**Monica**

by[SZENSEI](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3586621&page=submissions)©

**Monica 16: Grass Stains**

"WAIT!"  
  
Monica Gift danced over the scalding hot asphalt, her bare feet tortured by the heat.   
  
Her three friends had raced ahead of her after the local "Belltower" Police Officer had busted her for her nudity and lewd sexual acts in public. Even if she wasn't on edge over it her friends were.  
  
Ryan Quinones had the trunk of his car open ready to throw in her blanket and bag when he heard her yell out to them. He stopped cold and the three of them looked back at her.  
  
"Stop!" She added.  
  
Friend Shane calls back, "Hurry up. Lets get out of here before that Cop changes his tune. You can't be arrested or your parents will kill all of us."  
  
Reaching Holden, Monica literally jumps on to his back and tangles her legs around his waist. Her feet were raw and needed to get off the concrete. His hands gripped her upper legs to support her.  
  
"Noooooooooo! I can do more. That Officer gave me free reign as long as he's on duty here at the Park."  
  
Ryan rolls his eyes at her, "Seriously? He said every other week. We can come back in two weeks. Don't push your luck Monica."  
  
"It's YOU who should be PUSHING me, Mister. I'm trying to stay naked dammit."  
  
Shane eases in behind her and eyes her ass hovering above Holden's. He felt mischievous and took his pinky and silently slipped it up her anal cavity. He yells, "MALAMUTE!!"   
  
The shock made her scream and squeal at the same time. Swatting at Shane she gave him a look that killed.  
  
"Don't do that to me." She pouted even though she knew the dog was a female the whole notion of a canine gave her the shivers.  
  
Laughter all around at her expense made her get moody real fast.  
  
She vacates her savior in Holden and grabs her blanket from Ryan. She then headed back toward the grassy area. The Cop luckily had left the vicinity.  
  
Groaning Ryan hauls her bag back to her as she lays her blanket back out in another sunlit area of the Park.  
  
"This is crazy, Monica."  
  
"I know. I know. I just can't help myself. Knowing that Cop turned the other cheek gives me confidence. Give me an hour longer. If we see him come back I'll pack up and go. Okay?"  
  
"One hour. I'm timing you."  
  
She bats her eyes at him and races to hug his arm.  
  
"Thank you Master." She giggles.  
  
Returning to his car he closes the trunk and leans on the fender well to talk with his friends.  
  
"She's getting out of control." Holden acknowledges.  
  
Shane agrees, "Dude. I never imagined she would become this slutty."  
  
"It's her life. We agreed to help her so unless you guys are backing out, that's what we do." Ryan frowns.  
  
"Who's backing out. I just know we should get to fuck her more often too. Everyone else is getting some." Shane quips.  
  
"Are either of you even worried about her getting knocked up? Or, catching an STD?" Holden stresses.  
  
Ryan scowls, "I've been on her to use condoms more. She's listening more at least."  
  
The three continue their concerns in private. All eyes watching Monica laying out and oiling herself up until glossy. No matter what their worry, she kept their interest.  
  
Out in the grass Monica observed the Park's groundskeepers on large mowers. They were at least 30 years of age she decided. Two of them were circling around tree trunks and bushes. One of them noticed her and pulled next to the other keeper to point her out. They were far from appalled. Smiles were evident.  
  
Regardless of their paths the two rode their mowers closer until they got a better view of her. She fluttered her fingers in their direction and continues oiling herself. They tended to circle her like vultures uncertain whether or not she should be prey.   
  
Monica became frustrated by their reluctance. Her body couldn't become anymore tempting. She was out of her mind horny. Finally she sifted through her bag and removed her life sized realistic dildo and wagged it toward them. Once she knew they had seen it she lowered it between her legs and put it to good use. It filled her pussy as if a real stud had penetrated her. From the point of entry to each and every exit, she contorted her body with a dance of desire. Her moans became loud cries of need and temporary fulfillment.  
  
Finally the two men broke. They drove over and pulled to each side of her and enjoyed the show up close.   
  
Turning their mowers off to hear her better they began to encourage her.  
  
"Fuck that pussy." One ordered with expectation.  
  
"Cum all over that dildo." Added the other.  
  
She couldn't agree more as she arched her back to cum, in the process bellowing out, "I need the real thing."  
  
The men look at each other then scan about the area. They had parked their riding mowers in a blocking arrangement from the street. Deciding to dismount their rides the two men decide to take the ultimate risk. Both kneel down beside her, before sprawling out to each side. Laying close they caressed her body as she continued her dildo's adventure.   
  
"Fuck me." She trembled at their touch.  
  
The two broke easily. One man slithered his pants down and revealed his six inch cock. He started to roll toward her when she told him of the condoms in her bag. Both men made use of them. It was the smart thing to do.  
  
She removed the dildo and tosses it into her bag in favor of their readiness. As one man rolls her over on top of him she rears up to ride his cock. Her stunning 34DDD's bouncing unrestrained captured the other man's attention. His hands gliding up her tummy to caress the shifting mounds of flesh.  
  
After a few minutes the second man forces her body over his friends and crouches behind her. He was intent on double penetration. In her favor was the fact the man was only five inches long and moderately narrow in girth. Terrified by his aggression to nudge her over the man on the bottom, she felt the man she was riding coil his arms around her upper body and hold her firmly to his chest. This gave his buddy the perfect aim. With a spit lubrication he eases his cock into her ass tightly. It would take slow movements to build her bravery to take it. She grit her teeth and cursed under her breath. It hurt but she told herself to overcome it.   
  
The men designed their penetrations like a seesaw effect. One in one out, one in, one out. The maneuver made her brain reel.   
  
For five minutes they managed to get her in tune with them. Her screams of ecstasy overwhelming her senses. In a roar of sensitivity she snarls, "I LOVE ANAL!"  
  
The two men chuckled and almost simultaneously detonated into their condoms. Regardless she felt both men torpedo into her. The man on top pulls out and removes his condom and drops over on to his back beside his friend.  
  
Monica crawls off of her ride and sprawls out over the second man and begins sucking his dick. After a lengthy devour she chooses to lovingly roll her tongue over his foreskin and down over his balls. It was there she lingered to offer them her needy gaze of unblinking eyes. Playfully she flicked her tongue like a lizard over his scrotum. Her gaze while taunting him made the man ready to jizz yet again. He knew he wanted too.  
  
Her right hand shifted over to stroke the other man. She would then trade off and treat both to the same tongue lashing. Her endeavor succeeded. Both men frothed over their crowns a second time.   
  
Monica's tongue drank deep of both until nothing was left but a glossy pair of crowns.  
  
The duo sat up and pulled her into a grateful embrace between the three of them.   
  
Finally, Monica sat up on her knees proudly.  
  
"I want to drive a mower."  
  
The younger male chuckled, "Go for it. Just be careful."  
  
Clapping rather giddily she jumped up and skipped to the closest riding lawnmower and sat in the leather seat. The men took just long enough to ditch their condoms on her blanket and get dressed, before joining her to explain the controls. Once she felt sure of her abilities she put the mower into motion and headed straight for the sidewalk along the busy street. The men had a healthy laugh at her boldness. Here was a sweet young Goddess driving totally nude right out along the road for the entire city to witness.  
  
That they did. Multiple cars drove by honking and whistling. It was a combination of men and women. Sadly, one car contained children but luckily they were more interested in their video games on their cells. Their parents kept them from looking but not without enjoying their own observations.  
  
Monica cut a long swath of grass before heading back to the men awaiting her. Pulling up along side the second mower she put on the brake and let the man take over.  
  
She offered them a succulent kiss each then let them be on their way.  
  
The second they vanished Monica jumped for joy until Ryan joined her.  
  
"Had enough Whore?" He frowned.  
  
"NEVER!!" Monica screamed and raced into Ryan's arms.  
  
He was amazed by her sudden acceptance of who she was becoming. The reluctance of sex in her exhibitions had long faded away. She wanted the world to see her in every facet. At every angle.  
  
"Oh my God, Ryan. Anal was awesome. You need to fuck me in the ass. Right now!" She tugged him toward the blanket until he grabbed her by the wrist and forced her to calm down.  
  
"NOT GONNA HAPPEN. CHILL ALREADY."  
  
She pouted, "You don't want me?"  
  
"Of course I do. But, I'm not as bold as you Monica. Let's head home, I'll fuck you there. So will Holden and Shane if you want them to."  
  
Whimpering she notices the local Police Officer returning from his donut run and loses her nerve. She knew he might create grief for her even though he seemed less inclined to create problems. Another day might be better she thought.   
  
"Fine! Help me pack up. I'm ready to go."  
  
He sighs thankful for her change in tune.  
  
"I'm riding home naked though. Take the Interstate. I want to tease Truckers."  
  
As they roll up her blanket and head for the car he chuckles, "Too bad we didn't bring Shane's truck. You could have gotten into the bed and masturbated for the Truckers to see more clearly."  
  
Her eyes flare wide, "I Sooooo want to do that."  
  
"Next weekend?" He ventures.  
  
She fidgets thinking that Brock Quinones, Ryan's Father might come through for her Bar fantasy. Sulking slightly she agrees, "Sure." She could always alter her plans.  
  
Once inside the car Monica rode shotgun.   
  
The ride home led to many a Truck drivers dreams.  
  
Her dildo mooning through the passenger window brought on the blaring of horns.   
  
Fun times.

**Monica 17: Further More**

On a lovely Wednesday morning , Ryan Quinones sent a text to Monica from his bedroom. It was almost time to head out for school and today he was taking charge.  
  
Monica was sifting through her closet when she heard her cell ping. Shuffling about in her towel still worn after her morning shower she checked the message out.  
  
"It's going to be hot out today. Wear something short, thin, and cool. Lots of cleavage."  
  
She nibbles her lower lip while eyes flare at the prospect.  
  
"I should never have said "Yes Master". Now he's going to expect me to obey his every command. So much for my free spirit. I'll go along with this for awhile. It is kind of fun. Not forever though."  
  
She replies with a sensitive, "Yes Sir." then returns to her closet. Her wardrobe was large due to the fact her Mother loved shopping. Luckily, her Mom said nothing about some of her choices in style. Her Father even more encouraging. He lived a carefree lifestyle. It was his behavior over the years that led to her own ideals. Her Father was prone to showing off his own stellar physique. Towels, boxers, swimwear, anything that allowed others to admire the fact that he spent plenty of time in the gym. After his voluntary shopping spree last week she was fully stocked up on sexy clothing.  
  
Deciding between a red spaghetti strapped mini dress and a gray dress that looked normal on the shoulders yet had a thin circular window over the chest, she went red.  
  
Dropping her towel in front of her bedroom window she slipped on the soft cotton blend dress. With no underwear it clung to her like a second skin.  
  
"Oh boy! This seriously breaks the dress code. My nipples are impossible to hide. If I bend over its...HELLO!" After experimenting what others might see she shrugs, "I can only be told to go home and change. Besides, I've been naked in class. This is clothed at least."  
  
As time ran out she chose to decide on pumps, then applied her make up. She was a Goddess she thought. Today she also opted to wear her glasses. Although she wore contacts most days to avoid the nerdy look, this day she realized that would never matter anymore. Guys loved her now. Glasses would never change their minds.  
  
With ten minutes to spare she joined Ryan out back by his garage.   
  
"Daaaaamn! Love the dress. Good choice." He unlocks his car for them.  
  
"Me too. Let's just hope the Teacher's don't send me home. Breaks all kinds of dress code."  
  
He smirks, "We just go with it until somebody raises hell."  
  
"If I get detention...."She's cut off.  
  
"Then you get naked in detention." He stresses.  
  
"Yes I will." She smiles brightly.  
  
The drive to school was quiet. Thoughts spoke volume.  
  
Walking into school was courageous. Her dress even accented her butt crack. Boys who had seen her either naked in class, or the showers, or in the parking lots all whistled dramatically. Ryan was forced to calm them down to avoid the attention of Teachers. The intensity made Monica wet instantly.  
  
"Oh my God! Ryan...Thank you."  
  
"For what?" He knew already.  
  
"For boosting my confidence. Ever since you began daring me I feel the need to push myself harder. I don't think I would have ever reached this goal without you."  
  
"That dress comes off in Morrison's class."  
  
"Nothing new." She giggles shyly.  
  
"You're crawling all the way up to Morrison's desk and sitting in front of it while he teaches. You play with yourself until I call you back to your seat."  
  
Her eyes bulge with excitement, "Just keep me safe."  
  
"The whole class will."  
  
"Yay!"  
  
Time flew by and Morrison's class filled up fast. Everyone had been warned to be extra careful to assist her in her mission. The guys and girls all agreed to run interference as needed.  
  
Wiggling into the class Monica licked her lips and casually raised the hem of her dress all the way up to her waist as she walked. The drool was already lathering up. Hands rubbed her ass as she stepped through the gauntlet of boys surrounding her. She didn't even have to carry her books. The freedom was becoming more and more exciting.  
  
Taking her usual seat behind the bigger boys she nestled in until class began.   
  
Ryan entered finally and made his way toward her with an evil look. Her heart raced at his demeanor. As he reached her he handed her something that caught her off guard.  
  
"Put this deep up inside your pussy."  
  
"Oh, hell." She knew what it was instantly. It was an egg shaped vibrator. With a glint of horror toward Ryan she raises her dresses hem and gently encourages it up through her labia and installs it. The feeling of it inside her was strange.  
  
Before any further eye contacts Teacher "Dane Morrison" entered the room. He rolled in a movie projector which he sat up in the back of the room. Once it was ready he glanced to his sides discovering Monica in her thin dress. He knew it was not accepted by the school being so revealing. He scowls then overlooks it to go to the chalk board and lower a movie screen.  
  
Everyone had noticed his reaction to Monica. They were all worried that Ryan's plan had gone out the window. Time would tell.  
  
With the screen lowered Dane Morrison returned to his projector and centered the light. He then opted to begin his lesson plan verbally at first. Dealing with Slavery in the deep South he set the mood for the movie. The film was a cheap knock off of the Alex Haley book "Roots".   
  
With a concerned glare toward Monica he chose to leave well enough alone. In the back of his mind he rather enjoyed seeing her cleavage. The dress was certainly scandalous. Her legs silky soft and tanned. Dane forced himself to turn away and journey to the light switch. Turning out the lights he then went over and lowered the blinds on the rooms windows. Once a shadowed spell was cast Dane started his projector and sit down a few seats from Monica, amidst the gauntlet of boys.  
  
Ryan lowered his gaze at seeing Dane take a seat next to him. So much for Monica getting away with much.  
  
As the movie proceeded Dane decided to get up and carefully walk away. Reaching the classroom door he took his exit to let the movie consume his students.  
  
As soon as the door sealed murmuring began.  
  
"I thought he would never leave." Monica groans.  
  
Ryan motions friend Toby to make certain Morrison wasn't coming back. Toby would stand watch the entire time his Teacher was gone.  
  
Ryan stands up and steps over to Monica and drags her from her seat by her hand. He leads her up to Morrison's desk and stands her in front of the students.  
  
"Everyone okay with this?" He glances about the room.  
  
Everyone offered a thumbs up. Monica hopped in step and lightly clapped her palms together. She loved how her classmates were encouraging her antics.  
  
Finally, with a confirmation from Toby, Ryan bends over and grips Monica's hem. He lifts her dress up and over her head. Fully naked save for her bobby socks and pumps she danced in circles amid the movie lighting. The images of the actors on her flesh.  
  
Mischief struck leading Monica to race over to Toby to look out the door window with him. She rubbed her burgeoning 34DDD's up his back to make him chuckle.  
  
Quickly she pranced around each row of the class to let everyone touch her at least somewhere. Mostly her butt and tummy. Even the girls had their opportunities to caress her soft skin.  
  
Then, came the unexpected.  
  
Ryan had pushed the remote control that came with the egg shaped vibrator. The buzzing struck her G-spot making her stop cold and cringe. It remained consistent effecting her hormones even more than the sheer adrenalin of being naked.   
  
Gasping at the sensations she returns to stalking the aisles between seats. Guys would be treated to her breasts surrounding their cheeks. Lips were felt between her cleavage. Occasionally she taunted their lips with a nipple. Yes, they were tugged on. Yes, she shivered at the nibbling.  
  
Ryan stood in front of Morrison's desk and snapped his fingers to get her attention. She raced across the room to reach him as he pointed at the floor in front of him.   
  
Kneeling before him he increased the remotes power making her reach out for his hips to keep her balance. While she was close she intentionally rolled her face across his crotch, feeling his erection along her profile.   
  
He smirked at her performance then called her to stand up. She literally used his clothing to pull herself up. Her body rubbing all the way up his body. Standing face to face she leaned in and kissed him on the lips.  
  
The girls of the class released a sigh at the romantic gesture.  
  
Once the kiss was done Ryan gripped her by the waist and switched position, she was now leaning her back side against the desk. From there Ryan lifted her tiny form up to sit on Morrison's desk. He placed her feet on the edge of the desk before stepping back out of the camera's glare.  
  
With the movie playing all across her body Monica tilted back on one hand while using her other hand to rub her clit. Between her own stimulation and that of the antagonizing egg inside her she began moaning.  
  
Words began to form.  
  
"I love you guys." She kissed the air toward various students. The girls were giddy at her boldness. They returned her air guided kisses with barely audible, "So cool." in the air.  
  
"I could do this every day if I could. Tell me what you want me to do. I'll do my best to do it." Monica whimpers.  
  
The boys all let their ego's lead them. The consensus was "Fuck me."  
  
Monica sighed, "We shall see."  
  
Toby at the door risks opening it long enough to get a better look in both directions. He then sealed the door before turning to Monica.  
  
"Get Lindsey naked I'll love you forever." Toby grunted smugly.  
  
Lindsey Ritter was a busty redhead sitting near the windows. At hearing Toby she turned beet red and hid her face. She was far too shy for this type of activity. She loved to watch it though.  
  
Monica exhales loudly, ready to orgasm right in front of everyone. Even in her state she manages to do a bit of coaxing.  
  
"Lindsey? I dare you to come sit next to me."  
  
Hearing Monica the class whispers a chant to guide the redhead. Finally, Lindsey not wanting to be teased further in the future decides to take the challenge and journeys to the desk. Stepping behind Monica she giggles and leans in to tell her, "I can't believe you get away with this. So awesome."  
  
Monica smiles and wags her tongue at Lindsey. Lindsey bites her lip then lens down to wag her own tongue along Monica's. Touching they lead into a quick kiss. The room was in awe.  
  
Suddenly, Monica stops touching herself and drags Lindsey into a firmer kiss. She then took Lindsey's hand and guided it down to use them as replacements on her clit. Lindsey nearly panicked at touching Monica down there. It was more than she ever intended. Yet once she did Lindsey stayed on course. She rubbed Monica and continued kissing her.   
  
Monica clawed at Lindsey's t-shirt tugging it upward until it exposed her belly, then her tiny white bra. Lindsey was in adrenalin city all of a sudden. She felt fingers under the wire of her bra in an attempt to reveal Lindsey's 36C's. Finally, Lindsey broke away and proudly got enough courage to lift her own shirt and bra to let Toby and the others see her perfect lily white breasts.  
  
She heard a rash of, "Yeessssssssssssss!" from all the boys.  
  
Monica rolled on the desk and pulled Lindsey in to suck on her nipple. In the heat of the moment Toby abandoned his guard dog status to sneak over and suck on Lindsey's leftover nipple. A shrill cry of the unexpected left Lindsey laughing. She was amazed by the entire situation.  
  
Toby winked at Lindsey and quickly left her tit to return to the door.  
  
Monica and Lindsey played a bit more before the egg within Monica tensed her body up. Holding on to Lindsey's shirt she braced for the inevitable.   
  
The orgasm let out a guttural cry which drenched the desk under Monica.   
  
The class silently praised their performance.   
  
Before anything further Toby rushes in, "Morrison's coming."  
  
Lindsey quickly charges back to her seat and gets her bra back into place, shirt following.  
  
Monica sat there numb even as Ryan waves her back to her own seat. Waiting until the last possible second before Morrison came into view Monica then leaped off the desk and shuffled to her seat.   
  
Before she could claim her dress Morrison stepped inside the room and watched the movie. Monica claimed her dress but just held it breathlessly.   
  
Everyone grew Leary of the situation. All Morrison had to do was turn around and see her. At the angle he stood there was no hiding behind the bigger boys. Lip nibbled Monica slowly pulls her dress over her head and gets herself covered up. She hadn't managed to lift her bottom though. The dress still rose up to reveal her ass.  
  
She braved that much just as the movie ended. Observing Morrison step to the back of the class to turn the projector off she watches the Teacher closely. Monica lifts her dress back up to just below her chest. She waited a second longer then showed her tits as well. Morrison surely must see her peripherally. Even in the shadows.  
  
The room held its breath as her dress crept over her head until she again sat there naked. He was oblivious so they thought. As he unplugged the projector he called out, "Someone hit the lights please."  
  
A boy named "Barry" in the front slowly stepped over to turn the lights on.  
  
Morrison began to roll up the cord and attach it to the projector. He literally leaned over in Monica's direction to obtain the casing that attached to the projector.   
  
Monica smugly sat there squeezing her breasts together. Pinching her nipples taunt. Just as Morrison began to look up the room itself was blinded by exposed daylight.   
  
Lindsey Ritter had lifted the blinds.   
  
That was Monica's cue.  
  
As Morrison faced the light source she stood up and shook her breasts just as she wiggled her dress down over her body. A second to bow she took her seat.  
  
Morrison stepped forward to his desk and sat on the edge. He offered a strange look as he sat in something wet on his desk. He played it off as nothing.  
  
"So, what have we learned watching this movie?" He fidgets.  
  
Monica raises her hand vividly shaking her chest as she did.  
  
"Miss Gift?"  
  
"I learned that slaves obey their Master's."  
  
He frowns, "That's all you learned?"  
  
"No. There's a railroad that's underground."  
  
As she stared at Morrison she felt the egg terrorize her G-spot yet again. The sudden vibration forced a glare at Ryan. He sat there with one hand propping his chin up.   
  
"Tell me more Miss Gift." Morrison encouraged.  
  
She shivers her nipples stabbing at her thin red fabric. Impossible not to notice.  
  
"The Underground Railroad is a network of meeting places, secret routes, passageways that led to safe houses that were used by slaves in the U.S. to escape slave holding states to northern states and Canada. In other words they hid away in dark, damp places."   
  
As her sentence ended the egg devastated her interior. It became impossible to conceal.   
  
She no more than ended her thought aloud when she grit her teeth and squealed at the top of her lungs.   
  
"SON OF A BITCH!" She echoed throughout the class while gripping her desk top tightly.  
  
Another mind reeling sensation attacked her G-spot effectively enough to chant.  
  
"FUCK. FUCK. FUCK. DOUBLE FUCK!"  
  
The class tried not to laugh but it became inevitable.  
  
Ryan lowered his gaze and let it play out.  
  
Teacher Dane Morrison stood stunned by her outburst. At first speechless until her body convulsed in her seat. She sat up straight looking Morrison directly in the eye.  
  
"THEY SHOULD HAVE STAYED WHERE THEY WERE." She attempted to add to her classroom topic. It sounded almost racist although she was far from one.  
  
Morrison offered a bewildered look as her legs fanned wide exposing her pussy then closed just as fast. He only spotted it due to the large lad in front of her turning sideways to watch her.  
  
"MUCH SAFER. MANY GOT CAUGHT." Just like she did.  
  
With a shrill whine and a deafening exhaustion Monica Leann Gift had an exploding orgasm right there in class. Her body limp and expecting punishment.  
  
Morrison glared at her sitting down to examine his thoughts.  
  
"DETENTION! Room 312 at 4:00 PM sharp. DO NOT BE LATE."  
  
Ryan's eyes darted from the Teacher and Monica. It finally happened.  
  
Monica regained her composure.  
  
The class fidgeted at her situation but applauded her with motions to build her ego with.  
  
Biting her lip at Ryan, Monica just shrugged.  
  
The rest of the class was silence.

**Monica 18: Beauty Call**

Leaving Morrison's classroom Monica Gift was timid about her situation. She knew the detention given to her for her outbursts meant explaining at some point. For now though Monica would just continue on in her daily routine.   
  
Followed out by her fellow students including her momentary Master Ryan Quinones she escaped down the hall out of hearing reach of any Teachers.  
  
She turns to face her followers that also included friends Toby and his buddies, plus a pair of girls that took part in the hijinks earlier.  
  
Monica plants her back against a wall and lifts her skirt to pluck the vibrator egg from within her pussy. Once in hand she passes it off to Ryan dropping it into his book bag to avoid it's messy exterior.  
  
"Good to have that thing out of me. Whew!" She giggles at her entourage.  
  
Toby eases next to Lindsey Ritter his dream girl, whom Monica had coaxed into lifting her shirt and bra up in class. Toby had presumed his wish fulfillment had broken the ice with the beautiful redhead. Instead she brushes off the arm he eagerly placed around her shoulder.  
  
"Slow down. Don't let me regret doing that earlier." Lindsey creases her brow. Toby offered a shocked response and swiftly removed his arm.  
  
"Sorry." He groaned.  
  
Monica eyed the two of them before stepping in.  
  
"Give Juliet some space Romeo. If it's meant to be take it to the balcony."   
  
Stealing Lindsey away Monica guides her a few feet distance for alone time.  
  
"I hope I didn't create a stalker situation back there." Monica pouts.  
  
Lindsey bulges her eyes, "What? No. I mean Toby's cute and all. I'm just...well...nervous about boys."  
  
"Not dated much?" Monica enquires.  
  
"Not really. Well, a movie date twice. Nothing spectacular."  
  
"So, obviously still a virgin?"  
  
Lindsey turned pale, "Yeah."  
  
"It's okay. I was there once. Lost mine at 16. Up until a month ago I tried to be a good girl. I mean I still am at heart. I just learned to like sex not long ago. A lot!"  
  
"Really?" Lindsey fidgets.  
  
"Yep. Anyway let's talk about what you did. You really took me by surprise lifting your shirt up. What made you do that?"  
  
With an uneasy smile Lindsey whispers, "I admire you."  
  
Monica drops her chin, "Me? A role model?"  
  
"Yes. I mean the boldness you have. I like my body. You obviously love yours. The way you show it off whenever you can."  
  
"I'm a freak." Monica giggles, "I just like being an exhibitionist."  
  
"I might not be in your league but I do like showing off. Small doses."  
  
Before she could continue Ryan steps in pointing at the clock on his cell.   
  
Noting it Monica pauses, "Next bell is about to ring. Let's meet at lunch. Talk more. Bring your friend."  
  
Lindsey smiles vibrantly and nods toward the other girl.   
  
It made her day to be included.  
  
Reaching her English Lit class Monica heard some girls mumbling outside the room on their way in. Two of them she knew fairly well after her dare by Ryan to walk out of school nude and sit on Principal Janson's car. That was weeks ago. Far enough back that she needed to befriend them all over again. Although chumming it up since that day was helpful Monica had distanced herself unintentionally. She needed to focus on school as well.  
  
Upon seeing Monica stepping forward the lovely Latina "Rosa Montoya" broke away from her friends to race over to intercept Monica.  
  
"Is it true?" She asked excitably.  
  
Monica smirked, "Yes. I'm a total slut. You just found out?"  
  
Rosa jumps in step bouncing her own 36C's with little effort.  
  
"No, silly. Did you just cum in ole Morrison's class?"  
  
"News travels fast." She grit her teeth.  
  
"No worries. We got your back Moni."  
  
"Moni? My new nickname. Yay me."  
  
They were quickly joined by friends "Cheyenne "Chey" Johnson" and "Amber Meadows". Both were just as giddy at the prospective news.  
  
"Whoa! Everyone keep it down. I don't need Mrs. Noble breaking this up with a vengeance. The less she knows the better."  
  
Chey rolls her eyes, "Noble's not a problem. She's naïve. All she thinks about are her cats at home."  
  
"So it's true Moni?" Rosa lifts her brows hopeful of a good answer.  
  
"Yes. It's true. I had a vibrating egg stuffed up my Moni maker. Boy was that difficult to keep quiet." She attempts to escape them.  
  
"Is it true Lindsey showed off her boobies?" Amber needed to know.  
  
"Not gonna discuss more than what I do. Respect!" She points out.  
  
They knew it was true just by her reaction. Awe described every face there.  
  
Finally, Rosa nudges Monica gently with her shoulder, "I guess we girls need to step up our game. Don't want you getting all the attention."  
  
Monica looked surprised, "Seriously? I'm not anyone's competition. I'm just looking out for my own fun. By all means though. Feel free to join in."  
  
Chey the gorgeous half black Latina shivers her head smugly, "I got what it takes."  
  
Monica merely offered a tsk with the corner of her lip then moves between them turning to walk backwards long enough to stick her tongue out at them. The move made the trio grin like never before.  
  
Entering Teacher, "Ginger Noble's" classroom Monica found her seat amongst a number of boys. This included Toby's friend "Carson Hobbs" and Ryan's buddy "Holden Reese". Holden sat directly next to Monica in the only class they shared together.  
  
"Heard you got Detention." Holden whispers.  
  
"First time ever. Go me." She giggles and adjusts her dress hem appropriately. She had no plans of being too risqué in Noble's class. Another Detention or worse would ruin her. Of course at this point she really felt above the law for some reason. Ego? Confidence? So many people in her corner? Who knew.  
  
Seating themselves strategically Amber, Chey, and Rosa waved at her from all directions. Other girls in the class also grinned at her nervously. It became evident this was Hero Worship. Monica felt honored suddenly in a strange kind of way.  
  
Instructor Ginger Noble entered her own class and stood at her desk. She was a pudgy woman in her mid 40's. Peppery salted brown hair that was long and pinned back behind her. Not an ugly woman merely out of shape and timid. She had a stack of graded tests from two days earlier that she sat on her desk.   
  
"Good morning Everyone. I have tests back. Most of you did exceptional I must say. Others not so much." She tried to chuckle.  
  
Without further delay she went about the room passing the results back from an alphabetical stand point. Everyone was scattered about so it took time.   
  
Each time her back was turned Monica noticed activity.   
  
Cheyenne began by stealthily removing her black lacey bra and dangling it up for Monica to see. After a quick swing for the class to witness she hid it in her book bag. Her chest was a busty 38D and her nipples were large and perky beneath a thin grey t-shirt.  
  
Rosa bit her nail out of adrenalin before removing her own bra. A sexy white lace. With another attention getter swing it was tucked away in her own bag. 36C and free.  
  
Amber was the next expected candidate but surprisingly her thunder was stolen by a thin blond named "Kendra Stewart". Her 34B's escaped their prison and danced before all eyes. Amber not to be over ruled abandoned her green lace bra and handed it to the boy next to her with a finger to her lips. The boy nearly fainted and grinned from ear to ear. He hid it under his shirt as the Teacher turned toward them looking for a particular student.  
  
As she passed Amber she took things a step further and lifted her yellow t-shirt up for a free view of her breasts. The room grew antsy suddenly. This was definitely a day to remember.  
  
Four girls had liberated themselves in Monica's honor. It made her gush with pride.  
  
Chey motioned to other girls to join in. Hesitance and fear kept some at bay. Others took the risk. "Tamara White", "Darcy Hawthorn", "Thea King", all grew a pair and joined the Braless Brigade.  
  
Beside Monica, Holden Reese dropped his jaw and eyed Monica. Monica returned his gaze with a joyous shrug. She took the credit silently.  
  
Every boy in the room looked around to admire each girl and share in their moments of glory. Tongues wagged. The girls felt nasty sexy.   
  
With the tests all returned Ginger Noble took her journey back to her desk. There she sat and opened her text book.  
  
"With that out of the way we begin anew. Page 84 please. Join me."  
  
The room returned to normal at that moment as each student found their necessary page.  
  
"Today we discover, "Hamlet"." She proudly announced.  
  
Less enthused than Ginger was the students would rather scan about carefully while she spoke.  
  
Breaking out a copy of "Hamlet" by the great William Shakespeare, Ginger began discussing the books historical sense. This kept her eyes on the written word.  
  
With each second she exhaled knowledge the girls increased their playfulness.   
  
Monica observed Chey lift her shirt up and show her caramel colored breasts in all their suppleness. Rolling them about for all to see.   
  
Then came Rosa who did the same in pinching her nipples tight and wagging her tongue at the boy beside her.  
  
Amber again opted to push the veil and lifts her shirt while turning in her seat silently. Facing the boy who held her bra captive she crushed her tits together and arched her chest forward. The boy took a speedy advantage and reached over the aisle to squeeze her left tit. Amber offered a false blush then blew him a kiss.  
  
Each and every girl that had unleashed their inner demons showed their breasts off.   
  
It became a game of one shirt down, one shirt up. The girls loved the attention blatantly.  
  
"Darcy" the most obvious had the largest breasts. Being a slightly bigger girl yet curvy offered a view of her monstrous 42D's. She literally hoisted her right breast up and licked her nipple. It was amazing.  
  
Holden sat fighting laughter pointing from side to side with each notice. Finally, Monica growled, "Knock it off."  
  
He realized his activity could draw attention and ceased his discoveries.  
  
As Ginger Noble halted her reading she looked up at a clueless room of innocence. A deafening sigh she suddenly felt the urge of the water pills controlling her kidneys. With a warm smile she scoots her chair out to stand up. Holding the book up she grimaces.  
  
"I would like a volunteer to continue reading while I excuse myself for a moment. Any takers?"  
  
Monica instantly raised her hand with a needy zest. She didn't even wait to be chosen she hopped up and shuffled her way toward Ms. Noble.  
  
"Why thank you, Monica. I wish all of you had her eagerness to learn. Here you go Dear. I'll be back in a few moments."  
  
"Take your Time. I have this. I love Hamlet."  
  
Ginger eases her way past as Monica begins reading until the door closed. She then slammed the book down on to the desk behind her and sneered at the girls.  
  
"Is that all you got?" She shook her head.  
  
Right then and there Monica slipped the spaghetti straps from her shoulders and let her dress slip to the floor. The room took a huge breath as one before being inspired.  
  
Rosa jumped up and unzipped her jeans then mooned the class. Her ass was the perfect Twerker. She showed off her moves with evident love from the boys.  
  
Tamara did the same yet chose to stand face forward and lower her panties to her pubic hair. She needed a good shave.  
  
Chey and friend Thea, a sexy black Goddess stood together with pants to their knees and shirts lifted to their necks. Full frontal they used their fingers to pry apart their labia's. It was a thing of pure need to express themselves.  
  
Boys were treated to touches. Holden himself leaned across and rubbed Kendra's lily white bottom. She squealed like a pig at his touch. Mainly due to his finger teasing her anal cavity. He loved the moment enough to growl, "FUCK YEAH!"  
  
As the activity grew too much Monica put her dress back on and began reading again. Only two pages forward to make it look good.  
  
The girls realized they needed to chill and got dressed, returning to a boring vigil.  
  
Perfect timing as the Teacher made her way back inside and thanked Monica who showed her where she left off. In the process Ms. Noble discovered Monic'a dress and sighed. She knew it was improper but let it go with a sigh, "That's a lovely dress Monica. Thank you for taking over."  
  
Monica throws her arms in the air and takes advantage, "I did my part."  
  
That she did.  
  
The room forced themselves to behave.  
  
Ginger was quite boring.

**Monica 19: Lunch Meet**

A lot of things had occurred over the first half of the school day. Not only did Monica Leann Gift have an extraordinarily vocal orgasm in class, she received her first ever detention. That situation would play out at the end of the day. Her second class caught her off guard. It was there that a flock of female admirers made their moves. She was so proud of them.  
  
The rest of her classes seemed less eventful.  
  
As the lunch break began Monica stopped at her locker to escape her books. It was here that friend and would be Master caught up with her.  
  
"Well, you've been busy." Ryan chuckles and grabs her by the waist.  
  
She smiles without looking back at him and merely palms his cheek.  
  
"You should have been there. It was insane. I've created Monsters."  
  
He nuzzles her hair as she finally turns to face him.  
  
"I need space for lunch. I promised Lindsey and her friend "Sonya" we would talk about what happened more. Give me time oh Master?"  
  
Her hands palm his chest awaiting a reply. Ryan nods with a disappointed pucker, "Sure. I'll meet you just before you head in to Detention. I'll wait for you and give you a ride home after."  
  
"You're the best. Remind to jerk you off in the parking lot for being so generous."  
  
He rolls his eyes, "Curse you. Now I won't lose my hard on until then."  
  
"Just what I wanted to hear."  
  
One last pat on his chest she darts around him. As he watches her depart she looks over her shoulder and lifts her hem over her bare ass. Three other boys saw her and whistled. Their girlfriends weren't as happy but they still found her intriguing.  
  
Reaching the Cafeteria Monica stopped at the door to look for Lindsey. Finding her at a table with Sonya she slithered through the masses. To reach her she had to walk directly by the Teacher's table. There she spotted Dane Morrison and numerous others. She waved at them and ignored the looks made by the female Teachers. Namely Ginger Noble and Art Teacher, "Lola Conroy". Both were less than impressed by her attire. They all knew at the very least she was going braless.  
  
Suddenly, she bumped into someone crossing her path. As she apologized blindly she turned to face the worst possible collider.  
  
"Mr. Janson! I'm sorry I wasn't watching where I was going."  
  
Principal Lloyd Janson merely stared down at her without expression. The entire room fell silent at seeing them so close. Would he punish her for anything?   
  
"Quite alright Monica. I wasn't keeping track of my own direction. You certainly look nice today."  
  
Monica sighs from holding her own breath, "Thank you, Sir. I love my dress."  
  
He eyes her cleavage bulging from her arms held closely to her lap. Intimidating as his eyes were she maintained her glint of pride.  
  
"Lovely indeed. Enjoy your lunch."  
  
That was it. As he stepped around her Monica's eyes flared up.  
  
"Wow! He didn't say a word about dress code. So cool."  
  
Her thoughts reeling she darts playfully over to Lindsey. She and Sonya had their jaws drooping at the situation.  
  
"Oh my God. Did Janson scold you?" Sonya Bennett a gently overweight Brunette huffed.  
  
"Not even. He looked down my cleavage. I just know my nipples are bullets." She literally touches them for confirmation.  
  
Lindsey blushes, "So bold. I wish I could be like that."  
  
"You could. It's not that hard. Besides you're beautiful. I love your silky red hair. It's like spun fire." Monica caresses the back of Lindsey's hair. It was only shoulder length but stunning.  
  
"Thanks. I heard what happened in Noble's class. Unbelievable."  
  
"We started a trend. You should be happy." Monica giggles.  
  
"Me? I just broke out of my shell that once."  
  
"Yeah, about that? What really prompted you to take that dare?" Monica had her suspicions.  
  
Shyly she lowers her gaze, "I don't really know."  
  
Sonya groans, "Come On! You like Toby."  
  
Lindsey puffs her cheeks and flips Sonya off for her outing.  
  
Monica tilts her head on to Lindsey's shoulder, "Nothing wrong with that. He's a really nice guy."  
  
"I know. I'm just afraid. You know why."  
  
Arm around Lindsey's shoulder Monica hugs her with a sympathetic frown. The hug turns to rubbing her back softly.  
  
"Well now. You left your bra off." She winks playfully.  
  
Sonya butts in, "We all did. I took my off before lunch. Word got around. We're challenging each other."  
  
Monica glances about to see girls at other tables. Sure enough the nipples were stabbing the room.  
  
"Wow! I'm impressed."   
  
Sonya cautiously lifts her breasts in honor and jostles them about. Lindsey merely turned red and laughed.  
  
"I like this girl. Welcome to the gang Sonya. Sorry I never took time to know you before now. Either of you actually. I really never made friends with girls much. Kind of a loner when you get down to it."  
  
"You seem close to Ryan." Lindsey relates.  
  
"My next door neighbor. Hard not to know him. We've grown closer this past few weeks. Not my boyfriend though."  
  
Lindsey and Sonya both nod at her revelation.   
  
Monica surveys the room and still finds Teacher's ogling her. It made her nervous. The men drooled. The women looked puzzled.  
  
"So. Let's get back to Toby." Monica nudged Lindsey with her shoulder giggling.  
  
"What about him?" Lindsey stammers.  
  
"Obviously Toby must have a crush on you. He blurted out he wanted me to get you naked. You jumped at the chance and met him halfway. We did touch those perky little beauties."  
  
"You did more than touch them." Lindsey snorts with squinting eyes.  
  
"True. I'm not really into girls but I will say this....yummy." She sticks her tongue out before adding, "Don't take that wrong."  
  
Giggling Lindsey exhales loudly, "I'm not. It felt weird but nice. Toby sucking my nipple sent fire over my entire body. I'm glad he did it but I'm also terrified about what comes next."  
  
Pondering her fears Monica forms an idea, "You know what's the most fun? Teasing guys until they do stupid things. If you like Toby you should make him chase you. Offer him flashes now and then. Then ignore him until he can't stand it. Then tease harder."  
  
"Harder how?" Both girls had to know.  
  
"He's only seen those." She points at Lindsey's chest literally jabbing her right tit.  
  
"So, more skin?" Lindsey grits her teeth.  
  
"Of course. Go as far as you want too. Just let him know there's limits. If he steps over those limits cut him off."  
  
Terror pales Lindsey's face, "You have no idea how badly I want to try that. I'm scared out of my mind."  
  
Sonya frowns, "Zero experience."  
  
Lindsey leers at Sonya, "As if you do."  
  
"Calm down. We're all friends now." Monica holds her palms up with a flutter of patience.  
  
As snide comments subside Monica tries another approach.  
  
"How about this? Let's embarrass the hell out of him. You would be just as embarrassed. On equal terms."  
  
"What do you mean?" The redhead almost teared up.  
  
"Have you pictured Toby naked in your mind?"  
  
Eyes flare toward the table below her. Beet red she whispers, "Yes."  
  
"Well he's seen half of you. Don't you think it should be returned in favor?"  
  
She suddenly looks directly at Monica, "YES!"  
  
Her outburst made Monica puff up her lower lip, "Well now! What if I arranged something that puts him out of his comfort zone. Just like you. If I get him naked for you. You need to get naked for him. Fair fight."  
  
"What?" Lindsey drops her jaw, "How is that half way?"  
  
"You get both halves. So does he. Visually that is. The situation I have in mind will put him at a disadvantage. He has ego but I bet I can shove that down his throat and make him behave."  
  
Shivering Lindsey covers her chest with her arms, "What if I don't behave?"  
  
Taken back by her Monica sizes up the girl, "Let's hear it."  
  
Regretting her reply Lindsey pouts toward Sonya. Her friend felt awkward.  
  
Suddenly, Lindsey whispers, "I want to touch him too. Just not intercourse."  
  
"Aww! How about this then? Let's get him in the environment I feel keeps him from going too far. You do whatever you want because we both know his ego will let you. I'll stay close to make certain he behaves. Fair enough?"  
  
"When? Where? How?" Lindsey grew eager.  
  
"Tomorrow. Girl's locker room after gym class. I'll bring him to you there. Seeing as our gym classes aren't the same. If I skip class so be it."  
  
Sonya exhales a densely verbal, "WHOAAA! I have gym class when she does."  
  
"Then as her friend you need to be supportive of her."  
  
"Totally. But, ummm! Won't we be showering and stuff? That mean's I'll be Nakie too." Sonya realizes.  
  
"You worried what he might think of you? This is about Lindsey."  
  
"What about all the other girls? There's like twenty girls in our gym class. They might object." Sonya winces.  
  
"Look around you. Nipples everywhere. Every girl here is in heat."  
  
Lindsey whines, "What if they take Toby away from me?"  
  
"Then you step up and fight for him. Not with fists. With what he wants. YOU!"  
  
"Sex? I can't." She panics shaking her head.  
  
"No silly. Seduction. He might look at other girls because let's face it, no guy can only look at one girl in a room full of nude chicks."  
  
Not so comforted by her response Lindsey weeps.  
  
"I don't even know how to be seductive."  
  
Smirking Monica pinches the girls nose, "Soft words. Hands all over your body saying, "Where are they now?" Nibble your lip as you look him over. Rub up on him. The rest is natural."  
  
"Wow! God that sounds hot." Sonya huffs.  
  
"She can do it." Monica stresses with a stem look.  
  
"I can. I WILL."  
  
"That's the spirit. I swear I'll be there to help you. You have my word."  
  
"Arrange it." Lindsey sounds determined, "I have to see Toby naked."  
  
"DONE!"  
  
With a tight hug Monica takes her leave. After a stolen bite from Sonya's burger.  
  
"HEY!"  
  
Monica opens her mouth to show off the bite as if giving it back.  
  
Sonya had to laugh.  
  
Lindsey had to close her eyes and breath.  
  
At the doors of the Cafeteria Monica runs into Rosa and Cheyenne. They giddily confirm they were still braless.  
  
"Loving it. Hey?" Inspiration strikes Monica, "Do you guys have gym class with Lindsey?"  
  
Both nod as Monica smirks evilly.  
  
"I need your help."  
  
The rest was whispers from a huddle.

**Monica 20: DDD Tension**

"Stop worrying. I got this. We all knew I would get into trouble sooner or later. It's only Detention at least. Not expulsion." Monica stops mid stride to sternly look over at friend Ryan.  
  
"Yet!" He glares back at her.  
  
"I've wore this dress all day long. In front of the entire Faculty. Principal Janson even looked me over. Not a word. As a matter of fact he liked the dress. Morrison only gave me Detention because I couldn't contain my orgasm well enough. I don't think he even realized that's what it was. I just couldn't disguise my swearing out loud. He just took it badly."  
  
Frowning Ryan rolls his eyes, "Maybe so. You do realize this is Morrison's week on Detention Duty?"  
  
"So? Even better. I'll go in, apologize, and do my time. It's only an hour." She smirks with a playful shrug.  
  
Ryan shakes his head and averts his gaze to her cleavage, "God I love you in that dress."  
  
"All of you do. Shoulder straps off and the dress hits the floor." She giggles.  
  
"Should we keep things quiet for awhile due to this?"  
  
"You're the Master, Ryan. You tell me."  
  
He sizes up her sarcasm then nods, "You should tease Morrison and see what happens."  
  
Tilting her gaze at him she huffs, "Somehow I knew you would say that."  
  
Chuckling he winks, "You know you wanted me to say that."  
  
"I did." She giggles more, " I'll risk getting expelled just for your evil desires."  
  
"We don't know who else might be in Detention. So play it by ear."  
  
"Not worried."  
  
He eyes her smug manner then digs into his book bag, retrieving two familiar items.  
  
"Insert the egg again." He hands it off.  
  
Rolling her eyes with a sheepish grin she lifts her hemline up and encourages the egg between her labia and deep inside.  
  
Ryan adds fresh batteries to the remote controller.  
  
"So, you want me to have another orgasm in Detention? I'm actually good for one more. I think. Last one was pretty intense though."  
  
They journey toward Room 312 as they talk. Time was nearly on the dot.  
  
Outside the door they spot teacher "Dane Morrison" grading papers at a desk. The room was the old Home Economics class until they built the new wing with a revised Kitchen. This room was only meant for storage and Detention time.  
  
Ryan drags her out of Morrison's visual and obtains a roll of black electrical tape he had swiped from "Shop Class". He wrapped the remote tightly forcing the trigger to continually be in use. The vibrations started instantly. The sudden shock made her dizzy.  
  
"Seems stronger than before." She shivers with excitement before snatching at his shirt, "Holy Fuck."  
  
"You like that don't you?" He grins with expectation.  
  
"Not for an hour. I'll orgasm within five minutes."  
  
"Resist as long as you can." He then stuffs the taped remote into her small dangling clutch purse along with her cell and lip gloss.  
  
"I have to go." She shuffles away pouting at him.  
  
Entering the room she quickly realizes that she was the sole offender of the day.  
  
"Ummm! I'm here Mr. Morrison."  
  
Dane looks up from his papers to see Monica fidgeting in step, her arms dangling in front of her belly. Her purse suspended between her knees. In her striking pose her biceps had mashed her 34DDD's together like grateful melons.   
  
He notes her nipples erect beneath her dresses thin red fabric. Forced to clear his throat he grumbles aloud.  
  
"Please shut the door behind you. You may then take the seat directly in front of my desk."  
  
She instinctively twirls on one foot. In doing so her skirt fans outward like an umbrella opening. Safe to say Morrison had a vivid display of her curvaceous heart shaped bare bottom. Behind her Dane Morrison rubs his beard with a tedious grin forming.   
  
Shutting the door she starts to turn when Morrison adds, "Close the blind over the window. For the next hour the world outside does not exist."  
  
Monica pulls the cord lowering the Venetian blinds until they reached the end of their roll. Entering the room once again she notices that he had already sealed the blinds over the windows facing the sidewalks outside.  
  
Few seats were left in the room but she chose to obey and sit directly in front of him. Claiming a seat that had it's connecting slate desk removed. He could see her entire body.  
  
With nothing to lean on she sat there fidgeting. Then, leaning over to her left side to rest her purse on the floor. As she reached down the spaghetti strap on her left shoulder slipped off and over her bicep. She left it there. Purposely lifting the bridge of her glasses instead.   
  
She eyed Morrison who had resumed grading papers to let her settle in. This down time left her at the mercy of the egg. The vibrations were storming her senses rapidly. It was hard to sit still. With each movement her chair squeaked. She was in Hell she thought.  
  
Dane avoided direct eye contact as he heard his cellphone buzz. It was nothing but he played it off as a text. Instead he activated his cell camera. Intentionally he primed the cell toward her. Poised in front of him he feigned writing a text. That went into scrolling mode as if on Facebook. All along the video recorded her nervous beauty.  
  
Undeniably impossible to sit still she tapped her toes on the floor. Which led to fanning her legs wide. Knees parting to give her at least a millisecond of ease against the electricity between her thighs.  
  
In her squirming Dane captured vivid moments of her pussy. His birds eye view of her vagina left him speechless.   
  
He observed her bite her lip, seal and flare her eyes wide, puff her cheeks, and caress her throat. He could sense she was either having a panic attack or was just making a scene to escape her punishment. Without eye contact he speaks.  
  
"Do you know how long it has been since I've had to give anyone Detention? Your language today was out of line. Uncalled for. What exactly possessed you Miss Gift?"  
  
She whimpers faintly as she forms a pouty face and nervously rubs her legs, "I'm sorry Mr. Morrison."   
  
"You should be. May I ask what's with the dramatic wardrobe change of late? That dress looks more like a Nightie."  
  
Stuttering slightly she defends herself, "I like my dress. It makes me feel sexy."  
  
Her breathing grows erratic, huffing to blow the hair strands from her eyes. Her knees fan from side to side as Dane looks up from his cell finally, her pussy teasing him first hand.  
  
"It is a very pretty dress. Rather revealing though. Definitely against school policy of the Dress Code."  
  
Trembling she now resorts to rubbing her arms.   
  
"I've worn it all day. The only person objecting to it is you."  
  
"Not objecting. I just feel as if you're just asking for trouble. Boys and all." He stares without expression.  
  
"They like my dress." Her body quivers.  
  
He eyes her behavior, "I'm sure they do. Just be careful. As long as nobody complains of your attire I won't be forced to take action."  
  
He pauses as she breathes heavily. Her breasts bulging and lightly tremoring about.  
  
"Concerning your outbursts earlier. I believe a lesson must be issued."  
  
"Yes, Sir." She compresses her lips tightly.  
  
Dane stands up carefully, hiding an erection he hadn't planned on from her. He swiftly turns toward the chalkboard behind him.   
  
Her hands immediately palm her face due to her vibrational torment. She was growing pale from resistance.  
  
He locates a lengthy piece of white chalk and reaches high to scribble down the verse, " I will not be crude in class." Finishing he carefully returns to his seat.  
  
Offering up the chalk toward her he growls, "Step to the board and copy that sentence twenty times please."  
  
She cringes at her brewing orgasm, knowing that very soon there would be no hiding her outcome. Defiant of her nerves she leans forward on her knees to push herself out of the chair. In doing so her remaining dress strap slipped over like it's twin to droop on her bicep. There was now no support holding the thin dress up outside of her large breasts. With each step she feared the worst but maintained her mission.  
  
With a deep breath she steps around Morrison and claims the chalk. Turning her back to him she hesitantly reached up to write just below his sentence. The reach was straining her ability to keep the dress on.   
  
He swallowed dryly observing the sides of her body. The dress was definitely losing hope. The cleavage had already lost an inch of once covered flesh.  
  
With shimmering eyes she does her best to reach the board. At her height of 5'2 she had issues. Stretching on her tiptoes her skirt rode high. He could readily see her lower ass cheeks. Behind her he carefully recorded her escapade. His remaining hand slipped to his crotch rubbing the formation of his erection. The scent of her perfume compiled with her revealing skin made his erection defenseless.  
  
Seeing her struggle to reach the necessary height he opts to risk standing up and locates a two level step stool near a cupboard.  
  
"Here, this might help."  
  
He rests it facing the board then lifts up just as she turns, her breasts a mere inch from his face. Nipple even closer.   
  
With a faint whimper Monica notices his expression of shock. Her eyes drift lower to discover his confined erection.  
  
"Thank you." She softly exhales almost seductively. She now knew her effect on him. The question remained. How far should she take this? She knew her dress was dangerously in jeopardy. There was no way he didn't see her bare ass. Now she would stand taller for a much better view.  
  
Her mind reeled to balance her hormones screaming within. Climbing the simple step stool was torture. Yet she stood on the top and resumed writing.  
  
Morrison sat back down behind her. The difference in height now allowed him to gawk at her clam shaped pussy from behind. It was glossy wet and tiny trickles were gradually creasing down her inner thighs. Recording it was required.  
  
Finishing her second sentence she had to catch her breath and place a palm on the board. Concerned Morrison eyes her behavior more intently. Keeping silent he awaits any potential for failure.  
  
As she writes more her words become sloppy and almost incoherent due to her blurred concentration.  
  
Morrison had suffered enough. Ignoring her ability he ever so gently let his fingers unzip his fly. Reaching within his slacks he bypasses his boxers to grip his ever sturdy cock. Stroking it as he eyed her beautiful ass he foregoes his cell casting it on to the desk.  
  
He hears her sniffling and exhale loudly. Her breathing intensified in and out with wicked gasps. Then, the sound of muffled suppressed moans slipping free of her lips.  
  
"Everything alright Miss Gift?" He sits forward to hide his cock from her should she turn. All she does is nod and continue on. He sat back and did the same.  
  
Feeling devious Dane growls, "You failed to dot the "I" in your first sentence."  
  
He waited to let her know when it was out of reach. Far to her right. She would have to stretch to reach it.   
  
Eying her mistake she extends her right arm out and dots the letter. The move proved deadly as her dress pulls taunt and reveals 60% of her breasts fullness. The tops of her areolas found oxygen.  
  
Of course from Morrison's angle he couldn't see them. Besides he was more interested in the fact her skirt rode higher still and offered him a glimpse of her sweetly shadowed anal cavity.  
  
Monica feeling the sudden chill of her nipples exposing was only added to by the sensation of the fabric irritating her nipples themselves. The rush made her cringe and whimper loudly and dig her fingertips into the board. The nails screeching gave them both goosebumps.   
  
Morrison began intensifying his jerking off session. He discovered her naïve nature, so he thought, intoxicating.  
  
Eager Dane nods up toward her, "You also forgot to place a period at the end of Class. In both sentences."  
  
Sighing at his perfectionist tendency she gives up and reaches with less worry. Her time was almost over. With a yelp she completes the two dots. That was all it took.  
  
Both breasts burst free of her dress and crush against the chalkboard. The second she back the dress slithered its way down to her navel. Her eyes erupt at the freedom. Dane Morrison was seeing her naked one way or another. Giving in to the egg she yelps and staggers on the stool. Her brain grew lightheaded.   
  
"Oh Fuck." Her hand slides down her front to caress her clit. The other hand drops the chalk to the floor breaking. At this point there was no denying her need to cum. Moans escalate, her body tensing, forehead pressed against the blackboard.  
  
Morrison's awe of seeing nearly the entirety of her body made him glance about for prying eyes that he knew were near.  
  
Haunted by her situation Monica feels faint. Eyes blurring she expels, "Forgive me, Mr. Morrison."  
  
He couldn't form words due to his rapid stroking. He just prayed the crumpled dress about her hips would finish falling away.  
  
G-spot demanding her immediate release Monica fell backwards helplessly. This being her fourth orgasm of the day was taking its toll. Her most intense one yet.  
  
Between the terror of Morrison seeing it so dramatically and her own excitement the world vanished for her. Monica Gift blacked out.  
  
Morrison was forced to release his cock to catch her fall. She literally landed in his lap nearly dropping them both backwards in his seat. If not for the desk behind him. In her sudden fall the dress slipped over her ass and clung to her calves.   
  
Here was this eighteen year old Goddess lying across him. Her eyes rolled back into her head as her body spasms. It was breathtaking. Her breasts heaving so beautifully full and perky. Her flesh golden and silky. Her thighs drenched in turn soaking his own pants beneath her. Dane Morrison nearly panicked as he realized his dick had popped up literally between her legs. The tiniest twitch and her labia would touch his girth. He calmed himself as best he could and caressed her cheek out of concern. That led to caressing her entire body. She merely laid there helpless in his arms.  
  
He wasn't certain what to do. He knew he couldn't get help. He was a prisoner to her at the moment.  
  
She was breathing at least. That gave him hope. He would just wait for her to regain consciousness. He had to kiss her while she was out. Her lips sweet and supple. Trembling beneath his.   
  
Her breasts inviting he had to taste her nipples. Lightly squeeze them. Reach down her belly to her drowning pussy. Fingers rub her clit. Dip within her.   
  
It was then he felt the vibrations and swiftly moved his hand away.  
  
Panic sets in. Morrison begins patting her face to revive her. After tense minutes she stirs and looks up into his eyes.  
  
"Did I finish the sentence?" She barely gets out.  
  
"I believe so. Forgive me Miss Gift for this compromising situation."  
  
She realizes her location in his lap and reaches slowly between her legs. She pleasantly discovers his erection.  
  
"Hello." She wags her brows tiredly.  
  
Her fingers then sink within her labia and pries out the egg to show him.  
  
"This has to go." She first licks the egg dry then tosses it behind her on to the desk. They listen as it vibrates on the wood top without any words shared. With an unwavering gaze between their eyes Morrison swallows dryly.  
  
"That was incredible."  
  
She smiles warmly, "Now you know why I got crude in class."  
  
"Yes. I see that now. That was certainly unexpected."  
  
Monica slides her hand back down her belly relocating his cock.  
  
"So is this." She flares her eyes.  
  
"Good God! What have I done." He finds gloom in being caught.  
  
"It's okay. This was my fault. Not yours. I caused this." She pinches his mushroom shaped crown.  
  
Her fingers grip his girth and lightly acknowledges it to life.  
  
Morrison turned blue in the face at her temptations. With mouth wide he reaches to her legs and removes the dress from her. It falls to the floor beside them. She only had her socks and shoes on.  
  
Monica intentional nudges his cock to smother amid her heated labia. The shock made him freeze.  
  
"Stop! I can't do this." He pries her fingers from his cock and assists her out of his lap.   
  
Still in her numbed state her legs buckle and she collapses to her knees in front of him. Her arms rested on his kneecaps.  
  
He glares at her unexpected sadness. She in turn licks her lips to torment his confusion.  
  
Suddenly, Dane Morrison places his hands on the stubby chair arms. He then lowered his gaze.  
  
Hesitantly she leans forward and places her chin on the cloth of his crotch, eying his exposing dick. Her nasal exhales engulfing his indecision with a warm blanket of breath.  
  
Fidgety, Morrison reaches one hand over to guide her hair from her eyes for a better examination of her demeanor. He then chooses to remove her glasses placing them on the desk near the still activated egg.  
  
She smiles up at him before rolling her left palm along his slacks and over the meaty foreskin of his cock. instead of lingering there she bypasses it to locate and unfasten his pants. Monica then eases away to mentally coax him into standing over her to lower his pants. His boxers followed them to his ankles.  
  
She massages his knees as he sits back down then seductively lowers her face into his erection. Her lips rolling over his bulging scrotum. Long deep exhales lead to a stiffer shade of purple.  
  
"Wait! I can't." He groans shaking his head.  
  
She pouts up at him then proceeds to meld her tongue around his balls. Pausing there she awaits his indecisive mind.  
  
Nervously he waves her onward.   
  
Her tongue gently glides and surrounds the foreskin on her journey north. Reaching his crown she flicks it. Followed by a kiss.  
  
"Forgive me?" She whispers nuzzling his crown.  
  
"I do." He nods.  
  
Monica Gift deep throated him in that very revelation. He reared back and rested his head on the chair. Upon rising to release his cock from her lips she recites, "I will not be crude in class."   
  
She swallows him again and again, each time repeating her punishment. On the tenth verse Dane Morrison caresses her cheek.  
  
"I knew you were stripping in my classroom." He blurts out.  
  
Eying him she swirls her tongue around his head then whispers, "I masturbated on your desk today. You sat in my wet spot."  
  
She devours his cock again holding it deep within her throat until she turned pale.  
  
Sighing he pets her long sweaty mane, "It amazes me how loyal the students are. Not a single inclination of betrayal. You must be something special."  
  
She nods with her mouth full then pulls away with a popping sound of tightly releasing lips.  
  
"Did you tell anyone?"  
  
He quivers at her gaze. Her mouth lingering on his crown.  
  
"I believe more people know than they let on. Ignorance is bliss. I know I personally haven't mentioned your antics in my class."  
  
Tongue flicks keep him inspired.  
  
"Teachers? Principal Janson?" She enquires.  
  
He reluctantly declines an answer. Her pout changes his mind.  
  
"My advice? Continue on whatever mission you seem to be on. I won't stop you. I must caution you though. Do it when I don;'t see you directly. The same for other Teachers. Especially Lloyd Janson."  
  
A succulent kiss to his crown leads to, "Does he know?"  
  
Dane shrugs, "Nothing gets by him. He noticed your dress today and said nothing. Correct?"  
  
She nods swallowing him half way before easing back up. Her left hand squeezing his balls. He had to dart his head back again.  
  
"He said my dress was nice."  
  
"Then don't worry what he might say until he says it. Wear it more often."  
  
"Is that what you want?" She nuzzles her nose along the length of his cock.  
  
"YES." He growls.  
  
"I intend to. I have lots of dresses like that one. Tomorrow I might wear pink. Or white. Both are see through if you look closely. Don't expect underwear."  
  
"Christ woman." He snarls.  
  
She taunts her features all about his girth and sighs. A kiss to his crown allows him to look deep into her needy eyes.

"Should I get Detention more often?" Her chin resting on his balls.  
  
He stares at her and nods, "If I give you detention again I might invite a few Teachers to make sure you cooperate."  
  
Her eyes flare wide at the prospect, "They can watch me suck your dick."  
  
"And, I could watch you suck their dicks." He smugly grins.  
  
Her mouth trembles along his flesh with anticipation of more.  
  
"I could masturbate for all of you."  
  
He had, had enough. Dane leans forward and grips her by the biceps. Hoisting her to her feet he turns her back to him before pulling her into his lap. His dick pops out in front of her between her legs. Trembling her body molds back into his grasp, his arms encircling her and squeezing her breasts. Her profile exhales warmly into his ear.  
  
A tender warm kiss to her neckline forces her eyes to close and enjoy the sensations. His beard eventually tickling her into a rash of giggles.  
  
Snarling he offers a guttural snap, "You're the Devil's Daughter."  
  
Without a reply she escorts his cock toward her still weeping pussy. Instinct kicks in and Dane penetrates her. A loud gasp upon entry made her caress his left cheek. Hips gyrating over him feeds his desire.  
  
Whispering into his ear she confirms her evil nature.  
  
"I'm going to fuck boys on your desk."  
  
He huffs, "Wait until I leave the room."  
  
"I'm going to roam the halls naked and let boys kiss me all over."  
  
"Go for it."  
  
The taunting makes him thrust up into her more forcefully. Her moans intensifying with every thrust.  
  
Morrison decides to play her game.  
  
"Maybe your next Detention I'll get four Teachers to fuck you on that desk behind us."  
  
She yelps softly and nibbles his earlobe, "Promise?"  
  
"YES!"  
  
"Make it five Teachers?"  
  
Growling Morrison lifts them from the chair and forces her to lean over the desk. Her upper body crushes into the top and feels his hand on her shoulders dead center. He was becoming aggressive. Her heart raced at his intentions.  
  
The hand on her shoulders relocated to the back of her neck. Grip tightening he fucked her silly.  
  
Her moans became muffled screams. Her acceptance found room for one more orgasm. as if she had much choice.  
  
"God Dammit!" He grunts as he detonates into her pussy.   
  
A shrill cry of 'Yessssssssssssssssssss!" hissed across the desk.  
  
Triumphant over her Dane Morrison slapped her on the ass as his dick withdrew. She yelped and hid her face from him.  
  
It hurt. A lot.  
  
She eases up slowly on her arms over the desk and looks back at him through a web of brown hair. Giggling she expresses, "You won't be so crude in class."  
  
Smugly he slaps her ass a second time. Her yelp found teary eyes. Eighteen more slaps pelted her cheeks. Each impact he recited the verse.  
  
She loved every strike regardless of the redness welting up.  
  
Dane finally exhausted himself and got dressed. He literally stood on her dress until he was done. In his mind he was glad he had gotten a Vasectomy years ago.   
  
Eying the still vibrating egg on the desk he reaches over to capture it.   
  
Monica rolls over on the desk wincing at the fire consuming her ass. She trembles as he moves between her legs and slips the egg back up inside her. The sensitivity struck home immediately.  
  
"I believe that was yours. Wear it home you little slut. See you in the morning."  
  
Nodding slowly she stares into his eyes, "Detention next week? Five Teachers. Bring condoms."  
  
Pointing at her nose he growls, "NOBODY KNOWS OF TODAY."  
  
"I won't talk. I swear."  
  
"I'll see what I can do. No promises."  
  
He steps back, bending over to pick up her dress. Holding it out by the strings in front of her.   
  
She claims it and slips it over her head. as soon as it was in place Morrison yanked her into a kiss. A warm succulent kiss. She gave him the sweetest French lesson ever.  
  
One last slap to her ass he grunts, "Get the fuck out of here."  
  
She wiggled toward the door after picking up her glasses and purse. At the door she lifts her skirt once more and rubs her ass on both sides.  
  
With a smile she leaves him feeling like a Beast.  
  
Dane knew he had it in him.  
  
Leaving the school with a limp, Monica found Ryan waiting outside. In his car blaring Metal music. She danced her way into the passenger seat.  
  
"How did it go."  
  
She starts to speak then shrugs, "Boring."  
  
"Tease him?"  
  
"Yep."  
  
"Orgasm in front of him?"  
  
"Yep."  
  
"Was he turned on?"  
  
"Yep."  
  
He didn't need to ask anything more. He knew.  
  
"You okay?"  
  
"YEP!" She turns to face him.  
  
His heart dropped until her hand crept over to his crotch.  
  
"I owe you a hand job."  
  
"You don't have....."  
  
She wrestled his pants open and gripped his cock. He didn't resist.  
  
As she jerked him off she spotted Dane Morrison heading to his car. Her hand moved faster at seeing him.   
  
Ryan noticed.  
  
Regardless he jizzed all over her knuckles.   
  
"Ready?" She smiles at Ryan.  
  
"Yep!"  
  
Reaching her cum coated hand out the window she yells, "Bye Mr. Morrison."  
  
He waved back and got into his car.  
  
Monica never felt so good.  
  
It was an all time high.  
  
Until tomorrow.

**Monica 21: Rinse Charming**

After a delicate Wednesday at school, Monica Gift had showed up Thursday more reserved. She forwent any dress this round and wore a tight sleeveless yellow top with buttons down the front. It did however stop short at the waist sporting her stunning belly button. Another clothing rule broken.   
  
Her pants were white spandex however. Hugging every single curve she had. Her butt crack evident by it's creeping recess. It also offered a serious Cameltoe. Impossible not to notice. It was do or die today. If her dress yesterday met approval from even the Principal she felt it might need another adventurous risk. Today she wore contacts. Her glasses were just too in the way.  
  
Her first few classes met without any difficulty. Even Dane Morrison chose to look the other way even though she did bend over in front of him. She did notice he hid behind his desk more than usual. She presumed his hard on was impossible to conceal.  
  
Her admirers kept mum overall at her request. Too much too soon from the other girls would create unwanted chaos. She needed her followers to benefit her later in the day.  
  
Her last class before lunch she shared with the handsome jock, "Toby". She had made a promise to her new friend Lindsey that she would get Toby naked in front of her. But, only if she did the same for him. Stressfully she agreed.  
  
She had began texting Toby the night before enticing him that she had a surprise for him the following day. He had to cut class at 1:00 to join him outside the Girl's locker room. Her evil smiley face emoticons left him hanging. Toby presumed he was finally going to tag her once and for all. He had a shit eating grin all day long. She merely wagged her finger at him to behave.   
  
At lunch she hooked up with Lindsey to make certain her redheaded friend hadn't changed her mind.  
  
"It's almosssssssssssssst time." Monica playfully jabbed Lindsey Ritter in the ribs.  
  
Lindsey giggled and swatted at her to stop, "Don't bruise me before he see's me."  
  
Eye brows raise at her bravado, "You can't wait can you?"  
  
"I'm still terrified. But, I'm going through with it better or worse."  
  
"I'm proud of you." A soft tender hug is embraced between the two.  
  
"I just hope he doesn't chicken out." Lindsey pats her hands as if praying.  
  
"Doubt it. Remember to be seductive. Just not to over the top that it looks fake." Monica advises.  
  
"I practiced in bed last night. It was so erotic."  
  
"Rubbed that Kitty didn't you?" Monica laughs.  
  
Blushing Lindsey cringes, "Maybe."  
  
"Good for you. I do it every chance I get. And, I get lots of chances." She laughs at herself.  
  
Before any more advice could be given, out of the blue Toby and his friend Carson showed up. He spotted them instantly and casually waved.  
  
"Oh my God! There he is." Lindsey shivers.  
  
"Tease." Monica whispers.  
  
"How?" She shudders.  
  
"Blow him a kiss."  
  
Lindsey smiles warmly and blows a kiss over her palm at him. Toby was taken back by her response. He literally pointed at himself for confirmation it was meant for him. Her affirmation nod was enough to make him blush.  
  
"He's turning red. Oh my God. He's shy."  
  
Monica scowls recalling Toby to be the first dick dangling over her in the Men's room shooting his load on her, "Maybe a little."  
  
"You keep this confidence. I'll see you in the locker room by 1:05. Let's give time for Coach Mary to head upstairs to the gym and teach class."  
  
"Okay. I promise I won't chicken out."  
  
Another hug later Monica steps away.   
  
Moving her way through the cafeteria Monica notes the Teacher's table again scrutinizing over her attire. She merely fluttered her fingers at them and joined Toby and Carson.  
  
"Better eat fast. You're going to need all the energy you can get." She sticks her tongue out at him.  
  
"Oh yeah? So, how come Lindsey blew me a kiss?"  
  
"She likes you. Just give her time."  
  
"Do you like me?" He smirks.  
  
"I like all men. Some girls maybe. Not quite sure just yet."  
  
"Why the girl's locker room?" He narrows his eyes.  
  
"Coach Mary will be upstairs. Loads of privacy. Besides I've already done it in the Men's locker room." She chuckles.  
  
Carson nods at her joking around.  
  
"Cool. I'm game." Toby huffs with a bragging glint toward his Buddy.  
  
"Great. I'm going to go get ready. I can't wait to get you naked." Her eyes bat at him.  
  
Carson whistles and elbows Toby, "Lucky bastard."  
  
"Yup!"  
  
The clock ticked by without haste.   
  
At 1:00 Toby met Monica just outside the girl's locker room. He tried to grab her for a kiss but she slaps his cheek playfully.  
  
"Save it for inside Tough Guy."  
  
He brusquely holds her arms giving her a chill. She got immediately wet from his advance. She had to close her eyes and retreat into herself to keep in check.  
  
"Let's go. I want a shower." She winks up at him.  
  
Letting go she grabs his hand and cautiously leads him through the door. Once inside she locks the door and guides him toward the blind area where the showers and lockers were. It was there he found his ambush.  
  
"Holy!" He growls stopping cold as he spotted Rosa, Chey, Amber, Tamera, Stacy, Gina, Sonya, Thea, and numerous others standing quietly in wait. All were in towels.  
  
"Surprise." Monica nudges him forward.   
  
He was claimed by whispering girls surrounding him and touching him all over. He wasn't sure whether to resist and run or have the time of his life. As towels dropped he gave in without struggle. He was now having Rosa and Chey lifting his t-shirt over his head. His bare chest had very little hair but he was toned from fitness training. They marveled at his abs. He smirked with every ounce of nerve he had. The jock felt overwhelmed.  
  
"Nice. Very nice." He grins down at Rosa. Then Tamera lost her towel. Amber next. When it got to Sonya he winced at her but regardless waved her to abandon it. Surprisingly he found her pudgy body attractive.   
  
Monica slipped out of her own clothing and muscled in on the fun. She unbuckled his belt and unfastened his pants. Stacy and Gina took turns removing his boots and socks. Once ready Monica lowered his pants until he could step out. Only tented up boxers remained.  
  
Monica looks up at him, "Ready for the big surprise?"  
  
He wheezes, "Hell yeah."  
  
The girls that congregated all around him parted to reveal a pair of benches moved side by side with towels placed on them for comfort. On said towels lay the sexy redhead, "Lindsey".  
  
His jaw dropped at her beauty. Sprawled out and supported up on both elbows she sighs heavily.  
  
"You got your wish."  
  
"Daaaaamn! Wasn't expecting this. Wow! Ummmm hi." He swallows.  
  
She caresses her stomach and moves her fingers over her breasts to circle each nipple. All while looking up at him without blinking.  
  
"Worth the wait?" She pouts.  
  
"HELL YES!" He looks toward the ceiling and bellows, "THANK YOU GOD!"  
  
He tries to move over her but the girls crowd in around him. Rosa and Chey slither into his sides and taunt him with their breasts. Nipples teasing his arms and ribcage. They stood on tiptoe and nibbled at his ear lobes. He looked distressed. Afraid that this might be some cruel joke.  
  
Monica then moved behind Lindsey and knelt beside her.   
  
"He's still hiding from you isn't he?"  
  
She nods feverishly, "Yes. I'm naked. He's not."  
  
"Make your move, Sexy." Monica whispers so that only she could hear her.  
  
Lindsey sits up with legs to both sides of the benches. The gap forced her legs wide. She then seductively moved forward to grip the waistband of his boxers.  
  
"I'm going to help you out of these." She tells him with a soft alluring voice.  
  
He nervously nods as her fingers pry the boxers low until his monster cock springs out from under the elastic. The shock of it's appearance made Lindsey drop her jaw and look at it's wag with a mesmerizing gaze.  
  
"Oh my God! He's huge. Sexy but huge."  
  
Toby suddenly smirked, "Glad you like him."  
  
She nods repetitively, "I do."  
  
Monica crawls toward the edge of the benches and pats the end with her hand. Lindsey scooted toward Toby softly and sensually. Her eyes glistening with desire.  
  
He swallowed at her advance but there was no denying it. He was rock hard. Every girl there cooed at the sight of it.  
  
Monica sets up on her knees and whispers to Lindsey, "Do you want to touch it?"  
  
Another helpless round of silent nods she hesitantly raises both hands up to delicately caress his cock. His eyes rolled back at the sensation.  
  
"He's magnificent." Lindsey whimpers petting it with both sets of fingers.  
  
Monica groans silently at her comment. A bit much she thought.  
  
"Do you want me to show you how to stroke him?" Monica offers.  
  
"No. I can do it." She murmurs with confidence.  
  
Monica settles back almost disappointed but knew this wasn't about her desires. She wanted to help her friend.  
  
As Lindsey probed her palms around his girth she watched as Rosa and Chey roamed his chest with their own hands. Behind him stood Amber and Stacy touching his back and scalp. The sight made Lindsey turned on beyond belief.  
  
All around them the other girls began touching themselves. Turned on by the actions taken.  
  
Toby enjoyed her naïve caresses. Finally, Lindsey found his bulging ball sack and marveled at it. Looking up at him with doe like eyes she whispers, "Does it hurt? Being so tight."  
  
He huffs, "Pure agony. God you're beautiful."  
  
"Thank you. I love your body too."  
  
"No. Not just your body Lindsey. Everything about you."  
  
She finds his change in demeanor cute, "I'm glad you like all of me. I'm doing this much at least to show you I'm trying."  
  
"Trying? Truthfully you didn't have to go this far." He clears his throat, "But, I'm glad you did."  
  
She smiles at him warmly, "Sit with me."  
  
The girls gracefully follow his descent as he straddles the bench in front of her. Her fingers resuming their touch of his cock. Now the two were closer.   
  
"You can touch me again if you like." She shyly lowers her gaze.  
  
Cautiously he starts to squeeze her breasts then stops. Instead he chooses to place his palms on both sides of her face and draws her into a kiss.   
  
The girls around them all offer a deep exhale of his choices.  
  
It was romantic.  
  
Even Monica had to whine at them.  
  
After a tender kiss Lindsey lowers her face to kiss his neck, then chest. Her hands roaming his shoulders and biceps. Eventually their trail returned to his cock. Toby had to restrain himself.  
  
"I'm going to lay back now. Will you jerk off and let me watch you?" She gives him the sweetest pout.  
  
"I can do that."  
  
He stands back up and hovers over her legs. It was awkward but he managed. Stroking himself while never once letting his eye contact avert from hers, he felt a sudden need to show her he could ignore the other beauties around him. It wasn't easy. They had began touching him again.  
  
Behind him knelt Amber who marveled at his swaying ball sack. Her hand gravitated in to lightly squeeze them. He noticed but said nothing. As did Lindsey. She too said nothing.  
  
Lindsey bit her lower lip in anticipation. She had seen pornos but never once in person. She knew it would get messy.  
  
Groaning he rapidly moved his hand. The friction driving his sensations to the brink. As his body quaked Lindsey moved closer beneath him until her thighs were directly under him. It was there she coaxed him further. Touching herself she rubbed her clit and offered her own adorable moans.  
  
"Hurry Toby."  
  
Eying her needy glare he nutted like a thunderstorm. Shot after shot he detonated a massive coat of white all over her. Her pubic region flooded. Her belly pelted. Her chest trickling from droplets. In his final throes he lowered toward her massaging fingertips and slapped his dick on her knuckles. She removed her fingers and boldly let him caress his crown over her clit. She looked terrified but remained calm.  
  
"Christ! That was more than I've ever shot." He breathes heavily.  
  
She moans and lays there lifeless.  
  
Monica smirked to herself, "I got more than she did. Lies! Lies! All lies."  
  
The girls suddenly nurtured closer to admire his leftovers on her. Toby had to back away and stand up before he fell backwards. He suddenly realized the girls were hungry. Rosa, Chey, Amber, Tamara, and Gina crouched around Lindsey and began licking his cum off of her body.   
  
Lindsey was in too much ecstasy to fight them. It did feel good after all.   
  
Monica used her index finger and gathered a droplet from Lindsey's chest before Chey sucked on her nipple. With a tender move she placed her finger up to Lindsey's mouth and smeared it on her lips.   
  
Lindsey glanced over at Monica who shared an extremely tender moment with her. Lindsey licked her lips and flared her eyes.  
  
"That tastes good." The redhead whispered.  
  
Monica kissed her on the cheek for just a moment before Lindsey yelped and lifted her gaze. Between her legs was her friend Sonya licking her clit. The girl stared at Lindsey with a grim look of "OH FUCK! WRONG MOVE."  
  
Lindsey crinkled her nose and dropped her head back down. Her left arm covered her eyes.  
  
Sonya decided to continue.  
  
Lindsey let her. The regret would come later. Her friend had a talented tongue.  
  
Above them Toby watched and kept jerking off.   
  
Monica stood up and got dressed. Her mission was over.  
  
The other girls?   
  
Their moans filled the room. Every damned one of them was masturbating.  
  
Toby took turns standing over each of them for inspiration.  
  
After a round of screaming orgasms Toby shot a second load.   
  
Strangely it was on Sonya's ass.  
  
Her expression after lifting her glossy lips from Lindsey's snatch was priceless.  
  
Everyone had a good laugh.  
  
Finally, Toby crouched down beside Lindsey.  
  
"Next time, let's just do this alone. Okay?"  
  
She smiles embarrassed by enjoying Sonya so much. It was unexpected.  
  
"Definitely."  
  
"God you're beautiful." He brushes the red strands from her eyes.  
  
Melting she forces herself up to stand in front of him. She hugs him tightly feeling his wet erection rub against her belly. His hands rub the length of her spine, then her ass cheeks. It was tenderness all the way.  
  
Lindsey was glad things went this far.  
  
Toby embraced her knowing he would fuck her very soon.   
  
Hell, knowing him he would fuck every girl in the room.  
  
Including the chunky goddess Sonya.   
  
Yeah, Toby was a whore. He just played it off with style.  
  
Monica left the locker room before the bell.  
  
Slightly disappointed.  
  
She hadn't even touched herself.  
  
What the hell?

**Monica 22: Lay Away**

Dave Calahan was lucky to still own his Mattress Store. After a nasty divorce his e-wife got everything else. The arrangement got so bad that he secretly lived in his store just to keep it open. With no house to call home he was forced to utilize his own place of employ to lay his weary bones. It was either that or impose on his Sister Lucinda and her family of seven. Not much choice really. He had a back room with a Fridge and Microwave. A table and chairs along with a TV in his break room. The only tough aspect was that he had to bathe in the small powder room set aside for customers. Nothing was going his way. Until today.  
  
This beautiful Friday afternoon might be sparse concerning sales but the rest of his day was looking up.  
  
Dave and his showroom Salesman "Billy" were re-arranging the stock out front to make the furnishings more appealing. He had spent a small fortune on bed linen just to be eye candy in hopes sales might get a boost.  
  
Hearing the front bell tinkle upon entry the two men halted their relocation of a Queen bed set to offer services to the potential customer.   
  
Dave strolled to the front of his store alone. The sight he found took his breath away.  
  
"Well if it isn't the Hammock Girl. How's life Kid?" Dave admired the young beauty before him.  
  
Monica smiled warmly as she approached him in tight white shorts that offered a hint of camel toe, bobby socks with pumps, and a spaghetti string white top that held little to be desired. Her tanned flesh peered through the garment vividly.  
  
"Hi Dave. Miss me?"  
  
The man in his 40's rubbed his chin, "You know it. What brings you to my fine establishment?"  
  
She holds her wrists behind her back to bulge her breasts more, "I'm looking for a comfortable bed....to play in."  
  
His brow raises at her mischief, "Play in?"  
  
"You said I could come play in your store. Here I am." She sways her upper body from side to side.  
  
His pulse rose at the idea that she really took advantage of his offer. He figured that day in her backyard was a one time event. Surely she wouldn't want anything more to do with old farts like he and friends Elvis and Owen.  
  
Contemplating his next move Dave looked over his shoulder to spot where and what younger Billy Samson was up to. He wasn't certain if Billy could be trusted in this situation. He being in his mid-twenties of age.   
  
"A warning might have been better. My sales guy needs to be filled in before I risk this." He frets.  
  
She pouts with a puffy lower lip, "Why? I want everyone to see me. He can too."   
  
"Yea! Problem is he's Gay. I'm not sure how he feels about such things."  
  
Monica fidgets her lips, "Let's find out." She then loudly calls out, "BILLY?"  
  
Her voice carried enough to catch his attention. In seconds the man made his way through the store. Dave was beet red.  
  
"Someone call me?" The five foot five young man with boyish looks approached.  
  
"Hi Billy. I'm Monica. A friend of Dave."  
  
Billy eyed her stunning presence then glared over at Dave with a mental question.  
  
"What am I missing here?" Billy dared to be filled in.  
  
Dave grumbles, "I'm doing my best to try and keep from offending you, Billy."  
  
"Offending me how?" His brow wiggled.  
  
"Dave's afraid you will be upset with the idea of an exhibitionist posing naked in his store."  
  
Billy looks around him dramatically, "Where is He?"   
  
Dave closed his eyes humiliated.  
  
"Not a He. A Me." Monica giggled.  
  
"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! I knew that." Billy chuckled waving his hand at her in a girlish way.  
  
" I'm sorry Billy." Dave whispered.  
  
"Don't be. It's your store. Just don't give me any hassle when I decide to do that." He smirked at Monica.  
  
Monica busted up at his dramatic expression, "Too funny. I like Billy, Dave."  
  
Billy feigns a blush, "I might just make you my new fag hag."  
  
Her eyes flare with mischief, "I kissed a girl and I liked it. But I love boys."  
  
" Well I've done more than that and it was just blah. I love boys too."  
  
"God help me." Dave shakes his head.  
  
"If you're asking for my blessing I say go for it. Just because I'm gay doesn't mean I'm a prude. Besides, Dave needs to get over "Mona". A young sweet thing like you might take his mind off of the Ex."  
  
"Ex? Oh, I'm sorry Dave." Monica felt badly.  
  
"Life goes on Kid."  
  
Monica leans into him offering a hug. He could feel her chest crushing into his. The scent of her hair made him realize that his dick was having fits. He was forced to hide his erection nervously.  
  
Billy noticed immediately pointing at it devilishly, "And, there's my raise."  
  
Monica took a deep breath before laughing, "Oh my God. So funny. It's okay Dave. I know it can't be helped. I'm too hot."  
  
Dave nodded with a smirk, "So! You're okay if I take any risks here, Billy?"  
  
Billy places his left hand on his cheek, "This I have to see."  
  
Dancing in step Monica cheers with clapping hands, "How can we make this extra awesome?"  
  
Dave shrugs looking at Billy, "Any ideas?"  
  
"So I'm a Bedding Planner now?"  
  
"Oh my God! I'm going to pee." She laughs harder.  
  
"Not on my fresh linen." Billy hisses.  
  
"So I suppose cumming on said linen is out of the question too." She giggles and rubs up on Dave in front of Billy.  
  
"Ordinarily I would say No." He frowns mid smirk, "But, if you can make David here smile for even a minute I'll allow it."  
  
Dave rolls his eyes, "IT'S MY STORE."   
  
"I have nothing more to say." Billy humbly excuses himself laughing.  
  
Dave groans as Monica decides to hug him, her chest crushing hard into his.  
  
"Can I do anything I want?" She peers up at him with doe like eyes.  
  
"Christ Almighty! Yeah! It's only illegal. Hell I barely do business enough to stay open as is."  
  
She felt bad suddenly, "Is it really that bad?"  
  
"Yeah! I'm probably going to have to let poor Billy go here soon. Can't afford to pay him."  
  
She increases her hugs strength making Dave sigh and rub the length of her spine.  
  
"What if we did something to increase business?" She digs her chin into his chest.  
  
"What are you suggesting?"  
  
She releases him and runs her hands through her long brown hair, "How about we have a raffle?"  
  
"What? Raffle off a bed?" He looked puzzled.  
  
"Yes. Something cheaper. But the raffle gets better. The winner gets to give me a naked baby oil massage on said bed. Wherever they want to set the bed up. Condition being it must be set up outdoors."  
  
"Hmmmm! I might just buy all the tickets." He chuckles.  
  
"Why would you put yourself deeper in debt? You can do that to me just by asking."  
  
His brows raise out of surprise, "Really?"  
  
"Absolutely. You and your friends helped me awhile back. I'll return the favor."  
  
"After Billy heads home?" He hints.  
  
"Sure! But let's do something crazy before then. That bed set up in the front window facing the street. I want to masturbate on it with people walking by."  
  
"Busy sidewalk. That Vapor store next door does lots of business. Hell, all the stores around me do more business than I do."  
  
"You go make up 20 raffle numbers on paper. I'll find us some buyers."  
  
Twisting in step she wiggles away. Her shorts barely containing her ass cheeks. Dave had to slap his face at his luck.  
  
Monica left his storefront and stepped next door to the adjoining building. A Vapor shop called, "Darth Vapor's".  
  
Entering she discovered a pair of Stoner types in their late 20's running the store. They immediately took interest in her and jumped to assist.  
  
"Can we help you?" Said he shorter of the two.  
  
She looks around at the different types of flavors in a large case.  
  
"Do you sell a flavor called, "Sexy Bitch"?"  
  
Both shake their heads, "Can't say that we have."  
  
"How about "Perfect Body"?"  
  
"Nope." He eyes her chest, her nipples grandstanding for their pleasure.  
  
"That's okay. I don't smoke anyway. But, now that I have your attention can I ask you a question?" She stretches on her toes.  
  
The taller bearded Salesman hisses, "Shoot."  
  
"Do you two think I'm sexy?"  
  
Both men drop their jaws and utter as one voice, "Yes."  
  
"So sweet. Thank you. Can I be blunt with you?"  
  
"Yeah." They nod.  
  
"I'm going to masturbate in the front window of the Mattress store in about an hour. Would you watch me?"  
  
They offer a numb expression of disbelief. The taller one decides to speak, "No way."  
  
She pinches her nipples in front of them while nodding affirmatively slow and innocently.  
  
"My friend Dave is raffling off a bed too. Fifty dollar entry per raffle ticket. Incentive being, if you win you get to give me a baby oil massage on that bed. Condition being the winner must set the bed up outdoors for all too see. His choice where."  
  
The men stand unblinking at her words.   
  
"This a joke?" The shorter man mutters.  
  
"Not at all. Interested? Please say yes." She bites her lower lip and dances on her toes.  
  
A shrug amongst themselves they still doubt her intent. Finally Monica fidgets a moment before just lifting her shirt up to show them her breasts. That was enough to convince them.  
  
"Fifty dollars a ticket right?" The shorter man,"Paul" rubs the back of his neck.  
  
"Yes. Can I count on you two?"  
  
Nodding with conviction the men agree.  
  
"Awesome. If you have friends that are trustworthy call them and get them next door in about fifty minutes. Deal?"  
  
"On it." The taller man, "Nick" quickly replies. Both men had their cells out at the same time.  
  
"Oh, and if for any reason neither of you win the raffle? I'll come back another day and do a raffle at your store. Anything I can help to get you guys business."  
  
Their eyes meet at the possibilities.   
  
She wiggles away smiling. She knew she was on a roll.  
  
Returning to Dave's she laughs at seeing Billy spreading rose petals on the bed in the showroom window.  
  
"So sweet. Thank you for being on my side." She steps over to the man.  
  
"Oh these aren't for you. I'm going to have my own raffle and jerk off in the window after you're done. I might get in on the action."  
  
"You should." She busts up laughing.  
  
"Two can play this game."  
  
"Absolutely."  
  
"I'm just kidding. While I might wince at seeing you naked I do admire your boldness. Now if you get any handsome young men naked I might start howling."  
  
"I'll do my best. Just for you."  
  
"Give me a hug you Bitch." He smirks.  
  
She jumps at the offer.  
  
Dave returns with a bowl filled with cut up numbers.  
  
"I only made 10 numbers up. I didn't see much reason to make more. This is too short notice to get many folks in here for this."  
  
"Ye of little faith." Monica sighs with a frown.  
  
"I just hate losing money. While this bed isn't top of the line it's still not cheap."  
  
"Relax. Once tonight is over you will thank me." She convinces with a grin.  
  
Looking at his watch Dave returns his gaze to Billy.  
  
"Where the hell did you find rose petals?" Dave discovers the mess.  
  
Billy smirks, "I never leave home without them. I'm a romantic."  
  
Dave slaps his forehead, "Unbelievable."  
  
As the clock runs out Monica begins to realize her idea might have gone south. Nobody had showed up. Still, traffic was heavy. Mostly in cars though. The sidewalks were getting scarce of people so late in the evening.   
  
Finally, she shrugs and looks at Dave, "Guess I'm all yours."  
  
He merely stared at her hurtful expression, "Sorry Kid."  
  
She shrugs, "I'm still doing this."  
  
With another glare outside she pulls her shirt up over her head and stood topless. The shorts dropped equally as fast. Now only in her bobby socks she threw her arms in the air to cry out.  
  
"FREE AT LAST!"  
  
Billy covered his eyes and excused himself, heading to the back of the store.   
  
Crawling up on to the mattress Monica faced the massive window of the store. Propping her upper body under pillows for a more perched appearance she spreads her legs and begins massaging her clit.  
  
Dave eyes her then has a brilliant idea. He leaves her to head outside and face his own showroom window to watch her. He even went so far as to record her on his cellphone. This made Monica smile.  
  
Her smile brewed as Dave's friends Elvis and Owen showed up parking in front of the store at angles. Then came friends of theirs. Mechanics from Owen's car sales.   
  
Before long there were seven viewers outside.   
  
Then stepped out the Vapor boys, "Nick and Paul". They were accompanied by three of their friends whom disbelieved their story when they had called them. All eyes now knew for certain it was a fact.  
  
Dave raced in to get his raffle papers and stopped just long enough to look at Monica.  
  
"GET BUSY."  
  
She laughed at his frantic outburst and forced herself to give a better show.  
  
As she saw money being handed over and numbers given out she whimpered at her sensations igniting within.  
  
Burrowing fingers up inside her pussy with her left hand and stimulating her clit with her right hand she was building up for a liquid fireworks display.  
  
As the gathering watched her intently even more people took interest. Dave was forced to race back inside to make up more raffles. Luckily Billy was way ahead of him. He had seen the crowd grow and had helped his boss out.  
  
"Thanks Billy. This is insane." Dave races away.  
  
Under his breath Billy chuckles, "Just wait until they realize it's me they win with the bed."  
  
He was joking of course.  
  
After selling twenty two raffle tickets Monica became so in tune that she squirted all over her knuckle. The scene generated a greedy applause from outside. Her hormones wouldn't let her stop. After a minute of titty teasing for them she rolled over and propped her ass in the air mere inches from the window. She then began masturbating all over again in a doggy style position. In her glorious ecstasy Monica buried her face into the pillows moaning and crying out her vivid reality.  
  
Dave decided to be sneaky and bring the gathering indoors without her knowing. Silently the group enters and surrounds the bed. During her quest for Nirvana she screams and detonates a second round of scalding hot juices.  
  
Still with her butt in the air posing, Dave decided to lean in and slap her on the ass.  
  
The shock made her squeal and lift her face away from the pillows. Eying the group she makes eye contact with each of them.  
  
"Well hello there." She giggles.  
  
Rearing up on her knees she crushes her 34DDD's beneath her squeezing hands. All eyes dropped to watch her playfully jostle her boobs about. Tongue swirling her nipples in unison of each other.  
  
"Best drive-in movie I ever saw." Owen chuckles.  
  
The band of men smirk amongst themselves at his jest. Age showed.  
  
Monica nibbles her lower lip then pats the mattress all around her, encouraging everyone to sit down. Greedy the bunch follows her lead and do as told. She then makes a journey from one to the next hugging them from behind and trailing her nipples along their shoulders and neckline. The men were mesmerized and receptive.  
  
"Which one of you wants to win this bed?" She softly, seductively recites.  
  
"ME!" They all erupt.  
  
She shyly settles back on to her calves.  
  
"Who wants to give me a massage on this bed?"  
  
"Cut it out. We all do and you know it." Dave rolls his eyes as the men laugh.  
  
"I meant now. Not after they win the bed." She coyly points out with a sly grin.  
  
This made the group stir. They all would love to.  
  
"Dave? Call out the number of the bed winner first."  
  
He nods at her request. Digging from a second written copy of the numbers in a jar he calls out, "17"  
  
She giggles, "Not any more. I just turned 18."  
  
Their eyes bulge at her comment.   
  
"It's true. She's 18 so stop your panicking." Dave scowls.  
  
The winner was Nick's friend "Wade". Wade was a stoner with long blond hair and worked at a Car Wash.  
  
Hugging him for winning she whispers into his ear, "Take me and the bed anywhere you want. As long as it's outdoors and people can see you massage me all over."  
  
He chuckles, "Maybe a Car Wash stall where I work."   
  
She claps her hands with a rapid joy at his idea.  
  
Once accepted Monica turns to Dave, " Now call out a number to see who gets to massage me right here, right now. On another bed, of course."  
  
Dave offers a hesitant expression. He hadn't planned on utilizing every bed in the store. Grimacing he reaches in for another number and calls out, "5" .  
  
A mechanic from Owen's dealership chuckles and reveals his number to everyone. All around him he heard groans from those who were not selected.  
  
Monica pouted at their behavior. She hadn't counted on their desires becoming so evident.  
  
As she fidgeted a familiar voice called out from the far end of the room.  
  
"Oh just let them all massage you already." grumbled Billy.  
  
Her eyes located him and she smiled as he dangled what appeared to be rope and a ball gag.  
  
Dave shakes his head in thought, "Does Billy keep all of this crap in my store?"  
  
Before Dave could react further Monica crawled off of the bed and seductively wiggled her way toward Billy. Reaching him she offers him a devilish look.  
  
"Use these much?" She hisses.  
  
"Every chance I get. Let's tie your hoochie coochie up."  
  
Giddy she holds a finger up to make everyone wait there a moment. This gave Billy a chance to bring her to a King Size bed complete with a stunning wrought iron headboard and footboard combo. He had already placed a disposable cloth over the mattress itself. The covering would keep the use of any oils from getting to the mattress and staining it.  
  
Monica hops into bed and looks confused.  
  
"Never been tied up before?" Billy raises a brow.  
  
"Actually, no. Should I lay on my front or back?"  
  
"When I do it I lay on my belly. Obvious reasons." He pats his own ass delicately.  
  
She huffs, "TMI!"  
  
Regardless she stretched out on her stomach and let Billy tie her ankles wide and tightly to the footboard. Her wrists were then bound snugly to the headboard. So tightly that she couldn't flex her limbs an inch.  
  
"There! Now for the final touch." He then places a ball between her lips and tethered a leather strap around her head. Her hair carefully laid to her left profile to expose her succulent neckline.   
  
"Ready Boo?" Billy sighs heavily.  
  
With a muffled "Mmmhmm!" She settles there in wait.  
  
Billy lifts a bottle of baby oil over his head, "Come and get me. I mean HER."  
  
The group filters around from all angles until they see her bound spread eagle. Their comments were brutally honest. They all loved her ass and the perfect little hole in it. Her cheeks widely expressing both the cavity and her clam shaped pussy. They could tell she was tightening her abdomen and leg muscles. It was like her pussy was breathing.  
  
Dave glanced at Billy with concern. Billy merely waved a set of fingers as if to tell him to relax. That wasn't going to happen.  
  
Each of the group found a place to sit on the mattress. Going so far as to crawl over the footboard to sit between her legs. The mechanic "Ross", who had won this massage took a pillow and carefully placed it under her belly to hoist her ass in the air more vibrantly. It was a work of art.  
  
Billy then offered him the baby oil bottle as if giving him an Award. He accepted graciously.  
  
Tilting the bottle high he coated every visible inch of her flesh. Billy had even heated the oil in the microwave for a tender feeling of warmth. Monica cooed.  
  
Ross then led the way to massaging her spine and shoulders. He nodded to the others to enjoy her arms and legs. Before long she adored six sets of hands roaming her flesh.  
  
Nick from the Vapor store began squeezing her ass cheeks, prying them apart for a lively exposure of inviting temptation. His thumbs teased her ass hole causing her to expel a confined exhale. Followed by a whimper of pleasure. With that she burrows her face directly into the mattress.   
  
Dave begins feeling awkward about everything even though friends Owen and Elvis nudge him for being their hero. He didn't feel like one. It all felt wrong. This young girl might be old enough to make her own decisions but she still seemed to follow along when others threw ideas at her. Was this her decision or was she just trying to make everyone else happy? He knew one thing. The massage was as far as this gathering was going to get. Enough was enough.

Turning to look at Billy he spotted the gay gentleman with his own hand down his pants fondling himself. It wasn't Monica that had his focus though. It was easy to realize it was all of the concealed erections that the men had which was the cause. With a scowl and an albeit angry look at Billy the gay man rolled his eyes and pulled his hand from his pants.   
  
Fingers discovered her labia and slipped inside her. Nick and a friend named "Patton" were exploring the pink recesses of her pussy. Her moans were enough to offer them hope that this might progress further.  
  
With Dave's returning gaze he spots the men digging in and clears his throat loudly.  
  
"The massage doesn't include inside there Fellas."  
  
Below them Monica rears her head back and attempts to locate Dave. He edges around the others and kneels beside her to see her trembling eyes.  
  
"Do you want them to stop Honey?" He surmises.  
  
Shaking her head negatively he hears a strangling, "NOOOOOOOOOOOO!"  
  
His gut required antacid at that point. This was going beyond his comfort zone. Still he looked over at Owen and Elvis for direction.  
  
Finally, Dave rises and throws his palms in the air.  
  
"Get her off then stop. Nobody is having sex with her in my store. Am I clear?"  
  
The men groan at his choices but they comply. With help lifting her hips even higher Nick twists and turns his three submerged fingers and finger fucks her. Her shrill muffled screams echoed throughout the showroom.   
  
Patton had began slapping her ass as well.  
  
Dave had to step outside and smoke.  
  
In minutes Monica juiced the bed covers beneath her and Nick's knuckles. Her straining against the ropes binding her was a show all by itself. The struggle was a major turn on.  
  
Finally, Billy intervened and untied her hands and ankles from the rails. She still had the ropes attached to her limbs for show.  
  
Rolling over ever so slowly on to her back she gave the group a look of yearning. She outstretched her arms and legs once more. The guys took the hint and retied her body tauntly to the bed rails. Now they had a full frontal view of her heaving chest and hungry eyes. The ball gag forced drool over her cheeks.   
  
Just seeing her helplessness the men eyed each other for further decisions. Did anybody want to keep things going?   
  
Ross Devlin certainly did. The baby oil flowed freely across her body. Hands decided instantly to at least frolic over her chest and belly. Everyone had their chances in crushing her tits together and slickly pinching her nipples.   
  
It wasn't long before fingers fed her pussy once again. Hands took turns inserting and exiting. All but three of the guests had knuckled her hole. Her eyes were trembling and glossy. Her soft moans pleaded through the ball gag.  
  
"Want this thing off?" Owen settles next to her head. Her nod affirmed his option. In seconds he unbuckled it and removed it in a spatter of saliva.  
  
Swallowing to catch her breath she huffs, "Please don't stop."  
  
Everyone scans about for Dave discovering Billy instead. Billy's eyes bulged at their expectant reliance on him for a decision.  
  
Monica quickly glares at Billy, "Please Billy. Let me go further."   
  
Billy throw's his hands up, "That's not for me to allow. I'm out."  
  
Abandoning them Billy shuffles toward the front door. Just outside he faces Dave.  
  
"You might want to get in there. That girl is caaaaaraaaazy."  
  
Flicking his albeit cashed cigarette butt into the street Dave bolted back inside. His blood pressure soaring he reaches the bed side and drops his jaw.  
  
The group had untied Monica's ankles and had forced them back under her suspended arms. There they retied her ankles to her elbows. She was hogtied and trembling sensually like a leaf. In this position she was like a butterfly of beauty. Her pussy free for the taking. They had even replanted the ball gag back into place to keep her mouth confined against any sudden outbursts.  
  
Pants were dropping like flies and dicks were wagging in her direction. Monica's eyes were flared with uncertainty. There were no condoms present.   
  
Dave started to hold his breath when Billy returned to see the sausage party, his words out of pure awe, "Oh, now I'm so in."  
  
Dave growls, "KNOCK IT OFF! ALL OF YOU. OUT OF MY DAMNED STORE."  
  
Nudging his buddies at first they pulled their pants up and vacated. Followed by Owen's mechanics. Then the Vapor Boys and their friends. This left only Dave. Billy chased after the group like a lost puppy.  
  
As the front door closed Dave turned to the trussed up Monica.  
  
"Are you bonkers?" Dave snaps.  
  
She nods her head affirmatively then winks at him. He merely sneers at her before turning to Billy in the distance.  
  
"GO THE FUCK HOME!" Dave yelled.  
  
Billy vanished out the door with a jingle of the exit bell.  
  
With all quiet Dave journeys to lock the door and lower the lights in the showroom. It was dark outside now and he felt more comfortable that nobody would return.  
  
Monica merely laid there waiting. Her binds becoming less painful. As Dave reached her she found him taking his clothing off. Down to his boxers he grumbles.  
  
"Want me to untie you?"  
  
Her head shakes negatively. She was happy in her current position.  
  
"Sorry Kid. I couldn't let those bloodhounds loose in my store like that. I wanted you all to myself. That okay with you?"  
  
Again her head nods joyously.  
  
Dave drops his boxers and crawls into bed between her trickling thighs. There he poised his erection and slowly teased her clitoris. Her muffled moans led to his entry. Her pussy tight and warm.  
  
"You wanted this all along didn't you?" He whispers.  
  
Nodding she rubs her cheek on his. The tenderness meant everything.  
  
Dave fucked her silly.  
  
Until age took over.   
  
It was enough for him. He stood up and got dressed.  
  
An hour later Monica was untied and released.   
  
Stretching her limbs from their accrued numbness she struts over to hug Dave. He melted at her embrace.  
  
"Thank you Dave."  
  
He smirks, "Who am I kidding. You wanted all of those guys."  
  
She shrugs helplessly, "I'm fine with just you. I made your day."  
  
"That you did. Let's not do this again."  
  
As she gathers her clothing they walk to the front entrance before he realized she was still nude. Before he unlocks the door he sizes her up, "Going out like that?"  
  
She puckers then gives him a kiss on the cheek.   
  
Her exit answered his question.  
  
She left with her clothes over her shoulder.  
  
Stepping next door she found the Vapor Store closed.   
  
Frustrated she walked home.  
  
It was only six blocks.  
  
She made friends along the way.

**Monica 23: Dial Tone**

Saturday morning was looking up as Monica woke up to the sounds of birds chirping outside her bedroom window. She rested well for once. It had been an exhausting week at school. Her antics had gained a following. She had played matchmaker. Had multiple orgasms in school. Even seduced her History Teacher. Just last night she had sex in of all places a Mattress store. The only thing that could have made it better is if she had gotten to go as far as she wanted to. Her friend Dave had other ideas. She didn't hold it against him.   
  
Future connections were made in her mission to be the exhibitionist supreme she desired to be.  
  
As she laid there at 8:34 AM she heard her cell phone ping next to her on the bedside stand. Plugged in to charge she carefully handled it.  
  
Blurred vision at first she read the text, "Are you awake?"  
  
"It's from Brock next door." She wrote back saying, "See for yourself Daddy Perv." She crawled from bed nude and stood in front of her window to let her neighbor see her. She shook her boobs to be mean.  
  
He texts back, "Looking perky this morning."  
  
Giggling she types, "I need a shower."  
  
"My shower is hot. Come on over. Ryan's gone."  
  
She knew Ryan had to go help set up the Pizza parlor for Prep. Still she frowns, "I can't. Parents are home."  
  
"Saw your Mom leave twenty minutes ago. Only Aaron's at home."  
  
This piqued her curiosity. It had been nearly two weeks since her shopping trip with her Father. Usually he was up hitting the gym by now. Fidgeting she texts back, "Raincheck Daddy?"  
  
"Sure. Oh by the way. I have the news you've been waiting for." He writes.  
  
Her pulse quickens, "Good news?"  
  
After a long wait he returns with, "Tonight if you want."  
  
The news makes her dance in step. Even though her ass was still tender from Morrison's hand and the guys from the Mattress store she was eager to reach this particular goal. She opens her screen and sticks her upper body out of the window. She waves up at Brock looking down at her. He loved her zest for life.  
  
Quietly Monica calls Brock and whispers, "I'm too excited to type. So, your friend Holly gave me the go?"  
  
"Sure did. On conditions."  
  
"What conditions?" She whispers looking over her shoulder for shadows under her door. Just in case her Dad was near.  
  
"Nothing good. He said he's put the word out about a young hottie wanting to strip for the bar. Sounds like a packed club if you can handle it."  
  
Dancing in step she bites her knuckle, "I can handle it."  
  
"Once you enter Holly locks the door. You don't leave until Dawn."  
  
"Okay."  
  
"Everybody gets to touch you. Turn anyone down he boots you out."  
  
"You know I love being touched."  
  
He sighs, "They're allowed to get a lil rough but he forbids violence."  
  
"How rough?"  
  
"You really gotta ask that?"  
  
"Sexually? You know before I worried about that. I've had time to think differently. I'll deal with sex if it gets wild. I'll mostly just dance and flirt and let them paw me up."  
  
"Monica. You know damned well a bunch of drunk horny men will take full advantage of a sexy young girl like you."  
  
Her heart skips a beat as she tells herself, "God I hope so."  
  
"Still there?" He worries.  
  
"Yes. I'm not worried as long as you're there."  
  
"That's just it. I have to wait outside. I'm just your ride."  
  
"Seriously?" She was glad to hear of that condition. She was stressed that Brock might interfere.  
  
"Yeah. On your own Kid. Not too late to back out."  
  
"Nope. Just tell Holly to enforce condoms."  
  
"Holly's an old Biker. He won't obey your wishes. It's one hell of a Russian Roulette Monica. You sure?"  
  
A grim reality sets in, "I'm on birth control at least."  
  
"That doesn't prevent STD's."  
  
"Quit trying to scare me. I'm prepared mentally. What time do you want me to meet you out back?"  
  
"I'll text you when I'm ready. Probably around Midnight."  
  
"Hopefully my parents leave town. I'll go out and grill my Dad and see what their plans are."  
  
"Okay. Talk at you later."  
  
"Bye Daddy." She hangs up and blows him a kiss. She watched him jerk off looking down at her. Through his opened bedroom window he shot cum down into his yard. She clapped at his performance.  
  
Closing her window she races to her bathroom and grabbed a ten minute shower. She needed to clean herself up. She reeked of sex. Perfume concealed only so much.  
  
Draped in a short towel tied around her tiny body she opens her bedroom door and steps out. Shuffling to the Kitchen she discovers her Father Aaron reading the morning paper. She lays her cell on the table beside him without a thought.  
  
"Wow. You're home still? Where's Mom?"  
  
Aaron lowers his paper and leers over his shoulder at his daughter.  
  
"Had to drive over to Princeton. There's an Antique Auction tonight. She offered to help the Owners."  
  
"Sounds fun. What about you? No golf with clients? No mountain climbing in the Swiss Alps?"  
  
She opens the refrigerator to grab a bottle of juice. While bending over her towel declined to hide her bare ass. She knew her Father was staring.  
  
He hadn't said a whole lot since their sexual encounter awhile back. She didn't really push it. There was a part of her that felt guilty of betraying her Mother.  
  
"Have you eaten breakfast?" She closes the refrigerator door and turns to face him.   
  
Thinking with a vivid expression he closes his paper neatly and sets it in the chair next to him. He then rotated in his seat to grab her by the waist.  
  
"I was just about to do that."  
  
Caught off balance she squeals as he drags her towel off of her and brusquely hoists her on to the table in front of him. He pried her legs wide and eyed her beautiful snatch.  
  
"I was thinking more of eggs and bacon." She giggles as he rubs the insides of her thighs.  
  
"I was just recalling how tasty you were awhile back."  
  
"I'm all yours Daddy. I told you that before."  
  
"I know you did." He kisses her left foot which he poises before him. Sucking her toes made her giggle and try to get away.  
  
"That tickles soooo much."  
  
"I remember making you laugh as a baby by doing that." He chuckles then growls, "Dammit! That sounded all pedophile didn't it?"  
  
"Yeah. But I know what you meant."  
  
"Okay. Memory lane is closed. I'm going in."  
  
He rubs his chin then collides his tongue with her clit. The lapping made her toes curl and she whimpers to his delight.  
  
"Oh my God, Daddy. That feels ssoooooooooo good."  
  
He slows up to murmur, "Miss me?"  
  
She reaches for him trying to set up but he had her pinned, "Very much."  
  
He notices the rosy tint to her ass cheeks, "Who's been spanking that bottom?"  
  
"Who hasn't?" She giggles rubbing her foot along his bicep.   
  
Aaron Gift rears back suddenly.  
  
"Still swear never to get mad at me?" She rubs her clit to keep his interest.  
  
Shaking his head he grunts, "I don't wanna know do I?"  
  
"I will tell you anything and everything as long as you don't punish me."  
  
He considers her offer but knows he's already made his bed of roses by sampling his kid. How could he be cross with her?  
  
"Fill me in while I eat."  
  
He draws her closer on the table and devours her pussy. His tongue dipped inside her making her squirm and tense up.  
  
Whimpering and moaning she goes into details.  
  
"I had a vibrating egg inside me during History class. I had an orgasm."  
  
He mumbled with his mouth full, "Sounds interesting."  
  
"I got Detention for it. Our secret from this point onward?" She quivers.  
  
Nodding he flicked her clit like a lizard.  
  
"I fucked Mr. Morrison in Detention. It was sooooooooooo HOT!" She rubbed herself above his forehead as he ate her.  
  
Aaron surprisingly didn't pull away. This made her continue.  
  
A finger teases her anal cavity making her squirm and lube up before his eyes.  
  
"I went out of town and sunbathed nude at a big park. Talked to lots of guys there. Fucked a few."  
  
Each time she added more Aaron ate her harder. She was quickly feeling his attentions.  
  
"Fuck! Ohhh Daddy."  
  
Fingers slide inside her pussy as he nibbles her clit. Twisting and turning.  
  
"Do you hate me Daddy?" Guilt struck her for telling him her hijinks.  
  
"No." He races his fingers in and out of her until he heard a sloshing sound of how wet she was getting.   
  
"I'm becoming a slut."  
  
"Somehow I knew that."  
  
"I can't stop driving men crazy. I love to make them want me. Even girls in school like me."  
  
He chuckles, "Maybe you should have a slumber party sometime."  
  
She tenses and squeezes her tits firmly, "All boys or all girls?"  
  
He shakes his head nuzzling her tiny triangle of pubic hair.  
  
"Girls of course. Invite your blond friend Lisa."  
  
Monica lifts her head, "You want to fuck Lisa?"  
  
"She was pretty sweet. Married though right?"  
  
"So are you."  
  
"Don't remind me. You can't get mad at me if I'm not allowed to give you hell."  
  
"Give my pussy hell Daddy."  
  
Aaron winces at her then smirks, "Wanna see what your ole Man's got?"  
  
"Yes." She hisses.  
  
Aaron stands up placing her right knee under his armpit then vengefully finger fucks her like a madman. The rhythm was so fast that her head began to spin. In and out he blessed her with the God of Speed. She screamed and covered her mouth as her juices flowed. With an insanity crying within Monica gushes like a fountain drowning the table cloth and the floor below.  
  
Admiring her mess Aaron leans over his daughter and bites a nipple.  
  
"Owwww! Shit! Shit! Shit! That was incredible."  
  
"Didn't know your Daddy had some tricks in him did you?"  
  
He lifts her up to sit on the table and cradles her in his arms.  
  
"I love you Daddy."  
  
"Love you too. Even if my baby girl confesses to be a slut."  
  
Laughing she looks up at him, "Fuck me?"  
  
He sighs, "Not this time sweetheart. Lil here and there but not this round."  
  
She pouts and reaches low to grab his erection behind his sweatpants. She refused to take no for an answer.  
  
Dropping back into his chair he pats her legs, "Now! Now! I said no."  
  
Whining she kicks her feet like a baby.  
  
Finally, she stops and accepts his wishes.  
  
"I have a busy night anyway. I need to conserve my energy."  
  
Aaron sits back and eyes her, "Meaning?"  
  
"Meaning I have plans." She sticks her tongue out at him.   
  
He frowns, "Okay. Keep your secrets for now. Just don't get hurt."  
  
"I won't. Oh, we should try anal sometime. I found out I really like that."  
  
"Yep. Slut."  
  
She nods repeatedly, "Hand job at least?"  
  
Her brow raises with the hope he might say yes.  
  
"Fine." He relents.  
  
She hops down and leads him into the Living Room. He drops his sweats and lets his beast roam free. Monica knelt before him and took both hands to task. Her Father was that large.  
  
Watching her rub her pussy for lubrication to lather him up he merely chuckled.  
  
She was becoming a pro at this. Hell, she was becoming a pro at everything sexual.  
  
"Am I doing okay Daddy?"  
  
She corkscrews his crow making him grit his teeth. Not even his Wife had ever did that.  
  
"Perfect. Stroke it faster."  
  
As she built up steam the cordless phone next to them on the table rang. Aaron eyes the annoyance and decides to look at it. His eyes narrow, "It's your Mother."  
  
Monica's eyes flare, "You should answer it."  
  
Squinting at her he growls, "Are you nuts?"  
  
"I dare you." She teases him with an open jaw of "DO IT".  
  
He shakes his head, "Be quiet."  
  
Answering he livens up, "Hey Sweetheart. How's the Auction?"  
  
Monica could hear her Mother blathering about all of the Antiques she wanted. The entire time she stroked his cock harder and faster. He huffed a number of times and closed his eyes at the brewing sensations.  
  
"We don't need a piano." He sneers.  
  
As the conversation continued Monica felt mischievous. She leaned forward and swallowed his cock whole looking up at him with daring eyes. Kneading at his balls only made him squirm harder.  
  
Groaning aloud his Wife questioned what he was doing.  
  
"Muscle spasm. Working out the kinks as we talk."  
  
Monica gave him vicious head until her face turned blue from lack of air. Finally, Aaron planted his massive hand on top of her head and forced his daughter to stay there longer. Eventually, he released her up for a loud gasp.  
  
The breath knocked out of her was echoing. So much so her Mother wondered what that was.  
  
"Monica just woke up. Yawning out loud. Morning Sweetie."  
  
"Morning Daddy. What's up?" She mumbled so that her Mother heard her convincingly.  
  
"Me." He winked.  
  
Monica smirked then went low to suck on his balls. So hard that he grit his teeth.   
  
"Sorry Honey. Our wondrous daughter is being stupid."  
  
Monica lets up and playfully adds, "Mom? Dad's sitting on the TV remote."  
  
He hears her Mother chuckle and tell him to behave.  
  
"Hey! Watch it Youngster. I'll turn you over my knee."  
  
Monica smiles brightly then lays across his lap. He pats her silently on the butt then sticks his pinky in her ass hole. The shock made her jump and squeal.  
  
Another debriefing occurs as Aaron covers his tracks.  
  
"She's wrestling with me. I jabbed her in the ribs. Tickling her now."  
  
He really does this time. His fingers know her ticklish spots well. Giggling she crawls to her knees on the couch and points at him to stop. He makes a face at her which prompts Monica to take him into an uncomfortable zone.  
  
Straddling his lap she reaches beneath her and guides his cock up inside her. Sitting down on him she hugs him with an evil grin.  
  
"What was that Hon?" Aaron didn't quite hear his Wife.  
  
Nodding with a confused look Aaron felt his daughter gyrate on top of him. Up and down softly and sensually. His voice cracked in his conversation.  
  
"Yeah. Buy that. Feels good. I mean it feels right. To purchase." He presses his lips together as Monica moves up and down harder.  
  
"Are you two still wrestling?" Charlotte Gift was heard to say.  
  
Monica took the initiative and stretched to the table next to the sofa. From the phone cradle she put her Mother on speaker.  
  
Aaron's eyes grew large and he dropped his phone.  
  
"Aaron?"   
  
"I'm here. Keep talking."  
  
Monica smothers her Father in warm close intimate caresses. Her chest coaxing his mouth to feast on her nipples.  
  
He did just that as Charlotte rambled on.  
  
"Do you remember that cute little bicycle we bought Monica for her 5th birthday?"  
  
"I loved that bike. I rode it everywhere. Up and down alleys. I remember Daddy holding my arm and back when the training wheels were removed."  
  
He rubs her back from butt to neck sensually. This was just too erotic.  
  
"That brings back memories. Doesn't it Aaron?" Charlotte sighs.  
  
"Yup. Every time she went down I helped her back up. Rode that sucker like a champ."  
  
Monica giggled and licked her Father's nose. His cock felt snug and strong within her.  
  
"Anyways. I just noticed a similar bike here at the Auction. Oh, speaking of Auctions. Monica dear I got a piece of mail from your school about a Class Slave Auction. Parents bid on students to do chores and stuff and the money goes to a worthy charity."  
  
Monica moans as she slides up and down his shaft, "Sounds fun. I hope somebody cool buys me."  
  
"It is for a good cause. The local Nursing Home needs wheelchairs."  
  
"If this muscle of mine doesn't ease up I might need a wheelchair."  
  
"In your neck?" Charlotte knows he always has neck strain.  
  
"Yeah. Kinked up bad."  
  
"Monica? Massage your Father's neck for him."  
  
"I can do that." She sighs throwing her arms around his neck and leaning in to kiss him on the lips. He moans and kisses her long and hard. The atmosphere was smoldering.   
  
"I hear that. You must be doing something right." Charlotte is oblivious.  
  
Aaron pulls away and gasps, "Our daughter has magical hands. Little to the left Sweetheart."  
  
He holds her body and rolls them both over to lay on the sofa. His dick never leaving her. He positions her on her back and holds her right ankle out at arms length. Aaron Gift fucked his daughter missionary.  
  
He held a couch cushion over his daughter's face to mask her escalating moans. Even through the padding her whines were shrill.  
  
"Feeling better?" Charlotte strays away as if looking through Auction items.  
  
Aaron grunts, "Getting there."  
  
His entry and exits were soft and sensual now. He chose to remove the cushion and look into his daughter's watery eyes.  
  
"That's just beautiful." He murmurs.  
  
"I'm glad I could help you Daddy."  
  
"Little longer Sweetheart. A few more kinks."  
  
"I'm going to spoil him Mom."  
  
Charlotte sighs, "I'm sure you will. Is there anything you want me to look for Honey?"  
  
Monica digs her nails into her Father's ribs forcing a loud guttural, "FUCK!"  
  
Charlotte acts worried, "What happened?"  
  
"I dug my fingernails into him by accident. Sorry Daddy."  
  
"I'll show you sorry Young Lady. Prepare to be tickled til you pee."  
  
He rams his cock into her harder forcing a loud squeal that led to another and another and another. The friction within her made her cry out.  
  
"Stop Daddy. I might pee for real." She gasps and moans at the same time.  
  
"You two play nice." Charlotte laughs.  
  
"Oh we're playing." He growls leaning over to give Monica's breast a loud suctioning exhale that made her break out laughing.  
  
"Oh my God. I can't believe you just did that." Monica laughs uncontrollably.  
  
He tenderly sucks her nipple making her caress his scalp. Her left leg rubbing his hip.  
  
"Mmmmmm!" Monica releases without thinking.  
  
Aaron ignored her delight and tenderly kept fucking her.   
  
As conversation quieted down Charlotte kept calling out, "Hello? Where did everybody go?"  
  
Aaron hisses in a low tone, "Right here. Monica's just massaging my neck so deep that I lost all thought."  
  
"I'm getting good at this. Maybe I should become a Massage Therapist." Monica giggles.  
  
"Come here. I'll show you a real massage." Aaron pins her down in the couch and starts fucking her pussy without waver. She immediately cringes and belts out, "Not so rough Daddy."  
  
Her eyes tear up at his assault. She was going to cum and cum hard. There was no hiding that fact from her Mother.  
  
"Ow! Ow! Daddyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy!"   
  
Charlotte listened closely without so much as a clue to what was really going on.  
  
"Don't break me Daddy."  
  
"Little muscle will do you good." He grunts as her face contorts with her hormones.  
  
"It feels so good but it hurts." She whimpers as her legs tremble.  
  
"Take it like a Champ. You'll feel 100% better." He chides.  
  
"FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!" Monica blurts in recession.   
  
"Watch your language young lady." Charlotte grows cross.  
  
Her moans become uncontrollable and suddenly she doesn't care what her Mother hears.  
  
Aaron was close to feeling the same way as he begins straining. Another few minutes he was going to explode.  
  
"Ohhhh yeah. Take it." He mumbles.  
  
"What was that?' His Wife questioned.  
  
"Making our kid cry. Best back rub she ever had."  
  
"Don't hurt my Baby."  
  
Monica holds her breath turning beet red at his assault. She ushers, "Don't stop. Hurt me."  
  
"What?" Charlotte acted confused over the line.  
  
Monica lost it. Her scream was loud and clear as she orgasms.   
  
"Thank you, Daaaaaadddddyyyyy."  
  
He follows her with a resounding grunting array as he detonates a load into his daughter's cunt.  
  
"NOW THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE!" Aaron yells out.  
  
Monica catches her breath, "Holy shit. Mom? Don't ever let Dad give me a massage again. My body's putty."  
  
"That sounded like..." Charlotte stops talking.  
  
Aaron hisses, "Like what?"  
  
"Nothing. It will only create problems." She hesitates before adding, "I know how you sound Aaron."  
  
"What? "  
  
Monica crawls to her knees and sucks his cock of any leftover droplets. Once finished she sighs and lays her chin on his hip.  
  
"Mom?"  
  
"Yes?" Charlotte sounded upset.  
  
"It was just a massage. What did you think? Oh crap. EWWWWWWWWWWWW! Seriously, Mom?" She winks at her Dad.

Convinced Aaron puckers his lips.  
  
"She's batty. Go buy more Antiques. Just not the Piano."  
  
Charlotte regains her composure and laughs, "I feel so stupid. Forgive me?"  
  
"EWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW!" Monica adds up the gross sounds.  
  
"Your Father is not EWWWWWWWWWWWWWW! I love you both. I'll be home late. Bye for now."  
  
Monica reaches over and takes the speaker off. Aaron makes certain that she had hung up.  
  
Satisfied Aaron pulls Monica up to hold her in his arms.  
  
"That was wrong on every level." He shakes his head.  
  
She exhales on his chest warmly. A thought forms an evil smirk.  
  
"We could call Uncle Gary."  
  
Aaron rolls his eyes, "Let's not and say we did."  
  
"Chicken." She giggles.  
  
"Once was enough. That was fun but damn risky. You could see me in Divorce Court."  
  
"I would come live with you."  
  
"Christ!" He shakes his head, "Okay you dial the number."  
  
Monica clapped and made the call.  
  
"Aunt Louise? Is Uncle Gary there?"  
  
Aaron laughed and hung up on them.  
  
He still fucked his Daughter for another round.   
  
In his own bed.  
  
Monica stained the sheets.  
  
As they finished up Aaron's cell rang. It was his brother Gary.  
  
Shaking his head he answered.  
  
"Hey Little Brother. Yeah she called."  
  
Monica rolled on top of her Father and rode him the entire conversation.  
  
Gary heard it all.  
  
Luckily Gary had an open mind.  
  
"That was Hot."  
  
Monica giggled, "When can I come over?"  
  
His brother chuckled.  
  
Aaron played it off but Gary wasn't buying it.  
  
Finally Aaron broke, "Keep your mouth shut Brother."  
  
"What starts in the family stays in the family." Gary chuckles more.  
  
Monica hopped out of bed and tracked her cell down. She returned to her parents bed and climbs back into the saddle. Aaron just couldn't lose his erection.  
  
Gently riding her Fathers cock Monica lifted her cell up and took a downward selfie.   
  
Aaron tried to get her to stop but Monica forwarded the naked picture of her on Aaron to Gary's cell.  
  
"Dammit Monica." Aaron snapped.  
  
He hears Gary gasp, "Holy Shitola. My neice is sexy as hell."  
  
She lowers over Aarons's chest rubbing her breasts on him while whispering, "Thank you Uncle Gary."  
  
Rolling his eyes Aaron lost his mind.  
  
"Anytime Beautiful. Send me some more."  
  
"Maybe later. If you're nice I'll have phone sex with you sometime."  
  
Aaron grips her wrists, "REALLY? Knock it off."  
  
"Be nice to her Big Brother. She's all grown up and letting off steam."  
  
"Keep your mouth shut about this Gary. I mean it."  
  
"Not a peep. You got my word."  
  
Monica strokes Aarons's cock while laying over him. She pouts at his reluctance. This was just the kind of exhibition she craved deep down in her soul.  
  
"I'm sorry Daddy."  
  
"Yeah Daddy. She's sorry."  
  
Behind her back Aaron see's her cell flash go off and she offers a shocked expression.  
  
Rearing up she sends another picture of her ass to Uncle Gary..  
  
His reply was a soft, "Sweet Jesus Almighty."  
  
Monica shared the photo with her Father. Somehow her angles were dead on target. He could not only see her anal cavity and pussy but her hand stroking Aaron beneath her.  
  
"Uncle Gary? Did you faint?"  
  
She hears him jerking off in the background, "N-no! I'm still here Sweetiepie."  
  
"Are you dreaming about taking me from behind?" She giggles softly.  
  
"I'm going to Hell." He grunts fast tracking his load with a deafening snarl.  
  
Aaron groans his bitterness, "Enough of this. Bye Bro."  
  
Gary loses the battle.  
  
"Fuck you Monica." Her Father sneers hatefully at her.  
  
"I can call Lisa next?" She brightens her eyes.  
  
He stops to stare, "Just set up a meet."  
  
"Gladly. About that slumber party. Let me have one here when Mom is gone. All guys. I want you to watch."  
  
He closes his eyes and gives up, "When?"  
  
"Next weekend. Make sure Mom's gone all weekend. Invite Uncle Gary too."  
  
The truth hurt. His baby girl was indeed a major slut.  
  
Sadly, he was liking the ideas.  
  
"Going to go shower. Coming?" She crawls away coaxing him with a wiggle of her ass.  
  
He followed like a lost puppy. He fucked her once more against the shower tile.   
  
Monica screamed bloody murder.  
  
Her night was only beginning.   
  
Naptime.

**Monica 24: Bar Fight**

Brock Quinones awaited Monica Gift in his back driveway. Setting in his jeep he wondered if tonight was a mistake. He had arranged an after hours gathering of a few drinking buddies and a number of other local bar hounds. Roughly guessing ten or more. At least those he knew about. No telling how many others his bartender buddy "Angus" had tipped off about the exhibitionist coming to visit. He wasn't proud of this achievement. This young lady might get hurt and there could be little he could do to help her. Luckily, he found at least the comfort that the bar's actual owner, "Hollister aka Holly" was a good friend. Even though Holly used to be a bad ass Biker back in the day. After ten more minutes of wait Monica stepped around the corner of his garage. She was wearing a tight blue dress that barely covered her ass. The front cleavage was wide open and revealing 60 % of her chest formation. Her massive cleavage bulged with each step threatening to escape captivity. No bra for certain as her nipples strained the fabric taunt. Up her hips the dress had blue shoestring laces that were threaded to both sides of her fabric. There was no mistake. Zero underwear was being worn.   
  
She wore extra high 6 inch stiletto heels making her 5'2 height increase to 5'8. Her long dark brown hair flowed freely over her shoulders and down to the middle of her back.  
  
"I'm here."  
  
"I see that. Looking hot Monica."  
  
"Thanks, Daddy." She wiggles up into her seat beside him.  
  
"You positive you want to do this?"  
  
"I'm positive I want to be seen naked by hungry eyes."  
  
"Wolves don't just watch their prey Monica. They attack."  
  
"Save me Daddy." She shivers then leans over to give him a kiss on the cheek.  
  
"If I can. Don't hold anything against me if it gets out of control."  
  
"I trust you Brock. You have friends there right?"  
  
"Yeah, but my friends have seen you before. Don't think for one second they don't think about fucking the shit out of you."  
  
She fidgets in her seat, "Quit trying to scare me. I'll manage this."  
  
He frowns with a loud sigh, "Ok. Here we go."  
  
Starting his jeep he drives them six miles into the country to a back woods bar known as "Holly's" as owned by "Hollister Drumond".  
  
"It's dark out here." She wheezes at the only pole light for miles.  
  
"Darker inside." He growls knowing things were going to go south fast.   
  
The interior of the bar was dimly lit without any of the neon beer signs glowing to know it was closed. Music could be heard at least from a jukebox. Brock counted twelve trucks and four cars. That many sure made it look open for business.  
  
"More people than I expected." He huffs, "I only know two cars. My drinking buddies, "Dawson and Vic". They were at my house once when we watched you playing in your bedroom."  
  
"When was this?" She purred.  
  
"Not long ago. Right after you turned 18. If not a day or 2 before hand. Sick fuckers I know."  
  
"Watching only. Nothing illegal about that as long as you weren't caught. I hope I made you all happy that day."  
  
"Ohhh, you did." He smirks shutting his jeep off.  
  
Spritzing herself up from a tiny perfume bottle she returns it to her clutch purse and sits it between their seats.   
  
"Do I smell yummy?"  
  
"Do I need to answer that?" He huffs.  
  
"Feed my ego."  
  
"They're going to eat you alive."  
  
Fanning herself at his answer she inhales deeply, "As long as my head isn't mounted on the wall later."  
  
"Want me to go in first and check things out? Holly might let me do that at least."  
  
"No. I want you to stay right here and let me go in alone. You can come in later if they let you."  
  
"Not going to happen. I told you Holly's conditions."  
  
She offers a beguiling look, "But, Daddy."  
  
"Why would you want to circle the wolf's den without back up?"  
  
"I want them to size me up without you scaring them."  
  
He growls clutching his steering wheel tightly, "I'm going to regret this."  
  
She giggles then crawls out of the jeep heading toward the front door. He merely sits there watching her ass wiggle in his headlights.  
  
At the door she peeks inside to see eight men sitting at the bar drinking. Six more throwing darts. Two more shooting pool. There were two men behind the bar. Two very big, mean looking Biker types.  
  
"Eighteen." She calculates, "There were more in the schools Men's room."  
  
Shrugging she opens the door and enters casually. All eyes drifted toward her within two minutes. Nobody said a word. They merely feasted on her allure.  
  
After a moment of being ogled in a dead silence she raises her arms in the air and belts out, "THE STRIPPER'S HERE!"   
  
Everyone resumed what they were doing with very little interest at the moment. Maybe they were just giving her a chance to bolt and run. She chose to stay and step up to the bar.  
  
Climbing on to a barstool she sat her clutch purse on the bar. The bartender was a hefty fellow with a grey t-shirt and a black leather vest. He had a beard and lengthy hair pinned back behind his head. Tattoos wrapped his arms in an ornate set of sleeves.   
  
"What's a girl have to do around here to get a drink?" She tries to appear beguiling.  
  
The other Gentleman was a taller man equally as large as his associate but had a full beard of grey that was dangling down to his chest. He was easily older and wore wire rim glasses and a green camouflage bandana around his head. His t-shirt had a "Harley-Davidson" logo on it.  
  
This man who was drying a glass beer mug sneered at her, "Pop machine's outside."  
  
She fidgeted, "It's okay. I don't drink alcohol anyway. Not old enough. Are you "Holly"?"  
  
"You the slut?"  
  
Her jaw droops with awe. Had Brock led on that she was a slut? The idea made her smile brightly.  
  
"I guess we'll find out." She sticks her tongue out at him.  
  
The other bartender chuckled, "I'm "Angus".  
  
"Hi, I'm Slut." She eagerly extends a hand across the bar. Angus took time to shake it lightly.  
  
Holly huffed and stroked his beard, "Got I.D.?"  
  
She opens her clutch purse and produces an identification card that documented her birthday.  
  
"Pretty much just turned legal. Six weeks ago. We got us a barely legal slut. Nothing better." Angus looks over Holly's shoulder as he held it.  
  
"Yep. I expected more people. Did my age scare guys off?" She glances behind her.  
  
"Few in the back room. Some of us prefer things a little less crowded." Holly grumbled and moved on to drying more mugs.  
  
Angus shakes his head, "The old man just doesn't want things too out of hand."  
  
The owner sighs heavily, "Not worried in the least. She should be though."  
  
"Trying to scare me off because you think I'm incapable of handling any situation?" She frowns.  
  
Holly growls slinging his dish towel over his shoulder. He then plants his massive hands on the bar to stare her down, "I'll take the cell phone now."  
  
Monica opens her clutch and removes her cell handing it over to him by sliding it on the bar, "Guess I can't call for help now. Can I?"  
  
The elder pockets the cell, "Lock the door Angus."  
  
Angus nods and steps away to lock the door and close the blinds. Monica never once watched him do so. Her eyes trained on Holly's with her best fearless gaze.   
  
Angus went about closing every blind in the Club. He had help with a few by the guys throwing darts.  
  
While it was just Holly and Monica, the older man leaned even closer to her. She could feel and smell his breath. He had certainly been drinking.  
  
"Quinones tell you my conditions?"  
  
"Anything goes as long as there's no violence. I swore Brock to no interference just like you expected. I can handle rough as long as there's no beating on me."  
  
"Get out." Holly huffs.  
  
"What? Noooooooooo! I'll take my chances. Besides you said no violence."  
  
"You got no say in my bar. You don't make any conditions. You just made your own decision."  
  
"I'll go on faith that no violence means no beating me up. I'm not leaving." She holds her ground.  
  
As she rests her elbows on the bar to move her face closer to his, she sticks her tongue out at him. The ice was broke. Holly had to chuckle.  
  
Monica nearly pissed herself.  
  
"REEL IT IN FELLAS." Holly stands erect and motions with waving hands.  
  
Suddenly, the darts stopped flying. Pool cues were set aside. The room circled her on her chair.  
  
"NO NAMES!" Holly bellows.  
  
Monica raises a finger high, "JUST MINE. CALL ME "SLUT"."  
  
The group had to laugh at her interruption. She had balls to say the least.  
  
Angus waved at Monica, "Forget I told you my name."  
  
Holly shook his head at the bartender, "Get some damned Music going. She's got some dancing to do."  
  
One of the pool players took off with quarters for the jukebox. In minutes he selected a good ten songs that fit a stripper. She barely knew any of them. Holly being older had an affinity for 80's Metal.  
  
She knew a few but not many.  
  
The first tune was the old "Def Leppard" classic "Pour some Sugar on Me". She did know this one.  
  
Spinning on her bar chair she stood up and danced her way out to the dance floor. There she realized they already had a stripper pole. She had never actually used a pole before but she felt like conquering the world.  
  
Gripping the pole with her right hand she swung herself around numerous times. Eyes watched her closely. She noted the growing lust in their eyes. The natives were getting restless fast. Talk amongst them made her leave the pole and venture amid them. She turned her back to them and brushed her way into the horde. Her ass rubbing against crotches. Her palms caressing cheeks and beards. She even swiped a ball cap that had a Bass patch sewn on it. Wearing it she made her way around the men one by one offering them her own greetings through body nudges.  
  
She was shocked by her balance. She had never worn stiletto heels other than practicing around the house. Her balance was occasionally off but she managed to catch herself.  
  
By the end of the first song she returned to the pole. The second song was "GNR's, Welcome to the Jungle". They were tiring her out fast she thought. Two fast songs in a row. She huffed the hair from her eyes and kept up.  
  
This time she lifted her dress up and gave them a view of her lower ass cheeks. While dancing up close hands caressed her butt and caressed the sides of her body. Her hair whipped about and she threw herself face forward into a number of men to kiss their cheeks.  
  
As that song played out the men were looking antsy. She wondered what she was doing wrong. She knew her dress was coming off soon she was just pacing herself. Patience she thought.  
  
She noticed the guessing ages of the men there were in their 40's. A few younger possibly. Not that it mattered. Hunter types. Biker types. Farmer types. As she danced she realized the body count was increasing. Definitely over the 18 she counted from outside. Holly had said others were in back. She figured 2 or 3 more. Her guess now was getting closer to 25 or more. Her heart pounded with excitement.  
  
Finally, a slower song.   
  
"Aerosmith's "Angel". She hadn't heard it before but she loved the beat. It allowed her to dance in a sultry manner. Hands in her hair like a wild woman. Slower struts. More sensual brushing up on guys. This song the men were loosening up more. Hands reached around her and clutched her breasts. She loved the change in adrenalin.  
  
Holly actually stepped into the mix and waited until she spotted him. Smiling devilishly she stalked toward him and teased him with her palms up his chest. She even caressed his beard. Turning her back to rub on him he waited until her hands raised above her head before swiftly gripping them.  
  
She froze at being captured and tried to look up at him. Before her eyes reached that goal she spotted two men draw out large Hunter's knives and let her see the glinting chrome blades. Her eyes trembled at the sight. She didn't resist Holly's grip. She knew Brock was outside. Surely these men wouldn't hurt her. It was intimidation. Still the worry made her tense.  
  
The men stood to her sides as Holly held her hands high and nudged her body away from his. Enough for the men to tease her further by letting her feel the cool steel on her heated flesh. A trail up her legs. Across her chest. The lengths of her arms. Finally the knives snipped the two thin shoulder straps. They proceed down to the laces going up her bare sides. Lace by lace was cut. She felt the dress loosening about her.  
  
A loud moan of freedom as the final laces were cut. Within Holly's grasp Monica twisted her body dramatically until the dress slithered off of her body and on to the floor.   
  
She assumed Holly would release her now that she stood in front of everyone totally nude. Not just yet though. The knives weren't done with their missions. The Hunter's used the tips to encircle her nipples. The erotic chill stimulated her hormones. Down her belly ever so gently they trailed. She was afraid to breath.   
  
Kneeling in front of her the knives drew down toward her snatch. She felt one of the knives carefully shave her tiny triangle of pubic hair off. As the second Hunter's hand brushed the hair away he leaned in and kissed the area.   
  
Monica began shaking.  
  
Once the men stood up Holly lowered her arms and twirled her to face him.  
  
"DANCE!"  
  
The fourth song began with "Girls, Girls, Girls" from "Motley Crue". She did know this one. Her energy returned. She wasn't harmed. Though edgy she realized maybe she was moving too slow.  
  
Forcing herself to move faster and more aggressively she went about literally diving into guys with a hunger in her eyes. Tits teased them as they knelt low enough to let them motorboat her. Nipples were kissed. Sucked on. She giggled and kissed their cheeks upon leaving them.  
  
By the end of the song "Angus" brought around a tray of Kentucky Bourbon shots. Passing them around the men waited until everyone got one. Once the group had their shot glasses Angus stepped over to Monica. There was two shots left on the tray.  
  
"DRINK!" He ordered.  
  
Her eyes bulged. She had never liked beer even. Let alone the hard stuff.  
  
Swallowing hoarsely she relents. She throws back the first shot boldly. The choking lasted 3 minutes. Everyone laughed and belted back their own shots. As she regained her composure Holly handed her the second shot.  
  
"DRINK!" He barked.  
  
Whimpering Monica just did it. She choked another three minutes fanning herself.  
  
She had literally missed out on 2 songs.  
  
Once she recovered she was nudged back into dancing. The booze hit home fast. She was feeling good. More in tune with the music and the needs of the men.  
  
The band, "Buckcherry's" hit "Crazy Bitch" fired off and Monica danced as if possessed. Her hands went everywhere now. Over her own skin and theirs. Crotches were grabbed. Rubbed. Their hands did the same. Her clit was massaged multiple times.  
  
She was horny as hell.  
  
Finally, Holly grips her by the arm and drags her to the bar. Hoisting her up to sit on the bar itself he gripped her knees and spread her legs wide. He then turned to the following cadre and snarled, "EAT! BE MERRY!"  
  
Guy after guy sat in front of her and ate her pussy. Angus stood behind her to keep her from falling backwards. Her moans echoed throughout the bar. Laughter filled the room.  
  
"How ya feeling Slut?" Angus leaned in whispering into her ear.  
  
She whimpers loudly as her clit is bitten, "In Heaven."  
  
"Night's young." He kisses her ear lobe tugging on it.  
  
"Here until Dawn. Right?" She shivers.  
  
"Yep! Regret coming here?"  
  
"FUCK NO." She huffs and licks his cheek.  
  
The booze was warming her up. Any insecurity she walked in with was long gone.  
  
After 11 men ate her the 12th guy brought up a beer bottle and escorted it up her pussy. He put her hand on the bottle and stepped back. Monica took it forward. Fucking herself she moaned and eyed the men lustfully.  
  
Before cumming Holly stopped her and removed the bottle. She looked disappointed. He then yanked her from the bar and walked her briskly toward the pool table. He cradles her into his arms and tosses her on to the green felt. She rolled over on to her back and watched the table get surrounded by men. She couldn't see around them.  
  
Her hand automatically reached between her legs to massage her clit vigorously.  
  
Hands swarmed her suddenly. From every angle she had hands. She laughed loudly and cried out, "I LOVE THIS."  
  
She even had fingers in her mouth. Up her pussy. In her anal cavity. Tits crushed. Nipples pinched. Toes sucked on.  
  
Once it stopped she felt lost. A cool chill crept over her as her wrists were grabbed and held outwardly above her head stretched toward corner pockets of the table. Lifting her head up she spotted men toward her feet taking their clothes off. Dicks appeared all around her. Her eyes fluttered at the sight.  
  
Holly stood behind her head and gazed down at her. She plopped her head back to peer up at him.  
  
"Having fun yet?" He sneers.  
  
"YES!" She leaps to impress.  
  
She feels a man climb up on the table wearing a condom thankfully. A man with a meaty seven inch beast. He hovers over her thighs and lines it up for a perfect penetration. She was so wet there was zero need for lube.   
  
"OH MY GOD!" She expels and feels his thrusting begin. Her moans escalate fast as he fucks her. She cums quickly. He follows behind shortly after.  
  
As he withdraws another man takes his place. Ten guys in a row she screams her lungs out until she grows hoarse. They just kept coming and cumming. Condoms on all.   
  
After the 13th man it gets more aggressive. A man lays beside her and pulls her on top of him. She finds the energy to straddle and ride him fiercely. Her breasts bouncing wildly. She eyes Holly with a readiness to cum once again. He admired her determination.   
  
Suddenly, another man crawled up behind her and nudged her forward on to the other man. He brought with him a tube of lube and coated her anal cavity. Once teased he moves closer to enter her cavity. Double penetration made her voice return with maddening cries of pleasure.  
  
Five minutes vanish before a third man crawls up in front of her. He grips her face and pats her cheeks until she opens her mouth. His own seven incher sank deep into her throat. This was a first for her. Pussy, ass, mouth. She took it like a trooper. Exhausted she started losing steam.   
  
No man left her alone for hours on end. Every guy there but Holly and Angus had fucked her by 5:00 AM. 27 men total. Seconds for a few of them. Her ass raw from being slapped repeatedly. Even her tits were smacked around.  
  
Over that course she kissed them passionately and offered her thanks. Unfortunately she had procured more than a few nasty hickies. All over her body. Explaining these would be a worry for her.  
  
From the table to chairs. They bent her over everything. She sucked 27 dicks valiantly.  
  
As all the men stood about waiting for things to wind down, Angus laid out a couple dozen towels on the dance floor.   
  
Pulled from sucking off a Biker, Holly dragged her over to the towels and roughly forced her down on them.  
  
"KNEEL!"  
  
She sat on her knees and looked up at him with mascara streaks down her cheeks. She was a sweaty. bruised, reddened ass mess.  
  
Snapping his fingers at Angus brought the bartender over with two large bowls. One was sat in front of her. The other held over her by Angus.  
  
Monica peered up with doe like eyes as Holly kneeled in front of her. He grabs her by the back of the neck and forcefully pulls her forward. He plants her face into the bowl at her feet. Her entire face submerged and gurgled for breath before he lifted her back up.   
  
Her facial features and hair strands were milky white. The cum of every man there had been emptied from their condoms into the bowls. She sat there letting the cum trickle into her mouth and eyes.   
  
The audience approved.  
  
Surrounding her she sat proudly and rubbed the trickles of cum across her body. Without warning Angus tilted the second bowl to drown her body with. She looked as if she was albino even with her precious tan. Cell pics were flashing all around her from every angle.

All night long pics were being taken. Even video.  
  
Helpless she sat there soaking.  
  
Then, she realized something. Pointing at Angus and Holly she hoarsely whispers, "You didn't fuck me."  
  
Bowl aside Angus joins Holly to stand over her. They unzip their flies and pull out their cocks. She presumes to fuck her so turns and leans forward to prime her red ass in the air in wait.  
  
Instead she feels a warm liquid rinse her down.  
  
The sudden shower made her rear up and turn back toward them. She was being pissed on. It excited her in a weird sort of way.   
  
Without warning 27 dicks took time to piss on her. She had piss in her mouth even.  
  
As the final drops arrive Holly again bends down in front of her.   
  
"Now that's a beautiful sight."  
  
Monica softly nods and licks her lips.  
  
"It's Dawn. Get the hell out of my bar and don't come back."  
  
Holly then lifts his hand. Angus returns shortly after with a video tape and her clutch purse to place in his palm.  
  
"Here Pornstar. A gift for Quinones."  
  
She holds it and carefully stands up on weakened legs. Her heels hindered her so she took them off to walk.  
  
Stumbling she stops a few feet away from the door. Turning back she spots her dress on the floor. She kicks it aside and returns to look at the now standing Holly.  
  
Eye to eye she manages to hoarsely growl, "Did I do good?"  
  
The room offers her a resounding "Yes."  
  
Holly puckers and says "Fuck it." under his breath.  
  
The old man hugged her as messy as she was. Even rubbing her back tenderly.  
  
"Go home Slut."  
  
"Can I come back?" She begs.  
  
"Find another bar." Holly points at the door.  
  
Saddened she limps away and out the unlocked door. Angus held it open for her.  
  
As the door closes Monica tiptoes over the gravel rocks toward Brock's jeep.  
  
He wearily watches her arrive. He hops out and looks her over.  
  
"Jesus! Look at you. You can't go home like that."  
  
"Sneak me into your house." She whispers dryly.  
  
"Ryan's there. I can't do that."  
  
She rolls her eyes and gives up, "He's fucked me too Daddy. He's my Master."  
  
"What?"  
  
"Here." She hands him the video, "Holly taped it for you."  
  
Claiming it he looked toward the bar.  
  
"Wait. Ryan's what?"  
  
"My Master. I let him dare me to do things. He knows what I'm like."  
  
"About me fucking you?"  
  
"No. I never told him that. He might as well know. I can't hide this. Look at me."  
  
"I'm sorry Kid. I never should have allowed you to do this."  
  
"I would do it again."  
  
He shivers at her admission.  
  
"I need to take a piss. Get in the jeep."  
  
She tosses her heels and purse into the back seat. After that she drops to her knees in front of Brock.  
  
"Pee on me. You know they're watching us. Show them you think I'm a slut too."  
  
He looks down on her and shakes his head.  
  
"Christ." He unzips quickly and douses her one last time. She smiles up at him.  
  
Once he trickles his last he starts to zip up but she reaches out and stops him. Pulling him closer she sucks his dick right there with the people inside watching. He looks up at Holly at the door and nods heroically at the Owner. He jets cum into her throat loudly.  
  
A hard swallow later she sits back and looks up at Brock.  
  
Zipping up Brock snarls, "You've lost your mind."  
  
"I adore you Daddy." She whispers.  
  
"Your real Daddy won't once he see's you."  
  
"I'll tell him to cover me for a few days and hide at your house."  
  
"Fuck!" He grabs her by the hair and drags her to her feet. Escorting her around the Jeep he forces her into her seat.  
  
Minutes later Brock Quinones drove her toward home.  
  
She reeked of booze, cum, and piss. He needed to get her cleaned up fast.  
  
He chose to drive south to a tiny burg called, "Anderson". There he knew was a sleazy "Roach Motel". A shower and warm bed would hide her out.  
  
Monica fell asleep in the Jeep.  
  
He had to check in then carry her to bed. Once asleep he took her cell and text her Father. He did his best to text as she might.   
  
"Staying at a friends. Be home after school Monday night. I brought clothes. Love you." Kissy emotes.  
  
Sending it he felt like a trapped rat.   
  
He had to get her some clothes. As he sat there the cell wrote back. Her Father Aaron texted.  
  
"At that sexy Lisa's you promised to set me up with?"  
  
Brock palmed his forehead in shock. Monica was getting her Dad laid?  
  
Deciding to text back one last time Brock added, "Yep. Doing my best. Bye."  
  
The final replay was, "Have her send pictures."  
  
Brock left that alone.  
  
He pondered his next move. Who was Lisa?  
  
Scrolling her list of contacts he found a Lisa and Michael. The only Lisa in there. It had to be her.  
  
With a deep breath he took the risk of calling the number.  
  
After five rings a groaning woman's voice answered, "Hello?"  
  
Gritted teeth Brock speaks, "Do you know Monica Gift?"  
  
"Maybe. Is this her Dad?"  
  
"No. You don't know me. Monica is in trouble. I'm a friend but I can't help her like a woman could."  
  
He fills her in awkwardly and Lisa sounded deeply concerned. After a long drawn out guilt trip Brock convinces her to drive over with clothing and sanitary needs. He tells her he will leave the key under a floor mat in front of the room number.  
  
After a quick check on a snoring Monica he decides not to wake her. Locking up and hiding the key Brock Quinones heads home.  
  
His blood pressure was off the charts.  
  
Nervous breakdown was where he was headed.  
  
"Stupid! Stupid! Stupid!" All the way home.  
  
"STUPID!"

**Monica 25: Farm League**

The stunning blond "Lisa Porter" pulled into the parking area of the small town shit motel called the "Stikkit Inn" named after the local scumlord, "Lyle Stikket". She knew of the place, even stayed there a few times in her younger days. Since marrying Michael Porter her choice of lodging improved immensely. Parking her White Corolla in front of the room given to her by an unknown source she wasn't sure what to expect. It was Monica's cell that called her. She left a message for Michael as to where she was going. Just in case.  
  
Cautiously looking around before locating the room key she unlocks the door and peeks inside. Sure enough there was Monica covered up and snoring. Entering just as cautiously she checked the room out before shutting the door. Opening a curtain enough to get some daylight she eased around the bed and noted the girls matted hair. The odor made Lisa wince and pinch her nose. A return to the window opened them up for fresh air.  
  
Sitting beside Monica she finds the girls cellphone left by the bed. Brock left it there in case Monica needed him. Along with a note.  
  
Lisa read the note saying, "Sorry I couldn't stay. Room is paid for the weekend to give you a chance to get yourself together. I couldn't take you home because of Ryan. Regardless of what you told me. I text your Dad and told him you were staying at a friends. Acted like I was you. He mentioned a Lisa so I called her. She's coming to stay with you. Sounds like a nice girl. Call if you need me....Brock."  
  
Lisa looks in Monica's texts and discovers the truth. Even the text about setting Monica's Dad up with Lisa herself. Reading that text made Lisa shake her head.   
  
"The guy was cute." She snickered and set the cell aside.   
  
Letting Monica sleep some more Lisa stepped out to her car and brought in a small bag of clothing consisting of sweats and t-shirts. Clean towels. Toothbrush and paste. Body wash. Shampoo. Among other needs.  
  
After sitting there an hour scrolling in her own cell Lisa decides to nudge her friend awake.  
  
"Hey Not so Beautiful? Wake it and shake it."  
  
Monica groans and tries to roll over.  
  
"Ohhhhhhh no. You need to get up and tell me what the heck happened."  
  
Realizing the voice finally she rolls back over and stares at Lisa. Disbelief crossed her face.  
  
"Yes. You're not dreaming. What did you do?"  
  
Monica tucks her pillow under her more then sighs.  
  
"Gangbang."  
  
"Wow. Sure smells like one. I brought you stuff to get cleaned up."  
  
"Where's Brock?"  
  
"He brought you to this Motel. He left you a note here. Called me to come babysit you."  
  
"Oh! It's good to see you." Monica pouts.  
  
"Were you hurt?" She eyes the covers imagining what might be hidden.  
  
"No. Just dirty. Lots of hickies."  
  
"May I?" Lisa pinches the covers as Monica releases them.   
  
As Lisa pulls them back to see her entire body Monica rolls over and gives her the complete view.  
  
"Hickies between your butt cheeks even. They worked you over good."  
  
"I loved it." Monica brightens up.  
  
Sighing heavily Lisa nods, "I liked my first one too."  
  
In awe Monica sits up curling her legs under her then winces at the pain all around.  
  
"You've been in a gangbang?"  
  
Lisa smirks, "Two. I told you Michael and I were Swingers."  
  
"Awesome! They used condoms. All of them. Poured cum on me from bowls. At the end they pissed on me."  
  
"I can tell." Lisa offers a repulsed expression.  
  
"Sorry." She presses her lips together, "My ass hole hurts. I've only done anal once before. I got it a lot last night."  
  
"You need to be more careful. Gangbangs can tear you up. My vagina was ripped slightly the second time."  
  
"Ouch. I feel fine overall. Just really, really dirty."  
  
"Why don't I draw you a bath and get you smelling better. I'm here as long as you need me."  
  
"Awwwww! Thank you for coming. I loves my friend Lisa." Monica offers a hug.  
  
"Let's save that for when you smell like cherry blossoms."   
  
"Right."  
  
Lisa gets up and goes into the bathroom and fills the tub with water and bath beads. Once it reaches a decent depth and still hot she steps out, "Your Jacuzzi awaits."  
  
Monica eases out of bed and steps past Lisa. The water was perfect as she slid down the wall into the steaming bath. Lisa returns with a wash rag and body wash. Kneeling beside the tub Lisa wouldn't take no for an answer in bathing the girl herself.  
  
Once the flesh was cleansed well Lisa brought out the shampoos and a ice pitcher she used as a fresh water container in washing Monica's hair.  
  
Relaxing only for a few minutes Monica pulls the stopper on the water and let the dirty stank go down the drain. A secondary shower was needed to cleanse even more.  
  
Once done Lisa held a large towel out for the girl. Cloaking her after a healthy dry Lisa then pulled her into a tight embrace.  
  
"Feel better?" Lisa rubs Monica's back.  
  
"Much. Thanks again."  
  
"Any time."  
  
Lisa leaves Monica to brush her teeth and hair. A hair dryer got things back to normal.  
  
While Monica did her thing Lisa removed the smelly bed sheets and left the top covers. One to put over the mattress the other to cover up with. She removed them from the room entirely.  
  
As Monica exited the bathroom she paced a bit before sitting on the bed and picking up her cell. She read the texts Brock had sent then blushed.  
  
"Oh boy. My Dad replied with something personal. I'm glad it wasn't more."  
  
"I read the texts. Sorry I snooped." Lisa bit her nail.  
  
"It's ok. So you know my Dad wants you now." She giggles.  
  
With a deep breath Lisa replies, "We will see. Michael and I have an open relationship. As long as we stay honest about it. Your Dad is cute. What about your Mom? Does she know he strays?"  
  
"Oh no. She would divorce him in a second."  
  
"I have to ask. What you and your Father did at the Mall. Doesn't that bother you guys? Especially about your Mom not knowing."  
  
Monica fidgets, "Truthfully? I love my Mom but I don't care. I like satisfying my Dad. He fucked me yesterday while My Mom was on the phone with him. We had her on speaker. So erotic."  
  
"So he doesn't care either?"  
  
"No. Well, maybe a little. Not enough though. Obviously not if he wants to sleep with you."   
  
"He knows I'm young and sexy."  
  
"Yes you are." Lisa giggles.  
  
Monica brightens up, "We should have a threesome with Daddy."  
  
"Slow down Beautiful." She ponders, "Okay. But only if you have a threesome with me and Michael."  
  
"Deal!!!!" Monica jumps in her seat then winces.  
  
"Should we have your Father drive out here and care for you?" Lisa felt he should.  
  
"No. Brock told him I was staying with you until after school tomorrow. I don't think I can hide all these hickies so school might be a few days without me."  
  
"A few days? A few weeks. Those won't just go away."  
  
"True. I can use make up on the ones around my throat and chest. My Mom seeing these would be bad."  
  
"You might not have much choice. Your Mom won't let you be away from home too long. If she was like my Mom, three days max."  
  
Sighing heavily Monica just draws her knees up to her chin and stares.  
  
"If you don't want to stay here Michael and I have a couch."  
  
"I can have people come to me here. I just feel badly for Brock's son. Well for Brock too. Ryan doesn't know I went to the gangbang. He doesn't even know his Dad has had me. I just told Brock that Ryan has fucked me for awhile now."  
  
"Wow! You get around Critter."  
  
"Critter? That's cute."  
  
"Pet name. Bad habit. Sorry."  
  
"It's alright. I like it. Beautiful is better though."  
  
Laughing felt healthy.  
  
Lisa finally pats her own knees, "So, what now?"  
  
"I haven't eaten since yesterday. Unless you count cum." Monica cringes.  
  
"Anderson does have a Mom and Pop Diner. Five booths and a counter."   
  
"I don't have any money."  
  
Lisa rolls her eyes, "Big Sis has credit cards."  
  
"Aww! We're related now. So cool."  
  
"Siamese twins."  
  
"Yep! Stuck together at the lips."  
  
Monica dives at Lisa and kisses her on the lips. Lisa accepted and they fell back on the bed. Twelve minutes later the Twins split up. Breakfast in bed.  
  
Miles away Brock Quinones was drinking coffee when his son Ryan finally woke up and came downstairs.   
  
"Hey Dad." Ryan opened a cabinet for a pop tart box.  
  
"Son. We need to have a chat."  
  
Frozen as he opened the foil wrapper he looks up, "About what?"  
  
"Monica."  
  
"What about her?"  
  
"What's this "Master" stuff about?"  
  
"Wow! She told you that?"  
  
"More than that. Don't worry I'm not pissed off. We both have some demons in us."  
  
Ryan drops his jaw uncertain what to say.  
  
Brock sets down at the breakfast table and motions Ryan to join him. Once seated Brock nods and gives up.  
  
"I had sex with her too. No more secrets. I'm not going to sleep with her anymore. I begged her not to tell you so don't be mad at her."  
  
"I'm not. This is weird."  
  
"You realize that you really can't control that girl right? It's just a game to her this Master stuff."  
  
"I figured. It's just fun. So far she's done everything I tell her too."  
  
"And, she might keep that up. The girls become a nympho."   
  
Clasping his hands together around his coffee mug Brock growls, "I'm going to tell you something. Once I'm done I want you to go to Monica. Alright?"  
  
Ryan looks in the direction of the "Gift" home next door.  
  
"She's not at home."  
  
"Where at then?"  
  
"In Anderson. The "Stikkit Inn" Motel. I left her there to get things together. She had a rough night."  
  
Ryan sits up with a glint of horror in his expression.  
  
"She's fine. Just...tired."  
  
"What did she do? What did YOU do?"  
  
"Something I let her con me into. I think you know her better than me when she wants something her way."  
  
"Tell me."  
  
"How about I show you instead?"  
  
He motions his son to follow him upstairs to Brock's bedroom. There Brock places the videotape of the night in "Holly's" bar.  
  
They watched excerpts of it with fast forward. Ryan nearly pulled his hair out.  
  
"She wanted that. I honestly did try and talk her out of it. I'm ashamed of myself for even allowing it. Let alone arrange it. If you hate me so be it."  
  
Ryan watches the parts of her on the pool table with 3 guys in her at once. Then the bowls of cum. Followed by the urination squad.  
  
"That's fucked up." Ryan mumbles.  
  
"Blame me! I'll accept my fate."  
  
"No Dad. It's my fault. I brought this out of her. Look at all those hickies. Her Parents will have a cow. Her Mom at least."  
  
Brock looks bewildered, "Why not her Dad?"  
  
Ryan swallows harshly and just offers a strange expression.  
  
Brock caught on quick, "Incest too huh?"  
  
"I have to get to Anderson." Ryan jumps up.  
  
"Hold on. I called some girl named Lisa from her cell. She's out there with her. I just needed to be honest with you."  
  
"Thanks. I'll go call her before I leave."  
  
Ryan got dressed and headed for his car before dialing.  
  
Back in Anderson,  
  
Monica had donned the sweats Lisa had brought her and the two had drove over three blocks to the "Sunny Side Up" diner.  
  
Sitting at a booth the two girls giggled and talked about their kiss.   
  
The waitress was a young girl herself. Possibly twenty at best. Bringing them glasses of water with her.  
  
"Morning. My name is "April". What can I get you today?"  
  
"My aren't you a looker. Small town life does something right." Lisa winks.  
  
April smiles warmly, "Why thank you."  
  
April was 5'4, petite, with 34C's. Short brown hair and big brown eyes.  
  
"What's good here, April?" Monica ogles the menu.  
  
"Blueberry pancakes. We have a special of those with sausage and two eggs."  
  
"Sounds yummy. I'll take that. Scrambled." Monica grins up at her.  
  
Lisa adds, "Just bacon and 2 eggs for me. Sunny side up like the sign says."  
  
April jots it all down then steps away.  
  
As soon as she leaves Ryan calls. Monica looks at her cell. With a sigh she answers.  
  
"Hey Handsome."  
  
Ryan was already driving. He was three miles from Anderson.  
  
"Are you okay? Dad filled me in."  
  
"I'm fine. We're eating breakfast at the Anderson Diner. Me and my friend Lisa. You recall my Pizza Delivery friend?"  
  
"Yea. Tell her thanks for watching over you. I'm on my way there now. Five minutes away maybe."  
  
"You didn't have to. But I'll be waiting."  
  
They hang up and Lisa looks at Monica's face.  
  
"This Ryan sounds like he cares."  
  
"He does. I just like doing things on my own. I'm sure he wants more but I'm happy being free."  
  
"Good boys are hard to come by."  
  
"I like all boys though. Some girls even." She sticks her tongue out at Lisa.  
  
Monica brightens up with a brilliant idea, "My Dad asked for pictures of you. Let's take some and send them to him."  
  
"Now?" Lisa squints with a hint of, "Seriously?"  
  
"Yes. Come on. Please with sugar and me on top?"  
  
Grinning sheepishly Lisa looks around the small Diner. There was only two older men at the counter. The workers were either cooking or assisting in back.  
  
"Make it quick."  
  
Lisa lifts her T-shirt and bra to reveal her perky 36C's. No bra. She then leans back winking at Monica's primed cell camera. A snapshot later they giggle over the pose.  
  
"More." Monica hints.  
  
Gritting her teeth Lisa stands up in her own sweats and steps back a few feet. She then turns around and moons Monica for a picture. No panties on. Commando this day.  
  
"More." Monica insisted.  
  
"What more do you want?"  
  
"Coochie!"  
  
"Good Lord. He better at least show me a cock picture after this."  
  
"He will. I'll make him send one."   
  
Looking around again for safety Lisa lowers the sweats to her knees and lifts her shirt up over her breasts.  
  
At that exact moment Ryan pulled up in front of the big glass windows and saw the event. He dropped his jaw at Lisa's bravado.   
  
Behind the counter young April also caught the lovely blond in her stance. Her eyes bulged and she smiled like never before.  
  
"Over your head." Monica motions, knowing April was watching.  
  
Lisa growls and pulls her T-shirt over her head and drags her hair through.  
  
"Down to your ankles." Monica dares.  
  
"Really?" Lisa whispers and hurries to comply.  
  
The luscious blond was nude.  
  
The picture was perfect.  
  
Lisa hears the side door ping and bends over to pull her sweats up. As she stood up straight she realized April had seen her as well as Ryan. April zipped her lip with a grin and a thumbs up.  
  
As her shirt went down Ryan was behind her.  
  
"That was HOT!" He chimes.  
  
Lisa blushes, "You must be Ryan."  
  
"You must be Lisa."  
  
They shake hands just as April brings their food. As Ryan scoots in beside Monica April steps up to Lisa.  
  
"That was incredible. You have a perfect body." April turns red with her vocal admiration.  
  
"I guess our compliments are even now. Except for one thing."  
  
April rests the food on the table before asking, "One thing?"  
  
"You've seen me and I haven't seen you." Lisa winks tickling April in the ribs.  
  
Giggling April looks over at Monica and Ryan. Ryan was mesmerized by April's cuteness.  
  
Monica sighs, "What else is there to do in a town this size?"  
  
April holds a finger up, "Give me five minutes. Lester is ready to pay his check. I need to make sure my Aunt Greta won't step out of the Kitchen. I might just surprise you."  
  
Scurrying away Lisa puckers her lip and sits down eying Monica and Ryan.  
  
"I didn't see that coming."  
  
Monica begins sending pictures to her Dad while hugging her body against Ryan. She stops only to peck Ryan on the cheek.  
  
"Thank you for coming out here."  
  
"I have your back. You know that."  
  
Smiling warmly she whispers, "Thank you Master."  
  
He huffs, "You know that's not true."  
  
"I will obey you whenever you want me to do something. Just let me do what I want when I feel the desire. Fair enough?"  
  
Nodding Ryan agrees, "Fair enough. I can't believe you did that Gangbang."  
  
"Brock told you?"  
  
"Told me? Showed me the video." He puffed his cheeks eying Lisa.  
  
"Video? My aren't we just all Debbie Does Dallas. I wanna see." Lisa giggles.  
  
Ryan chuckles, "Pretty sexy yourself."  
  
"I haven't seen you naked yet Mister Ryan." She wags her finger smiling evilly.  
  
Monica straightens up in her seat, "Show her. I dare you."  
  
Ryan creases his brow, "What?"  
  
"Here in the Diner. Be brave like Lisa did."  
  
As they antagonize each other Monica's Dad "Aaron" texts back.  
  
"Here's Dad. He says, "That is one FINE ass woman."  
  
Lisa offers an impressed expression, "I still haven't seen his picture neither."  
  
A quick text later Monica tells her Dad to send him a dick pic. Then it dawns on her, "Wait a second. You saw my Dad's dick at the Mall."  
  
Lisa blushes, "Oh yea. I guess I did. How did I forget that?"  
  
"You just wanted to see it again." Monica narrows her eyes pointing at Lisa.  
  
"Sue me. I'm a slut too."  
  
Ryan shakes his head, "Wow! This is insane."  
  
They get distracted as the old Farmer Lester and his friend both leave at the same time. April asks for one more second then hurries into the Kitchen. Seconds later she returns.  
  
"Okay. Aunt Greta stepped out back to smoke. What you did was so freaking sexy." April speedily recites.  
  
"So, let's see just how wild you are." Lisa encourages.  
  
April eyes Ryan, "Hi."  
  
"Hey." Ryan nods.  
  
Biting her lower lip April discards her apron to the next booth then quickly unbuttons her white blouse. Beneath was a lacey pink bra. She lifts it up to let her perky breasts breath. Nervous April looks over her shoulder before removing the shirt entirely. Then the bra unclasped and she sat it over the clothes in the booth. She was topless.  
  
"Don't stop there." Lisa winks.   
  
April eyes Ryan then turns her back to him, "Unzip my skirt."  
  
Ryan swiftly obeys and she wiggles it down to her feet stepping out. Now other than her socks and shoes she wore only a pink thong.  
  
Ryan huffs at her shape, "Wow!"  
  
Monica admires his interest and needs to escalate. Just for Ryan.  
  
"Might as well lose the thong too." She giggles.  
  
"I only have a few minutes more. Greta usually smokes two before coming in."  
  
Bending over the thong peels off and she tosses it.   
  
"Bravo. April you have a stunning body. I love that silky soft snatch." Lisa grins reaching over to caress the pubic area, "Ryan? You should feel how soft this is."  
  
Ryan hesitates until April steps closer to him. Encouraged he caresses the area and sneaks a thumb along her clit. April's eyes flare and she hisses, "That sent shivers."  
  
Monica poises her camera, "May I?"  
  
"Just don't use it against me." She continually looks over her shoulder then out into the parking lot at cars driving by.  
  
Monica snaps a quick set of three poses.  
  
"Your turn Ryan. Strip and pose with April." Lisa motions him to hurry.  
  
April fidgets, "Group pose?"  
  
Lisa leaps up and quickly loses her shirt and drops her sweats. Posing with April. Monica snaps pics of Lisa and April touching each other's breasts.  
  
With an elbow to his ribs Ryan takes the hint and stands up. His shirt comes off and he quickly unfastens his jeans dropping they and his boxers to his boots.  
  
April dropped her jaw at his proud erection. It was huge to her.  
  
"Oh my Gosh. He's gigantic."  
  
"Touch it." Monica charms her.  
  
"Let's both touch it." Lisa pulls a shuffling Ryan further from the table. There Lisa crouches dragging April down with her. They both stroke his cock playfully laughing.  
  
April marvels at his girth.  
  
Monica pushes the envelope, "Both of you lick his cock."  
  
Lisa grins at April, "Want to?"  
  
April distorts her mouth, worried of Greta returning. Finally she nods with a wanting grin and joins Lisa in molding their tongues to each side of his crown. Ryan was grinning from ear to ear.  
  
After the picture Lisa hops up and quietly tells April to stay there. She gets dressed really fast before leaning down over April's shoulder, "I'll run interference if Greta steps inside and comes this way. I can see the door open from here. Have fun."

April pauses to look up at Ryan who offered her a look of please don't stop.  
  
Monica scoots out of the booth and kneels beside April to hug her from the side. April tensed up slightly but Monica offered her a friendly, "I think you might be my new bestie."  
  
"I like friends. I don't really have many in this hick town." She replies.  
  
Before letting the girl give up Monica joins her by reaching up to squeeze Ryan's balls. His dick instinctively twitched higher. The sudden move made April giggle.  
  
"I think he likes you." Monica winks.  
  
April shrugs faintly, "I don't get to meet guys much. My family is kind of confining."  
  
"You look like you know what you're doing."  
  
"Now and then I date but mostly it's just things I make myself do."  
  
"You like taking chances don't you? Just like I do. I'm an exhibitionist. I've recently graduated to loving sex."  
  
"I sneak out at night sometimes and walk naked in the fields."  
  
"Stick with me April. I'll be your streaking partner." Monica grins.  
  
Lisa whispers loudly, "Hurry it up. Greta just lit her second cigarette."  
  
"What do you want to do more than anything right this minute?" Monica stares her in the eye.  
  
"I've always wanted to fuck on the job. I dream of a guy coming in and seducing me while I wait their table."  
  
Monica leaps up and pulls her to her feet. Moving to the next booth she helps April hop up on the table.   
  
"Get over here Ryan."  
  
Ryan trudges in his lowered pants and stands between April's legs. Monica then pats Ryan on the ass.  
  
"Make her dream come true."  
  
Ryan looks down at April swallowing harshly, "You sure about this?"  
  
April looks up nodding, "Please. Do it."  
  
Lining his cock up to her pussy he barely coaxes it inside her. The girl was tight as hell. Wet though. One thrust later he was on his way. April moaned immediately. Louder and louder. The shriller her voice became the more Ryan panicked.  
  
"Don't stop." April reaches for Ryan with emotional eyes.  
  
Monica snaps picture after picture.   
  
Mid thrusting Ryan notices a grain truck pulling off the road into the far end of the parking lot. He keeps fucking but eyes dart back and forth. Her warm pussy was loosening up and feeling entirely too good.  
  
Monica see's the truck too and frowns.   
  
As the truck parks a pair of men jump down and start to walk toward the Diner.  
  
"Better stop. Customers." Monica says then stops to squint, "Wait. I know them. They were at "Holly's" last night. Keep going Ryan. Give April the complete fantasy."  
  
Monica then pats April on the arm with a smile. Leaving the Diner to Lisa as Guardian, Monica steps outside and walks toward the Farmers.  
  
"What? You guys following me?" She giggles and walks over to greet them.  
  
"Look who it is. We figured you went home and crawled into bed crying." Said one of them.  
  
"Crying? Buddy, I loved every second of that. I may be tender right now but I could go more."  
  
"We would but we don't have time. Only grabbing a quick bite then hitting the fields. Raincheck?" Says the other.  
  
"Sure. But, the tables might be full." She winks and uses her thumb to point at the windows.  
  
Both men glare toward the Diner to see April's legs in the air. Ryan was a heated sweaty mess but kept on going.   
  
"Is that April getting screwed on the table?" The larger Farmer grunted.  
  
His friend tilted his ball cap back, "God damn. It is April. Who's she with?"  
  
Monica steps between both of them and hugs an arm each, "My friend Ryan. Let them have their fun."  
  
"Where's Greta? She's going to beat that girl's ass."  
  
Lisa pops over to the windows and taps her wrist. Greta was done smoking.  
  
Monica waves for Ryan to stop and hurry out. He doesn't see her until Lisa grabs his arm. Watching the panic set in Ryan pulls out of April. April quickly crawls off the table and takes Ryan by the hand. She leads him into the bathroom. As the door closes Monica and Lisa felt relieved. Lisa sat down quickly.  
  
"Gentleman? Let's go get you some breakfast." Monica giggles and pats their asses.  
  
The men "Drake" and "Lonnie" uneasy follow along. They knew things could get ugly once Greta came in.  
  
Entering the Diner Monica sat them at the table Ryan and April was fucking on. Lonnie lifted up April's clothes with a funny look.   
  
Lisa quickly leaned over "Drake" and snatched the uniform. In doing so her breasts caressed his cheek.  
  
"Morning Studly." Lisa chuckled.  
  
Hiding the clothes swiftly beside her they heard Greta open the back door and enter the Kitchen. The woman then came to the Chef's counter looking over into the Diner.  
  
"Where did that girl go?" Greta frowned.  
  
Drake spoke up, "April's in the restroom. Think she's sick. We can get our coffee if you can make us some Steak and Eggs."  
  
Greta looked concerned but went back to her cooking.  
  
"Smooth." Monica winks at Drake.  
  
The noise from the bathroom was muffled but there was no mistake they were still fucking. Laughter had to be contained as the toilet flushed. A sign they presumed meant the two were done. Lisa giggling softly left her booth and took April's clothing with her.   
  
Gently knocking Lisa whispers, "I got her clothes."  
  
The door opens quietly and narrowly. Ryan with his pants up claims his shirt and her clothes. Seconds later Ryan steps out and shuffles over to Monica sliding into the booth.  
  
Lisa returned to the table also and looked at Ryan, "How was it?"  
  
Drake stood up to go get coffee but took time to pat Ryan on the back. The action made Ryan smirk and blush.  
  
Minutes later April fully dressed with apron on emerges from the restroom with the brightest smile of her life. She looked at Lonnie cautiously then lowered her gaze. The man snapped his fingers at her to get her attention. He winked at her and gave her a thumbs up. April shyly stepped to Monica's table whispering, "Thank you."  
  
Ryan gets a spontaneous peck on the cheek before April steps away to face her Aunt.  
  
Greta asked April if she was okay. The girl merely nodded and said, "Much better now."  
  
Lisa and Monica finally ate their breakfast with evil grins.  
  
Before leaving Monica steps over to April at the counter.   
  
"Hotel. Room 12. I'll be there all night if you want to stop by. Ryan will be too."  
  
Her eyes brightened up. Her excitability was contagious.  
  
As Lisa paid for their meal she also paid for Lonnie and Drake.   
  
"Leave the girl a tip." Lisa points at them.  
  
"Will do." Drake nodded.  
  
As Monica, Lisa, and Ryan left the Diner Lisa chuckled and stepped over to the window next to the two men's booth. They looked up just as she lifted her shirt and pressed her bare breasts against the glass. Both men reached over and rubbed the glass as if touching them.  
  
April busted up laughing.  
  
"Too much fun, Critter."  
  
Ryan followed them back to the Hotel.

**Monica 26: Licking Wounds**

**Back at the "Stikkit Inn" Hotel.**  
As soon as Monica, Lisa, and Ryan enter the Hotel Room Monica turns to Ryan and lifts her shirt over her head. Then her sweat pants came off.  
  
"See my battle scars?" Monica frowns.  
  
Ryan steps back to see over twenty separate hickies gracing her body from neck to toe.  
  
"Damn Monica. That's a lot of bruising. How do you plan on explaining this to your parents?" He sizes her up.  
  
"I just have to hide these from my Mom. Dad will shut up fast. He might be grumpy but he won't ground me or anything."  
  
"So much for anymore classroom exhibitions. Everyone is going to wonder why you're hiding."  
  
"Oh I'm not letting these stop me. I'll just blame the hicky rash on you." She giggles.  
  
"Me? Yeah they'll buy that. Not even."  
  
"So I tell them the truth then. My flock will stand by me."  
  
"Maybe."  
  
Lisa clears her throat, "You're stripping in school?"  
  
Monica waves her hand gayly, "Pffft! What haven't I done in school."  
  
Shaking her head Lisa sighs, "Wish I had done that."  
  
"You still could." Monica winks.  
  
"Critter? I'm a married 25 year old woman. I can't go into a school like you're doing without going to prison. I love my Michael too much to be wearing Orange."  
  
Monica hears her cell ping. Looking at it she realizes her cell is nearly dead.  
  
"It's my Dad. Cell has 25% charge." Still she reads his text, "Oh, here's his dick pic for you."  
  
Lisa laughs and hovers over her shoulder to look, "Yep. I recall that monster."  
  
Ryan groans as Monica shows him.  
  
"Now you know why I love my Daddy." She sticks her tongue out at Ryan.  
  
Lisa pats Monica on the back, "Sweetie? I need to get back home. Keep the things I brought you. My offer of the couch is still open if you change your mind."  
  
"Thanks. Brock paid through tomorrow. Besides I want to visit more with April. So does Ryan."  
  
"Okie. You call me as soon as you get back home. Tell your Dad I'll consider meeting up with him after Michael knows I might. Please be careful. No more gangbangs for awhile. Heal up."  
  
Hugging her Monica sighs, "I know I want to try more. I can't help it."  
  
"At least wait until I can join you." Lisa giggles, "You take care of her Ryan. Good luck."  
  
He nods and offers her a hug too.  
  
Leaving with a wave they watch her get into her car and drive away.  
  
Ryan then leers at Monica, "Don't ever hide shit from me again. I need to be there to keep you from getting hurt."  
  
"NO YOU DON'T. I went through this with your Dad, Ryan. I told Brock there are things I just need to do without interference. Live with it."  
  
"How many guys had sex with you last night?" He had to know.  
  
"Just under 30 somewhere."  
  
His eyes bulge and he starts to pace the room.  
  
"30????????? Are you out of your mind?"  
  
"I was out of my body." She laughs, "Ryan? Please stop. You wanted me to push myself. I did. I'll keep doing that."  
  
He grumbles loudly, "So, how many next? 50?"  
  
"I would try it."  
  
"You're committing suicide Monica. That's too many."  
  
"No it's not. It's my life and my body. If I want to fuck 100 guys one after another I will. Either be my best friend and challenge me or I'll find someone who will."  
  
He stares in awe of her drive and finally shrugs, "Alright. I'm with you because I care."  
  
"Good. Now take a nap with me I'm bushed."  
  
"You do know I deliver pizza in about 3 hours right?"  
  
"Oh. Call off. Or call Holden or Shane and have them stay with me. I can introduce them to April."  
  
He sneers at her. Ryan kind of liked April.  
  
"I'll call them. Both of them are off tonight."  
  
"Thank you. I also need my cell charger and some clothes. If I make a list can you sneak into my bedroom and grab stuff?"  
  
"With your parents home? Just tell your Dad to pack things for me."  
  
Eyes rolling Monica groans, "FINE! I'll tell him to bring them to your job. DO NOT tell him what I did. Let me be the one to explain it to him."  
  
"Good. I don't need roughed up for letting you do that. Wait until I'm like graduated and off to college."  
  
She sways in her seat on the bed, "Yeah. Probably better. Speaking of college. When does your brother Kyle come home from school again?"  
  
Ryan stares at her without expression, "Why? So you can have all of the Quinones men?"  
  
"I never even considered that. But, now that you mention it." She offers a grim creased brow, "No. I wondered if he knew that guy with the dogs from the park. They go to the same college and all."  
  
"Uh-huh! Who knows. Whenever you hear a Motorcycle pull up out back you will know when I do. I'm not his babysitter."  
  
She pouts and stares at Ryan rather lost all of a sudden. Finally she stands up and drifts into his arms for a much needed hug.  
  
"I'm sorry if you think differently of late." She huffs over his shoulder.  
  
"Only that you obviously had sex with my Dad too. Behind my back."  
  
"He didn't want me to tell you. I didn't want to tell him about you either. I only wanted to keep peace between you two."  
  
"I get it. It's out there now. I'm not that pissed. Besides I encouraged you to have sex with your Dad. I'm probably the sickest of both of us."  
  
"I call them both "Daddy". I'm worse."  
  
A tense groan led to their separation. Ryan looks around him awkwardly, "Ok. Use your text to tell your Dad to pack what you need. I'll go get it while I'm on break from work."  
  
"Thank you Master." She whispers.  
  
"Master? Nahhh! Just your friend."  
  
"Not true. When I say Master that's your cue to make me obey you. No matter what."  
  
"That kind of makes you the Master doesn't it?"  
  
She mulls it over, "Ok, I guess I am. But, I'll relent to you on occasion. You just take the cue running. Deal?"  
  
He laughs shaking his head, "Yeah, sure. Hey, tell April good things about me. She was pretty hot. I felt chemistry."  
  
"No you felt her cum all over your cock in that tiny bathroom."  
  
"That too. Still, I would date her."  
  
"I'll see what I can do."  
  
One nod later Ryan left her room and hit the road.  
  
Monica texted her Dad then hit the bed. Out like a light.  
  
Shortly after 3:30 in the afternoon Monica heard knocking at the motel room door. In a daze she crawled from her bed sheets and stumbled to the door. Without even looking to see whom was knocking Monica merely opened the door and hid her eyes from the bright mid day sun. Never too worried about who saw her nude she stood there hugging the door while blinded.  
  
"Well, now. I surely wasn't expecting this."   
  
The voice was new to her as her eyes adapted to see a short portly man in his mid 60's.   
  
"Oh geez! I'm sorry. I was out cold and expecting it to be somebody else." She hid further behind the door.  
  
"No harm done. I'm the owner of this motel. Name's "Lyle". Just checking if the room was still occupied. I noticed the renter leaving earlier and not return. Thought maybe he changed his mind and locked the key in the room like most of my renters do."  
  
"No. I'm here. He rented the room for me to escape my family for a couple nights." She decides not to be shy and step into perfect view of her full frontal nudity. She had zero shame these days. As she does he swiftly notices all of her hicky bruising.   
  
"You get beat up?" He squints to examine each of her marks.  
  
"No. Just a hungry bunch of guys." She sighs delicately pulling her bangs from her eyes. She needed to take her contacts out. Sleeping in them was not a good thing but she had forgotten in her tired state. Not too mention she had no solution nor her contact container. She thought to herself "Medicine cup it is."  
  
"In my hotel room?" He glares around her to see no other occupants.  
  
"Oh no. It happened elsewhere. But, I'm sure the hotel gets plenty of action even without my participation." She giggles.  
  
Nodding the older man had to agree, "True dat. Looks like the worked you over pretty good."  
  
She noticed him checking her body out and felt slightly awkward. Still, Monica couldn't ignore mischief.  
  
"Oh they did. I was held down and taken hard. I feel like my ass is bruised even. I just can't see back there. Does it look terrible?" She twists in step to show her backside to him. She even went so far as to bend over and spread her butt cheeks. The older man had trouble forming words at her boldness.  
  
"Young lady, you have hickies between your butt cheeks even. Must have been a wild party."  
  
"It wasn't really a party. I just let a bunch of guys gangbang me."  
  
He scratched the base of his skull and shook his head, "My, my! You poor thing. Need any lotion applied to those hickies? Might soothe the aching."  
  
Tempted to let him she notices a pickup truck pulling up.  
  
"Rain check? My friends are here. They came to keep me company. Bless you for the offer "Lyle". "  
  
He realizes their arrival as he grins sheepishly, "Going to be shenanigans in my hotel room here?"  
  
"Probably!" She giggles.  
  
"No reason to keep it down. You're my only tenant presently. If I get more I'll let you know to quiet things down a notch."  
  
"Thanks Lyle. You're a sweetheart."  
  
"That's what all my ole ladies say." He winks.  
  
He turns as her friends Shane and Holden step from Shane's pickup. Lyle takes the liberty of chuckling at the boys, "Y'all have fun with that one."  
  
The boys grin and salute the old man. As soon as his back is turned they both eye Monica with a gross expression.  
  
She whispers loudly with a pouty face, "Is that look toward him or me?"   
  
Checking her out as they reach her Shane takes her hand and twirls her in step whistling, "Someone did a number on you."  
  
She wiggles proudly, "Don't ask the number because I'm not positive how many. Under 30. The amount of guys, not their ages. I think the average age of the guys there were 40 and up."  
  
Holden offers a queer expression, "God I hope you used protection."  
  
"They did. It was enforced." She hops in step nervously, " My butt hurts really bad."  
  
"Bet you didn't use a butt plug in preparation did you?" Shane chuckles.  
  
She whines wishing she had thought of that, "Nooooooooo! It's not like I've ever used one of those before. I need to invest in one."  
  
"There's a sex store up the Interstate about 15 miles. I think it's called the "Licker Store"." Holden adds.  
  
Monica puckers, "So which of you sexy studs is taking me shopping?"  
  
"You must think we're rich being Pizza Entrepreneurs." Shane scoffs.  
  
"Pleassssssse? I'll blow you guys."  
  
"Blow? That's all?" Shane rolls his eyes.  
  
"You try having every hole you have filled multiple times and expect to get laid." Her smirk was spirited.  
  
"Nobody to blame but yourself Miss Slut." Holden offers his opinion.  
  
She giddily dances in circles, "I know! Isn't it awesome?"  
  
"You really went that far? I thought you were bullshitting." Shane again rolls his eyes knowing full well she did.  
  
"Yep. Loved it. Can't wait to do it again."  
  
Holden frowns his concern, "This can't be healthy, Monica."  
  
She immediately puts a hand up and glares darkly at him, "Stop! This is my life. Oh, I also did shots of Bourbon. So nasty. Took the edge off though."  
  
"Jack? That stuff puts me on my ass." Shane recalls.  
  
"I don't know what kind or who. All I know is my ass was put on...a lot." She laughs at her own joke.  
  
As they banter about a small white car pulls into the gravel parking lot. Monica didn't even both to hide her nudity. With the sun in the car windows she couldn't tell who it was. Only Holden stepped in front of her as a precaution. Until she pushed him aside.  
  
The car stops behind the pickup truck and a power window rolls down to reveal a familiar face.  
  
"Hi!"   
  
"April! Hey sexy. Glad you could make it." Monica darts out to her car and around to the drivers side. Being barefooted the hot gravel made Monica dance to reach the girl. Diving into her window she hugs the short dark brown haired beauty.   
  
"I love how much freedom you have. I would be scared shitless." April flares her eyes shyly.  
  
"Ohhhhhhhh NO! You don't go there Missy." Monica points at her.  
  
"What did I say?" April drops her jaw shocked.  
  
"You just fucked my friend Ryan in your Aunt's Diner. In front of a huge glass window. On a booth table top. Don't you dare act shy." She reaches in and puts the car in park before opening her door and dragging the girl from her seat. The girl had to struggle to shut the engine off.   
  
April had changed out of her uniform into a pair of white shorts and a lavender plaid button down shirt. Her legs were lightly tanned but for the most part it was easy to tell the girl wasn't a sun person. Funny considering the place this girl worked at was called "The Sunny Side Up Diner".   
  
"Guys? This is my new bestie, "April" , I don't know your last name." She grasps.  
  
April blushes as the boys stare her down with a glint of lust.   
  
"My last name's "Wallace"."  
  
"April Wallace? This is Shane and Holden. Two of Ryan's friends. Mine too."  
  
"Hi." She flutters her fingers bashfully.  
  
The boys were dumbstruck by her beauty. Ryan hadn't even told them about her. Let alone tapping her in a Diner. Disbelief was evident. No way did Ryan fuck this girl.  
  
"Okay. Rocks are hot. Gotta go." Monica hobbles dramatically into the shade of the hotel structure.   
  
Standing there with uncertainty April fidgeted and kicked the toe of her left shoe into the gravel. She was pretty nervous about meeting new guys. Even she couldn't believe her actions earlier in the day. The recollection gave her shivers. Damp in certain areas.  
  
"Isn't she beautiful?" Monica pined.  
  
The guys both nodded and finally overcame their own shyness.  
  
"So you work at a Diner?" Holden jumps at his first thought.  
  
"Yes. I work for my Aunt Greta as a Waitress. So boring. Mostly farmers in the morning. Like Lonnie and Drake."  
  
Monica smugly added, "Fucked them."  
  
Shane shook his head at Monica's attitude. He then turns his attention toward April.  
  
"Did you really....you and Ryan?"  
  
Biting her lower lip the brunette nods sheepishly, "Yes."  
  
"It was soooo HOT! Her body is incredible. She saw my friend Lisa strip down for cell pics and jumped at the chance to join in."  
  
Monica threw her body into Shane to sweeten her giddiness.  
  
April laughs faintly at Monica's exuberance.  
  
"I've always wanted to be naked in public. I just never could get the right opportunity. Once I saw how bold your friend Lisa was I knew I had to try."  
  
"Try? Girl you blew the doors to that Diner off their hinges. I was afraid the sprinkler system was going to go off. So HOT!" Monica couldn't contain herself.  
  
Holden winces, "I think you're still drunk."  
  
"Nope! Just loving life." Monica shrugged smiling.  
  
April continues to blush and bat her beautiful brown eyes. Often shying her gaze away to look at her feet before returning to enhance their attraction toward her.  
  
Monica frowns and points at obvious erections in both men, "See these? They weren't caused by me and I'm freaking naked. They can't keep their eyes off of you."  
  
This makes April grip her left wrist with her right hand. In doing so her gently unbuttoned cleavage bunches tightly together. She liked to offer at least a temptation when wearing button down shirts. Her 36C's were eager to please. Yet, she maintained a playful shyness. She did indeed love the thought that she had created these erections.  
  
Monica eyed the guys trying not to blush in their own set of nervous reaction.  
  
Finally, Monica changes the subject.   
  
"Hey. You don't happen to have any hand lotion in your purse do you?"  
  
April peps up, "Yes, actually." She turns to wiggle her shapely petite ass toward her passenger door and leans through the opened car window for her purse. In bending over April offered them an innocent glimmer of butt cheeks as she stretched into the interior. Once retrieving her purse she straightens up and turns to face everyone.  
  
"It's scented. Lilac." She produces a nearly full tube of lotion.  
  
"My body is pretty tender. I could use a nice gentle rub down."  
  
April starts to step forward and hand it to Holden when Monica clears her throat, "No. Guys get too rough. Why do you think I need the lotion. Help me out?"   
  
April flares her eyes, "I noticed the bruises. Ouch."  
  
"Please?" Monica pouts toward the girl.  
  
Stuttering slightly she trembles, "I can."  
  
Joyously clapping her hands in a silent manner Monica turns and skips into her Hotel room. Once inside she throws herself on to the bed. There she lay patiently kicking her feet in a playful display.  
  
The guys both shrug at April who coyly steps between them to reach the doorway. The boys stood three feet apart. April knew her perfume alone had them following her at close proximity.  
  
Entering the room April shivers at seeing Monica awaiting. She was beautiful. Even with all of the bruising.   
  
Shane starts to shut the door when Monica stops him, "Leave it open. It's sexier."  
  
The guys stood in the doorway watching as April stood above Monica gritting her perfect teeth before sitting down next to her.  
  
"I've never put lotion on another girl before." She mumbles hesitantly.  
  
"I won't bite. If I let them do this they would devour me." Monica sticks her tongue out at the boys.  
  
April giggles, "And, that's a bad thing?"  
  
"Seriously? Look at me. No it wouldn't be a bad thing. Still I need to recover a little before any more rough stuff."  
  
The small town Goddess expresses a pouty face, feeling empathy for the wounded girl. With a deep inhale "April Renee Wallace" dabs lotion on her palm before resting the tube aside. With a nervous yet delicate touch she spreads the lotion over the bruises along Monica's spine. Monica pulled her long hair to her right shoulder to give the girl room to work.  
  
"Do they hurt?" April winces as Monica moans ever so tenderly.  
  
"Not so much. Just tender. You have a soft touch. I like that."  
  
"I try." April exhales softly.   
  
After coating her neck and shoulder wounds, April bypasses Monica's ass and goes further south to the backs of her legs. Once done that left only the cheeks and what bruises lie within the recesses of her crack.  
  
"Keep going. I took a shower so I'm clean in all the right places." Monica giggles and arches her ass in the air.   
  
April fans herself while squirting more lotion on her palm. As she did so her eyes drifted up toward Shane and Holden. Both boys were nurturing the tented jeans over their crotches. She had to blush. No choice. Both men were drooling at the sight of one girl touching another.  
  
Leaning over Monica April whispers, "I think your friends are having fun watching this."  
  
Huffing at the revelation Monica sighs verbally, "I bet they might have more fun if you acted like you were getting turned on."  
  
Giggling April whispers, "What if that were true?"  
  
Monica returns to smother April in her lengthy hair whispering, "I say tease those bastards for all they're worth."  
  
With shivering eyes and a deafening smile April hisses, "Okay."  
  
Sitting up April acts as if struggling to get comfortable on the mattress. Moving about every few seconds she groans with a deep exhale. Finally, she untucks her buttoned down shirt from her shorts. That led to another brief encounter with Monica. Adding lotion awkwardly between her butt cheeks and trying not to actually touch her anal cavity nor her pussy.   
  
"Oh my gosh. It's so hot in here." April fanned herself. It was rather stuffy even with the windows and door open. The motel didn't have air conditioning. Merely a sluggish ceiling fan that helped very little.  
  
April decides to unbutton her shirt and remove it. The boys observed every button abandoning her fingers. As the shirt was cast aside on the floor she tried again. She wore a lacey white bra to match her shorts.   
  
Her secondary attempt was delayed as Monica chose to roll over on to her back and lay there waiting. April was turning her blush off and on at a rapid pace. She couldn't decide.  
  
"Don't stop now." Monica sighed as April's hands hovered over her with lotion.

"You like this too much." April giggles then pointing at the boys, "So do you two."  
  
Shane nods his head, "No denying that."  
  
With hands coated in lotion April scoots out of bed and walks over to Holden, "Do you mind taking my shorts off so I don't get them messy. White gets stained so easily."  
  
Holden raised a brow then swiftly leaned over to unbutton her shorts. Unzipped he eyes her lower belly and the thin white thong beneath. Guiding the shorts low he had to crouch until she stepped out of them. Her snatch was right in his face. The scent was terrorizing his appetite. The floral aroma of her perfume attacked his hormones.  
  
April peered down at him bashfully, his eyes looking up at hers. With a warm smile she retreats back to the bed.  
  
"Where was I?" She kneeled on the covers with her hands poised.  
  
"You were going to lotion my boobies."  
  
With a giggle April moved lower and did just that. She found the breasts more appealing than she ever imagined. This being her first set of tits ever touched. Outside of her own. Monica moaned with each compression. The girls fingers going from merely applying lotion to full on squeeze.  
  
"How am I doing?" April softly whispers as she hears both men above her watching exhale a faint, "Perfect." She blushes toward Holden and Shane, "I was asking her."  
  
Monica sighs loudly, "You need to take that bra off and let me touch yours."  
  
April offers an expression of disbelief, "Okay."  
  
Holden automatically assumes she might need help and darts to her side of the bed. April in turn rears erect on her knees and watches him over her right shoulder.   
  
A simple unclasp leads Holden to carefully assist her arms out of the straps. The cups were peeled off for Shane to view.  
  
"Thank you." April bats her bashful eyes.  
  
Monica immediately yanks her off balance by the wrist and guides her to lay at her side. As April observes her, Monica caresses the girls breasts. Encircling the areolas made April shiver and moan faintly. Nipples perking up like bullet casings.  
  
"I think the boys like your boobies." Monica offers loud enough for the guys to hear.  
  
Shane clears his throat, "Ummm! We like it all."  
  
"Ryan loved it all." April giggles as Monica warmly exhales over her nipple.  
  
"They haven't seen it all though." Monica succulently kisses April's nipple forcing the girl to arch her back.  
  
Trembling with excitement April kicks her legs about and points toward Shane, "I want HIM to take my panties off."  
  
Shane jumps at the chance. Racing to her toes she stops him with a foot on his abdomen. Her beguiling smile held him at bay while Monica continued feasting on her nipples. As Shane eyed the actions April suddenly lowered her foot. Her toes lightly caressing his bulging jeans.  
  
"He feels really big." April whispers.  
  
Monica halts long enough to notice the girls revelation. She hissed, "So is Holden. You should see them."  
  
Holden nods with his mouth dropped. He couldn't agree more.  
  
Suddenly April hoists her hips up from the mattress. This gave Shane the nudge to escape her foot just long enough to escort her thong over her thighs and down her legs. A quick drop of hips and raising of legs led to the thongs escape.  
  
Shane eased up and returned her foot to his crotch. Before her he placed the thong up to his nose.  
  
"Sweetest scent ever." Shane mumbles.  
  
Below him Monica grins, "I bet she tastes better. I'll go find out."  
  
With her lips kissing her way south over April's belly she reaches the girls clit. A lizard like flicking of her tongue made April coo like a dove. After a good ten licks Monica stops.   
  
"Yummy. You guys really need to taste this."  
  
April's eyes flare nervously as Shane looks at her for confirmation that she was okay with it. The nibbling of her lip shyly awaited his takeover.  
  
Kneeling he samples the young beauties labia then clit. April moistened up quite well. Instantly even.  
  
Moans escalate as Monica joins in kissing the girls belly button arena.  
  
Above them Holden sweats it out until April notices his expression. With a glint of passion April coils her finger to call Holden in to the smothering.  
  
He rubs his chin before deciding to step around to Monica's side. Leaning over to her left shoulder Holden devoured the girls nipple. Her hand in his hair to commit.  
  
The sensations made sweet April Wallace build up for a very shrill release. Still the attention increased.  
  
While the four of them enjoyed themselves the sound of a car pulling up in the gravel out front filled the air. Then a car door opening and shutting. Then a shadow in the doorway.  
  
April squinted to see, "RYAN!"   
  
Ryan Quinones stood with the belongings of Monica he had picked up from her Dad. Seeing the group molesting April he felt rather jealous.  
  
"Looks like you guys are having fun." Ryan growls.  
  
With a raised arm reaching toward him April offers a pleading set of eyes, "I want you Ryan."  
  
Shane looks up from her pussy with a drenched chin to see Ryan. With a smirk he calls out, "We were just getting her ready for ya Bro."  
  
"Uh huh!" Ryan rolls his eyes.  
  
Monica and Holden peel away and give April time to regret their departure. The girls eyes proved that she needed more attention.  
  
"Twice in one day Handsome." Monica sits up but still caresses April's belly, "Better drop my bag and your pants. Your lunch breaks about over."  
  
Ryan tosses the bag aside and swiftly drags his pants and boxers down to his ankles. Hobbling over to April, Shane backs away to give him room.   
  
Ryan grips the girls ankles and drags her closer to the edge of the bed. With a smirk he lowers in to penetrate April. He holds her legs wide while he thrusts gently.  
  
"Faster." April whimpers.  
  
He puckers and accelerates his hip movements. The moans grew loud.  
  
In her brewing hormonal shift April reaches out for Holden and Shane. This shocked Ryan. Finally he shrugs and nods his approval. Both men hovered over her tits and fed.  
  
Monica had moved aside and went to stand in the doorway to watch. The boys were having too much fun. So much so Monica herself was feeling neglected. Still, she wanted April to enjoy the experience on her own.  
  
Turning away Monica steps outside the room on to the sidewalk that aligned the whole building. It was cooling down more outside so the concrete was more bearable. Looking toward the Office sign she had a brilliant idea.  
  
Shuffling from her room she walked to the front door to the office. Cars were driving by on the rural road through town. Someone had to see her.  
  
Entering the Office she hears a television that sounded very much like the moans of April. Wincing Monica tiptoed around the front desk to peer into the adjoining room. There sat Hotel Owner "Lyle Stikket" watching a black and white video feed of the events in her Hotel room. Monica dropped her jaw.   
  
"Are you jerking off to my friends?" She blurts out.  
  
The elderly man jumped out of his recliner with his dick dangling.  
  
"I didn't hear you come in." He catches his breath.  
  
"In a few minutes you might hear Ryan come in. Inside her." She giggles leaning against the threshold.  
  
He starts to use a remote to shut the TV off but Monica leaps toward him to wrestle it away.  
  
"Hey! I wanna watch too." She sticks her tongue out at him.  
  
Clearing his pipes he ushers, "You do?"  
  
"Yup! I can't see it very well though. I need my glasses. Contacts are soaking. So, me blind."  
  
Monica steps in front of the TV and bends over while rubbing and patting her ass lightly.   
  
Behind her Lyle swallows harshly and steps closer to her.  
  
"I think she's about to have an orgasm." Monica snickers and uses her hand in a jerking motion.  
  
Lyle presumes it to be a sign and begins jerking his cock nice and purple. All the time observing her ass mere inches from his crown. Playfully she points at the 34' TV screen as if deciphering what was going on.   
  
As they hear April scream out loud Lyle Stikket ejaculated a stream of white ooze all over Monica's bare ass.  
  
"Whatcha doing back there Old Timer?" She wiggles her ass.  
  
Monica rubs the creamy residue all over her ass then stands erect. She twists in step pointing down at the man mischievously..  
  
"Did you just jizz on me?"  
  
Lyle was exhausted and fell back into his recliner, "Free room here anytime you want it Young Lady."  
  
"So sweet. Thank you." She hops in step allowing her bruised breasts to bounce. She had to wince and clutch them tenderly.  
  
He suddenly felt awkward. He had been busted for illegally having video cameras hidden in his rooms. This girl could be trouble if she talked.   
  
Eying his haunted look Monica realized his worry.  
  
"Don't sweat it Uncle Lyle. I'm not ratting you out. Just always be cool to me. Deal?"  
  
He nods reluctantly then pats his lap with an insistent repetition.   
  
Monica fidgets slightly then sits down in his lap throwing an arm around his neck. His hands rubbed her legs.  
  
"Do we have a deal?" She stares him in the eye.  
  
"Promise to stay here more often?" He grunts.  
  
"When I can. Sure!"  
  
"Promise to stay naked all the time?"  
  
"I Guarantee that." She laughs.  
  
"Let me cum on that ass again?"  
  
"If you want."  
  
"How about your tits?"  
  
Giggling she pats his shoulder, "What? Not my face too?"  
  
"Can I?" He chuckles.  
  
"Nope! Neck down you have a deal."  
  
"Fair enough. Can I fuck you?" He pushes the opportunities.  
  
"Now! Now! Mister Stikket I have to draw the line somewhere." She rolls her eyes.  
  
"Please?" He begs.  
  
Crawling off of his lap she kneels down in front of him. She then carefully crushes her tits toward his still hard erection. She smothers his cock between them before winking, "You can fuck these. Last offer."  
  
"DONE!" He chokes loudly to thrust up between her battered mounds. She laughed along with him as they heard Ryan nut inside April over the TV behind her.  
  
"I think he's done." She huffed as Lyle's cock stretched up to tap her chin.  
  
With a look of unexpected awe Monica sneers playfully, "Watch it Buddy."  
  
He chooses to continue daringly trying to touch her chin more often as he thrusts. Finally, he feels a second coming. Monica feels his nerves twitch and looks down at his crown peeking in and out of her tits compression. The second she looks down he detonates all over her chin and lips. She opens her mouth caught off guard and catches another spurt directly into her mouth.   
  
"Oh my God!" She talks trying not to move her mouth. Her expression that of unintended panic.  
  
"Almost done." He growls.  
  
One final grunt puddles on her chest.  
  
She leans forward and licks his pants. His pooled up cum on her tongue staining his shorts.  
  
"That was mean Mister Stikket." She pouts wagging her tongue in a disgusted manner. She laughed quickly and changed her expression to giddiness. Even as he looked sad for his stunt Monica leaned forward and kissed his crown.  
  
"Muah!"   
  
She then stood up swiftly, "Gotta get back to the room. See you soon, Uncle Lyle."  
  
"Uncle Lyle? That's cute Kid."  
  
"Don't miss me too much."  
  
With her tongue sticking out she raced from the room and out the Office door. Her return to the Hotel room was quickly paced.  
  
Once she reaches the room she steps in to see April spooning with Shane and Holden under each arm. Ryan laying over her.  
  
"Isn't that romantic." Monica giggles.  
  
April huffs, "Hi Bestie.", in a soft sweet tone.  
  
Monica offered a pouty delight that the girl felt that way.  
  
Ryan finally peels off and out of April. Standing erect he pulls his pants up.  
  
"That was fun. I need to get back to work. Call me sometime Farmer's Daughter." He winks at April.  
  
"I will. I promise."  
  
Shane and Holden decide to back away leaving April naked and alone. She pouted at their vacancy.  
  
Seeing her reaction Ryan scowled, "Hey? Fuck my buddies."  
  
April's eyes flare with intensity.  
  
"Okay."  
  
Ryan then stepped to the door beside Monica. He looks at her face which still had leftover droplets.  
  
"I don't wanna know. Call me when you need a ride home."  
  
"Thank you Master." She coyly pokes him in the ribs.  
  
The next hour was "NUTS!"  
  
Literally.

**Monica 27: Micky DDD's**

Toward nightfall Monica was left alone with Holden and Shane. Young April Wallace had to go home. A happy girl to say the least.  
  
Monica had showered yet again to get the stench of Lyle Stikket off of her. Stepping out in a bath towel Monica found the boys kicked back watching TV. She kept the hidden camera to herself. Still it amused her where it might be hidden.  
  
"I'm getting hungry. Ryan should have brought pizza." She held her growling belly.  
  
"Only that Diner up the road. Where April works."  
  
"There's a McRonald's out by the Interstate. Near that Adult Bookstore."  
  
Monica's eye brow peaks, "The Licker Store", right? We should go there. Buy me some toys Boys."  
  
She hops on her knees at the foot of the mattress to hint her desires.  
  
"Don't you ever get tired?" Shane creases his brow.  
  
"Hey! I just got you two laid. Well, Ryan and I did. Still, you owe me."  
  
"Owe you?" Holden sneers.  
  
"Okay, you don't. I just don't want to sit here all night. I need action."  
  
The guys groan, "Get dressed."  
  
"Yay!"  
  
She quickly puts on a short white mini dress that her Dad had plucked from her closet by request. Nipples dynamic. Areolas shadowy and evident. Her cleavage more revealing than concealing. Spaghetti strings barely holding the dress to her shoulders.  
  
Her hickies were equally visible through the material. Even her bosom granted their slight exposure. Of course her Dad had no idea when packing the dress for her. She didn't care.  
  
"Am I sexy?" She twirls in step at the base of the bed.  
  
Eyes glare over her body before both boys shrug.  
  
"Always." Holden admits.  
  
Shane looks concerned, "Aren't you afraid people might think you were beat up? Those bruises look ummm...brutal."  
  
"I'll just point the finger at you two. They did it Officer. Arrest their lips." She giggles.  
  
The guys crawl out of bed and head for the door. Along the way they literally pick her up by the armpits and guide her out the into the parking lot. She squealed all the way. At the truck she climbed into the middle of the bench style seat. Holden's hands helped her along. Up under her skirt that is.  
  
The drive took them around fifteen minutes. Deciding first to stop at the McRonald's burger joint. She coaxed them into going inside to eat. The place had a number of middle aged couples. It was easy to tell that they ate there fairly often.  
  
Standing back away from the counter eying the menu, the boys hadn't even noticed Monica lift the back of her dress up to mid cheek exposure. With no panties on it was simple enough to tell. She ignored those behind her watching. Let them say whatever crossed their minds.  
  
Finally deciding their order the boys shuffled forward. A lanky teenage boy with red hair and freckles stood to receive their order.  
  
Behind him Monica counted a chubby girl of African American persuasion. Across from her at the grill station was another lad in his mid 20's, also African American. He was ogling Monica with interest. So much so he stepped back further to see around Shane and Holden. No Manager material evident at this point.  
  
Monica fluttered her fingers toward the man then turned around to look at the seating arrangement behind her. This gave the Griller a clean shot at her butt cheeks. Feigning dropping her clutch purse she even went so far as to bend over and touch the floor. In doing so her sexy little ass offered a tantalizing sample of clam shaped pussy and bruised rectal area.   
  
Standing and returning her view toward the counter she saw the Man rubbing his goatee. His grin was pure interest.  
  
"What are you wanting Monica?" Shane peered over his shoulder.  
  
She glared toward the Man at the grill and blurted, "Something Beefy. Special sauce."  
  
Holden frowns toward the Cashier, "Yea, she will take a Big Mick meal. Coke for the drink."  
  
The cashier chuckled and shook his head. Holden paid the tab.  
  
Leaving Holden to grab the tray forthcoming, Shane trudged over to Monica, "Really? Can't we have a nice quiet meal?"  
  
She fidgets and turns to show him her ass, "Nope!  
  
Spotting her cheeks Shane immediately looked up to realize everybody in the seating area had seen her. Mumbles were filling the air.  
  
"I'll find us a booth." Monica skipped away.  
  
Dancing through the room she caught whispers saying things ranging from, "God help that poor girl." to "Tramp." and even, "Sweetest ass I ever saw."  
  
Monica took time to flutter her fingers about at every diner in the room. Graciously the men smirked and the women glared with distaste. Regardless Monica was pleasant toward them.  
  
Dancing her way to a booth in the back of the eating area she leans over the table as if brushing off the table top. Her dress rode even higher. Lingering too long Shane reaches her and slaps her on the ass. It was still tender from her night at "Holly's". The impact made her exhale a deafening squeal.  
  
"Ouchie!" She stands erect and rubs her ass carefully.  
  
"Don't get us thrown out of here." Shane whispers.  
  
"Not going to behave." She sticks her tongue out at him.  
  
Holden finally makes his way to the table with the food tray. The second he arrives Shane nudges Monica to scoot over into the booth. All three took a seat.  
  
The boys dug in wolfing their dinner down. For once they tried not to notice whatever Monica might be doing. She was at least nibbling at her fries. Content that her belly had something substantial in it.   
  
Evil eyes were examining the room about her. Monica wanted to tease but knew the women about her would object if she went too far. Finally, she ate her burger.  
  
Five minutes later Monica notices a tall White male in his mid 30's behind the front counter. By his actions it was easy enough to tell he was the Restaurant Manager. Her eyes flare up when she notes he and the Fry cook looking her direction. Obviously the younger man had let him in on Monica's tantalizing arrival. A flutter from Monica's fingers acknowledged the Manager's attention. He grinned and offered a simple nod. Work then continued leaving her to pout.  
  
Shane realized after she waved at the Manager that the Man had no interest in stepping out into the eating area and tell her to straighten up or leave. Still both boys sweated at the others gaze.  
  
"I have to go potty." Monica shivers at a sudden chill.  
  
The boys grit their teeth afraid to let her out of the booth. She raises an eye brow to offer her mental attitude.  
  
"Fine! I'll just go under."  
  
Monica eases her body sideways to crawl beneath the table. Once beneath the boys tense up due to Monica rubbing their crotches on her way through. The second she stops they turn their vision toward the others eating. All eyes were studying them.  
  
Holden went so far as to shrug and frown. Shane however nodded with ego at her ventured hand.  
  
On her knees she shuffles to escape the table. As she stands facing the tables around them she hops in step. Her 34DDD's bouncing about. Her palms giddily halt their movement as she shrinks trying to feign a blush. It was a failed attempt the second she crushed her tits together.   
  
Prancing around to spot the restrooms she wiggled her way toward the counter. The Manager stood near the register beside the young redheaded boy. They watched her with devoted eyes. The boy was beet red trying to appear in control of his emotions.  
  
The Manager kept cool and smirked as she walked by. Again she flutters her fingers with an innocent but oh so guilty look in her eyes. Again Monica gently lifts her hemline to only reveal her lower cheeks. A mere tantalizing at best. She wanted to make sure the Manager wasn't going to stop her for her actions.   
  
In the side hallway leading to the restrooms Monica spots a side door from the Prep center open up. Out stepped the black man on a mission. He times his departure to coincide her arrival.  
  
"Oopsie!" She stops cold to avoid the door.  
  
The man eyes her from head to toe.   
  
"Mmm! Mmmm! You are too fine." He puckers with admiration.  
  
Monica sheepishly grins up at his 5'7 stature.  
  
"You just want to see my ass again." She wiggles an index finger toward him.  
  
"Hell yea, I do." He chuckles.  
  
"Nope. Not this time." She shakes her head with mischief.  
  
A glint of disappointment takes the expectant man back.  
  
A moment of strained pause Monica reaches for her hem and lifts her skirt up to her belly button. She gives him a half frontal view.  
  
"Only the front this time." She beams.  
  
"Damn! Who whipped your ass?" He eyes her snatch and the bruises shadowing it.  
  
Smirking she blows dangling strands of hair from her cheek, "Who hasn't?"  
  
He didn't know what to make of her answer.  
  
Rubbing her tummy she looks down, "I hope all this fast food doesn't ruin my shape."  
  
"You just need lots of exercise to work it off." He winks.  
  
"My thoughts exactly. I have a question for you."  
  
He eyes her smug look, "Ask."  
  
"I'm going over to that Adult bookstore when I leave here. What kind of toys should I buy?"  
  
His eyes dance, "Big black dildo with my name on it."  
  
A glance at his name tag made her sigh, "Winston? I might have to smoke it."  
  
"I'm better than any dildo." He points at his erection with both index fingers.  
  
"Maybe I should buy the dildo and have a threesome with you." She smiles biting her lower lip.  
  
"I'm off in thirty minutes." He suggests coyly.  
  
She goes expressionless while pondering the thought, "Dildo's rubber. You need one too."  
  
"I'll buy some over at the store." He nods, then averts his gaze toward the outer eatery, "What about your boyfriends out there?"  
  
"Bodyguards. I do what I want. I have another question."  
  
"What?"  
  
"How cool is your Manager?"  
  
"Todd? He's cool."  
  
"So, if I strip out of this dress and just walk out into the dining area he won't call the cops?"  
  
Winston drops his jaw, "Serious? He might need to ask you to leave if the dinner folk complain. Not that he would want to. It's his job y'know?"  
  
"What about the other two workers?"  
  
"Herman will just shy away. Estelle? Bull dike. Might pin you down and chew your clit off." He chuckles.  
  
"Ouchie! My clit's really tender. All of me is."  
  
Again he eyes her belly bruises, "Gangbang?"  
  
Sheepishly she lets out a deafening exhale, "Yes."  
  
Puckering he nods, "Daaaamn! Wish I had been there."  
  
"No disrespect, but you would have been the only black man there."  
  
"Never had a black buck before?"  
  
"Oh, I have." She eases by him slowly rubbing up against his side, his left hand grazing her butt cheek, "Potty time."  
  
He watched her disappear into the bathroom. He was forced to return to work as he noticed new customers arrive. Truck drivers.   
  
After a much needed tinkle and a freshening up from a perfume vial Monica returns to the restaurant.  
  
Uncertain of discarding her dress she spotted the two women whom sneered so heavily at them get up and leave. That in itself made her feel more at ease. She stepped into view of the front counter noticing a pair of men ordering. The Manager Todd was taking their order.  
  
Pausing to glare about at the remaining eaters in the room Monica decides to keep her dress on. Heart beating fast she knew she needed to make a scene. One step at a time she thought. Regardless she hiked her hemline higher than earlier. Todd must see her bare ass. It was destiny.  
  
Choosing to avoid looking toward Shane and Holden she pranced over to the condiment counter. She used that area as her first assault. Let's see if Manager Todd would order her out.  
  
No mistaking that he saw her after hearing a guttural clearing of his throat she looked over her shoulder. Her eyes bulged. It wasn't Todd.  
  
Instead it was one of the Truck drivers.  
  
"Sweet as that ass is do you mind if I grab some Ketchup?" He stares down at her.  
  
"Sowwy!" She steps aside after getting her own cups of ketchup.  
  
"Don't be. After hours on the road it sure is nice seeing a cutie like you."  
  
The second Driver steps to her opposite side, "What have we here, Clyde?"  
  
Monica smiles over at the other man.  
  
"How old are you?" He grunts.  
  
"Old enough. Barely." She beguiles him.  
  
"Lot Lizard?"  
  
She flares her eyes, "Oh no. Just a tease. I'm an exhibitionist."  
  
Puckering the driver nods, "Tease harder."  
  
She winks up at him, "If I don't get thrown out I will."  
  
A glare over their shoulders they spot Todd watching them. Todd nods and turns away. Winston by his side talking.  
  
Behind the drive thru window the girl Estelle wagged her tongue toward Monica.  
  
Herman the Red? He went about wiping off tables. Hiding his face.  
  
"Looks like that Manager turned his cheek." Trucker "Burt" leaned low to sniff her hair.  
  
Monica sets her ketchup aside and pivots in step to face the counter. With a hunger in her eyes she stalks her way toward the front. Reaching the counter Monica slaps her palms on the surface to get the attention of Todd.  
  
The Manager hears the impact forcing him to twist slightly. His eyes narrow as she smiles up at him with an almost possessed gaze. With a creased brow Todd approaches her.  
  
"Can I help you?"  
  
She lowers her gaze even further until her long hair drifts down over her eyes.  
  
"Hi Todd. I'm going to remove my dress and go streaking in the restaurant. If you want to call 9-1-1 be my guest. That, or start whistling at my sexy ass." She huffs the hair from her lips with a timid pause, "I'm waiting."  
  
Behind Todd both Winston and Estelle whistle toward her. Todd shook his head and turned to his employees with arms extended to his sides.  
  
"Really? You do know we have security cameras here right?" Todd shakes his head.  
  
Winston shrugs, "Does anybody really look at those videos? I'll take a copy though."  
  
Finally, Todd returned to face Monica. His eyes bulged at the sight.  
  
Her dress was on the floor. Monica Gift leaned on the counter smirking, her breasts dangling over the cool metal counter top.  
  
Behind Monica the 2 truck drivers Clyde and Burt stood back admiring her stunning body. Bruises and all.  
  
Further back Shane and Holden were defeated. While she was away Holden had called their friend Ryan to keep him posted of their evening of babysitting. The conversation led to, "OH FUCK."  
  
The remaining customers sitting about the room were chuckling about her stunt. Eager to see if she would be thrown out, arrested, or pawed up.  
  
Monica batted her eyes up at Todd who was left speechless. He was torn as to what to do. He knew she was mischief incarnate. She was a tiny Goddess to be certain. He did feel a swelling in his slacks.   
  
"I guess you got your way." Todd shakes his head concerned about his customers.  
  
Finally, Clyde turns to the eaters in the room.  
  
"Anybody here repulsed by seeing this lil gal naked?"  
  
Monica heard the chatter but maintained her gaze toward Todd. She intimidated him into a sweat.  
  
From behind her Holden steps past the drivers and reaches Monica's side. He leans over her shoulder.  
  
"Ummm! What are you doing?"  
  
"Giving everyone a full meal deal. Todd's feasting his eyes right now. Aren't you Todd?"  
  
The Manager chuckles, "I plead the Fifth."  
  
She bats her eyes up at him then twists ever so slightly to hop up on the counter. Scooting her ass around she lets her legs dangle on the other side. Todd had to step back to avoid her flailing feet.   
  
Leaning back on her palms she stretches her toes out to caress Todd's hip. That led to an attempt to home in on his crotch. A move that he chose to evade.  
  
With a pout Monica hears Holden on his cell talking to Ryan. Her eyes flare up at hearing his name. She then tilts her neck back as far as it could go. Her 34DDD breasts arching toward the Menu Canopy above her.  
  
"Ryan? Hi Ryan." Her voice raised. She then faced Todd again with a snap of her gaze, "That's my Master."  
  
Everyone in the Kitchen area dropped their jaws.  
  
Playfully Monica spreads her legs back and forth. Each time she did her pussy puckered wide then closed. Wide again. Closed.  
  
Winston was heard to quip, "Jesus Christmas."  
  
"Hi Winston." She winks toward him, "Can I get some service?"  
  
Before anybody could even question her comment, Estelle nudged Todd aside and planted her face into Monica's thighs. The Dike had skills.  
  
"Holy Spit!" Monica wiggles letting her neckline arch backwards once again.  
  
Todd was stunned by his employee. He wanted to stop her but for some reason he couldn't. This type of behavior was almost too gold to not be prospected.   
  
Moans escalate as Holden places his cell to her ear. Once she hears Ryan's voice she shivers.  
  
"Master!" She squeals, "I'm being eaten out. God yes. She's really good at it."  
  
Monica rubs her toes against Estelle's hips. In doing so Estelle lifts up long enough to snap, "This is some damned tasty pussy, Master Man."  
  
Ryan hears her and laughs. Monica squeals as she returns to devour her.  
  
Deciding to slip back on her palms to lay flat on the surface she see's Clyde and Burt and waves at them, "Miss me?"  
  
The men chuckle as Holden leers back uneasily while trying to keep his cell held to Monica's ear.  
  
"Maybe they should put you on the Menu." Clyde laughs.  
  
Moaning louder Monica palms her breasts crushing them under clutched fingers. In a mad huff she darts her head up.  
  
"I want Todd to eat me."  
  
Todd turns red slightly, "Afraid not. Let's wind this down before anybody else walks in. I can't let you keep this going."  
  
Winston growls behind him. Regardless Todd stands his ground.  
  
Estelle rears up again, "Few more minutes. I got this girl where I want her."  
  
Monica giggles, "Let her finish. Please."  
  
Todd frowns looking out the windows. Traffic even off the Interstate was quiet tonight. Deciding against his better judgment he curses lightly, "Hurry it up."  
  
Estelle tore Monica's pussy up. She raised her legs and even lapped her tongue across Monica's anal cavity. In her ecstasy Monica cried out to Ryan, her hand rubbing over an embarrassed Holden's crotch.   
  
Writhing on the counter Monica builds her moans vocally. A squeal became a yelp. Turning into whimpers. Then an outburst of exhaled swear words. In her final throes Monica Gift screams and gushers all across Estelle's face. The woman reels back in triumph. She stands victorious and looks toward the ceiling with a trumpeted, "NOW THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKIN' ABOUT!"  
  
Monica convulses and breathes heavily. Her arms rubbery and lifeless suddenly.  
  
Todd couldn't deny the fun of watching that. However he had to snap his fingers.  
  
"Clock out Estelle. I can't have you working back here like that. Unsanitary."  
  
"Say what?" The black Diva raises a brow while wiping her face on her work shirt.  
  
"You're not fired just letting you off early."  
  
Todd then waved toward Holden who told Ryan he had to call him back.  
  
"Get her out of here. Don't come back." Todd ordered.  
  
By now Shane had moved in to help Holden drag Monica off of the counter. They helped her get dressed and forcefully escorted her toward the exit. In her last bit of strength she calls out.  
  
"We're going next door to the Licker Store. Follow me."  
  
Once outside Holden encouraged her into Shane's truck. As they sat there Shane chuckles, "Should I go get more napkins?"  
  
"How about a refill?" Holden had to add his own snide remark.  
  
Monica wiggled in her seat, "Buy me toys! Buy me toys."  
  
As Shane rolled his eyes he pulled out of the lot and headed toward the Adult Bookstore.  
  
The night was just getting started.

**Monica 28: Licker Store**

Entering the Adult Bookstore was like walking into a strip club. Neon lights and Metal music blasting. Monica was in total awe of the walls of toys, magazines, lotions, condom varieties, you name it. Even Shane and Holden strolled about almost embarrassed.  
  
There were six middle aged men searching the shelves. Only one of them had a girlfriend in tow. Older to make it less appealing. Mid 50's she was.   
  
Behind the counter was a younger woman with blue hair that feathered down over her shoulders and ended in black tips. The back of her hair was thinner and followed her neckline in length. Her build was 5'5, a lithe but toned shape that easily put her into a league all her own. She had a pale complexion yet her flesh was instantly alluring to the eye. A nose piercing gave her an interesting appeal. Although unable to see her entire frame from behind the counter she wore clothing to justify her job. Lacey white boy shorts offered her lower body a sensual exoticness that caught the fascination of the customer. From the waist to just below her 34C bust was bare flesh. A dangling trinket drifted down from her belly button, while a royal blue colored lace top contained her perky breasts. The house made lots of money on this girls appearance alone. Although extremely sexy there was a hint of Nerd to her. Possibly due to her glasses which had a thick blue frame. Finally her tummy, hips, inner thighs, and upper legs had a well designed set of tattoos. Thorny vines in a maze of sensuality. A similar arrangement of thorns surrounded her upper arms and tangling her shoulders. Crystal blue eyes amid perfected mascara topped off this Goddess.  
  
Beside her stood a lanky man whose sexual preference was in question. He was regionally in her age group if not slightly older. Standing taller at 5'8 he had a Feuxhawk dangling forward like a feather and piercings of his own. Outside of that nothing special.  
  
They took a dark interest in Monica who danced about mesmerized by her surroundings. Amused by her they kept a close eye on her youthful exuberance.  
  
Shane made his way over to the movie selection. Chuckling at various movie titles that borrowed from familiar big screen blockbusters he kept to himself.  
  
Holden trailed behind Monica feeling more protective. He knew that at any moment her spontaneous impulses might lead to trouble.   
  
"Oh my God! Look? A double dildo." Monica lifts the packaged beast from its hook on a wall. She immediately poises it toward Holden with a glint of "Buy it for Me" on her face.  
  
"Did I just win the lottery? Look how much that thing is."  
  
She doesn't care, her eyes continue to persuade.  
  
"I dunno Monica. My card is almost maxed out and I just got it."  
  
Slithering up behind him with a finger to her lips was the blue haired employee of the Store. She crept to his back without notice and set about to tease his hairline. A soft whisper into his ear made him jump.  
  
"Always give a lady what she wants. Happy Fem Happy Him."  
  
Monica examines the woman with sudden admiration. She immediately stepped toward Holden and forced the toy into his hands.   
  
"HELLO." Monica brightens up at the taunting woman as she continues to coax Holden into agreement.  
  
Holden shivered at her touch. Her scent made his dick leap to life.  
  
"Glad I could be of service. Anything else you want him to buy you?" She winks.  
  
"Everything in the store." Monica giggles.  
  
"Expensive tastes. You better get more credit cards." She continued to beguile Holden.  
  
Nervously he laughs then panics pulling away from her.  
  
"Nice hair. Nicer tats." He chokes up. Then he realizes her attire.  
  
"Thanks. And, thanks. Eyes up here Good looking. Okay, now down here."   
  
The woman was inspirational. Monica loved her charisma. She was easily reminded of her friend Lisa.  
  
"I think I lust you." Monica offers a bubbly dance.  
  
"It must be my see through boy shorts."  
  
Holden trembles as he dares to look directly at her thighs. Behind the thin lace fabric he spotted a well designed pubic bush of equally dyed blue fur.  
  
"Whoa!" He muttered.  
  
While stunned Monica reaches her hand out, "I'm Monica."  
  
"Hey, I'm "Crystal". Who's handsome here?"  
  
"That's Holden."  
  
Crystal puckers a blown kiss toward him, "Cute name. Like to "Hold" things?"  
  
Stammering Holden could only nod and sweat.  
  
Swiveling in step Monica searched amongst the customers. She then swiftly points.  
  
"That's my friend Shane over there."  
  
"Boyfriends?"  
  
"Oh no. I just fuck them now and then." Monica giggles.  
  
"Gotta keep them satisfied." Crystal grins.  
  
Holden attempts bravery, "Yeah, our Buddy Ryan is her Master. We're just like bodyguards."  
  
Crystal winces with a wry grin that turns into a smile. She then teases an index finger down Holden's shoulder until it reached his bicep. She then gently squeezed it. There was very little muscle there.  
  
"You must work out." She feigns admiration. In all reality she would think, "Uh huh."  
  
He grits his teeth, "Twice a year." then chuckles.  
  
Crystal loses momentary interest in him and peels away. Her venture leads around him toward Monica. Facing her she reaches both hands up to play with Monica's long brown hair. Easing the hair from her shoulders she admires Monica's throat.  
  
"Master you say?"  
  
Monica freezes in step. Her eyes were haunted by Crystal's piercing eyes. They were incredible.  
  
"Well, not really. Kind of though. It's more of a game really. I swore to obey anything he wanted me to do when it came to exhibition. Even sex." Monica manages to get out through a dry throat.  
  
Crystal takes advantage of Monica's nervousness. Using both of her hands the blue haired bombshell encompasses the girls throat. Admiring her hands by darting her profile from side to side Crystal realizes the true beauty of Monica Leann Gift.  
  
"Your neckline is perfect."  
  
Monica wrinkles her nose, "Are you a Vampire?"  
  
"No. But, it looks like you've had lots of blood drawn the last few days." Crystal releases her target to gently touch any bruises in sight.  
  
"Oh, the bruises. Yeah, I had a gangbang recently." Her eyes flare up at the memories, "Loved it."  
  
"I see. Was this something your "Master" ordered?"  
  
"Oh no. This was something I wanted to do for myself. Ryan wasn't even around. So much fun."  
  
Brow growing curiosity Crystal warmly smiles, "You need one of these."  
  
Crystal lifts her chin to find a lovely lace choker around her own neck. It was blue but with a thin ring of white lace. Clasped in the front with a silver dollar sized white Cameo.  
  
Monica examines it closely with trembling fingers. Hesitantly she decides better of it.  
  
"You can touch it. It's designed to attract."  
  
Monica realizes then that the cameo had a large thumb print on it.  
  
"Whose finger print?" Monica already knew the answer.  
  
"It belongs to my "Master"."  
  
Monica's jaw drooped low, "Really?"  
  
"Yes. I have served my Master for four years now. Right out of High School."  
  
"Wow!" Both Monica and Holden huffed.  
  
Holden had difficulty maintaining his attention though. While hearing her words his eyes were on the girls white lacey boy shorts. Her ass was chiseled perfection. The shadow of her butt crack was very vivid beneath the fabric.   
  
"I want a collar." Monica brightened up with a look of necessity.  
  
"Why? For show? If you do not truly serve this Man you call Master the collar is only ornate. It has no meaning in life."  
  
"I can be my own "Master". If I want a collar it serves my purpose."  
  
Crystal thins her smile down to pressed lips of amusement. She then changes the subject.  
  
"Do you see my tattoo's?"  
  
"Love them." Monica nods.  
  
"My Master's name is "Thorne". These are symbolic that I am caught in his grasp for life."  
  
Another round of "Wow!" from Monica and Holden. A third mumble gasped through the lips of Shane. He had finally realized the new girl of the group. He had hightailed it over to sneak up behind Holden.  
  
Crystal twists in step and eyes Shane from head to toe.  
  
"Your bodyguards are slow on the mark."  
  
Shane realized that she was meaning that he hadn't noticed her before now.  
  
"Sorry. Kid in a candy store." Shane winced.  
  
"Never forgiven. If the candy is ignored it means you don't have the acquired taste for it."  
  
Holden thinks about her answer, "Dude! She's calling you Gay."  
  
Shane expresses a look of "Say what?"  
  
Crystal swiftly turned away toward Monica. Monica in turn pointed toward the man behind the front counter.  
  
"Is that Thorne?"  
  
Crystal shakes her head, "Definitely not. He's your friends type."  
  
Shane groans loudly, "I'M NOT GAY."  
  
Snickers expel from Monica as Crystal rolls her eyes playfully.   
  
"So, Thorne isn't here?" Monica grows curious.  
  
"No. He expects me to keep in shape at all times. Not just physically as you can tell." She trails her nails over her body.  
  
Continuing on Crystal finishes her story.  
  
"Thorne has given me a mission. I work here for his pleasure. He then uses my earnings as spoiling me for whatever I might want."  
  
"Pleasure? Are you a Hooker?" Shane grunts hoping to hit a nerve.  
  
"No. I am forbidden to charge money for my body. By pleasure it primarily means eye candy. Casual touches. Teasing eyes. Whatever might excite all eyes be they male or female."  
  
"I still want a collar. I can wear it when Ryan wants me to."  
  
Crystal faintly giggles, "If you say so, "Mistress"."  
  
"Mistress Monica. You sound like a Madame at a Brothel." Shane chides.  
  
Crystal narrows her eyes and turns to Shane, "Why is it your friend here has a massive hard on? While you do not. You should go to the counter and meet "Lovebird". He might excite you more."  
  
Shane holds his palms up defensively, "I told you I'm not gay. I got laid earlier by a hottie. Holden and I both did."  
  
"Wasn't me neither. I'm still licking my wounds." Monica chuckles while patting Crystal on the butt playfully.  
  
Crystal smiles over her shoulder at Monica's courage.  
  
"Tell me more about Thorne? Maybe I can encourage Ryan to act more like your Master."  
  
"A true Master makes his own persona and builds from within. Without great strength and determination no man can control a woman. A slave must trust her Master. I trust Thorne with every ounce of my soul. Even that is his."  
  
Shane groans reeling to walk away, "And, I'm out."  
  
Crystal tilts toward his departure, "See? How hard was that coming out of the closet? Tell Lovebird I said, "Be gentle."  
  
Rolling his eyes Shane flipped her off and went back to the Magazine section.  
  
Monica couldn't stop giggling.  
  
Stretching a palm toward Crystal, Monica added, "Not laughing at you. I swear. It's hilarious that you taunt Shane like that. He's so not gay."  
  
"I know. Isn't it fun?" Crystal winks.  
  
Holden had to know, "Why are you treating him like that then?"  
  
Crystal creeps into Holden's body face forward. Her left palm caressing his chest. Her left foot lightly teasing the calf of his leg. Holden was dying inside. Her breasts were pressing against his ribs.  
  
"I see strength in him. He has potential. Sometimes it takes a push to force the "Master" to the surface."  
  
"Shane? A Master? Not even close." Holden smirks.  
  
"We shall see."  
  
Her hand slides down his shirt and fingers lightly slip beneath Holden's waistband. They stop there but dig ever so gently into his abdomen.  
  
"Daaaaamn!" He wheezes.  
  
Monica pouted, "Hey! I want to know more about Thorne."  
  
Crystal pecs Holden on the cheek then releases him. Before she turns completely away her right hand lowers and pats his hard on.  
  
"Don't go away."  
  
Holden wanted to jerk off. Badly.  
  
"Thorne? Description?" Crystal wonders.  
  
"Everything."  
  
"Thorne is very tall. 6'4. Very muscular. Tattoos everywhere. Goatee. Big brown eyes. I think."  
  
"You think?" Monica looks puzzled.  
  
"It is hard for you to understand. I have taken a vow to never look him in the eye unless he demands it."  
  
"So weird. Go on."  
  
As they chat the other customers wander closer from angles. Each wanted to eavesdrop. That and lust over the girls.  
  
"I met Thorne at a tattoo parlor. My Mother and I were trying to decide what we wanted to get."  
  
"So, he's a tattoo artist?"  
  
"Yes. One of many jobs. He does Roofing on the side."  
  
"What attracted you to him?"  
  
"You don't see it now but I'm very shy. I tried to admire him but for some reason I couldn't get past his goatee. My Mother had to drag me out of there that day. I went back on my own because I felt a calling. It's hard to explain. On that day he blindfolded me and pierced my clit. So erotic."  
  
"Wow!" Monica was mesmerized.  
  
"His voice was deep and commanding. Yet reassuring. Never once did he compliment me or degrade me. His touch tender when I felt the need. Dark and demanding when he felt the need. I kept returning week after week."  
  
"Did he fuck you in the parlor?"  
  
"Never. That was sacred ground. We never had sex until he knew I was ready. He developed my soul. My body was claimed later."  
  
"So when did he put a collar of ownership on you?"  
  
"On the anniversary of the day my Mom and I came in to his parlor. Yes, I have seen his eyes. But most days he wears dark sunglasses. I have seen colored contacts on him though. So I do not truly know the color of his eyes."  
  
Holden hearing her had to inhale her closer. Step by step he closed in on her from behind. Crystal didn't acknowledge him. His eyes seal from the scent of her perfume.  
  
"That's crazy. Tell me more. Please."  
  
"He forced me to realize what my shyness meant. It was inner defiance of what I should be. He would text me every weekend to meet him somewhere. Each time he would challenge my soul to open up and release the fire within."  
  
"Sex?"  
  
"Soon enough. Not at first. I needed to be comfortable in my shell. I lost weight in between meets not because he expected it. Because I needed to be confident in my body. I knew I was pretty. I would hear men whistle or stare me down. At first I liked it. Then I grew to entice it."  
  
"I like to tease guys too. I know they all want me." Monica grins devilishly.  
  
"It's not about ego. You should do it for them not yourself. I did what Thorne challenged me to. Each time I pushed myself harder and harder until things happened naturally. He adores showing me off. I adore keeping him happy."  
  
"Sex?" Monica insisted.  
  
"Many times even before Thorne and I. His challenges covered it all. From streaking to stripping for others. Strangers. I was never to make eye contact with those I was challenged to have sex with. Protection always he preached. I felt safe that he was near."  
  
"So Thorne watched you having sex?"   
  
"Oh yes. Most times. Not always. There were times he would tell me to meet someone alone. It was a test. I never failed him."  
  
Hovering dangerously close behind Crystal, Holden held his breath. As the girl spoke she totally ignored him. So he thought.  
  
Crystal never let on that he was there yet she bent ever so slightly until her butt smothered up against Holden's crouch. His erection taunted by her butt crack. He nearly fainted.  
  
"Working here at the "Licker Store" was his way of keeping me in the public eye. I swore to him that I would always make men desire me."  
  
"I desire you." Holden barely whispers.  
  
In response she places fingers in the sides of her boy shorts and peels the back of them down an inch. Her butt crack now revealed more. Holden cringed his eyes at the sight. It was begging him to touch it but he was frozen toward the allure.  
  
Monica couldn't laugh. She admired Crystal's behavior. By offering more Crystal maintained his interest. Yet kept her focus on Monica herself.  
  
"I can't get enough of this." Monica huffs.  
  
Suddenly before another word or movement could be exchanged Shane bursts toward them excitedly.  
  
"Coach Randall is here. He just pulled up outside."  
  
Holden wasn't even fazed by the knowledge. He was too in tune to Crystal.  
  
Monica shrugged, "We're all adults. Let him have his fun."  
  
Crystal rolled her butt crack along the contour of Holden's erection without even a reaction to Shane.  
  
All of a sudden Monica had inspiration.  
  
"Wait. Everyone hide. It's my turn to play "Bluebird". "  
  
Crystal snickered, "Bluebird? I like that. Too much like "Lovebird" though. Only you can call me that."  
  
Shane drug Holden off of Crystal and he immediately felt the separation anxiety of it. Regardless the boys faded to the back of the room behind magazine racks.  
  
Monica herself mischievously went around Crystal and yanked her boy shorts lower than before and slapped her ass. The move made Crystal squeal and growl at the same time. A second later Monica had her skirt pulled up and Crystal returned the favor. The two girls would become good friends.  
  
Coach Paul Randall entered the store none the aware. He was a single man. His best friends were his dog and his Television stuck on ESPN. At least that's what anybody truly knew about him. A Basketball junkie since he was a kid he went on to playing in College but ultimately ended his career as a High School Coach himself. He was content.  
  
Like all Men he had his secrets. Temptations that led him away from any simple bar scene. While a reasonably handsome guy he didn't have the suave attitude to meet women on his own. This led to an easier recourse. Thus the "Licker Store" had a recurring customer.  
  
Having been here many times before he knew the layout. Therefore, with hands in his pants pocket he shuffles about through the various and still loitering customers. Reaching the video section he like Shane earlier examined the DVD assortment. It was time for something different he thought.   
  
As he sorted through the section, to the opposite end hid Shane and Holden. They cringed behind a turn style rack of, of all things flavored Lubrication. Their whispering led to an intentional arrival.  
  
"I like "Fireball". It's cherry flavored but it makes your body feel all crisp and cozy. I find it relaxing."  
  
Shane's eyes bulge as he turns to look directly at a Man's crotch. He instantly bolted into standing up Straight. It was the other Employee the man Crystal called "Lovebird". Shane swallowed hard as he faced the smirking man.  
  
"I'M NOT GAY!"  
  
Lovebird creases his brow and points between Shane and Holden. Holden had to stand tall just to avoid the stance he was in bending over to look around the rack. Shane had twisted to face Holden for support and had literally pressed his crotch against Holden's ass. The realization made Holden uneasy enough to stand quickly.  
  
Lovebird winked, "Could have fooled me."  
  
Holden held his palms up out of defensive tactic just as Shane darts back and forth between Lovebird and Holden. In doing so Shane's chest touched Holden's hands. Both of them turned beet red. Growling Shane pushed Holden's hands away.  
  
"Dude! You're not helping."  
  
Lovebird adds fuel to the fire by using his hand to make a jerking off motion toward Holden.  
  
"Try the Fireball. Don't say I didn't give you good advice."  
  
He then turns away and moves on.  
  
Shane and Holden wince at each other. Awkward!  
  
Coach Randall had come prepared. With a pocket full of quarters he decides to move from the DVD's into an enclosed Movie Booth. Entering he shuts the door and takes a seat in a Theater style chair. It even had motion sensors that moved as the Actors did at pivotal moments. Concluding which movie he wanted to see he pumped in multiple quarters. Locked in he felt at ease enough to lower his pants and release the beast. Five minutes into the movie he had nurtured a full erection. The movie was about tender love making.  
  
Just as he began to stroke harder he is interrupted by a soft knock at the door.  
  
"Occupied!" Paul Randall answered.  
  
Another soft knock leads to a louder version of "OCCUPIED!"  
  
He then hears a soft sweet voice, "May I join you?"  
  
His eyes erupt into saucers. He could tell whoever she was that she was young. Her voice soft and almost trembling.

Snarling he quickly zipped up and cautiously opened the door.   
  
As she looked up at him Monica Gift stood outside waiting. Her dresses thin spaghetti straps dangling over her arms. The front hem drooping over her bulging breasts and barely clinging to their fullness.   
  
Her eyes glistened with a well portrayed hopeful innocence. As if lost and wanting to be found.  
  
Hands held by the wrist in front of her aided in crushing her tits together for the best pose possible. Her loosely dangling second hand had bunched up the front of her skirt to reveal her legs all the way up to her thighs. Pussy barely concealed.  
  
"Hi." She seductively expelled before nibbling her lower lip.  
  
Paul Randall swallowed dryly, "Do I know you? You look familiar."  
  
"Yes. Kind of." Her soft voice beguiling.  
  
Nervously looking around the room Paul doesn't notice anything that appeared to be a staged trick. Everyone was minding their own business. Finally, Paul's gaze returned to Monica.  
  
"Why would you want to come inside?"  
  
She eyes the movie playing behind him. A Man and a Woman were moaning from the tenderness offered to each of the Actors. With the ultimate sadness in her eyes connecting with her yearning voice, she points at the movie behind him.  
  
"I want that."  
  
He hadn't even noticed her bruises.   
  
Again he searches for some sign of a prank. Outside of the prying eyes of unknown customers he felt safe. Finally he takes a deep breath and opens the door wider. Monica took the hint.  
  
Shuffling inside she moves to the far side of the seating and stands there bashfully. All fake of course. She wanted Paul to assume she was innocent. Somehow he knew differently. Oh well. Paul needed something different right?  
  
She leans over the seat and pats it. As she did her dress billowed open to reveal her breasts. He did see nipples. Barely.  
  
Hesitantly he sits down.   
  
"You go to the High School I coach at. Don't you?" He suddenly recalls her for certain.  
  
"Yes." She whispers with her head lowered.  
  
"Crap! Probably 17 aren't you?"  
  
"Would I have gotten into this store if I wasn't of age?"  
  
"Point taken. Barely18 then."  
  
"Yes. Please don't turn me away." She pouts.  
  
He eyes her fidgeting. Her dress begging to be lost.   
  
"I'm going to watch my movie now." He settles back and enjoys his show.  
  
Monica shivers and decides to risk it. She wiggles her dress down to her feet and stands there as if chilled. Her hands rubbing her arms. Paul keeps his gaze on the movie. He knew all too well what she had done. He wanted to know what she might do next.  
  
As the movie escalated into a temptation of kisses that flowed from head to toe upon the Actress, he heard Monica softly whimper and nudge his seat. After two more efforts Paul nods with a sigh.  
  
"Crawl on in here."  
  
Monica jumped at the chance. She moved between his knees and sat down. She then turned her body's profile to her right side. Tucking her toes beside his right hip she moved into almost a fetal position. Her chest crushing over the left of his chest. She placed her hands between her thighs. Her head resting in the cusp of his neckline. She got comfy indeed.  
  
Paul grew hard instantly. Having lost his first attempt. He then led his left hand up to rub her back tenderly.  
  
"Thank you." She exhales in a faint whisper.  
  
"Let's just hope this is legit. If I lose my job over this or get blackmailed...." He trails away as she pecks him on the cheek.  
  
Her left hand rose from her lap to rub his chest as her attention turned to the movie. She didn't move otherwise just sigh heavily in contentment.  
  
As the movie required more quarters Paul growled. They were in his pants pocket. He had to contort slightly to reach them, which meant basically lift her up. Once he had procured his change he handed the quarters to her.  
  
"Go feed the movie."  
  
She slowly peeled away and stepped next to the box beside the TV monitor. He could now see her backside. A thing of beauty. Save for the bruises.  
  
"What happened to you?" He choked up.  
  
She turns after feeding the box every quarter she had. The movie then continued.  
  
Turning around she pouts, "I was kissed all over."  
  
"Kissed? That all?"  
  
"No." She sheepishly yet bashfully added.  
  
"Do I want to know?"  
  
"No." She whispered while rubbing her chills away again. Her nipples as full as they could ever get.  
  
Paul swallows and takes the biggest risk of his life. He begins unbuckling his belt again. As he did Monica knelt between his legs.  
  
"Can I help?"  
  
Her whispers tore into his soul, his hands easing away. She in turn finished the job. Belt unbuckled. Pants unsnapped. Zipper lowered. A tug brought his pants to mid thigh. Boxers followed.  
  
Six inches of cock sprung forth, mighty.  
  
"I like him." She examines his girth with a shy expression.  
  
"Let's watch the movie. Crawl on up here."  
  
She eased back into the position she had been in before. In doing so she felt his cock alive between her deepest recesses. If she fanned her knees wide his crown would be in perfect view. His girth caressing amidst her labia.  
  
As the movie got steamier Monica began to snuggle closer. Her lips lightly kissing his earlobe.  
  
"I want that." Again she whimpers.  
  
"CHRIST!" He growls with a dark inhale.   
  
Paul Randall then lifted her to move her legs. She faced him with one legs to each side of his, albeit awkwardly. He pulled her closer until her chest mashed against his. Both of his hands rubbing up and down her back.  
  
Monica melted into him with a succulent kiss. Both of them were lost in the moment. Amid the moans of a stunning Actress behind them.  
  
After a lengthy passion Monica gently eased her pussy over his crown and cautiously settled with him inside her. The bruises around her pussy were extremely sensitive. She exhaled whines that were a mixture of pain and enjoyment. She hid the pain.  
  
He just let her do the work.  
  
Rising up, sinking low. Again and again. She dove back in for more passionate tongue swirls and melding lips. She felt if she did all of the work the pain would be less. If he took over she questioned if she could handle it.  
  
As his body committed to a quick release he had to break away from her lips.  
  
"I'm going to cum. You have to climb off. Please."  
  
She retreats with pouting lips and slithers to his right side as coaxed. Paul Randall then jerked off. As his hand rapidly stroked his cock Monica kissed his neck.  
  
"Good God in Heaven." He blurts as cum detonates a foot in the air. It's droplets rain on her upper thigh.  
  
As he keeps relinquishing his reservoir Monica returned to his lips. He was lost in her.  
  
As they made out Monica lowered her right hand to well up his cum on her fingertips. She then lifted her hand up toward their lips. She broke the kiss long enough to lick her fingers off for his amazement. Once done the kissing resumed.  
  
The movie ran its course.  
  
After ten more minutes Paul had gotten dressed. As had Monica. He left the room first asking her to wait there. Just to be safe.  
  
She only waited two minutes. Long enough for Paul to leave the Store.  
  
As Monica looked around the store she spotted Crystal toward the back. She was suspended in a sex swing from a hung bar above. Her legs fanned wide for viewers to observe. Wincing Monica made her way over to her side.  
  
"Where are Shane and Holden?"  
  
"I hid them in that movie booth over there." She points with a wink.  
  
Almost on cue the two young Men burst from the booth with haunted looks.  
  
Crystal then sighed, "Maybe he's not Gay after all. Gay porn booth."  
  
Monica busted up laughing.  
  
Crystal heard what Monica had done. Loving this girl more with each breath.  
  
After lengthy purchases of a Swing, amid other toys she managed an I.O.U. out of Crystal. Ryan would cover her debt tomorrow. She and Crystal hugged.   
  
They would miss one another.   
  
Shane and Holden flipped Crystal off.   
  
Eying the McRonald's still lit up Monica sighs, "Take me through the Drive-up window."  
  
One quick drive over Monica finds Manager Todd at the window.  
  
"Hi Todd. Where's Winston?"  
  
"Said he was going over to the store to find you. Guess he missed you." He said.  
  
Pouting Monica shrugs, "Another time. Did you miss me Todd?"  
  
She coaxed him into leaning out the window and hugging her.  
  
It was enough.  
  
They all got a free Coke.

**Monica 29: Four Shame**

Returning home after her weekend sabbatical Monica Gift sat in Ryan's car beside him. She needed to collect herself and make certain her bruises were concealed well. She had hoped to come home this early in the morning and find both parents already off to work. No such luck.  
  
"Mom's home. Why couldn't it be Dad?" She looks haunted suddenly.  
  
Ryan Quinones yawned at having to go out to the town of Anderson and retrieve her before daylight. She had already missed school Monday to get herself together. She needed to go back today or risk her parents finding out that she had skipped a day.  
  
Ryan leered over at her drearily, "Can't hide from this. Just go in and get it over with."  
  
Monica fidgets, "I know. It's not like she's going to start yelling at me. Dad told me she was alright with my staying at a friends. It's not like I do that ever. She wants me to have friends."  
  
"I don't think your friend Lisa qualifies. She's what 25 years old and married?"  
  
"Right. Which is why I texted "Lindsey" ahead of time and have her to cover for me if my Mom goes snooping. I just stayed with Lindsey as far as she knows."  
  
"Smart I guess. Until your Mom wants to meet her."  
  
"So, I just bring Lindsey by to say hi. I'll be fine." She convinces herself, "Okay! I'll be back in an hour to ride with you to school."  
  
Monica vacates the beater mobile and carries her acquired bag of necessities toward her home. At the back entrance she unlocks the door and enters into a tiny mud room before the journey into the Kitchen. Her Mom was standing there sipping coffee.  
  
"You're up early. It's barely dawn." Charlotte Gift smiled gently toward her daughter.  
  
"I know. I had Ryan come pick me up so I could shower and change for school. Lindsey's parents are like you guys up and gone before the chickens wake up."  
  
"Oh? What do her parents do?"  
  
Monica smirks, "I don't really know. Barely met her Mom and Dad."  
  
"Hmm! Why have I never heard of this Lindsey?"  
  
"The same reason you don't know about Amber or Chey. You and I barely cross paths these days to talk really."  
  
Charlotte nods her agreement to be disappointed at that realization, "That is true. I'm sorry Sweetheart."  
  
Shrugging Monica starts to step away when Charlotte clears her throat to regain her daughters attention. Open arms awaited.  
  
After a hesitant hug Monica pecks her Mom on the cheek and again begins to bail.  
  
"Are you hiding a hicky with make up?" Charlotte sneers, halfway a grin.  
  
"Can't hide much from you can I? Blame Ryan."  
  
"Ryan? Next door Ryan? Since when are we dating the Neighbor?"  
  
"Couple weeks now. I don't know why but I suddenly started liking the guy. Sorry I didn't fill you in on my life."  
  
"I'm fine with Ryan. He's a nice boy. Good choice."  
  
"Thanks Mom. I better get cleaned up and dressed. Long day. Test in Chemistry."  
  
"One more thing before you go? I want to apologize for what I said over the phone to your Father and you the other day. It just sounded as if more was going on than any tickling and massage to your Father's neck."  
  
"Again...EWWWW! Get real Mom. Dad loves you. I love you. So not going there."  
  
Charlotte lowers her gaze, "You're right. I'm being silly. Forgive me?"  
  
"Nothing to forgive. Just don't let that kind of insecurity push Daddy away. You know that couldn't have made him feel secure about your marriage. Just saying."  
  
"Absolutely. I apologized as soon as I got home. Things are fine."  
  
"Awesome. Can I shower now?"  
  
"Go. Get squeaky clean." Her Mother waves her away.  
  
Monica darted away expressing unseen eyes flaring wide at the reasons for lying. She had no choices outside of a dark truth that would destroy everyone involved.  
  
Ducking into her bedroom she locked her door. She then undressed and raced into a hot steamy shower in her adjoined on suite. Once done she dried her hair and brushed her teeth. From that point on it was getting dressed, more makeup applied to shade her bruising. She wore a button down long sleeved shirt of black and put on a pair of white jeans. She felt safer wearing more even though it was going to be hot out. Already sweaty she groans and goes to her closet. There she finds a yellow sun dress which she packs into her book bag. She knew it would be nearly transparent but that didn't even bother her.  
  
Hair long and flowing to help hide her bruises, she then got her tennis shoes on to leave.  
  
Opening her bedroom door she nearly ran into her Mother.  
  
"You're still home? Taking the day off?" Monica was taken by surprise.  
  
Charlotte nodded, "I think so. I could use a day off. It has been ages."  
  
"Wow! Lucky you."  
  
"You could stay home with me."  
  
"Sorry Mom, can't. Chemistry test remember?"  
  
"Oh yes. Cannot miss that now can you. I love your hair today. It's so silky. Are we using a new shampoo and conditioner?"  
  
Monica almost snorts thinking of the cum bath mere days ago that coated her scalp.  
  
"Yep. Head and Shoulders." She giggles out loud then jumps into thought, "And Back and Chest. And, Belly and Ass."  
  
"So cute. You better get going."  
  
"Yea Ryan's probably waiting in his car. I love you Mom." She rapidly darts away.  
  
Charlotte Gift observed her pace with questioning eyes. Something was certainly different about her daughter.  
  
The day started off slow. Monica tried her best to behave. Eyes leered from all angles wondering why she wore so much. They hadn't seen her in pants in weeks. She merely blew kisses to keep them interested.  
  
Even Mr. Morrison had to question her change in behavior. For that matter, all of her Teacher's did. Some thankful. Others saddened.  
  
Toward lunch Monica was confronted by three of her Braless Brigade, "Chey, Amber, and Kendra".  
  
"Spill it. What's wrong with you? At least you're not wearing a bra." Amber chided.  
  
Monica swivels in step, "Hiding. Sorry. Hickies everywhere."  
  
After a jaw dropping sway of Monica's hands pointing at her worst areas the trio of beauties broke.  
  
"DO TELL!" Cheyenne bounced in step.  
  
"Sure you girls can handle it?" Monica sticks her tongue out at them.  
  
Kendra tries to catch Monica's tongue laughing by wagging her own tongue near her face. Monica surprises her and connects their tongues before a rash of giddiness.  
  
Pulling them into a huddle Monica whispers, "Gangbang."  
  
The huddle fell dead silent. Uncertain what to believe. Finally, after a round of glares between the girls Amber breaks the silence.  
  
"Was it Hot?"  
  
Chey quickly adds, "How many?"  
  
Kendra was speechless, she merely awaited a high five.  
  
"Very hot. And a lot." Monica winks and heads toward her locker. They followed her like lost puppies.  
  
Bouncing in step Chey had to ask again, "How many?"  
  
Monica remained mum as she unlocked her locker. A challenge suddenly made her freeze in step.  
  
"I'll tell you guys as long as you don't think badly of me."  
  
"NEVER!" Kendra burst forth. The other girls nodded in agreement.  
  
Monica poises her eyes to look as if she was rolling them back into her head as she thought back to her night at Holly's bar. Calculating as best as she could remember she shivers at the final count.  
  
"Okay. Keep in mind that when this happened I was a little busy to keep any exact body count. All I can tell you is it was under 30 guys. Maybe 27 or 28."  
  
The trio of beauties look stunned by her revelation. Frozen in time they opt to look at each other for reactions. Finally, Amber chuckles, "That's it?"  
  
The other two girls begin to smile at Monica. Kendra and Chey move in to hug Monica's arms.   
  
"We want to hear all about it. Tell us." Chey bubbled.  
  
Monica sighs and offers them a quick tour down memory lane. The group marveled at her adventure. Once finished Monica absorbed their mentality toward the extreme nature of that night. The girls were far more receptive than she predicted.   
  
Cheyenne exhaled loudly with a giddy sigh, "I want to be just like you."  
  
Laughing at Chey, Amber chided her friend with, "As if you're not a slut already."  
  
"Takes one to know one." Chey retaliated playfully reaching out to try tickling her friend.  
  
Monica had a brilliant idea all of a sudden.  
  
"Are you girls up to a challenge? My braless beauties."  
  
The three girls pucker, stare at each other then shrug.  
  
Monica then reopens her locker to sift through her book bag. She unpacks the sundress she had brought along due to the heat. She had changed her mind about wearing it but kept it in reserve for another day.  
  
Each of the girls eyes the nearly transparent material.  
  
"Who wants to wear this dress first? I'll allow panties under it, but that's all."  
  
Amber eyes it, "I don't think that would fit me. I'm probably 30 pounds heavier than you."  
  
Kendra turns pale, She knew her size was closer to being compatible.  
  
Cheyenne almost a perfect fit. The thrill entices her to bite her nail and bulge her big brown orbs out of intensity.   
  
"I'll wear it. For how long?" Chey quivers.  
  
Monica ponders the time. Lunch still had 25 minutes left.  
  
"Wear it through lunch. You must go into the lunch room and let everyone see you in it."  
  
"Teachers too?"  
  
Monica nods with a stern expression, "Teachers too. If I can get away with it so can all of you. I hope."   
  
The chuckles were sparse but evident.   
  
People were all around them at this point. The hallway was filling by the second as the students left class.  
  
Monica lifts the dress for Chey who examines the students watching Monica herself. The dress held up made them attentive and hopeful for a new show. As Monica observed the eyes all seeing she turns to Chey.  
  
"Strip."  
  
The young Black Latina Senior swallowed dryly trying to get up the courage. Her friends holding their breath to see if she could actually do it. In a bold move Chey drops her bag to the floor and wiggles her white shorts to the tile floor stepping out of them. In doing so the students took more interest. She stood there in her orange t-shirt and a black and red thong. She stared at everyone watching for a brief instant to realize they were encouraging her to go further.  
  
"So crazy." Chey hisses before yanking her shirt up over her long raven curls. A moment later her soft voluptuous 36D's were jiggling for all to view. Nipples dark and deadly amid her creamy chocolate flesh.  
  
Now wearing only the thong, socks, and shoes she decides to relish in the freedom. A quick adrenalin dance offered her fans a joyous mixture of nerves and success. Her friends admired her triumph.  
  
Monica withholds the dress as Chey reaches for it.  
  
"Not just yet. Hug your fans." Monica points toward some boys.   
  
Eyes erupting Chey prances directly over to four boys and hugs each of them tightly. Her breasts crushing against their chests. Their hands rubbing her back and down to her thong.  
  
Seeing her attentiveness more boys surrounded her and expected hugs. Uncertain she glares back at Monica.  
  
"Rule number one...never let your fan base down."  
  
Chey grits her teeth and continues hugging. Eleven boys in all. Two girls. This included her Latina friend Rosa who nearly died laughing at her sisterly friends bravado.  
  
Monica looks at Rosa whom she hadn't ran into again since the day she talked friend Lindsey into teasing Toby.  
  
"Hey Stranger. Don't laugh, you're next." Monica expresses coyly.  
  
The Latina beauty flares her eyes and pinches her nipples, "At least I'm in on the braless part."  
  
Cheyenne grabs Rosa from behind laughing, "If I can do it so can you."  
  
Head shaking Rosa pries Chey away, "Another time maybe. I'm not that bold just yet."  
  
"Holding you to that." Monica points as she hands Kendra the dress instead of Chey.  
  
"Huh? What?" Kendra is taken by surprise.  
  
"Why does Chey need to wear the dress now? Everyone's seen what they've dreamed of already. So, you wear the dress."  
  
Before Kendra can react Monica spots Principal Janson at the far end of the hall. Swiftly Monica encourages the group of boys beside the tantalizing Cheyenne to huddle around her. Blocking her from being seen as Janson literally walked right by them. Chey nearly had a panic attack fanning herself with her hand. Mostly because the horde of boys had her back to the wall and were pawing her up the entire time. As Janson walked by them she found a boy sucking her nipple. It was difficult not to squeal.  
  
As Janson vanished the huddle dispersed leaving Chey wide eyed and overheated.  
  
"See how easy that was?" Monica chuckled.  
  
Cheyenne looked at Rosa to her left, "Bitch! You are so doing this tomorrow."  
  
"Who you calling Bitch? Bitch!" Rosa giggled, "We'll see. Let me get my nerve up."  
  
Monica pointed at Rosa for commitment but there was only hesitance.   
  
"How can you get nerve up? I saw you guys in Noble's class. Both of you were more naked than dressed. Chey had her thong down even. Heck, so did you Rosa. You were twerking for the class."  
  
Both girls agreed even with a bashful glance toward each other. It was enough for Chey to shrug and ease her thong down to her ankles seductively. The guys around her offering a near silent "Whoa!" for her added performance. Stepping out of the thong Chey kicked it out blindly into her adoring fans. Whom caught it took her by surprise.  
  
"Darius!" She choked up.  
  
Monica noted his arrival. Smirking toward him she shied away from letting on that Darius had already fucked Monica herself in the Men's locker room a few weeks back.  
  
Darius Howard was the Varsity Football teams Running back. Big man on campus so to speak.  
  
"Daaaaaaaaaamn Chey. I wondered what you had hidden under those clothes. SWEET!" He ogled her closely while stepping near her space.  
  
"Get a good look Darius. You probably won't see it again." She pretty much despised Darius. Having grown up near him and his brothers all of her life. They were assholes toward she and her sisters.   
  
Monica intervenes sensing tension, "Slow down and breath." She plants a hand on Darius to keep him at bay.  
  
Cheyenne glares at Darius and is tempted to get dressed when Monica turns her words toward the creamy Goddess.  
  
"Ok, I know disgruntled when I see it. History doesn't have room right now. Get along. If you really want to be like me then you must not let things get to you. Darius? Treat her with respect. Chey treat him as if he's just another set of eyes wanting you."  
  
Darius chuckles, "I do want her. Always have."  
  
Chey narrows her eyes, "Couldn't tell. You always put me down. Ever since we were little."  
  
Monica knows lunch time was ticking away fast. While they may have a sizeable gathering for concealment this tense atmosphere was going to break the blockade up.  
  
"Darius? Tell her how you really feel. Overlook your past." Monica stresses.  
  
He shrugs scratching the back of his neck trying to formulate the words.  
  
"You know what it's like having older brothers who expect you to be just like them? I'm older now. They're not here. I might still be a dick but I'm also man enough to apologize for the past. I've liked you forever Chey. I just couldn't let on because of Clarence and Antoine. Chey? I'm sorry."  
  
She shivers covering her breasts with her arms as Rosa snuggles close to support her friend.  
  
"I kind of liked you too. Even though you were a prick." Chey sighs.  
  
Monica lowers her hand from the chest of Darius to his belt buckle, "Want to prove how sincere you are Buddy?"  
  
Darius eyes her fingers on his buckle, "Huh?"  
  
"Drop those pants and join her. If you mean what you say then embarrass yourself. Don't let her feel as if she's alone."  
  
His eyes bulge as he looks around him at the other guys. With only a moment to decide he hands his bag to a fellow teammate and jumps into unfastening his pants. Seconds later he lowers his jeans and boxers. Chey and Rosa glue their gaze on his erection.  
  
"You're not alone!" He squints at Cheyenne with dedication.  
  
Monica steps to Chey and Rosa, peeling Rosa away from her friend.  
  
Cheyenne swallows dryly, "I can't believe you did that for me."  
  
"I'll go further. I don't care if this costs my position on the team." He swiftly removes his Jersey to stand shirtless, pants to his knees.  
  
Cheyenne Johnson whimpered with almost teary eyes at his gesture.  
  
Monica smiles, "Come on guys. Hug already."  
  
The two ease into each other, he feeling her nipples on his chest, she his erection probing her thighs. So close she had to bulge her eyes with a glint of "OMG!" toward Rosa and Monica.  
  
Darius winks away from all the girls toward his buddies. They knew he was only playing along. At least he let on he was putting on an act. Was he though?  
  
"Forgive me Chey? I really am sorry."  
  
She sighs a warm exhale across his neckline, "You can treat me like crap around your brothers. But no other time. Or I'll kick your ass."  
  
He hugs her tighter rubbing her spine from shoulders to lower back. She melds into him snugger feeling great comfort. Finally, his hands go lower to squeeze her ass. She feels his cock gently slithering amid her wet labia. Her eyes tremble.  
  
"Darius?" She whispers.  
  
"Yeah?" He softly replies.  
  
She looks toward Monica for assurance, her heart pounding. Monica merely motions her to continue. So did Rosa biting her nail.  
  
"Darius?" Again Chey whispers, "Show your friends you're the Man."  
  
Instinct took over, literally lifting her by her ass up against the wall behind her. Her legs wrapped his torso.   
  
Darius Howard fucked his age old rival.   
  
He grunted hard.   
  
She squealed and dug nails into his shoulders.  
  
The gathering closed ranks as Lunch was ending.  
  
Eyes from behind marveled at his balls slapping her inner thighs vividly. Juices trickling down to the tile below.  
  
Suddenly, Darius slowed his pounding hips into a more sensual manner.   
  
Cheyenne sighed heavily and expelled, "Oh Darius." over and over. His lips kissing her throat.  
  
Monica scanned about the halls, even Teachers were circulating.   
  
Principal Janson was looking their direction with interest. Monica noted a haunted glare on his expression. This led to her fluttering her fingers at him. He failed to wave back. Luckily the gauntlet disguised the sex partners from view. Still, Monica sensed that he knew.  
  
Hearing a muffled snarl and a shrill whine the gathering knew the two had finished.  
  
A swift move to get dressed the group eases up their pile up to let the couple breath.  
  
Chey huffed and primped at her tight curls. Her eyes happy.  
  
He stood smug yet returned a wink at her.  
  
Back to normal, Darius coughed, "Too easy." then fist bumped his buddies while walking away. Behind his back he gave Chey a thumbs up. At least there was hope.  
  
Monica, Rosa, and Amber surrounded Chey with giggles. The girl shivered and bounced with exhilaration.  
  
"I can't believe I did that."  
  
Rosa chuckled, "So I'm next tomorrow right? Can I do Darius too?"  
  
Chey punched her friend in the arm. With a jealous growl she changes her tune, "I dare you to."  
  
Everyone laughed.  
  
Suddenly, Monica made a realization  
  
Kendra had disappeared. Taking the dress with her.  
  
"Where did Ken go?"  
  
Out of no where Kendra Stewart brought her blond self back into their midst. She was wearing the sundress proudly. Her 34B's proudly visible, nipples pointing like daggers. The skirt revealing her thin white lacey thong.   
  
"Where did you go?" Monica narrowed her eyes.  
  
"To lunch. I was starving. Everyone loved me in the dress. Even Principal Janson. He stopped to look me over then smiled and kept on going. It was such a rush."  
  
The group of girls stood in awe.  
  
Monica hears the bell ring for next class.  
  
"Keep the dress on until class is over."  
  
Kendra swirls in step, "Nope! Until school is over. Meet you back here later."  
  
The thin perky blond gathered her clothes from the floor and rushed them to her locker. The rest of her day was pure adrenalin.  
  
Monica puckered her lower lip as the girls dispersed.

"Well!"  
  
Monica was speechless.

**Monica 30: Hell Razor's**

The following day Monica Gift eyed her yellow sundress dangling in her locker. Shocked by Kendra Stewart's wearing of it most of yesterday she had to smile. Her friends were coming out stronger than she imagined. Still, she felt as if she herself was losing steam. Maybe it was her recovery period that held her back. Utilizing her friends to keep the school wanting more and more. She swore her comeback would be "Epic!"  
  
Students were whispering everywhere, eying Monica at her locker. Their words just out of reach. She shrugged. Nothing was going to bother her.  
  
"Hey Monica." Interrupted her thoughts.  
  
Turning she spies "Tamara White" and "Thea King" from Ginger Noble's class.   
  
Thea was an impish Nubian Goddess of 5 foot tall 95 pounds. Long black silky hair in a ponytail. Her big bold brown eyes full of life.  
  
Tamara was a shapely white girl with short sandy blond hair that barely touched her shoulders. She was equally as beautiful even with a slightly beak shaped nose. The rest of her led to supermodel status.   
  
"Tam? Thea? Hey wassup?"  
  
Thea glows hugging her books to her chest. A well rounded 34D set. Remarkable for such a petite girl.  
  
"We just wanted to say we love what you're doing. Getting the girls to come out of their shells is so cool." Thea beams.  
  
"It's nothing. I just didn't want to be the only one in the spotlight. All of you girls are gorgeous. You need to express yourselves more."  
  
Tamara repositions her book bag on her shoulder. Her grey t-shirt vividly wrinkled but rebounding by expressing nipples from bulbous 36C mounds beneath. They were attention getters for certain.  
  
Thea was less noticeable wearing a black button down shirt once her books lowered to show her chest off. Evident but less so.  
  
"I'm glad you two are opening up more too." Monica fans herself at Thea, "Especially you Missy. I saw you and Chey spreading those pussy lips wide. Hussy!"  
  
Accepting Monica's wink Thea grins sheepishly, "Once I started I couldn't stop myself. Did you see I let boys touch me down there?"  
  
"I did!" Monica nods favorably.  
  
"Chey told me about her and Darius. I didn't expect that. They hated each other." Thea frowns.  
  
Monica shrugs lightly, "Not so much anymore I'm thinking."  
  
"It was awesome how you got those two together. I hope the peace stands." Tamara adds.  
  
"Time will tell."  
  
Thea grits her pearly whites, "Can we join your club?"  
  
"Club? I didn't know I had any club. I'm just helping you all to realize your potential. But, sure. If you want my help I'm in."  
  
Tamara shivers with excitement. The possibilities endless in her mind.   
  
"I'll try anything. Just say when." Tamara responded.  
  
"Slow down. When the time is right I'll set things in motion. Okay?"  
  
"Awesome!" Tamara bounces on her toes.  
  
Monica eyes Thea, "You however can get started right here and now."  
  
Reaching forward with both hands Monica unbuttons the top two buttons on Thea's blouse. It reminded her of Ryan's challenge in her first bouts of exhibition within school.  
  
By unbuttoning her blouse Thea's dark bosom rounded into a more visible display. The girl lowers her gaze to see her tits looming into view.  
  
"The girls look good today." Thea giggles.  
  
"Those buttons stay unbuttoned all day long. Understood?"  
  
"Yep! I won't touch them. Even if I get told to by a Teacher to button up."  
  
Monica chuckles, "See you in Detention then."  
  
Her own hopes that Morrison might come through today made her grin devilishly. She expected a Detention as he had planned to bring in other Teachers this time. Monica might still be tender but the idea made her wet as hell.  
  
Tamara felt left out, "Maybe I'll wear a button down tomorrow so I can do that."  
  
"Why? Your pants will be coming off."  
  
Tamara bulges her eyes at Monica, "Oh really?"  
  
Monica recalls something from their Gym class and smirks, "Brilliant idea."   
  
Rubbing Tamara lightly on her abdomen Monica makes the girl wince from the unexpected move.  
  
"See you in Gym."  
  
As Monica departs, Thea shrugs at Tamara then huffs, "I might have to skip class to see this."  
  
Tamara offers a stunned but glowing expression. She couldn't wait. She was so proud of her new outlook on life that she made certain guys looked at her chest. Posture and a well poised finger drew them in. Ego led the way.  
  
  
  
Monica entered Dane Morrison's class and sat down next to Ryan. He was yawning from a lackluster sleep the night before.  
  
"Why so exhausted oh, Master?" Monica pondered.  
  
"Stayed up late talking to April. We're going on a date Friday night."  
  
Monica leered at him with a blank expression. For some reason she felt left out. She knew he was just her friend but the idea of less time with him bothered her. She would get over it. April was a sweet girl. Monica was happy for him. It would still nag her the rest of the day.  
  
"Hey! I have a shopping list for you. I need things before my gym class." She expects.  
  
"Like what?"  
  
She jots down her needs and passes him a ripped piece of paper. He reads the short list and nods, "I have this stuff at home. I'll swing by during lunch and grab them."  
  
"Thank you, Sir." She blows him a kiss. He always brightened up when she adored him.  
  
Teacher Dane Morrison entered his class room with more enthusiasm than usual. Today he spent more time facing his students with more interest. This sudden change made his pupils groan. They had grown accustomed to being ignored overall. Settling in he sat on the edge of his desk with a hand full of papers.  
  
"Pop quiz Kiddies." He smirked.  
  
Passing them around from front to back the kids examined the questions. Deciding to stroll around the room while everyone retrieved a quiz he eyed Monica. She returned his gaze with curiosity. Puzzled by his stare she chose to look down at her questions. Most were easy. Some were uncertain.   
  
"You can all begin. We'll go over them afterwards. Pay close attention to Number Four. It can be tricky." He winks at Monica cautiously.  
  
She read the question but it made no sense. Her mind tried to comprehend when it dawned on her to try something. She swiftly leers around her carefully before showing Morrison 4 fingers. He in turn nods. Another wink makes her shiver. She points at him then herself to which he again nods. Counting three fingers she easily figured out that he had found at least three other Teachers to play with during detention. She bit her lower lip and offered him a beguiling glare of unblinking eyes. He knew she understood.  
  
Now all she had to do was get Detention.  
  
The quiz went over easily. As class drew to it's close she hadn't done anything to warrant Detention. Before she could decide on it she had a thought. It didn't have to be Morrison to give her Detention. She would get it elsewhere.  
  
As the bell rang she shuffled forward to Morrison's desk. Waiting for the class to empty she whispered, "Room 312 still?"  
  
"Yep. Don't be late. I made sure nobody else got Detention."  
  
"Awesome. I'll be there."  
  
She quickly vacated the classroom and headed to her next class.  
  
  
  
Word was out that something was going to happen toward days end. Monica had told Holden and Shane to give hints to her followers. Monica's plan was simple enough. When Ryan had brought her list of needs to school during lunch she was ready.   
  
During her Art class Monica had talked friends Thea King and Amber Welch into joining her, unknowing what she had in mind.  
  
The trio reached the Gym which was alive with sweat inducing activity. Being a Co-Ed Gymnasium half the court was for the Boys playing Basketball, the other half Girls practicing Volleyball.  
  
Luckily both Coaches "Paul Randall" whom Monica had played with at the Adult Bookstore secretly, and Girl's Coach "Marion Murray" were notorious for getting class started then fading away to their offices until the end of class. Trusting their students.  
  
Monica took advantage of the daily negligence and waltzed right in with her girls. Thea and Amber behind her like lost puppies following her as if their Mother.  
  
Circling the gym floor for everyone to notice their arrival Monica made certain that all sides noted her finger to her lips as a sign to keep their being there quiet. Loud noises such as whistles and choice words would draw attention of the Coaches. The students knew to watch her back.   
  
Once that drama was out of the way Monica points at her friend "Tamara White" whom was playing Volleyball to stop and join her at courtside. The other girls kept playing to keep the activity level noticeable to the offices below the court. Their interest in Monica still curious.  
  
Sprinting over to Monica, Tamara still braless under a Maroon shirt bounced her breasts about without care. She wore white gym shorts and tube socks to match. The boys noticing immediately yet quietly commenting about her. Especially when Monica pointed at them with a Thespian reaction as if saying, "Look at those Boobie's dance."  
  
"Hey! You really did skip class to be here." Tamara looks shocked by Thea and the addition of the lovely Amber.  
  
"Wouldn't miss it for the world, Sweet "T"." Thea gleamed her pearly whites.  
  
Amber greedily jumps in, "I can't wait to see what Monica has you do."  
  
Monica removes her backpack before saying with raised eye brows, "Oh no. You two just had to be here. Now we all do what Tamara is going to do. We support our girl here by example."  
  
The three girls look at each other with bright eyes bordering between terror and excitement.  
  
"Join me Ladies."  
  
Taking the lead Monica marches up the wooden bleachers behind them. Reaching the halfway point between courts Monica sets down. The other three to her left in the order of Tamara, Thea, then Amber. Pretty maids all in a row.  
  
Monica grins sheepishly as she unpacks her bag. Producing a large plastic cereal bowl and a 2 liter bottle of water first. Tamara holds both.  
  
"Are we thirsty?" Tamara narrows her eyes.  
  
Shaking her head without speaking Monica then pulls out a full can of shaving crème passing it over to Thea. Holding it up Thea asks, "Are we shaving our legs?"  
  
Refraining from words Monica's final retrieval was a pack of 8 disposable pink razors.  
  
"Close." Monica winks.  
  
Jaws dropped the second Monica stood up and began unfastening her white jeans. Wiggling them down over her hips to her ankles she stops only to kick off her tennis shoes. Stepping out of her pants she was naked from the waist down. Only her black button down shirt dangled to hide her thighs. Lifting her shirt for all to see her lower half she knew her hickies would be visible. She was testing the waters of what people might say. With a glance to her right she noted the gathering of boys watching her. She slapped her ass and stuck her tongue out at them. The consensus was wagging tongues in return.  
  
"Oh my Gosh! They adore you so much." Thea giggles.  
  
"No. They just love nudity on a hot girl. Hot girls. PANTS OFF LADIES!" She snaps.  
  
Adrenalin pauses within the girls until Amber hops up and drops her own blue jeans and bright orange thong. The tanned brunette took pride in showing off her body. She went so far as to lift her shirt up and jiggle her breasts toward the boys. Even the girls below on the court stopped to acknowledge her boldness.  
  
Finally Thea and Tamara stood up in unison both taking loud deep breathes through their teeth to get the courage up. Their shorts and underwear were off while gaining fans by the second.   
  
Monica was impressed that her three protégés hadn't chickened out. All knew the severity of their actions if busted. The risk was great and they marched on.  
  
However, there were quite a few students below who were still in the dark concerning their risqué behavior too date. Fingers were crossed by all four girls that trouble wouldn't follow.  
  
Monica unbuttons her shirt and removes it before sitting. Totally nude aside from her socks she blew kisses all around. Most embraced her with cheers of silent expression. Some shocked yet keeping their reactions to themselves. A number of Boys began to leave their side of the court. Those less courageous stayed behind and continued playing basketball. Their dribbling at least maintained the necessary noise level as not to attract the attention of the Coaches below the court in their Offices.   
  
Of the girls side the risks taken were with mixed reaction. This was the first time that Monica, let alone her entourage had encountered the scourge of the school.  
  
Cheerleaders.  
  
The most popular girls were always the Cheerleading Squad. Optimistically the best and hottest of the hot. The best dressed. Best hair. All around dreams of every Jock on the Varsity. Girls either exceptionally easy or devotedly reserved. Mostly easy.  
  
In her gut Monica Gift knew that even the Cheerleaders had to have known of her exploits by now. The secret was hard to keep. Even though the boys around her before now had sworn their pact of secrecy she knew that was bull. Regardless she took chances. So would her friends obviously.  
  
What did nag at her soul was why none of the Cheerleaders had approached her before now. It was impossible for them to deny that the popular boys were ignoring them more of late in favor of Monica and her flock. Were they waiting for their chance to pounce?  
  
There wasn't time to give it any further thought. Her current mission had maybe 25 minutes.  
  
"Water in the bowl. Share the sink Ladies."  
  
Tamara with a trembling hand poured the bottled H2O into the bowl, while Thea held it for her. She left water in the large bottle for later.  
  
Amber tormented the boys by waving the shaving crème can up in the air as she stood up to roll her fingers over the curves of her gently overweight belly and down into her dark pubic hair. The boys shook their heads and grinned from ear to ear.  
  
Four disposable razors from an 8 pack were passed around. As they were getting ready Monica trickles water from the bottle into her gently thick pubic hair. Since her gangbang she had let it grow without tending. The other girls followed her liquid lead.   
  
Amber was first to lather up her bush. Joining her was Monica, Tamara, then Thea.  
  
The girls were even more encouraged by the lustful eyes of the boys standing below them. All drooling like crazy.   
  
Amongst the boys was Toby's friend, "Carson" and a number of the Jocks from Varsity. All bud's of Darius Howard. The rest were seeing the freedom for the very first time.  
  
Monica of course had encountered most of them when she had showered in the Boy's Locker room awhile back.  
  
As the Foursome of exhibitionists delicately shaved their "Hoohaw's" they had trouble not flirting with their eyes. Back and forth between their jobs and the gaze of the boys they had to know reactions. It was instant turn on for everybody.  
  
"Look at your Admirer's girls. They worship you for your beauty and your boldness." Monica gives them continual courage.  
  
Tamara had rolled her T-shirt up to her chest not yet exposing them to the world. She just wanted to keep it from getting messy. Only her full belly down was feeling a breeze.  
  
"Zoe Klein" is pacing the floor by the net. She doesn't look very happy." Tamara whines, "I can tell she wants to rat us out."  
  
"Ignore her until it happens." Monica trims carefully around her clitoral area, "Our word against hers. We'll be done and dressed before she decides to cry for help."  
  
Thea cleans her razor in the bowl shyly. Her eyes still bright and unblinking at her sightseers.   
  
"My Dad's a Minister. He can't find out I did this." Thea pauses.  
  
"So stop and get dressed." Amber growls.  
  
Thea grins sheepishly, "I don't want to."  
  
Monica glares over, "That's my girl. Feed their Ego's Ladies. The lust is killing the boys."  
  
She was accurate. Four of the Jocks took the chance of approaching closer. Scaling the bleachers until there was only two steps between they and Paradise.  
  
"You girls are just plain Freaks." prodded the handsome 5'8, 220 pound "Tyler Mason". He had short dark hair with well groomed stubble on his chin.  
  
Beside Tyler stood three other Football players from the Varsity squad.   
  
"Garrett James" a chunky black giant of 6'3, 385 pounds. "Carlos Esperanza", a Hispanic stud 5'8, 240, with black hair down to his neckline and an unshaven look. His smile stole hearts everywhere he went. Finally, "Rico Chavez", a Puerto Rican charmer with big brown eyes and well defined muscle. He was 5'7, 220.   
  
Above them Monica winks as she finishes her shave abandoning her razor into the bowl. A quick rinse left her flesh appealing.  
  
"Would you rather we go back to being shy and less exciting?"  
  
Garrett shakes his puffy cheeks rapidly while muttering a huff of yearning thoughts, "Please don't. Especially Thea."  
  
The tense raven hued beauty smiles with her eyes as she blushes, "Almost done Garrett."  
  
Amber rinses her coochie with the 2 liter waterfall before rubbing herself boasting, "Silky smooth and tingly."  
  
Tamara White was struggling to finish. Her bush had been thicker than the others. With no scissors to trim it down first it was troublesome. Beet red she kicks her feet out of the annoyance of her quest.  
  
Tyler amused by the blond steps up another plank, "Here, let me help you."  
  
Her eyes bulge as he moves to sit down right between her legs on the step at her feet. He claims the razor from Tamara's trembling hand and slowly lowers his own fingers into a working angle. His delicate approach made the other girls grin. With each pass of the razor he was doing a noble job of removing her tangles. Tamara's look of awe never left Tyler.   
  
"Oh my God!" She whispers as his pinky touches her clit to keep it safe from the razors blade.  
  
The gathering on the floor grew behind everyone the second Tyler took charge. Going in for the kill had created curiosity and jealousy.  
  
Flustered by the attention being received, Cheerleader "Zoe Klein", a stunning blue eyed blond with long crimped hair began cursing under her breath. The 5'4, 125 pound Goddess prowled the courtside with hands on her tight gym shorts. Huddling in her way were two of her fellow Cheerleaders unsure how to react. "Becca Wright" and "Violet Rainier" were torn by loyalty to Zoe and their sudden admiration of Monica's minions.  
  
Becca stood 5'2, 118, with black straight hair that stopped just below her earlobes. Brown eyes were always picturesque.  
  
Violet had long red hair that was wavy and glamorous in style. Green eyes cemented her allure. Even though a rash of freckles all over her body would look sightly to some, hers were perfectly arranged and sexy. Not too mention her busty 38C's that danced with every step. She was the taller of the three Cheerleaders, at 5'5, 130.  
  
Zoe had, had enough. Stomping her way up the bleachers around the boys she stood towering over Monica. An evil glare made Tamara and Thea cringe. Only Amber stood up defensively.  
  
Monica stretches her body to lay back with her elbows on the plank behind her. Peering up at Zoe she attempts friendship, "Hey there Zoe."  
  
Zoe was beet red suddenly, fuming yet speechless as her eyes darted between Monica then Tyler's focused hands. Finally, Zoe chooses her words, "You used to be nerdy and boring."  
  
Monica puckers her lower lip, "And, you were never nice or gave me the time of day. Never good enough for you and yours."  
  
"None of us were good enough for you Rich girls." Amber adds with hands on her hips.  
  
Tamara coos at Tyler's continued touch forcing Zoe to crease her brow with a glint of sadness. A tear was forming in her eyes. With one last sneer she questions, "Are you calling me a "Bitch"?"  
  
Amber nods heavily for Zoe to notice, "We're all Bitches. Bitches in heat."  
  
Zoe stands expressionless as her friends Becca and Violet join her on the bleachers. Both girls maintained their cool. They were only there as support. They admired Tyler's tenderness as well. Jealous all around. Zoe's support group went unnoticed by her.

fter a lengthy sulk Zoe groans loudly then yanks her own shorts down to her ankles, a bright pink pair of lacey boy shorts followed.  
  
The entire gym mumbled as one. She was the fantasy of every guy in school. Now here she was bottomless and perfect.  
  
"Hand me a fresh razor." She barks.  
  
"Ask nicely." Monica teeters a razor before her eyes.  
  
Sitting down beside Monica slowly, she calms her nerves, "Please?"  
  
Becca and Violet's eyes erupt at their girlfriend's unexpected move. They literally froze in step.   
  
"Friends from here on out?" Monica dangles the razor.  
  
Zoe nods with a weakening spirit as she notes Monica tilting the 2 liter awkwardly over the blonde's lap. Cool trickles escaped between the light brown fur of Zoe's pubes and the pink glory of her pussy's thin labia. Razor accepted, Amber passes Monica the shaving crème. With another assist Monica ushers a mound of lather over Zoe's thin landscape.   
  
Monica winks at her, "Want me to shave it too?"  
  
The blond eyed Monica with a glare of arrogance, "Noooo! I want Tyler to shave me next."  
  
She tries to seduce Tyler with a bright smile and fluttering eyelids.   
  
The Jock looks up from Tamara's snatch as he touched her up, "I'm good right here. Garrett will do it."  
  
Zoe grimaces. He was the one Varsity player that repulsed her.  
  
Luckily Garrett shakes his head feverishly, "Nawwww! My eyes on Thea."  
  
Both Rico and Carlos wave their chances away, instead moving in on the gorgeous Amber. She stepped over to give them room to sit at each side of her. Amber Welch was in Heaven. Their attentions handy and charismatic.  
  
Lost suddenly, Zoe eyes her creamed up bush with a wince. Before tackling it she hears a loud, "I'll do it."  
  
Her eyes bolt wide to see whom it might be that saves her. Stepping up was the lank "Carson Rudolph". Carson was nothing special. Not ugly. Not handsome. He was just himself. Awkward but still easy to talk too if given the opportunity. Knowing he wasn't a stud boosted Carson's bravado. He had nothing to lose. Merely a reputation to gain. He was the guy who shaved the most perfect girl in school.  
  
Horror crossed Zoe's face until Monica hugs her arm, "Friendly. Remember?"  
  
"I can't believe I'm going through with this." Zoe cringes as Carson moves in to sit between her quaking legs. Above her Violet and Becca offer grossed out expressions. Regardless, poised with surgical prowess Carson peels the razor from Zoe's fingers. As he begins shaving her Zoe whines and leers up at Violet. Their expressions making her ill. The girls studied his delicate moves, finally approving of him. Violet herself poised an index finger up to her lips biting a nail. Becca just nibbles her lower lip. Both girls warming up.  
  
Monica knew class was ending soon yet she led on valiantly. Eying Tyler as he finished up Tamara then rinses her she throws an arm around the beaky beauty, "I think Tyler deserves a kiss. Don't you?"  
  
The stunner nods puckering her lips, eyes closed awaiting expectation. Unaware of her surroundings Monica points at Tamara's lap. Tyler took the hint and eases in awkwardly. He kissed her wet clit.  
  
Eyes rip wide at the shock of his kiss, her laugh similar to the eruption of a young "Julia Roberts" from "Pretty Woman".  
  
Before he rises he flicks his tongue along her entire pussy and over her shaved arena. She couldn't stop laughing until he hugged her. She relished in his arms.  
  
Amber had hands all over her as Rico and Carlos adored her curvaceous full figure. Rico massaging her pussy made her squeal. Carlos squeezing her left tit left him chuckling in triumph.  
  
Thea darted her gaze all around her in awe. Having finished herself she had merely watched everything play out. She suddenly felt left out until her eyes met Garrett's. He was rolling his hand over his mouth wiping away drool. She giggled at his behavior then grit her teeth. Standing up she unbuttoned her black shirt to reveal her full frontal. After fanning her shirt wide to offer a view of her breasts Thea took a step up and leaped into Garrett's arms. Her own arms wrapped around his flabby neckline. A peck on the cheek left him to roll his eyes back. He was smitten.  
  
During the chaos Carson polished off the still trembling Zoe. She presses her lower tummy down to marvel at his handiwork. Fingers caress the softness of his deed until a pucker forms over her lower lip. Eyes batting she felt shameless.  
  
"Do I get a kiss?" She does as Tamara did closing her eyes.  
  
Carson winked at Monica first then stood silently. Leaning down he chose a true kiss over anything sexual. As his lips succulently kissed hers, Zoe's eyes fluttered open in shock. Violet and Becca's hearts melted.  
  
"Now that's a true Gentleman." Monica whispers toward Zoe as their lips lock. Zoe kissed him back. Without regret.  
  
As the gathering noticed the students on the gym floor head for the showers they realized the bell was nearing.   
  
Monica pointed at Violet and Becca with a stern glare, "You're next."  
  
The girls flare their eyes and step away grinning. Hearts pounding.  
  
Carson knelt down and helped Zoe guide her boy shorts on. Then her gym shorts. She loved his sincerity. He then walked her down the stairs.   
  
Before the original four could get dressed they sat back laughing at their achievement. The girls were exuberant. The Jocks enjoying their giddiness.  
  
Ignorant of their surroundings the group was caught off guard. A loud whistle echoed throughout the gym.   
  
Panic ensued as the Jocks stood up to block the girls gallantly. All accept poor Thea. Garrett had turned around to face the whistle. Still embracing Thea in his arms with one hand on her ass, the other rubbing her upper back. Her shirt hiked high. Her bare ass promptly arched outward to reveal her clam and luscious anal zone. She was a deer in headlights facing the girls.  
  
Coach Randall stood bitterly with his arms stretched wide for answers. Head shaking he eyes his boys. With a loud snarl he points away, "Hit the showers."  
  
Garrett swiftly lowers Thea to the plank and lets her go in order to run. He huffed a "Sorry Thea." before hobbling away. All four boys bolted down the bleachers leaving the girls defenseless and only half dressed.  
  
Randall spots Monica and grits his teeth. He recalls her from the Adult Bookstore. Swallowing hoarsely he admires the other girls standing half naked. Amber still totally nude. She was having too much fun.   
  
The Coach looked around him. It was lifeless in gym now. He ponders his next move as the girls finish dressing.  
  
Amber lagged behind the others as they advance down the set of bleachers to face Randal up close. He stood awaiting Amber who literally walked down with her shirt still off. Monica had to smile at her protégé.  
  
Sneering Coach Randall shook his head while rubbing the back of his neck.  
  
"I only have four words for you girls."  
  
They waited. Amber just now pulling her T-shirt over her head.  
  
A moment of silence before pointing at each of them simultaneously.  
  
"DETENTION!"  
  
"DETENTION!"  
  
"DETENTION!"  
  
"DETENTION!"  
  
Monica was going to have company.