**Monica**

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**Monica 31: Musical Chairs**

Outside of classroom 312 Monica Gift fidgeted.  
  
Waiting with her were friends Thea King, Tamara White, and Amber Welch. However quiet suddenly Monica during their nerve racking wait questioned if her "Foursome" of Teachers promised by Dane Morrison had fallen through. She couldn't blame him if it did.   
  
Dane Morrison had planned on it only being Monica. Now with three more detainees her hopes were dismal at best. Her thoughts running rampant it suddenly dawned on her.  
  
"Four detentions. Four Teachers. I wonder."   
  
She eyes her friends as they leaned against a wall looking toward the floor, "Can I push these three into doing more? Should I risk it? I don't want to lose their respect over my bullshit. Still, this could be freaking awesome if I pull it off."  
  
As the clock ticks Monica couldn't keep quiet any longer. She had to weigh in on their feelings. None of them had said a word since they had congregated in the hall here ten minutes ago.  
  
"Ladies? Are you mad at me?"  
  
Amber looks up frowning then rolls her eyes, "I know I'm not. I plan on fucking Rico and Carlos Friday night. That wouldn't have happened if not for you."  
  
Tamara hears her revelation and also peps up, "I have a date with Tyler Friday. Yay us."  
  
All eyes journey over to Thea King who was still looking at the tile below. She realizes their scrutiny when she looks up with bulbous brown eyes, "What?" Shyly she grins, "I invited Garrett to Church on Sunday."  
  
As if psychic all three girls point at Thea and direct a single word, "REPENT!"  
  
"I know right." Thea giggles.  
  
As their laughter tames down Monica takes a deep breath, "I love you guys. I'm not sure why all of you want to be like me though. Not to mention the other girls like Kendra, Chey, and Rosa. I mean I'm proud of you all but Why? Why me? I started out just teasing guys off and on. The dares from my friend Ryan made me go further and further. I couldn't resist a challenge. But, that's just my story. I'm a freak. I love exhibition. Sex has just grown on me. More than it should." She giggles, "I just kept pushing my limits. I love my rockin' body. Guys love my rockin' body. But, you really don't have to idolize me for what I'm doing."  
  
Amber again rolls her eyes, "Idolize? Ego much?"   
  
Tamara flares her eyes, "Shut up. I idolize her. There is NO WAY I would have gotten Tyler to notice me enough to get a date."  
  
Amber shrugs, "You're right. I have the same desires Monica. I know I'm a freak too. Truth told, I used to strip and tease my own older brothers. Yes, they loved it. I may have a few extra pounds on the ole bod but that just makes me sexier. No guy has ever looked away and made me feel ugly. Literally no man."  
  
Tamara White agrees, "You have a beautiful body Amber. My biggest insecurity is my nose. I've always been teased because the bridge is shaped like the beak of a bird. That's been the only thing holding me back. I know I'm really pretty otherwise."  
  
Monica pouts faintly then swoops in to kiss Tamara on the nose. The shock made the two of them wrinkle their noses and blush.  
  
"I like your nose. Never let that bring your spirit down." Monica encourages, "What about you Thea? Insecurities?"  
  
"I'm too short. Every guy that has ever been interested in me has been a Giant. Not that I'm complaining." She giggles shyly hiding her mouth behind her left hand.  
  
Amber pats Thea atop her head, "Guys like tiny girls. It makes them feel in control. Intimidation charges their batteries."  
  
Thea shivers looking toward the tile, "I like feeling helpless. Is that wrong?"  
  
"Submissive much?" Amber smirks.  
  
Defending Thea Monica offers her a hug from behind, "Guys adore submissive. It's seductive. Even your voice fits a submissive. It's soft and erotic. You just keep that up Thea. It suits you."  
  
Thea sighs heavily, "I've had thoughts. But, until that day in class when all the girls went wild I could never bring myself to strip or show my body off. I like the attention guys give me when they think I'm hard to get. But, when they realize it wasn't an act I felt I needed to break out of my shell. My parents instilled me to be a proper Lady. I failed them. No regrets though. I have to be me. You just brought the demons out in me Monica. I'll pray for all of us."  
  
Nose wrinkled Monica shivers, "Thanks."  
  
"In a good way. I pray also for more acts of boldness." Thea giggles blushing.  
  
"So going to Hell." Amber shakes her head.  
  
Thea hushes up hearing that.  
  
With a deafening sigh Monica notes the hallway clock. Morrison was due to arrive any minute. They would have to talk more another time.  
  
As if on cue, the door to room 312 abruptly opened. Dane Morrison had already been there waiting. With the blind down over the doors window it was impossible to tell. Noticing his prisoners he glared at them with a darkening scowl. The girls shrank in their step.  
  
"Four offenders. All ready to face their punishments for something I hear would normally call for expulsion." He then lowers his tone, "Feel fortunate that this incident was not brought to the attention of the Higher up's. The day isn't over yet."  
  
Monica slyly eyes Morrison and pouts, "We were very, very Bad."  
  
The other girls flared their eyes at her childlike comment. What was she doing?  
  
Monica adds fuel to the fire, "Sure you want to be alone with four sweet young girls? Four sweet young mischievous girls."  
  
She steps closer to Morrison who is forced to sneer down at her.  
  
"Under the circumstances of your offense? No. Which is why I've decided on an Intervention. A counselling session if you will."  
  
Taken back Monica offers a haunted hesitation, "Counsellor Evans is here?"  
  
"No. Miss Evans was unable to join us. Another time perhaps. Should you continue your unruly antics. Step inside the classroom please." He steps aside to usher them through the threshold.  
  
Monica leads the way for Amber, Tamara, then Thea. To their surprise they found the chairs of the room in a circle formation. Four chairs back to back in the middle for each to face a different direction. The outer circle had four chairs also. One chair facing each of the center seats.   
  
The true shock made the girls fret inside. The outer seats had three live occupants. Coach "Paul Randall" whom had busted them earlier sat in one chair. To his left sat History Teacher "Dennis Holt". The third seat totally confused them. That chair belonged to of all people the School Janitor, "Oscar Sanchez".   
  
Under her breath Monica spat, "Awwww Hell." The final seat was obviously for Morrison himself.  
  
Morrison points to the interior seats one by one assigning them, "Miss White? Please sit here before Coach Randall."  
  
Tamara cautiously sits down and folds her arms over her chest. She felt the need to bury her nipple erection behind her forearms.  
  
"Miss Welch? Here in front of Mr. Sanchez if you will."  
  
Amber winks at the older man of his early 50's stepping over to claim her seat. As she sat there she whispered, "Hey Oscar."   
  
She had known this man for many years. Before he became the School's Janitor he ran a Pool Cleaner business. Every other week he would drop by Amber's Parents home to clean the pool. She knew that he would watch her sunbathe by the pool as he cleaned it. It was innocent yet She would always have her bikini top untied as she lay on her stomach. Never nude. Her evil hormones were running rampant even in her youth. He would never say anything. Merely do his job and slyly overlook her as best he could. He knew better than to touch an underage girl. Even if she did flaunt it. He chalked it up to adolescent pranks.  
  
Amber had a hunch he would think differently now that she was eighteen.  
  
"Miss King? Here in the chair facing my own seat."  
  
Nervously, Thea rests her butt down while darting her eyes around at the others.   
  
"Miss Gift? That leaves you toward Mr. Holt."  
  
Monica presumed Morrison would keep her to himself. What was going on?  
  
As Morrison took his seat he glared over at Thea, studying her frightened state. Her shyness disturbed him. According to Coach Randall this tiny little creature was nearly naked but for her dangling shirt. Being manhandled by a boy no less. He doubted for a moment that this wee one was even capable of such actions.  
  
Regardless, he had made promises of Monica's body to each of these Men. After Randall's accusations of their activities at the gym today he had hoped they were hungry for more. Surely their hormones were running wild. He would test the waters.  
  
"Miss King. Let's begin with you. Would you please enlighten us as to what prompted you and your friends here to do as you did earlier?"  
  
Monica raises her hand sharply, "That would be me."  
  
"I was not asking you Miss Gift. Miss King?"  
  
The leader hushes leaving Thea to softly reply, "We all wanted to do it."  
  
Tamara White hesitantly nods and crosses her legs in front of Coach Randall. He winces at her sudden reluctance to be as open as she was in the bleachers. He had zoomed in on her silky smooth snatch when he had busted them. The second Tyler Mason had stepped away from her. Randall had always liked the looks of Tamara. He chose to be seated in front of her for just that reason.  
  
"What possessed you to shave down there in front of so many students?" He pauses with a finger to add, "None of whom came forward to turn you in I might add."  
  
Amber wanted to make a crude outburst but with Oscar sitting with a grim expression she chose to zip her lip.  
  
Instead, Monica spoke up, "They love us. That's why. Lust even. I was the one who talked these girls into it. They're just followers who like me enjoy showing off. We're all sexy so why hide it I say."  
  
Teacher Dennis Holt had heard stories of this girl. He had never witnessed her in action even though she had her first excursion in school during his class. Of that he was oblivious. He certainly wanted to bare witness to her antics but he knew his career would be on the line. Just being here today was a risk. He would hold his tongue a bit longer and see where this discussion led he thought. No! Dennis changes his mind.  
  
"So you have done other things on school property that rivals what you did today?" Holt had to know the truth.  
  
Monica smirks, "I plead the fifth." After a snicker she adds, "Not really. Actually today was tame."  
  
"Tame? How so?" Dennis squinted.  
  
"I'm not telling you everything I've done. Nor, who I've done it with." She sticks her tongue out at him, "Use your imagination. And, your hand if you want too."   
  
Her tongue switches over to flicking mode as Holt witnesses her unbutton her shirt halfway. His eyes lowered to examine her exposed cleavage.  
  
The girls hearing Monica's remark about Holt using his hand made them resist laughter. Tamara and Thea especially tense up. Not out of fear but of Monica's dynamic attitude under the circumstances.  
  
Amber bit her lower lip, smugly acknowledging Monica's bravado. Her eyes trained on Oscar who still maintained a lack of emotion. Attempting to lighten up his mood she flutters her fingers at him, accompanied by a stunning smile. He faintly smirked, lowering his eyes to examine her bulging breasts behind a nipple shredded T-shirt.  
  
Noticing his eye contact lingering there she purposely straightens her posture for a more dramatic fullness. She had never considered poor Oscar back in her youth other than teasing the guy. However, if it kept him from telling her parents she would gladly taunt him here and now.  
  
Tamara White was becoming restless. Finally she uncrosses her arms and legs. Her own breasts perky and well poised. She too noticed the Coach eying her tight shorts constricting between her legs. Earlier she had removed her thong due to the itchiness of a fresh shave. After a lengthy frustration she parts her knees for a better view of her delectable thighs. Her heart rate increased at his preoccupied gaze.   
  
Dane Morrison continued on his quest.  
  
"Each of you, one at a time are given the chance to tell us why you shouldn't be expelled. Secondly, tell the Instructor in front of you how you hope to sway their vote not to bring this up with the school board. We all agree you should be punished severely for your provocative actions. Of which is to be determined by the end of Detention."  
  
Monica raises her hand yet again, "When you say punished severely. Are you meaning kicked out of school? Because unless Principal Janson already knows what we did, you four are keeping it our secret. Otherwise Janson would have already called our Parents to come get us. But, for kicks I'll go first."  
  
Morrison coughs into his hand loudly, "Continue."  
  
Fanning her shirt open on both sides as if considering her words carefully she eyes Dennis Holt. While whipping the button side of her opened blouse she decides to unbutton one more clasp. Only two more buttons held her in check. Those were below her mounds.  
  
"Hi!" She smiles at him slyly, "Do you really want to punish me, Mr. Holt?"  
  
He nods feverishly as her fingers move between her opened shirt. She then trails an index finger from her throat, between her breasts, across her upper belly, ending at the next button in sequence.   
  
"Then, I'm going to be defiant and say, Punish me. Punish me really, really HARD!" She emphasizes her last word loudly.  
  
Morrison returns to Thea, "Do you feel you should be punished, Miss King?"  
  
Trembling Thea fans her face with both sets of fingers, "It's warm in here."  
  
"Is that your answer, Thea?" He raises a brow.  
  
"No Sir! I am not as ashamed of myself as I should be. My Father would spank me very hard. He would then send me to my room to pray over what I did."  
  
"That's right! Your Father is a Minister isn't he?"  
  
She lowers her eyelids, "Yes, Sir!"  
  
"Are you in the Choir, Thea?" He antagonizes her slightly.  
  
"Yes. When I can be heard over the others. I usually perform solo because my voice is so soft."  
  
While Morrison digs into Thea's soul, Amber blurts out, "Why exactly is the Janitor at our Detention? No disrespect, Oscar."  
  
"I was invited. For the Intervention." Oscar quietly replies.  
  
Morrison adds, "You two know each other outside of school, correct?"  
  
"He was our Pool Cleaner. My folks invited him to cookouts on occasion." Amber leans forward, elbows on her knees, "He saw me sunbathe a few times. You didn't know I untied my top on purpose back then. Just being stupid trying to make you embarrassed. Fond memories, Oscar." She winks as he swallows dryly.  
  
"You were quite brazen even then." He decides to say.  
  
"I'm not even sure what brazen even means. Yea, I went braless. Bottomless too. When nobody else was around." She creaks her chair laughing at her play on words, "I'm all grown up now. My tits doubled in size since then. I filled out all over. See?"  
  
She lifts her T-shirt up to her chest to display her winking belly button, her rolls gently lapping over the waist of her jeans. She pats her stomach groaning, "Pants are tight. Mind if I catch my breath, Oscar?"  
  
With both hands she unfastens her jeans, zipper tugged down. Once released she exposes her lower belly while lifting her shirt back up to her lower breasts.  
  
Oscar grew interested with a warmer smile, "Very beautiful, Chica."  
  
"I'm not Hispanic, but thanks."  
  
Her fingers caress her lower regions where she scratches slightly, "Silky but dang it itches."  
  
As Amber tortures Oscar, Monica hears her mischief and starts to look back. A clearing of Morrison's throat halts her rebellion.  
  
"Face forward. All of you." He prompts leaning forward with elbows on his knees, hands clasped.  
  
"Mr. Randall over there said you were the worst offender, Miss King. Hugging boys with their hands all over you. Smiling and happy to be manhandled. Nude I might add."  
  
She reacts sheepishly, "I still had my shirt on."  
  
"Yes, but unbuttoned so that your chest was fully exposed when the lad stood you up. Do you feel that was necessary?"  
  
Nibbling her nail she shyly blurts out, "I wanted him to see my boobies."  
  
Monica groans rolling her eyes, "WE ALL DID!" She then unbuttons her shirt entirely and takes it off. Dennis Holt's eyes grew big, as did the erection behind his slacks.  
  
Morrison sits up straight, "Well now! That was certainly unexpected."  
  
Monica chuckles and tosses her shirt over her back. It lands on Tamara's shoulder.  
  
The shock of the garments arrival almost made Tamara pee her shorts. Defiant, her gaze looks over to see Monica squeezing her tits for Holt to admire.  
  
"Oh crap!" Tamara wheezes, reacting by tossing Monica's shirt over Thea's lap.  
  
Thea tries not to laugh but couldn't resist. With a shrill yelp the shirt became airborne yet again. it landed directly over Amber's head. Peering through the black shirt Amber huffs, "OH HELL YEA!"  
  
Not to be outdone Amber yanks Monica's shirt from her hair and discards it. Leaping from her seat she stands up and pulls her T-shirt up and over her head. It too went flying. Shoes kicked off, her pants hit her ankles. Stepping from them Amber Welch was naked. That led to a grin just before straddling poor Oscar's lap. Her arms wrapped around his neck.  
  
"Hey there, Oscar. Touch me."  
  
Oscar Sanchez gripped her hips. He was a happy man.  
  
Monica noticed the expression of Dennis Holt as his eyes left her to witness whatever was going on behind her. She immediately twisted in her seat to see Amber taking the lead.   
  
"Oh, you Bitch!" She thought very loudly.  
  
A second later Monica stood naked also and demanded Holt's attention by sitting in his lap. Her back to his chest. He gladly let her in. His hands were guided around her to play with her tits.  
  
"You can use both hands now." She leans back patting his cheek.  
  
Both Tamara and Thea looked back and forth between their nude friends. In shock they whimpered uncertain what to do.   
  
Almost terrified Tamara looks over at Coach Randall who was patting his own lap in hopes of coaxing her in. Eyes bulging Tamara stands up timidly, tempted to step forward. Suddenly, she froze to a focused thought.  
  
With a snap decision she strips her shirt off then slithers her tight shorts off of her hips to her toes. Stepping out of them she danced nervously in step, whimpering, "Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God!'  
  
A second later she sits back down into her own chair. Spreading her legs she pats her own lap for him to grow intrigued. Coach Randal caught on to her idea and slid out of his seat, crawling down to his knees. Easing in between her thighs the Coach buried his face in her juicy pink snatch. Her "Oh my God's" grew more sensual with each lash of his tongue.   
  
Randall loved the taste of her twat.  
  
Poor Thea, alone now she wanted to cry. Morrison sat there waiting for her to decide her fate. Her biggest stress was simple. She had never been with a white man. Only one man for that matter in her entire life.  
  
Morrison had a hunch what her dilemma might be. With a warm comforting sigh he eases forward and takes her trembling hands.  
  
"You don't have to follow their lead, Thea. I'm fine."  
  
A swift glare around her at the girls having so much fun she pouts. In a hesitant move she raises Morrison's hands up to the top button of her shirt. She then releases her hands to allow him to unbutton her blouse. He unhooked each button slowly to give her a chance to change her mind. She didn't.  
  
The shirt opened up to her perky smoked mounds of flesh. Her nipples angry for holding back.  
  
Dane Morrison abandons his seat entirely to crouch in front of Thea as he guides her shirt over her shoulders to escape her arms. Her breasts were staring him directly in the eyes. As he sighs she whines lightly.  
  
"So perfect." He whispers studying them up close. She lowers her gaze to watch his reaction to her body.  
  
"You can kiss them."  
  
Not kissed. Devoured!!!!  
  
Morrison jumped at the offer, sucking on each nipple as if starving. She responded by tilting her head back, moaning softly. Her hands made their way into his scalp.

Thea felt his palms slide up her bare legs to the hem of her shorts around her legs. They then crept higher to locate her button. Delicately he releases the snap and draws the zipper down. She quakes at the slightest tug of her shorts as he attempts to remove them. Unsure at first she lifts her hips to let the shorts escape her body.  
  
Thea the Goddess was naked.   
  
All four girls were seducing or being seduced.  
  
All four Men were hard as rocks.  
  
Monica scans at all of her friends opening up so well to their predicament. This event was going far better than she imagined. She predicted at least Thea might panic and ruin everything. It appeared she was wrong. Thea was quickly giving in to Morrison's attentions. Beside her Tamara was being eaten out like a champ. And, across from them Amber was grinding her pussy along Oscar's erection and crushing her breasts around his cheeks.   
  
Monica Gift was proud beyond measure. Now it was time to step up her own game.  
  
Monica carefully peeled away from Holt's grip. She seductively rolled over in his lap to slither her way to his feet. Kneeling before him Monica nibbled at his concealed erection. Holt couldn't breath at what he was enduring. She was demonic in her performance as her hands crept like spiders up to unzip his slacks. Digging her fingers within she located his cock and guided it into the light. Seven inches of meaty girth was in her hands. Lightly stroking it as her cheek rubbed along the mushroom shaped crown.  
  
Watching his eyes shimmer with excitement she kissed the crown with a suctioning pucker. Eyes never blinking she tormented his soul.  
  
Finally she swallowed his cock and succulently took it in and out multiple times.  
  
Holt groaned loud enough to attract the attention of Amber who looked over her shoulder to admire Monica's stepped up game. With a devilish grin Amber knew it was time to give it her all. Leaning in to whisper into Oscar's ear she tempts his sensibilities.  
  
"Did you fantasize about fucking me Oscar? When I was sixteen?"  
  
"No. I did my job cleaning the pool and left. I could not of course."  
  
"I'm eighteen now. Don't you think it's time to stop lying to yourself?"  
  
"I do not lie. Back then I was not interested. Now is a different story."  
  
He narrows his eyes as she slips from his lap and lowers her body to unfasten his pants. He threw no resistance her way as his pants and underwear escaped his legs. Amber marveled at the wagging of his arched erection. Although uncircumcised he was a beast. She moved in swiftly to suck on his balls. They were bulging and tight. Her kissing led higher to suck on his cock. His hands to each side of her face tangled in her silky brown locks. Amber offered him smiling eyes. He enjoyed her deep throat immensely.  
  
Tamara was lost in Coach Randall's eyes as he stared up at her with his mouth gnawing at her pussy. She could feel his tongue probing up inside her. So much better than what little Tyler had done. In her thoughts she hoped that Tyler could reproduce what Randall was doing. Otherwise she might not worship Tyler as much as she wanted to.  
  
Her peripheral captured Monica's deeds and she had to examine her actions firsthand. Her jaw dropped at seeing her sucking off Holt. Her immediate response was to look around further. Her recital of "Oh my God's" returned under her breath at seeing Amber doing the same to the Janitor. She was almost afraid to see Thea. Still she had to know.  
  
Thea was holding on to Morrison's neckline as he continued sucking at her nipples. The expression on her face was that of pure ecstasy. Morrison was tender now. His kisses leading north to nuzzle the girls throat. Thea was overtaken with emotion. As he held her attention with warm kisses he was unfastening his pants and escaping them just enough to pry his cock free and begin stroking it. Thea had not noticed it yet.  
  
Tamara wondered if Randall had done the same as he crouched beneath her upraised thighs. Her legs over his shoulders. Tilting her gaze she found her assumption correct. Randall had his own cock in hand pumping it slowly. Her eyes flared with uncertainty. How far could she go?  
  
While contemplating her future Tamara felt finger enter her pussy as he nibbled at her clit. They were in and out, rolling and probing. Her jaw couldn't remain closed.Her eyes refused to not twitch. An orgasm was brewing.   
  
Monica having fed on Holt long enough stood up and took him by the hand. He rose from his chair to follow her toward the large Teacher's desk behind them. There Monica leaned forward over the desk, her legs wide, ass arched with expectation. Holt surmised she was inviting him to take her from behind. Notion embraced the History Teacher stepped up and lined his monster up toward her vagina. A forceful push inside and Monica moaned loudly. She wanted everyone to hear her. Holt fucked her hard from that point onward.  
  
Her moans the shot heard around the world Amber followed her lead. Pants tugged over Oscar's boots she led him to the desk across from Monica. Amber wanted to stare right at her friend. Seconds later Oscar's fantasies were coming true. Amber too was being fucked from behind. Her bulging chest crushed atop the desk.  
  
Monica and Amber shared in facial expressions of anguish and excitement. Moans increased with each thrust.  
  
Tamara watched them forming her own opinion. She was nearing orgasm but felt as if she needed to experience more. In a maddening decision the blond pushed Randall away with her feet. She clumsily stood up and marched over to the blackboard side of the desk, ushering the seat behind it aside. She then bent herself over the desk awaiting Randall. He joined her post haste and penetrated her from behind. Tamara closed her eyes almost weeping at her endeavor. A pair of hands reached out to hers to keep her sane. Monica and Amber were there for her hands clasping each for confidence.  
  
This left Thea to observe the moaning girls. Her jaw drooping as Morrison stood up with his dick in hand. Jerking off in front of Thea's face. The girls eyes couldn't bulge any wider at the sight.  
  
"Shall we join them?" He asked without force.  
  
Hesitantly she crept from her chair and shuffled to the desk. Both Monica and Amber extended a hand toward the girl. Swallowing with fear in her eyes she outstretches her tiny hands to claim theirs. Together the four girls were united. As Thea felt Morrison lift her tiny form just a little in order to penetrate her the girl yelped. Morrison was huge. Her pussy was tight. Wetness helped but it was still snug. As final entry was managed Thea huffed and dug her nails into the hands of her friends.   
  
Thea joined another choir.  
  
Four girls echoing loudly. Attention had to be attracted. The girls had no care but the Teacher's worried. They were also aware that they weren't wearing condoms. Regardless they were feeling way too good to worry about anything. Not even the shadow outside the Classroom door.   
  
Holt began to feel his inner Leader and began slapping Monica on the ass. His efforts led to the other following suit. Within minutes all four girls were being spanked. Tamara and Thea were terrified but it felt too good to beg for escape. They were learning to like a little abuse.  
  
Oscar took it further. He snatched up Amber's hair and yanked her head back. Amber growled a verse of , "Harder Bitch." which led to Oscar tugging her harder until she turned beet red. Amber could feel her juices traveling down her upper legs. Her thighs drenched. She needed a Pool Cleaner. He would mop up later.  
  
Tamara yelped and relished in her hair pulling. It was erotic as hell. Her orgasm begged for release. She held on as long as possible. But inevitably she was the first to go.  
  
Monica came second. Loud and proud. Holt was snarling like a beast as he swiftly pulled out just in time to splatter Monica's still lightly bruised ass with a flood of white.  
  
Amber bellowed third in procession, adding a larger pool at Oscar's feet. She was so wasted her forehead slapped against the desk the second Oscar released her hair. He too barely got free of her pussy before channeling his jizz on to Amber's fluffy cheeks.   
  
Morrison was losing steam as his own balls were ready to unload their reservoirs. Thea grew louder and louder. Her soft voice changing with each savage thrust. Finally the imp screamed at the top of her lungs. Her tone forcing the glare of everyone in the class.   
  
"GOD FORGIVE ME!" She roared.  
  
Cumming so hard Thea convulsed and rolled her eyes back into her head as if feeling the Holy Spirit. Morrison snapped his cock from within and dotted her tight black ass with his milky leftovers.  
  
Supporting the girl to keep her steady Morrison carefully eased her down to her knees to hug the desk. Standing there above her he felt terrible all of a sudden. Her words cut deep. Did he go too far? Was Thea in pain at the very last? Did he destroy her soul by pushing her too far?  
  
Stirring Thea came to and turned to see Morrison behind her. His cock still taunt and trickling cum. With a fevered push against the desk Thea clutched his legs facing him. Her jaw wide she swallows Morrison's cock and drains him dry.  
  
All of the girls took note and dropped to their knees.   
  
Every man there was devoured.  
  
Dicks ran empty.  
  
They had all faced the music.  
  
The shadow outside the door stepped away.  
  
A song for another day.

**Monica 32: Screen Savor**

Friday evening Monica had chosen to take a bubble bath. Out of boredom she sat her laptop on the toilet seat next to her and was preparing to step into a local Chatroom for shits and wiggles. It had been awhile since she had teased her Internet followers. Not since the day she ordered pizza from Ryan and his friends Shane and Holden. The day her life changed.  
  
She took her time trying to enjoy her relaxing bath and merely watched what people in the room were saying. Nothing too outrageous. Rather dull actually.  
  
Luffa in hand she sponges beneath her chest and trailed her areolas in a circular motion. Stimulating her nipples she shivered. Washing her shoulders and neck she tilts back and glides the luffa from her chin over her throat. Down between her cleavage and back again.   
  
She thought about going on webcam in the room and sharing her bath with others. Certainly appealing considering her hormones were constantly energized. She was a nympho at heart.  
  
Eyes still and pondering she hears the phone ring. She had both her cell and the house cordless on the back tank of the toilet. It was the house line. Reaching for it she noted the caller I.D. "Ooooo! Uncle Gary. I never did get back with him about the camping trip."  
  
Answering it dramatically she prays it's not her Aunt.  
  
"Gift residence. Unwrapping our specialty."  
  
"Hey there Hotshot. It's your ole Uncle Garrison."  
  
"I know. Ready for that phone sex?"  
  
He chuckles over the line, "The wife is out shopping. Might take you up on that. Just wish I could see ya."  
  
She eyes her laptop, "Funny you should say that. My laptop is right beside me. You could skype with me. That way I can watch you stroke that cock for your sexy little Niece."  
  
He clears his throat excitably.   
  
"Sure you want to see a pudgy old man with a small penis?"  
  
"Sure you want to see a hot barely legal pussy begging to be fucked?"  
  
"I'll fire up my laptop. Hang on."  
  
"I thought so." She giggles.  
  
Sponging herself more she awaits him to sign on.  
  
"Okay. Message me and set up the skype." He grunts.  
  
"I'm in the bath tub right now. Ready to see me wearing bubbles?"  
  
"If you're ready to see me wearing sweats and a Wifebeater."  
  
"Not for much longer." She teases.  
  
She could hear his anticipation. It made her smile.  
  
A few clicks later a video box opens up and she see's Uncle Gary setting in his recliner. It was obvious that his own laptop rested on a TV tray in front of him. He in turn see's his Niece laying back halfway covered in suds. Her breasts crushed together and her nipples reaching for the ceiling.  
  
"I see you." She giggles.  
  
"And, I see you. Don't take the term keep it clean too literally." He chuckles.  
  
"Oh, you can bet this is going to get so dirty I'll need fresh bath water."  
  
He huffs at her beguiling eyes taunting him.  
  
"I still can't believe how much you've grown." He rambles while fondling his concealed erection.  
  
"I can say the same of you Mister." She winks.  
  
He sighs and removes his hand to admire his boxers tightening up at the crotch, "Yeah. See what you do to me?"  
  
"Oh I see. I should see more though. Lose the boxers Uncle Gary."  
  
"In a minute. I just need to get my nerve up."  
  
She lowers her chin to her cleavage and glares her eyes at the laptop. Her fingers pinch her nipples tugging them higher.  
  
"Damn! That's just beautiful." Gary huffs.  
  
"In a minute I'm going to dry off and take you to bed with me. Want to come along?"  
  
He nods with a smirk, "I'll cum along. Right behind you."  
  
"In my behind?" She sticks her tongue out at him.  
  
"You like that kind of thing?" He narrows his eyes.  
  
She winks, "I love sex. Any position you want me in. This will have to do until you and I can get together in person."  
  
He fidgets, "You sure you want to do that?"  
  
Frowning she sits up with a twist to lay on her arm over the edge of the tub. Her face filled his camera with a close up. Sensually nodding with yearning eyes she whispers, "I can't wait for you to kiss me all over. Lick me. Finger me. Fuck me."  
  
His hand returns to his crotch. A second more to fondle himself he growls and lifts his hips. The boxers escaped his legs and he now sat with bulging scrotum and an erection that stood as tall as it possibly could achieve.  
  
"There he is." She whispers playfully.  
  
"Christ you turn me on." He grips his cock lightly jerking it off.  
  
"I want you to cum for me. Again and again. Will you do that for me Uncle Gary?"  
  
"I'll try Sweetheart."  
  
She blows him a kiss then lays back into her bathwater. Using her toes she turns the hot water on to warm her up. The bubbles increase at the waters circulation. As the level increases Monica reaches below the water and rubs her clit. Gary could see her neck tilt backwards. Her expression admitting to him that she was playing with herself. After a moment of stimulation she shuts the water off and turns only her face toward the camera.  
  
"I'm going to rub my clit now. This is for you."  
  
He strokes himself observing her emotions and bodily reaction. Her moans soft and seductive.  
  
"I'm thinking of you eating me out, Uncle Gary. Your tongue is fantastic."  
  
"God I hope so." He mumbles.  
  
Arching her back as her fingers frolic beneath the suds Monica trembles and bites her lower lip. Her poise delicately alters as her head tilts back to lay upon the tub. Eyes shimmering toward the ceiling in an effort to contain her sensations. Strangely her hormones were intensified the more she thought of Gary watching her. Deep down she wanted to give him the best show possible. She loved her Uncle.  
  
"That's it. Really work that clit." Gary strokes his cock while sitting forward in his recliner as if getting a better view. AS if that was possible over a webcam.  
  
"Mmmmm! I wuvs you Uncle Gary."  
  
"I adore you too Niece."  
  
She slowly peers at the webcam with an expression of yearning. Combined with soft subtle inhalations to let him know how her hormones were on high alert. She was getting close to fulfilling her temporal destiny. Feeding him her emotions led him to fall back into his seat and ravage his erection. Her plan was working.  
  
It became a battle to see who could offer the most intimate expressions. Whimpers lead to moans. Growls become barely audible cursing.   
  
The outcome nearing for Monica she refrains as best she could. She could tell her Uncle was having difficulty. Not in keeping erect but in finishing. He was losing steam fast. Along with his dwindling energy came a round of bitter disappointment in his behavior.  
  
"I knew I should have bought some Viagra for this kind of thing." He hisses.  
  
Monica whines trying to hold herself together, "Noooo! Keep trying. I want to see you cum for me."  
  
"Working on it Kid. Been awhile for me. Haven't had sex in months. Hell I don't even watch Porn because of the Wife finding out. You go ahead Sweetheart. I'll just watch."  
  
"Okay." She creases her brow with disappointment.  
  
Another three minutes Gary discovers her body convulsing and splashing water everywhere. It was like watching a deep sea Fisherman catching a Marlin. Her shrill echoes youthful and dramatic. After thrashing about for a good four more minutes Monica's orgasm leaves her lifeless. By this time her laptop monitor had gone dark. This left Gary to sit there listening. He could hear her gasping inhales and deafening exhales. The sound of water making turbulent waves of repositioning. Finally the picture returned.  
  
Monica was up close to the monitor camera with a vibrant pucker. She was kissing her Uncle long distance.  
  
"Aww! Is that for me?" Gary chuckles.  
  
"Of course." She settles back laying her chin on her outstretched arm along the ledge of the tub. Batting her eyes she sighs, "You're not done Mister."  
  
He offers a look of surprise. His hand was still stimulating his erection. It had faded ever so slightly but still had life in it.  
  
"The ole muscle is aching that's for sure."  
  
"I know why." She offers a glint of evil.  
  
"Why's that?"   
  
She rises from the water allowing him a blurred view of her movement. Her entire body shamelessly revealed. He observed her step from the tub and dry herself. Before long she picked up her laptop and carried him with her through the house. Reaching her bedroom she moves things around to enable her in locating the perfect height and angle. Gary needed to see her as she lay on her bed.  
  
"Taking me to bed with you?" He laughs.  
  
"You know you want me." She blows him another kiss.  
  
"Sad relative I am. Yeah I do."  
  
Fluffing her pillows behind her for support she stretches out for a sensual pose. Her legs spread to give him a distinct focal point of her pussy. Her hole breathing as if a fish gasping for air. Amazing what muscle control could do.  
  
She had prepared for this earlier. Just in case it went this direction. Beside her lay her rubber dildo. Gripping it she takes it to her mouth and licks it.  
  
"This is my best friend "Bucky". Today however I am calling him Uncle Gary."  
  
"Damn. I got big."  
  
She giggles and decides to move closer to the camera. Which meant turning her body completely. Her feet were now lying atop her pillows and her upper body faced the foot of her bed. She eyed the camera perfectly until the dildos base was hidden from him. Only the length and girth were in view.   
  
"I'm going to give you a blowjob now." She whispers seductively.  
  
Her performance began with tongue lashes up and down the shaft. Her eyes bright and alluring. Doing her best not to blink.   
  
"You taste yummy." She murmurs.  
  
Mesmerized he couldn't reply. Instead he continued fondling himself. As her mouth swallowed the crown he felt as if it were really him. He had to close his eyes for a moment to envision it better. His palm sensations imagining it to be the inside of her throat.  
  
"Sweet Heyzeus!" He snarls in a low tone.  
  
Her emotions grew with each rise and fall of her jaw. Its girth rippling her lips. Her eyes glistening at her enjoyment. To "Garrison Lionel Gift" this was the ultimate Porn. Hearing her nasally moans and gentle whimpers she put on one hell of a show. Up and down. Releasing it only to lap her tongue along all sides of the toy. She forced poor Gary to jerk harder and harder.  
  
Finally, Monica slows her performance and rolls her left cheek along the toy's length.  
  
"Please fuck me, Uncle Gary." She tantalizes with a soft childlike voice.  
  
"Spread those goddamn legs and let me at it." He gruffly expels.  
  
Nibbling her bottom lip she returns to her original pose. Pillows used to raise her hips slightly she teases the head of the dildo amid her soaked labia. Grazing her clit with each pass. Her tits crushed together between compressed forearms gave him a Pornstar feel.   
  
Her facial expression sold him on how badly she wanted him.   
  
"Ram my cock up in that juicy pussy." He snaps.  
  
Soft nods of affirmation she guides the toy into her hole. She arches her spine upon entry and whispers, "Oh my God! Uncle Gary, you feel really, really good inside me. I can feel it throbbing. So warm. So big. So needy."  
  
"Hell yes, I need that cunt." He jerks harder and harder. His face turning red from holding his breath.  
  
Monica enters herself faster as her opposing fingers stimulate her clit. From there it became a very loud and messy array of moans. Her eyes never once leaving the Monitor.   
  
Unfortunately it had gone black once again from sitting idle. This forced her to scoot closer to run her toes along the keys in order to activate the picture. In doing so her pussy was enlarged and allowed him a better advantage of her sloppy insertions. He could see her lathering up around the dildos girth. Trickles of love juice streaking down over her ass cheeks.   
  
Her moans graduated into echoed cries of "FUCK ME!"  
  
His grunts led to an escalated tone of, "I'M TEARING YOU UP."  
  
Retort after retort they carried the verbal outrage louder and more demanding. Words thrown out to force a reply to equal it's challenge.  
  
She screams and gushes a flood of succulence all across her knuckles and stains her blanket.  
  
He roars an exhausting bellow upon a final detonation. His long overdue reservoir frothing forth in violent spittle. Poor Gary made a mess all over his lap. His recliner seat. His kneecaps.  
  
"SONUVA!" He channels, "I did it."  
  
Monica lay exhausted and removed her toy "Bucky". Slowly she wiggled herself further back on her mattress to pose in her breathlessness. Chest heaving. Her fingertips teasing her nipples.   
  
"I love you Uncle Gary."  
  
"I love you too Sweetheart. That was sure something." He sits up amid his pool of leftovers looking about for something to clean up with. Finally, he decides upon utilizing his boxers.  
  
"Next time I need to feel the real you inside me." She huffs.  
  
He suddenly grows tense, "We'll see about that. Fun as this was I'm not sure I could go all the way. You have to remember your Dad's not going to be happy that we even did this."  
  
"I asked Daddy to invite you to a sleep over." She pouts.  
  
"Sleep over?"  
  
"Yes. He's going to let me have some guys over all night. I'm going to fuck them in front of him. I want you to be here."  
  
He couldn't respond. His face goes without expression. His thoughts muddled by her request. That and the wonder of how his Brother could allow such a thing.  
  
"Speechless. I'll let you know. Kind of hard getting away from the wife." He ponders, "For that matter, how is Aaron going to get away from Charlotte?"  
  
"He has a plan. I'm going to get in touch with my friend Lisa too. Dad really likes her. I hope to set them up as a surprise for that night."  
  
"Again, speechless. I'll wait and see if Aaron calls me with an invite. Our secret for now. No promises."  
  
"Okay. I need to go shower again. Going to that car show in a few."  
  
"Have fun. Thanks for an interesting morning."  
  
"Any time. Just text me. Bye Uncle Gary." She licks her dildo of her juices in a final goodbye tease.  
  
"Maybe you should call him "Uncle Buck"."  
  
"Good idea. I remember that movie." She giggles.   
  
With a fluttered wave Monica ends their Skype.  
  
Both Monica and Gary sat back to breath.   
  
Gary became numb.  
  
Monica became anxious.  
  
Off to shower away her scent.  
  
And to change her bedding.  
  
Bucky was left alone.  
  
Poor Uncle Buck.

**Monica 33: Rumble Seat**

The noon day sun was bright and warm as Monica Gift strolled through town. She decided to enjoy her day by showing up in town unexpectedly. Wearing skin tight white shorts that were once yoga pants but had been cut and hemmed up to be more seductive. Her craftsmanship displayed the well rounded curves of her lower butt cheeks. They almost rode up like boy shorts but not quite. Those combined with a thin white shirt albeit transparent in the right lighting which was held up by spaghetti strings straps. The shirt at least hid very little. Her massive cleavage barely contained by the garment also decided to be tight in all the right locations. There was no mistaking her areolas through the cloth. Her nipples excited and stabbing through. It's hemline rode two inches higher than the waist of her shorts. Offering a sexy peek at her belly button.   
  
The shorts were not quite as visibly ghostlike yet her camel toe was a thing of beauty at the tightness pulling taunt between her legs. Wearing no panties the back of her shorts sank deep within her butt crack.   
  
She loved the looks she got from every guy who spotted her. Some of them literally drove by her at least four separate times to catch another glimpse of this small town Goddess.   
  
Her dark brown locks were pinned up in lengthy pigtails today which were held within red ribbons. If you didn't know better she could have been three years younger than she really was. Amazing what youth brings to the table. Perverts were stalking her by the dozens today.  
  
It didn't help that she was overly friendly with her fluttering fingers that made guys melt. She would stop cold in her tracks to admire herself in storefront windows. Each time seeing the reflections of men agonized by her sensual allure.  
  
"I love this. Guys are so easy to tease." She skips along like a child, her breasts bouncing about playfully.  
  
The down town area had a good number of people roaming the streets today. A classic car show was in town at a small park. People of all ages were in town to support it. She had yet to reach the park, taking her time to absorb the sun and the locals who were eying her. She did see a few appalling eyes from women much older and possessive of their mates. Monica didn't care though, she was friendly to all.  
  
As she made her way across a crosswalk she noticed a Police squad car slowing up after spotting her. It was heading straight at her. She hadn't crossed paths with the local Cops as of yet. The sight made her tense up slightly. Had someone complained about her?  
  
Creeping along side the curb she had just reached she decided to attempt friendliness. A gentle wave at the Officer's was returned with a scrutinizing glare. She had hoped for a big ole smile.   
  
Deciding to a full stop against the curb the passenger side Officer motioned her toward his car door.  
  
"Afternoon Miss." The Cop of at least 30 years of age spoke. She couldn't read his eyes through his dark sunglasses.  
  
"Hello."  
  
"Going to the Car Show?" He questions.  
  
"On my way. The town's buzzing it must be attracting lots of attention." She steps within four feet of the car posing with an innocent naivety.  
  
"That's not all that's attracting attention. You do realize the way you're dressed is making people talk. Some in not so kind words."  
  
"But good in others I bet." She tries for humor yet doesn't smile. Merely offering a doe like gaze..  
  
"I'm certain. While you are fully dressed it's pretty easy to see what's underneath. Kids are out and about. Mothers are complaining."  
  
"Are you complaining?"  
  
The Officer smirks, "I'm not. Just doing our jobs."  
  
"As you said I am fully dressed. Therefore I'm not streaking. Am I really breaking any laws?"  
  
"Not yet. Close enough though."  
  
"Going to arrest me for what I'm wearing?"  
  
"No. Just a warning to be careful."  
  
His partner behind the wheel arches sideways to glance up at her. He was in his early 40's.   
  
"What my partner is trying to say is you just made the day hotter."  
  
She fans herself with a grin, "I am working up a sweat. Might be a wet t-shirt contest going on here soon."  
  
As the two Officer's nod at her she lifts the front of her already short shirt to wipe her neckline. In doing so her entire stomach revealed itself. The faint bottoms of her breasts were also exposed. Not enough to create any real scene but just enough to spark interest.  
  
"Try and keep it clean."  
  
"I'm wearing white. That's impossible." She giggles.  
  
The two men shake their heads, the passenger chuckling, "I'm thinking we need to keep our eyes on you."  
  
"Just your eyes?" She sticks her tongue out at him.  
  
" For now."  
  
"I might have a concealed weapon. Or drugs." She fidgets trying to keep from laughing.  
  
"You hide them well." He laughs.  
  
Monica dares to offer with a beguiling smile, "You can frisk me if you want."   
  
"Maybe later. Try and behave."  
  
"No promises." She smirks coyly and lifts her body upward on her toes multiple times to keep their interest. Each time her breasts shifted about playfully.  
  
Regretting their departure the Officer's pulled away leaving her to flutter her fingers at them.  
  
Once alone she bubbles up into a dance, "Oh my God! I just teased the Cops. They liked it. I'm so going to win those two over."  
  
Moving onward she at least covers her chest with her arms around any kids on bicycles tooling through the streets. Unfortunately she had to shoo away a few brazen 8th graders who made comments toward her inappropriately. She dismissed them easily and kept moving. Even though the kids were tailing her from a distance. She knew they might become trouble. Regardless she wasn't going to let them ruin her day.  
  
Shuffling through the downtown she passed by the Mattress Store of her friend Dave. Peering through the front window at Dave himself whom was attending to a Married couple looking for a new bed. She merely waved at him and jostled her tits about when the couple wasn't looking. Dave merely shook his head.  
  
Stepping next door she walked into the Vapor Shop, "Darth Vapor's" where Proprietor's Nick and Paul were sitting about talking with friends and customers. The winner of her bed raffle was also there. He hadn't had a chance to talk to her about his triumph of winning her attentions for a day.  
  
"Wade Olsen" jumped up from the sofa the store had for loitering the second he saw her enter.  
  
"Hey you!" He shuffled up to her.  
  
"It's too nice of a day to be inside. Why is everyone just sitting around?" She greets him with her hands clasped at the wrist crushing her breasts together vibrantly.  
  
"I'm just here to grab some juice. When can I set up my bed for you?" He grins.  
  
"How about????" She rolls her eyes back in thought before committing, "Is this coming Thursday after school good for you? Say 4:00?"  
  
"That will work. Not too busy on a Thursday but steady enough."  
  
"Great. Set the bed up in one of the carwash stalls. I'll wear my bikini there but you can take it off of me."  
  
"There's glass garage doors on each stall. I'll close it down for privacy."  
  
"Oooooh No! Wide open for everyone to see. I want everyone to be envious of you." She winks, "Getting the hottest girl in town naked on your bed."  
  
He bulges his eyes, "What if people gather around us in the stall?"  
  
"Then, I flirt and you ravage my body. I'm not afraid. Are you?"  
  
"Uhhh! I don't know yet." He chuckles.  
  
Nick and Paul move in around her as Nick grips her shoulders from behind.  
  
"What's up Sexy?"  
  
"Hey Nick." She tilts her head back to look up at him with brilliant eyes. Contacts today made her even more sensual, "I'm off to the car show at the park. I might model for some old guys on their classy chassis."  
  
"Sounds fun. Love your outfit by the way. Pretty damned see through."  
  
Paul jumps in, "Not see through enough."  
  
"In the sun it reveals better. Can't miss the twins." She pinches her nipples through the thin white fabric.  
  
Nick massages her shoulders as she tugs at them for all to see.   
  
Wade looks down at her shorts and whistles, "Camel toe."  
  
In response Monica grins sheepishly, "I know. Isn't it awesome?"  
  
The room jumps to a rash of complimentary agreements. Their attentions devoted as Paul kneels in front of her for a better look. Sizing up the recess through her equally thin white shorts that constricted around her hips and thighs almost too small for even her.   
  
"So freaking hot!" Paul brushes his fingers along the contours of her labia.  
  
"Now! Now! Don't go getting me wet down there. I don't want stains so soon. Long day yet." She giggles.  
  
Paul growls and stands up.   
  
"I can come back by later before you close if you want me to."  
  
"I want you to." Nick chuckles and releases her shoulders to toy with her pigtails.  
  
"I want you too." Paul winks.  
  
"Me too." Wade sighs.  
  
Others in the store agreed with light whistles and hands boasting at their jeans tightening at the crotch.  
  
"Oh my. I'll be back by 5:00. That is if the local "Popo" doesn't arrest me." She giggles.  
  
"Local Cops here are pretty laid back. Depends I guess on which ones." Wade adds, "They use our Carwash every day. I know most of them fairly well."  
  
Monica raises an eyebrow, "Really? I saw one name tag but not the other, "Ernest Gates "."  
  
"Ernie is cool. He's usually partnered up with "Burt Dixon". Jarvis is rarely serious unless he has to be."  
  
She snorts wrinkling her nose, "Burt and Ernie? Well tickle me and call me Elmo."  
  
"I know right." Wade chuckles.  
  
"Well they gave me a warning about my wardrobe being kinda see through. No underwear lets it all shine through pretty easily. They said they've had a few complaints from Mother's because of the impression I leave on their kids. That could be true. I've had a bunch of young boys on bicycle's tailing me and being crude. Puberty! Go figure."  
  
Paul looks over her shoulder at his front window, "You mean those kids?"  
  
She looks back groaning as four boys glare through at her.  
  
"Yesssssssss! Go away!" She waves at them loudly.  
  
Paul moves around her and goes out to talk to them. The kids show attitude until he pulls his cellphone out and takes a picture of them. They panic after a swift pep talk, racing off in a hurry. Paul then re-enters the parlor.  
  
"Won't bother you no more. Took their picture and told them I would call the cops if they came near you or our parlor ever again. Told them I would say they were vandalizing our storefront. That I had spray paint in the store to frame them with. I think they bought it." He laughs.  
  
"Thank you!" She huffs loudly with relief.  
  
"Anytime. By the way. I do body painting in my spare time. Thus the paint." He chuckles, "If you ever want painted."  
  
Her eyes flare as she smiles brightly, "Oh my God! I'll have you paint me here soon and walk totally naked through town unnoticed."  
  
"Give me fair warning and you got it, Hotstuff"."  
  
She twirls in step and wiggles toward the door. Stopping to look over her shoulder at them she drags the back of her shorts down to moon them. Her bare ass a thing of beauty to their lustful gaze.  
  
"Bye!" She just as quickly darted out the door.  
  
Moving on she still noted the boys on bikes in the distance. They were still going to be a bother she thought. Somehow she would need to escape them. She hoped by reaching the Car Show that the Car owners would shoo kids away from their cars. She might need to instigate a trap for those pesky kids. Nothing was going to prevent her teasing of guys today. Namely of age and much older.  
  
Another six blocks later she reaches the park. Not as many folks as she predicted but still a large enough amount to get her jollies she thought.  
  
Crossing a small foot bridge into the park from the side street she came in on she passed a number of guys already eying her. She saw them stopping cold to focus on her jiggling breasts. Monica smiled vividly and fluttered her hellos toward them. Women were luckily taking more notice in the cars. Their men not so much. She fidgeted thinking that it should be the other way around. Still, she was glad it turned out that way.   
  
Monica also noticed that a lot of the women who were in shape were wearing short jeans and dresses. She had a bit of competition today. More the merrier.  
  
Strolling about with her arms swaying higher than normal she did her best to look interested in the Vintage Cars. Moving up close to eye the chrome engines under raised hoods. Then the interior. They looked nice but her true interest wasn't in them.  
  
"69 Chevy Convertible. Candy apple red. Original interior. She's a beauty." A deep voice pointed out.  
  
Behind her was a man in his late 50's with peppered hair and clean shaven. He looked fit for his age.  
  
Turning to see him she smiled sheepishly, "Why thank you. Oh, you mean the car." She then giggles.  
  
"A beauty yourself Young Lady. I'm "Stan"."  
  
"Hi, Stan. Is this your car?"  
  
"It most definitely is." He beams with pride.  
  
"I wish I had brought my cell. I would take a picture of it." She pouts.  
  
"I just happen to have my cell here in the ole shirt pocket. You pose and I'll snap a pic. I can forward it to you."  
  
"Really? So cool. Tell me where you want me. You can use me as a model and share me with friends."  
  
He huffs grinning, "Well now. Just like the old Calendar Girls."  
  
"Exactly." She dances in step as guys begin to creep in closer to appear interested in the car.  
  
Stan gets his cell ready and opens the driver's door offering her a seat. She shuffles forward and carefully bends over to look inside. Her shorts tightening up between her thighs. Tanned flesh peeking through for a perfect shot. Her camel toe expressed even more vividly. Stan had to smirk. So did the men huddling behind him.  
  
Twisting to sit down she keeps her left leg out dangling on the ground. The rest of her sitting at an angle. Legs wide and expressive of her inner thighs finishing line.  
  
"How's this pose Stan?" She beguiles all of her onlookers.  
  
"Perfect Sweetheart. Smile and say "69"."  
  
She brightens up and pouts her lips to whisper, "I love 69".  
  
Guys all around chuckle at her remark. Stan felt powerful suddenly.  
  
"More pictures Stan." She pouts.  
  
"Okay. Lean forward and act like you're excited to be in my car."  
  
She keeps her leg out but arches forward, her breasts bulging and barely contained by her thin top. In her positioning a spaghetti strap drooped down over her bicep. Her eyes flare for the picture.  
  
"Should I say, "Nice body?" She giggles with a tender hiss.  
  
Four of the six guys watching nod at her.  
  
Stan snaps a picture then looks behind him, "Any ideas Fellas?"  
  
Immediately discussion began forming on a plan. One guy took charge, "Put the seat back and place a foot on the dash."  
  
Stan made sure he moved in to help her find the recline bar under the seat. Her legs parting wider to give him room. Still she hunched forward to close in on his reach. In doing so his arm and shoulder were smothered by her breasts as he crouched in to reach the release. He turned red as she whispered, "Oopsie!"  
  
"N-no harm done. Sorry about that." He blushes.  
  
The seat back lowered she complies with their request by raising her right leg up to carefully plant her foot on the dash. Awkward as it was she still kept her left leg outside of the doors threshold. Her legs were stretched wide causing her shorts to tighten up between her thighs. The stretchiness sinking deeper into her snatch.   
  
Sweating Stan takes the picture.  
  
The man who offered his idea added to it, "Put the top down."   
  
Monica giggled and pulled her other shirt strap to the side and wiggled her breasts free and out into the air. Her nipples crying for freedom.  
  
Jaws dropped all around her until Stan coughs, "I think they meant the convertible top Sweetheart."  
  
The man abruptly ushered, "That tops fine too."  
  
His friends and associates couldn't agree more.  
  
Eyes bulging she pulls her shirt back up, "I'm so gullible."  
  
"And sexy." The man compliments her.  
  
Stan carefully unhooks the pop top and turns the roof down into the back half of the car. The sun caressed her beautifully now. Her shirt more transparent.   
  
"There! Now we can see you better." Stan leaned on the opened car door.  
  
"I like being seen." She beguiles winking at her viewers.  
  
The men congregate further as more people moved in from the opposite side of the car. Guys gathered from all directions. Including a few that Monica knew.   
  
"Look who it is Elvis." A familiar voice growled.  
  
Peering over her right shoulder Monica smiles vividly, "Hi Owen. Where's Kramer?"  
  
Owen Falcone was the brother of her neighbor Kramer, who lived across the alley from her house. With him was his friend Elvis Sinclair who had watched her masturbate on her hammock in her back yard weeks ago. Both men were adamant about egging her on.  
  
"Kramer's over on the other side of the park keeping tabs on our entry. Whatcha doing?" Owen already knew.  
  
"What I do best. Make guys drool." She sticks her tongue out at her opposite side audience. They were ready for more.  
  
Elvis chuckles, "Drool? Don't you mean molest?"  
  
She charms the crowd with a shrug of her shoulders from side to side, "Should I behave?"  
  
A resounding "No" made her look back at Owen and Elvis.  
  
"There you have it." She giggles.  
  
Stan Lockley was amused as all get out by this mesmerizing young lady. As long as she wanted to do her thing he was going to let it happen. His car was her playground.  
  
"More pictures Stan?"   
  
Guys raised their cells and actual cameras as if a celebrity arrived. Her eyes flared wide at the sight, "Oh my! I hope you all make posters of me. I would look good on your man cave walls."  
  
"And, on my dick." A member of the first batch of guys quietly mutters as friends concur. She overheard him and wagged a finger. Then she placed that finger between her lips sucking on it with flirtatious eyes. The crowd loved her. That same finger left her lips and moved south to caress between her cameltoe in a smooth sexy manner. Chuckles filled the air along with a few, "Damn's" .  
  
She drags her foot from the dash and decides to sit forward enough to twist her body and plant her knees on the seat. Ass in the air she crawls forward over the recline of the seat. Pictures were taken of her ass. She wiggles it vividly hearing all sorts of comments ranging from, "I'd slap that ass" to "Wish she would sit on my face."  
  
Owen and Elvis were recalling their backyard adventure with the Princess here. They agreed that they should create chaos.  
  
"Too bad Bucky isn't here." Elvis laughs.  
  
Monica grinned at him recalling her adventure a few short hours ago for her Uncle Gary to watch, "You remembered his name. Yay!" She then turns to her crowd, "Bucky is my vibrator. I love Bucky. I used him earlier."  
  
The crowd began talking amongst themselves until the man who began the ideas offered another, "I think the gear shift's name is Bucky."  
  
Monica's jaw dropped as she gazed at them with awe. Even Stan had to smirk.  
  
"Now that you mention it. I think I did nickname him 'Bucky"."  
  
Monica slowly looks to her left and down at the gear shift between the seats. The shifter had a chrome skull mounted to it that wasn't huge but shapely.  
  
She bites her lower lip while moving her hand down to stroke the shifter seductively. Her eyes darted between it and Owen.  
  
"Should I, Owen?"  
  
Owen Falcone shook his head, "Your show Kid. Just be careful."  
  
Around her guys were waging bets on if she was full of shit or whether she might just do it.  
  
Elvis adds fuel to her fire with, "Wasn't she naked the last time we saw her and Bucky, Owen?"  
  
"I do believe you're right, Elvis. Something's not right with this picture."  
  
Monica fidgets her gaze at their antagonizing nudges. Finally she sits up on her knees and grips the hem of her shirt dragging it over her flopping pigtails. The crowd was blown away by the topless beauty who flung her shirt at Elvis. Her tongue razzed the man as he caught it.

Turning to the gathering she palms her breasts and jostles them about.  
  
"Pictures Stan. I'm your Calendar Girl remember?"  
  
Over sixteen guys snapped photos of her posing erotically. Pinching her nipples. Tongue swirling and suckling her areolas one at a time.   
  
Elvis chuckled, "I still recall her wearing less."  
  
Monica bats her eyes at him, "You hush. I'll get there."  
  
Stan looked all around them fearing trouble if the wrong folks saw her topless. Luckily most people were still ogling the other entries in the Car Show. Still people were nomadic. Women too. Very few kids luckily.  
  
While he was surveying the area Monica had repositioned yet again. Now she was priming her ass toward the crowd. Looking over her shoulder she grows needy.  
  
"Stan? Help me take my shorts off."  
  
The crowd gets vocal taunting Stan to take her up on her offer.  
  
Stan hisses at the corner of his mouth. Succumbing to his congregating encouragement the Owner stepped around his door and moved in closer. She wiggled her ass while awaiting his assist. Finally he places fingers under the waist band of her shorts and ever so slowly guides them over her curvaceous butt cheeks. Anal pucker in view causes a stir amongst the crowd. Then, as her clam shaped pussy popped into sight the whispers became more obvious. The shorts reaching her knees she arches up to give Stan the needed opportunity to remove them to her bobby socks. He removed her shoes quickly then yanked her shorts free.   
  
Monica Gift was naked. Again.   
  
Another round of wiggles kept her followers entertained.  
  
After a few minutes she rolls over and gives them a stunning cunt shot. Legs wide and dedicated. The comments grew more perverted. Every guy there wanted to fuck her. She got off on the act of making them think it might be possible. Her fingers frolicked amid her labia and clitoris. Dipped digits made guys hard as hell.  
  
Behind her Elvis and Owen started a chant that was barely audible so as not to cause an uproar around her.  
  
"Gear Shift. Gear Shift. Gear Shift."  
  
The others followed their lead.   
  
Whining slightly at the thought she caved in. A few weeks ago she would never have considered this. With everything she had pushed herself into with or without friend Ryan her outlook had changed. The better the show the more intense she strived to make herself comply. Nothing was becoming too out there.   
  
Monica Gift was indeed a Slut.  
  
Rolling in her seat again she crawls over to straddle between both seats. Angling her ass over the chrome shifter she teased herself by smothering the cold metal amid her pussy lips. She expressed her eyes and offered a seductive display on her face toward her watchers. She could see them holding their breath wondering if she really would do this. A quick look toward Stan she blows him a kiss.   
  
Monica Gift eased the shifter up into her. Gaze lowered to see what her pussy looked like swallowing the skull. Noisily she gasps and shivers at it's insertion. The fit was snug but she had had bigger cocks so the feel was merely unusual. With a sudden glance skyward she begins thrusting gently.   
  
Owen looks to Elvis, "She gives good head. Skull that is."  
  
"Someday I wanna find out for myself." Elvis chuckles.  
  
Monica moans lightly then eyes Stan. She pats the drivers seat and expels, "Sit with me Stan."  
  
She then pats the passenger seat looking over at Owen.  
  
Both men hurry inside the car and sit awkwardly due to her body hogging the interior. She continued her ride as both men rubbed her legs softly. She loved their caresses.  
  
"I'm going to cum on your gear shift Stan." She whimpers.  
  
"You go right ahead Sweetheart."  
  
While everybody was preoccupied by her succulent ride another unexpected arrival showed up.  
  
"Are you fucking that car, Critter?"  
  
Monica looked up smiling.  
  
"Lisa! Michael! Hi!"  
  
"Hi yourself." The blond beauty sighed shaking her head.  
  
"You should try this." Monica gasps grinning as she raises her hands up over her head to grip the windshields trim for support.   
  
Lisa had her arm around Michael's waist as she creased her brow with a glint of concern. A moment to frown up at Michael she replies, "I think I'll pass."  
  
Another concerned glare toward all of the eligible men invading her privacy with cellphone video recordings made her clench her teeth. She decides to turn to her Husband, "Michael? I'm afraid for my friend here. All of this publicity might harm her."  
  
Monica huffs mid moan as her juices trickle down toward the leather umbrella over the lower gear shifter. Even in her careful thrust she hears Lisa.  
  
"It's okay. I'm not worried. Come sit in the backseat and hold my hands while I finish. Please?"  
  
Lisa puffs her cheeks as Michael adds, "Comfort your girl."  
  
"Are you sure?" Lisa looks defeated.  
  
"You know you want to. Get on in there." Michael grins. He liked the show as much as all the other guys. Knowing his wife well he knew the sight didn't really stress her. It was keeping this girl safe. Big sister love kind of thing.  
  
Michael decides to cradle Lisa in his arms and carefully lift her over the body of the Camaro, slowly lowering her into the back seat. Lisa was wearing a cut off Black T-shirt that drifted just under her 36C chest. Written on the shirt was "ROCKY MOUNTAINS" from a past vacation. No bra made her own exhibition slightly evident. Below she wore blue jeans with rips all over. Including her ass cheeks. No underwear neither.   
  
Settling directly across from Monica she leaned forward to hug her friend. Monica was nearing climax, her eyes trembling as the gear shift probed her insides.  
  
"You're crazy Critter. But I love ya."  
  
"I love you too Lisa. Thank you for hopping in. This is Stan and Owen."  
  
The men look over their shoulders at the stunning blond.   
  
Owen helped steady Monica by holding her lower back and stomach. Stan just enjoyed the show.  
  
Hands now held the two women looked into each others eyes with intensity and expectation. The climax was minutes away. Lisa was speechless at the moment.  
  
Above her Michael had his own cell out recording now. Lisa leered over and dropped her jaw, "Really Michael?"  
  
"Hey, I might want to watch this again later." He laughs while shrugging.  
  
Monica caught a glimpse of him and smiled. She wanted to give Michael his own show. Releasing Lisa's hands Monica snuck in and lifted the blonds T-shirt to show off her breasts. Lisa offered an expression of "Oh no! You didn't."  
  
The crowd praised the blond for her perky 36C's. Shaking her head at Monica then up at Michael she exhales, "I should have known."  
  
With rolling eyes Lisa reaches up and tugs her T-shirt off over her head. Now topless she again claimed Monica's hands. The rest was an exhausted finish of loud moans and shrill whimpers. The crowd applauded her for completing her task.   
  
Carefully pulling herself off of the gear shift Monica slithered between Owen and Stan to throw her body weight against Lisa. Laughing together the girls frolicked in the back seat.  
  
"You stripped for me." Monica giggles breathlessly while nuzzling up to Lisa's neckline.  
  
"I stripped for Michael. I read his mind."  
  
"Read mine." Monica sighs and squeezes Lisa's right tit.  
  
"Oh good Lord. You can't control yourself can you Critter?"  
  
"Let's give them a real show. Let me eat you out." Monica tickles Lisa.  
  
"Ummmm! Wow! What the hell. Michael can bail us out later."  
  
Monica took the initiative and moved her fingers down to Lisa's pants, unfastening them for the crowd. She glared up at the onlookers for effect.   
  
"I'm going to eat out my friend. Is that alright with everyone?" She wiggled her ass while sitting up on her knees awkwardly.   
  
Lisa's pants unzipped she stretches, arching her back to drag them down as much as possible. From the front Owen and Stan twisted around to drag her jeans to her ankles. They removed her sandals first then the jeans came off her toes.  
  
Lisa was naked too.  
  
The crowd loved the spectacle. Michael praised his wife.  
  
"69 Chevy. So 69 each other."  
  
Lisa busted up shivering at the idea. As Monica shared the momentary image with Lisa they decided how to approach it. Monica chose to climb over Lisa and plant her palms on the floorboards. She then lifted her legs carefully over Lisa who assisted her. A couple of her onlookers offered to help her get into position. Ankles held they guided the way until Lisa could grip the girls waist. Slouching under her weight was easy enough due to Monica's 110 pound mass.   
  
Both girls laughed hard at each other until Monica begins wagging her tongue across Lisa's clit. Lisa opened her mouth in awe of the contact.   
  
"Dammit Critter." Lisa tilted her head back at the speed of her friend getting into it.  
  
As the guys above goaded Lisa, the blond slid her palms up to Monica's hips and lowered her own face into the girls drenched pussy. With more experience Lisa knew how to get the job done. The two devoured each other in a noisy round of shared moans.  
  
Video recording began sapping cell batteries.  
  
Stan Lockley and Owen Falcone looked back at the entwined Goddesses totally amazed. Elvis Sinclair leaning on the passenger door patted Owen's shoulder.  
  
"Here comes Kramer."  
  
Owen shrugged, "Oh boy."  
  
As Kramer stepped up he immediately realized that the girl on top was his neighbor Monica. With a loud grumble he turned with flailing hands in the air and headed back. He knew then and there that the girl he knew as a child was long gone.  
  
Owen and Elvis chuckle at Kramer's swift departure.  
  
"Faint of heart." Elvis nodded.  
  
Michael reached over caressing his wife's hair, "How's she doing?"  
  
Lisa lifts her lips away from Monica's snatch gasping, "Do you have to ask? Christ! At this rate I'm going to cum before she does again. Who taught her that shit?"   
  
"You did." Michael chuckles.  
  
As Lisa returns to her feast, Michael felt mischievous and places a finger up to Monica's cute little butt hole and dips his pinky into her. The sudden move made Monica release Lisa's labia from her teeth to offer a shrill, "Hey!"  
  
Everyone around them laughed.  
  
Michael probed longer as Monica returned to feed. Her tongue gnawing deep within the blonde's pink recesses. Their moans were growing extra high volume. So much so that the attention of passerby's grew intrigued.   
  
Stan Lockley was slowly getting worried. Too many folks were being lured over. He wondered if he should stop until he studied the reactions of even the women onlookers that approached his car. A pair of Butch Fem's strolled closer with curiosity. They were supportive of the girls while whispering to each other. Other couples stepped over as well until the car was surrounded from all angles.  
  
For ten minutes the girls tortured each other until Lisa explodes drowning Monica below. Her cries echoing into the park. Monica pulled away and laughed at her dripping brow and hair. She had even got some in her eyes. Although closed she couldn't stop laughing.  
  
Lisa regained her composure then wrapped her arms tightly around Monica. Determined to polish this girl off in style. Monica squealed at Lisa's gnawing at her clit. The assault was brutal but glorious. Fingers inserting and exerting for long minutes, Monica herself detonated all over Lisa. The blond drew back with a triumphant look.  
  
The applause grew deafening.  
  
Once done Monica was eased away by Michael until she could sit upright beside Lisa. Lisa's T-shirt became a towel. Michael devoted his own T-shirt to Monica.   
  
Cleaned up Monica looked around her at her fans. Then she spotted someone in particular.  
  
"Coach Murray! Holy shit."  
  
One of the Butch Fem's was her Gym Coach "Marion Murray" along with her girlfriend "Karla".  
  
Marion winced at recognition then frowned. This was the first time she had one of her students be so bold. She wasn't sure how to react. The show was beautiful until the very end yet this changed her outlook.   
  
Monica bit her lip and decided she wasn't going to let this make her worry.  
  
Marion eased over to the car and winked at Monica, "I didn't see this. Although I did enjoy it. Be careful out here."  
  
Monica crawled awkwardly over Lisa who was drained. She opened her arms wide for a hug. Marion grimaced, "Maybe Monday. When you've cleaned up."   
  
Giggling Monica agreed laughing, "Deal." The Coach then took her girlfriends hand and walked away. Karla had to look back. Envious.  
  
Lisa decided to crawl from her seat and expect Michael to lift her out. He did so but kept her clothing from her. She smirked at him suspiciously.  
  
"What are you doing?"  
  
Michael takes her by the hand and walks her around the car. With encouragement he allowed every guy there to touch her body. Squeeze her tits and ass. Even rub her pussy. Lisa loved her Husband.  
  
Monica felt left out and joined Lisa. The hands moved from girl to girl.  
  
Finally, Stan and Owen shook hands and stepped out of the car. They awaited the girls until the group had pawed them up good. Then it became their turn.  
  
Stan was in Heaven getting to touch both girls. He even kissed their nipples.   
  
Owen hugged Monica and whispered, "Better than Bucky?"  
  
She chuckles, "Yup. That was his sister Buffy."  
  
The older man laughed. Then Elvis stepped up.  
  
"Just can't get enough of you Little girl."  
  
"You want more?" She winks poking him in the ribs.  
  
"When and where?"  
  
"Owen's car lot. During business hours. New Truck. In the bed." She jests.  
  
Elvis puckers looking at Owen. Owen shrugs, "Lot's big. Sure go for it. How about I get you a jumpsuit and you can tease my Mechanics? You recall Ross from Dave's store right?"  
  
"Oh yea! He's hot." Her eyes flare.  
  
"His birthday's this week. Drop by and be his birthday present." Owen offers.  
  
"Can't on Thursday. How about Tuesday at 4:30? After school is out. I'll have Ryan drop me off."  
  
"Works for me."  
  
"Why yes I will. If I'm wearing your uniform." She huffs.  
  
Lisa steps up behind Monica and borrows her attention. This made the guys head back to face brother Kramer.  
  
"Get dressed Critter. Michael just saw a patrol car." Lisa had already gotten dressed.   
  
Monica quickly eases her shorts on then her shirt over her head. Shoes last.  
  
Monica was so wet down below that her shorts stained up instantly. She hadn't even noticed.  
  
"You sticking around here?" Michael asked Monica.  
  
"I promised to visit some friends at 5:00."  
  
"Need a ride?" Lisa added.  
  
"I think I'll walk. I still crave eyes on me."   
  
"Insatiable ain't you Critter?"  
  
Monica shakes her breasts vividly, "I am. I am. Oh, before I forget. Did you have time to think over my ummm favor?"  
  
Lisa shakes her head, "Seducing your Dad?"  
  
Shrinking at Michael's gaze she nibbles her fingernail.  
  
"I told her to go have fun. So yes Lisa can fuck your Dad."  
  
Dancing in step Monica feels her plans coming together.  
  
"Next Saturday I'm having a Slumber Party. Can you come over then?"  
  
"No plans. Sure. What time?"  
  
"Midnight?"  
  
"Why so late?"  
  
"Because you're going to be a surprise. See, my sleepover is all guys." She giggles.  
  
Michael's eyes flutter, "What? With your Dad around?"  
  
Lisa rolls her eyes, "Incest is best."   
  
"Ah! Yeah you are crazy. Love it." He chuckles.  
  
"My Mom is going up to Tallahassee to visit friends. So my Dad said I could do this if I got Lisa to have sex with him. I'll just make it look like it's some other weekend. When you show up you can make his night."  
  
"One condition if you remember. You have to give it up to Michael."  
  
Monica steps over to Michael looking up at him. Without a word she grabs his dick behind his jeans, "Tear me up Mister."  
  
He blushes slightly but nods with a pucker, "Your Dad doesn't know me. I could come to your slumber party. I'll play it off I don't know Lisa."  
  
Monica's eyes bulge, she hadn't even thought of that. Pondering it she fidgets, "Dad expects boys my age. Maybe...no lets do this. He won't say anything."  
  
"Intimidation much?" Lisa points at her Husband, "Now I have to seduce a man right in front of my Hubby. Acting like I don't know you."  
  
"Come on. It'll be fun." Monica pleads with a wink, "You have to get rough with me. I want Daddy to see me screaming bloody murder. Just remember there's going to be other guys there too. I need all of you to pin me down. Toss me like a ragdoll. Fuck every hole. Make me suck your cocks until I turn blue and pass out."  
  
"Tall order there. You sure Daddy won't go get a gun and shoot us?"  
  
"He doesn't own a gun." She giggles.  
  
"Alright. Call us if things change. Text the address. What time I'm supposed to be there and all." He adds.  
  
Again she dances in step joyously and hugs both of them. That was their farewell.  
  
Alone now she decides to walk around and greet more of her fans. Those who stood back yet loved her showing. She was delighted by their creative criticism and loyal support. She felt invincible. For over an hour she made friends.  
  
Finally, she started her walk back toward "Darth Vapor's" when she realized her smell was horrid. Cum all over your face did that. Her hair was a mess she noticed in the window of a parked car. Eying a Gas Station she chose to locate the restroom and clean up. Entering she uses paper towels, soap, and hot water to freshen herself. Once done she steps out and hits the sidewalk once again.   
  
As cars drove by she waved at anyone who showed interest. Going so far as to show off her tits by lifting her shirt. Mooning them became loads of fun too. What she hadn't counted on was going to be trouble. During one drive by she heard someone yell, "Take your shirt off."  
  
She doesn't bother to look around she just had to fulfill the car's dreams. Pulling her shirt off she waves her blouse over her head like a white flag. Whistles went berserk. The car with three guys in it begged her to lose her shorts. Too stubborn to stop while she was ahead she just does it. So bold she was that she laid her clothes on the curb and strutted over to their car in the middle of the street. Overconfident she let the guys squeeze her tits while leaning in their window. Realizing she needed to hurry it up she abandons the guys blowing kisses and turns around. The car sped away.  
  
Monica giggled and went to retrieve her clothes.  
  
Her jaw dropped. Her clothes were no where in sight.  
  
Covering her chest to the rawness of the entire world suddenly, she looks around to see if they had blown away. The problem was, there was no wind.  
  
"Oh my God!" She grows pale.  
  
Then she heard laughter. Turning to find where it was coming from her heart sank. There were those damned kids on their bicycles holding her clothes. Taunting her with crude comments. Her worst nightmare was happening. Kids had seen her naked. Panic was sinking in. She gave chase holding her chest to avoid them whipping from side to side. Still it was impossible to hide her full frontal and run. The boys took off riding and laughing. To them this was only torture.   
  
Separating and circling her she became frantic.   
  
Passerby's were treated to her streaking. Honks flooded the air. Elders were calling her "Sick". Younger folk loving her perfect body. Yet laughing at her situation. This looked really bad.  
  
The vilest of the boys drove closer laughing, "What are you willing to do to get your clothes back?"  
  
She halts almost crying , "Nothing. Fuck it. Keep my clothes. I'm not afraid to walk home nude you stupid Fucks."  
  
The kids continued their torment until they hear a loud blare of a siren. Looking back the boys see a Police Car pulling up. Cherries circling on top of the squad car. The warning lights made the boys race away to avoid capture. Clothing in tow.  
  
Monica knew she was in trouble.  
  
The car drew closer and she attempted to cover her snatch and breasts both. Finally she spotted Officer Ernie Gates open his door and get out. His partner joining him after putting the car in park. They shook their heads at her taking their time in approaching her.

Monica whines then decides to risk dropping her arms for a full frontal. She slowly walked toward them.  
  
"I knew you were trouble." Ernie Gates stands with hands on his hips.  
  
Burt Dixon chuckles, "What's the problem here?"  
  
Monica pouts, "Those stupid kids took my clothes. I wasn't being a pedophile they've been dogging me all day."  
  
"Indecent exposure. That's against the law." Gates adds.  
  
"Are you going to arrest me?" She whimpers.  
  
The two men look at each other grinning. Dixon reaches to his hip for a pair of handcuffs in a pouch. The second she saw them she wept.  
  
"Hands behind your back."  
  
Cringing she complied while Dixon stepped behind her and locked her wrists together. Without seeing him Dixon had to check out her sweet little ass. His expression was easy enough to read. The man was thinking, "Damn that's a beautiful."  
  
Gates however eyed her breasts perked up by her stance.  
  
She felt their eyes raping her. Her emotions torn she takes a deep breath and takes a risk.  
  
"You can frisk me now. I'm ready."  
  
Gates steps closer then looks around him for onlookers. Cars that had been driving by were far less congested now. With a nod from Dixon, Gates reaches over and pats her down ever so slowly. In a bold move he palms her tits and lifts them up as if looking under them. She had to tense up and try not to laugh.  
  
Dixon patted her ass and nudged her forward to spread her ass cheeks.   
  
"Clear." He grunts.  
  
Gates crouches and eyes her thighs. Deciding better of it he stands back up.  
  
"Ok. Here's the drill. We're not going to take you to jail. We'll give you a ride home to make it look good. Just remember you owe us a favor." Gates insists.  
  
"Favor?" She smiles, "Let's hear it?"  
  
Dixon encourages her to walk toward the car. As Gates opens the back door Dixon escorts her into the back seat. The two Officer's then get into the front and drive away.  
  
The favor was withheld.

**Monica 34: FIVE-Ohhh!**

Local Police Officers, "Gates" and "Dixon" hadn't said a word to Monica since her arrest for indecent exposure. Facsimile arrest that is. No Miranda Rights read at least. Still, she was locked in the back seat of their Squad Car with handcuffs binding her wrists behind her back. Naked.  
  
She didn't know whether to laugh, smile, cry, or beg for mercy. After all they told her they would take her home. Yet, there was also a very verbal, "You owe us a favor" clause. Her mind was racing a million miles a minute.  
  
Through the windows of the car she noted her entire town passing by. The Police Department was the other direction. That part was good.   
  
They hadn't bothered to ask her name or address. That part was strange. The Cops seemed nice earlier in the day but since taking her in the vibe grew grim.  
  
Was this their version of "Scared Straight"? If so, it had failed thus far. She was edgy but confident that she was safe. So far.  
  
There went the City Limits sign. Population one less.  
  
"Uhhh! Where are we going?" She couldn't keep quiet any longer.  
  
Officer Gates peered back at her bound beauty.  
  
"Somewhere nobody can hear your sexy ass scream."  
  
Monica turns pale, "Is this the favor?"  
  
"Might say that, Miss Gift." Dixon chuckled.  
  
"Wait! You never asked for my name. How did you know that?"  
  
"Our secret. We've been watching you for awhile now. Long before meeting you on the street this afternoon."  
  
Her imagination ran away from her at Gate's confession.  
  
"Oh boy. Who ratted me out? What do you know? Am I really in trouble?" She frets.  
  
Gates breaks out his personal cellphone and rifles through his photo gallery. Finding what he had been searching for. He then poised the screen over his shoulder for her to see. First he played a video of her gangbang at Holly's bar. Close ups of her facial expressions as she was deeply penetrated by two big cocks at once.  
  
She sat stunned as he pulled up another video of her coated in cum from head to toe. Another scene from Hollister's bar.  
  
A third video caught her off guard. This one was a little closer to home. It was from the day she walked out of school in only her underwear, posing nude upon Principal Janson's car.   
  
"Should I show you more?" Gates chimes.  
  
"There's more?" She swallows.  
  
"Lot's more. Amazing what gets shared over the Cloud. Like you being molested by three dogs over in Kingman. My personal favorite."  
  
"Nothing happened though. They were pulled off before it got bad." She cringes.  
  
"Still looked like you got nailed. Even if you didn't."  
  
"That wasn't planned." She argues.  
  
Gates huffs, "Appears to me like you were enjoying it. I see smiles and laughs."  
  
"It tickled. A lot."   
  
"I bet it did. Don't worry Kid. If we were going to arrest you for real you would be in a cell by now. We're actually big fans of your movies. You should consider being a Pornstar. For real."  
  
"You think so?" She smirks, "I just like having fun teasing. Sometimes things get out of hand. Unpredicted things like those dogs."  
  
"And the Gangbang?" Dixon squints into his mirror.  
  
"No. I knew that would end up happening. I hoped it wouldn't go that way but I'll admit I'm happy it did. I loved the experience."  
  
Gates puckered, "Your folks know what you've been doing?"  
  
"Not so much. That could be bad." She sweats, secretly defending her Father who knew way too much. It was her Mother she was worried about.  
  
"Let's keep it that way then. Here's the deal, "Gates adds, "We, meaning the entire local Police force will protect as you serve. You keep on continuing your public acts until the wrong people complain about it. We can only ignore it so much before it looks bad on us. Only the Mayor might get in your way. Until he does you just keep on having fun."  
  
Monica drops her jaw, "Seriously? What's the catch?"  
  
Dixon shrugs before they turn down a dirt road five miles out.  
  
"Keep us smiling we look the other way."  
  
"So you're saying if I fuck you guys I'm untouchable as far as being arrested?"  
  
"Close enough." Dixon chuckles.  
  
A mile off the dirt road leads to a large clearing shrouded by trees on three sides. It was there that Monica spotted two other patrol cars. Dixon pulls in line roughly beside the cars and shuts the engine off.  
  
Observing both Officers vacate the car then stroll away to meet with three other Officers she squirms for a better view.  
  
One was a tall Black male with a large frame. A second shorter white male with large ears. The third easily the oldest of the bunch had white hair and a moustache. He was a tall lanky White gentleman.  
  
Her nerves were tensing up the second she heard barking in the background. Especially after seeing her video feed from her Park encounter.  
  
After five minutes Gates steps to her car door opening it up.  
  
"Slide on out. I'll introduce you to everyone."  
  
Monica did as told, even with fear attacking her heart.  
  
Still cuffed he nudged her amidst the group. The elder Cop grinned as he rubbed his chin.  
  
"So this here is the renowned Monica Gift. I'm a huge fan. It's a distinct pleasure."  
  
She shies a bit, "I'd shake your hand but I'm a bit chained up."  
  
Dixon chuckles adding, "This is Captain "Kermit Boggs". He's retiring in three days."  
  
She raises an eye brow studying the group.  
  
"Kermit? Burt and Ernie? Does that make the other two "Grover" and "Oscar?"  
  
The Officers jointly laugh at her comment. The Black man steps up, "Cute Kid. you're close. My name is "Jarvis Byrd". You can call me Big Bird."  
  
The shorter Officer sighs, "The street stops here I'm afraid. I'm "Terry Voorhees". Drug Enforcement. I handle the drug sniffing dog."  
  
"So that makes you, "Animal". She snorts.  
  
Terry nods, "I can live with that."  
  
Gates grips Monica's shoulders from behind, sparking her to tilt her head back to look up at him.  
  
"Yes?" She pouts.  
  
"Reason we brought you here. You're going to be Kermit's retirement gift."  
  
"That's my name. I'm already unwrapped."  
  
The group laughs at her spirit. They loved her spunk.  
  
Without waver she returns her eye contact toward Kermit who was lost in examining over her body.  
  
"You're one fine looking Gal. If I didn't know differently I might think you were 15 or 16."  
  
"I can be if it makes your retirement party more exciting, Uncle Kermit." Her voice lowering to sound like a child.  
  
"Sweet of you." He chuckles.  
  
"I like sweets." She kneels down in front of Kermit Boggs, peering up with trembling eyes, "If I'm a good little girl can I have a Lollipop?"  
  
All five men feel their erections increase. Her commitment toward temptation fed their egos.  
  
From her kneeling position she leans forward with her face and wallows her cheek in Kermit's crotch. Her eye contact firmly visiting his the entire time. He had to sigh heavily.  
  
Behind her Officer Gates confirms it yet again, "Pornstar ready."  
  
The brood all agreed with acknowledging nods. Their greatest fantasy was unfolding right before them.  
  
Whimpering playfully while rolling her chin strait along his dicks concealed impression Kermit's groin gives in.  
  
"Close your eyes you perverted Bastards." He snarls.  
  
He waits for the group to turn their backs before unzipping his trousers and producing a Viagra induced seven inch cock. He had popped a pill the second he saw the squad arriving. It was taking effect quite readily.  
  
Her eyes brighten up staring at his release. Acting shy she marvels over it as if it was her very first good look at a Man. Nibbling her bottom lip she gasps for effect. With an adolescent innocence she giggles, "He's a big one, Uncle Kermie. I'm not sure that's going to fit in my mouth. I might have to open up really, really wide."  
  
Boggs huffs at her giddiness, "You just give it your best shot, Honey."  
  
"Uh-huh!" She nods repetitively, "Anything for you, Uncle Kermie."  
  
Her tongue extends teasing the underside of his monster. Flicking its way up his foreskin to taunt the base of his purplish crown.  
  
While barely kissing it she speaks between pecks.  
  
"So, I can sunbathe in the naked anywhere in town and not get arrested, Uncle Kermit?"  
  
He shivers at her puckering lips succulently kissing the crown, "Anywhere your heart desires, Honeybee."  
  
"Goody!" She kisses the crown harder lightly letting her lips part enough to mold around the mushroom.  
  
After a round of giggles while admiring her effect over him she adds, "Does that include sex anywhere I want? With Any body? They won't get arrested either?"  
  
All around her the other Officers chime in with various promises. Impatient to say the least.  
  
"You can get fucked up the ass at WallyMart and I got your back." Jarvis cackles.  
  
Dixon huffs, "Gangbang at the Public Pool? I'll be your swim Coach."  
  
"I don't care if you're streaking in Church. Halleluiah!" Gates contributes.  
  
She warmly smiles nuzzling along Kermit's cock, "I promise to Repent."  
  
Voorhee's was a bit too preoccupied to make promises. The dog in his car was going nuts being locked up in the Van. Even with the windows down for ventilation.  
  
Regardless, Monica needed confirmation, "SWEAR TO ME."  
  
The entire bunch groans aloud, "YESSSSS!"  
  
"I'm going to suck Uncle Kermie's big ole cock now." She playfully tilts her head from left to right smiling.  
  
That she did.  
  
Swallowing the 62 year old man whole she sounded like a woman possessed. Kermit had to arch his neck backwards to compensate his pleasure, "Good Lord! It's been way too long since I've had one of these."  
  
Monica halts just long enough to ramble like a kid, "Lolli! Lolli! Lolli!", before storming her throat with her beast feast.  
  
The Officers did their best not to laugh and ruin their Superior's fun. They knew it was difficult on him just doing this.  
  
It wasn't long before Kermit Boggs retired with a toast of cum. Nutting in her mouth she took her time letting him escape. Inch by inch he withdrew from her locked lips until she offered him a view of his leftovers upon her tongue and drooling from her lip.   
  
Exhausted by her youth he glared down as she wagged her tongue at him for approval.  
  
"You can swallow that already."  
  
Giggling sheepishly Monica gargled with it before down the hatch.  
  
Hearing his Captain zip up, Jarvis Byrd began whistling out of boredom.  
  
Boggs frowns at the sound, "This is my party not yours. Dammit Byrd."  
  
Chuckling the group return to face down at Monica. She glared around expectantly.  
  
"Too bad "Crowley" got stuck back at the switchboard." Dixon winced.  
  
Responding, Gates nods, "I got an idea."  
  
He helps Monica to her feet and nudges her toward a Squad Car. The others followed. Gates then unshackled her handcuffs. She had to rub her wrists for a bit to regain circulation.  
  
After a short breather Gates cradles Monica in his arms, hoisting her shapely hourglass form up to rest on the car's hood. He then slid her around to face the windshield, patting her thighs to part her legs wider.  
  
"Turn the dash cam on Jarvis. Call in a Code 3."  
  
Byrd shuffles around the others and drops into the car seat awkwardly due to his size. He activates the camera offering a thumbs up for readiness. He then utilizes his shoulder Mic to report an accident.   
  
"Rural Code 3. Suspect sprawled out on the scene. Footage in route."  
  
A feminine voice replies, "10-4! Visual coming through right---WOW!"   
  
All Officer's attending bust up laughing.  
  
"This is what caused a pileup." Gates palms his own Mic.  
  
"Copy that. I can certainly see why."  
  
"How is that for a Retirement present?" Gates adds.  
  
Monica smiles at the camera, poised with her hands behind her for support.   
  
"Dana Crowley" sighs, "Wish I was there. I'd give the suspect a cavity search."  
  
Sticking her tongue out Monica fans her legs wider yet and brings her right hand around to open her labia wide. The camera could see right up inside her soaked tunnel.  
  
"Starting right there." Crowley huffs, "She's a beauty Guys."  
  
Dixon steps to Monica's side and hands her his nightstick. Her eyes brighten up as she obtains it.  
  
"Get off on that." He winks.  
  
Without resistance Monica Gift awkwardly strokes it for effect before guiding the baton up inside her pussy. Gates held her up from behind.  
  
In and out! Over and over! She abused herself while moaning with a joyous expression. The Actress in Monica demanded she put on a flurry of emotion. Within five minutes of rapid thrusts the brunette bombshell exploded to everyone's amazement.  
  
Dana Crowley sighs heavily, "My strap on would have been better."  
  
As Dixon reclaims his baton he makes Monica lick her juices off of it before he returns it to his belt sheath.  
  
Dana hears another call coming in over the airwaves from a separate channel.  
  
"Thanks for thinking of my Guys. Gotta take this call. Nice meeting you Sweetcheeks."  
  
Goodbyes all around Monica blows the camera a kiss. She then swivels her neck around to eyeball each of them individually.  
  
Jarvis Byrd had shut the car cam off, stepping out and to his Squad car's trunk compartment. Popping it open he retrieves a large blanket. With the help of Gates he lays it out on the grass neatly unfolded.  
  
Gates then snaps his fingers for Monica to slide off of the hood. Obeying yet curious as to their plans for her Monica slips noisily to the grass below the front bumper. Gates then takes her by the wrist and marches her over to the blanket.  
  
"Lay down and spread those legs."  
  
Her eyes lit up with reservation yet she complies. No more than setting down Dixon's foot stops her from completing the command given to by his partner. A clinking of her earlier Handcuffs halts her.  
  
"Hold up." He crouches behind her to shackle her wrists once again. Helpless he grips her shoulders and topples her backward to lay on her arms. Brusquely he stands and uses his feet to nudge her legs wide. She reacts with a glimmer of momentary fear.  
  
Silent but trembling at the unknown she frets that these Cops were not as nice as she had hoped.  
  
Byrd returns from a second trip to his car and tosses a bottle of Baby oil over to Gates. Popping the cap Gates proceeds to tilt it over her body and pouring its contents all along her upper body. In the sunlight her flesh glistened. It felt really good. Her eyes sparkling at her Captors.  
  
Gates and Dixon then knelt down to roll their palms over her chest and stomach. Taking time to coat her neckline and face. The gloss was vibrant and sexy.  
  
"I hear this stuff does the complexion good." Dixon winks at her.  
  
"So does cum." She sticks her tongue out at him.  
  
"All in good time Convict."  
  
She winces at the term. Although a prisoner to their attentions at the moment she didn't feel like a Felon. Monica shivers as Gates tilts the bottle again to coat her thighs and legs. Byrd now had joined them in surrounding her. His own hands glazing her legs and moving up into her thighs. Dixon's fingers meeting Byrd's at her pussy. Hands all around as Gates squeezes her Tits and tugs on her nipples until they couldn't get any more aroused.   
  
As Byrd raised her right leg slightly to probe his large fingers around her anus, Dixon dipped his own digits inside her pussy. She closed her eyes and tilted her neck backward.   
  
"Now this is what I call frisking." She huffs.  
  
Above them Kermit Boggs stood with his arms folded, "Complete this and you can go home. Our earlier promises stand. All of us will look out for you. Even myself after I retire."  
  
"I'm prepared." She whispers in the delight of their hands ravaging her body.  
  
Hearing her commitment Kermit looks behind him, motioning Terry Voorhees. The scarce Officer steps from behind a car walking a huge German Shepard on a leash. The dog was tugging him along after picking up the scent of Baby oil.   
  
Watching them approach Monica tenses up.   
  
"Why did I not predict this would happen?" She whines.  
  
"Relax Kid." Dixon pats her thigh.  
  
"You try relaxing when you know your body is dog food."  
  
The three men rise from touching her and merely tower over her with a gaze of expectation. No one was smiling. All step back three feet and retrieve their cellphones to capture the upcoming reaction.  
  
Voorhees carefully guides the dog into a circle around her. The entire stroll Monica followed them with her eyes. Behind her head Monica tilts back and awaits the first move. Voorhees maintains a strong grip on his K-9 Cop letting the dog simply sniff at her hair. Its nostrils exhaling over her brow. Tender licks lap at her forehead. Her nose is pelted forcing her to crease her brow and close her eyes.  
  
"I'm not Frenching. Police brutality." She giggles.  
  
No laughter resulted in her humor.   
  
Voorhees introduces her new friend, "This is "Stash"."  
  
"Wish I could say it was a pleasure, Stash." She groans.  
  
The dog licks her chin and neck. Voorhees kept a tight reign.  
  
Down her shoulder. Arm. She quakes, "Seriously? Come on Guys. Not funny."  
  
Gates stops filming with his cell cam and kneels opposite of the Dog's lapping tongue. He reaches over and clenches a patch of her long brown hair to force their eye contact.  
  
"You looked like you were enjoying the Pooches at that park."  
  
"No I wasn't. I was only after the guy walking the dogs. I was laughing yes. Not moaning or begging for bestiality." She pouts.  
  
"Close your eyes." He snaps.  
  
Whining she complies bracing for the inevitable.  
  
"If you open those eyes we WILL lock your ass up. Are we clear?" Gates growls.  
  
"Yes." She swallows hoarsely. Fear was evident.  
  
Smirking up at his partners Gates motions Voorhees to continue on his path. The Drug Enforcement Officer tightly keeps the beast at a snouts length of her flesh. Gentle licks lap barely touching her. Her ribcage. Her outer hip. Down to her kneecap. Her ankle. The dog allowed to lick her toes longer than any part of her body. The sensations made Monica wiggle about from ticklishness.   
  
"How's that tongue feel?" Gates chuckles releasing her hair.  
  
Without lifting her head she hisses, "Better than it should. Is that what you want to hear?"  
  
No one replies. Gates however nudges the dog away from her toes. He moves around her body and leans over her thighs to reach in and pry her labia as wide as it could get. Byrd and Dixon halt their own filming and crouch beside her at Gates nods. The two Officers grip her ankles and pry her legs as wide as they could take her. Her discomfort wheezing gentle, "Ow!"   
  
Gates winks up at Voorhees to lower Stash in to hover over her pussy. She could feel panting and braced herself with gnashed teeth and a high pitch whine. Then the exhales faded away. Her trembles were felt by all of the Officers.   
  
Suddenly, she feels a tongue flick at her tunnel of love. It barely touched her. She felt Gates fingers prying her wide more so than the tongue. Hearing the dog whine made her suspicious. She kept her thoughts to herself and opted to play along.  
  
"Oh my God! I love his tongue. Eat me harder Stash."  
  
The tongue increased. She felt whiskers tickling her pink recesses. She knew it certainly wasn't the dog. Still she chose to let them presume she was being tortured by the beast.  
  
"Dig on up in there Stash." Gates smirked, "This slut loves her puppy Dog. Ain't that right Missy?"  
  
"God, YES!"  
  
The tongue dipped inside her as laughter began. As a human nose brushed over her clit she reared back and let whomever was eating her feast. She loved every second of it. Convulsing minutes later she drowns the features of her dining Paramour.  
  
"You can open your eyes now." Gates grins.  
  
Monica shook her head, "Noooo! Let Stash eat me again."  
  
The group looked puzzled by her admission. They knew she must have known it wasn't really the dog.   
  
Finally, Byrd decreases his hold on her leg and motions Dixon to do the same. In a blur of activity Byrd rolls Monica over on to her belly and arches her ass in the air.   
  
"Lick that asshole, Stash." Byrd growls just before lowering his own tongue down to flick at her cavity.

Above them Voorhees shook his head and crouched beside his best friend Stash. The dog could only tilt his head at the actions of the Officers.   
  
Monica moaned loudly, muffled by her face buried into the blanket.  
  
"Please let Stash fuck me." She begged.  
  
Byrd rears away with a puffed lower lip. A snapped glance at his friends he shrugs and silently unfastens his pants. Lowered just enough the Giant black Officer palmed his eight inch serpent and barked like a dog. After a howl Byrd drops over her and relocates his cock into her pussy.  
  
"Dog eat Dog, Baby."  
  
Monica laughed, "Ohh Stash. Your Milkbone is sooo Big."  
  
Byrd chuckles and rears back to slap both of his palms gruffly on each of her butt cheeks. His hands were mighty. Fingers grip her cheeks and pry them wide. Clutching deep he squeezed those cheeks for a perfect view of his insertion.  
  
Monica hissed at his roughness, "Fuck!"  
  
Regardless, Byrd made her cum and cum hard. His thumbs plugging deep into her ass.  
  
Sweaty and ready Byrd pulls out and spews a stream of cum across her back and finishes by peppering her ass.  
  
Nodding at his job well done Byrd has trouble standing. His legs asleep.  
  
It took both Dixon and Gates to assist him up.  
  
"Who's next?" Monica exhales loudly. Her breathing harsh and deafening.  
  
Dixon eyes Gates. Both wanted to but both lost their nerve. Even Voorhees backed away. He chose to take Stash back for a drink of water.  
  
Grumbling at the sight Kermit Boggs grunts.  
  
"That's enough."  
  
Beneath their feet Monica giggled, "I thought you guys were Dogs not Pussies."  
  
The Cops shook their heads smirking.   
  
With a swift hand motion from Kermit, Gates bent over and unlocked her cuffs.  
  
"Get up." He chokes.  
  
Monica rolls over and lays there still glossy from the baby oil. She caresses her nipples and rolls her palms down to massage her own clit.  
  
"Woof!" She barks.  
  
The Officers squint at each other.  
  
"WOOF! WOOF!" She barks louder.  
  
Boggs scratches his scalp and shrugs.  
  
"Take her for a walk." He then turns away.  
  
Dixon and Gates both chose to drop their pants and take turns fucking her Missionary. The entire time Monica whimpered and yelped. She even licked their faces panting. Pawing gently at their shirts.  
  
Cum pelted her belly and chest. She used her fingers to wipe it from her and taste their endeavors.  
  
Boggs finally breaks up the party and calls the group together. Pointing at Monica still licking her fingertips he gives a speech.  
  
"From here on this Young Lady is treated like Royalty. If not you bastards answer to Me. Top Dog! That includes you Dixon. Evil prick."  
  
Boggs leans forward and extends a hand to help Monica up. Instead she rolled and climbed up on her own stretching the kinks out and massaging her wrists. Instead of greeting them Monica chose to shuffle through the grass toward the Canine Van. Voorhees sat hugging Stash from the side. Reaching them Monica leans forward and hugs the dog.  
  
"Thanks for being gentle, Stash."  
  
Voorhees smirks, "He didn't do anything. Licked your toes."  
  
"Neither did you Mister." Monica leans in and kisses him on the lips.  
  
The Officer was shocked by her move.  
  
"Maybe next time." He huffs dryly.  
  
Monica kisses Stash on the snout and skips away.  
  
"Can I go home now?" She dances amongst them.  
  
Byrd had picked up the blanket and packed it away.  
  
Boggs nods, "We all good?"  
  
Monica hugs Kermit even though he groaned at the possibility of foreign cum might get on his uniform. He shrugs and rubs her back softly. A pat on the ass later he released her. She then looked at Dixon and Gates flipping them off.  
  
"Pussies."  
  
The duo chuckle as Dixon peps up, "Let's chase down her clothes."  
  
Gates brightened up at the thought of hassling a bunch of punks.  
  
By 7:00P.M. They had cornered the teens who had swiped her clothes and had read them the riot act. The fear of God upon them they raced home to lick their wounds.   
  
Boggs had taken Monica in his car. Asking her to lay down while driving through town. She disobeyed as much as she could.  
  
"Take me to the Courthouse, Uncle Kermie." She giggles playfully.  
  
"Courthouse? There are cameras all around the building."  
  
"I know."  
  
"Why would you want to take the risk of being seen?" He grimaced.  
  
"Because I have you guys to back me up. Let's see if what you say is true."  
  
Boggs turned his car around and made a quick pit stop at her request. Ten minutes later they reached the Courthouse parking. The other Officers had caught up with them. Still for safety they kept their distance but had them in sight.  
  
They were in for the shock of their career.  
  
Before their eyes they observed Monica Leann Gift bathing herself in the large Fountain overlooked by the Historical figure known to the city. In the form of a statue dedicated to him.  
  
"Ponce de Leon"? Eat your heart out." Gates puckered.  
  
Gates concurred with his own thought, "Where the hell did she get a bar of soap?"  
  
At least Monica was keeping it clean.

**Monica 35: Spin Cycle**

As the sun began to lower over the trees Monica yet again stepped from a refreshing shower. Her hour of skyping with her Uncle left she and her bed sheets a mess.  
  
Drying herself off with her favorite powder blue towel she drapes and ties it around her glorious body. Her bedroom window as ever wide open to enjoy the afternoon breeze. She opts to change her sheets and make her torn apart bedding. Checking her cell for unknown texts during her shower she finds nothing. She had hoped some of her friends from school might reach out to her. After the Detention she and three of her new braless Brigade endured she worried they might have had time to resent her. Regardless they had participated of their own free will. That much she knew. Still, she would hate to lose these friends.  
  
Preparing to paint her nails something familiar distracts her forcing her to sit the vial aside.  
  
"I know that reverb anywhere." Her eyes brighten making her leap to her feet from the bed.  
  
Gawking out her bedroom window Monica notes a motorcycle roaring down the back alley. She knew very well whom it was.  
  
"Kyle's home!"   
  
Jumping in step she hurries from her room and through the empty house. Her parents gone on yet another weekly adventure. Darting out the back door and across the deck she scurried through the yard. Her towel loosening at her fevered pace. She merely held it together for effect.  
  
Rounding the corner of Ryan and Brock's garage she found the eldest Quinones son shutting down his "Kawasaki" Crotch Rocket. Dropping the kickstand he sits up straight and stretches. It had been a lengthy ride from College over in "Clearwater".  
  
Lifting his helmet from his head he dangles it from his handle bar. Twisting to prepare a dismount he freezes to sit back down. Before him stood the neighbor beauty Monica Gift hopping up and down on her toes. Excited to see him she nibbled her lower lip. This was the first visit home for Kyle since Monica had opened her mind to the future she embraced.  
  
"Welcome home, Kyle."  
  
Kyle Quinones was 21, 5'8 in height, 200 pounds. Short dark hair shaved short at the temples. Wearing a black leather jacket and old blue jeans. Brown boots and a concert T-shirt beneath his coat dedicated to the band "Avatar". Whom he had just seen in concert a week ago.  
  
He had to take a break from school to keep from burning out.  
  
"If it isn't Monica Gift. What's up Gorgeous?"  
  
It was impossible not to lust over this girl. He didn't even bother trying not to.  
  
Monica shivered with bulbous eyes, "It's been almost 2 months since you've been home. So much has happened."  
  
"Oh yeah? Like what?" He eyed her bobbing breasts as she danced nervously in step. She wasn't even trying to hold her towel in check.  
  
Just as quickly she opted to open her towel slightly to reposition it, tying it ever so neatly. In doing so her full frontal exposed through a mere two inch gap. Cleavage and snatch revealed themselves briefly.  
  
"What hasn't happened? Oh, in case you don't know I've seen you watch me masturbate. Lots of times actually."  
  
Surprised by her flighty persona he chuckles trying not to blush, "Yeah? I won't deny that." A smug expression presents itself.  
  
Giddy at this long overdue confrontation Monica charges forward to hug him. Her weight made him change stance on his bike to prevent tipping over. He had never seen her like this. For that matter they never really spoke that often in the past. Regardless, he loved her scent.  
  
"What's got into you?" He grins with a creased brow.  
  
"That's a loaded question." She giggles, "I'm 18 now Kyle. You can seduce me now. Or, I can seduce you."  
  
Her left hand lowers to rub his crotch. The rocket rose instantly.  
  
"Whoa! Slow down Hotstuff. I just got home. Give a guy a chance to relax."  
  
Offering a pouty face she sneers at him for turning her down, "Fine! The least you can do is give me a ride on your bike."  
  
Nodding with a convinced pucker he agrees, "I can do that. Go get dressed and meet me back here in an hour."  
  
"I don't want to get dressed. I'll wear my towel here."  
  
He raises an eye brow then shakes his head in disbelief, "Yeah, okay. Sure. Why not." He didn't believe her but he figured it was a few laughs later when she chickened out. With a shrug he steps from his bike and moves around it to face her.  
  
"Let me get inside. I'm gonna call Ryan and have him bring me and Dad a pizza. I'm starving."   
  
"Awesome! Tell Daddy--I mean--Brock I said Hi." She twists wiggling her butt at him before fanning her towel wide at arms length. If facing him he would see it all. He had to grip his inseam.   
  
"See you in an hour." He chuckles.  
  
Without looking back Monica darts toward her yard and spots another familiar face. Her neighbor "Charley" from the opposite side of her house was outside spray painting a bird house he had built. He hadn't seen her exit her home nor her advance toward him at this very moment.  
  
Monica winced with a devious look in her eye and removed her towel. Standing nude in her yard she twists her towel into a whip and stalks toward him quietly. Within reach she rears back and snaps the towel loudly against the retiree's fanny. The shock of the impact made him spray paint his knuckles.  
  
"Good God! Don't do that to an old man." He eyes her nudity and points with an invisible tracing of her body, "Don't do that either. I might have a stroke."  
  
She laughs defiantly and taunts him with another swat of the towel, " You've seen me naked before. Stop being shy about it. If there's any strokes here today it's with my hand around your cock."  
  
Frowning Charley looks around for prying eyes, "Look! I know you have no real interest in a Grampa like me. You're a sweetie but I couldn't keep up with you. Or kieep it up in general."  
  
"I'm open minded these days Charley. All I want is for you to feel young again. Enjoy the fact a sweet young girl likes to tease you. It makes me happy to see you happy. Now give me a hug and squeeze my buns."  
  
Defeated Charley caves in and throws his arms around Monica. He refused to admit it how good she felt against him. A man of his age should know better. If anyone spotted them and told her parents, all hell would break loose.  
  
Clearing his throat he tries to escape. She reaches around him and grabs his own Khaki covered butt cheeks. Growling he returns the favor by squeezing her tight little heart shaped ass.  
  
"Was that so hard?" She grins and brings her hands to his chest patting it. Then just as quickly lowers her opposite hand to grip the contours of his dick. Not as lively as she had hoped but the intention was good. She sticks her tongue out at him, "Little hard maybe. Needs work. I'm game if you are."  
  
Shaking his head he realizes the paint on his knuckles, "I might have wiped paint on your backside."  
  
She peers behind her as she twists to locate any, "Oh well. It will wash off later. I'll leave you alone. Speaking of paint. I have toenails to color. Bye Charley."  
  
Wiggling away after a blown kiss Charley looks at his bird house, "At least something here is for the Birds."  
  
Next door at the Quinones home. Kyle had entered to find his Dad sitting in the living room watching a Home Improvement show on TV.  
  
"Guess who the cat dragged in?" Kyle chuckles.  
  
"There's my boy. How's classes Young Man?"  
  
"Going good. All the partying I'm as surprised as you are."  
  
Brock pauses his show to stand and offer his eldest a firm handshake.  
  
"Ordering a pizza. Hungry?" Kyle nods at his Father.  
  
"All I do is eat pizza. You go on ahead. I'm not hungry really."  
  
"All good. Speaking of hungry." He halts to make his call to make his order, "I ran into Monica from next door. Met me actually."   
  
As Mario from Ryan's parlor calls and takes his order Brock hisses and rubs the back of his neck. He knew this conversation was going to be awkward. Once the order was complete Kyle returns to his Dad.  
  
"She was only wearing a towel. Can you believe that? Outside for everyone to see. Propped it open even. Of course I didn't get to see much. Crazy."  
  
Brock nods with a sigh, "You don't know the half of it."  
  
Taken back by his Father's reluctance he narrows his eyes, "Fill me in."  
  
"Let's just say she's a wild one and leave it at that."  
  
"Come on Pop. Let's hear it." Kyle chuckled.  
  
"Might be better to ask your Brother. He seems to have a hold on her."  
  
Kyle squints, "Hold on her? They dating?"  
  
"Not exactly. He says he owns her."  
  
Stunned Kyle smirks, "No way. Ryan doesn't have the balls to keep that girl."  
  
Brock grunts and sits back down on his sofa, "Might as well get it all out in the open. I'm pretty sure you would find out anyways."  
  
Kyle grew curious, moving to sit on the other arm of the sofa taking his leather jacket and riding gloves off.  
  
Leaning forward on his knees Brock opens up, "Little Monica isn't so little anymore Kyle."  
  
"So, Ryan tapped her?"  
  
Brock huffs with a grin, "Ryan. His buddies. God knows who else." He fears opening up about everything he knew.  
  
"Good for them. She's always been a hottie."  
  
"Can we be honest here Son?" Brock clasps his palms together with friction.  
  
"Always. What's up?"  
  
"We've all seen Monica through her bedroom window or anywhere in her house while her folks weren't home. I caught you. I know what Ryan's been doing. Even I've watched her numerous times."  
  
Kyle chuckles, "Dirty ole Man."  
  
"This dirty ole Man fucked the holy hell out of her."  
  
Kyle goes pale trying to comprehend what he just heard. Offering glances and smiles of disbelief until Brock uses a remote to turn on an old VCR. Which had been loaded for weeks now. His actions forcing Kyle to move from the couch arm into a cushion. After a speedy fast forward Brock pauses the video.  
  
"Don't go blind seeing your Ole Man getting her before you did."  
  
Kyle swallows at what he might see. His own Father in action. He puffed his cheeks and waves his Father to continue. For the next fifteen minutes Kyle Quinones was consumed by the footage. Monica was beyond erotic. Every inch of her was amazing. Every childlike word she spoke made his dick hard. Seeing his Dad tear her up made him nod with approval. As the movie ended Kyle sat expressionless. Then a hand raised.  
  
"High Five Pop!"  
  
The two chuckle awkwardly and collide palms.  
  
"Lots more but I can't share. Just know our neighbor is quite the slut these days. Better get it and hit it."  
  
"Wow! That's some crazy shit. Reminds me of a guy from my Fraternity telling a bunch of us about some crazy cunt in a park over in "Belltower". Tried to get her to come strip for a Frat Party."  
  
Brock stares at him with a raised brow. A hand motion made Kyle realize that the girl from the park was indeed Monica. Ryan had filled him in on the events.  
  
"Daaaamn! She wants a ride on my bike here in about 35 minutes."  
  
"Give her a ride. Let her ride you." Brock winks.  
  
They suddenly hear footsteps race up the front porch and hear the door open. In barged Ryan with a pizza.  
  
"Hey Bro. Welcome back." Ryan sits the pizza on the coffee table, "On me."  
  
Kyle stands up sneering at Ryan with interest.  
  
"What?" Ryan looks at his Dad as Brock points to the TV to share the video. Ryan had to wince, "Oh Hell."  
  
"What's this shit about you owning Monica?" Kyle hissed.  
  
Ryan grins sheepishly, "Started out as a dare. She stepped up fast. Dude, you should see what I've gotten her to do in school. Totally nude in class. Even further. Showered in the Boy's Locker Room with every Senior we could draft. She's had sex with Teachers even. Remember Duncan? He and his buds tapped her at his house. I made her do it. She calls me Master. It's just goofing off but I like hearing it."   
  
Speechless Kyle could only fist bump his Brother.   
  
"Anything I should know about her? I'm giving her a ride on my Bike here shortly."  
  
Ryan fidgets, "Naaa! I don't need to dare her. I guarantee you will fuck her by the end of the night."  
  
Kyle smiled from ear to ear.  
  
"Insane!"  
  
Ryan bolts out to finish his shift.  
  
Kyle devoured four slices.  
  
Brock returned to his TV show.  
  
Thirty minutes later Kyle made his way to the back of the garage. To his shock there sat Monica sprawled out on his bike in the very same towel she had on earlier.  
  
He had to whistle.   
  
"You are late Mister. I've been laying here for 5 minutes."  
  
Kyle steps up to her and almost shyly grins. He then reaches up and parts her towel to offer him a complete view of her shaved pussy. Her pink snatch sweet and inviting. She purposely spread her knees for a livelier view. In doing so her tunnel parted as if awaiting a kiss. Boldly Monica just opens her towel and lets it fall behind her over the bike. Her big beautiful breasts heaving with excitement.  
  
"Nice!" He manages.  
  
She bites her lower lip refusing to blink as she notes his eyes taking her all in.  
  
Suddenly, Monica looks behind Kyle after hearing a garage door open. Her hand immediately dances in the air waving.  
  
"HI KRAMER."  
  
From the house behind theirs stood the old grump Kramer who as ever shakes his head trying not to look. He merely waves and gets into his car. Backing out he doesn't bother to look at them.  
  
"Do all of our neighbors know what you've become?"  
  
"What have I become, Kyle?" She softly pouts with doe like eyes.  
  
"Streaker? Exhibitionist?"  
  
"I don't hide what I've become. You know you can touch me right?"  
  
He takes a deep breath, "Maybe later. Let's ride."  
  
She sits up quickly and retrieves her towel. Wrapping it around her she crawls off of his bike to let him get on. Once he starts the bike up revving it she crawls back on behind him. Handing her his helmet she declines.  
  
"You wear it. I want people to know it's me."  
  
He chuckles at her boldness, "Watch those sexy legs against the pipes. Don't burn yourself."  
  
"I'll be careful." She feels the vibrations storm her senses, "Oh my God! I might cum on your seat."  
  
"Go for it." He puts his helmet on and backs out into the alley. Gunning it he sprays rocks and forces her to hold on for dear life. Her squeals were barely heard.  
  
Leaning forward to hug his waist allowed her towel to reveal the entirety of her ass. She knew it. He knew it. The thrill was just beginning.  
  
Near the outskirts Kyle chose to hit the back roads first. The wind whipped her hair into a frenzy. Laughter led to cries of adrenalin. Kyle did everything in his power to make her squirm.  
  
At high speeds he zipped past cars knowing well they could see her bare bottom. Honks were met graciously. If there were cursing it went by with the wind velocity.  
  
Nearing the Interstate Kyle chose to take the off ramp over it. Reaching the Highway he stormed past Truckers. Their horns loud and proud to honor her.  
  
A few miles down the road Monica let go with one arm to point at a Town Mile Marker sign.  
  
"Go through "Anderson"." She got his attention.  
  
Doing so he gunned past a Grain Truck. Monica leered back through her tortured hair to spot her Farmer friend "Lonnie" this time without his partner "Drake". He watched Monica pat her ass as if to say, "Giddy Up!" Lonnie had to call Drake and let him know. After he honked at her.  
  
Careening around curves Kyle reaches the Anderson City Limits.  
  
She points toward the "Sunny Side Up" Diner which was closing for the evening. Zipping into the Parking Lot they were lucky enough to stumble upon the gorgeous "April". Her Waitress friend. She had just locked up and was preparing to get into her car. The gunning cycle caught her attention. It took seeing Monica to make her leave her car to greet them.   
  
Idling Kyle removed his helmet to smile at the girl. Monica quickly set him straight.   
  
"Don't even start flirting. This is Ryan's girl."   
  
April giggles, "Where is my Man?"  
  
Kyle frowns realizing how hot this girl was. His brother was one lucky bastard of late.  
  
"I'm Kyle. Ryan's older brother."  
  
"I'm April." She grins shyly at Monica, "Both brothers are cute."  
  
This attention made Kyle nod with a glint of ego, "Funny I haven't heard about you."  
  
Pouting April shrugs and turns her attention to Monica, "Do you ever wear clothes?"  
  
Monica in turn sits up straight and removes her towel whipping it around Kyle's shoulders. The move made Kyle twist to see Monica lifting her Tits up for him. Eying the monsters he wanted to reach in and kiss her nipples. To his surprise April beats him top it.  
  
"I'll be damned." He observes April swirling her tongue around Monica's areola.  
  
"I think she's missed me Kyle."  
  
As the short haired Brunette steps back licking her lips she nods her agreement.  
  
"You need to visit more often." April smiles from ear to ear.  
  
"You wait your turn, Mister." Monica points at Kyle, "Now lets stop at the Licker Store."  
  
"Licker Store?" Kyle chuckles, "I haven't been in there since I was 19."  
  
"Follow us there April?" Monica insists with a pleading look.  
  
Eying her wrist watch April puckers, "I have time."  
  
"Yay!" Monica quickly snatches her towel and reties it around her. The trio then turn toward the Interstate again. Following behind April shivered and dialed Ryan on her cell.  
  
After a few minutes Ryan answers, "Hey Beautiful."  
  
"Hi. I just met your Brother. He and Monica are heading to the Licker Store. He's as cute as you are."  
  
"Oh boy." Ryan sighs, "Losing you to my Bro?"  
  
She giggles, "Not on your life. We can have a threesome though if you want."  
  
He chuckles knowing he had no time to talk being on the job, "You really want that?"  
  
"Maybe. You decide. I won't if you don't want me too." She giggles trying to stay on the road.  
  
"I'll consider it. Go have fun. Text me later when I'm off work."  
  
"Okay. I miss you."  
  
"Miss you too." He quickly hangs up.  
  
Reaching the exit Kyle swoops lanes and veers off the ramp. In minutes they pull up into the parking lot. April parks next to them.  
  
Crawling off Monica winces at the gravel beneath her bare feet. Waiting for Kyle to stand and rest his helmet she leaps up on to his back unexpectedly.  
  
"Warn a guy." He laughs hoisting her higher for a better grip on her legs.  
  
Okay. Here's a warning. In a few minutes I'm getting you naked with three girls watching you jerk off."  
  
"Three? Say what?" He huffs as they approach the entrance.  
  
April opens the door for them and follows them through. Once inside Monica glares around. She spots the gay Attendant she had met her last time here, "Hi Lovebird." She waves.  
  
The man grins coyly seeing her in a towel, "Hey Hoochie. Good to see you."  
  
"You too. Is Crystal here?"  
  
Kyle was nervous as Lovebird looked him over. His thoughts led to, "Wait. Who is Crystal?"  
  
Overhearing them brought out the stunning blue haired Goddess from the back room. She had been flirting with customers. With a vibrant smile Monica dropped from her ride and darts into Crystal's arms.  
  
"There's my Bluebird."  
  
"Hey you. You look as stunning as ever." She pinches Monica's wind blown locks.  
  
"Blowjob. What can I say?" She giggles turning, "This is my friend Kyle."  
  
Kyle swallows looking at her crystal blue eyes. Hair. Sheer body suit. Her 34C's in full view behind the ocean of bluish plastic. Only her pussy was shadowed by a darker shade of plastic like material.   
  
"Handsome Devil. Sexy Angels. Love the blue towel."  
  
Monica giggles with a wiggle and swiftly removes her towel. Handing it to Crystal she blows her a kiss, "For you my Goddess."  
  
Impressed Crystal looks around her. Numerous men and women admired her brazen nudity.   
  
"The Natives are restless." Crystal smirks.  
  
"Mind if I go say Hi?" Monica at least asks.  
  
With a wave of her hand Monica darts away leaving Kyle in the care of Crystal and April.  
  
"Nothing changes." Crystal bats her eyes at Kyle.  
  
"Blown away. I never knew Monica was like this until today. Lots of smoking hot friends even." He flirts.

"Who have we here?" Crystal ignores him in favor of April.  
  
Stepping toward April, Crystal admires the girls cleavage. April was wearing a button down lavender shirt. Behind it a lavender bra. Watching the blue haired Beauty admire her April flared her eyes at Kyle.  
  
"You should wear less. Hiding is such a waste."  
  
April shivers, "Okay."  
  
In seconds she unbuttons her shirt and pulls it from beneath the waist of her jeans. Taking it off left her in her bra. Kyle dropped his jaw at her breasts. Cursing under his breath at his brewing erection as well as his younger Brother's luck.  
  
Blushing April feels Crystal circle her, her index finger trailing about her shoulders and neckline. She leans in to whisper, "The stud likes what he see's."  
  
Almost embarrassed April eyes Kyle. He couldn't stop staring at her bra. Quivering April feels Crystal unfasten her bra with one hand. Loosened the bra droops lightly. Both she and Kyle whimpered. Seductively Crystal's faint touch wisps the bra straps off of her shoulders. The blue haired Goddess pressing her nipples along the girls back.  
  
"Let him see." Crystal whispers.  
  
Cautiously April peels her bra off to shock Kyle. He had to whistle and huff at her perky young breasts.   
  
Crystal glides around April and moves behind Kyle.   
  
"You should really touch those." Her whisper tempts Kyle.  
  
"I can't. She's dating my Brother."  
  
April presses her lips together and lowers her gaze before looking up over her brows.  
  
"You can touch them if you want too."  
  
Kyle holds his palms up in front of him defensively, "I can't."  
  
April sweetly shuffles forward into the grasp of his palms. He eyes her nipples touching his opened hand. With a groan he squeezes them. April sealed her eyes at his grip.  
  
"Was that so hard?" Crystal whispers blowing into his ear. Her hand slithering down to caress her own palm over his concealed erection, "I suppose it was."  
  
He grits his teeth and hears Monica squeal in the distance. His hesitant eyes follow his tilted profile. In the aisle way behind him he saw two customers sucking on her nipples. Kyle was about to lose it.  
  
Releasing April, Kyle reached to his zipper and released his dick from imprisonment. A length seven inch cock broke ground.   
  
Crystal warmly smiles and caresses Kyle's cheek with the back of her knuckle.  
  
Stroking it in front of April he offers apologetic eyes. He didn't want to piss his Brother off.   
  
April admired his arching penis. The head was shiny and large. She brought a nail to her lips and nibbled as he jerked. Her eyes expectant and yearning. Christ she was beautiful.   
  
Crystal mesmerizingly moved back behind April and lightly touched the girls shoulders, "This is where you kneel." Her voice soft and filled with honey.  
  
April swallows dryly and feels her legs weaken. Buckling now she slowly drops to her knees and looks up at Kyle. Her eyes glistening from the intensity of his stroking hand.   
  
Watching her made him insane. His grip tightening he senses eyes upon him. Female customers were slyly creeping around to observe him. It was then that Crystal took her leave.  
  
Locating Monica surrounded by three male customers kissing on her body and rolling hands over her ass, hips, and legs.  
  
Crystal shakes her head and breaks it up. Taking her hand Monica felt cheated. Still she followed until she saw Kyle standing over April. Amazed Monica was led by the other viewers and found herself kneeling under Kyle as well.   
  
Above Kyle was standing tall and proud. Back arching. Neck craned at his enthusiast hand. Seeing Monica and April below hugging up to each others shoulders made him lightly whistle.  
  
Crystal eyes the girls behavior. They were both begging with their eyes. Smiling she steps behind Kyle and wraps her arms around his body. Fingers teasing his chest with a fanning motion. As if Peacocks vibrantly expressing their plumes.   
  
Her hands roam lower until they reach his belt buckle. Easily unhooking it she unfastens his pants and tugs them low off of his hips. His balls were tight and full. Kneeling behind Kyle Crystal reaches up between his legs and caresses his scrotum. Tender squeezes make Kyle moan louder. This was unbelievable.  
  
Monica coaxes April to open her mouth and offer an awaiting tongue. April was eager.  
  
As fingers squeeze his balls tighter Kyle prepares for an eventuality. Legs quaking he grits his teeth. Breath held. A sturdy grip on his balls makes him gasp and explode. Cum shot out in lengthy streams of lily white. Collecting over the faces of both girls.   
  
Convulsing he stands triumphant.   
  
Crystal rises and steps around Kyle. She moves between Monica and April to kneel.  
  
"I know there's more." Crystal opens her own mouth.  
  
Tugging harder he feels another hand creep under his legs to squeeze even harder. He had no idea these other women around him would be so bold. Madly he continues jerking. In seconds he loses another load. Coating Crystal's face. Her glasses. Her nose inhales cum.   
  
"That's it Handsome. Drain it dry." She coaxes.  
  
The hand on his balls releases and glides up along his foreskin beneath his grip. Gathering puddles from the froth flooding around his girth. In seconds the hand withdraws and he stumbles to remain standing.   
  
The girls below fight laughter. To do so they unite to lick each others faces. Kyle had to teeter and watch the most amazing thing he had ever seen.  
  
Applause erupted. The room loved their show.  
  
Finally, the girls stood up and swarmed Kyle with caresses. As he zipped up he yelled at the top of his lungs.  
  
"HOT DAMN!"  
  
April got dressed and smiled at Kyle. Crystal winked as she cleaned her glasses with her tongue. Monica reclaimed her towel.  
  
"I love how you read my mind Bluebird." Monica grins.  
  
"It's not that hard to do. We think alike."  
  
April felt her cell vibrate in her pants pocket. Reading a text from Ryan she whines. She felt as if she betrayed his trust.  
  
Kyle caught on quickly, "Let me tell him."  
  
"No. I will."  
  
Monica rolls her eyes at them, "Blame me. I can handle Ryan. Now lets go my stomach's growling."  
  
"After all that milk?" Kyle winces.  
  
"Get real. I've eaten more of that stuff. I need real food. You're buying."  
  
"Burgers for everybody." He circles his hand around at the trio of girls.   
  
Crystal declines. April lost her appetite over her feeling of betrayal.  
  
Finally, Kyle rolls his eyes spotting Lovebird behind the counter. He chuckles, "Dude? Burger on me?"  
  
The man with the Mohawk hairdo raises his fingers to his lips and licks them.  
  
"No thanks. I just ate." The admission went completely over Kyles head. It was better that way.  
  
The girls laughed behind his back.  
  
One stop at McRonald's near the Adult Bookstore, Monica said Hello to the Manager "Todd" and line cook, "Winston".   
  
She gave them her towel for a cheeseburger.  
  
The ride home was chilly.  
  
Thank God Kyle was there to block the hail of Mosquitos.  
  
Monica hugged him extra tight.

**Monica 36: Plan Ahead**

Monday morning came along quick.   
  
After spending Saturday with Kyle Quinones and sleeping all day Sunday she was relaxed and ready for a new week. The only regret she had was that Kyle didn't fuck her. She needed to fix that. He was only in town one more day. After school she would target him and get what she wanted.  
  
Walking to school today she needed the time to gather her thoughts. She was still worried what her friends "Amber, Thea, and Tamara" thought of her after a weekend to contemplate their Detention activities. At the time they all seemed cool afterwards. Had that decision changed? She would soon find out.  
  
Marching on to the school grounds wearing the red dress that her Teacher "Dane Morrison" loved so well she noticed a gathering of girls standing out by a lone Oak tree near the entrance.  
  
"Oh, oh!" She halted in step and observed, "They look fired up. I see pitchforks and torches."   
  
Hearing them faintly she really couldn't make out what they were saying. She swallowed and decided to suck it up. If they hated her so be it. Monica Gift refused to turn tail and run.  
  
Slowly she crept closer until one of them noticed her. It was Lindsey's friend Sonya. Pointing her out made the other girls look and begin racing her way.  
  
"Oh shit. Black eye Central."  
  
In seconds she gets swarmed by ten girls. Of them were her friends from Detention plus Cheyenne, Rosa, Kendra. Zoe, Violet, and Becca,. the cheerleaders were also involved.  
  
"You bitch." Cheyenne sneers.  
  
Kendra jumps to Monica's defense, "Let her speak."  
  
All voices cease.  
  
"Ummm!"  
  
Monica studies them until they all smile.  
  
"So. No noose hanging from that tree. Guess I'm not being lynched by the Mob after all." She chuckles.  
  
"We just heard what happened. You girl are crazy." Rosa chimes in.  
  
"What exactly did you all hear?"  
  
Thea squeals through gnashed teeth, "Sorry."  
  
To her left Amber nudges the frail African American beauty, "Don't be. Girl talk happens. I'm proud of my part."  
  
Tamara shrugs, "I'm okay too. I'm not mad. I just don't want my parents to find out and have the Teacher's arrested."  
  
Monica throws her hands up violently, "WAIT! We promised to keep them safe. Don't be telling anyone else. Those guys are too cool."  
  
Thea pouts almost ready to cry, "I'm sorry."  
  
Monica quickly snatches her into a tight hug.  
  
"Please be careful, Thea. This could ruin everybody. I should never have coaxed you three into doing that."  
  
Cheyenne frowns, "Oh, so my fucking Darius in the hall is now a bad thing?"  
  
"Or my wearing your see through sundress all day?" Kendra points out.  
  
Zoe chimes in with, "Or my letting someone shave my pubes in the gym for all to see?"  
  
Monica again raises her hands high, "Slow down Ladies. I'm not sorry I brought out your inner sluts. We all have that demon. We just need to learn to back each other up. Plan ahead in case we get cornered. Above all else we protect our Teacher's. Nobody talks about that ever again. Understood?"  
  
The consensus is overwhelming. Calmness filled the air.  
  
Safety in numbers they say.  
  
But, who's counting.  
  
Just before classes begin Monica runs into Ryan at his locker.  
  
"Where was my ride this morning?"  
  
"I hooked up with April. Got a room at the "Stikkit Inn". Woke up with just enough time to drive like a maniac here."  
  
"No wonder you never answered my text."  
  
"Sorry. Ride home okay?"  
  
"Sounds good. I have lots of plans today though. Might run a little late getting to your car."  
  
"Umm k! Like what?"  
  
"Just girl stuff. My Braless Brigade needs more experience. Time to challenge them."  
  
"Lead through example. April took me to the "Licker Store". I bought you a gift, Gift."  
  
She brightens up, "For me? Why not for April?"  
  
"Afraid her parents might find it. Country girl thing." He chuckles.  
  
"So, it's hers but you want me to use it." She frowns.  
  
"Something like that."  
  
"Okay, Master Ryan. What is it?"  
  
"I'll show you in Morrison's class." He lifts his book bag over his shoulder and nudges her to walk with him to class. In the hall they were joined by Toby and Justin. The group goofed off together before entering class.  
  
Taking their usual seats they whispered amongst each other. The conversation led to the guys coaxing Monica into doing something crazy. She loved the attention. Things were so much easier now that her Teacher Dane Morrison would be less of a worry now that he had Monica sexually. Still, he might object to too over the top directly in front of him. Especially with the other students not knowing of their close ties. She would have to test the waters.  
  
Awaiting Morrison Monica took her down time to text Cheyenne and Rosa. Today was Rosa's chance to be bold. She was given the weekend to gather up her nerve to perform something akin to her friend Cheyenne who literally screwed Darius Howard in the hallway at lunch. She then settled in for a reply. Cheyenne immediately typed back.  
  
"I'll drag Rosa to the spot I had sex. Same time as I did it. Whether she wants to or not."  
  
As Monica smiled and began to text back Rosa's response came through stopping her fingers. Checking Rosa's reply Monica grinned.  
  
"I can do this. I swear. By the way I despise you Gift." With a winking Emoji.  
  
"Same time. Same place as Chey had her fun." She stressed.  
  
Rosa merely sent another Emoji with a wide mouth as if shocked.  
  
"Good idea." Monica giggled. She had just let Rosa create her own challenge.  
  
She decided to ignore her earlier text toward Chey and leered over at her friend Lindsey who was sitting next to her boyfriend Toby. They were chattering away like they had been together forever. Something must be going right for them. Although Monica had a hunch they would never last. Toby was a player. A good one at that.  
  
Mister Morrison entered his class at the last possible second. In his possession were a stack of thin books. Resting them on his desk he parted each group of books into categories. Then, He leered out at his classroom. From person to person he took a mental attendance. From that point on he eyed Monica without smiling. He knew he had to be as professional as possible.  
  
"Time to split into groups of eight. Five groups for eight books." He pats the stacks, "Today we are going to branch out into the Old West. Tombstone. The Gold Rush. "Wild Bill" Hickok. Billy the Kid. The Pinkerton's. And more. This is purely for fun. What I want from each team is to read a chosen book in class and perform a skit tomorrow. I should have enough for each team, but if not please share."  
  
Toby chuckles, "Did we walk into the wrong classroom? I didn't sign up for Drama."  
  
Morrison smirks, "Humor me. I just decided to give an assignment that might cheer you people up. Inspire you more. What will it hurt?"  
  
"I might get saddle sore riding Lindsey." Toby guffaws.  
  
Lindsey turned red and dropped her jaw. She couldn't believe he would say that out loud. Regardless her blushing she smiled. As did Monica who was pointing at her devilishly.   
  
"Alright! Choose your teams and then call out the book you want to read."  
  
Toby stuck with Lindsey and Sonya. His friend Justin joined up. As did "Barry". Three other boys named "Chad, Hector, and Dennis" filled out their ranks.  
  
Ryan and Monica kept together with the boys around her. She was the only girl. She loved being the center of attention. When time came to choose a book Monica chose "Wild Bill Hickok". For three reasons. One it had "Wild" and "Cock" in the title. The third being that she knew there was a character named "Calamity Jane." She had her own solo circuit in Buffalo Bill's Wild West   
  
Show. However the Bill part was mixed up. It proved how much she didn't know about their History. Nobody really cared. Her plans were already forming.   
  
The rest of the class split up into circles with their chairs. Five mini groups. Books passed out amongst them Morrison chose to get them started.  
  
"Take your time. I'm going to go make some copies. Please behave as best as you can." He specifically looks at Monica. In response she shook her head negatively. Morrison merely huffed and left the classroom to their mischief.  
  
The second the door closes Ryan grabs his book bag and pulls from it a large wagging dildo. Easily eight inches with a realistic appearance. The students all laughed as Ryan stood up and made his circle of chairs widen their gap into a more open arena. Once done Ryan steps to the center and bends over. At the base of the dildo was a sizable suction cup which he pressed down hard on the tile floor. Removing his hand it wiggled on its own.   
  
Looking to Monica he first points at her, then at the rubber beast.  
  
"Time to hop in the saddle Calamity Jane." He chuckled looking around him at his admirers. They had come to respect that he was on occasion in control over Monica Gift. Monica jumped from her seat and threw her arms in the air to gather their silent applause. Without further hesitation she peels her revealing red dress over her head to stand up nude. Her 34DDD's bouncing at her rapid stance. She took time to shuffle her tits about and pinch her nipples taunt. As ever she needed to embrace their lust to give her the necessary encouragement to perform for them.  
  
The seated students began leaving their chairs to stand around her circle. This helped them capture a better look as she kneels down to give the toy a blowjob. The reason being to get it nice and lubed up before she would straddle it and fuck herself. The students adored her no matter how nasty she became. As she sucked the dildo Ryan stepped behind her and reached down to ease three fingers inside her pussy. Monica wiggled her ass playfully at his insertion. After a number of finger infusions to get her nice and wet he slaps her bottom loudly.  
  
"Hop on Cassidy." Ryan drew characters from the Old West from memory. His Dad watched old movies. He and his brother Kyle were forced to endure them.   
  
Popping the toy from her lips she looks around, her flicking her tongue at the bunch. With a careful repositioning she guides the toy up inside her and eases down on to it. With the toys girth she opened her mouth at the sensations of it filling her up within. A glint of awe made the students laugh.   
  
Gyrating on it she lets her chest bob about for effect. Hands in her hair she moans. The guys were loving her eye contact. She offered a pouting expression that bordered on yearning. Monica Gift loved this new toy. Immensely. As her mind reeled she chose another tactical performance. Looking to each individual guy in the class she whimpered dirty thoughts. Words meant to turn the guys on. Name after name she chose to tease them.  
  
"Oh, Barry...I love your cock."  
  
This led to, "Mmmm Chad. Fuck Me harder Hector. Make me cum for my Master Ryan." She then flipped off Ryan for her own amusement. He shook his head and enjoyed the rest of the show.   
  
Each downward thrust left a froth of her juices on the sturdy shaft attached to the floor. It was a beautiful sight to behold. Twelve minutes more expires before she cums loudly and leaves a puddle on the floor around the toy. They class praised her performance as ever.  
  
As Monica slides off of the dildo she yanks it from the floor and suckles her juices from it. She goofily offers tastes to the class. Everyone avoided the opportunity laughing and waving her away. Finally, she points at Lindsey and Sonya.  
  
"Come on you two. You know you want to ride my Horse." Monica points the crown toward them. Both red in the face from embarrassment. They were teased by Toby and Justin.  
  
Noting the clock Monica got dressed just minutes before Morrison returned with his Xerox copies. Their chairs back to normal. Smirking from the entire class made Morrison suspicious. Another glance toward Monica he noticed the dildo under her dress and clamped between her crushed breasts. The crown peeking up toward her chin.  
  
Monica winks his direction and whispers, "Giddy up!"  
  
He had to set down to hide his erection.  
  
The puddle remained there on the floor until it dried.   
  
Lunch time finally arrived and Monica had coaxed a good number of her confidants to circulate near the lockers. It was here she awaited Cheyenne and Rosa. The girls arrived late but there was still enough time to accomplish a goal. Joining them were the newest members of the Braless Brigade. Cheerleaders "Zoe, Violet, and Becca" in full Cheerleading uniforms. They had heard through the grapevine of Rosa's challenge. They wanted to see if she would come through or run like the Devil was chasing her.  
  
Rosa was nervous to say the least. She was quite active sexually in her social life yet not in front of an audience. If not for her best friend Cheyenne there to give her confidence she might put up a fight. The Hispanic Goddess eased through the congregation to face Monica who stood with her hands behind her back.  
  
"I'm here." Rosa brightened her eyes while tilting her body up on the tip of her toes. Palms sweaty she fans her face to confront her doubts.  
  
Violet and Becca chuckle at Rosa as Violet makes a bet that Rosa would chicken out. The words were heard by Monica. This made her eye the Cheerleaders.   
  
"I have faith in Rosa. Much more than you three."  
  
The blond bombshell Zoe separates from her two friends to express fearful widening eyes. She knew what was coming. Oh boy.  
  
Violet pauses as Toby and Justin escort her closer to Monica. Face to face the redhead swallows dryly.  
  
"I'll make a wager with you." Monica lifts her chin with expectation.  
  
Violet shivers and folds her arms over her breasts, "What kind of bet?"  
  
"You know your turn is coming. If Rosa chickens out you don't have to do anything. Free pass."  
  
Squinting with hesitance Violet braves her next words carefully, "And, if she doesn't?"  
  
Monica ponders with an expression of deep thought.  
  
"Seeing as you act so high and mighty. If Rosa goes through with her challenge then you have to accept what I challenge you to. Today."  
  
Violet drops her jaw, "What?"  
  
Behind them Rosa looks uneasy and hides behind Cheyenne. Seeing her spooked nature Violet suddenly felt confident. With a thin devilish grin the redhead smugly replies, "Look at her. She's terrified. I'll take that deal."  
  
Hands shook Monica eyes her entourage. The group hears the bet and would enforce it.  
  
Monica then turns to face Rosa.  
  
"Ready to rise to the occasion, Chica?"  
  
Rosa from her hiding spot boldly steps around Cheyenne and points at Violet with an evil expression. Eyes looking over her tilted brow.   
  
"You lose Sucker."  
  
Rosa danced about with her hands in the air. Her enthusiasm made Violet whimper. Her future unknown. Finally Rosa twists in step and barges up to Monica.  
  
"Hit me."  
  
Monica puffs her lower lip and nods her approval. Then, her arm revealed itself from behind her back. The dildo she had ridden earlier was brought around quickly and high enough to slap the crown across Rosa's lips. Laughter couldn't be contained.  
  
"You said to hit you." Monica giggled.  
  
Rosa offered a pouty smirk, "I still despise you."  
  
"Of course you do. We're running out of time. You ready?"  
  
"Yep."  
  
"Blue jean skirt off." Monica points.  
  
The heavenly Hispanic unzips the back of her short skirt and drops it to the floor. Without bothering to look around her for security. She had faith that her classmates would protect her.   
  
"Thong off." Monica adds.  
  
"Fuck that. I'm going all out." Rosa pushes herself.   
  
She grabs the hem of her yellow button down top with thin strapped shoulders and forsakes unbuttoning it. A rough tug over her burgeoning breasts and the top escaped. Braless her boobs bounced from the shirts escape. Her caramel flesh enticing to all the boys around her. Discarding it into Cheyenne's clutches she wiggles her white thong down to her toes and swings the panties around on her index finger for all to see. She throws them directly at Violet.   
  
Violet grimaced at catching them. Luckily, Toby claimed them from her with a greedy smirk. They smelled great. He even decided to share their scent with the other guys.  
  
Rosa stood ready rolling her palms over her lightly pudgy stomach. Sliding her fingertips down into her freshly shaved pubes. Thinking ahead she came prepared.  
  
Monica moves behind Rosa and mashes the suction cup on a locker. Low enough that Rosa could abuse it while standing. Wagging it for stability it remained nice and snug on the metal exterior.  
  
"Start moaning." Monica uses her thumb to encourage Rosa into her battle stance.   
  
"I hope I'm wet enough." She chuckles and backs up toward the extension.   
  
Suddenly, a familiar voice was heard.  
  
"Here! Let me help."   
  
From behind the gauntlet stepped Darius Howard. He eased by Cheyenne taking enough time to kiss the girl on his way through. Reaching Rosa Darius winks at her before kneeling down in front of her. His hands moved in to part the girl's labia enough to lick at her clitoris. Ten licks later Rosa who stood wide eyed and excited glanced at Cheyenne with a shrug. Cheyenne flipped her off playfully. As Darius looks up at Rosa he slips a finger up inside her pussy. The sensation made Rosa fall back against the locker nearly unhinging the toy. The feeling was remarkable.  
  
"Time's ticking." Monica enforces.  
  
Darius removed his finger and stood up to warmly kiss Rosa on the lips.  
  
"What do you say to a threesome? You, Me, and Cheyenne?" He whispers.  
  
Rosa nods her agreement. She was up for that.  
  
As Darius moves away Rosa fans herself then locates the still snug dildo. It was surprisingly at just the right height. Bending over she reaches under and around to plant the toy inside her dripping thighs. With the toy gently easing into her she offers an expression of awe. The fit was tight and overwhelming. Not even the crowd watching her deterred her. She realized quickly just how aroused being watched was. Her gyrations grew faster. Even though the fear of the toy coming undone bothered her she rode it without waver. If it happened so be it.  
  
Watching her cell for time Monica stepped past Darius who had joined Cheyenne to watch Rosa perform. Stepping to the Cheerleaders who appeared frantic of being caught Monica puckered her lips.  
  
"So, Violet. You guys have a Pep Rally last hour, right?"  
  
The redhead bulges her eyes as fear hit home hard.  
  
Monica held the girls arm firmly then reaches over to lift the girls skirt. To her shock Monica realized that the uniforms were no longer a one piece with a skirt around the waist. Violet whimpered at Monica's examination.  
  
Violet wore only a pair of boy shorts the color of her namesake beneath the skirt. Acknowledging that fact Monica removes her arm from Violet's and pats her on the bottom.  
  
"Those come off during your Rally."  
  
Violet reacts with terror, "I can't. I do cartwheels and I'm the top of the Pyramid."  
  
"Yup. High and Mighty." Monica winks and moves away from her. Leaving Violet to hold a hand over her mouth. She wanted to cry. Weird that she didn't.  
  
Rosa was moaning louder and louder with each thrust of her hips. Her smile vibrant and joyous. Pearly whites grinning at one moan to a glint of ecstasy that compressed her lips the next. Trickles of her wetness were streaking down her legs. Her thoughts wanting to put on the ultimate show. Huffing the hair from her eyes she uses her hands to outstretch toward the crowd. Motioning them to spread out further to give her space. The risk was great. A Teacher or the Principal could walk the hall at any time.   
  
Monica puckered her lower lip and stepped out further looking both ways. Students were coming from the cafeteria. She spotted a pair of Female Teachers head the other direction. None the aware. Finally, Monica helps Rosa out. Using her own hands Monica encourages the gathering to disperse. Some of them abandoning the concealed young woman entirely. Eight students including the Cheerleaders, Toby, Justin, Darius, Cheyenne, and Monica herself stood near by awaiting Rosa's orgasm. Eyes glued to the girls every twitch. Observing her fingers between her legs massaging her clit as the beast is pounded. Breasts swaying wildly. Her long curls whipping about at her muscles trembling to the point her neck jerked from left to right. Eyelids fluttering as if she were possessed.

She was nearing the end.  
  
Squealing loudly Rosa releases her inner demons. Her scream echoing throughout the hallway. It was magnificent. Students down the hall on both sides heard her and turned to see the event. Chatter ensued as Monica observed their reaction. Nobody looked offended.   
  
"This just gets better and better." She thought.  
  
Rosa pulls away from the dildo and teeters in step. Darius and Cheyenne chose to help support her from falling limply to the floor. Justin and Zoe joined them gathering up her clothing in a rapid assist to get the stunning Goddess dressed. Toby kept her panties to himself. Rosa didn't even look for them.  
  
After getting dressed Monica steps up to her friend.  
  
"Wide open spaces. That was a surprise." Monica giggles.  
  
"Making a point. I'm no chicken." Rosa regains her composure.  
  
"Point taken."  
  
Easing toward the Cheerleaders Rosa and Monica stop in front of a haunted Violet. Becca decided to step aside for fear of being coaxed into her own challenge. Probably a good thing.  
  
"Your turn." Rosa sticks her tongue out at Violet.  
  
In their tense examination of one another neither notice Monica motion to Toby for an assist. Toby reads Monica's mind after a simple reveal of her thigh then a point toward Violet's hips.  
  
With a devilish smirk Toby sneaks behind Violet and carefully reaches under her uniform. With a swift pinch Toby yanks her boy shorts to her knees. The reaction made the Cheerleader yelp. With the assist of Darius and Justin the lifted the redhead up enough to allow Rosa to finish the job. She yanked the underwear from the girls feet and held them hostage.  
  
"Nooooooooo!" Violet battled. Once her feet were on the floor it became a game of keep away. The guys loved her darting about. Finally, she gives up after noting Zoe and Becca amused by her loss.  
  
"I hate all of you." Violet stomps her foot.  
  
Monica and Rosa claimed the toy and sampled the taste between them. Rosa was shocked by Monica.  
  
"No worries." Monica winks, "I fucked it earlier."  
  
"I hope I taste good." Rosa pokes at her friend.  
  
Jaws drop playfully and the girls chase each other the opposite direction of the Cheerleaders.  
  
In her misery Violet headed toward her next class.  
  
Her face beet red.  
  
In more ways than one.  
  
Violet had forgotten to trim her bush.  
  
Red was the new Violet.

**Monica 37: Pyramid Scheme**

Violet Rainier was jittery.   
  
She was always nervous before Cheering at games or during Pep Rally's. Today she had to perform a Pyramid with her fellow cheerleaders. Being the top had no room for error. She was the only one strong enough to reach the peak and stand victorious. Regardless she feared the worst. Especially, after swearing an allegiance along with her besties Zoe and Becca to the Braless Brigade. And, the fact that she had her panties removed over lunch.   
  
Monica Gift had consumed every Senior girl in school almost. Turning them into eager sluts rejoicing in getting guys hard from their teasing. Today just happened to be the day that her fears might reveal themselves. Along with a burning bush that she should have groomed before today. Violet was unprepared to be challenged so soon. Especially in this manner. She could easily wear a one piece beneath her skirt and cover that with a satiny sweater. However the temperature in the gym made those options unbearable.   
  
Not too mention she didn't want to look bad in Zoe and Becca's eyes.   
  
Zoe had already been baptized by shaving her pubes right here in the gymnasium.   
Becca was next and Violet needed her to have to embrace a future challenge just to make her feel as uneasy about it. Once today was over she would either be expelled, humiliated, or banished for not fulfilling her end. Violet Rainier needed to be accepted. It was in her egotistical nature to be better than everyone else.   
  
Today that ego would be checked.  
  
Joining her squad on the sidelines of the basketball court Violet peered out at the growing crowd. Students were filing in by the dozens. She felt ill. So many people to bare witness to this. At least Cheyenne and Rosa had a group of friends to conceal their bravery. Violet had no one. Unless her squad would come to her defense. She needed to at least suggest it.   
  
"Zoe? I'm going to go through with this challenge. For you guys."   
  
"You know you don't have to be what these other girls are. What I did was only because I like Carson. I got jealous and made a silly decision."   
  
"Do you regret it?"   
  
The blond shrugs shyly, "Not really. It opened my eyes more. Guys are admiring me more than usual. Carson and I are going to the movies on Friday. If I hadn't done what I did he might never have asked me out."   
  
"Right. I wish I had a date. I'm so sick of the Jocks. I want a real boy. One that wants a relationship. Not some one night fling. That's what worries me about what Monica is doing to all of us girls. Guys might look at me like a slut more than somebody worth dating long term."   
  
Becca joins their conversation, "Same here. I like when guys watch me walk down the hall and desire me. But, I hate looking bad."   
  
"I'm going to do this. Can you guys at least try and shield me. So many Faculty members watching. I'm terrified."  
  
"We have your back." The trio heard a voice behind them. Turning to see whom it was the cheerleaders discovered Amber and Kendra along with Monica's friends Shane and Holden. Holden in turn points at Monica across the gymnasium floor sitting near some teachers with her would be owner Ryan Quinones. Beside them were Thea, Tamara, Cheyenne, and Rosa. Everyone was rallying to assist her. They hardly knew Violet. So confusing.  
  
Racing toward the cheerleaders were their compatriots, "Kelly Frost, Deanna Swift, and Trish Harper. Two male cheerleaders, "Dustin Cooper and Trey Noonan". Violet had liked Trey for the last year. The athletic young African American a gymnist with incredible talent. While appearing gay he was far from it. Just living life to the fullest.  
  
"We heard what you're doing." Trey smirks sneaking a peek under Violet's skirt by lifting it, "Nice!"  
  
"Really? You like my butt?" Violet perks up, stunned by his notice.  
  
"Can't wait to hold you up over my head."  
  
Beet red Violet sighs, "Don't drop me."  
  
"If I do it's gonna be on this." Trey tilts his head and wags his tongue toward the sky. Everyone laughed at his actions. Violet smiled at him.  
  
"In that case drop me hard."  
  
"That's the spirit." Shane chuckles.  
  
The band starts playing from the sidelines telling everyone it was time to get into position. The Rally beginning as soon as the Principal made his way on stage to the microphone. He had been talking to numerous Teachers and Faculty members until the gymnasium filled to capacity.  
  
Finally, Principal Glenn Harding shuffled his way up to a dais upon the sidelines of the floor. Tapping the mic for reverb he opts to be funny, "Bueler? Beuler?" to numerous chuckles. Mostly from the Faculty who were old enough to even recall the John Hughes classic.   
  
"Welcome Tiger fans. As we claw our way to yet another victory against the Terapins. Let's give them Shell this week." He snorts realizing his pun went over their heads. Regardless the students applauded.  
  
With raised hands to ignite the bands rendition of Rocky's Eye of the Tiger he steps aside in favor of the cheerleaders. From the sidelines Monica Gift yells at a pacing Violet Rainier.  
  
"You got this Vi."  
  
Violet turning to see Monica she fans herself then continuing the fanning fingers for circulation. Her heart was pounding. Beside her Becca and Zoe give her a nervous thumbs up. This challenge was entirely too risky for a first time event. The other girls had people watch their back and race to protect them. She didn't have as much of a luxury. Unless Zoe and Becca wasn't telling her something. The risk was totally on her.  
Looking across the gym floor she spots Trey wagging his tongue at her. As sexy as it was his actions worried her even more. He seemed overly attracted to her. Never before today had he shown much interest. Had Monica told him to butter her up?  
  
Ready to perform the cheerleaders broke out into a dance as a student wearing a Tiger costume darted about riling the kids up. The Mascot charging toward Violet and Zoe made her whine. In a mad pawing up the Mascot grabbed Zoe and twirled her into the air. Unknown to either of them the student within the orange and black outfit was none other than Zoe's future date Carson. He made sure that his paws squeezed at Zoe's breasts catching her off guard. Zoe nearly panics until she hears Carson say, "Grab my tail."  
  
Realizing it was Carson, Zoe did indeed chase his tail as he danced around Violet. Stressed as she was she had to laugh at their playfulness. That was until Carson the Tiger grabbed the back of Violet's skirt lifting it up to display her bare ass. A quick nab of the costumes tail Zoe turned Carson sideways so that she could use the soft tail to whip Violet's bare bottom. As fast as it had occured it was over and her skirt was dropped. In her defense nearly everyone whistled lustfully toward Violet. Her eyes erupting at their support. This made Violet jump up and down dancing. Her skirt whipping about. She even chose to bend over and touch her toes.   
  
The crowd loved it. Her ass tight and shiny. Her pussy clammed tight and shrouded by her red pubes. Whistles escalated into cheers. She decided then and there that she was going to own this day.  
  
Carson sped away to give the cheerleaders their chance to shine. Darting about to perform numerous routines. This leading into somersaults. Only Violet and Kelly knew they could do multiple cartwheels and balancing acts. While Kelly did the balancing it was up to Violet to do her set of four somersaults for the crowd. In a mad dash she charged head on and vaulted into spin after spin through the air. Hands on the floor, legs in the air. Skirt falling to her waist on all sides to reveal her butt, thighs, and hips in all their glory.   
  
Seeing her the student body cheered even harder. Luckily only the Teacher's that were known to enjoy the of age students a bit too much admired her performance. Four quick somersaults and her show was over at the moment. Face beet red but smiling she embraced her fans with a rally run around the other cheerleaders. Those cheerleaders who were unaware of her challenge stared at her in awe.  
  
"What? Never seen pubes on fire before?" She blurts at them. Zoe and Becca racing to her side hugging her for her feat. That meant a lot.  
  
Trey Noonan and Dustin Cooper gave her a thumbs up. Trey however took it a step further and poised his thumb up by using his other hand like a pussy. His thumb moving in and out of a contorted circle. Connecting his opposing thumb and index finger. She had to laugh and offer a beguiling smile. Her eyes flaring at her success.  
  
Unfortuneatly her success wasn't quite over. She still had routines coming up. As her fellow cheerleaders performed their own sets she prepared herself mentally for what was coming. In doing so she paced about looking at her fellow students for inspiration. Her eyes immediately locking on to Monica who now sat between Shane and Holden. Eyes bulging she realized that Monica was giving both boys a hand job. Her jiggling breasts and shoulder motion a telltale sign. That and both boys had rolled their eyes back into their heads trying to maintain what little composure they had.  
  
Shocked further she found more of Monica's braless brigade following suit. Amber was giving hand jobs to two other boys the next row up. There was Kendra Stewart too her left jerking off Toby and his buddy Justin. It was amazing their boldness.  
  
Exploring further she found Rosa and Cheyenne amid friends of Darius Howard. Their own hands full with rapid hands nurturing their beasts. Tamara White doing the same near Thea King. Fourteen cocks were getting beat up by these luscious beauties.   
Incredible.  
  
Closing in on her next routine it took Becca Wright to race up and shake Violet out of her mesmerized state. This crap was just too hot for words. She even heard the girls yell out for encouragement.  
  
Monica Gift leading the charge with, "GO VIOLET."  
  
Reacting to Becca Violet begins bouncing up and down with a cheer of her own. Each time her skirt bobbing up and down. Only the base of her butt cheeks visible. Enough to ignite a chant. She began hearing the students erupt with a verbal exhaustion of "PYRAMID. PYRAMID. PYRAMID."  
  
Zoe joins Violet and Becca preparing for the next big move. Coordinating it with Kelly and the other cheerleaders they all united in the center of the gym. Formation building. Each taking their spots on all fours. The base row being Becca, Kelly, Trish, and Dustin. Climbing on top of them were Zoe, Deanna, and Gemma Olson.  
  
Atop the second tier was Deedee Vance and Thelma Jacobs.  
  
Once sturdy Violet took her touring run to climb the mountain. Reaching the top she stands slowly garning her balance before raising her hands in the air triumphantly.   
  
Cheering loudly she prepares to dismount. In front of her stood Trey Noonan looking directly up her skirt licking his lips. She smiled and launched herself forward in a somersault.   
  
Standing ready Trey catches her awkwardly. Choosing to do something unplanned by their usual routine. In a crowd induced, "WHOA!" Trey catches Violet with her legs over his back. Her thighs sprawling around his face. Her skirt literally covering Trey's face. Hands up under her skirt gripping her bare bottom. Violet squealed at her predicament. Then, out of shock she screams laughing. Trey Noonan was licking her pussy in front of everyone.  
  
She began cheering while on top of him. This was beyond her wildest expectation. After feeling his tongue dig up inside her she yelped and held his scalp through her skirt cloaking him.   
  
As the cheerleaders dismounted and returned to cheering Trey felt forced to lift her off and to the floor in front of him.  
  
Violet rushes to his chest, "You so have to finish that routine in private later."  
  
He admires her flaring excitement and winks at her, "Oh, I'm doing more than that. See you in the showers."  
  
"Wait. What? Showers?" She watches him chuckling and dancing away to join the cheering section. She shivered at the thought. Did he plan to shower with her?  
  
Merging beside Zoe and Becca, Violet rejoiced at her second feat of success.  
  
"I did it. I really did it."  
  
Becca rolls her eyes, "Was Trey eating you out?"  
  
Violet glares at her friend with wild eyes, "All the way in."  
  
Becca flares her gaze back, "Holy crap."  
  
"You're turn Sucker." Violet teased.  
  
Becca whimpers faintly wondering what her fate might be. She was beginning to hate Monica Gift.  
  
"Trey wants to shower with me after this. Oh my God!" Violet giggles.  
  
Zoe in response nudges them, "Off the floor. Here come the Varsity."  
  
As the cheerleaders split up on two sides of the gym Coach Paul Randall mans the Mic and introduces the Tigers to the crowd in a chivalrous vocal pride for his players.  
  
Darius Howard led his team of Tyler Mason, Carlos Espinosa, Rico Chavez, Garrett James, and other giants of the Football team. In their stampede they lined up facing the bleachers. Proud and smug all the same. It was easy to express ego when you were a jock.  
  
As silence lowered a round of loud male growls forced a deeper sense of peace among the students. The gymnasium hearing one set of snarls after another. In a remarkable round of ejaculations each girl was succeeding in finishing off their targets. Fourteen detonations in three minutes of momentary solace.   
  
Distracting everyone that looked around for the reason in hearing their echoing snaps of climax. Monica led the newest cheering section. Both hands drenched in cum rising into the air. Messy as they were the students around her felt droplets of creamy rain.  
  
"GOOOOOOOOOOO TIGGERS!" Monica bellows laughing.  
  
In response Amber adds her own zestful hands in the air. Followed by Kendra. Tamara. Cheyenne. Rosa. Thea.  
  
"GOOOOOOOOOOOOOO TIGGERS!" All yelled out.  
  
Their bouncing hands had drained the Christopher Robin's within their grasp.  
  
Zoe leads her troop in an interference racing in front of the Varsity and dancing for them. Weirdly the cheerleaders that were in the dark joined them reluctantly. Once dancing the Varsity boys decided to join in with a dance of their own. Each boy finding a girl to grind along side. It was going beyond routine.  
  
Violet in a mad thought raced from player to player bending over up close to let them rub her bare ass. Slaps became their own routine.  
  
The band kept playing. Instruments of their confusion.  
  
Amid the Faculty watching Principal Harding and Coach Randall chuckled. The other Teacher's at a loss for words. Nobody really understood the chaos. They merely admired the students enjoying themselves.  
  
Trey Noonan watched Violet make her rounds and shook his head. His buddy Dustin stepping up to nudge his fellow Cheerleader.  
  
"Violet's on a roll."  
  
"Roll of my tongue." Trey smirks.  
  
Violet's up close frolicking led the other girls to move up close. In a fellowship of playful lust even Trish, Gemma, Kelly, Thelma, and Deanna wanted their butts felt up. It was becoming an epidemic.  
  
From the crowd Monica Gift sat back. Behind her sat Ryan Quinones with her leaning between his legs. She lifts her gaze toward her would be Master but foremost friend.  
  
"Now that's what I call a 21 gun salute."  
  
"Only 14 but who's counting." She giggles as he palms her face.  
  
"Next step going as you planned?"  
  
"Yep. Becca's up. I figure I'll help her along. Look's like Gemma and the other girls might not be reclusive for much longer."  
  
"Harem?"  
  
"Sure! You want a night with all the Cheerleaders Mister Master?"  
  
"Naaa! I'm good. I have April. She's enough for me."  
  
"Awww! Sure you don't miss me even a little?" Monica flicks her tongue at him while still being held by her cheeks.  
  
"My brother filled me in on your stunt out at the Licker Store. So did April. You know you're crazy right?"  
  
"You helped make me Buddy." She points out smiling, "By the way, tell Kyle he needs to fuck me before he heads back to school."  
  
"Yeah, I'll get right on that. Slut."  
  
"Your slut. Even if you are with April now."  
  
Ryan nods. He liked the feeling of being in control over two women. Although April was more into just him. At least he thought so.  
  
"I have a surprise for you Ryan."  
  
"What surprise."  
  
Waving her hands around her she reels in her braless brigade. Standing up all of Monica's girls force their way around Ryan. Beside him. In front of him. Behind him.  
  
Wincing he looks at each of them. The girls brightly smile at him and giggle. All at once they speak.  
  
"HI MASTER." Each reaching out to touch him in some fashion. All batting their lashes at him.  
  
Ryan Quinones turned beet red.  
  
  
Guys around him looked at him with respect. He could only shake his head and laugh.  
Monica turns on her bench and hops on her knees in front of Ryan. Burying her face in his crotch to bite at a brewing erection. Laughing she lets up and slaps her palms on his chest.  
  
"Gotta go Master. We girls have others to shower our affections upon."  
  
His herum stand and leave him with blown kisses. Assembly over.  
  
Assembly just beginning.  
  
Becca Wright broke out in a sweat.  
  
Surrounded.

**Monica 38: Soap Opera**

As the school pep assembly ended the Cheerleaders all raced below the gym to their locker room to shower away the sweat and change out of their uniforms.   
  
The beautiful brunette Becca Wright kept a fearful glance over her shoulder. She had a funny feeling that she was being targeted. Now that her friends Violet and Zoe had fallen under the spell of Monica Gift and her braless brigade's hijinks it was only a matter of time.  
  
As all the girls abandoned clothing in favor of a hot shower Becca took her time. Being the last girl nude she crept ever so slowly into the shower room. The laughter and gossip feeding into each girl made for good times. Even those Cheerleaders that knew the least were now discussing how erotic that last dance with the Varsity players was.  
  
Becca hated to admit it but she did enjoy that free for all.  
  
None of them appeared in any hurry to leave the shower. All soaping up and giggling at their adventure. Bragging and talking up certain boys kindling their desires for them. Becca had her own thoughts of admiration but she just couldn't embrace it. She had been dumped way too many times. Sure guys wanted her but overall she wanted more. A real relationship.  
  
At any rate She decides to ignore her nagging feelings and cleanse her stunning body of sweat and merely listen to the ramblings of the other girls. Most of the conversation consisting of Violet's bravery. Also asking how good Trey's tongue was. That secret was hard to hide.  
  
Soaping up became a lathering paradise. Beautiful young ladies slick and personal. Every nipple in the room was bullet hard. Even Becca's.   
  
While the gossip mounted nobody involved heard anyone enter their space. Without warning the gallery of girls were joined by Monica Gift and her Braless Brigade. In stepped Amber, Kendra, Cheyenne, Rosa, Tamara, and Thea. The reunion led to laughter and hugs. Becca merely isolated herself and dreaded the future. The sole attention thus far in congratulating Violet and chatting things up with the cheerleaders who knew so very little at this point. It became a recruiting drive on Monica's part.   
  
None of the young women were in any hurry to finish showering. This almost seemed like a Bi-Orgy. Girls touching girls. Some kissing. Some tempting others. Amusing yet terrifying none the less.  
  
Becca was finally approached by Monica. Easing her way through the gauntlet. Reaching Becca Monica Gift folds her arms across her breasts crushing them into a delicious cleavage. With a glaring smirk Monica sticks her tongue out.  
  
"Hey beautiful. Stop stressing. I can feel your blood pressure from here."  
  
"Just leary of you Monica. I'm not so sure I'm into this initiation thing you have going. I'm not a slut."  
  
"Every woman is a slut. It just hides well until the time is right. You fantasize about boys right?"  
  
"Yeah! But, that's in my private thoughts. I don't go around offering up my goods. I want a relationship, not just a fuck buddy."  
  
Monica puckers, "I think we all want that. But, some of us are more demanding."  
  
"I'm not. I'm content waiting on my knight in shining armor."  
  
"Anyone Knight in particular?" Monica grew curious.  
  
"Maybe. I'd rather not say. He doesn't even notice me."  
  
"Come on. Now you have me guessing. Who?" She giggles dancing in step.  
  
"Why do you care? Before your shaving incident in the gym we never really looked at each other. Let alone talk or strike up a friendship."  
  
"That would be because you Cheerleaders tended to stick together. Branching out might help. I'm just as guilty. I stuck to myself a good long time. Once I came out of my shell everyone liked me."  
  
"Every Guy liked you. Come on how many guys in the senior class have you had sex with in the last two months alone?"  
  
"Lots. I'll have more before we graduate. That's just me. I'm a nympho." Monica smugly shrugs.  
  
"Something to be proud of. I can't wait to sign your yearbook."  
  
"Speaking of the yearbook. You're on the yearbook staff right?"  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"Good. I have ideas for the yearbook but of course I'm not on staff. Mischief stuff." She winks.  
  
"Uh-huh! No way am I putting risque pictures in the yearbook." Becca rolls her eyes shaking her head.  
  
With a wink Monica challenges the beauty, "I'll change your mind."   
  
"Nice try."  
  
Before the two girls could continue their tug of war mentally, a new arrival popped into the girls locker room. Loud laughter and squeals erupted as the school Mascot, Carson jumped into view of the showering flock. Roaring at the top of his lungs and beating his chest. Girls cringe at his pawing at them daring to step amongst them in a trajectory toward the giddy Zoe Klein. The blond loving that Carson was brave enough to wade through and attack her with his affections.  
  
Hugging her tightly he swings her around under the water, uncaring that his Tiger costume was getting ruined. It would dry before the big game. Besides the school had a secondary uniform in case of a wardrobe malfunction. Today Carson was stalking his prey.  
  
Watching the Tiger terrorize Zoe the girls grew eager to offer their own whistles and encouragement. Their distraction would be their undoing. All backs facing the interior none of them noticed more arrivals. Boys! Lots and lots of boys. Lots and lots of naked boys. All led by Darius Howard and the Varsity. Including Monica's friends Shane and Holden. Toby and Justin. 15 boys had snuck in from across the hall.   
  
With school out these Seniors were all that was left. At least to their knowledge. Monica had gotten the approval of certain Teachers to create this stunt. Coach Randall most of all. He stood ready to run interference. Deciding that his Team's winning streak deserved a chance to blow off steam. That and Monica promising him sex with four girls at one time. That was the big push.  
  
"WHAT'S UP LADIES?" Darius hollared over their giggles.   
  
Silence immediately struck. Cheerleaders turning around to see the congrgation of swinging cocks. Some girls panicked covering their private parts. Others flaunted what God gave them. The big surprise being the Cheerleaders, Kelly and Thelma. Thelma had dated Darius before. She knew how good that guy was in bed.   
  
Leading the charge Darius stormed the shower room leading his team to victory yet again. Thelma reached out for a hug from Darius but he dodged her to reach Cheyenne. Her expression of loss switched to jealousy. What did he see in Cheyenne? Thelma's ego led her to believe she was far better looking. Not that young Stacy Dash imposter.   
  
Guys chose girls. Girls chose guys. Shane and Holden running out of options. Then they notice Monica and Becca. Becca hiding behind Monica with a glint of horror. Monica stood by Becca yet coaxed Shane and Holden toward them. Hearing Becca whimper, "Oh My God! It's him."  
  
Monica peaks her brow at hearing the girl's admission. Wondering which boy she referred too. Pucking Monica swivels in step facing Becca. With a stern look Monica grips Becca by her biceps.  
  
"Fess up. Who are you liking?"  
  
"Shane. I can't face him like this."  
  
"Why not? He's obviously not ashamed of what he has between his legs."  
  
Becca hadn't even ventured there. Her eyes shivering in their sockets until she dares to note his beast swinging. Not truly erect even amid all this pussy. Why wasn't he hard? Becca whined until He stood behind Monica.  
  
"You can do this. Get him to notice you." Monica presses her forehead against Becca's wet mane drooping over her eyes. Beside them Monica reaches to a tray on the wall holding a bar of soap. Tossing it over her shoulder for Shane to catch. Nearly dropping it he blushes.  
  
Swiftly Monica abandons Becca and moves behind Holden. Grabbing Holden by his cock to lead him away awkwardly. This left Shane facing Becca with a bit of embarressment. "Ummm! Hey Becca. Need some suds?"  
  
She wanted to cry but Shane stood there bashfully trying not to stare at her covered body. Her hands over her thighs and chest. Whimpering she nods. Hesitantly. She had liked Shane for months but in all reality did her best to ignore him. It was a Cheerleader code to go after the hottest boys. Shane was cute just no stud. Yet, in her heart she admired Shane. He always seemed so down to Earth.  
  
Risking her future reputation Becca lowers her hands and lets him see her vibrant glossy body. Her fingers moving up to remove her raining bangs from her eyes. Stepping back under the cascading shower. She then pouted toward him. Her mating call without the sex.  
  
Edging in he lathers his hands while trembling, then caresses her shoulders and neckline. Her eyes never leaving his. He melted in her gaze. Big brown eyes that remained innocent. Allowing him to continue he soaps her arms. Bypassing her chest. Moving instead to her belly until he bordered her thin pubes. She shivered at his nearness. Feeling his exhales across her thigh.   
  
Journeying to her legs he gracefully treats each limb tenderly. Going so far as to lather her feet and in between her toes. She weeped at his gentle respect. Deciding to turn around she wonders what he might do. He merely stands up from his crouched position and washes her back. Again ignoring her heart shaped ass with a bit of extra firmness.   
  
Beyond his gaze she cups her chest with both hands and almost wishes he would touch more. Instead he reaches over her and hands her now available hand the bar of soap. Eyes flaring she feels him lean in and lightly kiss her shoulder before standing by as she turns back around.  
  
Eye contact leads her to venture beyond her comfort zone. With soapy palms she dares to soap his chest and shoulders. Fingers moving south. Kneeling slowly she glides amid the upper pubes before shyly going around his genitals. It was impossible not to admire his beast. Yet, why was it not erect? Did he feel the same nervousness she was holding in?  
  
Her attention wavers a bit to look around her. Every girl there was doing the same. Either soaping up the boys or they lathering the girls. Every girl there was going further. Tits being squeezed. Pussy's rubbed. Dicks in their hands. Only Amber Welch was sucking cock. She couldn't resist her boy Carlos. Yet, nobody was fucking.  
  
Not even Darius and Cheyenne. Somehow Darius had coaxed Thelma in to passionately kiss on both girls. Eventually leading to Chey and Thelma kissing as Darius persuaded them into a heated embrace.  
  
Even tiny Thea King was enjoying in her own soft tender sighs as her boy Big Garrett held her high up in his arms. Her tiny body pressed against the shower wall. Her butt held up by his large belly. It was so cute. Best seat in the house.  
  
Becca opted to stand after a lengthy stray of attention. Her hands reaching hesitantly up to palm Shane by his cheeks. With a trembling gaze she whispers, "I like you Shane. I swear I do. But, I can't do this. Not here and now. Ask me out and I'll say Yes."  
  
"Movies Friday night?" He respects her thoughts.  
  
"Absolutely. I want to get to know you better before--" She trails off lowering her gaze to his still timid cock.  
  
Shane follows her gaze and realizes her meaning, "Too many people. I'm bold but this is crazy. Trust me he wants to grow up big and strong. Can I confess something without you running away?"  
  
His genuine stare makes her nod and caress his right cheek. Both melting at the others touch. Yet, his hands suddenly refrained from her flesh. Drooping to his sides. She notes his palms abandon her waist.  
  
"I've thought about asking you out. I guess I'm a chicken. I figured I wasn't your type. I mean come on, you look like freaking Emily Browning. I look like Edward from those stupid Twilight movies."  
  
"I liked Twilight. I was Team Edward over Team Jacob any day." She smiles warmly. "Please don't make me watch those on DVD." He chuckles.  
  
"So over those. You're lucky."  
  
"Thank you God." He looks up at the ceiling.  
  
Becca Wright took the risk and hugged Shane. His hands lightly touching her spine. It sent chills through both of them. She respected his hesitation. Until she felt his erection rage at being so close to her. Her chest against his didn't help.  
  
"Someone just decided what he wanted to do with his life." She exhales bashfully. His crown jabbing her thigh.  
  
"Sorry. Let's get out of here."  
  
Hand in hand Shane led her through the chaos.  
  
Drying each other off brought on an even stronger bond. Once clothed they merely sat and talked. Discovering they both dug video games. It was a start.  
  
After an hour of cold water sports Monica met Coach Randall in his office across the hall. Still nude she had traipsed through and stood in his doorway.  
  
"Ready for some action Handsome?" She beguiled him with charming poses.  
  
Smirking he nods, "All done over there?"  
  
"Nope." She moves from the door and around his desk. At his side she takes him by the hand and leans in to give him a succulent kiss. Once their lips part with a tug at his lower lip she sighs, "Come with me."  
  
He scoots his chair back and stands. Trailing behind her hand in hand she leads him across the aisle into the girls locker room. He knew this was a huge risk but couldn't resist. Finding the tamed down orgy he is marched over to observe first hand.  
  
"God almighty." He huffs.  
  
Darius Howard looks up from his girls and spots the Coach with Monica hugging his side. Her left hand rubbing Randall's crotch. Even Darius was shocked by her control.  
  
"Hey Coach." Darius coughs up with a smirk.  
  
Hearing him every couple there stopped to stare. Some shocked. Some spooked. Some daring to tease him. Abandoning their partners Amber, Rosa, and Chey stepped out of the shower chamber. Wiggling toward Coach Randall until he was surrounded. He could only grunt at his fortune. Hands though wet caress him all over.  
  
The Varsity decide to end their playtime and step out to get dressed. Some leaving. Some lingering to see the show. Randall was being stripped before their eyes by the girls. The scene creating a momentary respect. Finally, Darius Howard led his team out of the locker room. Let the Coach have his moment.  
  
A few boys remained but led their girls out into the locker area.   
  
Before Kendra and Tamara vacated the showers Monica clears her throat. Even tiny Thea now missing Garrett loitered shamelessly. Awaiting Rosa to help take off Randall's shoes and socks, Chey and Amber joined forces. Both girls removing his slacks, and boxer briefs. All girls giggling and admiring Randall's impossible erection. The guy was rock solid.   
  
Amber leans forward as he steps from his clothing and flicks her tongue on his cocks foreskin. The sensation made him reel his skull back with a very vocal, "Son of a--"  
  
Hands caressing him from all angles. Chests crushing against him. Kisses along his shoulder. He was in rare form.  
  
Delighted he looks to his left at Monica, "We discussed four."  
  
"You deserve more. Ladies? Let's pamper the Coach."  
  
All standing tall they lead him into the showers and bathe him. Soaped from head to toe. Hands gracing every inch of him. Amber sucking his cock while Rosa leans from behind to palm his balls. Lightly squeezing.  
  
Tamara and Kendra held in each of his arms as they kiss him one at a time. Chey rubbing his back trying not to step on poor Rosa.  
  
Outside the shower Monica watched the Cheerleaders lingering back drying off but curious. In a Drill Sargent pace she walks along the bench. Grabbing towel after towel until all stood nude. Proud and perky.  
  
"Welcome to boot camp Girls. Kelly? Thelma? Deanna? Trish?" Monica pauses, "Where's Violet and Zoe?"  
  
They shrug as one. Nobody had saw they leave. With a concerned smirk she decides to check out the only place they could be. The Office of the girls Coach. The others follow her out of curiosity. Listening through a closed door Monica smiles. Loud shrill moans were evident. Easing the knob with a twist they invade their space. Before them was a sight to behold.   
  
Violet was naked, flat on her back upon the Coach's desk. Legs wide and thighs held by fellow Cheerleader Trey Noonan. Busy with his face buried eyes looking at the invaders between fiery patches of pubes. He was devouring Violet like a pirahna in a feeding frenzy. Violet opens her eyes looking up at the girls. Her fingers gripping the sides of the desk at arms length. Lily white breasts bouncing about with beated breath. All she could do was offer a teary expression of joy.  
  
Below on the floor on all fours poised Zoe Klein. Her hair being pulled by Carson as he fucked her doggy style. Still wearing his Tiger costume. For effect. Everyone chuckled at the sight. Carson pawed toward the onlookers menacingly. Proud of her girls Monica nudged the others back and closed the door.  
  
"Okay, Cheer bitches! Are you ready to join up or go home?"  
  
Kelly Frost looks at her friends, "I'm in."  
  
"Me too." Spoke both Thelma and Deanna.  
  
Trish eyes the Coach being treated like a God and pinches her nipples, "I'll be in the shower." The thin brunette charges away.   
  
Monica expressed a proud thumbs up. Taking the lead Monica guides her girls into the shower. Once the group arrives Monica moves to Randall reaching up to squeeze his jaw puckering his lips.  
  
"This is your lucky day. Girls?" She leers back garnering attention, "Hands on the walls, asses ready."  
  
Laughing Monica steps from Randall and assumes the position offering the girls the pose she expected. Each and every girl stood side by side from two walls. Until Randall was alone and inspecting the booty's before him. Whistling he walks down the lines patting bottoms. Slapping each on departure to the next. Amber. Chey. Rosa. Kendra. Tamara. Thea.  
  
On the opposite wall Kelly. Trish. Deanna. Monica. Thelma. Eleven Goddesses in all. Returning to Monica he knew he could go the furthest. Lining his cock up he penetrates Monica's juicy wet pussy. Ten thrusts of gentle moans he hears Deanna whisper, "Me next."  
  
Puckering at her request Randall eases out of Monica with a gentle pat to her bottom. Stepping to Deanna he nudges in to pierce the short haired redhead. Her squeals at his girth making him thrust hard. After ten he pulls out and paces looking for his next target.  
  
Amber was more than willing. She began twerking hard to invite him over. Smirking Coach Randall took it upon himself to palm her shaking booty. Feeling his hands go along for the ride. This made him dig in his nails to part her cheeks. Stampeding into her he pounds her fifteen times to hear her gasp, "Goddamn it Boy."  
  
He corrected her, "That's Goddamn it Coach."  
  
From there he moves down the line. Tapping Chey. Rosa. Tamara. Kendra. He had to spend longer on Thea. Her soft voice entirely too seductive in her moans.  
  
Worried that he might cum too soon he had to move on. He needed to tap all these girls before hand. Ego demanded it.  
  
Palming Kelly's ass with one hand he digs through her labia for a loud gutteral "Fuck you're tight."She felt the same. Tilting her gaze to observe his interest. His remaining hand caressing up her spine to grip her by the back of the neck. Kelly Frost gyrated with him. His girth ripping her tiny pussy wide. He could witness her mouth wide in sensual horror. Eyes begging for release.  
  
Twelve thrusts he staggers out and away. Moving past Trish he loved the sexy black bottom of Thelma Dean. Her smokey thighs accomidating his fierce erection. She too began twerking. His hands clutching her long curls. Thelma loved sex so she danced in step as he pounded her twenty times.  
  
The sensations brewing deep inside him he had to finish quick or miss out on young Trish Overton. Prowling to the dark haired girl resembling a white Rhianna he saved what he decided was best for last. With expectations he slips inside her to hear a shrill echoing, "Fuck that pussy."  
  
That he did. Thirty rough thrusts in and out. Palm prints left on her gently tanned ass. His thumb digging up into her ass. He wanted to fuck her longer but detonation loomed. Hearing loud grunts he forces himself away. Stammering back to jerk his beast roughly. Abandonment led all of the girls to surround him and watch him ravage his girth with a white knuckle destruction. Each girl touching him on the legs while others open their mouths demanding payment for their services.

Awaiting his ice cream social Monica notes Zoe and Violet join them. Having finished off their boys and sent them on their way. Making room between she and Deanna, Monica waves in Zoe and Violet. Now thirteen hot bitches craved sustenance.  
  
Insanity brewing Coach Paul Randall snapped a glare at Zoe and Violet. With their addition looking up at him with yearning gazes he gave up. Firing on full cylinders Coach Randall shoots a milky white array of droplets. Peppering around as many faces as he could manage. Capturing eight faces before running low on gas.  
  
Monica smiles then moves in to mouth his girth. One deep throat she removes her mouth with a puckered kiss. She then scoots aside for Amber to do the same. Then, Chey. Rosa. Kendra. Thea giggling. Tamara nuzzling her beaky nose along his length with a sigh.  
  
He pivots to offer Thelma a kiss. Deanna. Trish. Kelly. Zoe. Violet bright red in the face. Swaying at his victory Randall puffs his cheeks. Watching the girls lick up his leftover cum from the lucky eight girls that he flooded upon. It was beyond his wildest dreams. Monica stands tall and hugs her allies one by one. Each of them joyous at the experience.  
  
"WE RULE!" Monica roars with a fist in the air.  
  
The girls laugh and gradually move on to get dressed. The party was over.  
  
Randall reaches his clothing and picks them up. Wore out he merely shuffles away nude. Uncaring. His office awaited.  
  
Outside in the hallway he looks to his left. Nodding his approval he spots Shane and Becca leaning against the wall kissing. His hands up her shirt squeezing her tits. Her hand down his pants touching his beast.  
  
Randall nods. Becca would have been a nice addition to his entourage. Someday maybe.  
  
"Lucky guy."   
  
Shane thought so.  
  
Becca found her man.

**Monica 39: Pickup Line**

Wednesday afternoon Monica Leann Gift prowled the streets. She had arranged things this past weekend with a friend named Owen to do some exhibitionism at his car lot. Owen being a big shot in town with a Chevrolet dealership that had over 2000 cars on the lot. One of the largest lots within a fifty mile radius. She wasn't a hundred percent sure what she wanted to do yet but it had to be sexy.   
  
The sun was bright. Not a cloud in the sky. Traffic was mediocre for a Wednesday. Ordinarily she would do this type of thing on a Saturday when more people could potentially see her. Better yet play with her. Over the last month or more Monica had escalated her exhibitionist tendencies wherever she could. Her friend Ryan nudging her to go further and further. She was certainly making an impression.  
  
In school she was known as the Fearless Leader. Her own urges pushing her into full nudity in class. So far her performances had met great success. Even the Teachers loved her for them. Certain ones going so far as to having sex with her.   
  
Each time Monica got away with something the other girls in school were prompted to express their own sexual urges. Every girl had a fantasy to be wanted. Every guy wanted a fantasy. Put the two sides in alignment and the hijinks went through the roof. Before long over twenty girls had joined her squad of exhibitionist nymphos called the Braless Brigade. All of them forsaking bras and pointing out who they wanted to be. Literally.  
  
This afternoon Monica felt like going solo. She wanted all the attention. Outside of school she tended to like being alone. This gave her a chance to be herself. Without expectation of the guys in school. She wanted to impress older guys too. At eighteen she knew older guys were chomping at the bit to tap a barely legal slut. One that wasn't a hooker. Merely a show off that gave them a reason to feel young again.  
  
Wearing a tear away tan and white checkered mini skirt along with a darker tan blouse. One that was shoulder less with a V-neck cleavage expressing her bulging breasts.  
  
Never wearing a bra left her nipples constantly perky. Panties forever outlawed unless it was on a private seduction. Simple white pumps finished her attire.   
  
Her long tanned legs blended well with her clothing's color scheme. Soft and silky. A thin gold serpentine ankle bracelet on her left leg for a bit of bling.  
  
Drop dead Goddess walking.  
  
Reaching Owen's lot near the Interstate took her twenty minutes. Around the lot were either smaller car lots or fast food chains. A small hotel in the area the only other business in sight for three blocks. In passing a Taco joint she looked over at hearing a shrill whistle of allure. Somebody liked what she represented.  
  
Leering to her right from the sidewalk she spots a Police Patrol car. It was her friend Officer Jarvis Byrd. He had stopped to rekindle with retiree Officer Kermit Boggs. She hadn't seen them in nearly a week. After giving them the time of their badge carrying lives they had promised to let her do whatever she wanted without getting arrested.   
  
Kermit was sitting at an outdoor table while Byrd sat in his car next to the curb near him. Recognition met Monica skips over to their side. First leaning through the car window to hug Jarvis tightly, smothering his face into her cleavage. Secondly in bending in her short skirt gave Boggs a perfect view of her ass and inner thighs. A compressed clam shell pussy beautiful as ever.  
  
"Good to see you Kid. Staying out of trouble?" Byrd knew better.  
  
"No way. I'm always looking for something to break the law." She yanks her top down to show him her tits then spins in step to show Kermit. With a wink she pulls her shirt back into place before sprinting over to Kermit's table and hugging him from behind. Sitting there he pats her arms feeling her chest crush against his back.  
  
"There's the hottest girl in town. How you been Sweetheart?" The elder spoke.  
  
"Great. How's retirement going?"  
  
"Pretty boring so far. No real excitement. The wife just gives me a honey do list."  
  
"Am I on that list?" She giggles and hugs his neck tighter before running her right hand down across his chest.  
  
"Could be. If not I'll scribble it in." He chuckles.  
  
"Want some excitement here and now? I have a few minutes before I head to my friend Owen's car lot. I'm going to strip naked and prowl his lot. He said I could."  
  
"Got ole Owen in on your games now? Sure go ahead just watch yourself." Kermit expresses.  
  
"I like it better when others watch me." She kisses his cheek.  
  
"Such a cute kid. God love ya."  
  
"You never answered my question. Want some excitement?" She licks his earlobe this round.  
  
"What you got in mind?" He shifts right in his seat. Reaching for a napkin to dab his mouth.   
  
"I got this." She halts his hand. Releasing his neckline she sits beside him and leans forward to lick all around his mouth, "Hot sauce. Yummy."  
  
He smirks looking over at Jarvis in his car who had watched her mischief with interest. Jarvis shook his head.   
  
"She's still got it." He huffs.  
  
Not even worried about who or what was around her Monica hops to her feet and steps up on the concrete seat next to Kermit. Nudging his burritos out of her way to sit down on the table in front of the retiree. Hiking her skirt she sits back with her legs wide.  
  
"Spicy enough for you?" She giggles.  
  
Looking around him he sizes up the potential viewers. Seeing no trouble he dives right in and eats her pussy. Monica easing back to support herself with palms down on the table. Watching Kermit eat her she smiles and looks over at Byrd.  
  
"Hey Byrdy? I'm going to be over at Wade's car wash tomorrow. He says you guys wash the patrol cars there. If you want to come say hi I'll wash your car."  
  
"Drive through car wash Hotstuff. But, sure I'll be there. What time?"  
  
"Around now. Shortly after school gets out. I'll be naked and letting Wade give me a massage on a bed in one of the open stalls. Drop by and maybe I'll wax your Johnson."   
  
She giggles pointing at Boggs chowing down, "Kermit's really hungry."  
  
"You're a regular Taco Belle." He laughs.  
  
Her expression changes the deeper his tongue enters her. Jaw drooping with a look of awe. Low whimpers expel along with, "Oh my God! Uncle Kermie I love that tongue."  
  
He winks at her as she starts moaning. Her head tilts back under his sensitive assault. Within five minutes she tenses up and cums at his mercy. Rearing back with his mouth drenched he huffs, "Damn! I'm getting old. Lil winded."  
  
Shivering she sits up straight and slips from the table down into his lap. Giving her room to sit comfortable in her straddle she throws her arms around his neck and kisses him hard on the lips. Licking up her juices from his face. He tried not to laugh as she bit his lower lip. Her eyes staring deeply into his with a glint of yearning.  
  
"That was a nice pick me up. Might have to do that more often." Kermit sweetly kisses her on the forehead.  
  
"I love you guys. You know my cell number. If you're nice I might arrange something to make that retirement really relaxing."  
  
"Oh yeah? Like what?"  
  
"Like me and a couple of my girlfriends." She wiggles in his lap.  
  
His eyes study her with a pucker. The idea percolating in his mind. Finally, he rubs her back and motions her to hop out of the saddle. Crawling off she hugs him once more then looks over at Jarvis.  
  
"Give me a ride to Owen's?"  
  
"Sure. Hop in. I'll look you up later Kermit." Byrd waves.  
  
Monica twists in step to blow Boggs a kiss, "I'll look you up too."  
  
"I'll be around. Thanks Sweetheart."  
  
Racing around the squad car Monica jumps in and puts on her seatbelt. Laughing as she looks around Jarvis to yell at Kermit, "CLICK IT OR LICK IT."  
  
Everyone had a good laugh.  
  
A short distance away Jarvis Byrd drops her off at the car lot. Pulling up in front of the showroom. Before leaving the car Monica felt mischievous after unhooking her seatbelt. Leaning over the seat she moved her head below his steering wheel and nibbled at his crotch. A definite erection buried behind his slacks.  
  
"Damn girl."  
  
"See you tomorrow at the car wash. Don't be late. And, bring Johnson there."  
  
"Will do. Have fun Monica."  
  
"Always." Climbing out she skips toward the glass door. In her travel hiking her skirt up in back to let Jarvis see her bare butt dancing away. The Officer had to growl. Man on a mission he went on patrol.  
  
Entering the showroom Monica went into best behavior mode. Looking about at all the new cars she strolls around checking them out. She wondered if her parents would get her a car for graduation. Probably not, considering they wanted her to get a part time job as it was. She tried to avoid that and just enjoy herself. This was her senior year. A job could come afterwards. Besides, now that her Father Aaron had tasted his daughter sexually there was wiggle room in his budget to keep her from having to work. Whether her Mother agreed or not.  
  
In her journey from fresh cart smell to fresh car smell Monica found herself approached by a young 20 something Salesman stepped from a side office. He was entirely too cute. 5'7 brown hair, big steel grey eyes. Clean shaven and smelling better than the cars.  
  
"Can I help you?" He smiled letting her beguiling glow draw him in.  
  
"Can I help you?" She winks and flutters her lashes. Then twisting in step to let her overly short skirt rise up in her twirl. He was gifted a brief view of her butt cheeks. The sight alone made the man flare his eyes and smirk.  
  
"Looking to buy a new car?"  
  
"Not really. Looking to get laid in a new car maybe." She giggles and nibbles a nail. Her eyes daring him to reply.  
  
Glancing around him to be certain they were alone the man chuckles, "My Dad might have something to say about that."  
  
"Your Dad?" Her jaw droops, "Is Owen your Dad?"  
  
Taken back the man raises a brow, "You know my Dad?"  
  
"She sure does." Huffs a voice to their left. Stepping from outside entered the dashing Gent himself, Owen Falcone, "I see you've met my oldest boy Wesley. Wes? This here's Monica. Hottest youngun around."  
  
Amazed by his Father's reaction Wesley shakes his head, "Mom know you know Monica?"  
  
"Do I know about her lover Gordon? No." He chuckles, "Keep it to yourself or I'll tell Monica to keep her clothes on. I don't think either of us want that."  
  
"Speaking for me now?" His boy smirks. Then jumps as he feels a hand rub along an already disturbed erection.  
  
"No. He just noticed this big ole hard on. Hard to miss." Monica nibbles her lower lip with her eyes dancing.  
  
"Damn!" Wesley shivers, "Just how do you two know each other?"  
  
"Oh! Your Dad watched me masturbate while sunbathing in my back yard. He and his friends came over to say hello." She continues to rub his crotch.  
  
"Okay." He laughs, "You have to stop doing that. Before somebody see's us."  
  
"Live a little Son."  
  
"What about Wanda? She might step out of Finance."  
  
"Quit worrying. Wanda won't say much considering I've tapped her behind her Hubby's back."  
  
"You what? No way." Wes looks shocked.  
  
"Quiet down Boy. You know darn well your Mom and I are three steps from the Lawyer. Why do you think I let her walk ahead of me. Two steps closer and a third to kick her to the curb."  
  
"Christ Dad. Don't make me choose sides." His son snickers then looks down at Monica, "Mom's a bitch."  
  
Monica finally releases her palm from Wesley's bulge and hops toward Owen giving him a tight hug. Owen in turning rubbing her back while winking at his son. Wesley silently mouthing words, "Have you fucked her?"  
  
"Not yet. Maybe today." Owen returns with a silent reply.  
  
Whistling under his breath as he see's his Dad lift the girls skirt up and grip her ass cheeks, Wesley glared with awe.   
  
"Did you bring Bucky?" Owen sighs on her shoulder.  
  
"No. I left him at home. I want the real thing."  
  
"Wesley? Why don't you take Monica here out back and show her the Silverado's. Take your time." Dad winks then slaps Monica's ass in a loud impact. Monica yelps and twirls in step to lay her back against Owen's chest. She pouts toward Wesley.  
  
"Your Dad is a meany. He didn't spank me hard enough."  
  
Without expression Wesley lost all train of thought until his Dad growls, "I guess my boy there will have to do better." Owen nudging her forward into his Son's grasp. Looking up at Wesley she continues her pouting.  
  
"Wow! Follow me." He steps away as Monica darts her gaze toward Owen. She had already tore away the Velcro on the back of her skirt and had let it slip down her hips to the floor. In her shuffle she steps out of it and keeps on going. Not bothering to look back. Owen Falcone had to laugh.   
  
"Wonder what Wanda's doing?"   
  
The Car Dealer felt mischievous he left the skirt on the floor. Business was slow today anyway. Few stragglers at best.  
  
As Owen disappears into the Finance office a loud yelp was heard. Wanda Riley was being felt up. So was Owen. Lucky day.  
  
Wesley turns around to see if Monica was following him. To his surprise he found her right on his heels with a devilish grin. Then looking down he realized her skirt was missing. Her freshly shaved snatch uncovered and seeking trouble.  
  
"Pretty fearless aren't you?" He chuckles almost blushing.  
  
"Get's better." She pulls her tan V neck top over her head and casts it aside. She wore this particular outfit because she didn't care for it much. Easy to lose and stay lost she planned. Now walking totally nude she squeezes her breasts together to make Wesley sweat.   
  
Her sexual prowling forces him to scan the area for car shoppers. Her carefree nature inspiring her to dance about the lot in circles. Going so far as to race toward a chosen vehicle and laying across the hood. Her playfulness was contagious. Her smile drawing Wesley in like a mosquito to a bug zapper. Too bad she hopped off the hot car hood and was moving away from him.  
  
"Wait! Where are you going? I thought we were heading to see the trucks?"  
  
"I'll get there. You just hold your horsepower." She giggles and heads out into the open. Monica Gift wanted to go streaking. Unencumbered and as free as a as a used Firebird. Her prancing led Monica right along the front sidewalk of the lot. The busy street directly in sight of her.  
  
Wes was having a panic attack. Somebody might call the cops. Then again, if he hid and acted like he hadn't noticed the beautiful young streaker he nor his Father could be responsible for letting her get away with this. Wesley Falcone was a bit of a coward but he was smart enough to let this play out from a safe distance. He just hoped that she would come back. She was pretty hot.  
  
Dancing about freely in front of the used car area she heard cars on the street honking. With each toot she would turn and wave at them. Thank goodness most were guys. The women shocked and puzzled at the same time. This time of day it meant people getting off of a stressful work day. They needed to unwind. Men couldn't agree more.   
  
With a sly guidance Monica drew men into the lot. Three cars pulled through slowly and each get out to feign looking at cars. Too shy to really approach her for fear of someone reporting them. Two of the three had wives and kids at home. The third single and hitting on hard times looking for a date.   
  
Seeing the arrivals Wesley swallowed dryly. His job meant to offer assistance. He knew the men were not there for a car but it was his responsibility to touch base all the same. A nervous deep breath later the man strolled casually toward the car lovers who loved Monica more.  
  
Reaching one of the guys Wesley announced his arrival with a smile, "Can I help you?" The forty something man rubbed his chin smirking, "Maybe. I have my eye on that baby over there."  
  
"Ah, the Eclipse?"  
  
"Ohhh yeah! Bet if I stare at her too long I'll go blind." He chuckles.  
  
"She is a beauty. Low mileage." Wes stutters.  
  
"Come on I saw that gal at a car show last weekend. She fucked a gear shifter. Low mileage my ass." He chuckles.  
  
"Seriously? Whoa!" Wes froze to imagine Monica doing that.  
  
"Matter of fact I saw ole Owen there watching her do it. Your Dad's a freak."   
  
The guy offered a grin and a fist bump that went unchallenged. At least his Dad wasn't coming across badly. The guy seemed to respect him even.  
  
Monica had teased all three sets of arrivals as she continued her curbside escapades. Bending over the hood of a white Camaro she began twerking her ass. Honking increased due to her performance. Eventually this reeled in three more cars. One holding her friends Toby and Zoe's new beau Carson. They had been tooling around town looking for something to do. Found it.  
  
Parking near the building the boys made their way out to Monica. Responding to their approach she chose to tease and evade. Lifting her tits up to lick her nipples then boldly dart away. Giving chase laughing Toby watched her run up to Wes and the man he was talking to. Giggling she used the man as a shield. Hugging him from behind and pressing her tits against his back.  
  
"Save me. They like to tickle me." She playfully laughs.  
  
Toby and Carson know her hijinks well and lay back like lions in wait. Soon after taunting the amused man she strolls away saying, "I think I'm safe now."  
  
Three steps away Toby charges. She takes flight letting her breasts dance about as she joins another choice onlooker. Hiding behind this man for protection. The gent chuckled at their behavior. He too had a wife at home and felt a bit like cheating just being in this position. Still, her tits against his spine felt really good.  
  
"Need me to wrestle them to the ground?" He snickers.  
  
"No. You can wrestle me to the ground though. I'm aiming for the new trucks in back shortly. Meet me there."  
  
She swiftly darts away directly into the younger man with no dating life. Reaching him prevents a capture at Carson's hands. Feeling Monica breathing heavily as she hid behind him made him want to see her better. Twisting in step he faces her and literally finds her embracing him full frontal. She pouts, "Hold me. I'm scared."  
  
His hands surround her shoulders and melts at her body so close to him. Allowing his hands to roam her spine she sighs, "I feel so safe in your arms."  
  
"I got your back." He huffs.  
  
"You can have my butt too." She encourages him to reposition his arms and slide his palms down to clutch both of her butt cheeks, "Hold me tight."  
  
Fingers dig into her ass as Toby and Carson stand behind her watching this guy paw her up. To help him along Toby expresses a vivid thumbs up. Chuckling the guy coaxes his left thumb between her cheeks and teases her anal cavity. The move made Monica squeal and brighten up. Her mischief forcing him to witness her pleasure at his challenge.  
  
"Bring that thumb back to the new trucks here in a few. I'll meet you. Don't be shy. I won't." Patting his chest she was off again. This time a mad dash into the newest arrivals that had left the street following Toby in. Three more guys stood together as she huddled amongst them. All hands directed to touch her somewhere. Informing them as she had the others of her destination. Her offer too appealing to ignore. If for only a good show of support.  
  
After a quick steamy grasp of crotches as inspiration Monica Gift wiggled away. Directly toward Toby and Carson this time. Admiring her devious expression the boys froze in step. The second she faced them she knelt down before them. Guys observing their reaction to her.  
  
"What are you doing Gift?" Toby chuckles as she fumbles to unhook his belt and unzip his fly. Once she nurtures his cock out for air she shifts her attention to Carson. Doing the same she winks up at him, "That thing belongs to Zoe. You pull him out and follow me."  
  
Gripping Toby's erection Monica strokes him twice then stands up turning around to face the congregating testosterone. Wesley Falcone beet red but mesmerized all the same. With a flutter of fingertips she waves, then begins curling her index finger for them to follow her. Her opposite hand dangling behind her grips Toby's beast and tugs him along behind her. Both boys laughing and trailing Monica. She was something else. It became the blind leading the blind. Monica had created an unconnected Conga line. Wesley Falcone shaking his head. He had gone from first to last in line.

Four rows of vehicles away Monica led them to a cluster of shiny new Silverado's. Three red trucks, two black, one white, one green. A perfect number. Seven.   
  
Releasing Toby Monica went about from truck to truck lowering each tailgate. With each one lowered she points to a guy to hop in back and wait for her. Before long seven pickup truck beds had a load in back. Every guy there loved her fantasy fulfillment quest. Wesley was left out. He resorted to keeping watch. Miserable as he was.  
  
Saving Toby and Carson she crawled into the back bed of the green truck and fondled one of the married men. Choosing to merely jerk him off a bit and kiss his crown to create a fierce dedication she let him begin jerking off himself. Tongue flicking his cock five times to instill his imagination. Before departing she leans over him with a pleading gaze, "Don't cum until I come back." Terror immediately struck. The man would have trouble holding it in.  
  
Departing she hops up into the white truck bed and does the same toward the dateless man. Seeing his neediness Monica chose to suck his cock ten good messy throat thrusts. Pulling away with a succulent kiss to his crown. Another tender round of knuckle assistance she recites a second verse of, "Don't cum until I come back."  
  
Her journey moved to the black truck. Another man discovers his own sample of Monica's temptations. He had his pants down further allowing her to squeeze his balls while teasing her tongue along his cock. Encouraging his own hand she continues her verbal assault, "Don't cum until I come back."  
  
Two red trucks she positions in the same routine. Each given inspiration to all jerk off.  
  
The third red truck containing the man who had seen her Classic car show antics at the park. Reaching him he manages to pull her close and garner her attention. Laying over him at a side angle he caresses her back, "You should ride my gear shift." He tugs at his cock wagging it at her. She winks at him with amusement, "I remember you. You watched me and my friend Lisa eating each other 69 in the car. So much fun."  
  
"Ride my knob." He pleads.  
  
"Not yet. Wait for me. Jerk off. Don't cum until I come back." She kisses his cheek, "Promise?"  
  
"I'll try. Fuck you're hot."  
  
"I know. My pussy is hotter." She giggles then takes her leave. All around her she heard grunts and groaning. Guys reeling from picturing Monica fucking them.  
  
Carson decided to abandon his quest for Monica's attention. Choosing to be faithful to his cheerleader hottie Zoe Klein. Monica respected him and just stepped in to kiss his cheek, "Good boy."  
  
Toby however reached down and pulled Monica up with a squeal. He wasn't in the mood to wait. His black truck ballerina was going to dance for him. Dragging her over him he chuckles. She merely flared her eyes at his brusque bravado.  
  
"Fuck me Gift. Ride my cock."  
  
Monica pouted, "This is my show. I'm the car sales lady. You take the warranty we offer or shop elsewhere."  
  
"Say what?" He winces.  
  
Her hand grips his cock and jerks him off slowly. His eyes observing her powerful display of control. Monica was the leader today. Not the giver. Growling he swore under his breath for her to hear him.  
  
"This time. Next time I control your sexy ass."  
  
"Your birthday's coming up. I heard Ryan mention it. Wait until then and I'll let you do whatever you want."  
  
"Promise?"  
  
"I swear. ANYTHING!" She kisses his chest along his neck, ""Don't cum until I come back."  
  
He snarled at her abandonment. She dropped to the lot's back curb and marched from truck to truck eying her jerking army. Licking her tongue as if starving for each guy to witness. After her final truck she turns her attention toward Wesley. The man was sweating bullets.  
  
"Think I'll get salesman of the month?" She whispers standing directly in front of him. Nodding only he swallows dryly.  
  
Taunting him by massaging his crotch she kneels before him and unzips his fly. Reaching within she guides his seven inch cock out into daylight. With a vivid expression of yearning Monica lightly kisses his crown and fawns over his shape. Girth. Mushroom so purple he wanted to cry under the strain.  
  
Mouth wide she hovers over his crown. Waiting for his reaction. After a shy moment of disbelief Wesley Falcone came to grips. Not of his cock. Her head. Forcefully the car salesman parked his ride right inside her jaw. Holding her firm he fucked her face. Gurgling noises heard by all the other guys led to a symphony of grunts, growls, snarls, and curse words.  
  
One by one the guys refused to wait. Cum frothing. Geysers erupting. Damning the torpedo's. Messy knuckles. Stained pants. White jizz in a white pickup. Heavy breathing all around.  
  
Hearing the unity of them all Wesley Falcone couldn't contain himself. Far too quickly he shot a load into Monica's mouth and released her skull. Waiting for final squirts Monica leaped to her feet and crawled up into one truck after the other. Sampling cum from each man. Feeling cheated slightly until she consumed their cocks to drain them dry. Monica Gift was thirsty for life.  
  
Reaching the guy from the Classic car show she snuck in a tender insertion. Her wet pussy at least letting him feel her rise and fall. A warm retreat later she winks at him. Off she went.  
  
Satisfied customers indeed.  
  
As each guy zips up and bids farewell with a smile Monica wags her cum coated tongue. Maintaining a mouthful to ward away any further advances. No man truly wanted to share in another Man's cum. Least of all kissing. Monica was in control. It felt great.  
  
As everyone disbanded Wesley decided to close up shop. Tailgates at least. He would need to run these bad boys through the car wash. Monica Gift after chatting with Toby and Carson saw them off. Turning her gaze toward Wesley. Her moment of thought ending quickly as they hear the voice of Owen Falcone walking toward them. Something orange cast over his shoulder.  
  
"Looks like you opened a Bed and Breakfast." The elder Falcone joked.  
  
Monica giggled and took the initiative to hug Wesley's arm.  
  
"How did my boy do?" Owen beamed with pride.  
  
"So forceful." Monica bit her lower lip and looked up at a smirking Wesley.  
  
"That's my boy." Dad winked, "Want another mission Kiddo?"  
  
Monica poises her brow, "Mission? Sure I've got another hour maybe. Buying me a car for my efforts?" She wiggles in step.  
  
"Might find something around here I can sacrifice. I'll get back to you."  
  
"Yay! Explaining it to my parents might be a problem though." She laughs.  
  
"You won a raffle. Easy enough. Just like Dave's mattress sting."  
  
"Good idea." She points at him impressed by his fast thinking, "So what are you wanting from me?"  
  
Owen huffs, "Every inch of you. One of these days." His eyes prowl her flesh with interest, "For now though, try this on."   
  
"An orange jumpsuit. Am I going to jail?" She giggles and holds the suit suspended before her to examine its size. She was tiny by comparison but the suit wasn't like massive. She would still drown in it a bit.  
  
"I want you to head over to my garage. Offer to help the Mechanics change oil and stuff." "Ohhhhhh! You're giving me a job?"  
  
"No. You're giving them a job." Owen snickers.  
  
"Why am I wearing this? I like my freedom."  
  
"Yes. But, there's gals waiting on their cars to be serviced. Need to be sly about this one." "No promises." She sticks her tongue out at him.  
  
"Course not." Owen shrugged. Chance he took.  
  
Monica dangles the jump suit and crawls into it. Zipping up to her cleavage. She was not going to hide her assets completely.  
  
Owen crouches down and rolls her leg cuffs up. Same for her wrists. Once ready he looks to his son.  
  
"Man the fort. I'm gonna introduce my newest employee."  
  
Arm in arm Wesley watched his Father lead Monica Gift toward a career in auto mechanics. He had to laugh. She was lost in that sea of orange.  
  
"Oh, I love that yellow car over there." She giggles.  
  
"Not getting a Corvette."  
  
Monica pouts then jabs Owen in the ribs, "Mean Boss. Mean."  
  
"God I adore your ass."  
  
He certainly did.

**Monica 40: Jumper Cables**

Owen Falcone quietly introduced Monica Gift to the front desk of his Car Dealership's Service Department. Coaching her on the basics of cashier and invoice printer. His son Wesley subjected to watch over her but not to interfere with her play time. The orange jump suit Owen asked her to wear was bigger than she was but she managed. Drowning but knowing she could shed it at some point.  
  
There were two women waiting in the lobby for their cars. Two men. Luckily no children present. Owen greeted another man as he entered. Encouraging Monica to step up and venture into the temporary work force. She felt ready. Ready to tease. Business like.   
  
"Hi. Need your rubbers--I mean your tires rotated?" She bats her eyes.  
  
The Man notes her barely unzipped cleavage instantly and smiles, "I'll consider that. No. Right now I just need an oil change and check my radiator hoses. I smell antifreeze leaking somewhere."  
  
"One lube job. Hose needs to radiate. Got it." Monica snickers finding her humor on target. So did Owen. So did the three male customers seated. The attending women less than amused. Both sitting and looking at each other with a bit of degradation. It didn't help that they were older and less than understanding of the younger generation.   
  
As she chatted with Owen a Mechanic entered the lobby and informed them that one of the Women's car was ready. That led to Monica cashing her out. She did that professionally. Noting the woman grimacing at her cleavage. Credit card ran the bill was paid. The woman on her way. That just left the second woman. At least she looked less aggravated by her. Ten minutes later she too was long gone. Wiping her brow at the other men waiting she chuckled, "I never knew hard work would be this hot."  
  
Unzipping her jumpsuit down to her belly button she shuffled out amongst them to look at the vending machines. A cold drink sounded great. Digging into her pockets that she knew were empty she pouts and turns around to face the lobby of dudes.  
  
"Anybody wanna buy me a drink?"  
  
Her cleavage enormous and crushed under her beguiling stance all of them jumped up digging into their pockets. Swarming her she giggles and takes the change from one man and accidently drops it down her cleavage. Vanishing amid her crotch. Looking down at it she fidgets, "Well that sure didn't buy me a drink."  
  
Another man goes to the soda machine and drops coin. Turning to her he grins, "Name your venom."  
  
"Cum. Oh! I mean Mountain Dew." She shakes her tits for him. The coins that fell down her crotch rolled down her leg and went rolling across the floor. Laughing she pushed the selection and the pop can dropped. Bending to pick it up she turns and rolls the coolness of the can along her neckline. That led to across her chest. Down her belly. Tucked into her crotch. Shivering she grins, "Still hot down there."  
  
Owen laughs at her goofiness, "Oil changes are free today Fellas. Just breaking in the new girl."  
  
"Don't you mean nude girl?" Monica dances about. Slithering her jumpsuit from her shoulders until it fell to her waist. Her whole upper body revealed to the lustful customers.  
  
The men chuckle and admire her beautiful tits. Full and perky. Nipples stabbing their eyes out. The men shy slightly until she jumps up and down bouncing her tits. In the process her jumpsuit slipped down further over her hips. Her ass crack revealed and her inner thighs barely visible. She caught her suit and giggled pulling it back up.  
  
"Hey! They are called Jumpsuits for a reason. Not my fault my mean ole Boss gave me one four sizes too big. Bad Boss. Bad." She playfully scolds Owen.  
  
Easily entertained the Men looked toward the Owner and his son. Wesley cringing at the potential of their business getting fined or worse closed down and sued. Still, none of the three Men took advantage of calling any cops. Each grinning from ear to ear and enjoying her struggle to slowly get dressed. It was obvious that she was faking her desire to get clothed.  
  
"Little help here?" She reacts like a child caught in the cookie jar.  
  
Not a single Male opted to assist. Two of the three actually shook their heads no at her. Pouting she groans in a huff and lets the suit drop all over again, "I give up. This thing weighs a ton."  
  
Owen chuckle, "Five pounds at best. You just want out of that thing."  
  
"Fire me then." She sticks her tongue out at him.  
  
"Heck no. I'm thinking you deserve a raise."  
  
"Really?" Her eyes brighten up and she begins clapping at her first jobs benefits. She then pauses to look around at the three Men, "I see three raises." Pointing then at Owen and Wesley, "You two holding out on me?"  
  
Rolling his eyes Owen couldn't contain his laughter, "Just offer them lap dances already."  
  
"Yay!" Monica rushes the closest guy and forces him into his chair. The other two chuckled and watched his luck change. Once seated Monica turns around and sits in his lap wiggling her butt over his erection for a comfy spot. Her eyes sparkling at her audience. Laying back against him she pecks the man on the cheek, "I hope your girlfriend doesn't smell my perfume."  
  
"I couldn't care less right now." He smirks as his hands come around her and touch her waist. Monica in turn giggles, ""Hey! Who said you could touch?" He hesitates releasing her. She shrugs and retrieves his hovering hands and brings them up to close over her boobs. Squeezing his fingers she grins sheepishly, "My waist. I never said you could touch my tummy. Now my tits you can touch."  
  
Everyone burst out laughing. The two guys standing took seats of their own and watched her. Wesley and Owen observing the parking lot for any other customers coming in that might prove a problem. None thus far. Regardless Owen pats his Son on the back, "Better step outside and ward off anyone. Try selling a car for once."  
  
"Haha! My quota's already more than your sales. I get it though. Interference. Enjoy the stripper you old Pervert." Wesley stepped around the counter and walked toward the front door. In doing so Monica smiles up at him, "See he gave me a raise too." Wesley hurried to avoid his erection being ogled by the guys. With a jingle of an entry bell his exit was swift.  
  
"Damn! You are sexy as fuck." The Man whom she sat on kneading her tits, pinching her nipples taunt. Tighter than they already were.  
  
"Thank you. I try. Just so you all know I'm barely eighteen but I AM of age. Enjoy my youth."  
  
They certainly did. She began grinding on the Man's lap and expelling a faint moan. His lips took a risk of kissing her shoulder. Her long brown hair tickling his nose and cheek. All eyes however were on her fanning wide legs. Her stunning shaved snatch offering them a breathing vagina. The hole prying open as if a fish were catching their last breath. After a few more grinds Monica pats him on the cheek and steps off of him. Spinning on her heel she chooses her next victim. The older of the three. Stalking him face forward she straddles his legs and crushes her tits into his polo shirt. Her arms wrapping around his neck. Getting cozy she nibbles her bottom lip at him with glistening eyes.  
  
"Mind if I jump your battery?" She whispers. His head nodding favorably.  
  
"Positive cable is right there in my lap."  
  
"Good. Commencing jump. Can you feel the current?" She hops up and down on his concealed erection.  
  
"It's been dead a good long while. Might need to keep jumping it."  
  
That she did. With each hop she moaned for all to hear. His face beet red he chose to roll his hands up and down her back. It was obvious the Man was brewing up to cum in his slacks. She knew it too. That was her intention to make it happen. She focused on his eyes. Her expression looking as if she too might cum. Gentle huffs of warm chewing gum breath passed toward him. Each time a moan followed. A faint squeal. He could feel her nipples trailing along his shirt. He couldn't take it any longer. With a snarl he shoots a load inside his underwear. Addressing his snarl she hugs him really tight and whispers into his ear.  
  
"Don't tell my Parents. They go to your Country Club."  
  
"I know Sweetheart. I remember you from a Picnic a few years back. You've certainly grown up. Secret is safe with me."  
  
"Thank you for having sex with me." She giggles and kisses him on the cheek. Peeling away she wiggles off. Stopping to investigate the sudden silence. Owen and the other Men checked her out but were blown away by the Man Cumming in his seat. Totally unexpected. Fanning her arms to her side she glares at each of them.  
  
Before she could say "What?" The third Man reaches out and grabs her wrist dragging her toward him. She stops to stand between his legs. His eyes looking up at her with expectation. Pouting playfully she knelt between his legs and rubbed the Man's hairy legs. He wore blue jean shorts. Eying his crotch with interest she performs a curious dance with her shoulders and ass. Kneeling there all eyes checked out the curves of her heart shaped bottom.  
  
Leaning into him with her body she rubs her breasts over his crotch. Her fingers slipping up beneath the jean shorts as far as they could prowl under the constriction of fabric. Deciding to vacate her hands she squeezes her tits as if titty fucking the Man. This made him settle back in his chair and fold his arms behind his head. Let the girl do her thing he thought. Her expression priceless. Almost as if she were begging him to release his dick from its prison. A bit much in this environment he frowned. Then her chin lowered to rub along his erections formation. That made him whistle silently. A chance glare toward Owen found a blessing. Owen merely puckered his lower lip and shrugged. As long as nobody created trouble Own Falcone was game.  
  
"You mind?" The Man needed verbal confirmation.  
  
"Give her an oil change Fella."  
  
With a swift glance between the other Men the guy arched his back and unzipped his shorts. Unfastening the clasp he folded his shorts wide over his briefs. Her eyes lower toward it but again all she does it rub her chin over it. Pouting to encourage him to go for broke.   
  
"Fuck it!" He ushers chuckling. Reaching in he digs through his briefs and pulls out a sturdy 6 inch wobbler. Her eyes crossing upon its exposure a mere two inches from her face. Studying it like a child inspecting anything new she sighs. He felt her exhaust drift over his cock. Still she merely admired it. Offering a tender whimper as if wanting him to suggest more. His thoughts all over to looking out the windows just in case he reaches to grip his dick with his right hand and wags it in front of her face. Tapping her nose she wrinkles her nostrils.  
  
"Just go for it already." Owen shook his head.  
  
A mere kiss to the Man's mushroom led to her raising up again and molding her breasts around it for an official titty fuck. She lowered her chin to watch his crown peek in and out of her cleavage. Smiling she laps her tongue at the crown each time his hips rose up to introduce it.   
  
"Daaaaaaamn!" He huffs, "You should suck that cock."  
  
Shaking her head negatively she feigned a blush. He looked disappointed. That led him to reach within her bosom to grip his cock and begin stroking it. She eased back a bit but remained very close. Offering her desire to let him cum on her face. Eyes glossy like a doe in heat.  
  
Behind her the first Man couldn't take it he stood up and paced the room nervously. Eying her ass and the Man jerking off. Owen behind the counter leaned his elbows on the glass.  
  
"Might as well change her wiper fluid while you're at it."  
  
The stammering Man grit his teeth and moved behind Monica. Unzipping his fly and pulling out his own burden. Stroking it over her back Monica sensed his hovering and looks back smiling. With a shiver she lays in wait of both Men. Owen was impressed by their bravado. Guys would be guys.  
  
As they jerked vigorously the side door to the Lobby opened from the shop. In stepped a bald man to tell his client that his car was ready. Owen in his leaning stance nodded toward the Lobby floor. The bald Mechanic instantly recognized Monica from Dave Calahan's bedroom store.   
  
"New employee." Owen whispers. Monica had noted his arrival and fluttered her fingers at him. She too remembered the Mechanic.  
  
"Want me to show her the ropes?" Russ chuckled faintly.  
  
"In a few. Let her have her fun."  
  
Both jerking Men fired off loads almost simultaneously. The seated Man coating her closing in face. The other Man behind her unloading all over her back. Kneeling swiftly he manages a few droplets on her ass. Monica throws her hands in the air out of victory. "Three for three."  
  
The group laughs as one each panting wildly. Monica swiftly drops forward and licks cum from the dick in front of her. Kissing the crown. In a quick rotation she catches the standing Man once he got to his feet before he puts his dick away. Mouth wide she sucks on his beast three times to capture his leftovers. Once finished she looks over at the Elder Gent from the Country club. His eyes bulge as she prowls toward him on her hands and knees. He freezes to watch her bury her face in the wet spot on his slacks. Teeth tugging at the zipper.  
  
"Sweet Lord in Heaven." He rapidly unzips and drags his still swollen cock out. She swallows him whole just to make him feel certain he wasn't left out.  
  
Owen perks up, "Incoming. Get your jumpsuit on. Old lady Harris. Church gal. She won't like this at all." Watching Wesley try stalling her was uneventful. She was in a hurry. Monica growls and kisses the Man's crown before hopping up and grabbing her jumpsuit. Instead of putting it on she races around the wooden counter and kneels before Owen. Hiding as her hand crept up the leg of Ross beside her. Feeling her hands rubbing both of their cocks Owen greeted the woman Fiona Harris. All while graciously talking to her Monica was mischievous. Nibbling her teeth along Owen's crotch. Stroking Ross as if it were really out and in her hand.  
  
The three Men trying to act normal after hiding their beasts was comical. Each smirking and breathing heavy. Fiona sensed their strange behavior and looked about before finishing her sentence toward Owen about her car's needs.  
  
"We'll get you in as soon as we can FIOOONA." Owen expels jumping as Monica bites his contour really hard. The smirks abound trying hard not to burst into laughter.  
  
Ross points at the Elder Gent, "Your SUV is ready Warren."  
  
"Great." The Man gets up trying to hide his still bruising erection with a magazine. Shuffling toward the counter as Fiona takes a seat. Filling out his paperwork and faking a credit card purchase Warren Bryce winks at Owen for the gift of Monica Gift. Owen winks back. Warren then followed Ross back out into the shop. His SUV had been pulled out toward the front of the Service Center.  
  
Cellphones were used to get their minds out of the gutter. That is until Monica decided to jump back up into view. Wearing her orange jumpsuit zipped to the neck. She looked like a Mandarin Orange.  
  
"Found my pen...isn't it the best pen ever?" She holds up a black marker she found on the floor. Stroking it like a cock with her fingers. Owen had to contain his laughter with a loud cough.  
  
"Get out there and help Ross and the guys. We got a job to do here."  
  
"On it Boss." She swivels then looks back with a wink, "I will be that is."  
  
Fiona merely scowls at the employee's behavior.  
  
Barging into the shop Monica looks for Ross and shuffles past three other employees. All guys in their Twenties. Each shocked by the new employee. One of them recognized her instantly.  
  
"You live next to Kyle Quinones. Monica right?"  
  
"Yep. You used to peep through my bedroom window with Kyle. Hi."  
  
He raises his eyebrows as his partners snicker, "Guess we didn't hide it very well."  
  
"Heck no. I knew you were watching me. Why do you think I moaned even louder. And left my window open wide. And the lights on." She giggles facing them with a quick unzipping of her front to offer cleavage. They noticed cum on her face still. All had to whistle at her even as she fluttered her fingers and walked away.  
  
"Let's get those windows washed and tires aired up Fellas." Ross points at the trio. They instantly took off in different directions. Monica sachets toward Ross as he shakes his head, "You're going to break your neck in that outfit."  
  
"I know." She fidgets then unzips it again and sheds her skin, "Bye outfit."  
  
Eyes bulging he reaches over and pulls her more out of view of the Lobby window, "How about I take you down into the Pit?"  
  
"You change the oil. I'll change yours." She blows him a kiss.  
  
All eyes on her as she walks by nude the Trio are blown away. She slaps her ass at each of them and flicks her tongue like a serpent. Ross led her to a stairwell down under the cars and introduced her to an older Mechanic, "This is Jose. He changes the oil. While I fuck you."  
  
Ross brusquely grips her arm and tosses her against the supply cabinet containing filters. Bending her over he slaps her ass hard. The guys above heard her yelp. Jose kept working while Ross dropped his drawers and propped her for a well placed penetration. Monica groaned at his girth invading her wetness. His thrusts increasing as he grips her hair. Moans escalate. Almost deafeningly. So loud that the Trio above turned up the stereo.  
  
"FUCK!" She gasps as Ross destroys her pussy. All while Jose whistled and changed the car's filter. Above them the friend of Kyle Quinones, Jeff Rictor filled the oil now that it was ready. His partner Wagner checking the Transmission fluid now that the car was started. Each grinning at her sudden bouts of whiney sensations.  
  
Jeff took out his cellphone and texted Kyle. He had to let him know what Monica was up to. Kyle at home for the week could only shake his head and show his Dad Brock. Ryan out with girlfriend April. Brock Quinones scowled, "Let her have her fun." Kyle nodded. He still hadn't tapped Monica. His reservations still nagging him. Someday maybe.  
  
Down in the oil pit Monica loved the roughness of Ross Gunther. His biker days making him a bit menacing. Her teasing him earlier brought back memories of Calahan's bedroom store. That stunt left him hanging a bit. Not today. Today this little cunt was going to cum all over his dick. Vengeance was due.  
  
That she did. Howling like a dog Monica had a brilliant orgasm. Even the Lobby heard the howl. Owen had to convince Fiona that his crew were being stupid was all. She wondered if they were professional enough to do the job. Yes and no.  
  
Ross a ball of sweat pounded her for eight minutes straight until Jose had to convince him that the car was ready. Ross grunts unfinished, "Pull the car out. Pull another one over us."  
  
Wagner started the engine above them as Monica had her hands pulled lower by Jose to avoid the car movement. Ross holding the top of her head to keep her from rearing up. Hearing a motorized garage door rise on both sides let in a gush of cool air. Daylight above as Wagner pulls the car out Monica cums again against Ross and his assault. Jeff and Tuck motioned a new driver in. Guiding the vehicle over the pit crew. It was definitely possible that Monica's flesh was seen. Certainly heard as the engine shuts off and two sets of feet exit the car. A male driver and a female passenger. Hearing voices Monica peps up breathing heavily.  
  
"Lisa?"  
  
Above them were Lisa and her Husband Michael. Voices instantly recognized the Trio above panic slightly.  
  
Michael looks over the car at Lisa. Eyes bulging. Scratching his head Michael hears Monica moaning and opts to bend over to witness the situation.  
  
"Yep. That's Monica." Michael huffs. Ross in his strict features made Michael lift a palm, "You two have fun."  
  
Lisa on her side of the car smirks, "This Kid. I swear." Michael motions her inside the Lobby.

Jose wiping his hands shakes his head. Another oil change next too them left Ross and Monica alone. All they could hear was grunting and squealing. Monica cumming yet again before Ross ends his reign. A scream fills the air.  
  
Inside the Lobby Lisa smiles and pats her Husband's leg, "We still doing that sleepover?" "Wouldn't miss it for the world."  
  
Fiona eavesdropping intervenes, "Ohh! Are your children having a sleepover? They must be absolutely giddy with excitement."  
  
Lisa sighs, "Something like that. You should hear her. It's all she can do to contain herself."  
  
Monica still screaming reaches a pinnacle of yelling, "LUBE! LUBE!"  
  
Obviously she was being fucked raw.  
  
Wagner warns Owen of the Two Men earlier. Their cars ready to go. Each walked through as Ross rages even more. What was expected to be the finale led to Ross going in for more. Monica's yelps attracting attention. The Men leaning low to wave goodbye as Monica stared up at them with a painful expression.  
  
"Come again." She winces playfully. Straining at the grip Ross had on her scalp. Ross merely nodded and let them know he needed privacy. The Men left the building. Inside the Lobby Fiona kept hearing strange things. It took Lisa to obtain her cell and look up YouTube videos to play in order to distract Fiona. Owen smiled thankful. He recalled Lisa and Michael from the Car Show. Lisa batting her eyes at the Owner. Ross decided to take things further. Stepping out of his own jumpsuit he drops his underwear and marches them both nude up the stairwell. Out in the open he bends Monica over Fiona's car. Jeff inside the car watching Monica's tits bouncing about. Through the windshield he recalled catching the girls masturbations from Kyle's house. So cool.  
  
Cumming again as Wagner and Tuck stood blocking the Lobby with their bodies, Ross slapped her ass. His hand around her throat choking her. Monica loved it. Including her Trio of voyeurs.  
  
Nutting inside Monica a second time Ross drags her toward the car's passenger door. Opening it he forcefully throws her into the front seat with Jeff.  
  
"Suck his dick then lets get that Old Bat out of our hair."  
  
Jeff eager slips his cock out for Monica to feast upon greedily. Smiling up at him with her eyes. He had to nestle back and grin at Wagner and Tuck. They were missing out. Ross headed back down into the pit to get dressed.  
  
"Christ. Kyle will never believe this." Jeff shudders.  
  
"Sure he will." Monica stops long enough to say before ravaging his cock. Her hand introduced to add a speedy detonation. Jeff finished in three minutes flat. Crawling out of the seat Monica found Ross behind her with her jumpsuit.  
  
"Put it on."  
  
Grimacing at it she did as she was told. Car finished with an acknowledgment of Jose below Jeff started the car and pulled it out. His dick dangling until the car was put in park outside. He then zipped up.  
  
Ross and Monica headed into the Lobby. Ross motions Fiona forward, "Car's all ready Ms. Harris. Have a good day."  
  
Owen rings her up while Monica smiles at a nervous Fiona. In a giddy moment Monica trudges in her oversized uniform and leaps into Lisa's lap hugging her with a squeal. Michael shrugging at Fiona, "Kids."  
  
Pale Fiona follows Ross to her car outside. Jeff waves at her and holds the car door open for her out of respect. Crawling in behind the wheel Fiona smiles at the boy thanking him. The last thing Jeff saw as he shut the door was Fiona touching her steering column and getting her fingers wet. Something white and sticky. Jeff waltzed away quickly. Teeth gnashed.  
  
Lobby empty of customers save for Michael and Lisa, Owen couldn't contain his laughter a moment longer. Ross even had to join in.  
  
"Hire this bitch." Ross points at Monica with a sneer.  
  
"Nope! On to the next job. My pussy hurts." Monica pouts.  
  
"Sorry." Ross frowns, "Our kind of lube would have been worse."  
  
Lisa hugging Monica shakes her head, "You need to slow down."  
  
"I can't. I'm addicted to the exhibition. The risk is orgasmic."  
  
Michael puckers, "She means the sex part. Show off all you want but sooner or later things could go bad. Baby or worse."  
  
Ross interjects, "I'm clean."  
  
Before more scolding could occur Owen's son Wesley enters with Monica's clothing. Noting the girls snuggling he holds the clothing behind his back.  
  
"Relax. They know each other." Owen nods at his boy. In turn Wes reveals her V neck shirt and mini skirt.  
  
"I don't want them back. Keep them." Monica refuses to take interest.  
  
"I'll need that jumpsuit back." Owen prompts.  
  
"Fine." She crawls from Lisa and unzips. Slipping it off of her Monica danced in step, "Send me my last pay check."  
  
Michael looks at his wife, "Wanna part time job? Jumpsuit's available."  
  
The blond pelts him with her fist, "Noooo!"  
  
Monica accepted a ride home from the couple. They let her off at Ryan's house. She kept a change of clothing there just in case. Marching right past Brock and Kyle watching TV she dances in front of the screen and heads upstairs to change.  
  
"Go tag her before I do." Brock chuckles.  
  
"Naaa!"  
  
Kyle would wait. He did text Jeff that she was here.  
  
He knew the time would come.  
  
Just not today.

**Monica 41: Water Tight**

As promised Monica Gift made her way down to the Dolphins Den Carwash. Her paramour of the day Wade Hawkins whose Dad owned the establishment worried that she might not show up. Ever since the day he met and won a full sized bed from Dave Calahan's Mattress store he had been given the chance to tap young Monica on her terms. Namely, set the bed up in a Carwash stall for all to see. Unfortunately, Monica's proven record of attendance was not so punctual. Unknown to Wade and his friends Monica had been pre-empted from showing back up as planned. The local Police Force to blame. Of course she had not taken the time to let anyone know this. She felt badly but did indeed plan on honoring the deal she made. Her itinerary just kept mounting up.  
  
Reaching the final block away from the Carwash on foot all Monica chose to wear was a below the hips white cotton T-shirt and sandals. Honks were heard along the way. Guys known and guys unknown. Some followed her every step knowing that something would eventually happen. Boys from school. Guys that she had met otherwise in the past two months.  
  
Wade sat in a tiny office cubicle. Nothing special. It was just a Carwash after all. Mainly a base of operations and storage. Still as Manager he chose to make it his own. His Dad letting him think it was his own little man cave. Door propped open for ventilation Wade sat looking at his cell clock. He had specifically closed off one of the seven stalls just for his special day. Choosing to fantasize that it would indeed happen. Going so far as to set up his lottery earned bed in the stall the night before and shutting down the garage doors entering and exiting the stall. This particular stall did not have the automatic brushes and waxing hoses. Merely hand held spickets and a coin changer for selections.  
  
At 4:30 in the afternoon on a Thursday it was still 98 degrees in the shade. Sunny without a cloud in the sky. She was already late. He was about to give up when he stepped from his closet of an office and lit up a cigarette. Nasty habit but he was nervous. Then he heard the honking. Following the car horns he catches a vision of beauty.  
  
"Holy Crap! She showed up." Wade darted about looking inside each stall for occupation. Of the six stalls available three were in use. Two automated. One handheld. All guys. Which made him feel better. No kids either. That was a huge worry. He didn't want his Dad to catch wind of his stupidity letting this even happen. All he knew was Monica was smoking hot and he wanted this chance to gain bragging rights.  
  
Turning back toward the oncoming brunette he waves at her and walks in her direction. Meeting her by some coin operated vacuum cleaners. Two more cars were using those. Guys again. Three within two vehicles. All spotting her at once.  
  
"You made it. I was beginning to wonder."  
  
She didn't say a word. Instead she marched straight up to him and grabbed him by the shirt. Yanking the lanky man with long pinned back hair into a sweltering kiss. He drops his cigarette instantly. His hands gripping her by the hips. As the kiss blew his mind it led to Frenching. The guys vacuuming pointing at her white Tee rising in back as Wade's hands rubbed along her sides. Bare butt beneath the three men whistled and stopped everything. This was too interesting to ignore. Quarters wasted in the ogling.  
  
After three minutes of destroying Wade's mind she licked his chin and said, "I apologize for being late. Same for last weekend when I meant to come back by Darth Vapors. Things kind of got crazy in a good way. So going to make it up to all of you at some point. Today is your day Wade."  
  
"Wow! Yeah? It's cool. Hot as you are I can only imagine you're in demand."  
  
"Too in demand. But, I try my best to keep promises."  
  
"Bed's set up. Closed the stall to avoid questions just in case you didn't show."  
  
"Door's wide open Mister. Let the world see how lucky you are."  
  
"The guys behind you are watching us."  
  
"Then kiss me harder and make them wish they were you."  
  
He swallows dryly and grabs her shirt this time. Pulling her back into him for another steamy lip lock. This time he let his hands roam lower. Up under her Tee. Her bare butt totally in view this time. His hands squeezing her ass and prying her cheeks apart. The guys watching easily spotted her anal cavity. Whistling more and in their own Hispanic way danced about using slang terms that let Wade know they approved. That made him feel as if they thought he was in control. That this might be his girlfriend.  
  
Giggling, their lips part long enough to press their foreheads together. He pauses knowing full well his audience was circling them like vultures for a better view. Cars driving by on the street weren't even given a second thought. Wade was living in the moment.  
  
"This is crazy. So crazy." He trembles.  
  
"They're taking cell pictures of my ass aren't they?" Monica snickers caressing Wade's cheek lovingly. He melted without even looking toward the vacuum cleaning crew.   
  
"I think so. Should I tell them to stop?"  
  
"Nooooooo!" She giggles and licks his nose, "You should give them something steamier to take pictures of."  
  
"Like what?"  
  
"Eat my pussy."  
  
"What?" He freezes with eyes flaring.  
  
She kisses him again then nudges his shoulders to kneel in front of her. In a bold move Wade drops low and buries his face between her legs. At first she tugs her Tee over his head laughing then looks toward the trio of men. Dropping her jaw she yelps.  
  
"Hi." She flutters her fingers playfully, " Don't mind us. I just brought him lunch." She huffs with a straining face. As his scalp emerges from her shirts hem they could witness his tongue lapping at her clit. She could hardly stand as her eyes beguiled the trio. Her lip curling beneath her upper teeth she whimpers. Hair strands drooping over one eye obstructing her view.  
  
Wade's hands were quite large and lengthy fingers fanned out over her butt cheeks. Prying her ass wide open as he held his kneeling stance. The trio separated and carefully made their way around them from all directions. Cellphone cameras capturing this exceptional act of public display.  
  
As she notes their filming she produces an array of facial expressions that showed them just how talented Wade was. Her act a bit more dramatic than it really was but she wanted to up Wade's ego. Her hands dig beneath her shirt. Palms gliding up her belly dragging the cotton Tee higher with each yelp. Up until her hands grip her burgeoning breasts. They could readily see the lower definition of her mounds even as her knuckles hid her nipples. It was still the best show in town.  
  
Cars in the stalls were taking notice. Their owners slowing their washing. Trying not to appear as obvious as the trio of men outdoors. Impossible not to enjoy the activity however. Some of them knew Wade's Dad. Not one of them would warn him of his boy enjoying this beauty in broad daylight. He was a man after all. Why ruin his fun. Why ruin her fun. Why ruin their fun.  
  
Digging his tongue up deep inside her he nearly fell sideways. The angle was tedious but he meant to succeed. That he did. Monica drops her right hand into his scalp holding him firm as her whimpers escalated.  
  
"DAMMIT BOY. DON'T YOU STOP." Her voice trembling with tender yelps of pleasure. Her head tilting back to look up at the blue sky. Loud exhales accompany her heaving chest. One breast now exposed. Nipple as taunt as it could ever achieve. Pining over his talent Monica caught sight of traffic. Street lights hindering patrons by choice. Honks proceeded to enforce their objections to waiting too long. Her feet were struggling to remain upright. Legs shaking like a leaf she and Wade teeter to remain standing.   
  
Tormented by her white Tee dropping as she maintained balance she swiftly tugs the shirt up over her head yet keeping it on. She pulls her long brown hair free to dangle behind her. Her breasts now free of their prison. Crushing together as both of her hands return to Wade's scalp. The traffic seemed to all be interested in a car wash. Five separate cars turn in from the street and circle the building to await in line. Abandoning their cars to slyly move into a better position to peep. Not that Monica or Wade noticed. They were far too preoccupied.  
  
For all their failure to see their growing audience they certainly heard the honks and the verbal applause. Save for a few crude Elders driving by. Mothers who had young children luckily had a welcomed green light waiting on them. Between that and the children watching their notepad videos. Who looks out at the world these days? Certainly not the youth.  
  
Encouraged to go further Wade let his ego rise up. Gripping her tightly he lifts her off of her feet and struggles a bit to stand erect. Her legs moving over his shoulders she squeals and laughs at the same time. Wade wanted to put on one hell of a show. His mouth still sampling her pussy she throws her arms to her sides. This unexpected move on Wade's part was exhilarating. That called for a deafening round of "WEEEEEEEEEEEE!"   
  
Laughter all around led to Monica reacting to her onlookers. With playful waves toward each and every one of them. Finally, Wade had to come up for air. Chuckling at his own actions led Monica to arch forward and claim his cheeks. She had to kiss her lover. Tasting herself on his lips she grew feisty.   
  
"Take me to bed."  
  
Wade smirked and guided her from his shoulder until he could cradle Monica in his arms. She clung to him like a true lover might. Melting into him as if never wanting to be let go. In his stride Wade grinned down at her.  
  
"God you're so hot."  
  
"I know. Hey! Invite them to watch us." She sticks her tongue out at him.  
  
Turning with her in his arms he looks around him, "Somebody wanna hit the button on that closed stall?" Prompted, the older man next to the sealed door reacted quickly. Locating the motorized door and sending it skyward on its track. Looking inside the man spots the full sized bed set up. A small TV tray next to it containing a large bottle of baby oil and a thick dildo.   
  
"It's our Anniversary." Monica yells out giggling, "Come help us celebrate."  
  
Wade shook his head and entered the stall. Reaching the bed he gently lays her down on the mattress. Monica taking but a moment to remove her white Tee entirely. Tossing it away before spreading out and looking sexy for her gathering viewership.  
  
"Come on in the water's fine. At least I think it is." She chuckles squirming about. Wade standing next to the bed as her hand reaches out to rub her palm along his hidden erection. The men watching his blush gave him a boost of confidence through vocal praise of her beauty and his luck in having her as a girlfriend. He ate it up.  
  
"Baby? You promised to let me do whatever I wanted today. Can I let them oil me up?"  
  
"Which ones?" Wade stutters feeling a bit cheated.  
  
She nibbles her fingernail looking around at the now nine men observing. Wiggling she leaps to her knees to face Wade. Her hands pleading as if in prayer, "All of them?"  
  
Shaking his head he bends over and kisses her hard. She pulls him down on top of her and traps him with entwined legs. His mouth locating her neckline and passionately taking her throat by force. Monica ate it up. Only a single hand raised to poise a finger for each to wait their turn. Silence amongst the group they took turns winking and nodding at each other to maintain order. All wanted the opportunity to oil this beauty up. Her age never once coming into question. She was certainly old enough but they didn't know that. She looked sixteen. They knew differently.   
  
After waiting patiently for ten minutes Wade draws away from Monica and towers over her. Without expression Hippy reached over and grabbed the oil bottle. Smug he nods repeatedly, "Lay back and enjoy." He then proceeded to douse her flesh from head to toe with the oil. She huffed at the gentle chill it caused upon impact.   
  
"I adore you." She calls up to Wade.  
  
"Somehow I think they adore you too. All hands on deck Fellas. Dig in."  
  
With only a brief hesitance guys took over. Sitting around her and allowing their hands to spread out over her flesh. Light squeezes. Pinched nipples. The massage went so far as feet. She whimpers and brightens her eyes. Yet, nobody dared to go near her pussy or anal cavity. Monica eyes Wade with a subtle hint to encourage them. He smirks and leans in to stick his fingers inside her pussy. The entrance made Monica arch her back.  
  
"Oh my God!" She pants. Hands still interested in the oil. Wade using his free hand to trickle more oil on her.  
  
"Pussy is drenched. This is a car wash Guys. Scrub this body and wax it proper."  
  
Chuckles take their cue. Wade removes his fingers and coaxes another guy to replace them with his own. Once invested the man finger fucks her until she screams and squirts all over his knuckles. Her eyes alluring she begs Wade to keep things going.  
  
"More! More!" She pleads with a childlike voice. Oil applied time after time to keep things interesting. She rolls over and lets the men explore her backside. Her ass slapped multiple times. Fingers discover her ass hole and probe it as another set of fingers explore her pussy for another round.  
  
She could see men rubbing their crotches. Oil stains would need an explanation once they went home. She cooed at the sight. Eye lids fluttering up at Wade. She was in Heaven. He was in Hell. Wade Hawkins wanted time alone with her. Not all of these other guys getting what he was promised. She knew his internal struggle and rolls back over. Sitting up against six sets of hands she leans toward Wade with open arms.  
  
"Make love to me." She seductively calls up to Wade, "Let them watch us. Pleeeease?"  
  
Swallowing hoarsely Wade watches the guys reposition and express their willingness to let her man have her. He had never been nude in front of guys before. Not even in his school days. Shaking his head Wade lost his nerve. That led Monica to crawl to the edge of the bed and grab him by his belt. Drawing him closer she unfastens his pants and reaches her fingers in to discover his erection. Without revealing his cock she stroked it beneath his underwear. Feeling faint Wade found the men cooperative and understanding. All of them left her sides and stood up to leave.  
  
"Noooooooo! Don't let them go. I want them to watch how I please you. You promised me. ANYTHING I WANTED." Her eyes pouting she finally draws his cock into view and rolls it between both palms lovingly. That led to a soft kiss to his crown.   
  
He found it difficult to say no. He wanted to fuck Monica Gift just that bad. He might never have this chance again. With a mental exhaustion he growls, "Fuck it."  
  
Of his own volition Wade Hawkins removes his clothing and shivers before crawling in bed with her. She immediately lays back and draws him over her. Legs once again wrap his waist. His seven inch pecker slipping easily into a well oiled hole. Instant heat surrounds his cock. Scalding hot with each thrust. She kissed him passionately and added oil from her body to his. Wade grew bolder and ravaged her with lust. Lips leaving marks on her throat. Hands reaching under him to squeeze her breasts. His heart beating faster with each penetration. Each departure. Her soft moans exhaling directly into his ear as he tormented her neckline.  
  
"Oh Wade. Best Anniversary ever. Can we do this on my Birthday too?" She whispers with a very faint giggle.  
  
"How about Christmas too? I'm going to cum." He utters.  
  
"Cum on my tits in front of them. Shower me with affection."  
  
Growling he slips amid the oil trying to pull out. Achieving his goal just in time he straddles her waist as she pushes her breasts together to claim his Winter advisory. Snow fell and covered ground. Her tits milky white. The mission ending he heard vocal applause. Smiling down at Monica he chuckles, "Let me guess...More! More!"  
  
She wrinkles her nose at him giggling. Her eyes moving around the stall, "He knows me so well."  
  
Wade smirks and rolls off of her, "Hot wax! Free admission."  
  
Guys looked stunned by his offer. None at first willing to drop their pants. That left Monica to reel them in. In her best childlike voice she begs hard, "Cum on me. Please. Anywhere you want."  
  
"Go for it guys. I did promise her Anything."  
  
"Baby? Can they stick it inside me just once before they cum on me?" Guys immediately look with more interest. Wade suddenly felt obligated to increase their interest.   
  
"Just once? I say that's not enough. How about five thrusts each?"  
  
"Really?" She claps rapidly appearing giddy, "Ten? For me?"  
  
"Fuck it. Ten times. I love you."  
  
Monica plays along, "I LOVE YOU!" Then swiftly lays back spreading her legs, "Who's first?"  
  
Two guys can't resist and jump at the opportunity. She embraces them showing each of them her appreciation by goading them with loud squeals and complimentary, "OH MY GOD! THAT FEELS SO GOOD." Cum gracing her belly and more on her tits. The cum alone dissuaded most of the men. Not wanting to touch another mans jizz. This prompted her to roll over and prop her ass in the air. Two other men jump at doggy style . She rolls back over to partake in their cum on her face both times. Monica was having a ball and emptying them too.   
  
Before any others could risk their load a siren wales briefly. From the back of the stall a Police Cruiser drove up headlights facing the men. Two Officers getting out and looking smug. Busted nobody dared run away. Monica in turn rolls back on to her belly and looks up at the entering Cops.   
  
"Hi Birdy. Hi Gates." She smiles with cum droplets on her face.  
  
Wade nearly panicked until Gates puts a hand up to calm him. Byrd grinning from ear to ear.   
  
"Gotta call about a gangbang at the Dolphins Den. Love that name." Byrd chuckles, "Relax. Nobody is going to jail. We love this little girl."  
  
With a cheesy grin Monica rolls around in bed playfully, "YESSS! I love this town."  
  
"It loves you too Hotshot." Gates grimaces dryly, "Better close shop though. Before wind gets to the Courthouse."  
  
Monica pouts and pivots on the mattress to face the Officers. Rubbing her clit in front of them found the Men in uniform having trouble keeping their eyes up.  
  
"That's enough Kid. Much as we love to see that pussy breath we don't wanna get Wade's dad all up on his boy." Byrd instructs, "Need a ride home?"  
  
"Only if my boyfriend says it's okay."  
  
Wade poises an eye brow, "Sure. Better go before somebody calls my Dad. Anybody want a free bed?"  
  
The Hispanic men from the vacuum cleaners take the bed and the TV tray. Only the baby oil remained. Gates claimed that with a sneer. He hands Byrd the unused dildo.  
  
"Why do I get stuck with the rubber dick? Fuck you White Boy." Byrd laughs at Gates. As both Officers head back to their car the audience fades away. Monica sachets up to Wade and hugs his waist. Looking up at him she smiles with dried cum on her chin.  
  
"Anytime you want another Anniversary just text me. 555-6969. Seriously. Bye Lover."  
  
He watches her scurry away into the back of the Cruiser. Without her Tee. He finds it after the car pulls away. He suddenly realized he was still nude. Eyes upon him as a pair of girls drive up to wash their car. The Tee covers his privates as he winces at being caught. The girls still washed their car. Flirting with their eyes. Wade got their numbers too.  
  
On the way home Officer Gates leers back at Monica, "Almost home Mischief."  
  
"Still time to oil me wearing handcuffs. You can bend me over the trunk." Monica prods with a sly grin.  
  
"Another time." Byrd responds, "Be careful out there. Too much can get out of hand."  
  
"Promises. Promises. My Mom is home. Let me out here. Love you Guys." She escapes the car and sprints through Ryan's yard while his Dad was mowing. Racing up to him on his riding lawnmower she crawls into his lap. Brock Quinones nearly ran over his shrubs. From the backyard older boy Kyle merely shook his head and changed the plugs on his crotch rocket.

Gates and Byrd chuckling at her bold behavior. Kyle Quinones took a connected hose and sprayed she and his Dad to break it up. She yelps and jumps away trying to stop Kyle by tickling him. He drowns her before their playtime is done.  
  
Within the Gift household Charlotte Gift heard a girl screaming next door and decides to stop her knitting to get up and look out the window. Scowling at Kyle and his Father as they wrestled. Brock had saved poor Monica. The girl crawling through her bedroom window just in time. Charlotte huffs, "Good Lord. Kyle sounds like a girl."  
  
Outside Byrd and Gates shook their heads and drove away. Gates turning to his partner for the day, "Oils well that ends well?"  
  
"Your Momma always told me to never stop by without a rubber." Byrd wags the dildo.  
  
"Yeah? Your Momma always told me never stop by without an oil can. Says she's rusty since you were born."  
  
Chuckles faded into the sunset.  
  
Monica Gift got a sudden text from Wade. Thanking her for their Anniversary. She typed back.  
  
"Same time next year?"  
  
Banter finished off their night.  
  
Monica remained wet.