eyes bulge, "Oh really?"

"I do. But, I can do that myself." She razzes him.

"I'd be glad to help out." He wiggles his eye brows at her.

"Uh huh!" She turns on her heel and leaves him behind.

Ryan looks down at his erection.

"Bathroom stall it is."

**Monica 04: Quit Stalling**

Between classes Ryan Quinones walked with Monica. Eyes followed them but nobody shared any nasty glares. Some of the boys who lusted over her had the same idea as Ryan about heading to the restroom to relieve their tortured pecker erection.

Amused by her effect on them Monica nudged Ryan, "Better go get off. Bells going to ring."

He chuckles, "I might skip Algebra."

"I hate my next class. Nothing but girls and funny boys working on the yearbook. Journalism bites."

"So let's skip together and go fuck in my car."

She rolls her eyes, "See. Now you want me all the time. Calm down and just take what I give. This is all about me. What I do to guys is just feeding my ego. I need space Ryan. We can't let anybody think we're anything other than friends. I want to be viewed as a free spirit. Okay?"

He nods trying to look understanding. His heart sank slightly.

Toby from earlier stepped from the bathroom and noticed Monica immediately. His just released hard on stormed back to full erection at her sight. Gripping his crotch to adjust made her snicker.

"I'm not sorry." She sticks her tongue out at Toby.

"I'll live." He hisses, "What made you do that? You've never been that wild. Not complaining."

"Hidden away until the time felt right. Just don't assume I'm looking for sex. It's only for the eyes. For now." She giggles with fluttering eyelids.

"Awesome. Secret's safe. Hope you do more of that. You looked close to climaxing. You have to be hurting."

"Oh, I'm horny as heck. But, I can wait until after school."

Toby offers an uncertain expression, "Why? Finish what you started."

Her hesitance became evident until Ryan whispered into her ear.

"I dare you to get off in the men's bathroom."

She freezes in thought. Teachers could enter. Boys less likely to keep quiet. Underage a strong possibility. She would need to enforce that rule should she go forward. Still most would be in class. Only Ryan and Toby might skip out to watch.

"Anybody else in there?" She bites her nail.

Toby recalls, "Maybe five guys. Three from Morrison's class. I'll talk to the other two."

"Only seven total? Darn it." She giggles then hisses through gnashed teeth, "Guys? Listen. I know this is something you might not worry about, but I need you all to only invite students that are 18. I realize any one of them could lie about that but humor me. I need to play it safe."

Toby looks over at Ryan to read thoughts. Both of them turn in step to see who was around them. Toby notes three more from class that he knew for a fact were 18 and hurries to fill them in on the scheme. They in turn chose two other boys each to join the huddle. Fourteen interested students now.

Ryan spotted Shane down the hall and expelled a shrill whistle to get his attention. In seconds it became fifteen.

Monica merely stood there with a glint of fear. Excitement but inner stress.

Toby heads into the restroom and informs those inside.

Only one young man was escorted out for being 16. He had no clue as to why he was rushed out. He was then replaced by another who was 18.

"Sure about this?" Ryan squints.

"Watch the door. Don't let anyone else inside."

"Where's the risk in that? I dare you to leave the door unattended."

Fanning her cheek she sneers at his logic.

While they were aggressive in her age request, leaving the door unattended allowed the possibility of others not of age to enter. Finally, Ryan rolls his eyes.

"I'll keep my eye on whoever enters. I got your back."

She fidgets a moment to believe in him, "Let's do this."

She twists in step and bolts through the bathroom door. Her followers casually enter behind her. Only Ryan lays back long enough to pull aside another friend whispering to him the situation. He trusted "Eddie".

Time ran out as the bell to begin the next class rang. Eddie dashed about on his mission.

Ryan entered the restroom to find Monica already topless. Toby held her shirt while she loosened her jeans. Discarding her tennis shoes she slithers out of her pants and stands only in her thin white bobby socks that were ankle high.

The crowd voiced their approval in whispers. Everyone there commented on her sexy body. Swirling in step she was now able to let them see all of her. Her perfect ass was hidden earlier. She looked over her shoulder and patted her ass cheeks. Taking the time to bend over and pry her cheeks apart for a sample view of her clam shaped pussy and adorable anal cavity.

Rearing erect she bounces mid turn to let her monster tits jiggle until her hands crush them together. Lifting her left breast she swirls her tongue around her areola. All the while eying the audience. They were all mesmerized and touching themselves.

Ryan made his way around her and steps close enough to add fuel to her fire.

"I dare you to let everyone touch you while you masturbate."

She huffs blowing at her long brown hair and moves closer to her congregation. Surrounded she rubs up against Toby her ass over his crotch. She then takes his hands and brings them up to squeeze her tits.

Feeling his warm exhale on her neck made her close her eyelids and enjoy his kneading fingers on her tits. After a moment to give him his chance she peels away and glides across from him into a boy named, "Carson". She hugged him, pressing her chest into his. His palms trailed her spine until he could rub and squeeze her ass.

Breaking away with an erotic wink she moved on from boy to boy until all of them had a caress of her at the very least.

Reaching Ryan's friend "Shane" he took the initiative to lean in and kiss her left nipple. The reaction made her squeal. Patting his cheek she points her index finger at him to behave.

Ryan literally punches Shane in the bicep to get him to stop.

Easing away Monica goes to the sink which was a counter with three water basins. She eases up to sit on the counter itself. It was uncomfortable to say the least. Planting her feet on the ledge she fans her knees wide to expose her vibrant pussy.

Fingers tease her clit and pry her labia wide to let them see her tunnel of lust in all of its pink beauty. Eying each of them with glistening eyes that reveal her inner thoughts she begins fingering herself. Her gaze never left theirs.

The deeper her fingers entered her the messier she got. Moans escalated. Shrill whimpers left her lips as they trembled.

Ryan stepped into her space and gently brushed her black strands of hair from her eyes. He then caresses his knuckle along her cheek. She drifted attention toward his tenderness while her fingers continued in and out of her pussy succulently.

"Look at them." Ryan encourages her, "You want them to want you. Don't you?"

With a fevered nod she doesn't even think about her answer, "Yes."

"You want to drive them crazy horny. Don't you?"

Whimpering her answer she feels her orgasm brewing, "Yes."

As her brain loses all reality the bathroom door eases open. Silently friend Eddie leads "Holden" and four others inside. All blended in to watch. This meant twenty sets of yearning eyes.

Ryan's caress leads to her trembling lips. His thumb gently pressing at her bottom lip. Without any thought Monica began sucking on his thumb. He hadn't anticipated that. Still he watched her.

"You want them to imagine your lips around their cocks. Don't you?"

Nodding with tearing up eyes she concurs.

She was close to climax.

Ryan looks toward the tormented gathering. They wanted it all. He could tell.

"You want them to show you how badly they want you. Don't you?"

His thumb leaves her mouth as her expression misses it.

"Yes." She quakes.

Toby leads the charge. He unzips his pants and pulls his seven inches free and begins jerking off. Four others followed. As her face turned beet red at her eager hormones three more cocks found freedom.

Toby eases toward her slowly and stands next to her left foot. He braves rubbing his crown on her toes. She allowed it. Not from wanting it. Because she had no control over her mind at the moment.

Ryan nuzzles amid her hair and kisses her earlobe.

He then whispers softly, "I dare you to let them all cum on you."

His words heard barely she cries out and squirts on the floor below. Her body convulsing to dispel every bit held in reserve. Admiring her exhaustion Ryan carefully picks her tiny 110 pound body up and carries her to the center of the floor. Easing her down on the cold tile she laid there.

Toby stood over her. All of the twenty did. Of the twenty, twelve jerked off over her and shot mighty loads across her flesh. She knew it was happening. As strength grew she sat up and awaited more. Her palms slid across her flesh glossing herself in the white leftovers.

Seeing the boldness of the others brought three more dicks out to play. One of them dared to prime his cock over her face. She gazed up at him with doe like eyes. Her thoughts of going too far shot out the window. This was intoxicating.

Sensing his struggle she reaches her right hand up to gently palm his balls. Light kneading was all it took. He blasted her brow with a coat of hot paint.

The remaining two eased over her face after seeing their buddy get special treatment. In response she repositions on her knees and primes her chin right under them. One boy took the chance and slapped his cock over her puckered lips. She didn't expect it and closed her eyes to embrace the sudden impacts.

The third boy got overexcited and nutted on her right cheek. This left only the lip smacker.

His final moments led him to press his crown right on her lips until he shot lava across them. The spatter went up her nostrils even.

Once the delicacy was delivered the gathering congratulated everyone for their courage.

Ryan towered behind Monica and waited for her to peer back at him.

After wiping her chin and mouth on her wrist she did.

Her narrowed gaze made him feel uneasy. She was angry at him. He didn't offer to help her up. Instead he merely glared down at her.

Finally, she clutches his jeans and pulls herself to her feet. He was useful in that at least.

The gathering began to leave and eventually only Ryan and Shane remained to observe her cleaning herself up with water and paper towels.

"Mad?" Ryan finally asked.

"No." She barely muttered while wiping her face.

The air was thick, so thick Shane decided to bail before it got any denser.

She quickly got dressed as Ryan watched her. Once presentable Ryan grips her hand.

"Talk to me."

"What's to say? I took your dare and ran with it. It always seems to exceed what I plan on doing. I didn't expect a cum bath Ryan." She lowers her gaze.

"Sorry. I won't dare you any more." He joins her gaze at the tile floor.

"I don't want you to stop daring me Ryan." She whispers.

This made him look up at her with an unexpected energy.

"Seriously?"

She smirks, "That was fun. BUT! There's a difference between exhibition and stepping over the line."

"So, I should never dare you to go that far?"

She turns to walk toward the bathroom exit. Stopping she leers over her shoulder.

"You can. I might."

Winking at him she carefully eases out into the hallway just as the bell rang.

Ryan realized he had a raging hard on that hadn't been taken care of. The excitement of her answer made him dash into a stall.

He took care of business.

Noisily.

**Monica 05: Brock Party**

After Monday's intensity the remainder of the week stayed normal. So far she hadn't gotten in any trouble. Her troop of young men were keeping their word about not bragging and creating problems. Regardless, she knew it would catch up to her at some point.

The last couple days she distanced herself from Ryan other than razzing him in Morrison's class. The other guys understood her hesitance of doing things daily. Not to mention her concerns over the age of those students she would engage anything with. The word was out of only 18 years of age would get her attention. She let them all know more was coming if her wishes were followed. It just needed to be paced out so she felt encouraged that she wouldn't be busted.

Come Friday night Monica socialized with her parents until they got ready to head out of town. Their adventure leading them to a dinner party some fifty miles away. Once they were gone Monica hit the shower and came out smelling like roses. The perfumed soap helped.

Prowling about naked as she always did she made certain all of the curtains were wide open and the lights were bright.

In her bedroom she raises her window and screen to lean out. Looking over at Ryan's house she knew he was at work. Her gaze led up at Brock's bedroom window. She expected Ryan's dad to be there waiting. Watching. Not this time.

Pouting she starts to retreat inside when she hears, "I'm not always in my bedroom spying. Sometimes I'm just outside your window."

She screams then laughs while looking down below her window at her yard.

"Don't do that. You nearly scared my clothes back on."

"Wouldn't want that. Sorry if this looks creepy. I forgot I left the backyard sprinkler on. Valves on the side of the house."

"Lies! Lies! Lies! You were window peeking." She teases.

"Not intentionally. I figured the night was young." Brock smirks.

She pinches her nipples taunt, "Isn't this so much nicer that we can bond without the restriction of faking our perversions?"

"Just glad my boys aren't home. Ryan's working and Kyle headed back to college. I don't think they would understand this."

She fidgets realizing that Ryan couldn't know what his Father was seeing.

"Do they know you watch me?"

"Doubt it. I know they've watched you before though. Busted Kyle with his pants down once from his room next to mine. Ryan I'm not sure."

She remained silent about letting him know the truth.

"So, what do you plan on doing tonight?" As if he didn't know her routine.

She leans on her forearms, "To do things I haven't done before. Now that we know that we both see one another I think we should at the very least be more open about it."

"As wrong as this might be at our ages I'm certainly not going to turn down anything."

"Age is just a number. I'm 18. You're Ancient." She laughs, "Let's just decide on boundaries. Sex is totally off the table. I just want to tease you and watch you get off. I'll do the same. Can we agree on that?"

Puckering he nods, "I can live with that. My place or yours?"

Without another word Monica steps back then crawls through her window to sit on the sill. Facing Brock below she hisses, "Catch me."

Her body falls into his waiting hands. Her weight held against him she intentionally plants her busty tit's in his face. Smothered he huffs, "You smell nice."

As he eases her to the grass she stares up at him, his hands still on her waist.

"Sweet Hazeus! You are freaking gorgeous."

She swirls in step to let him take her whole body in under the dim lighting of her room casting down at them.

"Big hands Mister." She places them back on her waist.

He grew tongue tied suddenly. Her eyes were stunning looking up at him with so much vigor.

"So, my place I take it?" He nods toward it.

"I've never been inside your house before."

"Guess not. We should be careful. Nosey neighbors all around. Ole Butch over there knows you exist too. Kramer out back is working on his car in the garage."

"Let them see. I'm not afraid."

"Of course not." He chuckles, "Front door it is."

She folds her arm around his and hugs his side as they step into the front yard. He had his porch light on which illuminated all the way to the curb. Not to mention his sidewalk had tiny lanterns strewn from the curb to the steps.

A car was easing up their street toward them. Brock grew cautious.

"We better go inside."

"Don't be in such a hurry. Live a little." She dances while holding his hand.

"What if it's my son? Or, your folks?"

She frowns, "Do they drive trucks?"

"No. Fine! Have it your way."

"Follow me."

She leads him to the curb and then turns to face the street. Taking his hands she brings them around her and cups them over her breasts. He lays his chin on top of her head and enjoys the scent of her hair.

The truck slows as the headlights capture them. The drive by made him swallow hard. She merely flutters her fingers at the inhabitants of the vehicle. A tooted horn greets them then casually moves on.

"See? That wasn't so hard." Her ass rubs back against his crotch, "But that is."

"Ready to go inside now?"

"Only if you carry me." She giggles turning to pat his chest.

He swiftly cradles her in his arms and makes the journey up his porch. She opens the door for him and they go inside. Her toes kick the door shut.

"Take me to your bedroom. I want to see where you spy on me."

Huffing he maneuvers up his staircase and into his bedroom. It was neater than she imagined. Reaching his window he lowers her to her feet. Leaning on him she looks down into her bedroom directly at the bed he watches her masturbate in.

"Perfect view. So sexy." She giggles.

"That it is. That you are."

She twirls to face him and teases his chest through his t-shirt with clawing fingernails.

"You used to videotape me. I want to see myself in action from your point of view."

"Funny you should ask. Ever since last Friday I've been watching them a lot. I made a DVD collage." He steps to his bedside table to retrieve remotes. Television on followed by DVD player he starts the movie.

Behind him Monica dives into his bed and stretches out with her head in her hand.

"Get comfy. Let's watch."

Brock moves to his favored side of the bed and kicks his plow shoes off. His t-shirt removed he sprawls out on his back leaning against the head board.

The room was dark except for the television and a tiny nightlight plugged into an outlet.

The video consisted of his vantage point directly into her bedroom. Obviously she was too far from his camera to be heard but he could be.

"You were breathing heavy." She sighs.

"Jacking off."

"I can tell. The camera isn't steady."

She hears him ejaculating noisily. Swear words define his pleasure. He compliments her by calling her a little whore slut in the background. Telling her to play with that sweet little pussy.

"Awww! Such beautiful compliments."

She hears him grunt behind the video footage saying, "Some day when she's old enough I'm going to fuck that little cunt."

"Whoa! Slow down there Buddy." She sits up supported on one hand to glare over at him.

"It was a private moment. Give me a break." He frowns.

She begins laughing at his stress. Settling back she eyes his crotch while he checked out the continuing video. Further comments continued his reign of mental domination over her. Each tidbit of video made his cock swell right before her carefully spying eyes.

"That's about it. Guess I don't need to record more. Now that you freely let me watch." He boasts.

"You could record us now." She hints with flirtatious eyes.

"Wow! We can do that if you're serious."

"Set up. Let's make a mild porno."

He leaps up and sifts in his closet for a tripod and gets his camera out of it's bag. A fresh battery entered he preps the camcorder on his bed. She was already massaging her clit as he started recording.

"Brock? You make me so wet. I can't help myself. Let me play with my sweet little pussy for you." She acts out.

He stands back and watches her vigorously massage her clit until she arches her back. Her legs part wider for a better view. Fingers insert and exit rapidly. With each insertion she moans and reaches a yearning hand toward Brock.

"I know you want to fuck me Brock. Come lay with me."

He darts around his bed and drops in to lay next to her. As he positions himself better she snuggles up under his arm. His eyes favor watching her fingers disappear and reappear.

In her erotic posturing she exhales toward him while staring into his eyes.

"You make me so wet. Can't you hear it?"

"Yeah. I do." He huffs.

Monica snuggles even closer at an angle to press her tits in his direction. He takes the risk of squeezing her breast. She whines her pleasure like a true porn star.

"That feels nice, Brock. Don't stop."

Her eyes locking on to his made him ready to explode in his pants. She was acting yet it seemed so sincere. Was it? He wasn't quite sure.

With a deep breath he takes another risk and repositions yet again to raise her nipple into his awaiting mouth. Sucking on it made her coo. Her fingers still digging for gold.

"Oh Brock. More."

Her fingers removed she trails her wetness across his jeans to massage his crotch. It was alive beneath the denim.

As her fingers probe his girth his own hand reaches in to unfasten his pants. Her fingers pinch the zipper and drag it down its track. Abandoning her nipple he was forced to battle his pants off of his legs. Kicking them off on to the floor he devoted his attention to removing his boxers. Finally naked he settles back to resume snuggling with Monica.

Her fingers taunt his thigh as he grips his erection.

"Goddamn you're sexy."

"Cum for me Brock." She spider steps her fingers through his pubic region.

"Cum with me, Beautiful."

"Your cock is perfect. I love how it curves up." She exhales on his chest.

"Touch it." He pleads with a certain gruffness.

Again more than planned Monica chooses to comply. Trembling she trails her index finger up and down his foreskin, pinching the crown and delicately tickling his scrotum. It was hot and pulsing beneath her finger.

His own hand reaches over her and locates her pussy. Brocks fingers enter her scalding juices, forcing her to gasp. It felt wonderful. For once it wasn't her own fingers.

"Shit, Brock." She hisses and cuddles against him tighter.

"Stroke my cock." He whispers as she looks up into his eyes with trembling hesitation.

Whimpering she agrees and wraps her fingers around his thick girth. She then begins rubbing his length slowly at first. As his fingers frolicked so did hers.

"Make me cum Brock." She tenses up at his knuckling assault.

"Please kiss my dick." He kisses her on the forehead.

"No sex." She whispers.

"Please, Monica." He moans.

Biting her lower lip she creeps forward and manages the right angle to succulently kiss his crown. Her lips went so far as to mold around its mushroom shape and audibly suckle it.

The reaction made her realize how much he adored her.

His available hand caresses her cheek lovingly as her eyes dance toward his. She began quaking at his other hands digging. Yelping suddenly she claws at his thighs. Her orgasm crept up on her and made her cry out.

He removes his drenched fingers and places them between her lips. Her juices tantalize her tongue.

Monica gathered her thoughts and returned her focus toward Brock's throbbing cock.

"Kiss it again." He whispers.

With a low pitch whine she rolls closer and forgets the word kiss. She swallows his cock whole and feeds on it like a starving child. His hand palms the back of her head as he watches her move up and down on his shaft.

"That's the fantasy I craved. Even when you were sixteen I imagined this. Calling me "Daddy"."

He bites his tongue at how awful he sounded. He was just glad she grew up. The past was the past.

She hears his ramblings and dramatically eyes his camera. Although she was once again overstepping her boundaries she felt sorry for Brock suddenly. Giving this her best emotions she devoured his cock for three more minutes before a puckered release that made her recite, "I love the taste of your cock, Daddy."

Her tender childlike voice made him melt.

Growling he rolls her over with her head facing the camcorder and follows her. Moving low his tongue laps at her clit. She laid there moaning at the top of her lungs. His tongue digging within her, along side a probing pair of fingers.

"Oh, Daddy. Don't stop."

She convulsed quickly and gushed all over his chin.

In her trembling state Brock moved up to his knees between her legs and towered over her. He gripped her ankles and pried her legs wide. Eying his cock and her pussy he was torn. Take it? Or, retreat to his hand.

"Someday I'm going to fuck this cunt." He stares at her without expression.

Her eyes watering she raises her hands toward him with a pleading gaze.

"Please Brock."

He chooses to rub his crown along her labia. In her imprisoned mobility he could easily claim her. As he taunts her she challenges herself to accept her fate. She brought this on. She knew the risk. Her heart sank but her soul smiled.

"Just a taste." He carefully enters her as she arches her spine and digs her nails into his bed sheets.

"Fuck that feels good." She whimpers.

"Sure does." He grimaces and pulls out of her and leans to hover over her on his arms now planted to each side of her shoulders.

Her legs released, she caresses her toes up and down his legs.

"Finish for me Daddy." She whispers.

He sighs, "Let me fuck you."

Her eyes stare hard at his yearning gaze. In response Monica lowers her hand between them and finds his cock. She guides it into her pussy and pulls him closer.

"Make me scream, Daddy."

Snarling he rammed inside her and thrust like a madman. She yelped, moaned, whimpered, pleaded, wept at every sensation. He was by far the best she had ever had.

Detonation filled her insides making her scratch his back at the explosion within.

Before she could think he pulled her up with his dick still inside her and slowly left his bed. He carried her into his son Kyle's room and fucked her in his bed. Ten minutes later he fucked her in Ryan's bed.

Balls of sweat she left a cum stain on Ryan's comforter. She would giggle if he didn't notice it.

Final withdrawal Brock nestled in to kiss her on the lips.

"That was worth the wait. We should do this more often."

She presses her lips tightly then caresses his unshaven cheek, "Brock? Daddy? I never wanted it to go this far. It was awesome. I loved it. I adore you. I only wanted to tease you. Can we just keep this a friendly inspiration next time? I want to keep you happy Brock. But, on terms of no sex. Just masturbation. Striptease kind of thing."

He nods and puckers in thought, "I want you to keep me happy. Blowjob every now and then?"

"Settle for a hand job?" She fidgets playfully.

"Kiss him once in awhile?"

She laughs and entwines his neck with her arms as her eyes dart between his eyes and her thighs, "Only if you kiss her once in awhile."

"Deal."

"Good. I have another request." She charms him.

"What?"

"I need an adult point of view. I want to be wilder out in public."

"Strip for everyone to see?"

Her eyes bulge wide, "YESSSSSSSSS! I crave it Daddy."

"Just exhibition?"

"Anything else gets me into trouble." She laughs.

"So, no touching?"

"I can handle a little. I just don't want things so out of hand I get raped."

"Like where? Exhibition that is."

"Adult places. I don't know really. That's why I'm asking you to be my guardian angel."

"Lot's of people?"

"Yes."

"I know a few bars you might be able to express yourself in. Only thing is the drinking age is 21. You're 18."

"16 in your fantasies." She sticks her tongue out at him.

"I might be able to talk some bartenders into special shows. After hours. They might have stipulations though."

"Such as?"

"Things you're set against."

"Sex?"

"Probably."

"UGGGGH! Why can't guys just take what I offer?"

"In your case you're stripper quality."

"Stripper yes. Hooker no."

"So, the bar's are out then."

She rolls her eyes, "Promise I won't get raped?"

"Not raped. But, I'd expect to offer a little more than skin for eyes."

"Never leave my side and fight for my safety?"

"I can agree to never leave your side. Too many angry dudes I'll lose a fight."

"I'm not scared. Set something up for next Friday night."

"I'll see what I can do."

She groans, "And, I'll see what I can do."

"Meaning?"

"Shut up and fuck me one last time, Daddy."

"Won't be the last." He forcefully plants his forehead on hers to command her eye contact.

Shivering Monica fucked him for another two hours.

Brock had ideas.

Devious ideas.

**Monica 06: Hood Ornament**

At the end of Monday classes Ryan Quinones and his friends Shane and Holden caught up with Monica Gift at her locker. Today was a normal day overall. She did however wear extra snug, extra short jean cutoffs and a bright red t-shirt. A bra beneath it for support of her 34DDD's still offered a hint of nipple hard on.

"Hey Monica. We want to run an idea by you." Shane threw his backside into the locker next to hers.

Startled she darts her gaze between each of them.

"Okay. I'm listening."

"It's been a week since you did anything outrageous here at school." Ryan frowns.

"Well, yeah! Too much will get me expelled and disowned by my parents. Not too mention every guy in school wants my body." She smirks, "Which is what I thrive on."

Holden scratches his head eying her chest, "True that. I hear guys talking all the time. The good thing is I've talked with as many of them as I know and there's a rock solid pact going around not to let anybody else know. Looks like you have lots of fans."

"How long will that last though? Eggs crack. Someone will overhear them. Or, worse the wrong people will see me. Trust me I want to show off more. I just need to be careful. What I've done so far has already pushed me over the limits I once told myself I had." She points at Ryan, "Did I really need that cum bath in the Men's room, Ryan?"

He almost goes pale at her words, "Probably not. Do you regret it?"

Looking at the floor she ponders the question before grinning sheepishly, "No! Shush."

The four of them chuckle amongst each other.

"Anyway, our idea." Shane interrupted.

"Does it consist of something here at school?" She narrows her eyes.

"Nope. We want you to deliver pizza with us tonight."

She creases her brow scowling, "Don't remind me that my parents keep hinting I get a part time job."

"Just for one night. We know you don't drive. You would ride along and deliver the pizza." Holden holds his breath before saying, "Wearing a bikini."

Her curiosity is instantly intrigued, "Ooooo! That could be fun."

Ryan adds, "Here's our plan. We DARE you to do this. We all work tonight because of Monday Night Football. Monday is usually busy as hell. But, we figure you can take turns riding with us. Deliver three pizza orders. One just the bikini and the delivery hat. We'll draw straws to see who drives you then. The second delivery you untie your top and let it dangle. The final pizza you lose the bikini and deliver nude."

"Tips go into your bikini bottoms like a stripper." Holden chuckles.

She ponders the idea more, imagining the possibilities.

"What if the pizza is delivered to girls or Teachers? Or people my parents know?" She trembles.

Ryan shrugs, "I thought you thrived on risks."

With both hands she reaches up and jokingly strangles Ryan, "Curse you."

"Is that a yes?" Ryan laughs.

"I do own a micro bikini." Monica giggles, "Brazilian style. Pink with spaghetti string straps."

All three boys drop their jaws as she presses her right index finger to her lips in thought.

Ryan stammers, "I've never seen you wear that before. Not even when you sunbathe."

"I just haven't found the right occasion to experiment with it. Until now maybe. This sounds fun guys. Let's try the first delivery and go from there. Just because it's Football night doesn't mean it's only a guy thing. Girls eat pizza and cheer at touchdowns too."

"You did tell us to push you. I did last week. A lot. You still want that right?" Ryan asks.

"I do. Just no more gang jizzing on me."

Ryan shakes his head, "See? I push and now you don't want to listen to me. Us."

She sneers at him with a faint smirk added, "Guilt trip? Seriously, Ryan?"

"Let's go guys. As hot as this could be I don't think she wants to be as pushed as she let on." Ryan turns his back to her.

Both Shane and Holden look disappointed at her. She merely stares without expression.

"Stop that right this minute, Mr. Quinones. I fulfilled every dare you threw at me last week. You know that. I can't help feeling used in certain ways here. You overstepped my boundaries every time Ryan. I ended up going along with it. That should tell you something."

Stopping in his tracks he keeps his back to her, "Boundaries are meant to be crossed. You want pushed. We're pushing. Hard! You don't need our help really. You were doing fine by yourself."

"Around my house yes. Occasional flashes in public yes. But, not to the lengths I exhibited last week. I wouldn't have done that stuff if not for you Ryan. I trust you to keep me safe. All of you. I don't mind going a little further I just need to feel safe and comfortable. Last week could have ruined my life. Yet, I did it. It felt awesome to let myself feel that much freedom. Would I do it all again? As long as I have you as support yes."

Ryan turns his profile to glare back at her, "You have our support, Monica. BUT, if you are serious about us pushing you forward you should stop setting boundaries on this."

Horror attacks her senses. Fear actually entered her thoughts. By telling them to push her she had walked into her own boundary point. She had created a wall around herself.

Turning away again Ryan mutters, "Come on guys."

As they step away she stomps her foot whining, "WAIT! What are you suggesting? Be honest Ryan."

He halts yet again and walks between his friends to face her. He plants both palms on her shoulders and makes eye contact.

"I suggest that you stop the boundaries. We all know you want to be nudged further and further. If you had your way you would be naked every where you go."

"Yes. I would. But, does that mean I need to become a slut?"

"If you expect to have as much freedom as you want I'd say yes. To a certain extent."

"You want me to be a slut?" She pouts with a creased brow.

"Can you tell me in all honesty that you don't like the attention that all those guys last week wanted to give you?"

"Of course I want attention. But, does fucking guys or letting them unload all over me need to be a factor in this? Touching me is one thing. I don't mind touching. But,--"

Ryan shakes his head and holds his palms up toward her, "Don't ask us to push then."

"Ryan?" She pleads with her eyes, "Let me go with you tonight. I'll consider more but pushing too much might-"

He cuts her off, "Make you lead a normal boring life?"

"Dude! I think she wants to stop." Shane expresses at a low tone.

"NO I DON'T!! Please, let's just see how tonight goes. I'm excited by the idea of delivering with you guys."

"I'm going to push you hard. All of us will. If you start in about boundaries we're dropping you off and we're done trying to help you." He looks at Shane and Holden, "Agreed?"

Both boys nod leaving her to stare at them hopelessly. Finally she sighs loudly.

"I hate you guys."

"Love hate relationships are hot." Holden grins.

Ryan looks at her directly, "I head for work at 5:00. Be in my car by 4:50. Wear what you're wearing now with the bikini under it. Just so your parents don't wonder what's up."

"Done! Please don't be upset with me Ryan. I'll do my best to follow what you suggest of me."

"No! You WILL follow what I dare you to do. Tonight might just prove that you really don't want our help."

"I do want your help. All of you."

"When tonight is over you're going to thank us for not letting you give in to any insecurities. You're brave already Monica. You just need to conquer every other fear."

"I'm not insecure. I'm logical. Being a slut has never been my intention. I just like teasing."

"Teasing is great. But, torturing is better." Shane chuckles.

"Am I torturing them or are they torturing me?" She rolls her eyes at him.

"I give up." Ryan hisses.

Before he turns she grabs his arm.

"I DARE you to DARE me anything tonight. I'll obey even if I get into trouble. I promise."

" Prove it. Right now." Ryan glares at her.

"Dare me." She exudes confidence.

Looking around them in the hall the school had nearly vacated the building. Only a few boys and girls remained. To their knowledge those in sight were eighteen.

"Take those shorts off. Hand them to me." He orders.

Without so much as a look around her she unzips her jean shorts and lowers them to her feet. Today she had worn a black thong. Stepping out of them she hands them to him.

"Happy?" She stares without blinking.

"Shirt off. Bra and panties only."

She swiftly peels her t-shirt over her head then fans her long hair about before tossing the shirt at Holden.

"Now?" She adjusts her matching black lace bra over her burdening giants.

"You're going to walk to my car out in the parking lot just like that."

"Lead the way."

"Nope. You lead the way. Walk proud. Unafraid. Uncaring what might happen to you. Who might see you. If stopped socialize. If it's a teacher tell him it was a dare and accept detention."

Taking a deep breath she growls then steps away toward the exit doors. The students there left to witness begin to mumble and agree to offer her silent praise. Even the girls were speechless but lightly clapped. They loved her daring nature.

Slipping through the turnstile she rotated around and reached the outdoors. The steps down were filled with students. She waved at them smiling and maintained her course. Uncertain of age she just prays they were legal. On the last step before sidewalk she ran into Toby and his friend Carson . They looked as if they had seen a ghost. They had kept her secret but now that secret was moot. She was being seen by too many others.

"Hey Monica." Toby swallowed hoarsely.

"Hey Handsome. Walk with me."

The boys looked back to see Ryan and his troop trailing behind. Mad respect suddenly came over Toby. Still, he and Carson hugged closer to block her travels the best they could to be safe.

"We still won't admit to seeing you in class or the men's room."

"Thanks. I'm afraid to look back. Is anybody calling 9-1-1?"

"No but I see cell pics in action." Carson walks in step backwards beside her.

"Had to happen. I'll probably get expelled over this." She laughs at her situation.

"No faculty in sight. Maybe not. A few of our clan are doing damage control it looks like. Trust us Monica. We all have your back."

"And, my front if I recall." She hisses nearing the car lot.

Student parking had traffic moving about that slowed to literally video her with their cells.

"Where did Ryan park anyway?" She looks around not seeing his car.

She freezes in step and turns to face Ryan fanning her arms wide not knowing where to go.

Ryan, Shane, and Holden caught up with her and her entourage.

"So far so good." Ryan smirks, "Feeling invincible yet?"

"Not invincible. Very vulnerable. But, I'm not letting you down."

"Isn't that Principal Janson's convertible?" Ryan points out.

"Why yes it is Ryan." Holden chuckles.

"Monica? Go sit on his car hood."

Her face went flush yet she turned and pranced toward the Faculty's reserved parking. Finding "Lloyd Janson's" Rust colored Camaro she carefully crawls on to the car hood and sits pretty.

Toby steps over to Ryan, "What's this about?"

"I'm teaching her not to be restrained by anything. She needs to be more fearless."

Eyebrow raised Toby puckers, "She was fearless before wasn't she?"

"Yeah. She still has doubts though. Now take her picture."

Toby slowly retrieves his cell from his back pocket before standing ready.

She fidgets at the hot metal under her flesh.

"Monica?"

"Yep?" She offers a brave expression.

"Remove the bra."

No hesitation the black cups fell. She tosses her bra to Carson.

Toby immediately snaps pictures.

Behind everyone the remaining students gathered around to get a closer look.

One girl "Amber" steps up to Toby and Ryan.

"This is soooo cool. Who knew Monica had this in her."

Ryan nods at Amber, "Help keep this quiet. Spread the word. And, if anyone is under Eighteen get them out of here."

Amber zips her lip giggling, a thumbs up at Monica made her feel better inside.

"Roll over and crush your tits on the windshield right where Janson has to look out. Smudge it good so your nipples leave an impression."

She twists and complies while everyone whistles at her performance. As she pulls away her breasts left a perfect indentation of oils on the glass.

"Take the thong off and leave it under his windshield wiper. They belong to Janson now."

Writhing on the hot hood she escapes her thong to do as told. She was now totally nude on the Principal's car being watched by twenty plus students.

"Come over and greet your fans." Ryan barks.

She carefully crawls off the hood and sensually walks over to the gathered teens. Finding Amber amid six other girls Monica hopped in step letting her breasts bounce about.

"Hello." Monica looked horrified.

Amber and her friends jumped at the chance to hug her and offer their respect. They swore allegiance to her without waver.

"Hang with us sometime." A beautiful black Latino mixed girl named, "Chey" suggested.

Monica looked stunned, "Sure. You guys aren't repulsed by my slutty actions?"

"Hell no. That's some badass shit you're getting away with." Complimented another Latina named "Rosa".

Boys merged in. Some who already bore witness to her, others for the first time. She was cloaked now from uncertain age groups.

Praise meant everything. During their communication Monica tenses up smiling and turns toward Ryan. He was gone. All of the boys were. Looking about she finally spotted them in the distance. They had left her to bond while her exposures reaction set in.

"I have to go. I love all of you." Monica hugs a few then skips away toward her group.

At Ryan's car she charged through everyone and hugged Ryan tightly.

"OH MY GOD! That was incredible."

"Mad respect Bro." Toby nods.

"She's her own person. I'm just a good Sensei." Ryan chuckles patting Monica's bare bottom.

"Even the girls are cool with me." She beams.

"No more boundaries." He says commandingly.

"NONE!"

Her spirit soared.

"Good. Let's go to work."

The ride home was excitable.

**Monica 07: Pizza Role**

Her mind reeling over what she called her initiation, Monica slipped from Ryan's backyard into her house. Nobody was home. Her parents were barely ever around. Hard working and hard partying. Either or. She liked it that way. They trusted her. Fools!

Wasting no time she jumped in the shower to freshen up and got ready to join Ryan, and the Pizza pals. She located her micro bikini and swiftly put it on. Her body was pornstar quality. No unsightly weight. All flesh tight in her abs, legs, and ass. Her massive 34DDD breasts were struggling to be hidden under the bikini top.

The bottoms covered her pussy but that was all. It's spaghetti bands vanished up her butt cheeks crevice. Tied at both hips in a loose bow that she could untether with a pinch. Damned sexy she was.

Checking herself out in the mirror of her closet she decides to put her long brown hair up in a ponytail. This would give her stunning shoulders room to showcase their perfect stature.

Satisfied, she sprays a stunning perfume on that excited even her senses.

Getting dressed she wore the same clothes as earlier. Ryan's wishes. The only thing changed is her fringed ankle socks and black strapped shoes with a gentle heel. She adored Bobbi socks. So sexy on her.

Ready to go she had time to step outside into her backyard. She was caught off guard by Ryan's father Brock returning home from work. Construction his chosen career.

"Hi Brock." She spooks him slightly.

"Hey beautiful."

She skips over to his side, "Any luck on that Bar you're taking me too?"

"Actually, yes. Just not this Friday. Aiming for next Friday. That okay?"

"Yessss! Where?"

"Hunter's club about six miles out in the country. No cops out there much. Just a bunch of drunk Hunter's and locals. My buddy Hollister, "Holly" agreed to a striptease. After hours. 2 A.M.."

"Yayyyyyyyyyyyyyy!" She jumps for joy then pauses, "What's the conditions?"

"Whatever happens happens. You're the one taking the risks. He told me I couldn't interfere in any way. So you're on your own."

"Should I be worried?"

"Safe to say you might get manhandled pretty good."

"Raped?"

"Always the chance. You don't have to do it." He repositions his lunch box under his arm.

"I have to. I can't give up. Proving to myself I can be an exhibitionist anywhere is a must."

"I'll bring condoms just in case." He fidgets.

Her face went expressionless, "Wow!"

Before anything more could be said Brock's son Ryan returned from his house and met them in the yard. He had a strained look on his face.

"Hey Dad."

Brock looks between he and Monica, "Don't you have to go to work?"

"On my way now. You still want that ride to Amanda's house?" Ryan thinks quickly making up a name.

"Yessss! Thank you. After a grueling day of classes I don't want the walk across town."

"See you late tonight Pop." Ryan steps past him.

"Bye Brock." She flutters her fingers at him mid twist on her heel.

Brock eyed Monica following behind his son like a lost puppy suddenly. As they disappeared around the garage he frowns. Something was up. He would interrogate them both another time.

"Hop in." Ryan nods at his car.

Monica scurried around to the passenger side and jumped in. Seat belt around her snugly she snaps a glance at Ryan.

"Do you think Janson found my thong on his windshield?"

Backing out of his drive into the alley he proceeded to reach the side street before replying.

"Found. Sniffed. Put it in his pocket. Janson's a weasel I doubt he says a word about it. The smeared windshield will stare at him all the way home though."

They laugh about it as Monica beamed, "I can't believe how much everyone encouraged me. Even the girls. I feel like a weights been lifted."

"Told you so. All it takes is making it look like the ultimate prank toward Janson. Now people will respect you."

"I never thought of that. My pictures been taken doing it. Video even. I hope nobody abuses them."

"You shouldn't care about that Miss Exhibitionist."

"True. I like the idea that guys can look at me any time they want." She dances in her seat.

"Worry about trouble when it shows up. Until then live life and make them lust."

"Easy for you to say." She grits her teeth playfully then sighs, "Okay, already! Thank you Ryan."

"For what?" He plays coy.

She smirks at him with a look of expectation, "You were pretty sexy today. You didn't let me back down. I guess I do have a few insecurities."

"Sexy, huh?" He grins.

"Don't push it. I'm not looking for a boyfriend."

"Good to hear. I only want a fuck buddy." He laughs, "I'm having as much fun as you are."

"I see a change in you since I asked you and the guys to push me. You were almost aggressive earlier. In a good way though."

"Sometimes that's what it takes. You learned something valuable though because of it. Right?"

"Yes." She peers out the passenger door window that was halfway rolled down.

Ryan nods as he eyes traffic, "Tell me what you learned."

"That as free spirited as I am inside I still let things get in my way."

"No longer. I'm calling you on that every time I see it. I intend to push you until you give up or give in. Choice is yours really. I don't own you like some slave. You wanted my help I gave it."

"The trouble is I'm more afraid of losing the ones I love over my urges to show off. My parents would be devastated."

"So give up the urges."

She laughs at herself looking at the floor mat below, "That won't happen. The teasing has me hooked."

"Your idea of teasing is always going to be extreme. You can't help yourself. It's just carrying it out that sucks you in. The endless possibilities. The glory of getting away with it. I see it in your eyes when men see you naked or touching yourself. You love to draw them in."

"It's my drug of choice. I refuse to stop."

"You can't deny that my dares have made you more ambitious. When you stripped down in Morrison's class that was the spark that fed the fire. In the Men's room you finished yourself. You lost your mind at the guys watching you."

"I remember it all. It was something I needed to do. Your dare only increased that desire to succeed."

"Stop lying to yourself Monica. You loved watching them all jerk off. Even when it was all over you."

She pouts slightly, "It wasn't as bad as I said earlier. You're right. It's just my fears of liking that kind of thing too much."

"We're almost at work. Before I go in I'm going to tell you something and I want it to sink in." He eyes her directly.

"Okay."

"I'm going to Dare you to do more of that kind of thing. If you really did like that you shouldn't resist it."

"Did I resist it that day?"

"No. But, you didn't seem too happy at first."

"I'm open to more Ryan. Just please take it slow." She pleads with her eyes.

He pulls into the pizzeria parking lot and parks away from the immediate window access. Shutting his car off he looks over at her.

"No. Face anything and adapt. I DARE you to be yourself. You are this person. Believe in yourself."

She sneers at him, "Should I change into my bikini now?"

"Yep. Stay here. Once we all clock in we'll decide who gets you first. Do whatever Shane and Holden tell you."

"Can I do things for myself? Not being your slave remember?"

"Yes. But, if it's not pushing yourself enough we're going to push. Stay low in the car seat. Family restaurant. Kids and stuff."

"Right. Kids would be bad."

He exits his car and leaves her to peel off her cutoff shorts and t-shirt. Her bikini beneath made her feel sexy. The breeze coming through the window gave her chills.

After ten minutes she see's Shane exit the parlor carrying a red pizza warmer with pizza inside. He walks in front of the car and motions her to follow him to his Dad's small pickup truck.

Switching cars she settles into the cab passenger seat and claims the pizza warmer for him so that he could drive. Backing out quickly he informs her of her attire.

"Tennis hat on the dash by you. Put it on."

She reaches across the warmer and grabs the hat putting it on. She pulled her ponytail through the back to look especially cute.

"Pizza logo pin. Attach it to your bottoms." He hands it to her.

She giggles as she pulls her bottoms out in front to struggle with the pin. In doing so Shane weaved all over the road to look down at her pubic triangle.

"Watch the road. Not me."

"Can't help it. Okay, there's napkins in the warmer. Tuck them into your left breast. Coupons in your right."

Laughing she complies, "Where do I carry change if I owe them any?"

"You don't. It's all tips Baby."

She notes the address on the pizza box after getting the napkins.

"706 Newcastle Avenue."

"Yep. I delivered there the day I started. 40 year old virgin living in his Mom's basement."

"Mom? Great! Bet she answer's the door."

"Does it matter?"

"Not unless you guys mind her calling your boss and getting you fired."

"Job like this is easy to get. I'd rather see you naked more than get a paycheck." He chuckles.

"Awwww! I feel so special."

"You are special, Monica. My mission is to get you naked as often as possible."

"Music to my ears." She laughs, "If I could I'd be naked 24/7."

"That would mean a city full of hard ons."

"I love making guys rock hard."

"I'm hard right now."

"I know. I see the bulge."

"Shit! Almost passed the address up. 706 on the mailbox." He brakes hard and pulls to the curb by a row of bushes. Parking idle he nods for her to get out. He then met her on the other side of his truck.

Placing the pizza sleeve on the hood he turns to face her primping at her hair and adjusting her bikini. She had to laugh at his stupidity.

"Enough already. You know I'm delicious. I don't need all that."

"Just making sure. Wait! One last thing."

He grips her shoulders and turns her around to face the fender well of the truck. Her hands lean on the hood.

Shane then crouches behind her and pulls the bikini bottoms butt crack strap out. Face lowered he flicks his tongue over her ass hole five times, giving her the chills, and a set of light whimpers.

"Dammit Shane." She sighs getting incredibly wet at his tongue lashing.

He slowly rises while kissing his way up her spine until he reached the base of her skull. Nuzzling her ear he kisses her neck tenderly.

" Yeah, you are delicious."

She fans herself trying not to get too worked up.

"That was nice. Can I deliver this pizza before it's cold?" She giggles.

He growls and slaps her on the ass.

She yelps and laughs all at once.

"Get on up there and turn that virgin on."

"Oh, I will. You hide in the shadows and watch the goddess do her thing."

She obtains the pizza sleeve and scurries up the sidewalk to reach the front door. She whispers, "Please don't let Mom answer." repeatedly.

Ringing the doorbell she nervously lifts her body up and down on her toes. Placing her 34DDD's on the top of the sleeve she crushes her monsters together like giant melons. Her nipples poked at the pink bikini top, bullets in a chamber.

Two minutes at most she waited until the door opened wide. It was the 40 year old son. He was roughly 5'6, 230 pounds. Balding brown hair and an unshaven face. He wore grey sweatpants that appeared almost too tight, and a blue t-shirt.

Unexpected to see a girl driver, let alone one so sexy, he stopped cold, frozen in his tracks, as well as expression.

She opens the warmer and pulls the box out letting the warmer fall to the porch at her feet.

"Double Cheese Supreme?" She asks.

He stammers trying to form words that become huffs, "You must be new."

"I am! I am!" She smiles sheepishly.

Swallowing hoarsely he adds, "New uniforms even."

She tosses her head from side to side, "Not regulation. I won't tell if you don't."

She passes him the pizza then removes the napkins carefully from her breast cup.

"Here you go. I know the pizza's are to drool over."

His gaze lowers to her chest and freezes in time. Licking his lips slightly he huffs without moving his mouth, "I might need more than that."

Monica lowers her chin toward her cleavage, "I don't have any more with me."

The man named "Stuart" dropped his jaw at her melons dancing at her nerves. An awkward moment of silence made her fidget and dance on her toes more rapidly. Her beguiling smile went unnoticed even though his attention span allowed her to study his withdrawn expression.

Her own eyes drop for a second to capture the man's grey sweatpants tent up in the crotch. She literally observed it's rise to power. An erection that brought along bulging scrotum with it.

Mischief brewing with each foot dance she acts forgetful, "Oh, I have coupons too."

Tugging her other bikini cup down slightly to retrieve the stuffed coupons she lets him capture the upper fullness of her areola.

He sighed heavily without blinking or showing expressions.

Feigning slippery fingers she drops the coupons at his feet scattering about. Swiftly bending over closer toward him she picked them up. On her way erect she bumped and brushed his erection on her hat's brim forcing the hat to slip from her head. It dangled over her ponytail and stayed there. His dick sprang back up before her bulging eyes.

Blushing she cringed slightly to act spooked, "I'm sooooo sorry about that. First day jitters."

His stony response was simply a huff, "Do that again."

The drool forming at the corners of his mouth was priceless.

"You poor thing. Here let me wipe your chin."

She reaches behind her back and unties her top. Removing it she allowed him to see her breasts in all of their bulging glory. She then leaned forward to use the inside of her top to wipe his chin. He let her without so much as a flinch. Suddenly, he lost motor control and dropped the pizza box to their feet. It landed on the warmer sleeve.

Reacting she jumps back a step squealing. Her tits bobbed about madly due to the suddenness of her actions.

Stuart was a statue. Only his eyes moved along with her bounce.

"Here! Hold my top and I'll pick up the pizza."

Hesitantly he takes the top and eyes her descent to retrieve the pizza. While she collects it he holds her top to his nose. His eyes rolled back into his head. The scent was amazing.

Monica took her time getting up, lowering her chin to give him a moment of alone time.

Preparing to stand she realized that he had also dropped the $20 dollar bill he intended to pay her with. The bill had fluttered down between his legs further behind him. She told her thoughts that this was too perfect.

"You dropped your money too." She teeters the pizza box on her left hip then kneels under him stretching to pinch the money between her fingers. In doing so her scalp was directly under his balls. Bill in toe she rears her head back and made her impact with his balls look accidental. She literally rolled her face along the contours of his swollen scrotum and up the girth of his cocks underside. As his protruding crown reached her brow it touched the bridge of her nose. She crossed her eyes to look at it.

Stuart stared down at her, her doe like eyes in mid panic mode. Feeling her exhale on his balls made his eyes roll back again.

Her sudden departure, she launched herself backwards losing balance and landing on her ass cheeks.

"OH MY GOD! I'm such a klutz. I can't believe I did that."

Regaining his senses he began chuckling and handed her top back to her.

From her sitting position she looked haunted by her actions. Her legs were wide in her sit down position. The thong tugged in to slightly reveal a lip. He again huffed and this time rubbed his facial stubble. She traded him the pizza for her top then covers her chest with her arms.

With a pleading expression she gazes up at him with eyes that made him even harder.

"Please don't tell my Boss. Like I said he doesn't know I'm doing the deliveries wearing my bikini. I need the tip money badly. I figured eye candy would get me the cash."

"You did this on purpose." He frowns as reality sank in.

"The bikini yes. Although I guess taking my top off was going too far. I'm so stupid."

She got all pouty but it was convincing.

"You should deliver here more often." He grunts.

Nodding helplessly she offers, "If I still have a job after tonight I will. I'll request your address. So you won't call my Boss and rat me out?"

"Naw!"

She jumps to her feet bouncing, "Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!"

Arms still folded she turns her back to him and puts the cups of her bikini back over the beauties. She then leers over her shoulder almost seductively, "I'll hold your pizza if you will tie my strings."

She steps back closer to him after he hands her the box. While awkwardly tying her top Monica looks at her feet and devilishly drops her money.

"Shoot!" She instinctively bends over to pick the bill up. As she does her ass rubs directly up against his erection. His concealed cock slips along her curves and unexpectedly drops between her thighs. His eyes bulged at the sensation of his crown literally touching her clothe covered clam.

It was only felt for a second. Monica straightened up and acted embarrassed beyond belief.

"I'm so freaking naïve." She whimpers.

Stuart grabs his pizza and tries to form the movement of offering her a hug. He wasn't positive it was the right thing to do. Pouting heavily she eased in and wrapped her arms around him. Her tits crushing over his belly.

"Thank you for being so understanding." She exhales with a feigning sniffle.

"Any time."

Backing away Monica looks down at his crotch. It had a dark wet spot directly over his penis.

Noting her expression Stuart looks down, "It wasn't me."

Biting her nail playfully she grits her teeth. Realization set in that it was her own dampness that had caused his stain.

"Oops!"

With a flutter of her fingers she lifts the $20, "Do I get to keep the tip?"

"I guess."

"So sweet. Maybe I'll see you again."

He again huffs at his erection.

She felt bad for him, as she put her dangling hat back on.

"You should really get that looked at." She playfully points at the tent.

"Are you a Doctor?" He smirks for the first time.

"No. But, I know how to fix that."

His eye brows rise, "Oh?"

Easing closer Monica places her money in her bikini bottoms right over her pussy. She then rubs her palms together. Taking a deep breath she reaches forward to pinch the elastic band of his sweats. Tugging them outward she peeks in to see his six incher.

Stuart nearly drops his pizza box again.

"Awww! He's cute." She giggles biting her lower lip to offer a melting gaze at him.

Her hand reaches out to hold his. Bringing his hand down she folds his fingers around his swollen genital. Releasing his fingers she moves to his waist band and tugs them down to show off his adventure.

"There! I need to go. Think of me."

As she Skipped away his heart sank. But his blood pressure rose. Before she reached the curb he busted a nut.

Reaching Shane who was holding the truck door open at the curb. She wiggled up to him with a glistening gaze.

"Enjoy that?"

He showed her his sticky palm.

"You didn't." She dropped her jaw.

He nods, "Yep!"

"Yay!"

"Dare you to lick my palm." He says as she gets in the cab.

He puts in front of her face chuckling.

Without a word or sneer she leaned over and licked his fingers dry.

"Can't have a sticky steering wheel. Right?"

He took her back to the parlor.

The night was young.

Two more deliveries.

Monica couldn't stop smiling.

**Monica 08: Warm Reception**

Holden Reese was the lucky second driver to get Monica Gift.

As soon as Shane Brinkwalter brought her back she jumped cars. Holden had a small compact car belonging to his Mom.

"That was so much fun. You should have seen that guy Holden. He was terrified."

"Crazy." He eyes the address on his itinerary.

"Where to now?"

"Foxhill Apartments."

"Ok. So I go topless this time right?" She bites her lip with anticipation.

"That's what Ryan said, well untied at least. You can take it off if you want to."

She immediately removes it with a sigh of freedom. As they drove she dangled it out the window and watched it flap in the breeze.

"Eyes on the road." She giggles catching him looking at her chest.

"I don't know what you're walking into so I'll walk up with you. I'll stay a few steps down. Scream if you need me."

"Right now I don't care who see's me. This is way to much fun."

As they arrive the two park and get out with the pizza and a box of Hot Wings in hand. Walking together they pass a man walking his dog. He merely stared with a smile. She waved at him to be nice. He waved back.

"It's like everyone overlooks my nudity. So awesome." She shivers.

"If you were ugly they would call the cops. People are twisted. If a hot girl shows off they usually let them. It's a fantasy for most people. Besides you look sixteen still. Older guys eat that shit up."

She flared her eyes thinking of Ryan's Dad and his thoughts on the subject. It was something she had to keep to herself.

Heading upstairs they reach the 3rd level. Holden stops and leans her back against the railing. He took the risk and kissed her on the lips. Monica allowed it and tugged at his bottom lip on the release.

"Mmmmm! Let me do this."

"Have fun."

She peels away to step over to the Apartment and knocks.

Seconds later a young woman answers the door. Her eyes bulge wide at the sight of a near naked beauty.

"Well Hello there. Now that's what I call service." The short blond of 25 sparkled.

"Hi. Thick crust Pepperoni and mushroom? A side of Hot Wings."

"Absolutely. Wow! You're stunning. How old are you?"

"Awww! Thank you. I just turned eighteen a few weeks ago."

As they admire each other a Man steps to the door behind her. He was a tall muscular man of 30. The blond hugs him from the side patting his chest.

"Isn't she beautiful Michael? And, barely legal."

His eyes take in Monica while puckering his lips, "Ohhhh, yeah! What made you do this?"

Monica shrugs, "I'm an exhibitionist. Don't tell my Boss. He would fire me on the spot."

"Never crossed our mind." The blond winks, "I'm Lisa. What's your name?"

"Can I keep that secret? It's safer." Monica grins sheepishly.

"Sure! Let's just call you, Beautiful."

"Works for me." She giggles.

"Here I'll take the food. You can come in if you want." Lisa nods with a warm smile.

"Only for a minute. I have other deliveries. Can we leave the door open?"

"Sure. Let me grab my purse." Lisa leaves Michael's side to put the food on a coffee table.

He uses his hand gallantly to offer her entry.

Monica takes a deep breath and enters the apartment. As she passes by Michael he admires her shapely ass.

"Very nice." He compliments her.

Monica looks over her shoulder to note his eyes staring at her bare behind, "Thanks. I hear that a lot."

"So, you do this kind of thing much?"

"More and more. I love the freedom. I love it when guys get worked up over seeing me."

"Already on my way." He confirms.

Monica wags a naughty finger at him, "Your girls in the next room."

"We could be in the next room too if you want." He rubs his chin.

"Open minded much?" Monica grins.

"We're Swinger's. I'll extend a welcome if you ever want to play with us."

Her eyes sparkle at the thought, "Maybe. I'll consider that."

Lisa returns with her money., "Keep the change. After seeing you it's worth it."

Monica expresses a look of awe, "Fifty dollars? Thank you."

"Buying her affections?" Michael winks at Lisa.

"If I could I would."

Michael opts to open the box of Hot Wings while the girls flirt. Eating one his hands get messy. Instead of licking his fingers he has an inspiration.

"The only thing hotter than these wings are those nipples. Mind if I spice those up?"

Lisa chuckles at her Husband, "He's a devious one. Be careful."

Monica shivers then lifts her breasts, "Sure. I'll at least give you guys a taste."

He moves closer and smears the sauce on both of her nipples. He then pulls Lisa next to him.

"One for you. One for me."

Monica smiles from ear to ear as the couple lean in together. Mouths engulf both areolas and tug at the nipples. Monica had to shiver and expel a light moan.

"Holy shit! That gave me goose bumps." Monica flares her eyes.

"Tasty!" Michael nods licking his lips.

Lisa winks at her and goes back for seconds. Her sample lasted for three minutes. Monica fanned herself at the steamy emotions she was building up.

"Okay! Now I'm curious. Can I try that?" Monica eyes Lisa's cleavage. The woman wore a spaghetti string peach colored top. Her tits were a stunning 36C.

"Get the sauce." She dances in step looking over at Michael as she peels her top off of her shoulders and reveals her braless breasts. Her skin was pale and her nipples bright pink and pointy.

Michael returns with smothered fingers and swirls a dab around both nipples. He then waves Monica in to join him on a feast. Side by side Lisa watched them suck on her nipples.

"See what we started, Michael? Our Beautiful likes this."

Monica releases Lisa's nipple with a gentle tug of her lips and sighs, "That would be a yes."

Lisa winks at Monica, "Michael feels left out I think."

"Should we baste him in Hot Sauce?" Monica giggles.

Michael lifts his t-shirt over his head casting it on their sofa, "Bring it on Ladies."

As Monica moves to get the sauce on her fingers from the box Lisa gets sneaky.

The blond unfastens his jeans and tugs they and his boxers down to reveal his beefy eight inch cock.

Monica turns around to witness the reveal and drops her jaw, "Oh hell."

Lisa then journeys over to Monica and shares the sauce from her fingers. Pulling her along with her Lisa crouches down in front of Michael and coats his cock and bulging ball sack in sauce.

Monica hesitates and again fans herself.

"It's alright, Beautiful. Come on down here with me."

"I don't know." Monica hesitates with an uncomfortable shiver, darting her gaze between Michael's hard on and Lisa's tempting smile.

"You don't have to. Nobody is forcing you." Lisa comforts her before lapping her tongue along Michael's ball sack. Her eyes never left Monica's the entire time.

Monica was drenched between her thighs at the sight.

Finally, Monica broke down with a hissing exhale and knelt beside her new friend. Lisa held his cock for her to sample a flick to his crown.

"Go ahead, Beautiful. I don't mind. We can do this together."

Lisa shifts her profile to trail her tongue along Michael's cock on his left. Monica in turn dared herself to dabble on the flesh at his right. Reaching the crown together the girls licked each others lips. That led into a steamy unexpected kiss.

Michael stood over them stroking his cock. He marveled at their erotic chemistry.

After a heated two minutes the girls planted their foreheads against each other giggling.

"Wow!" Monica was breathless.

Unknown to all, Holden had crept up to peek around the frame of the open door. His jaw dropped. What he saw made him realize just how fast this girl could get things done. He began rubbing his own crotch and prayed none of the other neighbors would walk out and catch him.

Inside Michael stroked his cock while the girls sat in awe of each other. He let them have their moment. He knew too much too soon would ruin this magical evening.

Lisa finally spoke, "Never kissed a girl before have you?"

Blushing Monica bit her lower lip, "Never. It was fun though."

"Yes it certainly was. Anytime you want to do it again just drop on over. Strangely enough I say we made a new friend." She looks up at Michael for his nodding agreement.

Monica trembles then glances up at Michael, "I think your man needs your attention."

Michael grins, "I'm good. You two have fun."

Lisa lifts up on her knees and opens her mouth to swallow her husbands cock for a repetition of four throat thrusts. She then stops to wipe her chin, "That will fuel his fire. How about you Beautiful? Want your fire fueled?"

Monica's eyes flare up, "What do you mean?"

The blond shuffles toward her on her knees carefully encouraging her to lay back. Once Monica slithered backward Lisa stretched out between Monica's legs. Without too much resistance the blond untied the left hip strings to Monica's bottoms, peeling the cloth aside for a perfect view of her pussy. Lowering her face into Monica's snatch she began flicking her tongue on Monica's clit. The sensations were nothing like she had experienced before. In a matter of minutes Monica was moaning at the top of her lungs and building up inside. The experience led her to a steamy orgasm.

Above them Michael growled and prepared to detonate all over. Hearing this Lisa leaped up to kneel under his cock with her jaw wide. He primed his cock right on top of her tongue and squirted into her mouth. She accepted his load until Michael had nothing left to offer. Lisa then turned to face Monica showing offr mouth full of snow white jizz.

Monica exhaled abruptly, "That is so Hot."

Winking at Monica the blond used her index finger to coax the girl closer. Monica reluctantly crawled directly toward Lisa until the blond pulled her into another kiss. Sharing Michael's cum between their entwined tongues made both girls squeal with delight.

By the open front door Holden had literally snuck in a video of it on his cell.

In doing so Michael caught his shadow and bellowed, "WHAT THE FUCK!"

Before Michael could grab his pants Holden panicked and ran. The distraction separated the girls to see what was going on.

"Pervert was recording us on his cell." Michael had his boxers on and hopped to the door.

Monica bulged her eyes knowing it must have been Holden.

"Wait! This is my fault. I think that was my friend Holden. He drove me here on this delivery. If it was I'll call him back and make sure he deletes it. I'm soooo sorry. Just don't hurt him."

Lisa settles back on the carpet laughing, "Let him keep it. I for one don't mind being seen."

"You might. I have a State job. I can't let shit like that get out there." Michael huffs.

"You work on Highways. Stop acting like you're a Politician." Lisa shakes her head.

Monica cautiously stands and ties her bottoms back into place.

"No. Let me bring him back. Introduce you and you can delete it yourself. I just don't want you to think badly of me. I had no idea he would do that."

Lisa frowns, "Get him back up here. This could be fun."

Moving to the door Monica steps out and to the railing on looking the parking lot. She see's Holden and waves him back up. The boy was in panic mode. Then his heart raced faster.

Lisa snuck up beside Monica and placed her arm around the girl.

"Holy shit." Monica notices that Lisa too had shed her clothing.

"If he's going to record us lets give him something worth recording."

Lisa turns Monica to take her by the hand down the staircase and into the parking area. At the bottom Lisa waves at Holden as they defiantly walk together toward him.

Holden could see Michael leaning on the stairway railing watching.

"Don't worry about him." Lisa smiles warmly.

"I'm sorry. I couldn't help myself." Holden holds his hands in front of him to protect himself.

Lisa and Monica laugh and hug each other until they reach Holden. Lisa steps in and pats Holden on the cheek

"Don't sweat it Handsome. Michael's harmless. You just caught him off guard. Keep the video. Show your friends how sexy I am."

Monica admired Lisa, "Oh my God, Lisa. I think I'm in love with you. You are exactly what I want to be. Bold and unrestrained."

"Hey! When you have a rockin' body like mine why hide it? Yours is even better so flaunt it Beautiful."

"Awww! You're just lucky I favor my contacts. I wear glasses and look nerdy."

"Sexiest nerd I ever ate out." Lisa giggles wagging her tongue.

Monica flared her eyes, "That was so intense. I might turn lesbian."

The girls laugh as one until Holden winces, "Please don't."

The laughter increased at his expense.

"One for the road?" Lisa puckers her lips.

Monica jumped at the chance to kiss this devastating blond once more.

Holden chose to video even that.

Parting Lisa presses her forehead to Monica's.

"You better visit me."

"I will. I promise."

"Good. Now, for the finale." Lisa turns to Holden and kisses him on the lips. The boy nearly fainted.

Exhaling on her hand afterwards she shakes her head.

"I hope you don't taste Michael on my lips."

Mischievously she turns away waving and wags her ass as she walked back home.

Holden wanted to throw up.

Monica? She wanted to deliver more pizza.

**Monica 09: Extra Toppings**

"Oh My GOD! Ryan, I just got ate out by a girl."

Monica Leann Gift jumped up and down with excitement, her breasts swirling about in motion uncontrollably.

Holden Reese had no more than put his car in park that she had the door open and bailed to greet Ryan Quinones between cars.

"Slow down before you get whiplash." He chuckles looking over his shoulder for unwelcomed attention.

She could barely wait for him to load up a stack of four pizzas and more wings. Once he stood up she leaped at Ryan hugging him tightly.

Although she was concealed in her bikini it still looked awkward. Especially if his boss or right hand dough maker spotted them. All it would take is one on looking customer with a child to create a scene he wasn't prepared to explain.

Rubbing her back he hated to lose the embrace but decided best, "Get into my car before someone starts bitching. Ron or Mario would put a quick end to our fun."

Stepping back she plants her hands on her hips with a dry expression on her face, "I thought you were teaching me take more risks. No! If anyone see's me just tell them you know me from school and got caught off guard by me."

Holden steps up blocking her view from the windows, "Little Billy and Baby Jasmine in booth 5. Pointing. Stop being stubborn and listen to us."

Growling she races around and gets into Ryan's passenger seat. Ducking low she awaits Ryan.

Before he could join her Holden had to show him the video of Monica and Lisa. That took forever in Monica's eyes. Still she bit her lip begging for Ryan's reaction.

Finally, Ryan abandons Holden and hops into his beater beside Monica.

"Ate out like a champ." He chuckles.

She squeals and kicks about excitably, "You should have been there. Lisa gave me an orgasm than anybody ever. So hot!"

As she fans herself Ryan pulls out and hits the streets.

"That blond was sexy. Holden said she was married though. Guy was huge."

"Michael's a sweetheart. I licked his dick right beside Lisa."

Ryan smirks, "For somebody who doesn't want too much close contact you're sure getting in there."

She sets up straight and smiles vividly, "I know. I just got so turned on I couldn't help myself. I even tasted Michael's cum when I kissed Lisa."

"Nice!" Ryan nods, "Let's see how you do on my delivery."

"I can't wait."

"I know this guy. He graduated like five years ago. I remember him when my brother Kyle used to take me to Wrestling meets. This guys a bodybuilder too. "Duncan Packhouse." is his name. The dude's a legend. Holden's sister "Stacy" used to date him. He said she used to brag about this guys Python sized cock. Stacy used to tell people that steroids never shrunk the Dunk." He chuckles.

"Yikes!" Monica's eyes flare at the thought.

"I told Ron, our boss that I needed to stop by my house before coming back. That should give you an extra fifteen to twenty minutes to do your thing."

"Yay! More playtime for me." She dances in her seat.

Sniffing herself Monica unbuckled her seatbelt and crawled over her seat to reach her jean shorts. She checked her cell really fast then used a tiny perfume bottle to freshen up. All the while Ryan rubbed her ass that lingered next to his shoulder.

"Smart move. You smell like hot sauce."

She moves back to sit and buckle back up, "I know. Michael spread hot wing sauce on my nipples. I used a wet wipe Holden's mom left in her glove box. It didn't help a whole lot."

"Almost there. You can strip out of that bikini now." He insisted.

She lost both articles of clothing in less than a minute. In his back seat the bikini went. She now wore only her bobby socks and black buckled heels.

Reaching the address, Monica was wowed by the estate, "He must have money."

"His parents are big real estate people. Pretty sure they bought this for him."

Parking behind a number of cars in his circle drive Ryan jumped out and obtained his pizza warmers from the back seat. He the walked around his car as Monica stepped out to stretch dramatically.

"Here! You carry half." He hands her a warmer.

She held it in front of her and literally laid her bulging breasts right on top for a stunning view of melons.

"Game should be reaching halftime shortly. They was on the second quarter when we were at the parlor. I don't know who's here besides Duncan. This many cars I'd say seven or eight."

"More the merrier." She wiggles along the sidewalk beside him.

They didn't even have to ring a doorbell. The interior door opened up to reveal a tall thin man in his 20's. His jaw dropped instantly at Monica's poised tits. Before even opening the door he yelled out, "GUYS? YOU HAVE TO SEE THIS."

Monica bit her lip with anticipation. Ryan did his best bravado face. He was nervous regardless.

A herd of seven men raced upstairs, their footfalls were like thunder.

Duncan himself stepped beside the other man. Duncan was a freshly shaved bald man with a thin goatee on his chin. His height was like 6'3, 350 pounds of solid rock muscle in a tank top.

Ryan could hear Monica wheeze at the sight.

Opening the door Duncan steps out leaving the others inside to horde the storm door for a look.

"Aren't you Kyle Quinones' brother?" He grunts.

"Hey, you remembered me. Awesome."

"Yeah. Who's your friend?"

"I'm Monica. Here's your pizza." She swiftly encourages him to take it so that he could see her entire body.

Ryan swallows dryly then passes over his pizza's too. Duncan motioned the first man inside to take the pies. This left him to stand outside unencumbered.

"So, what's going on here? Not that I'm complaining." He sizes her up from head to toe. This made Monica twirl in step to see every inch of her.

She faces him and hops in step to makes her boobs dance, "I'm your halftime show."

Stunned Duncan puffs his lower lip, "No shit."

Ryan clears his throat, "She's an exhibitionist. I let her tag along for kicks."

Duncan shakes his head smirking, "Well alright! Want to come on in? Game's still going."

He opens his door as the minions scatter to let them enter. She is gallantly waved in by Duncan who lets her pass. He then cuts in front of Ryan to stand behind her. Ryan then follows them in.

The group of men are numb at seeing her mere inches from them. She slithered through them giggling and playfully waving.

"Game's downstairs. Show her the cave "Tyrell." " Duncan nods to his black friend, not quite as buff.

Tyrell was also a tall man, basketball player tall. Clean shaven and zero hair on top.

She skips down the steps and into a large basement room. To the far end was an '80 inch widescreen HD TV. The football game was active the whole time. It's plays distracted the group numerous times.

Once everyone was downstairs Duncan offered a role call of his friends, "That's my cousin "Rudy" with the pizza boxes. You know Tyrell who brought you down. That's his buddy "Jerome". Rudy's friend "Colby". And, my buddy "Mark"." He then takes a deep breath before getting to the point, "So! What's really up here?"

Monica grits her teeth before stepping over to squeeze Duncan's bicep with a glint of awe. She then jumps back biting her lower lip.

"They don't bite. Go for it." Duncan chuckles.

She shakes her head hesitantly. Not only was Duncan a foot taller or more but he looked devious.

Ryan clears his throat, "She's just intimidated."

Laughing at herself Monica nudges her body against Ryan while rolling her eyes, "No I'm not. He's only King Kong and I'm the girl in the palm of his hand."

Duncan grins from ear to ear, "Yup. Sound's intimidated."

Jerome and Tyrell step next to Duncan eying her. Monica wheezes, "Holy shit! Now I am."

Duncan frowns, "Okay, seriously. What's up?"

Monica lifts her hand with an extended index finger, "Question. Do you think I'm sexy?"

Before Duncan could provide an answer she heard a resounding "YES!" from all sides of her. The owner of the house shook his head, "There you have it."

"Yes. But, you didn't answer the question." She bats her eyes as she stepped directly up to him and jabs a finger at his pecs. Glaring back at her he puffs his bottom lip.

"Scale of 1 to 10? 20."

"So, room for improvement. " She moves closer to crush her tits into his abdomen. She hears him sigh then grip her upper arms to lift her tiny frame skyward so that her eyes were on the same level as his. In doing so she squeals and crushes her breasts together for an appealing sight.

"We're missing the game. Answer my question." He winces.

Trembling she whimpers, "I told you. I'm your halftime show."

Duncan pulls her closer until their brows meet. With intimidating eye contact he huffs, "Okay."

Roughly he throws her over his shoulder until he feels her tits mash against his shoulders and upper deltoids. Her shrill yelp made everyone laugh.

While holding her there a play was made in the Football game that made everyone follow it to the end. The entire play Duncan had his hand on her ass. His hands were massive. One hand alone covered her entire cheek and crept over to the other.

Looking back at Ryan her eyes were full of life. She loved this Ryan could tell.

Unhappy with the play Duncan hisses, "I hope the halftime show's better than this damned game." He then proceeded to stand her on top of a large oak coffee table between two sofas. His friends disappointed and taking seats.

"What you got for us?" Duncan steps back with his hands now clasped and eying her timid uncertainty.

"Music?"

"Nope!" He stares at her.

"Dancing is no fun without music. FINE! I'll improvise."

She hops down off of the table and steps toward "Rudy" sitting on the couch eating a slice of pizza. Letting him eat she moves next to him to "Jerome" Without even asking she crawls into his lap. Straddling him face to face she plants her hands on each of his arching deltoids.

"Hello." She playfully greets him with a wiggle across his crotch for comfort. He merely glares at her with a faint smile. Not even a "hello" in reply.

"Tough crowd." She grinds on his lap regardless in hopes he changes his tune. The swelling between her thighs offers a hint that she was getting his attention.

"At least somebody is saying Hello to me." She continues her ride while pointing down at his crotch devilishly. Leaning forward she palms he breasts rolling them about. After a frolicking massage she spreads her cleavage and smothers his face between them.

Suddenly Jerome growls, "I can't take this anymore." With a released laugh he motorboats her chest dramatically.

"About time!" Monica giggles and tilts her head back to enjoy his activity.

After a minute more she eases his face away and kisses him on the cheek. With her thanks she crawls away and into the lap of "Mark" a lank but defined redheaded man. Same position atop him as she had been with Jerome she grinds her sweltering pussy along the contour of his erection.

She wraps her arms around his neck leaning forward to barely whisper into his ear, "Do I feel good?"

He nods smirking and rolls his palms along her spine to her lower back then back up to the base of her skull. His elegant caress was extremely sensual to her nerves. With a wet kiss to his lips she departs.

Venturing to his left she reversed directions, her back laying against the largest of the two black men, "Tyrell". Easing back as if snuggling she allowed his massive hands to roam her full frontal pose. She seals her eyes and reaches her right arm back behind his scalp gently petting him. Tits are crushed and rotated about beneath his tightly gripping fingers. Her trembling body enjoys the attention. As do the eyes of those across from them eager to embrace their chances.

Her feet rise to perch on his kneecaps fanning wide to offer a glimpse of her pussy gaping widely with invite.

As she gravitates there longer, Duncan standing behind the opposite sofa glares at Ryan.

"She a stripper somewhere?"

"No. Just an exhibitionist like I said. I'm helping her get past her shyness."

"I don't see shy." The owner of the house creases a brow.

"It's not her nudity that she's shy about. It's what comes with it in cases like this. The touching and stuff. What traps her is she can't refuse a dare even if she's not into it."

Duncan puckers, "No shit! How much time you got Pizza Man?"

"Maybe twenty minutes. I have to get back soon." Ryan eyes his watch.

"Damn!" Duncan rubs his chin in thought.

Ryan ponders while watching her peer over at him with glistening eyes. He makes a snap decision.

"If you guys swear not to hurt her and if she's okay with it, I'll leave her here until the game is over."

Duncan offers a surprised expression, "My house. Nobody would do that to her. So, what? You dare her to stay here?"

"Yep. I'll dare her to do more but I can't guarantee what she will do when I'm not here to watch over her."

"Give me your cell number." Duncan adds, "If she wants to leave I'll call you."

Nodding they trade numbers.

Observing her actions Ryan waits another five minutes before deciding to enter the arena. She had graciously moved around to the other sofa. She now courted "Colby". Duncan's cousin "Rudy" had switched sofas feeling left out from before, sitting beside She and Colby.

Seeing his arrival Monica decided to reposition and stretch out over the two men. Face up she watched as they caressed and prodded her body. Ryan noticed that none of the men went near her pussy. Were they afraid to go too far? Was it because he was there? Maybe because the Football game had resumed?

Uncertain of motivations, Ryan sat down on the coffee table between the two men she lay over. He lovingly reached over and caressed her cheek to regain her attention.

"I have to get back." Ryan scowled.

She sighs with a glint of sadness. Ryan then stops her with his palm over her belly button.

"It's 8:15. I'm going to leave you here until 10:00."

Her eyes flare with a nervous excitement, which alters to dart her eyes around the room at each of the men. A certain amount of fear lingered within. That faded fast as her thoughts decided that if she couldn't do things without Ryan there she would never conquer her neediness to feel free.

"I can do that." She whispers as Rudy pinches her nipples.

"Alright then. I DARE you to get every guy here off before I get back." Ryan glances around at the men focusing on reaction. They all expressed shock at his dare.

"That okay with you guys?" Ryan posed the possibility.

A chorus of "Hell Yeah!" and "Damn Straight" echoed in reply.

Monica's expression showed signs of anxiety as Ryan returned his attention toward her.

"I DARE you to get off in front of them, too."

She nibbles her lower lip accompanying doe like eyes. Her reply is a nodded exhale, "I will."

Ryan poises his cell in front of her, "I have Duncan's number. He has mine. I'm going to text him 2 more DARE's to show you later. Let's discover if you can get past those limitations you say you can defeat."

She softly acknowledges his words as he rises to rejoin Duncan behind the couch. Her eyes trail his every move.

Facing away from her Ryan whispers something to Duncan making the man grin from ear to ear. With a pat on Ryan's shoulder Duncan sends the boy off. Ryan lets himself out.

Silence made Monica whimper gently until the television roared an unexpected play. Suddenly, she became unattended as all eyes were glued to the game. She sits up as the play creates a loud uproar amongst the men in the room. Crossing her arms feeling neglected she feels a sudden chill. Fear became less of an issue. She realized that the men were treating her sweetly overall.

Duncan spontaneously turned and reached down to claim her right wrist. Pulling her from her seat with a brisk roughness she collided into him. He then grabbed both of her wrists and held them behind her back.

Glaring down at her shivering form he sneers with a slim smirk on his face.

"Pants off you Pansies." He growls.

All around them the men stood up and unbuckled, dropping their trousers before sitting down to stroke their already existing erections. There was certainly no shyness in the crowd.

Duncan then lowers his gaze to look directly into her eyes, "Don't you have something to do?"

Quaking at his intensity she nods without blinking.

Twisting her in step he faces her toward the group while pulling her body backwards into his chest. His left hand encompasses her throat for an informed whisper to her ear.

"I wonder what the best way for everyone to get off at once is?"

Her eyes fluttered at the pressure around her throat. The sensation was like nothing her senses had known nor felt before. The thrill made her wetter than ever.

"What makes you think you can just waltz into my house like that and interrupt our game?" He growled.

"I didn't know you would get upset over it." She breathlessly released, "I just wanted to know if I could do this. Being naked among strangers."

Duncan huffs, "Nobody's upset. We just don't think it should be our job to get ourselves off. DO YOU?"

Her face turning red under his roughness she whimpers, "Ryan did dare me to get all of you off. He didn't specify how."

"Exactly." He studies her reaction, "I think you like how my hand feels around that pretty little neck. Don't you?"

"YES!" She erupts with a whimper.

Like a rag doll he walks her toward the sofa she had been sitting on. Standing over his friends he again lowers to mutter, "Those are some rock hard cocks down there. Don't you agree?"

"YES!" Monica sniffles lightly catching her breath.

"Don't you think you should replace their hands with yours?"

Her eyelids flutter as she considers her answer. Body shaking madly she lowers her own hand down to touch her clit. The electricity of the situation multiplying her own desires to increase.

"YES!"

Duncan realizes her decision to take advantage of the situation. Within his grip she was going to get herself off first. With a puffed lower lip toward his friends he lets her.

Her friction intensified by the men's growing attentiveness she moans loudly. Colby scoots forward and places two fingers up inside her as she stimulates her clit. It takes only three minutes for her to cum, accompanied by a shrill scream lightly muffled by Duncan's grip. A gusher coats Colby's palm. This was the most incredible orgasm she had ever had. It was a remarkable sight to see.

Duncan eyes his carpet distastefully, "You stained my carpet."

In her body's convulsive state her knees buckle under her. Duncan crouches with her to make her kneel in front of "Colby" and a now joining "Jerome". His grip still strong on her throat.

"I'm going to release you now. Get these bastards off."

As his fingers loosen Monica lunges toward Colby and Jerome. Her hands first wrap around Jerome's eight inch python. With both sets of fingers engulfing his girth she begins stroking it. Spit from her lips moistening it for lubrication. Not satisfied by it's assistance she releases one hand to dip up inside her pussy for her own juices to amplify the pleasure.

All around her the other men mumbled about her talents. As Jerome enjoyed his hand job the Football game ended badly. Bets waged were unwise.

As she worked Jerome she eyes Colby waiting impatiently. She removes one hand from Jerome and journeys over to replace Colby's own friction. Two hand jobs at once was another first for her.

Above them Duncan's cell pinged receiving a text.

Reading it Duncan tells Ryan that she had just gotten herself off and was now working on the others. Hand jobs.

Ryan from his car texts back, "I DARE her to let all of you titty fuck her."

With an impressed nod Duncan leans over his friends to show her the text. Her eyes trembled yet she immediately let go of Colby and hoisted herself forward to shroud Jerome's cock with her crushed breasts. She proceeded to coax Jerome with yearning eyes to thrust his hips upward between her mounds of voluptuous flesh. With each thrust his crown tapped her lowered chin.

Monica rejoiced inside at the sensations. After a moment more she moved over to Colby to get his sample of tenderness. Five minutes later she concluded that sofa with Rudy. He had busted a nut all over her knuckles. Tasting it with her tongue for effect she flared her eyes. The taste caught her off guard. Far better than she imagined. From one sofa to the next she resumed her hand jobs and titty fucking. Loved by all.

Duncan had captured her actions with his cell and texted them over to Ryan. Along with the words, "She liked Rudy's jizz."

In response Ryan replies back with his final Dare of two.

"I DARE her to lay back on your coffee table, legs wide, so that each of you can stick your dick inside her. No fucking. Just for the feeling of it."

With a whistle Duncan raised his cell, "You guys are going to love this one."

Before showing it to Monica he rounds the room letting all of his friends read it first. As he readies to show Monica, Ryan adds, "Penetration video."

With a favorable nod Duncan shows her the original message. Her jaw drops and she blushes, "Oh shit!"

Fanning herself dramatically to their laughter she slowly stands up and nervously flutters her hands. In her thoughts she rambles, "It's only once. It's only once. But six times. I can do this. Dammit Ryan."

With a loud sigh she sits down on the coffee table and gets comfy. Deep breath held she lays back on the edge of the table and separates her legs in the air.

"Just once." She re-enforce their intentions.

The group stands up to tower all around her without any confirmation of agreeability. They were all drooling at her inviting hole. This made her whimper nervously. Every dick there was huge. Her heart raced as Mark gripped her ankles and guided her legs even wider. In doing so her upper body was pinned don on the table by gravity.

"Damn Fellas. Look at her pussy breath. Wider. Narrower. Wider. Narrower. That's a thing of beauty." Mark rants.

He then closes the gap by lowering his hips to prepare for penetration. His crown toys between her labia and glides upward over her swollen clitoris. With each pass her eyes close and swiftly reopen. The sensations storming her ability to resist.

Faint whimpers expel from her lips as he carefully pushes his cock through the open doorway to her soul. She rolled her eyes back as his crown crossed over her g-spot. As soon as he entered her balls deep and stopped to hover above her she gasped, "FUCK! That felt good."

Mark's ego soared glaring up at Tyrell and Colby, then to Jerome and Rudy. Finally, over his shoulder at Duncan recording his penetration from behind.

"Sure you want me to only do this once?" Mark winks at Monica.

"Yes." She trembles almost hesitantly.

"Okay then." He grumbles and slowly pulls out. Her body tensing up upon his retreat.

Once fully out of her he taps his crown on her clit three times to hear a shrill whimper with each impact.

Ankles are passed off to Cousin Rudy who had nurtured his erection back to full strength after nutting earlier. He eyes her expression as his dick primes up to her hole awaiting entry. She had begun to offer glints of yearning. This made Rudy all the more ready.

A slow sensual penetration Rudy slowly enters as Duncan uses his cell to record its vanishing point. As Rudy hoisted himself over her he lowers his eyes to mere inches from hers.

"Your pussy feels freaking awesome." He exhales a whisper.

Her hands reach up to hold both sides of his face to tenderly reply, "Your dick feels awesome. Thank you."

Encouraged to evade by the others Rudy backs away.

Monica blows her bangs from her eyes as Colby moves in to line up his own head for entrance. A more forceful penetration Monica tightens up, her legs free at last to caress Colby's hips. He manages to lay on top of her and reach in to squeeze her breasts all at once. She warmly huffs into his ear, "Dammit! Dammit! Dammit!"

Colby chuckles and opts to kiss her throat. She arches her neck to give him room to enjoy himself.

Wanting to thrust again Colby backs out and starts to when Jerome pats his leg.

"Others here Bro."

Growling Colby peels himself off of her and makes way for Jerome. The muscular giant grips her ankles again and presses her legs back to make Monica strain to hold them behind her head. Her face turned beet red in the process. She had never had sex with a back man before. Goose bumps spread across her tanned flesh.

"Hold that pose, Girl." Jerome encouraged as he fed her pussy with a massive cock. His girth was thick and menacing.

"OOOOH! FUCCCCCCCCK!" She cringes with an echoed vibrato.

"Take it!" He comforts her.

After a lengthy settle he hisses and backs out slowly. Her pussy rippling pink flesh from within upon his departure. Duncan recorded every move.

Finally, Big boy Tyrell stepped up to plate. With a glare of intimidation he straddles her and dips his fingers up inside her pussy to produce drenched digits.

"Look how wet this pussy is." He showed them off.

As soon as his beefy cock entered her she reared forward to grasp his shirt with a haunted look in her eye. Tyrell was by far the biggest cock there. They chuckled at her reaction.

"Christ!" She whines looking up at him with a leading gaze.

"Not even all the way in Little girl." He prides himself.

She began to breath heavy as he entered deeper. Her hands reached up to hold his profile with a dramatic trembling gaze. Then, he filled her balls deep. Her mind detonated.

"SONUVABITCH!" She squealed clawing at his shoulders.

"Little girl likes my cock." Tyrell boasts.

Feverishly she nods and holds on for dear life. Her whimpers succulent and childlike.

"I don't think she wants you to pull out "Ty"." Duncan grins.

Tyrell eases her back down on the table and kisses her on the lips. She quakes as he gently withdraws his cock from within her. With a tempered yet shrill, "Nooooooooooo!" from her lips Tyrell chuckles then slams back up inside her a second time. Her shriek was heard around the room. With a traumatized look she tears up. The question was uneasy to answer. Was it due to his overstepping the set boundary? Or did she like it way too much?

Duncan captures her reaction and whistles for Tyrell to stop.

Nodding Tyrell creeps out in a web of her juices.

"She's in love. Look at her eyes." Tyrell chides.

Laying there numb and withdrawn Monica's senses were lost. It takes a gruff kick to his coffee table to regain her attention.

"Ready for me?" He narrows his eyes.

Stunned she swallows harshly, "Yes."

Duncan passes his cell off to Rudy to record him. He then slithers out of his own jeans. The reaction from everyone left them jealous. As his boxers fell Duncan stood with a monstrous ten inch cock dangling erect.

Monica's eyes bulge wide, "HOLY FUCK."

Shirt peeled over his head Duncan stood totally nude. His twitching body builder muscles intimidating her.

Gripping her left ankle he literally drags her around the coffee table for a roomier stance.

Over her thighs he dangles his beast.

"Ever seen a cock that big?" He smirks.

Her shaking head confirmed his answer.

Cracking his neck he glares at his cousin.

"Rudy? Record her taking every inch."

Monica wanted to run.

Not really.

**Monica 10: Fourth Quarter**

"Every Inch!" He glares at her with a strict determination.

Monica's eyes continue to tear up at her acceptance of the situation. Although she hadn't predicted this particular dare to come from Ryan, it captured her imagination.

Until Duncan.

His cock was a whole other beast. Regardless, the entry and exits of his friends had increased her desires. If there had been more than six she might have lost her mind and self control. Even now she questions her continued sanity.

As Duncan introduces his first three inches ever so slowly, Rudy lowers his cell cam to record her pussy being stretched around his pop can sized girth. Her knees rose to Duncan's rib cage at his decision. It became harder for Rudy to record without getting too close to his cousin's manhood and become uncomfortable.

Her breasts crushed snugly together as her arms reach up to entwine Duncan's neckline.

"Look at you." He exhales into her emotionally trembling features, "So beautiful. I can read your thoughts. You want more don't you?"

"Of you. Yes." She nods with a snivel.

Three more inches imbed within her drenched pussy. She had handled eight inches without too much anxiety, but ten might be too much. Especially at his thickness. The discomfort was already building.

"More to go. That's maybe six inches. Four more. Tell me you want it all." Duncan's ego was stepping up to play.

"All of it. I can do this. I won't let Ryan down. He dared me to do this." She whines to get the whole array of words out.

"What if he had dared you to fuck me until I shot a load all over you? Would you have accepted that dare?"

She hesitates to swallow as another inch pushes forth.

"Ooh!" Her brows crease at her fullness. She isn't certain what to say. Part of her was horrified to do just this much. To admit more would trap her into it.

"Answer me." He huffs with a calm demeanor.

"Yes." Her heart sinks to admit her enjoyment.

"Jerome? Call 555-6969. Hand me Ryan once you have him on the line."

Her emotions weep harder as one more inch presses through. Her face becoming beet red.

"Yo Ryan. Duncan wants to talk to you." Jerome passes off his cell to Duncan.

"Sup, Ryan. She's doing great. I'm inside that juicy pussy right now. Not all the way in though. She wants another dare I think. Here you talk to her."

Monica's trembling makes it hard to hold the cell but she manages.

"Ryan?" She holds her breath to avoid crying.

On the other end Ryan asks, "Are you okay? Anyone hurting you?"

"N-no! I'm fine."

"You only have another fifteen minutes before I pick you up."

"Ryan? I need more than fifteen minutes. Can you get me at 11:00?"

Above her Duncan puckers his lips at her fearlessness.

"Are you sure?" Ryan stops his car on his final delivery to pull over.

"Give me another Dare Ryan. Really challenge me. Please."

His eyes stare at her request. He hadn't counted on this at all. How much could he push her without it being all the way?

"How much further should I go Monica?"

"I'll do whatever you dare me to. PUSH ME!" She increases her tone.

"Let me talk to Duncan."

The cell returns to Duncan.

"I'm here Buddy."

"Put me on speaker." Ryan requests. Duncan hands it up to Jerome to do so.

"It's on speaker." Jerome tells him.

"Monica? I DARE you to fuck Duncan. He stop's only if you're in agony."

The group silently whistle amongst themselves.

"I won't let you down Ryan. Challenge me more." She holder breath.

"More? Have you gotten everyone else off?"

"No. Only Rudy."

"Before I pick you up I dare you to let them all cum on your face and tits."

"Thank you Ryan." She wheezes as Duncan enters another inch.

"See you soon." Ryan hangs up.

Jerome shutting his cell off immediately starts jerking his monster back to life.

"Good girl. Now tell me how badly you want to orgasm." Duncan hisses.

"FUCK ME YOU SON OF A BITCH!" She growls gripping the sides of his face.

Without any further games he rams the rest of his ten inch cock into her. In response Monica screams and holds on for dear life. In and out of her, her mind reels and battles her sanity.

Duncan pounds her thighs hard until she cum's again and again each time crying out "FUCK ME!"

Finally he rears up from laying over her and motions his friends to surround her. The group all hover over her to the point Duncan could barely see her.

"Have a blast Fellas." Duncan chuckles while slowing his penetrations to give her a chance to breath. Still his left hand dangled in to massage her clit. The sensations kept her moaning.

Rudy who had his moment to shine earlier did his best to record small segments of the drama. All he could do was think, "Best porno ever."

Colby who stood at her left side near her face slapped his cock on her cheek as he stroked it. Her moaning so erratic her jaw was wide. He took advantage of it. Daringly he slid his crown into her mouth to press against her right inside cheek. Monica was taken off guard yet she had no strength left to argue. She felt his balls on her earlobe.

Mark had similar ideas and smacked his cock on her nose. Motioning for Colby to vacate Mark took his place from the other side. She accepted the abuse and gurgled on her own saliva. Laughter filled the room.

Duncan increased his momentum causing her to gusher all over his cock a second time. He had to grin at his buddies showing off the massive puddle on his table that was trickling on to the carpet below.

Colby chose to move back in beside Mark and do his best to introduce his cock into her mouth right next to his. Two crowns fit between her lips barely. Her jaw was widening to commit to her situation.

Jerome and Tyrell the two black giants squeezed her tits and pinched her nipples tight from her sides. Her entire body convulsing.

Suddenly, Duncan pulls out of her and motions Jerome over to secretly take his place. She was so lost in her facial dilemma that she didn't really notice the difference. It wasn't as if she could look and see anyway with her face blocked.

Jerome fucked her hard grinning like a man getting away with murder. He didn't take long before feeling like he was going to jizz so he pulled out and quickly moved out so Tyrell could enter her. Of similar size there was no difference.

Monica screamed as Colby shot cum into her mouth. Mark followed immediately.

Seeing them back out Tyrell pulled away for Duncan to resume his place between her legs. All of them stroked hard.

Monica had her nose pinched by Mark forcing her to swallow their loads. She struggled with such a mouth full. Above her face Rudy recorded her tongue full of cum.

Jerome and Tyrell blasted her tits in a spatter that looked like a carton of milk had been dripped all over them.

Finally everyone eased away to give Duncan his due.

"You're a mess." Duncan glares at her as his cock taunts her clit.

She gasps to swallow the final bit as her palms rub the cum on her tits all around. Fingers licked of their leftovers. Every man there admired her actions. Compliments ever so perverted.

Monica lays there convulsing while eying Duncan.

"I'm not ready just yet." He reaches over her to pull her up from the sticky table. He had noticed the time on a clock nearby.

Limply he carries her to his staircase and heads upstairs. His entourage got dressed quickly and followed him up.

Barbarically Duncan opens his front door with a bit of help from Mark. He then steps outside into the lights of his drive. Moving to the center of his yard he lowered Monica to her knees and arrogantly gripped her chin to force a glare.

"Suck my dick."

Zero hesitation. She swallowed as much as possible. Unhappy with her Duncan grabbed the back of her head and force fed her more. She literally vomited on his cock but kept at it. He finally released her skull and let her continue on her own.

As she feverishly continued Ryan pulled his car up to the curb and jumped out. He was unprepared to see things escalate to the outdoors. Gradually he got up enough nerve to step toward Duncan. The sheer mass of rippling muscles on every part of his body made Ryan worry. He knew there was no stopping him if he needed to. Between he and his entourage.

"Duncan? What's going on?" Ryan stood twelve feet away.

"Nothing that she doesn't want." He seemed cocky, "Isn't that right Debbie Dare Me?"

Monica waved her hand for Ryan to stay back. She was on a mission.

Ryan swallowed hard but kept his distance. He feared even looking over at Duncan's friends. Yet, he knew Rudy was recording video regardless. His stance was enough to know.

Eight minutes later Duncan fired off a rocket load of cum into her mouth. She pulls away and looks directly up at Duncan with her mouth wide open to share a view of his detonation. She opted to feed into his ego.

Duncan points at Ryan, "Show him what his dirty little slut is willing to do."

She turns on her knees in the grass to show him a vivid view of a flooded tongue. As soon as she did Duncan stepped over and gripped her jaw, tilting her head back, and pinching her nose. He made her swallow every drop.

Once satisfied he pulls her up and guides her limply over to Ryan.

"Take her home. Bring her by any time. I'm betting she might just want to. Right?"

She shivers under Ryan's arm pulling close to him.

"Dare me to stay the night." She whispers.

Flushed Ryan starts to dare her when she stops him, "At your house."

Duncan puckers at Ryan, "Looks like you're getting her the rest of the night. See you around, Buddy."

Unsure Ryan guides her to his car and helps her in. Once settled he closes the car door and races around to his own. Minutes later he drove away.

"Are you okay?" He looks her over.

"Perfect. That was the best sex I've ever had."

"Why did you ask me to push you that far?"

"I wanted that, Ryan. I wasn't positive at first but once I began it felt good."

"I thought sex was off the table."

"It was on the table tonight. Pun intended."

"Why my house?"

"Because I want you to fuck me too. I can't do that at my own house."

"Seriously?"

"Dare me."

He shakes his head and realizes his dad would be at home.

"I've got a better dare."

"What?"

"I dare you to fuck me in your bed. With your parents at home."

Monica's eyes bulge, "What the hell. Let's do it."

There was a definite change in Monica.

She let Ryan in through her bedroom window.

He was no comparison to Duncan but he did the job.

Even though she her moans were concealed, it was impossible not to be heard.

Still, her parents never questioned the noise.

Nobody cared that it was a school night.

Monica kissed Ryan with feeling.

"Ryan?" She whispers.

"Yeah?"

"Dare me more."

"I dare you to go to sleep."

She giggles lightly.

"Okay."

**Monica 11: Murphy's Lawn**

Charlie Wessel lived on the opposite side of Monica Gift's house. They knew each other only through her parents and the occasional paths crossed. At 55 Charlie had been left alone in the world. His wife "Sidney" had passed away last year. They had no children so he was alone in the world. Retired early he chose to spend much of his days fishing or taking care of his garden.

Like many of the neighbors he had seen Monica walking nude inside her home. He kept that fact to himself instead of telling her parents. What harm was it he thought. Besides he was a man. Knowing he had very little options in dating or for that matter meeting any new women about he needed all the inspiration he could rally.

This Saturday, Charlie was caught off guard. He had gone fishing early and had zero bites all morning. Giving up he headed home and parked his truck behind his house.

On his way indoors he happened to look next door and see a sight he had to stop cold to take in.

Laying out on her parents aluminum supported hammock was Monica. In all of her glory. No bikini. No clothing period. Only sunglasses. With no fences between yards he knew he could easily just invade her space for a better look. If anything he worried about other neighbors seeing him get too close.

Shuffling about his yard he puts his poles up against his garage. His minnow bucket was accidently kicked created a loud metallic bang. With gritting teeth he leers back toward Monica.

Fluttering her fingers at him she sweetly said, "Hi Charlie."

Charlie kept his cool and stepped closer acting as if he hadn't noticed her loss of attire.

"Howdy Monica. Beautiful day for a tan."

"I know. The sun feels delicious. Catch anything today?"

"Nope. Fish aren't biting. Gave up and came on home for some lunch." He casually steps a little further toward her then reacted to her impossible to see nudity.

"Well now. What have we here?"

She raises her glasses to peer at him, "I don't want tan lines. Does it bother you?"

"Only if your folks are home."

"Are they ever home? They went boating on the lake with friends. I got bored inside so I decided to catch some sun."

"Pretty bold of you to lay out like that. Nosey neighbors and all."

"Like you?" She giggles.

"I suppose so. I won't say nothing. I was young once. Live a little."

"I couldn't agree more. I love to be naked. It feels so awesome. Especially when I get noticed."

He chuckles tipping his ball cap back slightly, "I sure noticed."

"Let's be honest Charlie. All of our neighbors have noticed one time or another. I leave the lights on every Friday. Not one of our neighbors has ratted me out to my parents. You know what that tells me?"

"What's that?"

"That you're all dirty old men." She laughs and turns on her side to let him see her 34DDD's shift slightly in their perky state.

"May be. I don't put much thought in it. I just keep to myself."

"Well just so you know Charlie. I see your eyes checking out my tits. You don't need to be shy about it. Stare all you want. In a few minutes I might play with my toy if you want to watch. Feel free."

He rubs the back of his neck at the prospect. He then glances around at the other homes.

"Brock and Ryan are both at work. Kramer might be in his garage but, he hasn't opened the garage door yet. I know he and his brother "Owen" usually work on their vintage cars. Sometimes they have other friends over to help. To be honest I hope they do."

He looks shocked, "Looking for trouble today, huh?"

"Every day." She giggles and caresses her areola.

"My! my! How old are you these days?"

"Sixteen." She lies, "No. I just turned eighteen a few weeks back. I'm legal."

"Good to hear. Taunting all of us old farts that much fun? Half of us probably can't get it up these days." Charlie hisses.

"Oh I bet you all still have life in those pants. Go change then come back out and watch me masturbate with my toy. Pleeeeeeeease?"

"I must be out of my mind." He hesitates, "Give me a minute."

"Yay!!" She expels in her childlike manner.

As Charlie heads indoors Monica lays back and continues her tan. Ten minutes fade away when she hears an automatic garage door open across the alley from her house. She again lowers her glasses to see Kramer and Owen Falcone drinking beers with two other buddies. They didn't notice her right away until one of their friends points her out. She waves at them without reluctance and settles back to see what happens.

Their view point might not have had enough access to readily see her nudity. She decided to crawl out of the hammock and sift through a bag she brought out with her which rested beside the hammock.

It was impossible for them not to notice her nudity now. She had even bent over with her ass facing directly at them. Her petite lower half offered them a lovely view of her clam shaped pussy.

From her bag she retrieved a large bottle of baby oil and her seven inch life like rubber dildo. She then turned to face them waving it for the four men to see. Cupping her right breast with one hand she dances in step playfully. The bounce drew faint whistles. She could tell Kramer was uneasy about it. After a moment to let it sink in Monica returned to lay back on her hammock. Her offer was open. The rest was up to them.

The issue with Kramer and his brother Owen resided in the fact that both men were friends with her parents and had seen her grow up since age 8. Ten years they watched her blossom into this eager young beauty.

Respect for her parents made this awkward. Yet, their friends were less inclined to worry about her parentage. They wanted to see this young lady up close and personal. At their ages every opportunity counted.

Before long the buddies stepped away from Kramer and Owen to venture over to Monica. The brothers reluctantly followed. Kramer especially knew he might need to defend the girl.

"Monica Leann what the hell are you doing?" Kramer grumbled.

"I plan on masturbating out here in this joyous sunshine. Don't be naïve Kramer. We all know you've seen me naked through my windows."

"Yeah, but you being out here like this is nothing but trouble."

"Only if you guys get fresh." She wiggles in her hammock seductively.

His buddies offer a variety of pleasurable comments. Her head was swooning at each and every one.

"Who wants to oil me up?"

The two buddies definitely. Owen opted to join them. Kramer was more hesitant until Monica whispers sweetly, "Rub me Kramer. All of me."

"You have three fellas right there. I'll just go tinker on my car."

One of his friends, "Elvis" chuckles, "He's going to jerk off in private."

Monica huffs, "Kramer don't leave me. I might need you to hold them back."

Shaking his head he returns to the hammock.

The other buddy, "Dave" had already showered her with baby oil from head to toe.

He and Elvis immediately went to work glossing her perfect little body. Her tits were a quick focal point. Kneading them for long playful minutes. Monica sighs loudly.

"Such strong hands."

Owen had made her legs and thighs his home. As his hands brushed against her pussy Kramer growled at him, "Knock it off Little Brother."

Monica immediately changes his tune, "He can rub my pussy. I'm fine with it Kramer."

Owen chuckles, "Yeah. She's fine with it. Stop being a wuss. Get in here and feel this wet pussy."

Kramer merely frowns.

Feeling sad for him Monica opens up, "It's just a massage Kramer. I'm not fucking anyone but "Bucky" here."

Her dildo in hand is raised to wag in the air for all to see.

"Lighten up, Buddy. She's cool with us pawing her up." prodded Elvis.

Owen had already dipped fingers inside her, delicately easing them out and in again.

"Owen has the right idea. That feels really good." She exhales.

She takes her toy "Bucky" and places it between her heaving breasts. Crushing her tits around it with her shoulders compression she gives them a Titty fucking show. The rubber crown peeking in and out of her monsters. Each time the crown popped into sight she lowered her chin to lick the crown.

The boys were chuckling and having fun.

Finally, Monica lowered Bucky to her pussy. Owen eased away to give her room. Gradually she inserted the dildo and began fucking herself. The men hovered over her and watched with drool forming.

"Owen your cock is so big." She giggles as her wrist thrusts the toy deeper.

Smugly Owen grins, "Mine's pretty big. But thanks for the fantasy there."

Everyone was rubbing their crotches. Kramer could only shake his head at them.

"I love you guys." She whimpers.

"We love you Little Girl." Dave caresses her left breast.

"I want to cum for you now." She breathes heavily.

"You go right ahead, Sweetheart." Elvis tweaks her right nipple gently tugging at it.

Her body convulses forcing her legs to kick about wildly. The men merely let her torture herself. In her plight she squeals erotically and whispers, "I wish the world could see me."

Elvis looks over at Owen, "You should let her play over at your car lot."

Owen puckers at the idea, "If she wants to."

Leaning in to get her attention Elvis encourages her, "Would you like to do that Little Girl?"

She winces while whimpering, "Yes."

"Let the world witness you playing with that pussy on a new car?"

"Yes." She moans while Dave rubs her leg softly.

"How about you Dave? Would you let her play for everyone over at your Mattress store?"

"Sure."

"Something you want to do Little Girl?" Elvis prods.

"God yes." She squeals, her insertions ramping up.

She was getting close to orgasm with each fantasy that Elvis offered her. She wanted it all. To do it all.

Screaming she squirts all over herself. The hammock is dampened below her.

The men share their admiration by touching her everywhere. Soft caresses.

"Oh my God! That felt so good. Thank you for watching me." She breathes heavily.

"You're not done." Dave growls rolling her over on to her stomach.

She limply laid there as they coated her backside with baby oil. Prying her ass cheeks apart to tease her anal cavity with fingertips. She had never tried anal. Her fears were evident. Still Dave placed an arm under her and guided her ass into the air. She cradled her head in her arms as her knees crept up to her chest.

Claiming her dildo Dave penetrated her pussy once more and fucked her yet again. Her cries echoing into her arms. She loved his hostile takeover.

Only Kramer was unamused. He found himself continually shaking his head at them.

"Like that Monica?" Owen asked.

"YESSSSSSSSSSS!" She exhaled at the top of her lungs.

"Wish that was a real cock fucking you?" Elvis goaded.

Whimpering she had to admit it even to herself, "Yes."

Her body quaked. Three more minutes she gushes over Dave's knuckles.

She grew lifeless in her efforts to catch her sanity.

"Had enough?" Dave leans over her to brush the hair from her face.

She huffs, "No. I want more people to see me."

The guys shrug amongst themselves.

Dave smirks, "Fellas? Grab and end of the hammock."

Kramer declined and watched the other three lift the aluminum hammock and carry it out to the alley way. Looking toward the side street they take the risk of moving her to the end of the alley along the curb.

Resting her next to a fire hydrant they flip her back over to face upwards.

"How's this?" Dave chuckles.

She looks around her smiling, "No. Out there."

"In the middle of the freaking street?" Elvis widens his gaze.

"Yes."

Another joined shrug they move her directly into the middle of the side street. Only the three of them stood by. Kramer got disgusted and headed home.

"Here's your toy." Dave hands it back.

She immediately penetrates herself and begins thrusting. Her opposite hand rubs her clit. Now she could look straight down the street. Broad daylight. Her nerves on edge that kids might see made her aware more. The three men also grew cautious and stepped away behind a garage but kept watch.

She was all alone. Horny as hell.

After five minutes she was busted as a truck turned down the street headed straight for her. Reaching her the front grill was a mere four feet from her when it stopped cold.

She could see a large man inside rubbing his beard at her. Ducking his head out his drivers side window he chuckled, "I remember you from that night on the curb. Standing naked with that guy hugging you from behind."

She flutters her fingers at him smiling devilishly, "That was me."

"Mighty bold young lady."

"Watch me cum?"

"Do I have a choice? You're blocking the road." He shakes his head.

"No." She sticks her tongue out at him as her hands continue their assault.

He observes her convulse and cry out her pleasure. In minutes she gushes for a third time. This time she rolls herself over into the position Dave had poised her in. With her ass in the air she again fucks herself from behind. It was a thing of beauty.

The burly man smirked as she managed one final gush before his eyes.

Finally, he steps out of his truck and approaches her. The man was a Bear. Easily 6'4 and 350 pounds of gruff.

"You done?"

Regardless of her decision he drags the hammock to the side of the curb and intentionally slaps her ass still in the air from her exhausted body. Monica couldn't even mouth a reaction. He then returned to his Ford F350 and drove around her. The truck drove down the street two more blocks and turned left.

Fearing the man the other three waited until he was gone before picking her hammock up and carrying her home to the spot they took her from originally. She had fell back on to her back in her travel.

"Let us know when you want to venture into one of our stores." Dave chuckles.

The men then decided it was time to head out. Enough was enough.

She lay there in the sun mentally spent for the next ten minutes.

"Sorry I'm late."

Monica turns her profile to see Charlie return from his house.

"I couldn't make myself come back out. Finally got up the nerve."

She quivers with a lifeless expression.

Charlie realizes her exhaustion and pats her on the leg.

"Maybe next time."

He returns to his house without another look back.

Monica was numb.

Ten more minutes later she kicks her arms and legs madly. Her voice shrill and excitable.

"I masturbated in the middle of Elm Street."

Five more times she recited that same realization.

She crawled from her hammock and staggered to her house leaving her bag in the lawn.

A nap was needed.

Then a shower.

Life was good.

**Monica 12: Daddy Longlegs**

"Morning my beautiful Daughter."

Monica stepped into the kitchen on this lovely Monday morning. She was shocked to see her Father "Aaron Gift" home. Wearing only pajama pants at that. Normally he was off to work before the birds sang.

"Hey Daddy. Why are you still here?"

"I needed a day off. Your Mother's gone already. She refused to take a day off with me."

"So unlike you. I think the last day you had off was Christmas."

"New Years. But who's counting. You look nice."

It dawns on her what she was wearing. She had massive cleavage going on over a powder blue top. No bra left her nipples wide awake this early in the morning. Vibrantly! Her white skirt was tight and probably just short enough to break a dress code. Radically.

"Thank you, Daddy." She blushes moving around him to open the fridge for a bottled water. As she bent over her Father eyed her backside before realizing his stupidity. Shamed he grits his teeth and turns away to look out a window in their back yard.

"Why is the hammock so far over?" He asks.

Her eyes bulge as she opens her bottle to take a sip. If he only knew what she had done on that hammock just two days ago.

"Did you move it when you mowed last?"

He rubs the back of his neck, "Maybe. Hell I don't know. Your school let you dress like that?"

"Like what?"

"Skirts pretty short."

"Oh. I thought you meant my shirt being low cut." She nervously chuckles.

"That too." He swivels to face her with a frown.

"Nobody has ever said a word. Should I go change?" She was protectively improvising.

"Naaa! You look great. Just being a Dad."

"Best Daddy ever." She blows him a kiss.

"Awww! Give your old man a hug." He holds his arms out.

Smiling warmly Monica eases in to her Father's awaiting arms and hugs him tightly. He returned the favor with an even snugger grip.

"I love you Sweetheart." He maintained the hug.

Strangely he realized that her nipples were cutting into his abs and opted to savor the taboo of sensations.

She too realized her nipples were too attentive. They were extremely sensitive to make matters worse. Eyes bulging at the sensations she even felt his erection pushing out toward her belly. Her thoughts in panic mode she pats his back.

"I need to get to school. I love you too Daddy."

Peeling away he resorts to holding on to her shoulders to look down at her.

"You're looking more and more like your Mother every day."

"Awww! Don't tell Mom but I'm cuter." She giggles.

"That you are." He can't resist looking at her nipples, "Oh, by the way. The other night you were making an awful lot of noises. Everything okay?"

She knew he meant the night Ryan stayed in her room and fucked her.

"Don't make me give you the gory details." She blushes.

He hesitates, "We were all young once. Your Mom and I just had a good laugh."

Her eyes danced and panicked at the same time. Finally, she lowers her gaze to his tented out pajamas. Pointing down at it she frowns.

"Still young I think. I need to get to school Daddy. You take care of that."

Aaron fidgets, "Noticed that did you?"

"Hard not too Daddy." She shyly grins.

"Sorry." He felt awkward.

"Don't be. Our secret."

"Hell. Your Mom see's me with wood all the time."

"It's not like I've never noticed Daddy. Just like I know you look at me. Like I said, "Our secret"."

"I bet the boys go crazy when you dress like that."

"Of course. That's what I want." She jiggles accidentally then catches herself.

"Just don't make me a Grampa yet. Wait until your thirty's."

"Birth control. No worries."

"Whew! Yeah, I forgot your Mom got you on that."

"I love that we can talk about anything Daddy."

"Me too. We need to talk more often."

"You're the one that never stays home. I feel like I see you guys once a month."

"Business with pleasure. Comes with the jobs. How else could we afford to buy you nice clothes."

"Speaking of. I need a new wardrobe. I'm growing up too fast." She points at her chest devilishly.

"Must need new bras. I don't see any under that top."

"I don't wear them often. I like my freedom."

"I can see that. So what is it you need then?" He didn't want her to leave yet.

"Sexy clothes. All kinds of naughty." She bats her eyes then chuckles, "Just clothes. I'm joking."

"Uh huh! Hey, whatever you want. You could always skip school today and go shopping."

Monica stops cold in her retreat toward the back door. She twists in step thinking. She did need new clothes but what she wanted was more than her Dad's heart could handle she mused.

"You seriously want me to skip school? Like I said earlier...BEST DAD EVER!"

They laugh together, "Up to you Sweetheart. I'm feeling generous."

She frowns eying his still functioning woody, "Only if you go take care of that before we leave. Our secret."

He reacts by pinching the front of his pajama bottoms, tugging them out in front to examine his erection.

She in turn holds a hand over her eyes trying not to laugh, "I didn't need to witness that."

"I thought we could talk about anything." He smirks.

"Seriously? That's not talking Daddy."

"No. But, it does give us something to talk about later."

"How about this? I'll go to school until lunch time. You can pick me up in front of the school and I'll skip the remainder of the day. You can take me shopping, I'll even let you pick an outfit."

"Fair enough. I'll go rub one off and shower up. See you at what? 11:30?"

"Noon. Love you Daddy. Don't go blind."

Laughing she rushes out the door and hurries to meet up with Ryan behind his garage. The boy was waiting in his car and halted his text to her now that she appeared.

"I was beginning to wonder." Ryan raised a brow as Monica opened the car door and climbed in.

"My Dad stayed home today. Extremely awkward morning. He questioned my clothing. Among other things."

"Ouch! Well you must have won the battle. Still dressed sexy."

"He's a pervert. I think he knows I'm wilder than I appear most days."

"Wonder how he would react if he knew the new you?"

She shrugs, "I'm not really worried about Dad. It's Mom that would beat me to death. My dad likes looking me over. Sadly."

"Crazy. Should I dare you before we leave?" Ryan huffs fighting laughter.

"You can. But, you might never see me again." She rolls her eyes.

"We have about ten minutes to kill."

Monica eyes him with a hesitant smirk, "Oh, Ryan. Why do you want me to risk things at home? You know they heard us the other night. Well, me at least. Daddy made the comment but didn't dig too deep into it."

"Easy enough. Just say you used a vibrator."

"That was my plan if he'd asked more about it. I didn't want to get into too much. He was sporting wood as it was."

"Wow! I never knew your Dad was like that."

"I'm Daddy's girl. He would probably defend me no matter what I did. By the way. I'm leaving school early. He's taking me shopping for clothes."

"Really. There's a Dare in there somewhere."

"Oh, I'm sure there is. What's your dare?" She shakes her head.

"First DARE. Go back inside and tease your Dad into jerking off in front of you."

Her jaw drops, "Ryan? He's my Dad."

"So, you're chicken?"

"You know that's not the case."

"I leave in ten minutes. Hurry up."

Groaning she leaves her bag but returns to her house. Entering the back door quietly she creeps through the house toward his bedroom. There was grumbling in the air, just not from his bedroom. Her eyes bulged. The grunting was coming from her bedroom.

"Oh hell." She contemplates easing toward her room to peak around the corner of her threshold.

There stood Aaron holding a pair of Monica's underwear up to his nose as he fist pumped his seven inch erection. She paused to watch stunned by the sight. Finally, she knew she had little time to waste. She boldly enters her room behind him and goes to her dresser. She picks up a tube of lip gloss and sighs loudly.

"I forgot my lip gloss."

Aaron turns shocked by her unexpected return. He swiftly hides her panties behind his back. There was zero excuses for him being in her room with his pajamas down to his calves.

"Awkward, huh." He huffs trying to remain calm.

"Only for you. You can finish what you started, Daddy. I'm not offended. Just remember when I do something bad you don't get mad at me." She chuckles.

"I'll keep that in mind." He lightly strokes himself in front of her.

Monica uses her hand to usher him onward. She was in a hurry.

"Finish up. My rides waiting."

"Uhhhh! You sure?"

"Jerk it Daddy."

His mind raced as fast as his hand did. Three minutes later he squirts a stream of cum toward Monica. She jumps at its approach and points at him evilly, "Clean my room Mister."

He nearly falls over from the intensity.

Finally, she blows him a kiss and darts away, "See you at Noon, Daddy."

Aaron Gift was speechless, breathless, and paranoid.

Being busted was easier than he ever imagined.

Returning to Ryan's car Monica hops in laughing.

"Well?" Ryan was eager to hear.

"Caught him in my room, sniffing my panties. Let him jack off in front of me. Made him promise never to get mad when I do something bad."

"That just came in handy."

"I think so." She felt powerful suddenly.

Backing his car out to drive Ryan looks around, "Second Dare!"

"I'm listening."

"When you go shopping. Fashion show. Take him into your changing room while you change."

"I can do that. Can I request something?"

He turns on the street from his alley, "Sure."

"Please don't dare me to fuck my Father. That's a bit much."

"What happened to I'll do ANYTHING?"

"Did I say that?"

"Pretty much. Maybe not in so many words but you do want pushed more and more."

"I don't mind minor things like him doing what he did, or him seeing me naked. But sex is another story. That would destroy my family."

"Let's see how your trip goes. Buy some revealing clothes."

"That's my idea. Sexier the better."

"I'm not promising I won't dare you to do more with your Dad."

"UGH! I hate you Ryan Quinones."

"No you don't." He chuckles.

Frowning she hisses, "No I don't."

He knew he had her around his finger.

Noon came along quickly.

Aaron pulled the family SUV out front of the schools circle drive. He waited for seven minutes until Monica sprinted toward him, her breasts bouncing madly. She hadn't even realized her disadvantage of having no bra.

Opening the passenger door she slides in, her skirt casually riding high as she sat.

"Hi Daddy. Feeling better?"

He sighs shaking his head, "I really shouldn't have done that. I feel horrible."

"Don't feel bad. I'm fine. I love you Daddy. What you did was needed. I swear Mom will never know unless you tell her. I'm not naïve Daddy. I see you checking me out all the time."

"Yeah? Still makes me a bad Dad."

She reaches her hand over and pats his right leg, "Stop it! Now lets go use those credit cards."

He lowers his sunglasses and smirks, "Buying your silence."

She laughs at him, "Why didn't I think of that?"

Their banter over the next twenty plus miles made them both feel at ease. Reaching a large shopping mall they parked facing outward for an easier exit,and headed in. Arm in arm.

"This is so nice. It's been ages since we spent quality time together." He realizes.

"Daddy? Can I tell you something?"

"Of course you can."

"I want to buy clothing that shows off lots of skin. There's a few boys I'm trying to get the attention of." She giggled in thought knowing she essentially meant every guy out there.

"Oh yeah? Like how much skin?"

"More than I'm showing off with what I'm wearing now." She winces expecting a scrutinizing glare.

"That cleavage is ready to fall out as it is." He looks down her shirt.

"I want more spaghetti strap blouses with cleavage like this, slightly lower cut. Skirts shorter than this one. String bikini maybe."

"Might as well go naked." He frowns.

"Would if I could." She hugs his arm snickering.

"Wow! What happened to my innocent daughter?"

She bats her eyes up at him, "I grew up."

"You realize this kind of talk isn't helping me keep Junior down." He looks away gritting his teeth.

"Junior? Ohhhhhhhhhhhh! Junior." She laughs hysterically.

"Yeah! Him."

"Don't be ashamed of that Daddy. Like I said I'm fine with it. If you ever feel the need to jerk off in front of me again I won't turn away. Just understand me for what I'm becoming."

He creases a brow, "What exactly are you becoming? I know it's not a lesbian because you said boys."

"Hahaha! No, not a lesbian. I love boys way too much. I guess you could say I love teasing."

He nods reluctantly, "You're good at that."

"Awww! Thanks Daddy. I think so too."

"Dare I ask how far you've gone teasing?"

She bites her lower lip looking directly up into his eyes, "Here's where you can't get mad at me. Okay?"

He grits his teeth fearing her reply, "Just don't get pregnant. Okay?"

"I won't." She shyly blushes.

"Finish what you were going to say." He sighs opening the Mall door for her.

Entering she reclaims his arm hugging it, "Let's just say I like being seen naked."

"By whom?"

"By pretty much everybody."

"You're going to get arrested someday."

"I'll call you first. For bail." She giggles.

"Maybe we should turn around and go home. I might need the money for that bail here soon."

She tugs his retreat laughing, "Nooooooooooooo!"

He gives in quickly and yanks her into a hug rubbing her back, "Blood of my blood. I've always got your back Sweetheart."

"Thank you Daddy." She smiles as her eyes flare up, "Heeee's back."

"Who?"

"Junior." She chuckles.

"Awww hell." He changes the subject, "Pick a store. Let's get this over with."

She leads him deeper into the interior and locates a store that sold swimwear. Pilfering about racks she discovers a lime green micro style bikini. Illegal to wear. Not legal to sell.

"This would look good on me don't you think?"

She lifts it up for his approval, "Three eye patches held together by dental floss? Only $60.00."

"You can sniff it after I wear it." She teases.

He rolls his eyes, "Dear God! What have I done?"

She finds another bikini similar style only white, "How about this one?"

"See through when wet." He predicts.

"Yay!"

"Yeah, yay!" He groans, "I'm still grasping these changes. Give me time to digest this."

She giggles and stands on tip toe to kiss him on the cheek. He bought both bikini's.

Leaving that store she discovers "Vicky's Secret". Within she bought multiple thongs and bras that were albeit sheer in material. She even found a burgundy colored teddy with corset strings up the front. All purchased.

Store after store she managed at least one article of clothing. Finally, her nerve grew strong enough to guide her Father into a changing room. He was embarrassed beyond measure but let her lead him inside a door. Luckily there was no attendant present.

Within she handed him her trial outfits and stripped her shirt off before his eyes. Her tits full and strikingly well poised for a 34DDD. Zero sag. His eyes couldn't stop staring at them.

She lifts them up and shakes them about with an evil grin. Then she dropped her skirt and stood only in her thin powder blue thong. With a confident sigh she chooses an outfit and tries it on. This was a tight red dress with strings up the sides revealing her flesh all the way up both hips and under her arms. The front cleavage cupped her breasts higher until they bulged as if lifted.

"How do I look Daddy?"

He shakes his head, "Christ almighty."

"Panties ruin the look don't they?" She lifts her dress and removes her panties, tugging the dress back into place. Eying him for approval she swings her thong around playfully.

"When do you plan on wearing something like that?"

"I'm not sure yet. Dancing maybe. Of course I'm not old enough to get into most bars. Besides I don't really drink."

"Just don't become a stripper. My heart couldn't take it if I took a client to a club nearby to find you lap dancing over some stranger." He grunts quietly.

"Might help you close a deal if I did." She giggles and strips out of the dress to now stand full frontally nude in front of him.

"Unbelievable!" He hisses eying her gently evident pubes.

After three more changes he nursed a raging hard on that couldn't be hidden anymore. She finally put her original clothes back on minus the thong which she tucked down the front of her shirt and took the outfits off his hands. Her eyes drifted down to Junior.

"Do you need to jerk off again before we leave?" Her brow raises inquisitively.

"Maybe. Not in here though."

"A few more stores?"

"Slow down. You've probably spent $400.00 since we walked in."

"Fine. I'll settle."

She hears her cell ring from her tiny clutch purse dangling over her Father's arm. Removing it she reads a text from Ryan.

"How's it going?"

Before she types back she looks out the changing room door to be certain of safety and motions Aaron to follow behind her. Once back into the store she takes time to type back.

"Going great. Daddy is buying me everything."

Returning with, "Changing room with you?"

She smiles at Aaron who was becoming concerned, "Yes. He's seen me naked. I'm such a slut. He's had a hard on all day."

"You knew that's where you were headed. Ready for a Dare?"

"Hit me." She grimaced.

"I DARE you too jerk him off before you head home."

"That's easy enough. Already planned on that." She chuckled to herself.

"Crazy. Okay, I DARE you to suck his dick then."

Her eyes flare up at the thought. Too personal in her mind. Yet, she hated telling Ryan no.

"I'll try. He might not allow either one."

"Have fun. Let me know." Ryan ends with a grinning smiley face.

Her Dad shakes his head, "One of those boys?"

"Yep. I'm ready if you are. You look worn out. Well, except for Junior there." She points with her pinky snickering.

"Yeah. I feel like I took three Viagra. He just won't go down. I'm sure the drive home will keep my mind off things."

"Sowwy Daddy." She pouts at him.

"I'll live."

Paying for the clothing they carry the burden of bags back to the SUV parked in a busy lot. People coming and going from every angle.

Once everything is loaded they get into the SUV and settle in before starting. Keys in the ignition Aaron starts to buckle his seat belt when Monica reaches over to touch his arm.

"Daddy? One time thing. I'll help you relieve Junior if you want me too."

He turns pale, "What?"

Her hand glides across his lap to gently rub his swollen cock beneath his jeans. His eyes lower to witness her tender caress over the length of his erection.

Eyes dart toward each other for realization. Aaron swallows hoarsely then unfastens his pants and lowers his zipper. He looks around the lot as people walk directly in front of the vehicle. He then arched upward to drag his jeans down to his upper thighs.

His boxers followed with ease.

"Look how purple he is." She sighs as her hand teases his foreskin.

"You sure about this Sweetheart?"

"Shush, Daddy. One time thing. Between us only. Deal?"

"Deal." He nodded as her fingers wrapped around his girth and began jerking it slowly.

Shyly she exhales, "Put your seat back. Give me room to work."

He uses the automatic controls to slide the seat backwards then reclines.

"Am I doing okay Daddy?"

"Faster."

She increases her friction and scoots closer to him. His cock was dry and becoming difficult to enjoy. Deciding to spit on his cock she hovered her lips over his crown to lubricate it. The sight made Aaron growl and utter, "That's my girl."

She exhales over his crown and tilts it toward his belly to eye his rounded scrotum.

"Look how full he is. You fill up quick." She giggles.

"Sexy does that to a guy."

"Fast enough?" She asks still jerking him off.

"Good enough."

"No. If you want better tell me."

"Christ Monica. This is so insane."

She grins sheepishly at him then lowers her lips down to kiss his balls. This led to sucking on them. He let her but griped under his breath the entire time.

Ignoring him she licked all the way from his lower balls , over his foreskin and took the risk of swallowing his cock. He tightened up as a woman returned from the mall that had parked next to him. She was beautiful.

Monica felt mischievous and lowered his drivers door window unexpectedly.

The woman glanced over as she opened her car door at the hissing of the window. Her eyes flared at the sight. She then noticed Monica wave at her with her mouth moving up and down. They hadn't made eye contact though.

Aaron had to look, his curiosity couldn't help it.

The young blond grinned from ear to ear as Monica fed.

"My aren't you two bold." She raised her brows.

Aaron huffed, "Sorry about this."

She frowned, "Seriously? Don't let me stop you. Have fun."

Her voice made Monica stop cold and look up at the blond and bounce with excitement, "I know that voice. LISA!"

"Hey! Pizza girl. How have you been?"

Aaron sneers between the girls then points, "You know each other?"

Monica smirks, "Yes we do. We met a few weeks ago. I delivered pizza with some friends."

Lisa folds her arms and leans into the door window to shake Aaron's hand.

"Hi. Lisa Porter."

He hesitantly shakes her hand feeling his erection waver, "Aaron Gift. I'd say it's a pleasure but that's fading fast."

Monica returns to stroking her Father, "Don't you dare go limp. Lisa? Interested in helping me?"

Lisa grins then pats Aaron on the stomach, "Sure thing. Hey there Teddy Bear."

His eyes bulge at her touch. Now he had two young women teasing him.

He smiles at her then feels the nerves subside leading him toward courage. The blond could easily be a model.

"My, my, my!" Lisa's eyes twinkle at Monica's hands back in action, "That's just plain impressive Pizza Girl."

"It's Monica. I guess you don't have to call me Beautiful anymore." Her hand twists his crown to create a shiver.

Lisa eyes Aaron's reaction, "Lucky you, Aaron." Her extended palm rubs the hairy chest and glides back and forth down his abdomen, stopping just short of his cock.

"I guess so." He quivers looking directly into Lisa's glistening eyes. Luckily she had lifted her shades into her hair. She had stunning crystal blue eyes.

Monica decides to lower back over him and suck his dick. She found her position awkward and uncontrollably growls at her predicament. Finally she surveys the arrangement and pats her Dad on the arm before carefully crawling between the seats and stretching out over his chest, her legs off to his right shoulder. She then began sucking his dick again from a better angle. She could now rub his balls too with easier access.

Lisa sighs, "I think this young lady aims to please."

Aaron was losing his concentration until he realized Monica's skirt had ridden high during her transition. Her entire ass was in perfect view, her clam shaped pussy glossy and brilliant. With a bit of hesitation his hand rises to rub her ass cheeks. All his thoughts could muster was, "Soft as hell."

Monica felt his hands caress and whimpered. He was zeroing in on her pussy from behind. His thumb grazing her clit caused her to whine and tense up.

Releasing her mouth from his cock she tilts her head back, "Shit!"

Before she could react further Aaron used every bit of strength he had to drag her lower half over his body. Her pussy square over his lapping tongue. Lisa thought to herself that they looked like a big ole spider. Eight legs including arms.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" Monica strained.

This had escalated further than she ever predicted. With a haunted look toward Lisa she expresses her sudden desire to cum. Wheezing Monica's head turned from side to side then gave in. With a dramatic fever Monica swallowed his cock again, this time she wouldn't stop until Aaron nutted in her mouth.

Aaron's hands pried Monica's cheeks wide while gripping them tightly. His tongue digging deep up inside her sweet pussy. His nasal exhales stimulating her anal cavity.

Lisa merely watched and eyed the foot traffic around the vehicle. Most people were oblivious. She waved in a friendly manner at those who opted to look closer.

What she couldn't mask was their moans. Both of them were nearing a breaking point.

Pulses quickened. Bodies shook.

Then came her flood over her Father's face.

He followed up with a massive load over her own features as she lifted away just before and jerked him off until he shot white hot cum all across her face.

Exhausted the two carefully eased away and began laughing.

"Fuck that was awesome. Thank you Daddy." Monica stammered without thinking, twisting to let him see her face smothered in his leftovers.

Lisa stood frozen at her words. Eye brows peak as she awaits more info.

"Never in a million years would I have thought this would happen." Aaron wipes her eyes on his wrist.

Monica giggles catching her breath and digs for her thong tucked into her shirt. Handing it to him he used it to wipe his face.

Once Monica resumes her seat up front Aaron uses his controls to tilt the back of his own seat forwards. He was exhausted.

"So, you heard her didn't you?" Aaron frowns.

"Who am I to judge? If my Dad was as hot as you I might be tempted too." Lisa chuckles and pats Aaron on the bicep.

"Lisa? Dad. Dad? Lisa. Me? Slut. Slut? Me." Monica carefully gathers cum off her face and licks her fingers.

Shaking her head Lisa points toward her, "You going to eat all of that?"

Laughing Monica crawls across her Father and lets Lisa lick her chin. This made Aaron shake his head.

"The surprises just keep on coming. Let's go home."

"Right. Mom might be home by now."

The words cut deep. Aaron hisses loudly, "Don't remind me."

Monica forces him to look at her, "OUR SECRET!"

Lisa zips her lip dramatically for him to see as well.

"Stop by sometime Critter." Lisa waves with a wink.

"Tell Michael I said hi."

"Will do."

Aaron merely nods as he pulls his clothing back on awkwardly. Once done the Man starts the SUV and heads for home.

Talk became sparse. She continued to reassure him things would never change. He nodded with doubt.

Reaching their home they find that his wife, her Mother not home yet.

Bags unloaded they head inside and put them in her bedroom.

Aaron showered swiftly and changed as Monica put her things away. She cleaned up as well and they met in the living room. He sat on the sofa flipping channels on the television, wearing only sweat pants. She was still wearing her white skirt but had changed her top to a tank. No bra still.

"I put your thong in the laundry." He acknowledged.

She shuffles over to him and collapses into the cushion next to him. Without warning she throws her arms around his waist and snuggles up under his armpit.

"Are you mad at me?" She whispers.

"Are you mad at me?" He kisses her forehead.

Sighing as one Aaron groans, "Never Sweetheart. That was pretty insane though."

"I didn't intend it to go that far. I couldn't bare to see you hurting because of me."

"Yeah I was in agony." He chuckled.

"I've become a slut haven't I?" She pouts.

"It's your life. Just be careful out there."

Without warning Aaron growls as his erection returns tenting his sweats. Monica noted its arrival long before he let on.

"Junior's back." She fidgets looking up at him with dancing eyes.

"He'll settle down eventually."

"Will he?" She sighs reaching her hand over to caress the bulge.

"Not like that he won't." Aaron raises his eye brows.

She pouts, "I lied to you Daddy."

With a narrowed glance he grimaces, "About what?"

Her fingers spider crawl upward then slide under his waistband to grip his cock yet again.

Aaron grits his teeth then lifts his hips to slide the sweats under his ass for a better freedom.

"Jerk me off."

Monica shakes her head and stands up. Her tank is pulled over her head, followed by her skirt to her toes. Naked she crawls into his lap. Straddling him she reaches under her thighs and guides her Father's cock into her pussy.

"I lied, Daddy. I said only one time. I was wrong."

His dick warmly inside her she gently rides up and down on him. His hands gripping her ass tightly.

"Bad girl. Is this going to become a habit?"

Eyes moist she lightly nods her affirmation, "When ever you want me Daddy."

He growls then lunges her mouth over her nipple. She tilts her neck back at his decision.

Within minutes he moved them to the carpet and fucked her on the floor. She offered soft moans and thanked him for taking her.

The session became more in tune to love making.

Shortly after cumming inside her they saw car lights pull into their front drive. A mad dash to her room Monica left her Father to confront her Mother.

Stepping to her bedroom window she spotted Ryan looking from his upstairs bedroom. A moment later he texted her.

"Everything go okay?"

She writes back, "You got your wish."

"What wish?" He returns.

"I had sex with my Dad."

A long pause as Ryan studies her reaction through windows.

"You okay?"

She smiles up at him nodding then goes to bed.

He watched her drift off to sleep.

An hour later she awoke to hear her parents fucking on the other side of the wall.

Admiration set in.

Daddy was a beast.

**Monica 13: Almost There**

It had been weeks since Monica had risked her exhibitions in Teacher "Dane Morrison's" class. After all these weeks of guys begging her to get bold again she finally felt comfortable enough to go for broke. She had waited to see how the students who had seen her in her other hijinks would keep things quiet. After a long silent patience, Monica decided they needed to be rewarded.

Upon entering class Monica leaned over Ryan at his desk in her black button down shirt and flaunted her massive cleavage. She had walked in with all but one button undone. Guys were already noticing. The shirt concealed a pair of equally black spandex pants that covered her like a second skin.

Before taking her seat she backed her ass up toward a number of her neighboring boys. Bending over in front of them to let them rub her covered cheeks.

As Morrison made his entrance she concealed her open cleavage and sat down within her seated group of men. Morrison was as oblivious as ever, long winded in his chapter breakdown. As his back was turned Monica fanned her shirt wide, the final button unclasped. She darted her eyes around at the twelve boys that had scooted quietly before class into a more concealing arena. The bigger boys sat in front of her as a shield.

Ryan eyes her and shows her a note, "I dare you to strip totally naked this time."

Monica's eyes grew saucer sized as she bit her lip. Ryan showed the other boys his note. That made them escalate her chances.

Her shirt cloaking her for the most part Monica slipped her sandals off her feet and eased her ass quietly from her seat. She waited to be certain Morrison was in full Teacher mode before slithering her spandex pants down her legs and off of her toes. She kicks them over to Ryan for safe keeping. The shirt being extra long made a great blanket to hide her lower half. Today she went commando.

As the class progressed Monica slipped her shirt from her shoulders down to her wrists. With a deep breath she escapes the shirt and passes it to Toby. This girl was naked.

Squeezing her chest for her admirers she lifted her left breast to suck her own nipple. The boys loved it.

Ryan silently holds a note out, "I dare you to crawl over to Justin and rub his crotch."

Shivering at his dare she carefully eased out of her seat and crouched in silence. She paused due to Morrison's slowing speech. It was like he was losing his train of thought. Yet, he remained looking away from his class. It was easy to see that Morrison used his chalkboard as a security blanket. He was a great Teacher but he hated eye contact. That made his class the simplest to do things in.

Monica stalked like a tiger on her hands and knees up one row to kneel beside Justin. The boy grinned like the devil at her as her right hand glided up his thigh to rub at his swelling jeans. He grew a monster right before her eyes. She bit her lower lip at it's girth. Marveling at his increase in size she massaged it more briskly. This made him arch his neck back to acknowledge his enjoyment. Finally, patting his erection she pivoted and crawled back toward her chair. Before she could reach it Ryan lifted his notepad to let her read it.

"I dare you to pat Toby now. Then Brian."

The two boys were side by side to the left of Ryan. She was forced to crawl in front of Ryan to reach them. Once in position she crouched on her toes between the boys and reaches out both of her hands. Each hand slipping across erections. Her eyes stared toward the front of the class. In her position she would easily be seen by Morrison should he turn around. Her full frontal glory almost wanting to be caught. Her nipples were bullet hard and her pussy dripping wet. She maintained her posture for over two minutes while creating friction across their crotches.

Deciding enough was enough she departed back in front of Ryan and intentionally reached over to pinch his own erection. Everyone wanted to laugh but managed to keep things under control.

Stopping her by using his left leg as a gate he showed his pad once again.

"I dare you to lay on your back in the aisle and masturbate to the count of twenty."

Others in the class were becoming aware of her antics, including the girls. Surprisingly they were cool with it.

Monica slithered into position beside Ryan and laid back. She parted her legs and began massaging her clit. Fingers dipped within her pussy as she mentally counted down from twenty to one. She chose to continue her assault for another twenty before sitting up to lick her fingertips seductively.

Rising she noticed the girls watching and blew them a kiss. That made them blush and return the favor. Even they enjoyed her show.

Reaching her desk she reclaimed her seat and crushed her 34DDD's together between her biceps while batting her lashes at the boys.

Ryan loved challenging her. Jotting down another message he shows it to her as she poses her breasts toward the boys playfully.

"I dare you to stay naked until class is over then walk out into the hallway. The guys will block you from Morrison."

Her eyes bulge and she takes a deep breath before exhaling the strands of brown bangs from her eyes. Swallowing hard she looks around her at the boys for their support. Thumbs up all around.

After a tense twelve minutes the bell rang. Morrison turned to his class but she was already huddling behind the biggest boy in front of her, "Dale". She stood only when he did.

Gathering about her the huddle of twelve boys concealed her pretty well. She had only put her sandals on.

Noting their move two of the girls from up front stepped forward to distract Morrison by asking him a question about his lesson. His back remained away as they pointed at his board.

This was too easy Monica thought as she boldly stepped along amongst the men. At the door Toby looked out to be certain that no other Faculty members were around. Ushering her out she danced in the hallway joyously. She had completed her task.

Ryan stepped through last and walked over to her with her clothing. She started to reach for them when he pulled them away.

"Not so fast. I dare you to lean against the lockers and let all of us suck on your nipples."

She brightened up and literally walked backwards until she felt cool steel on her ass. The boys crowded around her as she lifted her breasts up for each of them to take turns tenderly sucking and tugging on her nipples. She loved every second of it.

After Ryan took his turn he moved his lips up her flesh to kiss her neck all the way in to her lips. She kissed him warmly.

As their lips parted he whispers, "I dare you to kiss the crotches of every guy who helped you today."

Her eyes shimmer as the guys hear his dare. Without waver she crouches before Ryan and kisses his jeans covering his erection. The other eleven boys took turns moving in for her lips to kiss their tented denim.

Once done she stands up and dances in a circle.

"Can I get dressed now?" Monica giggles.

Before Ryan can comply the two girls from class, "Stacy" and " Gina" duck amid the boys.

"We want in on this." Gina chuckles.

Ryan puckers toward Monica who shivers and raises her tits once more. Both girls ease in and suck on her nipples. Once done they give Monica a kiss on the cheek laughing and agreeing this was, "SO COOL."

As the girls step back Ryan clears his throat, "Forgetting something?"

With an evil glare toward him Monica crouches in front of Stacy and literally kisses her devils triangle. Gina came next. This made the two girls blush again and hug Monica.

After the separation Ryan handed Monica her clothes. Getting dressed in the hallway caught the glances of over a dozen other students. Everyone enjoyed the view.

"See what you can accomplish when you set your mind on it?" Ryan smirks.

The boys each offer her a warranted gratitude for her show as well as their extra credit.

Monica rejoices by bouncing up and down squealing as they all depart to their next hour classes. She stops suddenly and approaches Ryan face to face. With a loud huff she growls.

"OH MY GOD, RYAN! I want this more and more. Am I losing my mind?"

"Probably." He chuckles, "Question is...how far do I dare you?"

"How far am I willing to go?" She pauses.

"Yup." He awaits.

"Ryan?"

"Yeah?"

"I dare you to push me over the edge."

He puckers vividly as the bell rings.

"I have Gym at 2:00. Meet me in the boys locker room at 2:40."

Her heart pounds in her chest.

"Holy shit."

He turns away leaving her to digest what that pertained to. In her mind she knew.

She was going to be late for class due to her dance in the hall.

**Monica 14: Shower Head**

Forced to skip her Economics class to rendezvous with Ryan at 2:40 in the boys locker room, Monica cautiously made her way downstairs from the gym. While the girls locker room was just down the hall she stopped in front of the Boy's arena. Faltering to look about nervously she waited until Ryan and Holden stepped out of the room in their gym attire.

"About time. Coach Randall is in his office. Let's sneak you past him and get this dare moving along." Ryan coaxed waving her in.

A swift entry Holden and Ryan lead her into the locker room where she heard showers spraying. Her eyes bulged as she noted over ten boys showering naked. Another twelve were getting undressed and preparing to enter the steam. All eyes were on her with curious anticipation.

Luckily Jerry Randall was on his cell in his office distracted. The passing was easy. Once around a corner of lockers Ryan hissed, "I dare you to get naked and shower with the guys."

"Just shower?" Everyone Eighteen?" She unbuttons her shirt hesitantly removing it.

Ryan rolls his eyes, "Stop questioning me. I planned for this already. Got the younger guys out with a little help. You're good."

The boys stopped in their tracks to watch her. Dicks were rising all around her forcing her to hesitate and take notice. Some young men were shy while others wagged their cocks to taunt her.

"Let them soap you up. You soap them up."

"I can do that."

Her spandex pants departed her bare feet, sandals kicked off as they had talked. Once naked she flutters her hands nervously then shuffled into the shower room. Once inside she hides behind a wall to avoid Randall's field of view should he look out.

Holden sheds his uniform and ducks in with her to get her started. He pulls her close and gets her wet beneath a cascade of hot water. She sighs as he soaps her chest and shoulders.

With a little coaxing two other boys joined in to suds her up. Fingers rub at her ass and slide over her labia. She exhales loudly as fingers locate her pussy and slip inside. Once Holden steps aside she is overwhelmed by boys wanting in on the bathing. Her hands soaped up she shares the sensations of erotic touching. Her hands slickly groping cocks and balls.

Her mind was racing as six boys ravaged her at once. More shrouding them in wait.

Ryan finally enters and moves around to get closer to her.

"Having fun yet?"

She sighs heavily, "Yes."

"How about you guys?"

"Hell yeah!" was the consensus.

Snapping his fingers to keep her attention Ryan grins, " I dare you to kneel with your mouth wide and let every guy here put their dick in your mouth. Nothing rough just a sample feel Fellas." He encourages.

Monica hesitates then eases down in front of her gathered suitors. Once in position she opens her mouth wide and looks up at them. Ryan takes first stab to show them what he expected. He enters her jaw and stuffs his cock in as far as it could go but quickly vacated.

Stepping aside boy after boy followed each other until she had nurtured sixteen cocks. By the time Holden had his chance she became so aroused that she clamped her lips around Holden and had to suck his cock. The other boys grew envious.

Within minutes Holden nuts into her mouth and observes her swallow his cum. She then pulled another boy close and offered him the same intentional tenderness. More dicks followed, more cum swallowed. At eight dicks she loses steam. The showers grew cold and the class was nearly over.

A loud masculine voice blares, "Get it together you slackers."

All eyes in the shower freeze at his bellow. Behind the herd of boys Monica remained crouched just out of sight. They knew they were running out of time. As Randall returned to his office Ryan helped Monica to her feet.

"I dare you to step out of the shower and stay naked while everyone gets dressed. Lay on a bench and play with yourself."

She follows Ryan and the boys out into the room and boldly sprawls out on the bench between boys and begins rubbing her clit. They watch her as they dry off and get dressed. During their watch she begins whimpering. Her pussy ached at the stimulation. As she trembled guys took steps to make things even more difficult. Fingers dip into her pussy and probe about. Other fingers taunt her anal cavity.

Finally the boys stop teasing her and head out. Leaving her to Ryan and Holden.

"Stop playing. Get dressed. Let's clear out before Randall catches you." Ryan whispers.

"I don't want to. I need to finish." She continues.

As her breathing increased into light moans the two boys look at each other for mental advice. Neither knew what to do. As the bell rang a new brood of students piled in to the locker room to get dressed. Covering their eyes Ryan and Holden didn't know what might happen. This batch of guys had no idea what was going on.

Luckily Justin Wiley from Morrison's class was there to help the two control the students and relocate the younger guys. After seeing Monica with her legs up and toes curled down at her brewing orgasm Justin quickly got everyone's attention and made them talk louder about anything as they got undressed to change into their gym clothing. Their voices carrying kept her moans disguised.

Randall luckily stepped out and headed up to the gym to get ready for this class to start. Upon noticing him leave the class halts their vocal rescue to merely watch her play.

Ryan fist bumps Justin as a thanks for the save.

"You guys are insane. I love it." Justin nods as he pulls his trunks up.

A number of boys knew about her hijinks but hadn't had the chance to see it first hand. They wanted more from her. A short but stocky black boy stepped up to Ryan with a cheesy grin.

"Fuckin' "A" Quiniones. You have this bitch trained."

Ryan sneered at him, "She's not a bitch. I don't own her."

Watching Monica's face turn red under the strain she pleads toward Ryan with an expression of need.

"More?" Ryan asks her as she nods frantically.

"This is your lucky day "Darius". You want in on this?"

"Hell yeah." The young man smirks with a confident swagger.

"Drop those shorts and feed that pussy. Twelve pumps then pull out. Just enough to finish her off."

Grinning at his surrounding posse he lowers his shorts and jock strap to reveal an eight point five cock. Crouching just enough to line up under her fingers ravaging her clit he presses forward to penetrate. Once all the way in Darius glares about smugly, "Ohhhhh hell! This pussy is white hot."

He thrusts in and out to a whispered chant of twelve times. Each thrust forced Monica to trickle around his girth. Her moans concealed by a bit lower lip and a frozen stare into the eyes of Darius. As soon as twelve struck she lets out a blood curdling scream and squirts everywhere.

Every man there admired her mess as Darius pulled out and stood triumphant. He quickly pulled his clothing back up and pranced among the others with a round of ego.

Monica dropped her legs limply and had to regain her sanity. As she did Justin nudged the others to head up to the gymnasium before Randall came looking for his class.

With a concerned pat to Monica's heaving belly Justin nodded to Ryan his respect and took his leave.

"That was hot Monica." Holden hisses.

"You cool with me letting Darius fuck you?" Ryan worried.

She slowly sits up and flutters her hands about to regain circulation. Eying Ryan with a pouty gaze she gently nods. He could tell she was losing her will to just be a visual exhibitionist. There was something new inside her.

"You're becoming a nympho aren't you?" Ryan shakes his head with realization.

"Isn't that what you truly wanted from me Ryan? Every time you pushed me."

He didn't know what to say.

Holden cleared his throat, "Can we talk about this where it's safe? Like your car after school."

Ryan nods and offers her, her clothing.

"Not yet. I need another shower." She rises and shuffles back into the shower room to cleanse her flesh.

Holden uses a towel awkwardly to clean up her mess.

"Dude! She's every guys dream. We own this." Holden snaps audibly.

Ryan in turn scowls, "I know. Feels wrong though."

"IT'S NOT WRONG!!" They hear Monica loudly from the shower.

The two boys step into her line of sight to see her stunning body bearing beads of water. Her eyes haunted by her gaze. She looked into their soul.

"You heard us huh?" Ryan sighed.

"Please don't feel badly. I'm doing this because I want to. Push me because you want to. We're a team aren't we?" She pouts.

"Yeah. We are." grunts Holden smugly.

Ryan puckers, "If you want pushed over the edge like you say you do, then maybe you need to admit that I DO own you."

Impressed Monica shyly smiles, "As you wish My Master."

Ryan squints his eyes at her comment. He studied her face for a hint that she was pranking him. Finally, he smirks dryly.

"Whatever I say. When I say it. No matter what I make you do. No hesitation whatsoever. Defy me and I'm done with this and you. Am I clear?"

She nibbles her bottom lip and gently nods her compliance.

"You're so cute when you get forceful."

Ryan turns his back and grabs her a towel tossing it at her.

"Dry off and get dressed. Meet us after school at my car."

"Yes Master." She giggles playfully.

He motioned Holden to follow him out. She was now alone in the locker room.

After drying off she holds the towel over her mouth letting it dangle. Shock finally hits home. With eyes bulging and pulse racing she shivers.

"What have I done?"

**Monica 15: No Picnic**

**Saturday morning.**
Ryan, Holden, and Shane had driven thirty miles south to the town of "Belltower", population 8,000. Here they escorted the beautiful Monica Leann Gift to show her off. They knew a few guys that went to school there and hoped to cash in on their surprise of Monica's openness.

At first just driving around to check the town out they discovered a large Park. There were lots of trees and a tiny lake within it. On one side were pavilions and to the other a children's playground.

"Groundskeepers. I see two big riding mowers cutting grass. You could lay out sunbathing until they get close enough to you. Then you could strip and let them notice you." Shane points out.

Monica in the back seat leered out the window for a better look of the surroundings.

"If I lay over there the trees will block the playgrounds. There's a bike path over there. Probably joggers too. I'll need you guys to keep watch so no kids see me."

Holden glances over his shoulder from the front seat beside Ryan, "We can separate and yell as needed."

"No yelling. Text me. It's quieter." She implores.

Finding a parking spot Ryan shuts his car off and the four of them get out. Ryan then steps to his trunk and unlocks it.

"Here's a blanket to lay on. Your bag with vibrator and dildo. Suntan lotion. Baby oil."

Monica lifts off her long white sun shirt and lets the world view her in her micro bikini. She wore the yellow one this time around. The gentle breeze perked her nipples taunt,

readily seen through the fabric.

"Shane? You go over by the tree line and keep an eye on kids. Holden watch the bike path over where it bends around the trees. Any bikers, kids, or joggers give her a heads up. I'll watch the street in case cops drive by."

Monica shivers then walks with her things out into a patch of sunlight that gave her plenty of room to be noticed. The rest of them sprinted into place to observe.

Laying her blanket out she sits down on it and lotions her body against the harsh rays of the sun. She waits awhile before removing her bikini top and lay there nipples peaking toward the sky. The thrill gave her goose bumps.

The nature around her was also stimulating. The sounds of the mowers. Birds singing in the trees. Dogs barking in the distance. Cars driving by on the street less than a block away. Her mind felt so much freedom. She longed for this kind of sensation since her mid teens. There was no turning back from her desires.

She reflects the last few weeks events in her mind as the sun deliciously warms her flesh.

Her decision to finally tempt friend Ryan and his two best friends that first night. Then, Ryan's Father "Brock" became her play toy. Stripping in school was her favorite thing to do. Each time she got away with something it just stoked her inner fires.

Yes, things escalated out of hand a number of times. Sexual things she wasn't prepared for at first. Then it became exciting. The hunger in boys eyes. The jealousy and respect of the girls in school who admired her for her boldness. Everything was going her way. To this point she had no objections nor made enemies due to her adventures. Surprisingly none of the kids at school were creating problems. She figured at least some of them were opposed to her freedoms. Kids raised to be religious. Those who chose to be more inclined to enjoy the same sex as they. Word was out there for certain of what she was doing. Yet nothing.

That part of things always bothered her. Why were people not retaliating?

The more she thought the less she was aware of her surroundings.

Her thoughts switched over to her pizza deliveries with the guys. Meeting Lisa and Michael. Her first time of touching another girl. It was awesome. It made her need more and more challenges.

Then the Football game party gave her shivers. She knew she was violated by the six men there. Yet, it was too erotic to ever consider being the wrong thing to do. The huge cocks she had inside her pussy made her wet even now.

With shivers she oils herself more, touching herself more delicately this time. Fingers even creeping beneath the front of her bottoms. Gliding across her clit for the thrill of it.

Thoughts continued, of her encounter with Her Father. That most certainly tested her bravery and her skills to please. Going all the way by days end with him in their own living room. He was magnificent as a sex partner. Every day since she was mesmerized by his sudden attraction to her. It was going both ways. Yet, ever since that night all she got out of him was a wink. He had returned to his job and faithfulness to his wife. Monica's mom none the wiser. knew the day would come when her Dad would strike again. She wanted that. For now though, life goes on.

She glances at her cellphone for messages. Only one text each recited "All clear."

Rolling over on to her stomach she bathed her back half. Not wanting tan lines she scanned about and decided to remove her bottoms. The tiny strings were easy to untie. Tugging them from her thighs she crumpled them up and lay them beside her top.

Monica was sunbathing in the nude.

People were alive today. Action on the street was a car every three minutes or less. People were jogging in the distance, men and women. Children made her uneasy in her freedom. Each time a child crossed her path she rolled herself up in her blanket until they were gone. So far so good.

A text pinged on her cell as she unwrapped herself and began kicking her legs at the knee without care.

Eying the text it was from Ryan.

"Cop car just cruised by. Looked right over at you and smiled. Lone driver. Want to give up before he rolls back by?"

She frowns, "Nooooooooooo! I'll take my chances."

"Okay. Keep you posted." He replied.

Her backside baking she again rolls over to lay on her back. Even with sunglasses on she closed her eyes against the brightness and again drifted off into thought.

This time her memories go back to the boys bathroom. Getting jazzed on by nearly twenty boys. The recollection of her body being coated and sticky gave her the shivers. She then remembered the party at Duncan's again and when they did the same. Cum on her flesh was something she grew to enjoy. Then, her Father shooting a load on her face in his SUV at the mall parking lot. She sighed and began touching herself with each remembrance creeping in.

The boys locker room came into mind. She loved showering with them and being touched all over. Sex with "Darius" on the locker room bench topping her off that day. The thrill of possibly being caught by their Coach. Yet, she managed to succeed.

So much had happened. She craved more.

She wondered when Ryan's Dad "Brock" would come through on his promise of taking her to a packed bar and letting her strip. The thoughts made her convulse on her blanket in the form of a horizontal dance. She was so ready for that.

Then, came the day she masturbated on the hammock in her back yard for all of the older neighbor men. How strange it felt to excite them at their ages. How far they were willing to help her. Not just by hauling her on the hammock out to the center of Elm Street and let traffic approach her as she played with herself. The big guy who stopped in his truck and observed her. So sexy. So hot.

The guys that day each offered her potential challenges. To come play in their job sites. The ideas were never ending. In her greedy nature she promised to fulfill every one of their offers. Every fantasy.

GOD SHE WAS HORNY.

Her cell pings again forcing her fingers from her clit to read it.

Holden had sent her a text telling her that a lone man on his bicycle was touring down the bike path just around the curve into the tree line. She bit her lower lip tenderly after reading the text and glanced toward the area of his arrival. She refused to cover up or hide. This guy was going to see her touching herself in full glory.

Turning on her blanket to face her legs in his direction she parted her knees and began masturbating. Anticipation fled quickly as the Man rolled around the blind spot. From the angle he rode unless he wasn't paying close attention there was no missing her.

Sure enough the Man slowed his bike and came to a full stop. Looking around to make certain he was the only one around he loitered there on the walkway.

Monica brought herself to a swift mini orgasm. She howled and moaned at the top of her lungs to give him a good show. The Man took time to bring out his concealed cell and vide her performance. He then hid his cell swiftly.

As Monica touched her entire body to escalate the sensitivity level the man chose to park his bike and once again look about him. He then stepped slowly in her direction.

"Some show there." He hoarsely complimented her.

Lifting only her head to glance at him she offered a faked look of surprise, "Oh shit. I didn't know you were watching me."

"Can't miss you out there in the sunlight like that. Spotlights on you." He chuckled and carefully removed his bike helmet to avoid looking like an idiot.

She sat up supported by her palms on the blanket. Her chest still heaving at her quick orgasm. Her areolas excited by the event.

"Wow! I hope you don't think I'm some pervert. This type of thing never happens around here." He blushes.

"I'm not hiding am I? If there's a pervert around here it must be me."

"I guess maybe we both are then. Safe to say you have an awesome body?"

"Thanks." She exhales grinning sheepishly.

"You always do this kind of thing?" He looks puzzled.

With one hand she raises her sunglasses to squint up at him, "I love being seen. Thanks for watching me."

"Any time. Nice tits by the way."

She opts to lift her right tit up and roll her tongue along her areola, "Glad you like them. You can touch them if you want to."

His eyes tremble at the prospect. Looking around him for prying eyes he quickly drops to his knees beside her and cautiously squeezes her tits under his biker gloves. He rapidly removes his gloves for a true contact.

"Soft. Playful." He whispers.

"Kiss them if you want to." She smiles at him hinting of her need through eye contact.

Yet another glance about he leans in and kisses her left nipple. Followed by a tender sucking. His hand still on the right breast.

After two minutes of nuzzling her nips he pulls away and sits back on the blanket next to her.

"Am I the first person to ever stop and talk to you like this?"

"So far. I plan on staying out here awhile. I hope more guys stop and talk. Touch. Kiss on. Who knows." She giggles.

"Who knows? Uhhh! How far would you go?"

"Condoms in my bag give you any ideas?" She sticks her tongue out at him.

His biker shorts tighten up rapidly at her words.

"Crazy. I don't think I could get up the nerve for sex out in public. Besides I don't know you." He regrets.

She nods with understanding, "No problem. I'm just really horny right now. I'm safe if that's your worry."

"I'm sure you are. How old are you?" He suddenly realizes she looked really young.

"Sixteen." She bats her eyes at him.

Panic crosses his face and he starts to jump up when she grabs his shirt.

"Calm down, I'm kidding. I turned eighteen a month ago. I'm legal. I can show you my I.D."

He passes with a held up palm, "That's okay. I'm sure you're every guys fantasy regardless. I need to get going. Nice meeting you."

She lets him go with a pout, "Bye."

The man sprints to his bike then hightails it out of there.

A ping on her cell broke her spell.

"Scare him off?" Shane asks.

"Yeah. I mentioned condoms then he panicked. Do I really look young?"

He returns with, "Kind of. Most guys like young though."

"I love making guys think they have a young girl. Am I sick to think like that?"

"Yeah. Sicko!" He laughs with emoticons.

Before any further texting Holden jumps in with a text of his own, "Dog walker. Guy looks like a Doctor or Lawyer. Has a big dog on a leash."

Monica's eyes bulge in thought, "Doctor? Lawyer? No way. On a Saturday morning walking a dog?"

Texting her reply of, "Getting ready." She lays back and applies some baby oil to glisten her flesh into a reflective shine.

In minutes the Man walks by and hadn't really noticed until his dog threw a fit. The dog was a rather large Malamute. The canine began tugging toward her. He could barely hold it firm to avoid losing his grip. The Malamute managed to yank free of the Walker's grasp and bolted toward Monica.

Monica had no idea what was barreling down on her choosing to close her eyes and let the Dog Walker's reaction be genuine. She hadn't bargained on him losing control over the dog. Yet, she did hear, "YUKON! Bad!"

Hearing the arrival Monica's eyes burst open the second she felt a snout nuzzling her face. The Malamute's tongue was lapping at her cheek repeatedly.

"HOLY FUCK!" She panicked.

Chasing after the Malamute he apologized dramatically. Then he noticed her nudity. The shock made him forget he was there to contain the dog. Now he had to wrestle with his own emotions

"I'm really sorry. I'm trying to get him to stop. When she acts this way it's almost impossible to pull her back."

Monica squealed and tried to fight it off but strangely she thought more about the Man above eying her flesh. The dog became her way of keeping him interested.

"Oh my God!." She winced with a yelp.

"So sorry. I'm trying really. Yukon is damn strong."

Turning her gaze away to keep her face from being slobbered she see's Ryan running toward her. Hesitantly he stops unsure of what to do.

Monica had never endured anything this insane. Her mind was terrified but her goal was the Man. She would let this play out until he helped her up and calmed her. That unfortunately would be awhile.

Monica had curled up into a fetal position in her quest to avoid private parts being ravaged. The baby oil she had applied earlier made for a good lunch. Luckily the dog wasn't attacking vital areas. She made certain to protect those spots as best she could. Oddly, Monica wanted to laugh at her predicament. But, it was becoming too traumatic. Who knew dogs liked baby oil. This was hardly a sexual situation at this point but the fear of it escalating was on everyone's mind. She had no idea the dog was a female.

She began crying out for the Man to hurry. Her chest heaving and crushed under the pressure of her biceps out of defense.

"Nooooo!" She felt embarrassed suddenly reacting at "Yukon's" behavior. Growling made her fearful. The dog clearly was just in the mood to create havoc. The baby oil scent overpowering it's rationality.

The Malamute's refusal to obey made it snarl and snap at the Walker. The Man jumps away feeling helpless. Still he ordered it to play nice verbally.

Monica chose in the moment to try retreating for her own protection.

The Malamute followed her escape and overpowered her into a challenged roll through the grass. The unpredicted move made the Walker yell and wrestle with the dog to keep it from hurting her. With the Malamute's brutish behavior she was tossed about to evade it.

She winced almost being brought to tears.

Suddenly, Ryan, Shane, and Holden hesitated no longer and ran over to help the Walker get the dog away from her. The Malamute was a war to contain. Yet, the group managed to save her.

Tied effectively to a tree the dog continued struggling and barking at her. For that matter anyone that was nearby. The Walker knew that she was a handful any time he walked her. God forbid she saw a squirrel.

Breathing heavy the Man thanked the boys who took off to let Monica deal with things. They did their part. The Man then walked over to Monica who was laying breathlessly on her back. Legs wide and inviting. The Man had to swallow hard before shadowing over her.

"Are you okay?" He grunts trying not to look at her pussy gaping and breathing on it's own level.

She whimpers with a pout, "Yes."

"Should I call for help? I see faint scratches on your legs and hips."

"No. I'm fine. That was scary." She trembles touching her belly and petting it.

"It must have been. If it's any consolation the Malamute is a girl. Again I'm so sorry. The owners of the dog can pay any medical expenses."

"You don't own the dog?"

"No. I just walk it every few days for extra cash. I--well--let's just say I'm as open minded as you are." He chuckles faintly.

"You are?" She grows curious.

"Yep. I'm a Male Stripper. I go out of town every few weeks to bigger cities and dance naked for women."

Her eyes flutter under her glasses, "Ohhh really?"

"Yep. Mind a compliment?" He smirks.

"Absolutely."

"That's one sexy body you have there. You ever consider being a stripper?"

Her heart races at the thought. Then, it occurred to her that her Father had asked her not to ever become a stripper.

"Maybe. Once I get out of school."

"Out of college?"

"No." She grits her teeth, "Senior in High School. I'm eighteen so don't panic."

"Never crossed my mind. You could make a ton of cash with your body. Hell, I bet you could make an easy Grand a night."

"Wow! That sounds cool."

"Pays for college. That's what I do. My name's "Dalton" by the way."

"Hi Dalton. I'm Monica. The dog is fighting really hard to get to me again." She glances at it tugging on its leash.

"You almost look as if you want her to break free." He frowns knowing differently but felt like antagonizing the girl.

She offered a glint of terror, throwing her palms toward him defensively, "No not at all."

"I think ole "Yukon" got the best of you." He chuckles.

"A girl dog tried to hump me. I must look really foolish don't I?"

"As long as it was good for you. But, honestly I don't think that was ever any worry. Unless the dog is a Lesbian." He crouched beside her trying not to chuckle.

Sighing with a giggle she hisses, "It was certainly a first for me. Hopefully the last."

"I can bring her back over." Dalton grunts going out of his way to intimidate her.

"I'll pass." She didn't want to disgust him. He was cute.

"I'll give you my number if you want it. In case you ever want to be a Stripper."

"Sure." She retrieves her cell and types the digits he gives her.

Once done Dalton stands over her, "Ever want experience before hand I know a great Frat house that would let you practice your moves. I'm a member."

"I love that idea. I'll call you in a few weeks and set something up."

"Sounds good. Have fun. Sorry again about "Yukon". " He frowns.

"I will." She exhales meaning she would have fun. Yukon was going to terrorize her memory for awhile. Damn her.

As Dalton manages the dog he drags it away to continue on his job.

Her cell blew up instantly.

Ryan asks, "You okay?"

Shane laughs, "You almost got screwed by a dog." He thought it was funny. She didn't.

Holden adds, "Are we stopping after all that?"

She replies, "SHUT UP! It was a girl dog. And NO!", in order.

Monica then relaxed and felt around her skin at her scratch marks. Luckily nothing too scarring. She needed to look her best.

For another twenty minutes she lay out when Ryan texts her, "Friends showed up. Get ready."

"Friends?" She squinted at the text, "What friends?"

Before she could receive a text she notes five boys their age skateboarding toward her on the walkway. Seeing her they all pointed and stopped rolling to pick up their boards. The walk toward her was full of chatter.

"Wassup?" A blond boy with chin whiskers nodded.

She smiles applying more baby oil, loving the gloss as an attraction.

"Enjoying the sun."

They shuffle into the grass and surround her. Each standing over her to relish in her beauty.

"Nice Titties." Another heavier boy smirks.

"Better snatch. Look at that pussy. Love the landing strip." A third with red hair and freckles grunts.

The blond sighs, "Quinones said you're a slut. That true?"

Her jaw drops as if offended then quickly reverses to devilishly grin, "Condoms in my bag. The rest is up to you."

The group chuckles amongst one another taking it upon themselves to dig into her bag and find the condoms. One at a time the boys took turns on her there in the park. Each blocking the view of their comrade. As the blond pulled out, another one dropped to his knees between her legs. She stops him. Rolling over she gets into position for him to take her from behind. Doggy style.

Yes, her thoughts crept back to "Yukon". She had to shake the horrible thought off.

Within thirty minutes all five boys filled their condoms full of jizz and saved them to pour out over her body.

Monica loved the adventure.

She wore their cum proudly.

As the blond boy finished pulling his pants up the heavier boy growls, "POPO!"

Bolting off they escaped any illegal wrath.

The cop who had driven by earlier was now on foot and had managed to get by Shane who was too busy watching the Belltower Boys tag Monica.

Monica knew she was in trouble. There was no hiding herself in time.

She chose to merely sit up awaiting her fate as the Officer chattered into his shoulder pinned Mic.

Reaching her he glared down at her cum coated features, "Little bold Young Lady. You do realize you're breaking a lot of laws right?"

She defies tears and pouts with doe like eyes, "Yes, Sir!"

"Let's see some I.D." He glares.

She reaches into her bag and produces an I.D. from her tiny clutch purse. Handing it up to him he eyes it.

"Monica Leanne Gift"

"Yes, Sir."

"Says you live in "Panthenon". Why are you way over here in "Belltower"?" The graying at the temple Officer of age 40 questioned.

"Sunbathing." She whispers shyly.

"In the nude."

"Yes, Sir."

"Mind if I ask why?"

"I like teasing." She shyly expels noticing the Officer getting a hard on looking her over. There was no mistake that he was checking her out.

"You know I need to arrest you right?" He sneers.

She stands up carefully and puts her hands behind her back to be cuffed. In doing so he tosses her I.D. on to the blanket in behind her. She notes the toss and then his pointing at it. Monica swallows and turns her back to him before bending over to pick her I.D. up. Lingering there she knows he's watching her perfect little ass and clam shaped pussy. Her anal cavity a sweetly puckering flower.

"Tell me why I should let you go?"

She stands erect and faces him again, "Because I'm your fantasy?"

He groans with a darkening grimace, "Is this how you talk to someone who could lock you up and throw away the key?"

"Yes, Sir." She sheepishly tries not to grin.

"Cocky aren't we?" He sneers.

She carefully points at his crotch, "So are you, Sir."

He smirks at her playful defiance. Finally, he looks around him.

"Tell your three boyfriends they can come out of the bushes. I'm letting you go on one condition."

Her eyes brighten up. Was he going to demand a favor in return?

"What condition?" She feigns fear.

"That you don't sue the "Conrad's" over that dog attack. I saw everything but your friends had everything under control."

"You also saw me having sex with five boys. Didn't you?" She boldly nibbles her lip.

"Yeah. I knew all five boys too. One of their Dad's is my Superior Officer. I'm certainly not going to create problems at home. The Conrad's are good people, elderly."

"I would never do that, Sir." She motions Ryan and the others in.

As they reach them the Officer scrutinizes them with a brewing smile.

"This is my beat every other weekend. ONLY come back here then. I'll protect you as long as you obey that rule."

All of their eyes bulge. Finally, Monica throws her arms around the Officer and hugs him tightly. He had to refrain from touching her but he certainly adored her beauty as she pressed her chin into his belly to look up at him.

"Admit it, Sir." She bats her lashes.

"Admit what?"

"I'm your fantasy." She giggles sighing.

He growls realizing she had pressed her cum coated body against his shirt. With a growl he encourages her to back away and looks over the tiny stains.

"Get the hell out of here before I change my mind." He snaps.

The group gathers the things off the ground and darts away. Monica holds her bikini and lingers back. She boldly steps over to the Officer and hands him her bikini.

"Keep this until next time. I WILL be back. Good bye, Sir."

Monica then skips away like a child. Her breasts bouncing. Her ass wiggling. Her hair tossing about. She only looked back once to blow a kiss.

The Officer shook his head and headed back to his squad car hidden behind trees.

It was there he jerked off.

To the scent of her bikini bottoms held to his nose.

Yes indeed he pondered with his cum soaked knuckles trembling.

Fantasy for certain.

He took time to nut once more.

Then, he went for donuts.