**Monica**

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

**Monica 42: Eye Max**

"I can't believe everyone has a date but Monica." Thea King pouted as she and her girlfriends Cheyenne, Amber, Rosa, Tamara, and Lindsey all headed into the Theater's bathroom together. Their men grabbing popcorn and drinks from the concession stand. Monica was running late. Her ride being her neighbor Ryan Quinones and his new girlfriend April. Not that it mattered. Ryan had tried to get his brother Kyle to be Monica's date but he had other plans. Avoiding Monica to be more precise. It was driving Monica crazy.  
  
As the girls primped in the bathroom commenting on Thea's observation Amber shrugged, "Our fearless Leader knows what she's doing. It's not like guys won't notice her. Who knows what the Hoochie might wear. Or, not wear." The girls giggled in agreement. Monica Gift was easy on the eyes for certain. Even some of them were jealous of her. Tamara especially. The blond was insecure most days even after coming into her own under Monica's guidance. It was fun being sexy. Ever more fun in getting guys rock hard and begging for her attention. She hoped today would be no different. The movie they had all agreed on wasn't the most talked about must see of the summer. Chosen wisely to avoid bigger crowds. Less people more freedom. There was still the possibility of trouble. So many students checking into a loser flick might put them on the Manager's radar.  
  
As they prepared to return to their dates the door to the bathroom bursts open and in comes Monica Gift, "Who stole my Twizzlers?"  
  
"You made it." Tamara pepped up.  
  
"Of course I made it. This was my idea."  
  
"Amber shakes her head pointing, "Why are you wearing a trench coat in 90 degree heat?"  
  
"Yeah, are You Inspector Gadget?" Thea snorts.  
  
Monica chuckles then unties her sash opening it for a full frontal assault. Every girl there gasped and giggled. Monica Gift was naked beneath her coat. The immediate shock wore off quickly turning to worry.  
  
"What if the Manager questions your coat?"  
  
"Yeah he may frisk you thinking you're smuggling in your own concessions."  
  
Amber chuckles.  
  
"Naaaaa! I know the Manager. I just realized I delivered pizza to his house weeks ago. He's already seen me naked. Bikini first but very close to naked at his front door."  
  
"That was the Nerdy guy you told me about?" Lindsey drops her jaw.  
  
"Yep. Trust me he won't say a thing."  
  
Amber puckers, "Too cool."  
  
"Not really. I'm sweating my nipples off in this thing. I hope the air conditioning is kicked up."  
  
"Once the lights go out you can take it off." Thea winks.  
  
"You know me too well Squirt."  
  
"Squirt? Oh, that reminds me." Thea tilts her gaze, "You are going to Church with me on Sunday right?"  
  
"Wouldn't miss it. As long as your Dad doesn't lay hands on me." Monica sticks her tongue out at her.  
  
Thea in turn giggles, "He is the Pastor. Never know."  
  
"Enough about Church. The guys are probably wondering what the hold up is." Amber rushes them.  
  
Leading the way Amber and the girls regroup with their dates. Dates who invited friends. This theater was gonna be a double feature. Cheyenne hugs Darius from the side whispering to him that Monica was only wearing her coat and tennis shoes. Word swiftly spread amongst the guys. Suggestions immediately taunted the other girls into joining Monica's sense of freedom. As the tickets were being torn one by one they passed the point of entry.  
  
Bringing up the rear Monica smiles at the ticket taker noticing the Manager behind him recalling her. He turned pale and swallowed dryly. Fluttering her fingers at him she took the time to say hi.  
  
"Remember me?"  
  
"Pizza girl. Wearing your bikini under that coat?"  
  
"Nope." She fans her coat open for him to see her nudity. Her friends all nearly choked at her boldness. The Manager stares with a blank expression.  
  
"Enjoy the show. I did."  
  
"Show's just getting started." She winks pulling her coat together, "You should sneak in with your flashlight later to see if I'm misbehaving."  
  
"M-maybe."  
  
"You know you wanna."  
  
He trembles then looks at her friends. Only Amber dared to lift her shirt and flash him her tits. The Manager felt dizzy. Waving them on to avoid others seeing their devious deeds Monica blew him a kiss and skipped along to her friends. The guys were blown away.  
  
Locating the theater showing their chosen film everyone scattered about to find their own space. Monica chose the center. Of course she would want to be the center of attention. To her left Thea and her date Garrett. Amber to her right between her Hispanic delights Carlos and Rico. Behind her Lindsey and Toby. Darius and Cheyenne. Rosa and her man Chico. Tamara and her latest man Jeffrey.  
  
"Where's our Cheerleaders?" Monica stood up looking around.  
  
"Violet said they were running late." Rosa spoke up.  
  
"They better not stand us up." Monica pouts as she spots Ryan and April finally joining the group. Ryan and April had decided to sit outside the cinema to talk. Lately it seemed as if there might be trouble in paradise yet whenever Monica saw them together they appeared as lovey dovey as ever. Monica was happy for Ryan yet her own internal memories of his fondness for her kept coming to the surface. At this point in her life all she desired was to explore her creativity and sexual appetite. Of course it was Ryan that helped drag her simple exhibitionism into full on sexual beast. Not only was she showing off she was playing Pornstar for anyone willing to watch. Each time finding allies that stood up for her when and if she ever needed help. It was good to be Monica Gift.  
  
Leaving her seat she slips in front of Amber snuggling between her beau's. In passing she points at Amber, "You're half way there. The braless brigade is still in force. I think the Manager liked these." Monica reaches down jiggling Amber's tits under her t-shirt. Her boyfriends chuckled at Monica's bravado. Amber puckered with a sneer.  
  
"Hey! Those are for my Senior Senor's to jiggle."  
  
"Sowwy. Commence jiggling My Amigos." Monica departs as Amber quickly found two separate hands on her tits. Enjoyment was had by all.  
  
Shuffling back three rows Monica plops down beside April as Ryan ate his popcorn, "Okay what gives? I introduced you two over a month ago. He spends all of his time with you. Which keeps him happy, as well as out of my hair. But, I'm sensing tension one second then 360 next. What gives?"  
  
"We're fine. Seriously." April folds her arms over her chest. The air conditioning was rather chilly and her nipples were at peak performance.  
  
"I know better. Are you two breaking up and just haven't come to terms with it?"  
  
Ryan nearly chokes on his popcorn taking a drink of soda to clear his throat, "Breaking up? Say what?"  
  
"You both heard me. I'm your best friend and I feel something off."  
  
"We are not breaking up." He looks at April with concern. She rolls her eyes and twists in her seat to face Monica.  
  
"Keep it down. I haven't started my period is all. Don't get your hopes up it might be nothing. I'm just moody."  
  
Monica drops her jaw then looks around her before hugging April. She then looks to Ryan watching her tone of voice so that others could not hear, "Oh my God! A baby Quinones?"  
  
Ryan turned pale, "Why did you tell her that?"  
  
"It's possible." April turns sad, "He doesn't want to be a Daddy."  
  
"I'm staying out of this one. I don't want to ruin my show today with thoughts like Motherhood. That's why I take birth control religiously. We will talk more should it go beyond uncertainty. You know I love you both."  
  
Hopping up she sticks her tongue out at them then takes her coat off. Tossing it over her shoulder she marches away. Luckily only her friends were there to see her nudity at this point. The guys were all eyes and whispers. Circulating with a suave demeanor she points to her girlfriends.  
  
"Are you going to let your men want me more than you? Get crackin' and ass smackin'." Her palm flies up then slaps her own bare ass on the down swing. The guys loved it. The girls loved it but felt insecure a bit still. The night was young.  
  
Putting her coat back on for the moment Monica left it untied. Fanning open she sat down and smirked at Thea. Thea and Garrett both blushed, "You are so crazy." Thea flared her eyes.  
  
"Garrett? You better get on that tiny little ladies ass. Break that shyness already."  
  
"Working on it." He himself shied off but tried to grin. It was priceless. Monica would bring them out of their shells yet. After all Thea had already explored her sexuality kicking and screaming, then blushing afterwards. They were a cute couple. For a Giant of 6'3 and a girl of barely 5 feet tall in heels.  
  
Arriving together in mass came the Cheerleaders. All of them this time. Zoe with Carson. Becca with Shane. Deedee and her date Preston. Thelma and Jerome. Trish and Perry. Gemma and Rick. Deanna and Colin. Kelly and Eric. Violet with Trey. It was going to be a looooong night.  
  
"My Cheer Dears." Monica leaps up losing her coat with her arms held high. Everyone laughed at her, sharing praise for Monica's unique brand of coolness. The girls quickly reigned in their tongues. Not out of jealousy but because they had their men wrapped around their pinky's. Monica wasn't after any of them outside teasing. However she was open to more as long as the girls felt the same. Most of them knew Monica was no real threat and let their men enjoy themselves. They would reap the benefits of her teasing later.  
  
As everyone congregates together Monica leaps up on a seat nearly losing her balance until Thea's man Garrett catches her. Hands on her ass he hisses at Thea who merely smirks with glazed over eyes. Thea knew it was all in fun.  
  
"Thanks G. Okay before any non cult members show up here let's make a pact. All ears? GOOD! Lights go out we give our men a show better than any fucking R-rated Thriller could possibly give them. Are you with me Braless Brigade?"  
  
They start to cheer then regret it as Monica hushes them with a teetering laugh. Garrett was still supporting her ass cheeks. Calming her flock Monica continues, "Last girl wearing clothing has to leave the theater nude walking in the middle of everyone. Like I did in school. Deal?"  
  
Hesitance struck for some, others were ready for action.  
  
"Guys? Do not let your ladies be shy. Challenge yo bitches." She rallies in a lowered voice.  
  
While still standing high in her seat the Manager enters looking about. Seeing him Monica calls out waving excitedly, "Hi Eugene."  
  
Some of the guys snickered as he waved and stood there watching her nude tall in her seat. It was amazing. Did Monica know every guy in a fifty mile radius?  
  
"Show him your appreciation Ladies." Monica motions the girls to rise up. Standing proudly the Braless Brigade lift their shirts or lower their dresses to offer poor gentle Eugene the most tits he had ever seen outside of a porn. He nearly fainted catching the wall with one hand. Hearing this many girls whisper flirtatiously, "Hey Eugene." all at once took his breath away. He had to get out or call 9-1-1 for himself. Only Ryan's girlfriend April behaved. Ryan knew she wanted to join them but chose not to. That made poor Ryan stress that he was trying to change her. That or possibly being knocked up had her reconsidering her once adventurous soul. Either way he felt very uncomfortable sitting next to her.  
  
The second Eugene raced out the girls covered up. Monica threw her fist in the air and yelled, "VICTORY!" Their men couldn't agree more. Hearing them grumble about the ladies going back into hiding disturbed Monica just as fast. For this challenge to work every girl there had to be on the same page. All day long she had spent her spare time in school while coaxing the girls out of their comfort zones. She knew all it would take was one strong showing and the girls would be hooked. Addiction to exhibition was a wonderful thing. Some of the girls were already devoted, others needed a little more encouragement. Having the guys show their support and desires should do the trick. All the girls needed was to feel adored. Monica knew there were definitely some future pole dancers here today. She intended to push each of them over the edge. The attention each of the guys showed them was bound to bring out their best.  
  
Left fist clenched Monica pointed at each of her friends with her right hand. Teetering in her seat she grew overconfident and lost her balance. With a yelp she fell sideways directly into Garrett's arms. Her tits grazing the side of his face. Laying over him she tilts back waving at Thea. Garrett began sweating worried Thea might be upset with him. Even as Monica lay there she blew a kiss at Thea apologizing with a lip sync. Thea tried not to laugh but couldn't resist. Finally, Monica reaches up to pat Garrett's cheek, "My hero." A launch upward Monica pulls herself into her seat and throws her arms in the air as if returning to the ring. Dancing on her knees in the seat led her to crawl once more out to prowl.  
  
Moving along the outside aisle she discovers Eugene returning one last time. Waving at Monica who had put her trench coat back on drew her to him. Reaching Eugene Monica removed her coat and threw her naked body into his arms. he was afraid to touch her as she clung to him. Her chest mashing against his made the poor man fall backwards into the wall.  
  
"I-I'm going to help you out." He manages to speak.  
  
"How? Free popcorn?"  
  
"N-no. I'm going to close this theater down to anybody else. It looks like your friends are the only ones here anyway. I'll say the projector broke for this showing."  
  
"Seriously? So sweet. Can I ask you a favor?" She whispers into his ear something that makes his jaw drop and eyes bulge. Nodding selfishly he agrees as she eases from her hug to peck him on the cheek, "Can you also hold on to this for me?" Handing him her trench coat he swallows and steps away with it. She was free of her burden once and for all.  
  
As soon as he left the theater he places trash cans in front of the door until it could be roped off with chains and pylons. From there he dropped her coat by his office and told the ticket cashiers that he was shutting down the cinema. They didn't think about the already sold tickets. Only listening to their Boss. What they didn't understand was why nobody came up for a refund. Nor the fact that Eugene disappeared to actually start the movie. Who knew? Eugene was weird anyways.  
  
As the theater lights dimmed Monica danced around up front like a ballet dancer in Swan Lake. Guys stood up instinctively and turned to their ladies at the same time. Unknown to the girls Monica had arranged it for the guys to all make their moves at once. Her ballet recital was their cue. Each guy coaxed the girls out of their seats and assisted in stripping them. One by one the girls lost every stitch of clothing save for socks. A remarkable feat to see carried out not one girl dropped the ball. Not even little Thea. She blushed heavily but hugged Garrett tightly as moral support.  
  
Monica stopped dancing long enough to absorb the mass stripping. Holding her palms over her heart Monica whimpered, "My babies." Then the thought of April and Ryan's predicament crept over her. Her sadness needed to go. With a point up at April she yells, "You too April. No girl sits pretty."  
  
Looking at Ryan April shrugs, "Should I?"  
  
"Be yourself. My feelings for you won't change. Totally up to you April."  
  
"Okay. I adore you Ryan." With a guilty hiss she stands up and drops her shorts to the floor after kicking her shoes off. She had gone commando so her lower half was bare bottom. Shirt over her head she tosses it at Ryan. Then goes the bra. The only bra in the house because she was never officially inducted into the Braless Brigade. That changed today. Nude she throws her hands in the air and yells, "FREE AT LAST."  
  
Low level cheers made her feel right at home. Ryan could only smirk. Maybe April needed this. He was thinking way too much. They weren't even certain she was pregnant. All talk for now. He did know April wanted a baby. He just wasn't sure he was ready for such a huge step. He cared about the farm girl but was it love? He eyed her curves in thought, "Lust for certain." Then he noted all the guys looking at her, "Not just my lust either." He blew a warm exhale up over his upper lip. This was going to be a long movie. He settled back watching the movie trailers as girls all around him were being pawed up or kissed on. Half the girls here he himself had lusted over for years. Seeing his reluctance April straddles his lap as best she could. Luckily the arm rests folded back to give her knees room. Throwing her arms around Ryan's neck the short haired brunette beauty kissed him. Feeling her hips grind along his crotch was all it took. Ryan Quinones was all in.  
  
Like a Drill Sargent Monica paced the front of the theater with her arms behind her back. Scrutinizing each girl who took things slow. Most of the guys were storming their senses with kisses, caresses, and gripping fingers. Tits crushed. Nipples bitten. Asses slapped. As their hormones intensified so did adrenalin. The girls quickly lost their minds. Some were already moving in for the kill. Belts undone, pants tugged low, boxers and briefs hitting the floor. Dicks were wagging everywhere. Girls kneeling to jerk off their man or suck their cocks. The orgy of a lifetime had struck. All due to Monica Gift.  
  
Moving from couple to couple she supervises jokingly, "Grip those nads. Lift those eyes up and let your man see how much you want them. Move it! Move it! Move it!" She was having a blast. She should have brought a switch to spank asses with or lift a chin. Luckily her interventions worked. The girls although giggling did listen to her suggestions. The guys loved Monica just as much.  
  
Cozying up to guys to bask in their excitement gave Monica goosebumps. Holding the arm of her friend Shane, Monica glares down at Becca, "What can she do to make this more enjoyable for you?" Becca winces up at her with her hand stroking Shane's girth. Pondering the options Shane puckers, "Both hands?" Monica smirks at Becca and pats her long brunette mane.  
  
"You heard the man. Double it up Soldier." In response Becca shakes her head and wraps both hands around his shaft. Observing her method Monica tsks loudly and uses her own hand to corkscrew his crown. Shane's knees nearly buckled under her sudden assault. Seeing this Becca grins. One hand strokes her other twists his crown lightly. Shane whimpered down at his girl how much he adored her.  
  
"Job one Soldier. Commence firing." Monica moved on.  
  
Reaching Zoe and Carson she discovered the blond sucking Carson's dick. Even though he loved the blonds lips moving warmly back and forth Monica knew she needed work. Kneeling awkwardly beside Zoe who peered at the intruder through the corner of her eyes, Monica takes Zoe's right hand and folds her fingers to cup Carson's balls, "Knead those nads Blondie. Milk that bastard." That she did. In seconds Carson floods her mouth with scalding hot jizz. She nearly choked on the amount. Her eyes twitched as she swallowed every drop. Monica looking back after hearing his snarl grins, "That's storming the beach Sailor. Drink up Floozie." Zoe flips Monica off but continues sucking Carson. Carson himself gave Monica a thumbs up.  
  
Hearing grunts and moans fill the air Monica livened them up one by one. Only Amber had the best showing thus far. Her Mexicana lovers were doing double duty. Both men had somehow managed to get both of their cocks inside her mouth at once. Seeing this Monica pats the boys on the back, "Big guns. I like that. Blow that mouth up." Amber using both hands was squeezing their balls. She knew what she was doing. Patting Amber's hair she whispers, "Whiten those teeth Soldier." Talking with her mouth full Monica still made out the words, "Fuck you." Giggling she pranced onward.

Guys were cumming right and left. Her thoughts soared on what to do next. Not wanting to give anyone the chance to think it was over so soon she gave them a few minutes longer for the stragglers to jizz. Finally, Monica makes her way down to the front and begins pacing again.  
  
"What's the true test of a slut Braless Brigade?" Mumbles were heard in reply, "I CAN'T HEAR YOU." She barks.  
  
Darius spoke up for his girl Cheyenne, "Share the wealth?" Chey looked up at him queerly. What was he doing?  
  
"Good! That's the spirit. Every slut here move to your left and switch partners. Get a grip Bitches."  
  
Although some were hesitant the girls did indeed switch. Monica stops Thea from moving away from Garrett. Whispering, "You two lovebirds just sit there and adore one another." Thea sighed with relief until Rosa stepped over to face Garrett. His jaw dropped at her nudity up close. Rosa had enormous yet perky breasts. Licking his lips at the was enough for Thea. She made her move regardless to kneel in front of Kelly's man Eric. One of Garrett's best friends. Fondling his cock the rest was history. Rosa took it in stride and massaged Garrett. Sadly losing Thea he also lost his erection. Finally unable to offer him what he desired outside of squeezing a tit Rosa stood up and patted Garrett on the chest. She then went over to Thea and knelt in to whisper that her man needed her. Thea looking back at Garrett saw him pouty. Thea returned home. Rosa instead blew Eric. There was no time for jealousy as Monica fired away, "Everyone switch." Round after round the girls traded partners. There was never enough time to vent frustrations or getting the guys off. Finally, Monica yells out, "Treat your Lady, Guys."  
  
The girls found themselves forced to sit in seats as the guys ate them out. Fingers inserted. Moans were like chants in a Tibetan temple. Monica nodded her approval until he saw April with Gemma's man Rick. Poor Ryan and Violet Ranier was sitting this one out uncomfortably. Eying April enjoying Rick's tongue a little too much Monica gnashes her teeth. She could see how miserable Ryan was. Taking the steps by storm she races to Ryan's side. Violet sitting next to him shrugged. She really did want to be eaten out. Patting Ryan on the leg Monica whispered, "I got this." To Violet's shock Monica buried her face and made Violet turn beet red. Eyes bulging until the sensations became too good to let end. Violet placed her hands in Monica's hair and began howling. The girls took that time to discover the wolf. Admiring Monica's technique as Violet exploded with a gushing orgasm the girls clapped. Hearing this Monica rears up her face drenched in Rainier's rain.  
  
"OH MY GOD!" Violet huffs looking at Monica licking her lips of the redhead's juices.  
  
"Just Saving Private Ryan." April hesitated before guiding Rick aside. Standing up she made her way back to Ryan. Sitting in his lap she curls up and holds him. Monica respectfully rubs April's leg, "Welcome home Soldier." April shed a tear.  
  
As Monica stands she notices a flashlight shine on her. Eugene motioned her to follow him. Seeing this Monica turns to her troops, "WAR IS HELL. Switch and repeat. Except you two." She points at Ryan and April. They couldn't agree more. Some couples just needed to keep it together.  
  
Shifting past Ryan and Violet, Monica reached Eugene, "I'll be back people. Don't stop fighting. We have the enemy on the ropes." The congregation merely shrugs and alternates partners yet again. Nobody truly questioned why Monica left them. They were having too much fun. Even Ryan ate April to keep things happy. Not once did Ryan notice April looking at other guys. It was easy to tell she wanted to move in rotation. Not that she would let Ryan know that.  
  
Long feverish minutes vanish as squeals and cum flooded about the theater. Only when the movie screen became pure white from lighting instead of an actual movie did everyone look up out of curiosity. Suddenly as if a shadow puppet on the wall they saw a dick dangling in the projectors fueled lighting. The group unified with a shared, "WHOA!"  
  
Shadow knuckles fondle the dick. Then a finger flips them off. Everyone laughed as they could easily tell Monica by her shadowy profile. Her mouth widening as if to devour a shadow dick. Her tongue flicks the crown. After swallowing the cock on the big screen the group could only admire Monica. She was insane but incredible all the same. For long minutes Monica blew Eugene. It was difficult to see his cum shoot her in the face but her reaction was believable. Grossed out by the thoughts she let that chubby freak do that to her lingered a bit until a piece of paper with words written on it in black marker displays across the screen. It was easy to read..."GET TO FUCKING PEOPLE."  
  
The guys jumped at the command. Girls no matter who they were found themselves either bent over, drug to the floor missionary style, or drawn on top of the guys laps to let them ride their cocks. The orgy was in full force. Ryan and April merely watched and kissed. He could tell she was disappointed.  
  
On the big screen Monica backed her ass up to Eugene and allowed him to show his cock as if entering her from behind. In reality he was fucking her hip. They laughed that nobody could really even tell the difference. To her shock Monica finds Eugene's hands on her hips. He snuck in for the kill and actually penetrated her from behind. Her jaw dropped and she just let him have his fun. In her mind she groans, "Taking one for the team."  
  
Thankfully Eugene couldn't finish. One time jizzing was his limit. Regardless she thanked him with a succulent kiss. She would gag later. Her show at least was over. Giving him time to get dressed he leads her safely back to the theater. Entering they had to rush in quickly. The moans were so loud there was no masking the girls. Orgasms one after another sparked shrill cries of ecstasy. It was a feeding frenzy.  
  
Monica hugging Eugene from the side expressed her delight with a peaceful admiration. Her Brigade had come through with the flag held proudly.  
  
"I'd call this a Victory." She tells Eugene.  
  
He cringes, "I call this unsanitary. I really do need to close the theater now. Just to clean up."  
  
"Sowwy Hugene."  
  
"Hugene? I'm not that endowed."  
  
"No but you're a Big ole Teddy Bear." She reaches over to squeeze his lips together into a pucker. He laughed awkwardly then rubbed her back.  
  
"Double Feature?"  
  
"Ehhh! Just a really long movie." She didn't want to make him lose business the entire day. Of course it was down the rest of the night for Janitorial. Poor cleaning crew.  
  
Idle until the last girl twitched and the last guy grunts Monica calls it quits. Clapping loudly she applauds her troops then races down to the front to take her bows. The claps reverted to the audience this time. They loved her Directorial Debut. The remainder of the show led to getting dressed. Some girls held grudges. Others complimented each other. The Guys? Smug as they come.  
  
"Everybody got naked so I guess nobody takes the walk of shame." Monica sadly acknowledges. All until April stood up pointing down at Ryan. His eyes bulging he realized he only got a blowjob then got dressed. Hesitantly Monica looks at Ryan shaking his head negatively. Knowing he was going to resist April rolls her eyes and disrobes again. He looks at her with dread. She was going to make him join her. Hearing guys offer him encouragement Ryan leaps to his feet, "FUCK IT." Stripping nude he hands girls around him his clothing. They quickly stashed the couples belongings and waited for Monica to put on her trench coat as handed to her by Eugene.  
  
"Ready to March Soldiers?" She calls out.  
  
Ryan's friend Shane made up his own marching song.  
  
"Ryan rolled over and took April by the hand." The other guys repeated his verse laughing, "April patted his ass and followed her Man.' Another repeat, "Walking through the theater buck naked and red" He laughs, "Out into the parking lot wishing he was dead." Ryan flipped him off both barrels as he struts with April into the aisle, "Sound off." The group rallied with a second uproarious, "SOUND OFF."  
  
Monica finally hushed her people before exiting the auditorium. Everyone did their part in smothering the couple to avoid notice. Impossible but effective enough. As they left the theater Monica looked around her and stripped off her trench dancing freely without interference. The crowds were mostly inside. Those walking in saw it all. She blew kisses and mooned people with pride. Not one person bitched. Ryan and April discovered it wasn't so bad to be Streakers.  
  
Victory indeed.  
  
Eugene?  
  
He chose to clean the theater himself.  
  
It was worth it.  
  
Roll credits.

**Monica 43: Love Nest**

Bright and early Saturday morning Monica Gift woke up after her night of madcap mayhem at the Movie Theater. In the darkness date night turned into a devious spectacle. A bunch of her Braless Brigade chose to seduce their dates right there in the theater. The movie was horrible anyway. So essentially they took it upon themselves to make the night worth while.  
  
Yawning she sits up in bed hearing her Parents on the other side of the wall. Bickering. Of late they had seemed to let everything get to them. Mostly about their careers. A bit over not having much of a sex life of late. Monica fidgets knowing why. Her Father had tapped his daughter a few times now. To Monica it was obvious he preferred a sweet young thing over her Mother. Having lost her looks a bit over the years Charlotte Gift felt as if she might be losing her Mate. Aaron did his best to make her see differently. He did love his wife.  
  
Crawling from bed nude she pulls on a long t-shirt and primps her bed head a bit before stepping out of her bedroom. A short distance to the living room she shuffles through to find her Parents grumbling at each other.  
  
"Play nice Kids." Monica continues past them entering the Kitchen. Her arrival calmed their words to a low murmur.  
  
"Let's talk about this later." Aaron suggests. His wife scowling.  
  
"Fine. I'm going to go shower. I'm heading back to Princeton to help Rachel with the auction house for a few hours then driving up to Tallahassee to see Ginger and Fiona. You're right. I'm sorry Aaron. You know I love you."  
  
"And, you know I love you. You just need to stop thinking crazy. I'm not having an affair. My sex drive is just tapped out. Just give me time. We have the next forty years to satisfy our itch."  
  
Charlotte nods faintly, understanding him the best she can. Finally stepping away to their bedroom. Their adjoining bathroom calling Charlotte to get cleaned up.  
  
Aaron exhales loudly from puffed cheeks as he heads into the Kitchen. Eying Monica bending over at the fridge to look for breakfast he see's her beautiful bottom and tight clam. As ever nude beneath a thin mask of clothing. It took zero time to get hard. Aaron Gift just didn't desire his wife like he used to. His daughter however, different story.  
  
Rubbing his chin as Monica loitered he decides to step in behind her and reach over her for a small apple juice bottle. In stretching over her he pressed his swollen cock against her backside. Wearing only his pajama pants he was free as a bird. Not remotely erect until his wife vacated the room.  
  
Monica stands up straight but doesn't resist the fact that he was still pressed up against her. Drinking the bottle while towering behind her she flares her eyes.  
  
"Bold this morning. Good morning Daddy. Mom in the house and you do this? I'm impressed."  
  
"Been awhile since we bonded."  
  
"Is that what we're calling it?" She giggles quietly.  
  
"Feeling crazy?" He reaches his right hand down the front of his pajamas to stroke his beast. Dragging it out and tagging her cheek with it numerous times. Monica biting her lower lip as the chill of the opened fridge door stimulates her nipples. Her T-shirt being white left little to hide.  
  
"Always. Are you sure you want to risk it? If Mom catches us you're divorced and I'm booted out of the house."  
  
"You're not going anywhere. She moves before you do."  
  
"Really? I guess I did say I'd choose you to live with." She sighs, "I thought you didn't want to play with me anymore?"  
  
"Changed my mind. Ever since we had your Mother on the phone and fucked I've been picturing that. Let's do one better."  
  
"Fuck in the house with her right on the other side of the wall?" She giggles.  
  
"Follow my lead." He takes her by the hand. Fridge shut she makes the journey into the living room. Her Parents bedroom door right next to where they stood. Pausing her movement with a finger he leaves her side. Opening his bedroom door he notes his wife in the bathroom. The door to the bath wide open. Hearing Charlotte humming as she starts her shower he drops his pajama bottoms right in plain view of Monica just outside.  
  
Her eyes flare up with adrenalin. She hadn't thought her Father to ever consider this.  
  
With a burst of excitement Monica pulled her t-shirt off and tossed it on the sofa.  
  
Dropping to her hands and knees she seductively marched right into their Master bedroom. Noting the door open and her Mother just closing the shower glass with a hiss she crawled right up to Aaron and rolled her facial features along the girth of his mighty cock. Kissing and licking his balls.  
  
Aaron glared down at her playful tongue. Her eye contact extremely turned on. He takes a deep breath and motions her to suck his dick. Monica shook her ass and devilishly devoured her Daddy. As much of his eight inches as she could. For the next four minutes she swallowed him and gave him the best BJ she had ever given. So good he had to stop her before he detonated. He wanted more from this than a simple blowjob with his wife in the next room.  
  
Reaching down he pulls Monica up by her arms and turns her around. Facing the bathroom he rolls a palm from her neck to her shoulders before nudging her forward. Priming his crown up to her trickling pussy he encourages his beast forward into her. Gentle thrusts at first. Then a bit harder. His hands now gripping her shoulders. His daughter tried not to moan but she was losing her battle.  
  
Hearing her Mother singing in the shower helped. Aaron had different ideas. He forced their bodies forward until Monica's hands were holding the door frame. She could literally see her Mother showering. Daddy wanted more still. He reached over Monica and swatted her grip on the doorway. Once released he walks her directly into the bathroom. Monica grit her teeth at how dangerous this was. All Charlotte had to do was turn around. Even through a steamy glass door she could see shapes and colors.  
  
Aaron pulls out of Monica and pats the bathroom sink for her to sit up on it. Hopping up Aaron moves between her legs and repositions his cock for another entrance. Once revisited his thrusts began. Monica turned blue holding her breath. Her eyes recognizing every single graze across her G-spot. Daddy was even massaging her clit.  
  
Her thoughts on this adventure troubling yet intoxicating all the same. Monica loved her Mother but sadly she loved her Father more. Never in a million years did Monica imagine her Dad would be this brazen. Her Father stood smugly looking down at her. Defiant. Expecting her to let out a shrill scream at any moment. She wanted to. She couldn't. Mom would be devastated.  
  
He watched how perfect his cock entered Monica. Thick and drenched in her juices. Her pink interior escaping, rippling with each exit. Vanishing with each entry. Her tits bobbing about from side to side. Her expression priceless. The look of sheer awe made him harder than ever. Her eyes moist from holding her breath so long. Frozen in place. Watching her Father go at it. With so much lust in his eyes. So much control. She could almost fall in love with her own Dad.  
  
Shivering at the realization Monica released her breath with a wheeze. A low whine that was followed by a faint whisper of "Oh Daddy." Her brow creasing to compensate her internal struggle. She wanted to go all out. Spasm. Cry out her pleasure. Tear into Daddy with her nails. To let him know how much his dedication meant to her.  
  
She couldn't.  
  
Sweat beading up under the steam in the room Aaron Gift leers over at the shower. Charlotte was bending over shaving her legs. Even though his attraction to his wife had waned some over the years his wife still had a nice shape. If not a bit puffy in certain areas. Her ass right this minute was tight and begging to be spanked. Aaron was now tormenting by reality. He loved both of his girls. So why wasn't he giving up on Monica? His thrusting had not faltered for even an instant.  
  
Prompted by his wife he retreats from Monica's trickling pussy and drags her from the sink in a sticky tug of flesh having rested there too long. Standing now he turns her around and bends her over again. This time plotting a course for her anal cavity. With a dabble of spit dripped down upon her ass he plunges forth. His crown struggling at first but finding a safe haven in his daughters ass. Monica huffed as his hands gripped her wrists and held them behind her back.  
  
Tits swaying in a maddening dance as they dangle Monica was beyond impressed by her Father. Monica could almost kiss the shower door. At the same time terrified that Mom might look around. Hear her over her music. Her own humming along to the tune. Breath held was becoming difficult. Daddy was making her crazy.  
  
Charlotte was finishing up her legs and now took interest in washing her hair. Why she didn't do that before her legs was anybody's guess. Even Monica questioned her Mother's tactics. Regardless she was oblivious.  
  
After an emotional three minutes Monica was relieved that Aaron had pulled out of her ass and brusquely gripped Monica by the back of her neck. Forcing her from the bathroom in a gentle yelp unheard. Marching her out of the bathroom and back into the bedroom. Her limbs weak she has no control as he tosses her on their king sized bed. Crawling up behind her to once again doggy style his daughters pussy. Digging his fingers into her ass cheeks and curling their tender meat up for a vibrant look at his performance. He loved watching his dick ram in and out. It was mesmerizing. His thumb digging up into Monica's asshole.  
  
Monica reached out and grabbed a pillow to cover her head. She couldn't keep her moans in any longer. She would bury herself in and let it go. Heard most definitely. Her biggest stress was not praising her Daddy at the top of her lungs. She certainly wanted to. He was fucking awesome. He deserved her words. If truth be known he would have wanted to hear it.  
  
Monica lost her mind. Her entire body quivering violently. He felt her tense up to orgasm and chose to slap her ass loudly. Gritting his teeth at the echo. Still he heard Charlotte singing. Fuck it. He slapped Monica again. And, again. Each time hearing a muffled yelp. Becoming more bold her reaches over Monica and peels the pillow from her head. Her moans becoming more outspoken.  
  
"Like that you little whore?" Aaron mumbled.  
  
"Yes Daddy. S-shouldn't you save your energy for Lisa tonight?" Monica whispered.  
  
"Naa! If she even shows up."  
  
"She will. She promised me. I can't wait for you to watch me being fucked by four guys tonight." Monica chose to taunt him. He had slowed his penetrations to a gentle more relaxing mode. She loved the tenderness.  
  
"Won't have to keep it in once your Mom is gone."  
  
"I won't. I want to scream how good they feel."  
  
"I want you to scream how good I make you feel." He narrows his eyes. Thoughts brewing he reaches awkwardly for a TV remote. His cock never leaving her warm wetness. She lay there face down watching as he turns the TV on and locates the Playboy channel. Finding what he had saved he purchases the movie and turns it up enough to hear the girls moaning. Monica dropped her jaw. It was loud enough for Charlotte to hear. Sure enough the music went down in the bathroom.  
  
"Aaron? What are you doing?" Charlotte calls out with soap stinging her eye.  
  
He grins like the devil as Monica looks backwards at him. His thrusting resuming in fashion.  
  
"Watching porn. I decided you were right. We need to get more into the groove. I love you Char. Finish your shower. I'll be waiting here in bed for you."  
  
"What's the point of showering when I'm going to get dirty again?" She raises her point chuckling.  
  
Reaching over Monica he snatches up her hair and yanks her head back. Drilling his daughters sloppy puss harder than ever. Monica decided to just let go. The TV was her perfect entry point into letting out her vented frustration. No more concealing her sensations. Only her words. Let go she did.  
  
"Take your time Sweetheart. I'll just get nice and ready for you." Aaron calls over his shoulder. The water still heard he felt safe in his escalated rhythm. The actresses in the porno masked Monica well. There were two girls getting drilled at once. They were Banshee's in the bedroom. So was Monica.  
  
"Aren't you afraid Monica will hear your porno?" Charlotte worries.  
  
"She's grown up enough to accept what you and I do." He calls out lowering over Monica to whisper, "Aren't you?"  
  
"Yes Daddy. Godammit Boy. Fuck my pussy."  
  
"That's my sweet little Angel." He pulls out of her and throws her over on to her back. Snatching up her ankles her rips her legs wide and enters her cunt once again, "Spread those wings."  
  
Monica was cumming nonstop. Her expressions terrified one second, joyous the next. Her left hand pursuing her own clit. Rubbing it vigorously. Crying out. Harder and harder he fucked her. Tits circling about for an inspiring show of his good deeds. He lets go of her left ankle and reaches over her to squeeze a tit. Which turned into a slap fest. Her nipples stabbing with interest. Each time he smacked her breast her eyes flared. Giving up on that action he planted his fingers in her mouth. Holding her jaw wide as he brought her close to orgasm. Her voice muffling under her fingers holding her tongue down. Her warm lips molding around his joints.  
  
"Rinsing now. I'll be out in a second." Charlotte expels.  
  
"Put some of that sweet smelling perfume on." Aaron adds cover fire.  
  
"Which one?"  
  
"The floral kind." He shrugged, "Hell I don't know."  
  
"That was romantic." She chuckles.  
  
"Sorry. I'm kind of busy."  
  
"Don't get too invested in that porno. I want that stuff inside me." Charlotte smiles.  
  
"Plenty in reserve even if I do. I might be getting older and losing a bit of my energy but I know we need to get it done."  
  
He slams Monica even harder watching her toes curl tightly and her body convulse.  
  
"Want Daddy's cum up inside that sweet little pussy?" He provokes.  
  
She nods with his fingers still in her mouth. He loved her expression. So much yearn. So much lust. So much love. He carefully withdraws his fingers and pries her bottom lip down.  
  
"Tell me."  
  
"Cum inside me Daddy. I'm not worried. I need you."  
  
"Beg harder."  
  
Her facial features plead relentlessly, "I love you Daddy. Please cum in me."  
  
"Harder." He cocks an eye brow high with expectation.  
  
Her body can't hold itself in check. Her muscles tense. She releases in a deafening scream.  
  
"CUM INSIDE ME DADDY."  
  
His eyes flare knowing Charlotte had definitely heard that one.  
  
Snarling Aaron Gift said to hell with it and detonated into his daughter causing her to vibrate her voice with the torpedoes rocketing through her waters. Loud, shrill, squeaky replies of satisfaction.  
  
Aaron grunts his final droplets as he hears the shower shut off.  
  
"What kind of porn are you watching?" Charlotte reacts strangely.  
  
"I dunno I just turned one on. Didn't realize what kind it was." He grits his teeth and pulls from his daughter watching her lost reality. This was unexpected. He knew that Charlotte was grabbing her towel. He only had a minute to get rid of Monica and the girl was beyond moving on her own. This meant he would have to hide her.  
  
Roughly he hurries and lifts Monica up from the stained covers. Eying the spots as he cradles Monica he swiftly carries her around the bed, using his foot to shut the bedroom door that had remained open. He then lays her on the floor to the blind side of the bed. Attempting to nudge her thin form under the bed frame. No more than settling her Charlotte Gift stepped from the bathroom. All he could do was play it off.  
  
"What are you doing down there?"  
  
"Shot my load and accidently dropped the remote." He lifts it glad that he had kept it in hand.  
  
Charlotte glances at the TV screen to see the two girls getting pounded. Her expression brought on a smile. She playfully points at her Husband, "You better not have ruined this over a silly movie."  
  
He grins at Charlotte, "Not even. You spray that sweet stuff on?" He sniffs the air.  
  
"Not yet. It's on my dresser."  
  
Aaron in his crouch feels Monica squeeze his balls. With a sudden wince he knew his daughter was back to reality. While Charlotte drops her towel with a flirtatious glint in her eye she wiggles up to her dresser. The second she turns Aaron looks down at Monica with a motion to behave and stay put. She sticks her tongue out at him and waves him on.  
  
Standing Aaron looks over the bed and realizes just how bad the stains were. In a mad dash move he yanks the blankets off and tosses them over Monica. Charlotte having spritzed her body pivots on her heel to stare at Aaron. Her brows raise at the missing bedding.  
  
"Sorry. I shot all over the covers. Nice and dry until we get done." He charms her walking across the carpet to pull his wife into a tight hug. Kissing her as a distraction. Fondling her backside lovingly made Charlotte sigh into his mouth. She had missed this interaction.  
  
"Mmmm! Prince Charming." Charlotte rubs her nose over his as her hands palm his cheeks, "Carry Cinderella to bed."  
  
He chuckles and picks his wife up and softly lets her surround his neck with her arms. Laying her gently on the mattress he crawls over her and smothers her vision from Monica's side of the bed. Then came the caresses. Both lovers enjoying the temptations of touch. Shivers of delight made Charlotte coo. Her hand reaching down to coddle his still ferocious beast.  
  
"My! Sticky. Maybe I should sample that. What do you think?" Charlotte strokes him lightly.  
  
"Sounds like a plan." He winks, knowing she would taste her own daughters cum on his cock and not know the difference. That alone made Aaron that much harder.  
  
Rolling on to his back Aaron let his right hand dangle over the edge of the bed. Enjoying Charlotte as she repositioned to crawl over him and accept his cock into her mouth. Long warm succulent lips trails made Aaron moan, "Fuck! You always did suck a mean cock."  
  
Giggling Charlotte seals her eyes and enjoys his taste. Her daughters taste. It made no difference. She had no idea. Charlotte just knew she loved her Man. This was going to be her best BJ yet. They needed the inspiration to reinvigorate their relationship.  
  
While Mom was lost in the girth of Hubby, Monica below on the floor bit her nail knowing what was going on up there. Her smile contagious. Seeing her Dad's dangling hand she couldn't help herself. She gently edged higher to reach his fingers. Lips moist she begins suckling his fingers. Up above Aaron raised his eye brows at the unexpected temptation. Puckering at the possibilities here he lays back and enjoys both women.  
  
"Like this?" Charlotte opens her eyes to examine her husbands reaction.  
  
"Always love it when you suck my cock. I think you're getting better with age. Go after the balls." He winks with invitation.  
  
"You read my mind." Her beguiling gaze lowering along with her face. Stroking his cock with her right hand as her mouth engulfs his balls. Tugging. Nibbling. Licking. She loved it. He loved it.  
  
After five minutes Aaron huffed and pulled his wet hand away from Monica's devoted lips. Sitting up he reaches down snapping his fingers at Charlotte. She pouted at leaving his beast. She was really getting into it. Instead she obeyed and crawled over him. Hugging her outstretched body he tenderly kisses her using his wet hand to hold his wife's hair.  
  
After an intimate make out he rolls her over on to her back and sucks his wife's nipples. Charlotte had a busty chest just like her daughter. In sucking them Aaron pictured Monica. That made him hornier still. Charlotte absorbed his intent and sighed heavily.  
  
"I love you Aaron."  
  
"Love you too."  
  
The words led Aaron to finger his wife with the dampened fingers from Monica's lips. Probing in and out softly at first as they resumed kissing. His stimulating leading to moans. Which increased as his fingers probed deeper, faster. Aaron Gift intended to get his wife off one way before tackling her another.

Below Monica settled in and just listened. Pouting that she was ignored. Yet, happy for her Mom. She would just have to ride this out. Of course the more she heard their emotions the more Monica touched herself.  
  
Ferocity took over as Aaron's finger insertions became violent. Charlotte Gift convulsed and squirted all across his knuckles. Her scream led to biting her tongue. Not wanting their daughter to hear and become traumatized. As if.  
  
"Oh, my God! Aaron? What's gotten into you?"  
  
"Question is, What is getting into You." He chuckles as Monica rolls her eyes at his jest. Aaron crawling over Charlotte and penetrating her draining pussy. His thrusts slow and sweet. The love making keeping Charlotte occupied.  
  
Monica knowing that the grunts of her Father and the moans of her Mother were distracting enough decides to get mischievous. Carefully easing her body in a snakelike manner she flows from beneath the covers and reaches the foot of the bed. The mattress creaking and jostling about she felt she had time to watch them.  
  
Head rising ever so slowly she brightens up at seeing her Dad's balls slapping against her Mom's thighs. Mom's feet curling and roaming along Aaron's legs. Monica pouts with a silent, "Awww!" She found it romantic. Almost hypnotic. Calling out to her. With a single index finger Monica teases Aaron's balls.  
  
Noting the invasion he winces and uses a hand to motion her away. That was not going to happen. Monica fought the giggles holding her breath as she attempted to palm his balls yet not touch her Mom. That would be bad.  
  
Giving up on encouraging Monica to leave him alone he chose a different tactic. In his turned on state he crawls backward and drags Charlotte with him. Reaching the foot of the bed he raises his Wife's legs up and cradles them in his arms. Offering her a bunched up strain. His chest hiding Charlotte's face entirely.  
  
It had been years since Aaron had put her in such a position. She felt young again.  
  
In this new angle Monica took advantage and lowered her face in to feed on his balls with a lapping tongue. That leading to lizard like flicks over her Father's anal cavity. Aaron Gift had to close his eyes at this amazing feeling. Essentially he was having a threesome with his wife and daughter. Even if Charlotte had no clue.  
  
Charlotte was cumming again. Monica marveling at her Mom's juices flooding around her Dad's cock. That made her face withdraw from them. She wasn't all that turned on by Mom. She was only subjecting herself to this to make her Daddy squirm. Too close for comfort he would say. Just how Monica liked to play things. As close to caught as possible.  
  
Careful placement of her hands Monica trails her nails across her Dad's back. Not wanting to touch the bed for fear of her weight being noticed. All it would take would be one tiny mistake to inform her Mom that this betrayal was going on. Monica found it to be a certain amount of amusing mixed with a hint of foolishness.  
  
Still, her Dad was setting things up too well. With Mom's face hidden it gave Monica free reign to play in some fashion. Monica chose to take the foolish risk and climb on to the bed. Her knees behind Aaron. Leaning into him she rolled her breasts along his back. Kissing his shoulder. Licking his ear. All while Charlotte screamed, muffled by her face deep into her Husband's chest. There was no turning. No eye sight. Only Charlotte with her eyes closed from seeing anything.  
  
In her excessive moans Charlotte didn't even hear it when Monica whispered into her Dad's ear. Telling him, "I moan louder." and "You should fuck me more often Daddy."  
  
Her every taunt made Aaron pound his Wife even harder. Orgasm after orgasm until Charlotte begged for her freedom. Her body convulsing harder than at any point in the relationship.  
  
Hearing her Dad snarling Monica knew he was ready to cum inside Mom. She didn't want to leave yet. She loved antagonizing her Dad. One further whisper made Aaron roar, "Save some for Lisa."  
  
Regardless Aaron Gift unloaded into his screaming Wife. Reeling back slightly made Monica ease off the bed and slyly return to her barricade of discarded blankets. She could have left the room while Mom's face was hidden. She chose to stay. Just to see her Dad panic.  
  
He didn't. After pulling out of Charlotte her rolls to her left and drags her on top of him. Holding her tightly as they kissed. This led to Charlotte crawling down and sucking his dick again. Her taste driving her insane. She went so far as to suck on his balls then recoup long enough to stalk over him and mount his cock for an in the saddle ride. This left Monica to remain in hiding. Her Mother could easily see her if she even twitched.  
  
For ten minutes Charlotte rode Aaron. Finally exhausted she gives up and collapses over her Husband. He held her firmly. Making certain she didn't dismount and step off Monica's side of the bed. After another five minutes Aaron suggests Charlotte take another shower. He would clean up the bedroom and toss the blankets in the washer. Once her shower over he could start the load.  
  
Agreeing Charlotte returned to the bathroom for a quickie. The second the water started and a door closed Aaron reached over the side of the bed and grabs Monica by her hair. Dragging her with a squeal back into bed. A rough toss to get her into position Aaron fucked Monica doggy style. Her moans stimulated instantly.  
  
Leaning over his daughter he whispers his own affirmation, "Oh, I'm going to fuck you more often you little cunt."  
  
She hisses, "All the time Daddy. Take me whenever you want me."  
  
He was pounding his daughter diligently. Focused on the shower to know when to kick her to the curb. After five more minutes he pulls out of her and Stands up. Gathering the bedding he motions for Monica to follow him. She does. Like a dog in heat. Her body touching him all the way to the laundry room. Once the bedding is stashed in the washer he turns to Monica and kisses her full on the lips. Her hand gripping his wet cock and stroking it.  
  
Kiss halted he grabs her by the hair and looks deeply into her eyes, "Tonight. When your four boys come over. You look at me the entire time they fuck you. I want them to tear you up."  
  
She giggles, "That's the plan. We should get dressed. Mom will be out any minute."  
  
"Oh, No. We're staying naked until she leaves. This isn't over."  
  
Her eyes flare wide and she bites her lower lip, "You go Daddy."  
  
Hearing Charlotte calling his name Aaron points at Monica to hide behind the door to the laundry room. Connected to the kitchen, he struts his stuff. Boldly walking about with his dick darting from side to side.  
  
Fully dressed Charlotte steps from her room and looks about. Eying the sofa she see's the t-shirt her daughter had worn earlier. Picking it up she looks about. Going to Monica's room she knocks then enters. Nobody home. Wincing in thought she questions why her Daughter would abandon her T-shirt out there. Where had she gone?  
  
Aaron locates Charlotte who holds the shirt up for him to see.  
  
"Why is Monica's shirt in the living room? Did she leave? She must have if you're walking around naked."  
  
"Dunno about the shirt but I checked before stepping out. She must have went over to Ryan's."  
  
"Her cellphone is on her nightstand. So unlike her to leave it."  
  
"Maybe she got tired of you and I being so noisy. Can't blame her."  
  
"I suppose not. You should get dressed in case she comes back."  
  
"I will in a minute." He drags Charlotte into his arms, "Right now I'm just feeling really good. It's been awhile Char. I'm glad we did that."  
  
"Me too. Maybe I should skip going to Tallahassee after helping out Rachel. We could go have a nice dinner and do that again."  
  
"We could." He winks, "But, you promised Fiona you would be there. Ginger wants you to meet her new fella right?"  
  
"I did." She frowns, "Alright. How about next weekend after Monica's Slave for a Day Charity at school?"  
  
"Wow! I totally forgot about that. Sure we can maybe go hit up a bed and breakfast? I mean Monica will be busy all weekend with that chore."  
  
"I love that idea. Prince Charming comes through. I love you Aaron."  
  
"Love you too. You better get going."  
  
"Grabbing my keys right after I grab your butt." She playfully pats him on the rear. He smirks and draws her in for one final kiss.  
  
Growling as she leaves he watches Charlotte pull away and head down the street. The second he feels safe he whistles loudly, "GET YOUR WHORE ASS IN HERE."  
  
Monica races in and jumps into his arms. He again grabs her by the hair and kisses her roughly. Monica squirmed at his ferocious appetite. His lips going from her mouth to her neck then across her chest. Nipples bitten. Sucked upon. Who knew that her Dad has this kind of energy. She loved it.  
  
In a snap decision he picks his daughter up and again carries her in to his bed. Throwing on to her stomach he stretches out over her kissing her backside from head to toe. Prying her ass cheeks apart to feed on her asshole. Monica yelped constantly. Fingers embedded inside her pussy he finger fucks her roughly. Her mind losing reality. In a sudden convulsion Monica squirts all over his knuckles.  
  
Before she can relax he mounts her from behind and fucks her drenched pussy hard. Every nerve ending she had cried out "DADDY DON'T STOP."  
  
He didn't. Rolling her over he took her missionary. Contorting her in all directions until she screams at the top of her lungs. He refused to stop. She was beet red and gasping. Eyes rolling into her head. Toes curling. Nails digging into the mattress as well as Aaron's hip.  
  
His demeanor was changing rapidly. He was almost approaching her with anger. Gripping her by the throat. Choking her as he pounded her again. With every digging thrust he snarls, "Never leave your shirt on the sofa again. Your Mom found it. Questioned me."  
  
"I didn't think about it. I'm sorry." She felt badly.  
  
He chokes her harder and kisses her equally as intimidating. Her heart pounded. Her Dad was magnificent. Nose to nose he stops thrusting to feel her body shake. Her eyes almost teary yet pleading for more.  
  
"Your slave for a day charity is next weekend. Should I buy you?"  
  
"No. I want to terrorize whoever does buy me. You can come bid just please don't win. I can be your slave any day of the week. I want something, someone new and crazy."  
  
"Slave to me huh?"  
  
"Yes Daddy. Own me whenever you want me. Just let me have my fun."  
  
"Recall awhile back I told you not to become a stripper? Because I didn't want to take a client out and end up seeing you strip."  
  
"Yes."  
  
"I changed my mind. As soon as you graduate I want your sexy ass on a stage. Help me win over a few clients."  
  
"I can do that without working in a strip club."  
  
"We'll talk about that another day. Time for you to scream." He grits his teeth and fucks her harder than before. Her throat clenched between his fingers the entire time. In minutes she gushes around his cock. He pulls out of her and drags her toward his dick. Jerking off over her opened mouth. The wait was over. He drowned her face in jizz.  
  
"Fucking nympho."  
  
She smiles nodding in agreement.  
  
"Can I sneak in with you and Lisa tonight?"  
  
"Threesome?"  
  
"I'm yours Daddy."  
  
"Was from birth." He chuckles.  
  
"Let's not sound pedophile."  
  
"Guess that did didn't it? You know what I mean."  
  
She reached up and hugged her Father.  
  
"You're the best."  
  
He knew he was.

**Monica 44: Counting Sheep**

11:00 PM  
  
"Almost time Daddy. How do I look?"  
  
Monica parades in front of her Father Aaron in a white see through negligee twirling in step to allow him a full 360 view of her perfected curves. Even after making love to his daughter all day long she kept him rock hard.  
  
"Keep it up we can cancel this crap and head back into the bedroom together." He grips his sweat pants. No underwear beneath, his erection was transparent to her eyes. Bulge massive she nibbles her fingernail.  
  
"Still hard? Do I really turn you on that much Daddy?"  
  
He starts to step toward her with swagger when he sees car lights pulling up on the street out front. Stepping around her he parts the curtains just enough to witness two guys getting out of a Dodge Charger. Another car pulling in behind them. They awaited the third arrival to join them before walking up the sidewalk toward the Gift house.  
  
"Big boys. Jocks?"  
  
"Yup. Linebackers. Are you ready to see them destroy me?" She shakes her tits at him playfully.  
  
"Ready as I'll ever be. You sure these guys will be cool with my watching them?"  
  
"All planned out. They think it's crazy but hot at the same time. Be sure to encourage them okay?'  
  
"Right. Fuck that little whore. Harder you pansy." He jests with a wink. Laughing Monica hugs him from the side and pats his erection. He loved his daughter. She wanted to make him crazy before her prearranged visitor Lisa arrived. Her Father had a mad crush on the married blond beauty since the day she caught he and Monica in a Mall parking lot in the 69 position. Lust at first sight. It took a bit of convincing but Lisa and her husband Michael had agreed on torturing Aaron for Monica. In return Michael got to fuck Monica. Her Dad not knowing a thing concerning Husband and Wife. All he knew was she was married. Nothing more. He didn't care. It was just fun. Being swingers the couple found the whole debacle refreshing. Game on.  
  
"Still one more to arrive Daddy. You go sit down. I'm going out to greet my lovers." She releases him and opens the front door. Racing out barefoot in her nightie she leaped into one of the gentlemen's arms. Kissing him hard on the mouth as his hands held her up. The other two guys laughed while rubbing her ass. Aaron didn't take a seat. He had to spy on them. Seeing this take place in their front yard concerned him. His neighbors might see this and tell his wife Charlotte. A single call might bring her home from Tallahassee instead of even calling him to find out what was going on. He had ideas on how to deal with his wife but that would take extreme measures. He wanted the best of both worlds. Wife and daughter. All in good time.  
  
As the guys went so far as to remove her negligee right outside for all to see Aaron caught them pawing her up. Two of them sucking her nipples as the third kissed her neck and gripped her shoulders. The nightie laying in the grass. Insanity. As much as Aaron wanted to step outside and advise them against her nudity and their behavior he couldn't ruin the moment for his daughter. He could tell she was in Heaven. As Monica endured their lust her eyes watched the house. Daddy was spying. She nibbled her lip at the curtain pulled aside.  
  
As the guys feasted upon her flesh her hands caressed scalps, "My Dad is watching." She whispers with a sigh , "Pick me up and take me out to the hood of your car. Eat me out for him to see. Right under the pole light on the street." The men sucking her nipples moved away to allow her passionate kisser to pick her up and carry her out to his car. Laying her on the warm metal he lifts her legs spreading them before leaning in to devour her pussy. She tasted delicious. She moaned a lot. Very loudly.  
  
Cars passing by she shivered with delight arching her back and cupping her tits for a visual excitement. His tongue flicking her clit rapidly. Inside the house Aaron lowering his sweats had his dick in hand jerking off. His daughter was better than any Pornstar. Crazy bold and wanting the world to witness. He adored his little girl.  
  
A car parks across the street and the driver steps out. Walking over to them Aaron hesitated to make sure this was the fourth guy and not somebody prepared to call the Cops. Not that the Police would do anything to their favorite little slut. Monica had even they wrapped around her pinky.  
  
"Starting without me?"  
  
"Michael, hi. They couldn't wait. Don't stop eating me Jesse. Fuck that feels good." He doesn't let up for a second. She squeals as the guys chatter amongst themselves. Caressing her as she shivers in delight. Michael chose to avoid looking at the house. He wanted to make it look as authentic as he could. Letting on he and Lisa were an item would ruin the guys fantasy. He vowed to not even talk to Lisa while she was with Aaron. Let her have her fun.  
  
"Who wants my mouth around their cock?" Monica chatters as Jesse continued fingering and eating her out. Of course all of them wanted that. Jesse finally lets up and lifts her from his car hood and dangles her body backwards. He was a strapping young man with enough strength to raise her high in his arms and devour her pussy as she stretched toward the grassy curb side. With careful maneuvering he switched her body to face him before resuming his hunger. This let her drape over his crotch. Fingers reaching toward his pants she unfastens his belt then zipper. A final clasp loosens his burden. Guiding the jeans lower she turns her hands on his boxers tugging them down to let his beast reveal itself. A meaty seven incher bobs about as her eyes dance at its handsome stature. Jaw wide she swallows his cock. In a standing 69 the two of them sampled a healthy dose of fleshly goods. In and out of her mouth she loved his taste. His tongue digging deep into her hole then slipping out to wag over her anal cavity. She shivered at the sensations brewing. So good.  
  
The other guys merely watched and wanted their own taste. Michael had sampled a bit of Monica the day she delivered pizza to he and Lisa's apartment. He knew how yummy she was. For awhile now he desired more of her. That was why when Lisa proposed Monica's idea of getting his wife to sleep with her dad Michael encouraged it. Pretty certain Lisa would have let him fuck Monica regardless but he countered the offer as his way of making certain it would happen. They being swingers extended their desires to turn the other on seeing them with starving partners. Not often however did they have walls between them. Tonight that was the intention. For now phase one was in action. Michael was going to meet Aaron Gift for the very first time playing it off as just one of Monica's toys. Aaron would have no clue that he and Lisa were married to one another. If Aaron knew then he would likely change his mind, worried that Michael might punch his lights out. Michael would have Monica to himself without Lisa or Aaron to watch them. That alone turned him on harder than anything. If it weren't for the other guys he might try making love to Monica instead. Those visuals certainly were appealing. He loved Lisa but he often fantasized about this barely legal Princess. Monica was one of the most beautiful girls he had ever seen.  
  
Unknown to any of them next door neighbor Brock Quinones was enjoying the show from his screened in front porch. Nurturing a beer while sitting in only his boxers he recalled how hot Monica was in his bedroom awhile back. That and knowing his son Ryan had her wrapped around his own finger for a good long while. Now that Ryan was exclusive with April things seemed different. Monica barely came over to the house. Not that April wasn't a hot little number herself but Brock knew how much Ryan liked her. Therefore Brock did his best not to ogle the farm girl that closely. Tough being a forty something Dad who liked young girls. At least he had a front row seat to the yard show. Better than nothing.  
  
Watching them he had to pull his own dick out and bring it to life. A nice long jerk would make him sleep better. Hearing Monica moan loudly encouraged his palm. The men chuckling and talking about what they wanted to do to her even better. He shared their sentiment. As the show continued he hadn't heard the back door open. Searching for Brock was Ryan and April. Having come home from drinking in the country and discussing their future. April had confessed that Ryan might have gotten her pregnant but wasn't certain until tonight. She tested herself at home before he arrived to pick her up. Negative she sighed with relief. Not telling Ryan as of yet she decided to wait and see what his further thoughts on fatherhood would reveal. She herself wasn't ready to be a parent but she knew she wanted a baby sometime. Whether it would be with Ryan was a different thing. She adored Ryan but she often found herself looking at other boys. These days Ryan wanted her all to himself. Something she didn't quite agree with. Opting to stay the night with Ryan due to he being too drunk to take her home she put him to bed. He was snoring hard. No counting sheep for him. She however was tipsy drunk and wide awake. Finding one of his white cotton T-shirts she slipped out of her own clothing to put it on. It clung to her curves nicely. Her breasts relaxed with the material but the cool breeze coming through a raised window attacked her nipples. She was horny as it was. Hearing noises outside she turns the lights off and peers out the drapes.  
  
"Monica? Holy Moley. Four guys in the yard with her. She's so damned lucky. Crazy girl. I wish that was me." April consoles her own hormones seeing her vertical 69. Wanting to go join her she knew Ryan would be upset if he woke up. Growling under her breath she tiptoed from Ryan's room and out into the hall. Thinking Brock asleep in an all dark house she crept downstairs and through the main level. Not knowing Brock was awake sitting in the dark April stood six feet from the elder Quinones stroking his cock. He faltered once he spotted April and remained quiet not wanting to spook her. When had they gotten home he wondered. Her silhouette remarkable he couldn't bear to startle her and send her running back inside. Breath held he freezes in his seat on an old sofa. He would watch wait, and fondle himself. He could hide his beast if she realized he was there. For now he rather hoped April might strip that shirt off and play with herself. It was obvious she was turned on by Monica's show. Brock would bide his time. His house his rules.  
  
Outside the boy Jesse returned Monica to her feet and took the time to remove his pants completely. Shirt tossed he was the first to be nude. He picked her up again and slipped his dick inside her drowning pussy, fucking her right in the middle of the yard lights. The other guys chuckling about their bravery. Monica's squeals loud and breathtaking.  
  
April whispered not even suspecting she had an audience, "I should just go out there and join her." Brock her heard misery through whines and a nervous tapping of toes on the wood flooring. Without warning April removes her shirt and stands nude in the darkness. Her body bathed ever so slightly by the night lights through the screens. It was enough for Brock to witness her standing there nipples peaking, her fingers probing at her wetness amid a glossy labia. He stroked his beast slightly harder, it instantly returning to its former vitality. He wanted to groan but kept silent. She however began whimpering at her fingers burrowing inside her. His biggest worry was her turning to sit down on the sofa to finish herself off. He had no where to hide. An eight foot couch took up most of his porch. He would enjoy this as long as he could.  
  
Within Monica's home Aaron too was jerking hard but wanted to keep it in reserve just in case Lisa did show up. But, seeing his daughter pounded on the front lawn made it hard to resist. Finally, he gets a text on his cell. Expecting it to be his wife Charlotte he scowls breaking away from his stimulations to go to his end table to see what she typed. Undoubtedly informing him that she had arrived in Tallahassee. Eying the text he didn't know the number but realized it was from Lisa.  
  
"On my way if you're still up for this. Lisa."  
  
"I didn't know she had my number. Monica must have shared it." His cock roared high at the knowledge that his fantasy was actually going to happen. Typing back Aaron wrote, "Hurry it up I want you in my lap."  
  
Emojis of blushing smiley's led her reply of, "In your lap sitting or in your lap sucking that cock?"  
  
"Both." He excitedly returned his answer.  
  
"Give me fifteen minutes. Any special requests?"  
  
Brows hiked high he grins, pondering something to answer with. Finally he types back with, "Leave your clothes in your car. Kneel on my welcome mat and bow your head."  
  
"Oooo! Domination play. Love it. That all?"  
  
"I'll take it from there."  
  
She ends it with, "Getting in my car now. I'll strip in front of your house."  
  
Growling at the mental images of the gorgeous blond Aaron nearly cums then and there. He had to go to his fridge and grab some ice to cool his beast off. He held it there counting to a hundred until it lost its size. He wanted her baaaaad.  
  
Next door April was cumming all over her fingers watching and hearing Monica. Brock too was struggling to keep his noise level next to nothing as he was brewing up a burst of his own. As April squeals nasally Brock couldn't hold it in any longer. A deep snarl he spits forth a torrent of scalding hot jizz. Hearing him April turns and realizes his presence. She curls up trying to cover herself when she hears Brock speak.  
  
"Don't go. It's fine. I'm not mad that you did that."  
  
"Mister Quinones...you were there watching me all that time?"  
  
"What little I can see in the dark. Looks like we both got caught up in Monica's little soirée."  
  
"You...jerked off to me?"  
  
"Monica too. But, yeah I can't deny that."  
  
"Wow! I'm so embarrassed."  
  
"Don't kid yourself April. We both know you're not that red."  
  
"Still. I know Ryan won't understand this when you tell him."  
  
"I'm not telling him anything. That's your job if and when you decide to."  
  
She pauses deciding if putting her shirt back on was necessary or live with the fact he could barely see her anyway. She couldn't see him all that well herself. Of course he was further out of the light coming in the screens.  
  
"Why wouldn't you tell your son?" She considered his selfish reasoning.  
  
"No harm done. He knows I'm fond of Monica. Long story. My story."  
  
"Has Ryan told you about how we met?"  
  
"Fucked you in the diner."  
  
"Oh my lord. You must think I'm such a whore."  
  
"Are you?"  
  
"I don't think so. I mean I loved it when I took that chance with Ryan in my Aunt's diner. It was really hot."  
  
"He's like his ole man. Knows a hottie when he sees one."  
  
Startled by Monica's screaming orgasm outside their attention wavers to witness Monica getting double penetration awkwardly.  
  
"She's so insane. Four guys."  
  
"She's had more than that trust me. If there's a whore nearby it's her. God love her."  
  
"Really?" April eases upright but still folds her arms over her chest.  
  
"Yeah, she didn't tell you about the duck club? Country bar she stripped at."  
  
"I hadn't heard that one. How many guys watched her?"  
  
"Think she counted 27."  
  
"Whoa! That's a lot."  
  
"You could be a stripper. You got the youth and the perfect body."  
  
"T-thanks. Those guys are hitting Monica hard." She peers out.  
  
"Wishing you were out there?"  
  
"How can you ask me that knowing I'm your son's girlfriend?"  
  
"I heard you say you wished that was you."  
  
"Oh! I didn't really mean that."  
  
"Uh huh! Stop lying to yourself. I also know Shane and Holden tapped your ass."  
  
"Ryan talks too much." She sighs hiding a giggle.  
  
"You can be honest with me April."  
  
She shivers lowering her arms to her side. He could see her nipples in the lighting again. She knew he could. Patting the cushion next to him he opts to say, "Best seat in the house."  
  
She bites her lower lip curled up tightly. "Are you going to..."  
  
"Jerk off again? Most likely."  
  
"Maybe I should just go to bed. Ryan would never forgive me if I told him you watched me masturbate. Even if I didn't know you were there."  
  
"Think he'd understand any better knowing I jerked off in front of you?"  
  
"I-it wasn't just over Monica though. You didn't deny watching and liking what I was doing."  
  
Hearing another scream from Monica Brock stands up and moves in for a better view. Standing directly next to April he gets a better view of her nervousness. Even though edgy she didn't hide herself this time. Looking down at Brock she bulges her eyes. He had taken his boxers off and was totally nude just as she was. His monster cock swollen hard in its curvature. She shivered and found herself unable to remove her eyes from it.  
  
"That girl is gonna be sore in the morning."  
  
"Wait. I lied. I knew about her stripping in the bar. When I met her she was covered in hickies. I just didn't know how much you knew until you revealed it all."  
  
"I knew you did." He smirks stroking his cock right in front of her, "I wanted to see your reaction to the info. You brightened up even though you played it off as shock. My boy says he might be a Daddy. That true?"  
  
She grows pale but Brock couldn't tell that much in the lighting. She sulks a bit before exhaling, "I thought I might be. My period is really late. I took a test before Ryan picked me up tonight. I'm not pregnant." She notes the revelation never once made his cock go limp. Nodding at her he returns to his sofa. She takes a deep breath and mumbles, "So not smart." April sits next to him and adjusts her eyes to the darkness. He was stroking his cock even harder. Watching April he stops long enough to reach over and grab her hand. She resists slightly presuming he was guiding her to jack him off. Instead he lowers her hand between her own legs. With a thumbs graze to her clit he shudders and removes his hand, returning to his erection.  
  
"Might as well join me."  
  
"Y-you rubbed my clit."  
  
"Just getting you started. I'm not here to seduce my son's girl."  
  
Shocked she begins touching herself again. Monica's cries stimulating them to further destroy their own senses. The night was far from over. Even though Monica's last cry left the yard silent. She led her flock indoors where Aaron sat in his recliner waiting. He had moved Monica's mattress to the living room floor for the real show to begin.  
  
Alone now April and Brock observe each other and cum hard. April first. Brock shortly after. He turned at an angle just as he shot his load. It arched over her leg and feet leaving droplets.  
  
"Oh my God." She realized his unexpected spatter. Her chest heaving she timidly looks at his leftovers on her shin. Holding her breath she dares to reach over and wipe a fewon her fingers. Hesitation sets in until Brock reaches over and wipes another few drops on his own fingers. She got goosebumps everywhere. Slowly he lifts his wet fingers up to her lips and she whimpers. Touching her lower lip with their wetness she gives in and sucks his fingertips.  
  
"See? That wasn't all bad was it?"  
  
"N-no. Monica's done."  
  
"We can watch the show from my bedroom. She always has the curtains drawn. She does it for all of us Quinones boys."  
  
"Y-your bedroom? I don't think I should go watch her with you. Ryan's room is right next door."  
  
"Your decision. Night April." He gets up and puts his boxers back on. As he walks by her discarded t-shirt he picks it up and takes it with him. Her jaw drops at leaving her nude. Sitting in the darkness another ten minutes to reflect she gets up and quietly heads upstairs. Intending to crawl into bed with Ryan she stops at his door to hear his snoring. Fingers wanting to turn the doorknob she resists. Looking at Brock's open door she trembles. Slowly her feet lead her to his doorway. Inside she sees his own silhouette looking down at the Gift house. Still stroking his cock she knew his boxers were off again.

April couldn't help herself. In she strolled.  
  
"Monica's getting roughed up down there." He whispers.  
  
"Let me see." He steps aside letting her move into his position. As she watches Monica being deeply penetrated by three men at once, including Michael now. He had pussy duty. Jesse her anal cavity. Jesse's buddy Owen fucking her face. Sitting there watching was Monica's father. As she grew mesmerized April feels Brock directly behind her. So close as his hands grip her shoulders to peer over her at the show. His cock resting warmly on her lower back. She flares both eyes and nostrils at his pressing against her. She didn't spook. Brock just gravitated close and watched the show. She could feel his pulse on her spine. She watched the show from the inside of her eyelids. April was fantasizing about it being her with Monica's flock. Brock up against her only gave it a feel of reality.  
  
Down below Monica performs her best knowing her Father was watching. Throat gurgling at being fucked hard her eyes wander peripherally toward Aaron to witness his approving gaze. Aaron studying each penetration closely. Michael under Monica has a better view of Aaron's interest in his cock moving in and out of Monica's juicy cunt. Pink ruffles of interior membranes lipping back and forth with each thrust. Even Jesse knew Aaron was sitting forward to see his own beast ramming into Monica's ass. Undeterred even when Aaron raises a bottle of lube over Jesse dribbling some on his cock to aid in his enjoyment. Jesse nodded at Aaron his thanks. His dick was getting sore of dryness. Standing now Aaron moves in front of them and gets a better view of his daughter with a meaty dick in her mouth. Her lips wide and accepting Owen's girth with an expression of yearn. Eyes making contact Monica stares at her Father. He merely pets her long dark hair and smiles.  
  
Noticing the fourth man merely standing there jerking off next to Monica, Aaron journeys around the mattress and takes her hand from Owen's hip and coaxes it toward the fourth guy Darren. Wrapping her fingers around Darren's cock he pats Monica's knuckles. She did her very best to jerk off Darren. This was incredible hearing all these men grunting and groaning. His daughters muffled moans even more exhilarating.  
  
Seeing car lights out front parking behind Michael's vehicle Aaron noticed Lisa step from her car in a pair of jean shorts and a black t-shirt. She stood in her car lights undressing. Once stripped to her tennis shoes she tosses her clothes into her car and crosses the street toward Monica's home. Aaron grew rock hard purple watching her tits rustling about with each step. That girl was stunning. She notices Aaron in the picture window but doesn't wave. She merely does as he requested and drops to her knees at the welcome mat. Aaron rushed to the door opening it to see her head bowed. Gracefully he reaches under her chin lifting it so that her gaze could meet his. She however surprised him by keeping her eyelids shut as if respectful.  
  
Ego encompassing his desires he steps over her and rolls his cock across her face. The warmth of his flesh made her tremble. Balls mashing over her lips he whispers, "Kiss them." She puckered and obeyed. Lisa tried very hard not to smile. This was fun.  
  
Upstairs of the Quinones home Brock and April noticed the new arrival.  
  
"Who's the blond?" April purrs slightly.  
  
"Nobody I know. Monica must be getting Aaron some tonight. Lucky fucker."  
  
Her eyes relocate to her left as she licks her lips. His fingers massaging her shoulders tenderly gave her the chills. She loosens up a bit and leans further into Brock. He merely continued his massage and his observation of the events below. Watching Aaron escort Lisa inside and sit them in his recliner. Lisa curling up in his lap to watch Monica's devastation. It was easy to see Lisa was impressed.  
  
April found herself faintly gyrating over Brock's erection glued to her spine. Soft, ever so soft moans improvised to let Brock know she was into his closeness. Brock smiled.  
  
"Wonder what they're gonna do next?" He whispers into her ear.  
  
"I..." April starts to reply then melts into silent quivers.  
  
Back in Aaron's lap Lisa trembled in her seat. His big dick throbbing beneath her thighs. She watched her husband Michael ramming his cock hard up into Monica. He however refused to look at his wife. It wasn't until Aaron tilted Lisa's head to embrace a kiss. She devotes her tongue to swirling around Aaron's as she caresses his cheek. Aaron's hand squeezing her perky breast. This led her toes to trail up and down Aaron's leg. Her hand feeding his ego with a frolic amid his chest hair.  
  
Lips parting Aaron sighs, "Fuck you're all I can think about lately."  
  
"I'm glad." She stares at him with lustful eyes. Cautiously she repositions her weight in order to reach down and massage his cock. Aaron huffs at her tenderness. "I've thought of you also. I remember this big fella."  
  
Aaron eyes her hand gracefully moving up and down. Her nipples now trailing his ribs. Their intimacy led to more kissing ignoring Monica and her entourage of testosterone. That is until Owen nuts gruffly into Monica's mouth. Her whimpers thanking him with constricting throat muscles to drink his cum deeply. As Owen pulls away her lips lock on to his bulbous crown for a final puckered kiss that leaves her lips vacant. From that point on Monica grew noisy again. Her holes thriving on every insertion every exit. Tilting her gaze to witness Lisa and her Father making out she smiled. Lowering her gaze to Michael the man smirks with a wink. Jealous Monica lowers against Michael's chest and feasts on his lips. She wanted kissed too. The poor fourth friend ended up jerking off on his own. Long standing moans fueled their kisses as Jesse nuts into Monica's ass, pulling out to examine her frothing anus. Lifting away Monica broke free of Michael's wandering hands along her back and sits up to ride him. It was a magnificent ride as Monica placed her hands in her hair in a sexy pose. Michael's hands lifting to hold her turbulent breasts. She smiled down at him then sighs, "Fuck your cock feels good Michael."  
  
Lisa hearing her bites Aaron's lip before escaping with a tug to leer down at Monica and her demanding Hubby. Michael was enjoying himself. A very thin hint of jealousy crossed Lisa's brow. Her thoughts taken away as Aaron decides it was time to take his prize to his own bed. Holding her hand he leads Lisa away. Once entering Aaron shuts the door and storms into Lisa with a standing tall kiss. She craned her neck to accommodate his height and felt his hands all over her body. Her fingers slither low to stroke his cock with both palms. He enjoyed her touch immensely. His wasn't that bad either. Lips retreating her mouth Aaron moves south along her throat. Warm exhales stimulate her ear. His neckline. One of her hands moves up to run fingers through his scalp, the other still nurturing his beast. In a claim to madness Aaron Gift picks her up and launches their bodies on to his bed. Easing toward the center Aaron rolls her on to her belly and feasts on her ass cheeks. Bite marks leaving indentations. His tongue licking her asshole. Fingers in her soaked pussy. Lisa lost her mind. Michael who?  
  
In the living room Monica lost all of her greedy little lovers except for Michael. Each of them exhausted by her they bowed out leaving the couple alone. Monica didn't even seem concerned as she continued riding Michael. She blew them kisses and a fluttering round of fingers to bid them farewell, but once gone she drops down over Michael for more devoted kisses. Their lip lock leading to a frenzy of passion suddenly. Monica hungered for he and he alone. Now she got her wish. Balls of sweat they ravaged each others body with roaming hands. His dick never once slowing up. In a maddening venture Michael rolls her over and fucks her missionary. Devouring her nipples like a starving child. Heated Monica exhales loudly, "I knew you wanted me, but damn."  
  
"No more Mister Nice Guy." He growls at her.  
  
"Pussy." She sticks her tongue out at her.  
  
The next hour he had her in every position possible. Contortions finest. Yes indeed, Monica would be sore in the morning. Neighbor Brock knew what he was talking about. During that hour Aaron destroyed Lisa just as much. She would leave with hickies nearly as bad as Monica had awhile back. Something she hadn't bargained on but luckily she could blame Michael. After all he knew what they were doing. Screaming bloody murder as Aaron ate her pussy through two exploding orgasms Lisa finally had to break away. As Aaron moved to her side laying there watching her convulse she dramatically rolled over to suck his cock. A long, hard ambush that lasted ten minutes before he fires down her throat. She stayed on course just as long as he had her. Another ten minutes of squirming as her throat tightened. Her nails squeezing his balls for a final launch Aaron lost every ounce of energy. Her lips frothed at his mother lode. Before he could fight her she crawled over him and kissed him gruffly. He shared his own cum with her.  
  
Something he had never ever done. Shocked he rolled her back over and made love to her. She embraced his sudden tenderness.  
  
Then the door opened. In snuck Monica dragging Michael along. She creeps to her Father's left side and sprawls out to caress her Father's hip.  
  
"Having fun Dad?"  
  
"Get out."  
  
"I thought we were going to switch partners."  
  
"Get out." Lisa turns her face to second his motion.  
  
"Whoaaa! Fine! Come on Michael let's find someone else to play with."  
  
"What?" She drags him away leaving Lisa to wave as she wraps her legs around Aaron's waist. The night was young. She was loving this guys talent. Again Michael who? She would remember him at dawn.  
  
There were no other partners. However Monica took Michael back to the yard for another moonlit ride. Hearing moans of her own Monica tracks the them to the shadows above. Squinting in the light as Michael pounded her doggy style Monica sees April in the window of Brock's room. Her chest crushed beneath rather large hands.  
  
"Those aren't Ryan's mitts. Are they?" She thought. As Michael cums again pulling out to milk her ass in white gloss Monica drops her jaw, "Oh shit! Brock's fucking April."  
  
April seeing that Monica was watching placed a finger to her lips with a pleading expression. It was an easy read that she didn't want Monica to tell Ryan. Vanishing from the window Monica knew the destination. She had been in that room. Poor Ryan.  
  
Feigning exhaustion Monica sat up in the grass beside Michael. Hugging him suddenly Monica thanked him before hopping up and marching next door. The porch was never locked. Luckily neither was the front door. Entering she stumbled in the darkness darting upstairs. Intruding she stomps right into Brock's bedroom. Turning a light on she prepped a verbal assault. As the room illuminated she was shocked t her discovery.  
  
"Ryan?"  
  
"Hey neighbor." Ryan Quinones slurred his speech still drunk but alive enough to fuck his girl. Staggering April winced at Monica. Where was Brock? Looking around her Monica checked Ryan and Kyle's rooms. He was no where to be found. Embarrassed Monica heads back to Brock's room. Shutting the light off she mumbled, "Sorry."  
  
Heading back downstairs Monica starts to exit the porch when she hears snoring. Flicking the porch light on she finds Brock asleep on the sofa naked. How did she miss him on her way through? His dick still proud she spots lipstick around it. Thinking back she knew it was April's shade. Troubled Monica covers Brock up with a throw from the sofa back. Leaving him to sleep she heads home. Michael had gotten dressed and was sitting on the front step.  
  
"What's going on?" He scratches his scalp.  
  
"Thought my friends were...nothing." She snuggles up next to Michael and stares at the street. For three hours they sat and talked. As the sun crept up the front door opened and Lisa stepped out quietly.  
  
"Aaron's asleep."  
  
"Looks like somebody wore him out." Michael scowls. "Let's go home." Michael pats Monica on the leg then stands to stretch. He had gathered Lisa's clothing and watched her get dressed. Lisa leans down and hugs Monica, pecking her cheek with a quick kiss.  
  
"Call you later." Lisa whispers.  
  
As they drive away in their separate cars Monica holds her knees to her chest swaying. Something went wrong tonight. She could feel it. There was no sleep to be had. No warm milk. No counting sheep. Only the thought that an awful lot of wool was being pulled over her eyes.  
  
"Dang it April."  
  
Someone was her fool.  
  
The question was...who?

**Monica 45: PALM SUNDAY**

"You made it."  
  
"I promised you didn't I?" Monica Gift met her friend Thea King at the door of her Father's Church. Thea was wearing a long chorus gown and nearly tripped over its hem as she hopped in glee clapping. Monica calmed her with a hug so tight they both nearly toppled to their side. Eyes all around her made Monica sweat. Ninety five percent of the congregation was African American. Not an issue to Monica but their looks at her relayed a different story. Luckily for Monica, Thea and her date Garrett were able to mentally convince everyone that Monica was their honored guest. Garrett specifically throwing his gigantic arms out to his sides with an expression of "WHAT?" Their judgment seemed to lead to a more relaxing demeanor. For now.  
  
"Awkwarrrrd." Monica shivered until Garrett placed an arm on her shoulder with a caring grin.  
  
"I got your back."  
  
"I'm fine. I think they're warming up to me. At least the men are." She ribbed him lightly with her elbow, "Maybe it's my cleavage."  
  
"Probably a little more sin that this church has seen in a good while." Thea sighs.  
  
"Hey I could always wear one of those choir robes."  
  
"Can you sing?"  
  
Monica fidgets a bit before wincing. "Well...when I sing in the shower the water refuses to spray until I stop. That should give you a hint."  
  
"Don't drain the baptismal well." Garrett chuckles.  
  
"Ooooo! I've never been baptized. Wet t-shirt contest Thea?"  
  
"There is no hope for your soul." Thea scowls, "My Daddy would throw the good book straight at you."  
  
"As long as that book is Fifty Shades of Grey. Sort of Purgatory right?"  
  
"Hopeless I say." Thea giggles.  
  
"Braless too, oh Sister of the Braless Brigade." Monica reaches out to palm both of Thea's tits, "Wow! No bra. I'm soooo proud of you."  
  
"Me too." Garrett blushes trying not to laugh. Thea pelts him with her knuckles accompanied by a deadly sneer, the second the gentle giant looked down at her he sighs, swatting at open air, "Is there a mosquito in here?"  
  
"Landed right here." Monica swiftly slaps Thea on the butt. Thea in a panic looks to the ogling congregation.  
  
"We go to school together. Trying to save her soul. Might need an exorcist." Thea in her ramble was sweating hard. Too many of her family members were watching. Some amused but others eager to pounce with Bible verses and hellfire. Monica was ready for anything. The evil within her knew she could get the men on her side with nothing but a wink or bending over. In her tight white dress with rose colored flowers printed on it, the satiny material tended to recede between her butt cheeks a bit more than it should. Not wearing underwear led to that guilty pleasure. At least the skirt of the dress almost touched her knees instead of her hips. That could have been scandalous.  
  
"Come meet my Mother." Thea snatched up Monica's hand to lead her through the pews. Most of said seats were filling up rather quickly so stepping in front of people was necessary to get anywhere. At least Thea was polite in saying "Excuse me." multiple times. Monica would explore the faces of many men in passing. Some her age, others a bit older. Her friend Darius and his girlfriend Cheyenne sat together chuckling at Monica. Each person that she scooted in front of looked down at Monica's ass as she went by. A lot of closed eyes and mumbling lips were seen to be reciting, "Dear Lord..." with unheard prayers. Every guy here today was going to need repentance. Behind Darius and Chey sat his ex-girlfriend Thelma, she seemed overly amused by everyone. Including her own Father Morton who sat next to her.  
  
"Who's the white girl?" Morton winced at his daughter with the most amazing hair extensions ever seen. Thelma knew how to get men to check her out as well. Hearing her Father take interest made Thelma hesitant.  
  
"Monica Gift. We go to school together."  
  
Darius turns in his pew to offer his two scents worth. Cheyenne fanning herself with a service pamphlet noticed that Darius seemed to want to look back quite a lot. Using Morton as an excuse to flirt with Thelma she surmised. Chey tried to keep an open mind.  
  
"Crazy white chick Mort. The things that girl's done would make you wanna jump up and beg to save her soul." Darius chuckled then glances at Thelma's tits. Her eyes although amazing were slightly ignored. Thelma would settle for that, slut that she was. Even her Father knew that fact about her, yet defended her to the end.  
  
"You think she might need some laying of hands?" Morton studied Monica's trek through the congregation at Thea's insistence.  
  
"She would probably demand more than yours." Thelma snickered.  
  
"You should offer that Mort." Darius grinned sharing his pearly whites like Nick Cannon in the house.  
  
"Don't encourage my Daddy." Thelma hissed trying to relax her Father who was exerting too much effort in looking over Monica from a distance. His mouth was even watering. Who knew her Dad liked white girls? Thelma scowled with a cocked eye brow.  
  
"No excuse. No excuse." Monica would repeat to those she passed to counter Thea's "Excuse me." Some laughed, others frowned, especially the wives and grandmothers. More than a few husbands were swatted for paying too much attention to Monica. Every eye she met made the girl confirm her theory that even in church men lusted. HARD!  
  
Reaching her Mother up on stage with the other choir members Thea motioned her Mom to step down and meet her friend. "Momma this is my friend Monica. Monica this is my mom Queenie."  
  
"It is very nice to meet you Monica."  
  
"Likewise...Queenie King? I can see who wears the pants in the family." Monica chuckled then clammed up at the woman's scrutinizing glare. Uneasy Monica apologizes. "Sorry. I couldn't resist."  
  
Suddenly both Thea and her Mom burst into laughter, "HONEY? YOU GOT THAT RIGHT." Queenie added. To her right another woman added her opinion with, "Lord have mercy. Child you need a shawl to cover...those." A careful point toward Monica's chest made Miss Gift lower her chin to view her own cleavage.  
  
Thea to the rescue improvises with, "I talked Monica into joining the choir for the morning. She can sing beside me."  
  
"Delightful." Queenie found pride in the moment, "Take her back to the wardrobe room and find a gown to fit her." Giggling Thea drags Monica along for the ride yet again. As they leave Queenie tells her sister Lola, "See? Not all white girls are without hope." A grim, "Mmhm!" from Lola led to disbelief.  
  
"Oh my God! Thea I told you I can't sing."  
  
"Just move your mouth I'll sing." Thea bubbles as they begin their search on the hangers for a gown to fit Monica's height. "Here try this one on." With a nervous wince toward Thea she begins to remove her dress. Thea bulges her eyes, "You wear it over your dress silly."  
  
"Not if you're making me do this." Monica razzes her with an extended tongue.  
  
"Monica this is a house of God. Please don't do this."  
  
"Nobody is going to notice. The neckline touches our throat." Monica was pure evil today. Right there in the back room she unzipped her dress slipping it over her succulent curves in order to step out of it. Wearing only her heels she dares to dance in the open before Thea's covered eyes. While dancing holding her gown two young men a few years older than the girls stuck their heads into the opened doorway. Jaws dropped, the two African American charmers looked at each other before barging right in.  
  
"Who's your friend Thea?"  
  
Trembling at the sight of the two men Thea uncovers her eyes to see Monica holding the gown to her chest. At least she was covered. Twisting in step Monica turned her back to the boys offering them a full bare backside. They checked her out in style. Thea went ballistic forcing Monica to turn away from the boys. "STOP IT THIS INSTANT."  
  
"We were all born nakie. What's the big deal?" Monica winked at the boys. Extending a hand to shake Monica nibbles her lower lip, "Hi. I'm Monica. Who are you two handsome devils?"  
  
"Stop talking about the devil in my Father's church." Thea insisted stomping her foot.  
  
"Hey Monica. I'm Dewain and this is Brandon." The boys both raise their hands at once. Knowing Monica too well Thea grabs the gown holding it in front of Monica's nudity as the brunette beauty lets the gown go in favor of using both of her hands to shake theirs. If Thea had not predicted her move the men would be drooling over a full frontal.  
  
"Party pooper." Monica razzes her again.  
  
"Daaaaaang! That's some bold shit." Dewain admits rubbing his chin's thin goatee.  
  
"Watch your mouth Dewain Whittaker." Thea scolds him.  
  
"You heard Thea." Monica grins sheepishly palming her tits behind Thea's cloak, "Watch where your mouth is."  
  
"You should come sit with us later. We'll keep you company." Brandon straightens his tie smirking.  
  
"Are you going to use that tie to tie my wrists together?" Monica was shameless. It took Thea to stomp on Monica's foot to halt her taunting.  
  
"Owww! Now I might need carried to the choir stage." Monica chuckled at Thea.  
  
"Hopeless. Why did I ever think I could save you?" Thea just drops the gown to the tile and marches out. The gown hitting the floor Monica looked torn between flirting harder or behaving to keep her friend happy.  
  
Brandon bent over to pick the gown up while looking at Monica's sweetly shaven pubes on the way back up. "Nice. Here you better put this on. Don't let the Reverend see you like that."  
  
"Thanks. I think I made a big mistake coming here today."  
  
"Why?" Dewain narrowed his eyes checking out Monica's boastful nipples as she claimed the gown. "Because you're the only white chick in the church? A very hot white chick."  
  
"No." Monica giggles while putting the gown on, quickly ruining their adventurous tour of her body. "I love Thea to death. She's sensitive and I just don't know when to stop teasing. I like being naked in public." Her eyes lower to their crotches seeing well formed tents. "I'll find you guys after I howl on stage with Thea. Just a heads up, not those heads." She slyly points toward their laps, "My singing will set your Rottweilers into a frenzy."  
  
"I own a chihuahua?" Brandon tries to look serious.  
  
Dewain only added to the unpredictable humor. "My Rott ate his chihuahua." Monica snorted then picked her dress up from the tile.  
  
"Mind holding on to this until I come sit with you two studs?"  
  
Brandon claims it and folds it up to hide beneath his suit jacket. From there Monica took a deep breath and marched out into the Nave. Locating Thea beside her Mother with a hesitant eye contact Monica shuffles toward Thea and offers a pouty embrace. Queenie and Lola admired their friendship with a bit more respect.  
  
"Let's do this." Monica clears her throat and offers a "LA LA LA LA LA!" Queenie shakes her head at Lola at the awful voice. "Sorry I'm no Rihanna." Monica giggles, "Although I have a..." Again Thea intervenes with a sneer to shut up, her palm over Monica's lips gave her a pretty good clue. The elders merely scowled. Tough crowd.  
  
Before the choir headed out to the stage Thea made it clear to Monica that she was having a nervous breakdown. Monica merely consoled her buddy the best she could by telling her she would visit her in the sanitarium. As if that helped.  
  
Behind them a deep masculine voice stepped close placing an arm around the shoulders of both girls as he stood between them. "Good morning young Thea. Who might be your equally youthful friend here?"  
  
Eyes raised to look back at the charming cad with a well groomed head of hair and a deadly white smile. Sharing in his grin Thea held her breath, "Good morning Deacon Flye. This is my friend Monica."  
  
"A ravishing creature you are. Welcome to the house of God. My name's Deacon Opie Nathanial Flye. It is indeed a pleasure."  
  
Monica snickers aloud, "Opie N. Flye. Open Flye. Dick in even." She cracks herself up. "Sorry."  
  
"Occasionally. Yes indeed." He chuckles at her humor not even affecting the fact it was risqué in nature to be sexually speaking as they were in Church. He was an extremely seductive man who smelled entirely too good. Even in his fifty's he was in great shape. "Joining our choir I see."  
  
"You guys might regret it." She laughs.  
  
"An angel such as yourself? I truly doubt that. You hide your wings well my dear."  
  
"Hiding a lot more than that." Monica snorts while Thea cringes.  
  
"Do tell?" Deacon Flye beguiles her. Monica began to sweat beneath her gown. If not for Thea she might have shown him her secret. Monica Gift was having way too much fun at the expense of others. Not to mention her soul. Of course Monica wasn't sure about the whole religion thing anyway, never having been forced to attend any denomination. She would repent later in life. For now, the Devil made her do it.  
  
"Forgive us Deacon Flye, " Thea pulled Monica away from his grasp, "I need to introduce her to my Dad before services begin."  
  
"Of course. I look forward to your rendition of Bringing in the Sheep."  
  
"HA!" Monica busts up, "Bringing in the sheepskin maybe."  
  
Hearing her Deacon Flye clears his throat and adjusts his tie, "A wolf in sheep's clothing I see. Aooo!" He tries for a laugh fluttering his fingers toward her.  
  
"Is that what these gowns are made of? Soooo itchy." Monica tugs at her collar smirking.  
  
"WILL YOU BEHAVE?" Thea stomps on Monica's foot a second time this day, then points at the Deacon, "HOUSE OF GOD."  
  
"You are so right Sweet Thea. Forgive me Monica. Perhaps we can chat further after the services."  
  
"After the services about my services?" She wags her tongue.  
  
"UGGGGGGGGGGH!" Thea yanks her along, away from the devious Deacon. "I knew you would do this. Why did I even think you could contain your lust. It is a sin you know?"  
  
"Who was it that joined me in fucking some Teachers?"  
  
"SHHHHHHHHH! Not so loud. Okay I'm lustful too. Let's just try not to let others know. I don't want to humiliate my Father. He is the Pastor."  
  
"Is he cute?"  
  
"Yes. STOP IT!"  
  
"I'm teasing you already. Calm down."  
  
"How can I calm down when you're taking the entire congregation to Hell with you? SUCCUBUS!"  
  
"What does sucking on a bus have to do with now?" Monica looked puzzled.  
  
"I give up."  
  
"I plan on giving it up too. I knew you would come around."  
  
"You're utterly hopeless." Thea concludes before noticing a new arrival out in the crowd, "My brother is here. DO NOT SEDUCE HIM. DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?"  
  
"Where is he?"  
  
"The tall man in the sweater with glasses."  
  
"He looks like Urkel from that old sitcom Family Matters."  
  
"Did you do that?" Thea winces at her jest then busts up laughing, "That's what I call him too. Too funny. He does look like Urkel."  
  
"I didn't even know you had a brother. What's his name?"  
  
"Theo."  
  
"Thea and Theo? Parents get drunk on communal wine?"  
  
"Probably. He's in college. He knows your neighbor Kyle. They live in the same dorm."  
  
"WHOA! You know I never did get back with that Dalton guy I met at the park. He goes there too. He invited me to a frat party sometime."  
  
"PLEASE DON'T DO THAT. My brother is still a virgin. I'd like to keep him that way."  
  
"Seriously? He's in college and a virgin? NO WAY."  
  
"Look at him. He even does the Urkel dance in private. I've caught him when he thought he was alone."  
  
"I'll leave him alone. I can't promise that when I visit the dorms though. You know I'll be getting nakie."  
  
"Just avoid Theo like the plague over Egypt. He is the first born." Thea chuckles.  
  
"Sacrifices must be made." Monica didn't even understand her own humor at that moment. It just sounded funny.  
  
"Come on let's go say hi to my Father. Please...best behavior. He can't know anything about what we do at school. Definitely not you being nude under that gown."  
  
"Secrets safe with me."  
  
"Uh huh!" Thea was not prepared. Taking her hand she led Monica through the halls toward her Father's office. Reaching it Thea coldly points at her friend in one last cry for mercy. Monica pouts but offers a pat to Thea's butt. Encouragement enough. A knock on the door attracts attention.  
  
"You may enter." Comes a deep manly voice, not so much different than that of Deacon Flye's tone. Thea took it upon herself to open the door and duck her head in.  
  
"Daddy? Can I introduce you to someone real fast? I know you're practicing your sermon."  
  
"Semen?" Monica barely whispers as Thea enters. Luckily it went unheard.  
  
"Of course Thea. I have everything memorized. You should know that by now." He swivels in his desk chair to face them as Monica joins Thea inside. A warm vibrant smile exudes at Monica wearing a choir gown.  
  
"Joining the choir on your first visit? Brave soul indeed." He stands tall leaving Monica to drop her jaw.  
  
"Your Father is Denzel Washington?"  
  
"High praise. I do share a resemblance." He chuckles extending a hand of friendship, "Pastor Abraham King, you are?"  
  
"Monica Gift. I adore your daughter." Monica hugs Thea unexpectedly.  
  
"As do I." Abraham smothers them both with a hug of his own. Thea couldn't breath being crushed between the two. All she could do was endure and flare her eyes. So unexpected. Rubbing Monica's back Abraham fidgets a moment. Surely the girl was wearing something beneath her gown. Shrugging off his intuition he welcomes Monica further. "Any friend of my beautiful daughter is a friend of mine. Brownie points for joining the choir."  
  
"Like I've told others, don't blame me when the Voice judges don't turn."  
  
"A lovely sense of humor. I hope you enjoy the sermon."  
  
"Tasty I'm sure." She giggles. He merely overlooks her words.  
  
"Theo made it." Thea breaks the tension.  
  
"The boy finally set his alarm clock." He glances at his watch, "Speaking of time I should be joining the flock. Hopefully, Deacon Flye filled the baptismal well this time."  
  
"I've never been baptized." Monica belts out without thinking. Thea bulges her eyes at the notion. Waving her hands nervously toward Monica her Father grins with conquest.  
  
"Perhaps you might consider doing so. Cleanse your soul my child."  
  
"Sure! I can do that. Ummm! What am I doing?" She had no clue.  
  
"A dip in the baptismal well in accepting God into your life." He looked at her with pride.  
  
"So I can get wet and not get into trouble for it?"  
  
"Absolutely."  
  
Abraham guides them toward the door without much effort. Once outside Abraham kisses his daughter on the forehead and takes his leave for the auditorium. The second he was out of hearing range Thea uses both hands to snatch up the front of Monica's gown. Losing it she growls as if possessed.  
  
"ARE YOU INSANE?"  
  
"What did I do?"  
  
"You can't get baptized. You don't have a bra and the t-shirt that Father offers is white to symbolize purity of the soul."  
  
"Ooooo! Wet t-shirt contest."  
  
"This is going to be soooo bad. I love you but right now I really hate you."  
  
"Relax. I'll just play dumb I'm good at that."  
  
Hearing piano music Thea shakes her head out of defeat, "Come on we have to get up on stage. Please don't embarrass me."  
  
Merging amongst the standing members of the choir they discover only two seats left. Of four rows on a three level stage they sit in the third tier. Behind them were boys. Go figure Thea rolled her eyes. Hearing their whispers about the hot white girl did not help. Monica ate it up. Sharing glances with them Thea realized that the boys that were holding Monica's dress had filled those lads behind them in. GREAT!  
  
Song book in hand for Monica's benefit Thea concluded that it was pointless in sharing the source. She knew the words already. Monica would most likely change the words to fit her fanciful charade. Thea King tried not to smile. She knew this was going to be a travesty. All of her years of taking pride in her Father's shared message became fleeting with this beautiful temptress at her side. Sadly, Monica Gift had just that...the gift of likability. God help them all.

The songs led off with something cheerful and energetic, calling the congregation to clap along with the choirs enthusiasm. Thea's mom took charge with the song This Little Light of Mine. Monica had no clue how energetic until the choir backed her up. Catching her off guard she looked first to a grinning Thea then a fast study of those around her. With the boys behind her dancing along with everyone else she followed as best she could. The guys behind her weren't really singing or humming even. They were making crazy eye contacts with Monica. Knowing they were flirting Monica realized that with the people dancing in front of her that nobody could really witness any bold moves she might make. Slyly she bit her lower lip trying not to be obvious toward Thea as she decided on her mischief at hand. Reaching behind her she slowly lifts her choir gown until her bare ass came into view. It became a series of flashes at first making the boys salivate. If Thea so much as glanced peripherally Monica would drop her gown. The boys loved it.  
  
As the song ended and another began it was even more crowd pleasing. Hooping and hollering to praise the Lord. Selfishly Monica went further still, hiking the gown to let them view her bottom but this time attempting a twerk. It was out of character but in the madness of the moment it was all she had. The boys behind her reached out to touch her. Feeling hands on her butt she shook it even harder. It was then that Thea busted her. A swat to Monica's arm made Miss Gift behave. The boys were impatiently unhappy with Thea.  
  
Three more songs faded fast and the choir took their seats on the stage. At the pulpit Abraham King began his sermon by welcoming new visitors. Monica jumped up waving, her tits bouncing about in her vigor. Again Thea yanked her back into her seat before anyone spoke up. Laughter was a given. Even for Abraham who smiled and condoned her youthful exuberance with a loud "Praise Jesus". If he knew it was on purpose that might have been another story.  
  
The Pastor's sermon started off simple discussing an important topic amongst we lowly humans. The sins of all things Lust. Monica instantly swallowed dryly and shivered. Thea had zero clue of her Father's sermon content until that very moment. Lust cut like a knife throughout the crowd.  
  
Toward the back, even Darius Howard sitting with his girlfriend Cheyenne felt the need to remove his hand from her knee. She rolled her eyes at him. Glancing back at his ex girlfriend Thelma, Darius found her less willing to comply to the Pastor's words. A single finger teased her nipple through her dress as he viewed her. It took Thelma's father to turn Darius away. He went so far as to slap his daughter's hand which hovered over her breast. Thelma winced as his wrist grazed her other tit without intention. He was merely enforcing their good behavior in the house of God.  
  
Sadly, Cheyenne sat unamused by her boyfriend's flirtation. She knew an erection when she saw one. It certainly wasn't due to her. Of course it was for Thelma, the two had a very sexual history throughout high school. Taming the Jock would never be easy. He did settle down as the sermon continued.  
  
For the next thirty minutes Abraham King led a fire and brimstone speech on the sins of man. Monica felt cheated hearing that. What about the sins of women? She was a sinner. To her misfortune Monica Gift was proud of that fact. The poor girl had so very much to learn about right from wrong. Maybe when she reached her 30's. Until then...WOOHOO! There would be no amount of preaching that would calm this hellion. The question remained...how many followers would join her? The numbers right here in this building were adding up. Deaf ears Abe. Nice try. Sinner take all.  
  
As she squirmed in her seat Monica felt Thea's hand holding hers for comfort. Appreciative Monica smiled and tried to keep her own faith. Thea knew her buddy was struggling. It would take more than her Father to purge the sin out of this girl.  
  
While sweating it out Monica looks toward the back of the pews at the boys holding her dress captive. Seeing her look their way one of them cautiously lifts the dress to his nose sniffing her scent from it. That made Monica all the more soaked between her thighs. The observation was swift so as not to be caught. It was enough to stimulate Monica into a whirlwind of vile inspirations. Certainly unbecoming of the location.  
  
Fidgety she looks around the auditorium and locates more drooling eyes. Was anybody even listening to the sermon? Even Deacon Flye sat using his handkerchief to dab his forehead of perspiration as he stared at Monica. That dabbing led to his lips. Poor guy. Monica loved it. As she sat there shivering with an intense rush, one of the boys behind her leaned forward and nuzzled her ear. She turned partially to face him but found a tongue licking her cheek. Offering an expression of awe she grins at his boldness. Rubbing her wet cheek on her gown she winks at him. He smugly glared at her with lips mouthing, "I want to fuck you."  
  
Eyes flaring she nodded back her affirmation of feeling the same. It took Thea to scold the boy and literally grab Monica's chin and tilt her gaze forward. A threatening point toward her friend made Monica straighten up. How long that would last remained to be seen. All this reprieve did was give Monica time to visualize what might happen. In all reality sex in Church was not on her itinerary. She came here as a friend. She wanted to leave as a friend. Teasing maybe. Sex no. Of course, after Church might be a different story. Monica couldn't help but giggle and hide it.  
  
Toward the end of the sermon Abraham asked his congregation if anyone needed to be prayed for. Thea points at Monica playfully and nudges her with her shoulder. Monica used both hands to point at herself. Further inspiration from Abraham called forth participants needing to be prayed over. The elderly came first and foremost. Watching Abraham and Deacon Flye joining forces to lay hands upon them in prayer made Monica nibble her lower lip. Should she? What would the Deacon do? Temptation forced Monica to swiftly abandon her seat and escape Thea's grasp. Racing behind the tiered stage she comes in on the Pastor's blindside just as they finish with an escorted away woman utilizing a walker. Looking impish toward the Deacon, Monica knelt on the steps before them. Abraham smiled brightly at his daughter's friend. Thinking her to be seeking the Lord was his first mistake. The second was to even lay hands on her.  
  
Hearing the congregations verbal worship added to their own prayers Abraham crouches before Monica and places both hands on her head. Ordinarily, Monica knew that meant she might be face fucked therefore she leaned a bit forward before catching herself. Her mind was reeling with sexual thoughts. Once Deacon Flye added his hands to Monica's back she trembled, one on her shoulder blade, the other the lower part of her spine. Even in their sealed eyes the men felt a presence. More younger men flocked forward to join them. Hands on her ribs, arms, even her abdomen. Oh yeah! Monica loved the hands. Shaking like a leaf at their swarming Monica didn't even have to touch herself. Her hormones were spiking. So wrong. So very, very wrong. Only the Pastor maintained his thoughts on the real job at hand. The others just wanted to touch the white girl.  
  
Toward the back Darius Howard had to get up and run for the restroom. Not to pee but to mask his laughter. Gift was too much. Cheyenne while amused hadn't noticed Thelma slip away. Her own prayers for Monica to stop this farce before things got further out of...hands left her with eyes closed to the world. Her mistake. Thelma's gain. That restroom led to a serious blowjob. Darius took it like a...Man.  
  
Up front, once the prayers ended Monica was helped to her feet. Deacon Flye dared to let his palm caress her bottom while out of the field of direct view. Monica quaked and flared her eyes at him. Once consoled by Abraham, he suggested that the Deacon show Monica where to change for the baptism. Hearing of Monica's wish, the Deacon grew even more eager. With an assist from a few members of the congregation to remove the lid from the baptismal pool at the left of the stage, Abraham returned to final thoughts on the sermon at hand, before excusing himself to change clothes for the baptism. He requested the choir sing in his absence.  
  
Seeing Opie Flye guide Monica back toward the changing rooms Thea burst from her seat, forcing her Mother and Auntie to share a concerned gaze during mid song. What in the world was going on? Their worry would come to haunt them. Regardless their songbird voices never missed a beat.  
  
In passing the restrooms, Deacon Flye heard a loud male grunt coming from within. Concerned at first until he spots the door open and Thelma stepping out wiping her mouth on her wrist. Monica chuckled and gave her a thumbs up until she spotted Darius zipping up. OH BOY! Poor Cheyenne she thought. Mums the word. It did remind her however of her best friend Ryan's situation over his girlfriend April. Did April really suck off Brock Quinones without his son knowing it? Lipstick on his cock was certainly incriminating. Shaking her thoughts off as Deacon Flye scolded the couple leaving the restroom he zipped his lip. Exactly! So did Monica.  
  
Thea emerging in the hall stopped cold at seeing Darius and Thelma. The expression on their faces made Thea sad. With a cold point back to their seats the couple left separately, Thea's scrutiny a force to be reckoned with for a 4'11 little lady. Once they had vacated the hall Thea stormed the Deacon.  
  
"I'll get her ready to be baptized."  
  
It then became a tug of war that the Deacon lost. He knew he had better get a grip on reality. Leaving her for Thea, he himself stepped into the restroom. Getting a grip on reality meant another bit of tug of war with his erection. DAMN IT WHITE GIRL. Even Thea called her by that term. Monica merely laughed it off.  
  
"WILL YOU PLEASE STOP TURNING THE CONGREGATION ON?"  
  
"I'm not really trying to." Monica was pushed into a supply room. There they found neatly folded t-shirts on a metal unit of shelves. Before procuring one Thea rolled her eyes at her friends lie.  
  
"Really? You had my Dad lay hands on you. Five other men."  
  
"They were only there for support."  
  
"You weren't there to be prayed over. You were there to be preyed upon. KNOCK IT OFF."  
  
"FINE! I'll turn down being baptized." Monica pouted.  
  
"You can't. My Dad is preparing for it as we bicker. Just do it then get dressed. Promise me you won't do anything too..."  
  
"Dirty?" She holds a now unfolded white t-shirt reading the front, before turning it to show Thea. It read, "Lest the filthy now come clean." Both girls let the words sink in before giggling. Disrobing Monica stood nude before Thea who found herself even admiring Monica's beauty. A playful slap to Thea's cheek turned her away. "Are you sure you don't need to be cleansed of your sins too?"  
  
"SHUT UP!" Thea chuckled with her back now to Monica. Putting the shirt on Monica turned Thea for her approval. "Seriously? You chose a small size? How did you even get that over your shoulders?" Monica's entire lower half was still uncovered. Their laughter continued as Monica struggled to remove what she had strained to put on.  
  
"A little help here. Not talking about your size Squirt." Monica snickers unable to effectively get the shirt over her head. Thea scowled tugging on the garment until it abandons Monica. Thea then selected a 3X tee that once worn crept down over Monica's knees, "Better?"  
  
"Stop with the nipple hard on. You can't go out there dressed like this. Put three more shirts on. White is too see through."  
  
"Try telling that to your Dad. He bought these right?"  
  
"Good point. I'm going to have to have a talk with him about that." Thea found that revelation unsettling. She had worn these shirts herself. Of course she wore underwear and shorts. Monica didn't even have shorts, let alone underwear. After three shirts were donned Thea quickly grabbed a fourth and forced it upon Monica.  
  
"Ooooo! Fourplay. You dirty girl. "Monica teased her friend. Thea merely grit her teeth and showed Monica a fist. A knock on the door by Deacon Flye changed the atmosphere to deadly serious. Thea pouted at Monica knowing this could go very badly. It took Monica to open the door and face the Deacon. "Time for me to get all wet for you Dickin Flye." Her seductive voice sent the Deacon shamelessly back to the bathroom. OH MY GOD indeed.  
  
Thea walked Monica to the back of the pulpits secondary entry point. Hearing her Father now returned from changing clothes discuss baptisms, and what they meant made Thea take a deep breath before guiding Monica out on to the stage. Seeing their arrival Abraham sized up Monica's appearance. For the first time he realized just how scantily clad the girl was even in four t-shirts. He however presumed it was only her modesty to wear multiple shirts. The entire auditorium went silent to stare at her.  
  
As the proverbial pin hit the floor like an atom bomb Monica waved at everyone. Kicking her pumps off beside the baptismal pool she playfully dipped a toe into the pool and feigned a cold chill. Thea hit her bicep to get her to stop. Throat cleared Abraham chose to embrace Monica's spunk.  
  
"A lovely young lady ready to be cleansed of all sin and embrace the true adoration of our loving God."  
  
Nodding playfully Monica bit her lip. Seeing the male population drooling like crazy only made her that much more ready to get transparent. As see through as four shirts allowed that is. Thea wanted to cry. Her emotions made her Father hug his daughter thinking her to be happy for her friends choice to be baptized. Pride always Abraham had practiced toward both of his children. In the crowd his son Theo finally took notice of Monica. He knew this girl. His friend Dalton had showed him pictures of her from the park. HELL YES. Theodore King had to break out his cell. The guys at his dorm were going to love this.  
  
Her Father ushering Thea away, she returned to her seat in the choir, her Mother consoling Thea over her emotions. Not as naïve as Abraham the sisters knew better. Monica was trouble. Regardless neither would embarrass Abraham by objecting to the baptism. He would be very cross with them if they did. Outspoken the ladies may be, they respected the man.  
  
However unconventional as it was, Abraham kicked his own shoes and socks off and did as Monica had by dipping a toe. With a "Brrrr!" that warranted laughter he eased down into the pool first. Wading with microphone in hand carefully, Abe finished his speech on the specifics of John the Baptist. By now Deacon Flye had made his way on to the stage to back up Abraham. Accepting his microphone to allow Abraham to call Monica down into the water, he held it extended so that Abraham could continue talking unrestrained by its hindrance.  
  
Monica cautiously stepped down into the water her t-shirts riding up under her. Deacon Flye watched her skin reveal ever so slowly until Monica herself pushed the shirts down to avoid her lower half coming into full view. The white t-shirts absorbing water gradually clung to her belly. Even four shirts covering her the tint of flesh was evident, her tan assisting in its appearance. Abraham hadn't even noticed it. A good man wouldn't.  
  
Asking Monica if she accepted God into her life she smiled and said GOD YES. Laughter filled a terrified auditorium. As Abraham ventured to dip Monica backwards he watched her submerge. Deacon Flye above them had to gnash his teeth once her chest went under. TITTIES! Even the thickness of four shirts could not hide the flesh. Nipples poked vibrantly up through the clinging shirts. Every curve revealed. It was then Abraham bulged his eyes.  
  
"OH DEAR LORD." He was heard to say before looking up with an expression of disbelief. Held underwater too long Monica began thrashing a bit. In his shock Abraham hadn't realized his mistake and pulled her up. Gasping she choked and spit up water. Masking her semi nude body with his own, Abraham asked Deacon Flye to get her a towel. He did just that after passing the mic to a fellow parishioner on stage beside him. Towel raised and ready Monica crawled from the water into the Deacon's curious embrace. Wrapping her enough to let her claim the grip over her towel Opie stepped aside in favor of a second towel for Abraham. Monica took a deep breath looking up at the large cross mounted on the wall behind the pulpit. In a brazen move she drops her towel and then falls to her knees as if praying. Her entire backside was in view of the congregation. See through enough to gather both sighs and gasps of shock.  
  
Theo King had caught it all on his cell cam. He chuckled until a man in the pew beside him leaned over saying, "Send me a copy of that video." Theo nodded and kept filming.  
  
In a mad rush to cover Monica, Abraham insisted that she go backstage and dry off. Monica complied, but boldly turned to face the congregation on her way out. Towel unwrapped her full frontal exposed ever so briefly she yells to the Heavens, "I LOVE YOU." As if that would change the minds of those who objected her brazen attitude. GOD HAVE MERCY ON HER SOUL.  
  
Her shoes in his hands she was led backstage by Deacon Flye, once he shuts the door the man chuckled, "Mighty fine."  
  
"You liked that show didn't you Dickin Flye?" She removes the towel and tosses it at him to let him see her imprisoned flesh through skin tight white. His expression was priceless.  
  
"You have no idea." He hisses and encourages her toward the storage room. Turning the corner his desires fell short as the two boys who kept Monica's dress stood there holding it for her. Deacon Flye turned pale having been cock blocked. Although his sexual aspirations were shattered by the involvement of the boys, she did however strip out of her four shirts and traded them for her towel. Letting all three of them watch her dry off nude until satisfied they had huge erections, she claims her dress and puts it back on. Deacon Flye held the sopping wet shirts as she fluttered her fingers at him on the way out. Holding the arms of both boys she steps into her pumps on the floor then shuffles away giggling. She had gotten away with murder.  
  
Sitting out the rest of the service in the furthest pew with her boy toys, Monica was chided by Darius Howard. Cheyenne tried not to laugh but the whole debacle was just too hilarious. Even if her smiles led to daggers toward Thelma. Cheyenne suspected something had happened between her man and the skank. Eventually the truth would set her free.  
  
Closing out the service Thea, now changed out of her robe rushes down to choke Monica from behind playfully.  
  
"YOU ARE INSANE."  
  
"I know. Isn't it great?"  
  
Thelma's dad introduced himself charmingly until his daughter rolled her eyes pulling him away. "Not your type old man." Mort wasn't convinced, but let his daughter persuade him into leaving. He at least kissed Monica's hand.  
  
Holding the arms of Dewain and Brandon for comfort, Thea lingering over her shoulder sighing heavily, "Here comes my Mom and Auntie. Please keep it clean."  
  
As Queenie King and Lola Bright venture to Thea's side a scowl toward her led Thea to lower her gaze. Seeing disappointment in her daughters expression Queenie shakes her head. With a decidedly unexpected outcome Queenie congratulates Monica on her baptism. Patting the two boys on the shoulders, both Brandon and Dewain slide away from Monica. Feeling abandoned she folds her arms over her chest and pouts.  
  
Lola frowns at the white girl leaning over her left shoulder, "Relax. As soon as we're gone the boys will move back. Word to the wise? Don't drag my niece into your world. You won't like how the axis gets tilted in our favor." Monica fidgets until the elders leave. Thea sighs and leans down to hug Monica from behind. They needed each other. Even during the embrace both Dewain and Brandon did indeed move in. In the pew in front of them plopped Thea's brother Theo. Introducing himself charmingly aiming for swagger the boy awaits acknowledgment.

Thea tilts her clingy gaze cheek to cheek with Monica for her response. With a wink both Monica and Thea recite, "DID HE DO THAT?" in nasally tones.  
  
Urkel rolled his eyes and grabbed a bible from the pews hurling it at them. All in fun the group enjoyed the moment. Even Theo knew the end result. Rejection led to a practiced "HEE HEE HEE! SNORT SNORT!"  
  
Maybe Family did matter.

**Monica 46: Photo Graphic**

"Hey Jimmy."  
  
"Monica? Ummm uhhhh Hi." Nerves made the beefy young Jimmy Newton lower his .35 mm camera from snapping shots of the Varsity Squad doing lay ups on the basketball court. In his crouched position his lens was filled with tight denim shorts. Monica Gift's crotch dead center of his shot. Camel toe and all. Lucky Jim. He failed to lower the cam too far. He might never get this close again. A sneaky snapshot for posterity made him squirm in his stance.  
  
"Taking pictures for the yearbook?"  
  
"Y-yeah. You're--in my way."  
  
"Oops! Sowwy!" She steps aside then watches him rise and glare at her with amazement. He was definitely a shy one, "I was just wondering...are you going to take pictures of the student body?"  
  
"Body? Your--body?"  
  
Monica giggles and tilts her chin playfully, "I am a student." She in turn beguiles him with a smile, "I could help you get some really good pictures."  
  
"Of what?" He stands slowly almost losing his balance.  
  
"And who. How would you like to take sexy pictures of me and some of the other girls? Sneaky pictures that we can get into the yearbook."  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
She moves closer to him curling her right arm around his to snuggle up close. He felt faint.  
  
"We can put our heads together and come up with ideas. I'll do anything you want. I bet I can even persuade the cheerleaders to offer the same."  
  
"A-anything? Like what?"  
  
"You know what I'm like Jimmy. You've seen me naked in Morrison's classroom. You can take pictures of me naked anytime you want to but what I really want is to be sly and shoot photos of people getting away with murder. Like for instance me naked in a huddle of guys. You can see me but not totally. Just enough skin to get past the censors. So to speak."  
  
"Wow!"  
  
"I know right? They don't even have to be nudes. I think it would be creative to do things that anyone seeing the yearbook photos would believe was innocent. Not really though. It's what we sneak past and know what we achieved that will make school history. Do you want to help me make History Jimmy?"  
  
"I...I don't know. Sounds risky this late in the school year. I don't want to get expelled."  
  
"Have I been expelled for what I've gotten away with?"  
  
"No, but you're a girl. A really hot...in here isn't it?" He shies tugging at his t-shirt collar. He was too afraid to say what his thoughts truly were. Monica Gift knew what those thoughts were without his admitting them. His timid gaze tried to mask his lust but he was failing miserably.  
  
"It is isn't it?" She runs her hands beneath the front of her own tank top and uses their roaming nature to lift the hemline up over her tight little belly. Reaching to new heights right before his eyes she palms her tits, her very braless tits. Pinching her nipples as he stammers she raises her right hand up through the sinking neckline and waves at him. Poising her hand as if to shake his offered a serious amount of extra melon for him to drool over.  
  
"Do we have a deal?"  
  
Hesitantly he accepts her hand gripping it tightly. Shaking really hard made her boobies jiggle. She grinned like the Devil in heat and continued pinching her other nipple with her free hand. His eyelids quivered at how close his hands were to her tits. Suddenly, Jimmy had a thought.  
  
"What do I get in return? I'm the one taking the real risks trying to get the pictures into the yearbook. I need something worth my efforts."  
  
"What do you want in return?" She knew it would be sex with her. Every guys dream right?  
  
"Fifteen minutes naked with every girl I take pictures of. Me and them naked."  
  
"Oooo! You make a hard bargain Mister Newton. Looking to lose something?"  
  
"Like my life if their boyfriends find out." He sweats even harder using his wrist to wipe his brow.  
  
"Here let me help." She removes both of her hands while breaking their handshake. In a bold move she reaches up to his neckline and drags him down until his forehead presses into her cleavage, her tanks cotton material absorbing his sweat. While embedded there her breasts crush around his cheeks. He was in Heaven. Once released he admires his sweat ring along her pink tank top. Tiny bead droplets on her chest formation. So close he thought.  
  
"T...thanks. I still want my deal."  
  
"I thought you meant lose your virginity." She giggles playfully.  
  
"With the girl of my choice during the fifteen minutes alone."  
  
"If you help me over the next few weeks I'll get all of those girls in one bed with you at the same time."  
  
"No way." He drops his jaw.  
  
"Way. All of them naked and kissing on you."  
  
"WoooooW!"  
  
"Can you envision that Jimmy?"  
  
"Even the cheerleaders?"  
  
"Even the cheerleaders."  
  
His crotch tents up dramatically as he stares at Monica for any game she might be playing with him. This could be some cruel joke led by the varsity squad. They were in the background watching even as they practiced.  
  
"Prove this isn't some mean mind game." He fidgets.  
  
"I can do that." She offers a beguiling smile just before turning on her heel to face the squad. Seeing her they waver even further. Even the Coach on the sidelines across the gymnasium knew mischief was on its way. Abandoning the court Coach Randell headed to the restroom. Smart man. In her departure she leers back adding, "Get your camera ready." Jimmy swallowed and did as he was instructed.  
  
Approaching the varsity she takes a moment to explain her idea to them. They were all for her inspirational idea. Everyone wanted to take part. Surrounding Monica, she faces Jimmy waving over the heads of those players short enough to accommodate her own height. Only two of them fit that requirement. Stripping her tank top off she hurls it over their heads toward Jimmy. Seconds later she steps out of her shorts and tosses them to join the tank on the gym floor. Jimmy Newton knew that he was going to have to jerk off after this.  
  
Observing Monica holding the basketball over her head, Jimmy notes two boys hiding low. They were both sucking her nipples. Hearing her squeal was his cue. Snapping shots of them as they touched her all over, trying not to appear obvious, was just plain magical. Passing the ball to a player, she utilizes both hands by slipping them beneath the trunks of two players, gripping their cocks. Another player had his back to Monica hiding her entirely, save for her arms. They could be seen but only barely. Shot taken. Score!  
  
Having had enough for the moment, knowing that she had made her point, her gathered forces part, letting Jimmy see Monica's full frontal nudity as she waltzed from her concealment, straight toward Jimmy. Picking up her shorts from the floor she puts them on, wiggling her ass at the squad behind her to howls of delight. Resistance to put her tank on she merely carries it with her on her return to Jimmy's side. Reaching him she lifts her right hand up to dab his brow a second time.  
  
Hearing the squad yell out, "YOU GO, JIMMY NEUTRON." made him sweat even harder. The fact that he was an overweight geek in thick rimmed glasses gave him the appearance of a big brain type. Far from it.  
  
"Don't listen to them Jimmy. Listen to me. We can get away with this. Help me?"  
  
He drools over her pointy nipples and sighs heavily. His bargaining wasn't over. "You can guarantee my first deal? All the girls I take pictures of get naked with me? Kiss me all over? Even my..."  
  
"This?" She reaches over to fondle his lifted crotch. "Yes. Even this."  
  
"Swear to me?"  
  
"I swear to you. Just like this." Monica kneels and leans in to kiss his concealed dick. Behind her the squad laughs, but also expels "Lucky bastard." His embarrassment mounted even as Monica hops up, her tits dancing about. Extending her handshake again she brightens up, "DEAL?"  
  
"I need a promise I won't get beat up by their boyfriends."  
  
"I'll deal with them. If I can, I'll figure out ways to get you even more fun outside of the girls. I have your back Jimmy. You have my word."  
  
"DEAL." His hand extends to shake hers. Once done she takes his hand and palms her left breast curling his fingers around it. He could still feel a dampness of another man's mouth around it. He overlooked that. He was touching the luscious Monica Gift. So awesome.  
  
"We start tomorrow." She puts her shirt on, stopping only at Jimmy's lingering grasp. Giggling up at him she sticks her tongue out, "I might need my booby back."  
  
"Sorry. In the moment. Wow!"  
  
"Give me your cell number, I'll text you ideas later. I might even send you a naked selfie of me for inspiration."  
  
"Can you write my name on your tits with a heart?"  
  
"Just for you. We make a good team Jimmy."  
  
"I hope so." He offers her a cell number which she taps into her own cell from the bleachers where her bookbag rested. Once entered she bounces in step excitedly.  
  
"This is going to be so much fun." Pausing with a finger she hops up on to the first bench of the bleacher to stand taller. Motioning Jimmy to turn around and back into her she leans over his shoulder. Her tits pressed into his back she rests her chin on his shoulder, cheek to cheek. Poising her cell she says, "SAY FUCK ME."  
  
"F...fuck me." His smile was insanely hopeful.  
  
With a peck to his cheek she shares her picture. Sending it to him, he would place it on his cells wallpaper. Pride sank in.  
  
"Off for home. Talk to you tonight James." She snorts and plays with her voice for a British accent, "HOME JAMES. TA TA!" She walks backwards holding her tits in her palms, "Get it? TATAS? I kill myself."  
  
Monica was the life of any party. Once things sank in Jimmy Newton just knew he had sold his soul. It might have just been worth it. Ah, Hell! Why not?  
  
Later that night Monica filled Jimmy in with ideas after she had secretly talked to her Braless Brigade. Some were in at Yearbook hijinks, others hesitant at the thoughts of having to be with, or even see Jimmy Newton naked. Nobody said no, but some hadn't yet committed. Namely the cheerleaders and friend Thea. Thea was still getting over Monica's charade at her Father's church service. She wasn't truly mad at Monica, just worried of the events outcome. Too many of her Father's congregation now knew of Monica's reputation. Once her parents heard of it there was no way Thea would be allowed to associate with her buddy. She would deal with that when the bitching began.  
  
Keeping her promise of the naked selfie she did indeed write Jimmy on her tits with lipstick, including at heart. Too some degree Monica meant it. She did love everyone. Jimmy Newton was part of that large number. She even called Jimmy to wish him goodnight as she masturbated. Such a good friend she was. Of course he jerked off without her hearing until his deafening snarl. She laughed at his dramatic exit the second he hung up on her, embarrassed by his revelation. A simple text afterward Monica said, "See you in the morning Loudmouth." Her words ended with a kissing emoji. It made him realize she was beyond cool. Both of them slept soundly.  
  
The next day right after first period they met up in the gym again, this time during class. Coach Randall had the half court this hour, normally sharing every other hour with the girls Coach, today he an Marion Murray joined forces. Randall having had sex with Monica before would keep his mouth shut, and secretly assist her as much as possible...from a distance. For the most part he would turn the other cheek. Coach Marion Murray knew much of Monica as well, having witnessed her naked and playing with her friend Lisa at a classic car show. Marion still wanted the girl herself. Very soon she was going to approach Monica for just such a possibility. She owed her for her silence.  
  
Out on the floor, Randall had his boys running laps back and forth from left to right. He was more focused on the athletes due to an upcoming Basketball game with their local rivals the Bucks. Randall needed to keep his players limber and in shape. Of course the less athletic students suffered exhaustion.  
  
Noticing her friend Cheyenne's man Darius amongst the group, she found her pick of the litter. Walking around the court Monica approached Coach Randall and whispered her need for Darius. Rolling his eyes he whistles and motions the star player to their side. From there Randall put his hands up, "I don't need to know anything further. I'll be in my office." Seeing him leave Coach Marion Murray grimaces and follows him downstairs. Monica Gift had the group all to herself. Let the games begin.  
  
On the sidelines Jimmy Newton stood ready with his camera loaded. Awaiting his call to action he trembled. Two of his biggest fantasies were practicing cheer kicks on the girls side. Becca Wright and Violet Rainier were drop dead gorgeous and on every red blooded American high school students list of hopeful bed buddies, male or female.  
  
Seeing Coach Murray leave even they raced to join Monica at center court. Once surrounded Monica unleashes her schemes upon those already in the know and those still uninformed. It was a mixed bag of enthusiasm. Most jumping at the chance to get in the yearbook by being sneaky. Others shy, but willing to keep watch for those taking part. The careful coordination sent everyone to various locations.  
  
"Let's get going here guys. Times a wasting." Monica claps and motions the group willing to head over to the bleachers for a group picture. Seating arrangements optional. The guys who were closest to many of the girls huddled near one another. Those without partners became fillers.  
  
"Becca I need..." Monica gets cut off by a voice to her left racing to Becca's side.  
  
"Hey Angel." Becca embraced her cousin, a busty blond with a ponytail. Monica taking them in trying to size up the blond.  
  
Angel seemed giddy at inviting herself. "I want in."  
  
"Ummm! In on what?" Becca played coy. She wasn't sure of her cousin knowing what she had done in the past. They weren't all that close. Her family learning how bad she had been the last few weeks kept her edgy.  
  
Forgoing reluctance Monica fills her in, "Yearbook mischief. I had a brainstorm a few days ago to put together a yearbook that nobody will ever forget."  
  
"Or, live down." Violet chuckles nervously.  
  
"As long as you can keep an open mind, the more the merrier. Hop on up there freckles. Live a little."  
  
"We getting nakie?" Angel blurts out. Becca shivered at her cousin's eagerness. She had never known Angel to be so verbally open before today. Still it haunted her the repercussions.  
  
"I like this girl. Where have you been hiding?" Monica smirks.  
  
"In the background. We don't have any classes together. Besties after this I hope." Before taking her leave she whispers "I've heard all about you. Loved it when you left your panties on the Principal's windshield." That brought on a respected pucker that even Becca couldn't deny.  
  
As Angel left their side Monica explained to Becca and Violet her intentions. Becca didn't bother trying to make Monica understand her hesitance. Their eyes bulged at what Monica wanted from them. Finally, the two cheerleaders caved in and took their spots higher up. Becca would just pray that Angel was cool. If Angel included herself in their erotic goof balling she might not worry as much. Time would tell.  
  
Violet looks over at Jimmy who nervously waves at her. Halting, she steps back to Monica. "What's with Jimmy Neutron over there?"  
  
"Be nice. I asked Jimmy to help us, beings he's the yearbook photographer. He's going to help get our risqué pictures printed."  
  
"Creepy."  
  
"Get used to him. He's going to be our best friend, until we get enough photos to make the book sizzle. It won't hurt you to tease and flirt a bit with Jimmy."  
  
"Tease and flirt with him? Ewww! Why can't we get a cute boy to do this? The Hunchback of Notre Dame gives me the heebie jeebies."  
  
"Like I said be nice. He's our ticket to get our pics in the yearbook layout. I've already talked to Jasmine Fletcher about it. She's the page coordinator. THIS WILL HAPPEN." She insists with flaring eyes, "We can talk more about Jimmy later. We're running out of time. Get up there Red." Monica swats Violet on the rear making her yelp. Pom Poms went into a non verbal cheer.  
  
Becca taking her seat pondered on if she should even do this. Recently she had let herself like a boy that she never expected to like, her standards usually higher. Now that she had let her guard down, it worried her that he might not like her anymore. Of course he had watched her play naked in the boys locker room. He hadn't even talked about that day since. Maybe he was alright with her being touched by other men. Hmmm?  
  
Whistling loudly the crowd above quiets down for direction. "Tal, dark, and all Nike? Get in there." She points at Darius who laughs at her humor. "Get ready for your GQ pictorial." Monica then marches up behind him to seat him between Becca and Violet. Her attention turns to the cheerleaders prompting them to lean in on his muscular legs from both sides. In his gym shorts his hairy legs were reeling in the eyes from the girls below.  
  
Looking up at Angel, Monica motions her a bench lower to sit behind Darius. "Put your chin on his shoulder. Violet? Becca? It's time to play Hide behind the bushes."  
  
"I like bushwhacker better." Angel giggles looking at Darius through a mischievous glare. He got really hard suddenly. He had known Angel awhile, but she had never once flirted with him. Nice! The ditzy blond was charming as she chewed her bubblegum. Becca couldn't believe her cousin was being so open suddenly. Was this her breakout moment or had she never really known her all along? Either way Darius couldn't stop laughing.  
  
Monica stood expressionless as she got the attention of Darius. "Whip it out Bushwhacker. You're about to get whacked."  
  
"Say what?" He lost his grin before leering left and right to see an equally shocked pair of cheerleaders. Seeing their curiosity he puckers and raises his hips. Down over his jock strap the trunks lower. With a stress relieving sigh his jock strap is yanked down to his trunks. A mighty cock bursts free and bobs for all to see.  
  
"THAT'S OUR BOY." Monica praises his boldness fanning herself looking at it. "Mmmm! Bigger than I remember." Both Violet and Becca blush and find their eyes glued to it. Not a single thought of what his girlfriend Cheyenne might think crept over their minds. Angel on his shoulder whispers, "HALO." Grinning Angel moves to his opposite shoulder and growls, "I'd fuck that." He had to laugh as he stroked his cock.  
  
Those students left down on the court mumble and marvel just the same. This stunt was insane. Nobody appeared bitter or ready to run for the Faculty. Most knew of Monica's exploits and were eager to see her in action. Any guy or girl that she brought along for the ride were more than welcomed. Especially studs and super hot cheerleaders. Even the good Christian girls would repent after enjoying the show.  
  
"And, the fans go wild." Angel cheers on his left shoulder. "I'm getting in on this shit." He looks back as Angel sits up straight and lifts her t-shirt and bra. Out pops a healthy pair of 38C's with bright pink nipples. Becca bulged her eyes thinking to herself briefly "Holy crap Angel." Bra unfastened Angel removes it carefully and tosses it over him to his friends below.  
  
"Daaayam! Those are nice." Darius and a few varsity players concluded verbally. She ate it up sticking her tongue out at Becca. While doing so Angel lifts the jersey of Darius in behind and crushes her tits into his back. He was all smiles from that point on.  
  
"Face forward Nike." Monica snaps her fingers trying to accomplish her mission. He obeyed her without hesitation, even with Angel's nipples taunting his spine. She was pure evil. Becca huffed her cheeks losing interest in her cousin.  
  
"What are we doing here?"  
  
"You're up Jimmy Olsen." Monica twists to reel in the Newton boy. Camera ready he zooms in on Darius and the girls as best as he could. She could tell he was shaking like a leaf, so Monica darted back down the bleachers to stand beside Jimmy. Rubbing his back she relaxes him, "It's okay Snapchat. You can do this."

"I know I can." His voice raises to apologize, "SORRY DARIUS."  
  
"All good Neutron. Did you see Angel's fat ole nipples?" Darius shifts away to let Jimmy see her chest. She pouts briefly, just before raising her right breast to her mouth to lick her nipple for Jimmy to see in his camera lens. Once dropped, she swats Darius from behind. Darius quickly returns to her tits on his back. He merely wanted to make Jimmy turn red. It worked.  
  
"Okay, Violet? You and Becca lean into his lap. Use one hand each to stroke his cock, the other hands hold your Pom Poms up to hide your hand jobs." They hesitantly comply as Darius eyes Violet's curling fingers, before looking up with a whispered exhale, "Awwww shit." The girl found it to her liking. Monica chuckled, "Angel? Keep doing what Angels do."  
  
Looking over at Becca, Darius grunts, "You holding out, or holding on?" She immediately caved and coiled her fingers about his beefy crown twisting it just for meanness. He hissed just as she moved her grasp lower over his shaft, there both girls jerked him slowly. Angel on his shoulder whispered, "Mmmm! You go Cuz." Becca found it in her to giggle.  
  
"Zoom in pic Jimmy." Monica instructs. Newton was already snapping pics. The expressions on the faces of all three girls were lustful, but not too revealing as to their mischief. Darius posed with an arrogant but cheesy grin. He was having a blast.  
  
Observing things Monica fidgets, knowing she needed to push the limits of this shoot. Marching back up the bleachers she stands in front of Darius. Leaning down she parts the tassels of the Pom Poms just enough to let his crown peek out within them. "Don't move a muscle. Everyone act natural." Stepping aside she takes a seat and feigns chatting with fellow varsity player Dalton Zuckerman. "PICS JIMMY." Three snaps later Darius chuckles, "Daaaayamm Gift. You want my dick in the yearbook?"  
  
"Voted most likely to give the best head." She puts him down as everyone laughs. He tilts his gaze knowing she was just giving him a hard time. So were three attentive young ladies. Not once did they stop jerking him off or teasing his back. He was liking this.  
  
Hopping up Monica again choreographs the group to include others. "Okay! Next pic. Everyone move up one step." The entire group migrates upward, then settles back in. Violet and Becca resume their fondling of Darius. Pom Poms no longer hiding their taunting. The other girls below were jealous indeed.  
  
Glancing about Monica picks and chooses. "Justin? Cornell? One of you sit beside Becca, the other beside Vi. Look as if you're close to the girls, one hand behind their backs." The two boys follow through, awaiting further orders. While your hands are hidden I want Vi and Becca to sit on your hands. Unitards pulled aside Ladies. Fingers up those holes."  
  
"HOLY SHIT MONICA." Becca expresses her hesitation loudly.  
  
"Just do it."  
  
Justin winces toward Becca with a whispered, "Please don't tell Zoe."  
  
She retaliates with a concurred, "Then, let's not tell Shane."  
  
As the girls stand adjusting their unitards to the side without showing the entire gym their pussies, they hike their skirts back and reluctantly sit on Cornell and Justin's hands. With their fingers digging upward both girls yelp and look uneasy. Both boys apologize, but offer their admiration with, "You feel nice Vi." and, "Wet as hell Becca." She was, even though this was getting out of...and on hand.  
  
"Found it!" Violet brightens up letting out a shrill squeal along with an expression of awe. Cornell's finger was massive. It didn't help that he was exploring for her G-spot. She couldn't contain her whimpers. In waiting on Jimmy to take their picture Cornell dares to add a second finger. Fanning her reddened features she yelps, "Don't you dare add a third. SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!" The entire group busted up at her excitement. Cornell had the biggest grin he had ever offered. In her dilemma Violet stroked Darius even harder, having returned her grip to his beast.  
  
Becca squirmed at Justin's finger inside her cunt, creasing her brow as she wiggles over Justin's probe. Whining she belts out, "TAKE THE DAMN PICTURE."  
  
"Wait! What about me?" Angel grew envious.  
  
"Stay in place." Monica informs her, "I'll switch you up in a few. Pom Poms over Darius girls. Everyone say CHEETOS." In response to the groups recital Jimmy gets his pictures while tassels hide penis, and skirts hide hands. He was a ball of sweat. This was beyond insane.  
  
Once done, fingers were removed from the girls and held up for all too bear witness to their glossy wetness. Violet couldn't stop breathing heavy. Becca couldn't stop stroking Darius. He was a lucky man this day.  
  
Monica determining her next move turns to the audience below. "Who wants in on this?" Hands rally to her cause now that they had embraced her craziness. "I thought so. Dee Dee next to Cornell. Sara beside Justin." Pivoting to explore those on the bleachers she points to others to pair up with girls. This was going to get good. "WHIP 'EM OUT BOYS."  
  
Dee Dee Bishop struts her bod like an African American Goddess up the bleachers to sit next to Cornell. Stopping his hands she winks, "I got this Cornell." She greedily drags his trunks and jock strap lower to obsessively fondle his seven inch pecker. Another happy camper with fond memories of an earlier History between the two. Dee Dee was one fine bitch, tall, slender, lips made for blowjobs. Nodding with a vivid smirk as she strokes him to a vast potential he was ready for anything. Girls all around them cooed until she took their view away.  
  
Leaning over Cornell her upper body hid his monster cock from view. All while her hand encircled his crown. Light twists to it made Cornell nod with mad respect. Meanwhile Justin found similar results as Sara Michaels did the same. All dicks disguised, but being treated to a glorious friction.  
  
"Fingers back in the girls Cornell and Justin. This needs to be a massive concealed orgy." As the boys were greeted with grumbles both Violet and Becca lifted up for another round, fawning over fingers up their pussies. Things were getting messy for the boys. Their fingers drenched in violated juices, while other girls jerked them off. Fun was had by all.  
  
"I repeat, what about me?" Angel waves her hands over her head. Her chest grazing the back of Darius with a bit of separation between contact.  
  
"Calm down Blondie." Monica poised a fist playfully.  
  
"Fuck it." Angel took her shirt completely off to everyone's amazement. Returning to mash her tits against his back she makes her own agenda, "Dennis and Andy get up here."  
  
Two boys, not normally associated with the Jocks raced up the bleachers and plopped next to her. With mischief in her eye she immediately lowered her palms into the crotches of both boys. It was a no brainer that they took the chance of pulling their own dicks out. Even in her compression against Darius, her hands reached to both sides of her, and obtained a cock in each hand. Warm and throbbing, she abused their generosity with mad friction. Darius looking behind him lifted his arms and posed as if a bodybuilder. His biceps blocking the sight of the boys. With so much spread out action Jimmy had to step back. He couldn't believe this was all going down. Monica was impressed.  
  
"Perfect. Get into it guys. Act as if nothing is going on. If that's even possible." She laughs.  
  
A boy named Zac took it upon himself after the picture to march up and sit behind Angel. Following his arrival reaction Angel lays back into his lap. His hands cupping both of her tits. However, in her angle her face was obstructed from view behind Darius. Darius didn't care. He was ready to detonate over the Pom Poms. Violet felt precum moisten her fingers and grinned sheepishly.  
  
Becca eased back a bit more for Justin to offer a second finger. She found herself rocking up and down on his hand. Jimmy took pic after pic. Finally the nerdy boy took it upon himself to start up the bleacher steps for a better shot. Girls had to reposition to hide the dicks in their possession. Jimmy wanted to see Angel better. In a mad move Zac raised his shirt and drug it over Angels head. His shirt was just large enough to conceal two bodies in one shirt. His hands then returning under the shirt to rub her belly. Dennis and Andy masked their cocks in her hands by leaning toward each other. Tedious at best.  
  
Monica darts up the steps to drag Jimmy down by his shirt. He didn't resist. Once back on the floor he snapped more pics of Dee Dee and Cornell. She laid her chin on his waist. Hand covered but enjoying her active fingers. Jimmy took what he could get.  
  
"That's enough. Anyone wanting to participate we're going to move to other areas of the school."  
  
Darius grits his teeth, "Nobody gets up until I'm done. Vi and Bec are tearing me up."  
  
The cheerleaders agreed as they prided themselves on working together. Even being fingered they couldn't give up on Darius. Pom Poms dropped, the girls jointly used both hands now to polish Darius off. Seeing the direct actions without camouflage Dee Dee took it upon herself to crawl into Cornell's lap. Straddling him she reaches beneath her shorts and exposes her snatch. A guided insertion she rode the black buck. Jimmy snapping pics that merely appeared as if they were wrestling.  
  
Violet cums at Cornell's fingers and yelps, her fever brewing to finish off Darius. Behind Darius, Angel sharing Zac's shirt discovers him reaching under her to tug her shorts down. No underwear assisted in he taking her without permission. Angel didn't fight it. Penetration made her whimper as her hands slip from the cocks in her possession. Those boys merely rubbed her legs an inner thighs. Again Jimmy snapped what he could capture, including Becca losing her mind at Justin's digging digits. Flooding his palm she released one hand to reach over and palm Justin's cheek. Her thanks whispered. No regrets even though they would indeed feel guilty later.  
  
Justin winked, then huffed as Sara's violent friction forced a milky froth from his cock. Becca took notice and giggled at his quaking body. Sweat covered everyone involved. Jimmy included. Watching girls fucking made him struggle with his own erection. It spooked him how much he enjoyed watching things unfold. Moans erupted louder by the minute. Darius snarling at Violet first, then toward Becca. His ego leading him into a verbal outburst of, "Faster Bitches."  
  
The cheerleaders dropped their jaws and grinned at each other. Full on fury, both girls destroyed the Jock. In the abuse a wandering Monica managed to reach the Jock diving under Darius at just the perfect time. His cauldron boiled over and spat all across her face. The girls struggling to drain him with groans of losing strength. One final load coated Monica's lips and chin. Before he could grunt a final loss Monica rushed his cock, mouth wide to swallow his beast. Jimmy took a photo from behind. Vi and Becca crouching in to hug Darius. To the eye Monica looked as if she was just sitting in front of them.  
  
"Dayum, Gift."  
  
She winked at Darius, then backed away to show cum on her tongue. Jimmy held off taking that closeup. Instead he admired Dee Dee's well rounded bottom. Her shorts wrinkling up over her chocolate cheeks. Cornell's balls barely visible as she rode him.  
  
His gaze moved up to Angel as Zac laid back on the bleachers and drug her along. Even with her shorts still on it was easy to see Zac's cock moving in and out of her cunt. Pink juicy flesh revealed with each thrust. His hands crushing her tits. It became hard for her to deal with Dennis and Andy, and they gave up caressing her, putting their cocks away to just sit and watch them. The dude was good. So good Angel was moaning like a banshee in heat. No pictures could hide this. This was full on lust.  
  
Jimmy Newton fell in love with Angel. Yep! She was on his HIT LIST. While everyone was busy he took extra pics of Angel sex for himself. She smiled up at him once realization set in. She was a ham for the cam.  
  
After another ten minutes the school bell rang. Those unfinished had to call it quits. Monica managed to pry Jimmy away from Angel's side and drag him from the bleachers. Once on the floor Monica looks up at Jimmy who begins chuckling, "You have jizz on the tip of your nose."  
  
"Oh yeah?" She uses an index finger to gather up the creamy goodness. Looking at it on her fingertip she swiftly catches Jimmy off guard and rubs it on his face. Grimacing he leered at Monica hoping he wouldn't vomit. She laughed at him then hoists herself up on her tiptoes to lick his face of it. He rather enjoyed that part.  
  
"Want not waste not." She snickers clutching his arm. He most certainly didn't want Darius on him. Her tongue? FUCK YES! Jimmy Newton needed to hide in a bathroom stall and take care of business. After agreeing on their next shoot during Art class Jimmy gets a brilliant idea.  
  
"I think you're a work of art Monica."  
  
"Awww!"  
  
"You should try wearing body paint to school."  
  
"WHOA! I knew you were my guy. I know just the person to paint me. I'll give him a call tonight." She dances in her stride beside him. "Let's go get into more trouble. Skipping class is so worth it."  
  
"I need to use the restroom."  
  
"Fine! Go rub one off. I'll grab a diet coke." She uses her hand in a jerking motion while smirking up at him.  
  
"Thanks."  
  
Halting her jerk off scene she eyes her fingers, "That reminds me I need to paint my nails."  
  
Girls surrounding Monica gave her loads of ideas. The remainder of the day would find further subliminal sex acts in every classroom, the lunch room, outdoors, even in front of the Principal's office. Janson would never know. Right?  
  
Right?  
  
Click Click Whirrrrr!

**Monica 47: Cover Girl**

"How did I let you talk me into this at 3 A.M.? After all of the times you stood us up down at Darth Vapors I shouldn't want to do you any favors."  
  
"Don't make me feel bad. I really did try to make it whenever I said I would. Things...happened beyond my control."  
  
Monica Leann Gift hid the fact that she was arrested and used by the local Police Force as a retirement present. In compliance she made deals that gave her free reign to do whatever she desired in town. How could she turn such luck down? Her only stipulations would be that if complaints arose she would be arrested. Falsely arrested that is. The Cops all agreed to back her up. Taking her in but releasing her out of sight of others. It was good to be Monica.  
  
"If not for Wade saying you came through for him at the Carwash I'd never consider this."  
  
"You offered to body paint me. I'm naked and you have a boner. I swear I'll let you use that boner after school today."  
  
"You're really going to walk right into school wearing nothing but paint? Ballsy Monica."  
  
"I know right. Believe it or not I'm doing this for the Yearbook. Me and the girls want to make this years yearbook one to remember. We aim to see just how much we can slip by the Editors."  
  
"Reserve me a copy." He chuckles as his airbrush coats her ass in a dark blue denim look.  
  
"Absolutely. The spray tickles."  
  
"Wait until I spray over your clit."  
  
"Can't wait."  
  
"So...only you going airbrushed?"  
  
"Are you willing to paint other girls if I can talk them into it?"  
  
"Someone has to buy the paint. I may be partners in a Vap Shop but we're hardly rich."  
  
"I'll find the money. If not you're going to be one lucky Picasso. I'll have my girls treat you very well in return."  
  
"You sound like a Madame at a whore house."  
  
"Madame Monica does have a ring to it." She giggles.  
  
"That it does. You do the whips and chains stuff?"  
  
"Not yet. I'm game though."  
  
"I meant...are you a Dominatrix?"  
  
"OH!" She ponders for a breath, "I never thought of that. Maybe for fun I might try that. You want me to tie you up and spank you?"  
  
"I wouldn't say no Mistress Monica." He winks up at her as she peers over her shoulder at him.  
  
"Deal then. Let me practice my persona and we can plan something. The next two weeks are kind of hectic. Between actual schoolwork, this yearbook stunt, and the School's Charity Auction. You could always buy me this Saturday."  
  
"With what money? It's sure not from my painting business."  
  
"Guess not." She chuckles, "Have faith in me. I'll pay up BIG TIME."  
  
"Believe it when I see it."  
  
"Ye of lil faith."  
  
"Stop moving if you want these jeans to look real."  
  
"Are you certain the jeans will hide my coochie?"  
  
"It's all about playing with the shadows. Unless anyone looks really close they shouldn't even notice. Lucky for you your pussy looks extremely tight. Camel toe to the rescue."  
  
"You're so sweet. Any thoughts on my shirt? My nipples are always hard. I mean I can cover my chest around certain Teachers and students but these rivets won't stay down."  
  
"Let me do my magic. Just remember a few things...one, don't rub the paint or it will smear. The sealant I'll spray over it will help but it's not invincible. Two, don't get wet ...I know that won't be easy."  
  
"I'm always wet. "  
  
"Exactly my point."  
  
"Spend some time outside to avoid the scent. There's no mistaking the smell of paint."  
  
"I'll figure it out. I won't be in school all day. I'll keep clothes in my locker. All I want is to get pictures with the students wearing only paint and shoes."  
  
"Gonna be hot today. Sweat won't help any."  
  
"I'll deal with it. Trust me I have so many people watching my back I can get away with anything."  
  
"I bet you do. Bend over so I can get inside your butt crack." She starts to reach behind her to pry her cheeks apart until he slaps her hand, "What did I say about rubbing. Don't touch until it dries better. Let me do the touching."  
  
"You go Graffiti Guy." She yelps as a thin spray goes up her anal cavity, "That was really cold."  
  
"Hush up and take it like a slut."  
  
"You really want a dead spray? I mean lay?" She laughs forcing him to shake his head.  
  
"If you want to be ready by first bell shut the hell up."  
  
"I bet Mona Lisa was never treated like this."  
  
A pinky up her asshole made her shut up. Small talk after, she bit her tongue and let him do his job. The actual paintbrush strokes for detail were the most ticklish, especially over her clit. The torture would be worth every penis. After a grueling three hours just on her pants alone she was given a peek. Her eyes bulged at how real the painted on denim jeans looked. Even tiny frays looked real along the ankles.  
  
"Oh my God! Pocket threads even look authentic. This is going to be so freaking awesome."  
  
"Glad you like it. Now to do the shirt. Most colors are not going to mask nipples. School colors are black and white. I would suggest a jersey look but we both know those things are never tight. Can I suggest something to save time?"  
  
"Sure."  
  
"Just wear the jeans and go bottomless. Wear a loose shirt to hide better. We can always do this again and send you topless next time."  
  
Eying the clock on his counter Monica nods in agreement, "I can do that. My girl Kendra is picking me up here. She's my size, well smaller tits. Much smaller." She snickers, "I'll have her bring me a few t-shirt choices."  
  
She paces in front of him as he stretches his legs. She looked sexy as hell in her painted jeans with no shirt or bra on. He was going to have to jerk off after she left. No way around it. Watching her text Kendra at 6: 30 A.M. he was shocked to discover how faithful Monica's friends were to her cause. What student gets up at 6:30 in the morning?  
  
"Done. Kendra's bringing five choices. She is going to love the paint job."  
  
"Speaking of paint jobs." He grins and grips his bulging crotch.  
  
"Aw! I do owe you that much at least." She expresses a flirtatious wince.  
  
"Don't bend too much too soon. Just let me do what I gotta do." He tugs his sweatpants down and fondles his six inch beast. It was so tight the crown was a brilliant purple. She was tempted to help him but he kept her at bay.  
  
"I can give you a quick hand job."  
  
"No. Owe me that and more. Until that paint fully dries lets not go bending and stretching."  
  
"I don't have to bend and stretch unless you're fucking me silly. I can stand and help you."  
  
"Fine. I'll take over when it gets close."  
  
Sensually Monica shuffles close to him and looks up at his eyes. Locked she reaches over and uses both hands to massage his girth. He groaned instantly at her touch.  
  
"Do you like my hands around your cock?" She whispers up at him in a soft voice.  
  
Sighing he nods without a word. Her left hand now coupled his balls while her right found a nice rhythm. Warm hands tenderly kneading his sack Nick trembled.  
  
"Fuck you are gorgeous. I can see why every guy wants you."  
  
"I used to look frumpy. Glasses with my hair in ponytails. Baggy clothing most days. Awhile back I just discovered myself. No turning back now. Guys lust hard over me and I can't get enough of feeding into their desires."  
  
"Perfect motion don't change a thing. I just wanna look into those beautiful eyes and cum in your hands."  
  
"I really am sorry for making you guys wait. I promise you I will do anything you ask of me in a few weeks. ANYTHING." She nibbles her lower lip to express her sincerity.  
  
"Can I ask you a question?"  
  
"Sure."  
  
"I heard a vicious rumor awhile back. Something about a girl getting gangbanged at a bar in the country. Was that you?"  
  
"Think badly of me if I said yes?"  
  
"N-no. Why would you want that?"  
  
"I needed to know what my capabilities were. I was just letting myself develop and evolve."  
  
"D-did you...like it?"  
  
"Your dick is throbbing really hard. Did the thoughts of my getting gangbanged turn you on more?"  
  
"Maybe."  
  
"Tell me." She begs with her eyes.  
  
With a loud sigh he grimaces, "YES."  
  
"There were so many hands all over me. I didn't know how to react."  
  
"H-how many?"  
  
"I don't recall counting. I might have, but if I had to guess 20 guys. So 40 hands."  
  
"Fuck!" He swallows, "Jerk a lil faster."  
  
She complies to his desire adding a bit more pressure to his scrotum, "Guys holding me down. Lips kissing me all over. I had hickies that covered my entire body for over a week."  
  
"H-how many guys fucked you?"  
  
She shyly rubs her chin on her shoulder without answering. Instead she returned to his gaze with a look of yearning.  
  
"All of them fucked you. Didn't they?"  
  
She merely looks up at him with glossy eyes. His mind reeled as his moans escalated. Without a warning he detonates all over her knuckles. Trickles coating her hand on his balls. Eyes forced shut as she strokes him harder until every drop vacated its chamber. Hearing the squishiness of his cum with every caress he finally opens his eyes. She was still looking up at him with so much innocence. She was far from it.  
  
"Would you ever do it again?" He hoarsely expels.  
  
"Kendra's at the door." She looks away waving at her with cum all over her fingers.  
  
He looks over his shoulder at the cute little blond. She had flared eyes knowing well what was going on. A wagging finger toward them led Monica to lift up on her toes to whisper in his ear, "Don't move. Watch this." She then wiggled her way to the door of Darth Vapor's and unlocks it. Gaining entry Kendra finds Monica's fingers palming the girls face. A warm sensual kiss over her lips made Kendra squirm. This had never happened to the young blond before. Girl on girl. After a few minutes Kendra realized her face was wet on both sides. Jaw drooping she winced at Monica's devious act.  
  
"You bitch. Is this his cum on my face?"  
  
Monica points at Nick, "Artistic license. I just forged his signature on the canvas."  
  
Lifting her shirt collar to wipe her face off Kendra chuckled, "You are insane. Be glad I adore you or I'd punch your lights out." After a playful sneer she becomes bubbly looking around Monica at Nick, "Hi. Nice dick."  
  
He had left it out dangling and smirked, "Want your body painted?"  
  
"Love to."  
  
"Oh, she's getting painted before we graduate. Bet on that." Monica laughs then does a 360 allowing Kendra to look over her newly acquired jeans.  
  
"You can't tell it's paint except for the odor. Perfume up."  
  
"Shirts?" Monica greedily snatches them from Kendra's shoulder where they were draped, "Grey t-shirt. What's written on it?" She lifts it up to look it over. It was simple enough it had the word ARMY on it, "Oooo! I have big guns this works for me." Trying it on the tee was snug.  
  
"Remember I don't have monster tits like you do. Shirt's are gonna be tight."  
  
"Perfect. I'm starving. Let's go through a Mickey's for a breakfast burrito."  
  
Out the door they went. Nick was left hanging. Literally.  
  
"What the fuck?"  
  
Before he could put it away Monica came running back in, "Forgot my cell and wallet." In a mad move she bends over and kisses the crown of his dick, "I'll be in touch." Again she was gone.  
  
Grimacing he eyed his beast. It was growing just from the kiss. Stroking it twice he hears the front door open again. This time Kendra barged in bouncing toward him. She reaches out and grabs his dick in her right hand shaking it like she would his hand, "Nice to meet you." Kendra Stewart departed a happy camper.  
  
Nick jerked off three more times. His dick was mighty raw. Who keeps lube in a Vap store?  
  
The high school parking lot...after munchies...  
  
"I can't believe you're actually going to try getting away with this." Ryan Quinones leaned against Kendra's beater with a heater, Monica sitting carefully in the front seat with her feet dangling from an open passenger door.  
  
"I've gotten away with worse."  
  
"True, but not all day long."  
  
"Why are you worried? Doesn't April keep you busy enough without me being a burden?"  
  
"You're jealous? Seriously?"  
  
"I am not jealous. You were the one who wanted to be my so-called Master. Ever since you met April you barely talk to me."  
  
"You know our baby news is weighing on me. Besides we both knew that whole Master slave thing was just for kicks. You always did what you wanted without my say so."  
  
"Yes but I always obeyed you regardless when you wanted me to."  
  
"Why are you even doing this paint thing? That stuff will wear off before lunch. What then? You can't get away running around with no pants on all day long."  
  
"Bet me." She extends her palm as if expecting money.  
  
"I'll put money on her." Kendra leaned over Monica from behind, still sitting at the steering wheel.  
  
"Of course you would." Ryan rolls his eyes, "Just don't get expelled. Your Dad might stand up for you but I'm pretty sure your Mom would strangle you."  
  
"I won't get expelled. Have some faith in my friends here." She looks behind him spotting a new arrival and waves enthusiastically, "Over here Jimmy."  
  
Jimmy Newton wasn't sure of what he was getting into today. Even after suggesting her wear body paint he had no clue she would get it accomplished so quickly. He was about to find out. Yesterday he had a blast taking yearbook pictures of Monica and her friends in secretly risqué poses. He had not counted on Monica's next move so soon. As he approached Ryan he began to sweat. Although Ryan always treated the guy with respect he had heard Monica refer to him as Master in the past. Maybe there was a darker side to Ryan than he pictured.  
  
"H-hey Ryan."  
  
"Jimmy." He nods, "Glad to see you're playing Paparazzi. Crawling out of the shadows is good for you."  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"Stepping up to the plate. Getting over your shyness. Proving yourself to the other students."  
  
"Oh! Meaning I'm not being made fun of anymore?"  
  
"I wouldn't go that far. No offense. I'm not making fun, just saying don't expect miracles. People can still be cruel."  
  
"I have Jimmy's back. He's in good hands." Monica stood up finally, bending over to retrieve her bag from between seats. In doing so Jimmy immediately realized her jeans were overly tight. In that second to breath he bulged his eyes.  
  
"B-body paint? You really did it. Whoa! They look so real."  
  
"Can you see my camel toe Jimmy?"  
  
"Y-yeah I still see it." He swallows dryly. "I see pink between the blue. Sorry for staring."  
  
"Don't be sorry Silly." Monica stood up and turned in step to let he and Ryan take in a full view. As they did Ryan's friends Shane and Holden arrived whistling at her. It was then that they caught a whiff of paint.  
  
"They paint the parking lines again?" Holden looks between cars.  
  
"They sure did." Ryan chuckled pointing at Monica's butt crack.  
  
"Ohhhh shit!" Shane busted out laughing and danced in a circle.  
  
Holden merely stared rubbing his chin as Kendra locked up her car and ventured around to join them. Eying Holden she giggled, "Maybe I should get painted. I would love to have Holden drooling over me like that."  
  
Puckering her lower lip Monica realized something, the two would be the perfect pair. Playing matchmaker Monica nudges Kendra forward until she and Holden stood face to face between them. In a brash move Monica takes Holden's hand and makes him palm Kendra's left tit. Her eyes bulged as she stood awestruck. From there Monica continued arranging the two mannequins, applying her right hand to Holden's crotch. Both of them froze in time before shying away.  
  
"The hard parts over. You two kids make a play date. Come on Jimmy let's use up some school funded film."  
  
"Paint smell isn't so bad now." Shane noticed.  
  
Ryan shakes his head, "Until she goes inside. You're out in the fresh air right now."  
  
"I'll spray more perfume." Monica calls out over her shoulder, "Even if Teacher's notice the scent, unless they look really close they won't think twice about it. Let's go guys I need to do this before I get too sweaty and the paint runs." Ohhh they were hoping for that. It was going to be hilarious.  
  
Entering the front turnstile leading inside the school Monica marched right past dozens of students. Jimmy Newton stood back a distance taking pictures as she struck up conversations with guys and girls alike. She intended to prove how oblivious people were. Having instructed Jimmy to capture her at every angle as she blended for interesting interactions not one of them realized she was bottomless. Her acting ability was spot on. A star was born.  
  
At her locker with guys on both sides of her Monica sits her book bag on the floor and bends over as if tying her shoe. Jimmy took three excellent pictures of her bare butt so vividly hidden. A touch of pink revealed itself as her clam tightened up. It would never be noticed by the yearbook editors.  
  
As she bent over her friends Toby and Lindsey stopped to say hi. Toby drooled over Monica's butt while she and Lindsey spoke. Luckily his girlfriend and he had a very open relationship. It was then that Toby noticed the paint smell. Strange behavior leads him to lean over sniffing until he realized the paint job. With a shrill WOOOOHOOOHOOO! Toby bit his knuckle and looked around to see if others had caught on. Not a one. They merely looked at Toby as if he was crazy.  
  
"Damn Gift! This is an all time high even for you." Toby quieted down to let her in that he had discovered her secret. Lindsey followed Toby's concealed point at Monica's pants. The blond immediately bulged her eyes and eased in laughing.  
  
"Oh my God! You're bonkers. I love it." Lindsey giggled.  
  
"Our secret. Let people notice on their own like you did. Oh, and Toby? Don't get too high sniffing my twat."  
  
"How long do those pants stay on?" He smirked.  
  
"We both know I can't keep them on long Handsome. Here! Carry my book bag. Borrowing the BF cutie." Monica pecks Lindsey on the cheek then shuts her locker. Taking a deep breath Monica marches back out into the hallway. After a snuck kiss between lovers Lindsey and Toby parted ways. Toby trailed behind Monica like a lost puppy. Heading toward Morrison's class they saw Principal Janson taking a drink from the water fountain. Hurrying to stand behind him Monica carefully motions Jimmy to take pictures.  
  
As Janson stood erect he turned around directly into Monica. Standing there boldly she faced the man and smiled up at him.  
  
"Hi Principal Janson."  
  
"Good morning Monica. You look nice today."  
  
"GO ARMY." She points at her tits with nipple hard on popping zestfully. Janson admired the shirt without commenting on her nips. Instead he fidgeted having smelled paint mixed with perfume. Shrugging it off he opted for conversation.  
  
"I'll be sure to salute the troops."  
  
"They deserve it. Defending my CUNTry like they do. I might join the Army after I graduate."  
  
"Good for you. Any thoughts on what you might like to be should you enlist?"  
  
"Missile command?" She teases with a straight face, "I like pushing buttons." Her nipples were her buttons if she chose to push them. Her words were meant to make him look at her chest as he mulled over her answer. Janson merely nodded.  
  
"That's a lot of responsibility. Maybe you should start smaller."  
  
"As long as I can wear camouflage I'll be happy." Toby and Jimmy both had to hide their amusement. Jimmy got the photo whispering to himself, "Unreal." Stepping in behind Toby, Ryan, Shane, Holden, and Kendra stood in awe of their friend Monica's insanity. Blown away for a better word. There was still time for bombs to drop.  
  
"I'm quite certain you will blend in no matter where you are. My Father was a Drill Sargent in the Marines. His values have made me the man I am today."  
  
"A strong man. I can tell." She looked with innocence. He merely patted her atop her head as the first bell rang.  
  
"Off to class with you. Learn something."  
  
Stepping around her led Monica to grab a drink as Jimmy snapped more pictures. Keeping their distance she merely found them shaking their heads at her. Devilishly she turned her back to them and twerked for laughs. Guys all around her enjoyed her bouncy butt cheeks. People were slowly catching on. Secrets kept at the encouragement of a finger to her lips. Off to class she went.

Like rats following the Pied Piper they trailed her until they couldn't go any further. Those that had Teacher Dane Morrison's class joined her. Those that didn't bit their knuckles wishing they could go in. Parting ways only Ryan and Toby slipped in to seats around her. Jimmy hesitantly approached Mr. Morrison and enquired if he could take pictures for the yearbook. Dane was happy to comply. Standing at the back of the class out of the way Jimmy stood ready. Strangely none of the students taunted him. Monica Gift might have been the best thing to ever happen to him.  
  
As Morrison began his tutoring he ventured to his blackboard writing down emphasized events in time. With his back turned Monica sucked on her pen to entice her male entourage. After garnering half the classes attention she took that pen from her mouth and spread her legs. Pressing the pen up inside her pussy proved to everyone she wasn't wearing pants. She didn't want to get too messy so she removed the pen and licked her juices from it. Guys went ballistic. Silent drama filled the room. Even those that weren't looking were now catching on to her mischief. It wasn't as if they didn't know her capabilities. How many times in the past had she done dirty little deeds for their pleasure? Enough.  
  
Jimmy took pictures of mostly the class participation. Including Morrison himself. As Dane considered worthy shots for Jimmy he opted to have a student come up and write three things on the blackboard that pertained to the third world war. Monica nominated herself by jumping up and racing to the head of the class. Dane Morrison knew very well her mischief and chuckled. He knew something was up.  
  
Snatching up a piece of chalk Monica stood with her back to the class. Having not seen her butt she hoped that her paint hadn't wore off in her seat. Skin visible would ruin the picture idea. Luckily the blue paint held fast. Guys were loving her concealed bare bottom. She danced in step as if thinking what to write. Looking over at Dane she winked at him. He merely offered a grin. He too was looking at her...sitting forward in his chair he realized she was wearing body paint. His reaction at first was an expression of, "What in the...?" which led to resting back to enjoy the view. God he adored that slut.  
  
Writing on the board Monica scribbled three things, "BIG GUNS. TRENCH WARFARE. PENETRATING ENEMY LINES." The room busted up. Giggling she dropped her chalk on the floor and bent to pick it up. Every guy out there leaned forward to see if they could make out her holes. Her butt pucker barely visible. The pinkness of her pussy sharing a thin line. Enemy lines? Hardly.  
  
Standing up she wiggles her ass and looks to Morrison, "I can write down more."  
  
"Alright. Show us what you've got." He chuckles.  
  
"I've been doing that. Look harder." She sticks her tongue out at him.  
  
Pondering more answers she looks back at Jimmy who was taking pic after pic. Glancing further at her friends Amber and Rosa who could barely contain their amusement Monica finds inspiration. Turning she jots down, "MASTER RACE." She pivots to point at Ryan. He immediately caught on to the Master reference. Her second answer was, "FOREIGN INVADERS." A wag of her pen that had been held between her lips toward the class found more chuckles. It's earlier insertion invading her sweet little pussy. A final answer ended with, "ALLIED FORCES". A swift turn she fans her arms out to let everyone know her love for them, they were all her Allies forced or not. Again the men leaned forward to spy her camel toe. Applause made her bow from side to side. She made certain Dane Morrison saw her bent over from behind for a personal thrill. Hiding a hard on he congratulated her on a job well done.  
  
Skipping to her seat she found praise from Toby as he held his crotch firmly for her to see. She smiled sheepishly and turned in her seat to face Jimmy. The poor man was hiding a massive erection. With a wink toward Amber and Rosa she points at Jimmy without him knowing. Both girls spotted his tented slacks and dropped their jaws. No way did the pudgy nerd have that big of a dick. Amber stared until Jimmy looked her way. He realized her eyes were on his crotch and found a sudden smugness. In his thoughts he pictured Amber naked. She was on his bucket list. His erection grew larger. Even Rosa found herself glued visually to it. Seeing her eyes only made Jimmy's esteem boost.  
  
Opting to leave before the bell Jimmy Newton alias Neutron needed to drop an atomic bomb and it wasn't a turd. Off to the restroom stalls until class was over. Monica knew where to find him. Eyes followed his rapid departure. Strangely Amber and Rosa shared an expression of loss. Monica had already informed both ladies of her deal with Jimmy. They agreed to his terms reluctantly. Maybe not so hesitant now that they had seen his potential. Dammit Nerd.  
  
One class over Monica took time to sit in Morrison's lap once the students had left. Hopping on his erection made him halt her actions.  
  
"Don't smear paint on my pants." He chuckled, "I can see what you're doing here. Having Newton take pictures of you like this. Yearbook?"  
  
"You're so smart Mister Smarty...Pants." She hops on his dick another two times roughly before standing up. No paint had smudged his lap. Sighing with relief he chuckles, "Secret's safe with me. Go on before those pants...make me pant."  
  
"Fuck me soon." She giggled and pranced out the door. He intended to...very soon. Plans were percolating.  
  
Waiting outside in the hall for Monica stood a congregation of girls consisting of Amber, Rosa, Kendra, Sonya, and Tamara. With Kendra lingered Holden who, now that Monica had acquainted them seemed to be interested in an innocently clingy sort of way. So new to both of them Kendra didn't seem to mind. Her bestie the ever so overweight cutie pie Sonya almost jealous that her friend actually liked someone enough to hold hands.  
  
"My adoring fans." Monica wails with her arms outstretched. Her bare lower body garnering their gaze over her charming state of mind. Snapping her fingers to get their attention Monica laughed, "Eyes up here. Thighs down there."  
  
Tamara White shook her head smirking, "So bold. God I love you Gift."  
  
Amber Welch took charge and placed an arm around Monica's shoulder. "Who's your Van Gogh? I wanna kiss his ear." Everyone chuckled at her sense of timing. "I sooo want him...or her...to paint me so I can try doing this."  
  
"Stealing my thunder? No way." Monica pelts Amber on her rather large right breast. After the impact Monica rubbed over Amber's braless nipple making it rise to the occasion, "Sorry my baby."  
  
"She forgives you. Seriously Gift...who did this to you?" Amber persisted. Instead of blurting out Nick she chose to whisper it in her ear. "Ooooo! Smokin'." came the end result.  
  
"Day is young bitches." Monica directs her attention to the other girls. "We need more pictures for the yearbook expose. None of you have taken part yet."  
  
"I'm in." Kendra bubbled up taking Holden's hand on her journey.  
  
"You should be in buddy." Monica reaches out and jabs Holden in the pectoral before pointing at Kendra's lower body, "In that. Go find a hiding spot and hit that girl." Kendra in turn drops her jaw hearing Monica influencing him. Holden merely blushed and chuckled nervously. Whispering in Kendra's ear led the thin blond to clasp a hand over her mouth to hide her shock. Nodding Kendra pulled Holden away and drug him of all places...the Men's restroom. Uncaring who might be inside Kendra barged directly in tugging him behind her. Only one stall was in use. One other boy at the urinal pissing nearly missed his target hearing Kendra giggle. Holden noting the boy apologized. Kendra then leaped into Holden's arms kissing him on the lips, her legs clinging to his hips. Holden nearly fell forward in the moment. Recovering he carried them into an empty stall and nudged the door shut. Their emotions leading to zippers heard going down and yelps out of Kendra as she feels Holden's cock inside her echoed. Only feet were seen behind the next door stall.  
  
During their sex act and the walls shaking under their balance issues, their neighbor groaned. Not out of disrespect but of jerking off. This day couldn't get any more insane.  
  
"YOU IN HERE JIMMY OLSEN? I NEED PICS WITH A DICK OF STEEL." Monica is heard waltzing right into the bathroom. Amber and a curious Sonya tagging along behind her. Hearing Holden swear loudly for the intrusion and Kendra squealing, "Don't stop now." Monica patted the stalls exterior wall, "You heard my sexy biotch Holden. Make that wench your Ho."  
  
Moving in front of the door Amber Welch peeks through the stall doors seal at Jimmy jerking off, "DAMN Jimmy. You really are that big. Holy shit! Who knew."  
  
"A-A-Amber?" Jimmy gasped.  
  
"That's my name...wear it out." She giggled, "Ever measure that boa constrictor James?"  
  
"N-no." He jerked even harder, his face beet red as he saw her eyeball through the crack watching. Normally, he might have shied away but since Monica had been working on his self esteem he attempted to maintain his course. Having one of the girls on his wish list watching with interest only encouraged him.  
  
"I can take eight inches down my throat, no tonsils. I can tell if it's longer than eight. You need to hurry up and cum so you take my picture doing something sexy." Amber prodded him as Monica rubbed her back while standing behind the girl. Encouragement all around was Monica's motto.  
  
"Trying." Jimmy moaned, while jerking with one hand he reaches up to grab his camera resting on a plastic toilet paper holder for safe keeping. Pointing the lens at the door he zoomed in on Amber's eyeball. Snapping a picture of her he groaned, "That was sexy."  
  
"Awwww! He likes my eyes." Amber held a hand to her heart. In need Sonya just had to look for herself. The opposite opening along the doors seal found another intruding eyeball.  
  
"OH MY GOD! HE IS HUGE." Jimmy heard Sonya. Snapping a picture of her eye would be added to his personal portfolio.  
  
"H-hi Sonya." He winced pumping away harder than ever. Sitting his camera aside in order to finish the walls shook under Holden's weight. Kendra was yelping vividly. Worried that his camera might be lost under the vibrations Jimmy finally put the strap around his neck and let the camera dangle to his side.  
  
"Only the beginning of our deal Jimmy Newton." Monica called up.  
  
"I look forward to feeling that cock inside me." Amber nearly choked on her words but tried to keep a straight face. Jimmy Newton was not the tastiest looking guy but she was committed to the deal as part of Monica's Braless Brigade.  
  
"Wait!" Sonya glared at Amber and Monica, "What?"  
  
Monica moves closer to the larger girl and holds her by the arm, "Relax Gorgeous." A soft whisper of the deal to Sonya led the girl to murmur, "Whoaaaa! I want in." Monica hadn't thought about Sonya much, she was one of the girls who followed at a distance. Clutching Sonya's boob she found a bra. Scowling Monica offered a sad expression.  
  
"I don't know Sonya. You're lagging behind the other Brigade members."  
  
The trick worked. Sonya pulled her arms into her large loose shirt and unhooked her bra. Removing it her massive 40D's bounced freely. Nipples poking through the lavender fabric of her shirt. Arms returned to her sleeves she holds the bra out for the girls to see. Monica smiled then motioned with her head what to do with it. Eyes bulging at the thought, Sonya tossed the bra over Jimmy's door. Landing literally over Jimmy's head he wore it proudly. In his final throes of personal ecstasy her scent was all he needed. A gruff snarl followed by a deafening series of grunts Jimmy Newton unloaded. Both Amber and Sonya peeping saw a massive stream of jizz expel and squirt toward them. Again Sonya mumbled, "Whoaaa!" Her favorite form of excitement. Amber on the other hand merely puckered at his firepower.  
  
"He's got potential Gift." Amber nodded her approval.  
  
"Jimmy?" Monica softly coaxed his attention even as Holden and Kendra continued their passion next door.  
  
"Y-yeah?"  
  
"Put your wet fingers up to the cracks in the door."  
  
"Uhhh okay." He hesitantly complied rising from his seat placing cum soaked fingertips to the threshold sides. In what might be described as a disgusting move for two reasons, one the environment, two being Jimmy himself, Amber licked his fingertip. The thrill of her tongue on him was pure electricity. Hearing Amber whisper, "Mmmm minty." made Jimmy tremble heavily. Swallowing dryly he looked over at Sonya peeking through the other side. Recalling his hand to gather droplets from his trickling cock he reached out for Sonya. Behind the girl Monica gently caressed her back for encouragement. As his finger exited the opening before her crossed eyes Sonya smiled at the glossy digit. Eager to be a part of something huge she sucked on his finger. Proud of her Monica increased her backrub. Thirty seconds in Sonya was still sucking that finger. Jimmy was moaning again.  
  
Amber chuckled, "She can't wait for lunch."  
  
Monica pelted Amber's arm for her rude response and offered a stern restriction to further outbursts. Holden and Kendra were outbursts enough as Holden cums hard inside Kendra. Her effortless orgasm joining in made for the perfect symphony.  
  
"Now that's what I'm talking about. Good work people." Monica forces Sonya's feeding to end and pats the door, "Wipe that shit off before you leave fingerprints on the lens. Get out here Romeo."  
  
Jimmy pulled himself together and stepped out of the stall shyly. All three girls smothered him in butterfly kisses. For some reason Jimmy favored Sonya. Monica noticed. Matchmaker at work. Breathing heavily Jimmy went to wash his hands. He noted Sonya watching him with a shy smile through the mirror. Ego was creeping in.  
  
Exiting their own stall Kendra looked abused. Her blond hair a royal mess. Her pants still unzipped. Holden's shirt buttoned wrong only gathered laughter. Skipping class was worth it.  
  
"Let's go people. Jimmy? Follow Amber and get a secret session in out in the hallway. Hold a cock as you lean on a locker without looking obvious. Sonya? Why don't you assist Jimmy with anything he needs." A casual wink toward Jimmy made him very happy indeed.  
  
Monica? She paraded the halls and showed off like a pro. Her later efforts led to pictures in the lunchroom sitting on a table with guys around her. Her legs wide as if awaiting to be eaten out. She was sucking on a banana for effect. If someone looked close enough that pink crease between her jeans was evidence enough.  
  
Furthering her exposures led to gym class. Guys held her hoisted over their heads spread eagle as she shared a thumbs up to Jimmy's camera shot. Again if one were looking with a magnifying glass they might see a finger in her asshole. Keeping a straight face was impossible.  
  
Amber had multiple dicks in her hands during her photo shoot as she prowled the halls stopping at lockers to coax her victims. During a photo outdoors after lunch Amber had her pants off and literally sat on a boys dick riding him innocently as she nibbled at a sandwich. Monica and Tamara stood in the background against a tree as a secondary treat during Amber's ride. Her painted ass shiny in the sunlight. One picture captured Amber lifting her shirt over her tummy rubbing it as if saying, "Yummy sandwich." A mysterious thumbs up in the corner of the camera angle was the lucky boy she was mounting. It was a bright and sunny day. Joyful in every way.  
  
Further shots of students included Rosa wearing a football helmet with a football masking her right tit, flesh directly against the pigskin. Shoulder pads covered bare shoulders. Being topless for the boys made her horny as hell. Her hunger expressed toward Jimmy in mischievous glances. Before the end of the day Jimmy Newton would be rechristened as Jimmy Nuttin'. After a bit of encouragement the boys around Rosa had her pants off too. Posing for Jimmy with a boy kneeling below her licking her clit as she held the football over one tit and her helmet over the other. On both sides of her were two boys in jerseys laughing it up. Amazing how innocent the photos ended up looking once developed. Pushing the limits found Rosa in a jersey, shoulder pads, pants rolled down over her ass and her helmet while hiking the ball. A boy in full gear behind her with his dick inside her drenched pussy. PERFECTION.  
  
Toward 1:30 PM Monica discovered her paint wearing off. Flesh tones were creeping through. Guys were treated to reality little by little. Regardless she dared to prowl the halls until the paint wore beyond any possible hiding the fact that she was nude. Even her butt crack was a wide expression of sweaty tanned skin. Pussy having been wet forever smeared dramatically. Still she persisted. While her own photo shoots were likely done she coached others to continue their missions.  
  
Tamara White took a closeup picture sucking a cock while the boys girth was masked by a paper cup with the bottom hollowed out. It merely looked like a funny pic. After ten minutes the cup produced a drink.  
  
Toby and his girlfriend Lindsey took a picture with his hands up her shirt squeezing her tits, his chin on her shoulder. Awww! So cute. Young love.  
  
Cheerleaders Deedee, Gemma, Kelly, and Trish huddled with pom poms hiding their tits for a cheek to cheek. Kneeling low behind them their boyfriends were licking their assholes. No wonder the eyes of the girls were so full of life. Nothing like tongue and cheek. GOOOO TONGUES.  
  
Nearing the end of the school day Monica chose to step outside and hug the flag pole. Her paint holding up in the front over her legs but most of her ass hanging out beneath smudges of blue. Using it like a stripper pole for kicks she dangled backwards, her hands gripping the pipe. Not truly much of a photo but she was running low on ideas. As she did the students around her panicked suddenly. Sonya next to Jimmy ushered, "PRINCIPAL JANSON'S COMING."  
  
Monica turned her backside away from him as he strolled toward them to avoid him seeing her ass. There was more than enough blue on her legs to conceal her front. Except of course her thighs. Either he would ruin their day or be blind to her mischief. Lungs were silent.  
  
"How goes the yearbook photos?" Janson stepped up before lifting his gaze to the flag waving proudly above. "That Army shirt making you patriotic today Miss Gift?"  
  
"Yes." She maintained her poise.  
  
"Time to bring Ole Glory down. Care to help me?" He reached for the circulation cord unhooking it's support to begin drawing the flag down. Jimmy grew suspicious knowing he had seen the flag still up late at night. Did they take it down every day? Shrugging at his thoughts he took pictures of Monica who flared her eyes at how close Janson was to seeing her paint jobs lack thereof. While Janson's gaze was toward the sky he dropped the clip of the cord to the grass in front of him.  
  
"Could you pick that clip up Monica?"  
  
Monica slyly motions a sweating Jimmy Newton to step behind her at a distance. Crouching down in front of Janson's crotch Jimmy caught a photo that looked as if she might be giving him a BJ. By lifting the clip up in front of him it made it look as if her hand was going for his zipper. Monica lived up to her name. The girl was Gifted. The shot was from the top of her butt crack up so only minimal flesh could be seen.  
  
"I can't believe her." Sonya shivered nervously.  
  
While kneeling in front of him Monica touched herself. Without him even knowing of her fingers dipping amid her slickness she showed Jimmy and Sonya her glossy fingers while raising her shoulders as if expressing guilt.  
  
"Here you go Mister Janson." She moistens the clip. As he accepts it without much in venturing eyes he notices hands wet to the touch.

"Hot out today your palms are sweaty." He continues his mission after rubbing his hand beneath his nose to answer an itch. Her eyes bulge knowing her juices were so close to his nostrils. Both Jimmy and Sonya were awestruck.  
  
"I know. I'm wringing wet." She answered shrinking at her reply trying not to laugh.  
  
"So...how many classes have you missed today?" He doesn't subject her to any glances whatsoever.  
  
"A few. I volunteered to help Jimmy take pictures. I rarely miss class."  
  
"I see. Here's Ole' Glory." The flag reaches his grasp and he unclasps it to gather the material over his shoulder. Placing the clip back into place he turns to look at Monica. "Would the three of you do the honors of folding the flag up and taking it to the office?" He passes it to her which she used to hide her body from him.  
  
"We can do that." She smiles brightly.  
  
"I salute you Private First Class Gift." He raises his hand to physically salute her. She nearly dropped the flag trying to salute back. The Army t-shirt came in handy.  
  
"Don't let that flag touch the ground." He intercepted it quickly until her hold on it was firm. "Speaking of first class...I expect you all back in classes tomorrow."  
  
"Sir! YES SIR." She belts out playfully.  
  
As Janson waves at Jimmy and Sonya he walks back toward the school. Immediately the three of them huddle close laughing. Sonya glancing at the school makes a sudden realization.  
  
"Look."  
  
Monica and Jimmy follow her point to see nearly every window in the school filled with faces. In their final act of the day they had been watched by dozens upon dozens of students. Monica even saw Morrison and Teacher Dennis Holt looking down at her.  
  
"WOW!" Slipped from Monica's lips. As she observed them all salute her as Janson had she gulped at how much they respected her. Grinning evilly Monica needed her finale. "Hold the flag out in front of me Soldiers." She passed it to Sonya and Jimmy to unfold and hold up as if a curtain blocking the view of the students. Behind it she removed her Army t-shirt and tossed it over the flag. Everyone watching knew very well that Monica Gift was totally nude now. In a bold move Monica ran around the curtain and stood firm, titties bouncing at her sudden halt. Saluting them back quickly she hopped into a pivot. Bending over prying her ass cheeks apart she gave them all what they wanted. Hearing Sonya whimper, "Soooo crazy. They love you." led Monica to stand and face them again. Dancing seductively with her hands in her hair she watched her audience busting up. One final move led her to the grass. On her back she lays there masturbating. It was quick. Monica needed a climax.  
  
Cumming hard they watched her spasm in the grass before leaping up and throwing her hands in the air. Hearing cheers she knew her efforts were worth it. Taking a bow she snatches up her t-shirt and races back behind the flag to put it on.  
  
"Are we done?" Jimmy huffs from stress.  
  
"Not until you and Sonya kiss."  
  
Both Jimmy and Sonya bulge their eyes reciting, "WHAT?"  
  
Snatching the flag and holding it to her chest she snaps glances at both of them.  
  
"No guts...no ole' glory." Monica smirks. "Just do it."  
  
Sonya made the first move and stepped closer to the nervous Jimmy. He shook like a leaf staring into Sonya's eyes. The tension lingering needed one final ingredient to spark the flame.  
  
"I SAID KISS."  
  
Monica's demand sent the two into a lip lock. The watchers from the school were cheering even further. Monica Gift had it all covered.  
  
Flag returned to the office folded, smudged a bit in blue paint unfortunately, Monica was smothered by her fans. She wiped paint on her hands and smeared it all over everyone in her path until 60% of her lower body was visibly flesh tone. It took her moody former Master Ryan Quinones to drag her from her flock. An entourage of students masking her escape.  
  
"See? Master is still in control." She giggles hugging Ryan's arm as the group ventured to the parking lot.  
  
"Not your Master. Just your friend."  
  
"If you say so...Master." She catches him off guard with blue paint wiped on the tip of his nose.  
  
"Uggggghhhh!"  
  
At least his mind was off of April.  
  
He was still blue.  
  
So were his balls.

**Monica 48: Tigger Happy**

"Most insane thing you've cooked up yet Monica." Zoe Klein shivered just looking at the wagging rubber dildo stuck to the floor of the gymnasium.  
  
"Not really, but it's right up there with shaving our hoohaws up on the bleachers."  
  
"Don't remind me. No, I think the most insane thing is all of us in the Men's locker room surrounding Coach Randall. So gross, but so fun."  
  
"I like challenging you girls. It proves to me whose on my side and who isn't."  
  
"What does being on your side and us all joining your slut club, have to do with anything? I think we all can agree that we're pretty much all sluts." Zoe giggles tapping the dildo with the toe of her shoe just to watch it wag back and forth.  
  
"So! We all draw names out of a hat and whoever gets picked has to ride this big boy here at school."  
  
"Let's be even more creative. If you really wanna know who's a true member of the Slut Puppies Club. I guess the Braless Brigade name is a thing of the past. None of us wear bras anymore."  
  
"What do you suggest?"  
  
"You start us out. Once you get done you choose a name and dare the location they use it in."  
  
"Ohhhh I like that. It's like playing Clue. Mrs. Peacock in the Science Classroom with the rubber toy." Monica chuckles.  
  
"You're so stupid." Zoe rolls her eyes.  
  
"Stupid, but a sexual genius."  
  
"None of us even compare."  
  
"Okay. I guess we should get some wet wipes between uses."  
  
"Definitely."  
  
"You know?" Monica ponders with a queer expression, "We don't just have to ride Rubber Dicky. We can stick it to more than the floor. Like lockers. Desktops. You name it."  
  
"We leave it up to where the prior user suggests then." Zoe stresses, "You having Jimmy Neutron take more pictures for the yearbook? We can still sneak in more snapshots."  
  
"I don't know how much more Jimmy can handle. You do know this is going to cost all of us BIG TIME right?"  
  
"You made it clear. He helps us we help him. Anything he wants from each of us until we Graduate in a couple months. At least it's only one time for each girl. If I had to do more I'd hurl."  
  
"Better carry a barf bag then. He really likes you. He might wanna lose his virginity to you."  
  
"I'M GONNA KILL YOU IF HE DOES."  
  
"You agreed to whatever he wanted. Don't go stabbing me."  
  
"God I hope not. I don't need that on my resume."  
  
"First bell is about to ring. I'll text who I choose when and where. They do the same. We keep a chain going all day long. Deal? Send a mass text and let the girls know. Anybody renigs gets punished by the whole Club."  
  
"Daaaang! You're getting vicious Tigger."  
  
"Tigger? HA! Funny we're the Tiger's and we're gonna hop up and down on this like Tigger."  
  
"How many times do you feel is enough?"  
  
"Five?"  
  
"I say ten it's more daring. Let's feel something out of it."  
  
"Ten it is."  
  
"Cool. I'll just start the mass text myself and get this game started. Seeing as I have Jimmy's number."  
  
"Is Jimmy riding it too?" Zoe laughs.  
  
"You know what I mean. I don't think Christopher Robin plays with toys like this. Funny though."  
  
"Well Pooh!"  
  
"Not so funny. Nice try though."  
  
"See you at the end of school."  
  
"Lunchtime EWHORE."  
  
"HA! Eyore, Ewhore. Too funny. Lunchroom then. Bye."  
  
As the two girls separate Monica takes time to bag up her rubber beast and go sit on the bleacher to write her text to Jimmy. Once completed she sends a mass text out to sixteen girls devoted to Monica's exhibitionist club. Today was going to be a challenge. Grabbing her notepad and pen from her bookbag she jots down names. Tearing tiny pieces of paper with names on them she folds them and removes her beanie atop her long brunette hair. Using it as her hat the game began. One final text to Jimmy would have him skipping classes all day long. He was not happy. Until he thought of all the handjobs and blowjobs he would receive for his help. Even dare he dream of it coming true...sex. The beefy boy was dizzy just thinking of it all.  
  
Meeting Monica outside Principal Janson's office as the first bell rang Monica dug into her bag to show Jimmy her lifelike toy.  
  
"I call him Jimmy."  
  
"Really?"  
  
"No. Dork." She taps him on the forehead making him growl at her, "Sorry. Uncalled for. I'm going to stradle this bad boy right on the floor in front of Janson's office. My skirt will hide most of it but I'll lift it to prove it's inside me. All I want is for you to get a picture of me kneeling as if I'm picking up my dropped books. Try and get Janson's name in the pic."  
  
"His plaque is beside his door. No way can I get you down there and the tag up here."  
  
"Crap." She gives it some thought as students walking by grow curious. The Seniors knowing full well her capabilities, "Okay. We'll just get me riding it. People will figure it out considering his door is different than the classroom doors."  
  
"Gotcha. I'll get my camera ready. You get on your knees and get set."  
  
"On 'em." She kneels and wets the suction cup of her toy directly in front of her viewers. Seeing her toy in full view she slaps it on the tile and proves to them it stays put wagging about. She then hikes her skirt up to her waist allowing them to see she was not wearing panties. Perfect ass. Smooth twat. With a devilish grin she lifts up on her toes and lowers her thighs over the girth of the rubber crown. Inserting it found guys holding knuckles to their mouths to contain their excitement. Girls shaking their heads at her. A few girls who would be using it next, already sweating.  
  
Jimmy took time to shuffle her books about to make it look convincing. Monica held one book in her hand. A Sex Education pamplet just to be cute. As guys clustered behind Jimmy he took pictures observing her easing up and down on the toy. Her eyes fluttered each time it grazed her G-spot. Allowing the back of her skirt to drop saved her a whole lot of trouble. She hears Janson's door open behind her. Guys scatter immediately leaving her to fend for herself as Lloyd Janson stood directly behind Monica. It was almost as funny as the flagpole scene yesterday.  
  
"What seems to be the prob...ah! Dropped your books I see. James? Is this really any time to be taking yearbook photos?"  
  
Monica looks up at him by tilting her head back, "It's okay. It's for laughs anyway to show how clumsy I can be. I'll be out of your way in a few minutes."  
  
Somehow he overlooks her fifth thrust at his angle. Grimacing Janson moved around Monica forcing her to drop the front of her skirt. In an unpredicted move Janson kneels to her right and opts to help her pick her books up. All while she bulged her eyes and maintained slow gentle thrusts. Principal Janson had no clue. Once he handed her the books she smiled, "Thanks Mister Janson. My hero. Things are looking up for me."  
  
He stands and extends a hand to pull her up. In a bold move she takes as much of the dildo up inside her as possible then clenches her body tight. Rising up at accepting his hand a popping noise was heard. Janson narrowed his eyes looking about him.  
  
"Did I hear someone popping bubble gum?"  
  
Three different students acted as if they swallowed their gum. He knew better. Frowning he tells the kids to get to class. Monica looked at Jimmy with a panicked look. Janson turns and eyes the two, "Are we done here?"  
  
"Can I get a picture of you and Monica together?" Jimmy trembles.  
  
"Make it fast." He steps up close to her side and places his elbow on her shoulder as if using her as support. She points at him with a smirk. Picture taken Janson stands up straight.  
  
"Thanks Principal Janson." Jimmy waves.  
  
"Anytime. Now get to class."  
  
As Janson leaves Monica bursts into laughter, held from sight by her books in front of her face. Prying her thighs apart with an extended left leg the toy slipped out of her and plopped onto the tile. Jimmy nearly had a heart attack.  
  
"I think you're the baby daddy." She chuckled, "It's a boy. Jimmy Junior."  
  
Jimmy Newton turned beat red.  
  
Gathering the toy she sneaks to the restroom and washes it off. Installed in her bag with her books she retrieves her beanie from her book bag. Choosing a name she reads it as Amber Welch.  
  
"Oh now I know she's game." Texting everyone that Amber was her chosen target she decides on her location, "Let's send her out to Janson's car. Drivers side door. Ten minutes." Giggling at her message Monica meets Jimmy at the front turnstile and the two head outside. Lifeless outdoors save for cars driving by on the street, they quickly ran to the parking lot. It took Amber twelve minutes to arrive. Making excuses of having menstruel issues got her out of class. Laughing as she ran out to meet them the three huddled cautiously next to Janson's car.  
  
"So insane I love it." Amber laughes unbuckling her shorts while sticking her tongue out at Jimmy, "Finally getting my pants off Neutron. Don't burst your beaker."  
  
Lifting his camera he sighs, "Maybe when it's my turn to use you I'll make you my lab partner. We can build a volcano and I can make it explode in your face."  
  
"Weird, but funny. Gotta hurry." She watches Monica slam the dildos suction on the car door. Shorts around her ankles she tugs her shirt down to make it look as if she was leaning against his car. Her button down fanning open gave Jimmy a massive cleavage, Amber's chest quite a healthy size. A reach around insertion, Amber fucks the rubber beast. Eying Jimmy she laughes, "Fuck me Neutron. Fuck me."  
  
Monica twirled in step, laughing as Jimmy took shot after shot. Ten thrusts went quickly and Amber pulled off of it. Lifting her shorts she gets dressed and turns to stroke the toy. Eying it then Jimmy's jeans she shrugs, "Not even close. Gotta go."  
  
"Wait!" Monica obtains her beanie, "Pick a name and suggest a place."  
  
Nervous of being busted she drew a name and read it, "Tamara White." She then yanks the dildo loose and sucks it dry, "Clean enough." With a flick to its crown to taunt Jimmy she reached left and sticks the toy to the car hood, "Make Tamara his hood ornament." Off Amber went.  
  
"Been there left my panties." Monica sighs at Jimmy.  
  
"I...I remember that. Ryan made you do it."  
  
"Yes the Master did. I miss my Master." She dances in step typing. Ten more minutes later Tamara arrives. The blond with a beaky, but sexy nose, saw the dildo and nearly pissed herself.  
  
"How am I going to ride that up there I'll dent Janson's car hood?"  
  
"Just be careful."  
  
"So going to get expelled and repeat my Senior year." She tugs her black leggings out from under a long white button down that had a buckled belt about her waist. Kicking her shoes off she removes her leggings entirely tossing them to Monica. Monica tortured Jimmy by turning them into a twisted scarf about his neck, the crotch right where he could sniff it.  
  
Tamara bending over the bumper, Jimmy snapped pictures of her bare ass. Thicker than a few of the other girls but definitely tight. Her clam peeking at him made Jimmy mumble to himself. Hearing her movement on the hood Jimmy winced. In position her succulent pussy lips molded around the rubber monstrosity.  
  
"You go girl." Monica prodded her friend.  
  
"Fuck this feels good. I'm gonna be beet red all day."  
  
"Color matches his car."  
  
Ten thrusts echoed as metal cringed. Pulling out just as she moaned Tamara said fuck it and stole another ten while rubbing her clit. It was still not enough but Monica patted her hip, "I'll let you borrow it after school."  
  
"Fuck that I'm gonna order one from HeBay."  
  
Laughter ended another tenure of exhibitionism. Before getting dressed she rubs the crotch of her leggings up to Jimmy's nose. "My scarf makes you look really professional Jimmy." Mean but he liked it. Tamara got dressed smiling at Jimmy. She knew he liked her torture.  
  
"Name and place." Monica insisted. Fingers in the beanie produces, "Cheyenne". Looking around her she spotted the school buses. Pointing them out Tamara calls it, "Inside Bus 10."  
  
"Done." Text sent, Tamara went.  
  
Jimmy led the way toward the Bus parking and tried to envision what the plan was going to be. As Monica caught up with him he stutters, "We can't use any of these for the yearbook. Yours maybe."  
  
"You're right about that. We'll figure something out. Wow! Here comes Cheyenne. Darius is with her. They must have skipped class before it even began."  
  
"Hey guys." Chey holding her man's hand sees the dildo in Monica's possession, "Oh wow! That's big."  
  
Darius smugly pats his crotch, "Not as big as mine."  
  
"You own a dildo?" Jimmy looks troubled.  
  
"Dude I'm gonna fatten your already fat lip."  
  
"HEY! Even I thought that." Monica points at Darius, "Make yourself clear Jockstrap."  
  
"It was pretty funny." Chey muses at her man.  
  
"No it wasn't."  
  
"Relax Sport." Monica threatens him with the toy, "Let's get on with this. Jimmy had a point just now. Part of this challenge was for each of we girls to use this thing secretly for a yearbook pic."  
  
"More pics? The whole yearbook is gonna be porn." Darius poised an eyebrow.  
  
"Not unless the Men's Basketball and Football team mix it up on the field." Monica laughs.  
  
"I ain't that way." Darius shuts up.  
  
"Of course, you're not you handsome stud." Chey pinches his lips talking like a baby.  
  
"There's the fat lip. Not being racist."  
  
"Fuck you, Gift."  
  
"Already did. Nothing special."  
  
Chey shakes her head, recent occurances having already found her ear makes Chey dry up emotionally. Choosing to remain strong and openminded she enters the playing field, "Calm down. What am I doing?" She looks around at the buses.  
  
"All Tamara said was on Bus 10. Let's go inside and decide. Out of sight is safer."  
  
They follow Monica up into the bus and each take a seat. Darius lifts Cheyenne's frilly skirt to find no panties, "Damn girl. Forget to do the laundry?"  
  
"Just goes to show how often you check me out. I haven't worn panties in weeks. I feel so jilted."  
  
"Aw Baby. I've just been dealing with the Coach. You know he's been after me to get my grades up so I can stay on the team."  
  
"Whatever! I know when I'm not wanted." It really did feel that way. Everything Cheyenne was hearing of late left a lead weight on her shoulders.  
  
Stunned Darius Howard clams up. Monica begins whistling to distract them, "Take it home Guys. Let's do this and you lovebirds can fly away."  
  
"Give that to me." Chey claims the toy and marches to the back of the bus. Plunging it against the emergency door she kneels and hides the dildo with her body. Opening her mouth she swallows the toy as Jimmy takes pics. He moves around her capturing the actual event. Turned on by Chey's move Darius nods and and crouches behind her. Lifting her skirt he reaches under and plays with her pussy.  
  
"You're done here Jimmy Olsen."  
  
"Newt...oh...Superman's pal I get it. Again." Jimmy rejoins Monica who fidgets at the Jock's reactions. Patting Jimmy on the arm made him relax knowing that she cared.  
  
Stepping forward Monica offers, "I'll just choose the next girl for you. You name the place." She digs into her beanie drawing out "Thelma Jacobs." As Chey moans with lengthy fingers up inside her she passes back the dildo.  
  
"Ask Darius. He's been sleeping with Thelma."  
  
"What? No I..." She lifts off of his hand and stands up with a saddened look, "It's okay Darius. I knew we would never last long. You teased me way too many years, growing up. I knew it when we all switched guys at the Theater. You and Thelma were so in tune with each other. Then I hear about you two during Church services. Worse yet," She glares back at Monica, "You do things for her without talking to me about it. I'm stupid I guess."  
  
"Don't do this Chey." He looks up at her.  
  
"Awkward." Monica nudges Jimmy out of the bus. Outside they awaited Chey to exit. Feeling horrible Monica was prepared to overlook Thelma. At the step off of the doorway Cheyenne stares coldly, "How about the middle of the street? Maybe she will get run over."  
  
"I think that's off school grounds Chey." Monica frowned at her friends coldness. Seeing a vengeance glare in her eye Monica compromises, "Circular drive for the Parent drop off it is."  
  
As Chey walks away Darius leaves the bus with his hands in his pockets. The man was defeated.  
  
"Yep. Scratch Thelma. Drawing again." Monica eyes Jimmy. He agreed.  
  
The next girl drawn was Violet Rainier. The galant redheaded Cheerleader that took the Pep Squad by storm with her pantiless Pyramid. Monica typed her name then added, "In front of her locker. Ten minutes." After sending it Jimmy looks at his watch, "Second period will be then. Everyone going to class."  
  
"Ooooo! Good challenge. Let's go get in position."  
  
Within ten minutes Violet Rainier stood waiting in front of her locker nervously. The redhead was normally spooked and running late. Not today. For some reason she seemed eager to please. Approaching her Monica caught the girl grinning shamelessly, "You got laid didn't you?"  
  
"Yessss!" Violet shivered. "It was incredible."  
  
"Tall, dark, and male cheerleader?"  
  
"You know it. Monica...we made love, not just sex. Look..." Violet lowers her shirt collar to reveal a string of hicky's. Seeing them reminded Monica of her night at the bar where she achieved hicky's from head to toe. It had been awhile since Monica had a hicky, jealousy struck.  
  
"Jimmy? Come here a second..." Just as swiftly she changes her mind about allowing Jimmy to bestow her a hicky. The moment was gone. Looking around at the students moving through the halls Monica digs into her bag for the dildo and slaps it against Violet's locker. "There's the right combination."  
  
"Too high." Violet yanked it free then stuck it a bit lower. Right in front of twenty students. The redhead was getting awful ballsy suddenly. "Get ready Jimmy." Vi pointed, "Right the first time."  
  
She lifts her skirt up and tugs her g-string to her knees. Capturing her entirety from the waist down she introduces the dildo up into her pink recesses. Jimmy snapped a series of shots as each inch of the toy disappeared. Students stood by watching and fantasizing over her. Cell videos were taken. As if that wasn't going to happen. She saw them and just didn't care anymore. Violet was becoming more carefree. Fucking it ten times she looks at the males recording her, "Don't you wish you got this lucky? You know you want it." Pulling off of the dildo she pulls her clothing back into place then yanks the toy from her locker. Wagging it at the boys she attempts to get them wet from her leftovers on the rubber exterior. Laughter made everyone happy.  
  
"Name and place Red." Monica holds her hat out with the clips of paper within.  
  
"Becca's cousin Angel." Vi grins, "Time to see just how far the bitch will go."  
  
"Sounding evil Devil's daughter." Monica smirks, "I knew I had a sister out there somewhere."  
  
"Morrison's desk. Dead center."  
  
"With him there or without?" Monica giggles.  
  
"Whoa!" Jimmy huffs, "I'm not sure I can let him in on what I'm doing. That might get us busted. You wanted yearbook pics but that's going over the top."  
  
"I saw how you looked at Angel yesterday. Put your chemistry set in use Neutron." Violet nudged him.  
  
"Wait. I thought you liked Sonya?" Monica winced.  
  
"Im a playa." He chuckles.  
  
"Nice. There's hope for you yet Big Boy." Monica pats his belly then rubs it like a Buddha, "Just making a wish." Right before their eyes Jimmy Newton popped a hard on. "Wish fulfilled." The girls had a really good laugh.  
  
Texting Angel shocked the blond who stood at a water fountain getting a drink. Awestruck she roamed the halls amongst the students until reaching Mr. Morrison's classroom. Inside stood Monica, Jimmy, and Morrison himself. Monica sat on his desk letting Morrison look up her skirt while Jimmy hid his embaressment. Entering the room, Angel Wright, wearing bluejeans and a tight white shirt over massive boobs made it known she was ready for anything.

"Delicious booty in the room."  
  
"That's me. There's room for two though." Monica giggles.  
  
"Hi Mister Morrison." Angel attempted bravado under pressure. She was uncertain just how this was going down with the Teacher present. He waved back with a glint of interest. He had never once looked over Angel in the past, but now he realized what he had been missing.  
  
"Shut the door behind you." Morrison nods.  
  
"Can we leave it open?" Angel winks.  
  
"Why is everyone getting as bold as me all of a sudden? Hell yes leave it open." Monica slips down between Morrison's legs and crawls beneath his desk for a bit of mischief long the way. "All yours Jimmy. Tell Angel how you want her to do this photoshoot."  
  
"ME? Ummm! Uhhhh!" He struggles to look Angel in the eye. Between the blond and Morrison he was in panic mode. "Maybe...Mister Morrison has ideas."  
  
"ME?" Morrison reverses Jimmy's own words. "I'm not going to lose my job over this." He pats Monica's hands as she rubs his swollen tent, his erection tormented by two beautiful eighteen year olds.  
  
"Relax! I got this." Angel eyes the dildo hidden by Monica's bookbag. Sure enough it was stuck to the top of his desk, dead center. Violet Rainier and an unexpected guest appearance by Becca Wright, Angel's cousin stood outside the classroom door keeping watch. Becca remained hidden just to shock Angel later. "Hiya Vi." A wave leads Angel into kicking her shoes off then unzipping her pants. Down over pink boyshorts they went. Jimmy was slobbering at zipper alone. As she removed her pants she held her breath and stripped her boy shorts off. Shirt and socks only Angel blew a kiss at Jimmy. He nearly busted a nut at the sight of her freshly shaved pussy. Watching her crawl on top of Morrison's desk Angel stared at the Teacher's eyes zeroing in on her vagina. "I think Mister Morrison likes my kitty, don't you Jimmy?"  
  
"Love your kitty. I MEAN...YEAH! I THINK HE DOES." Jimmy Newton was wringing in sweat. Violet outside the door with Becca tried not to laugh.  
  
Below Morrison's lap Monica had managed to secure the Teacher's cock right out into the open. He had given up in his lust for these young girls. While kneeling there Monica jerks him off whispering, "Show Angel how much you want her." He was trying, not bothering to look at the doorway, he was trusting Violet to shut the door if it became necessary. This risk being taken was a fantasy come true. He knew Monica was always looking out for him.  
  
"Ready Jimmy?" Angel looks over her shoulder with a devilish grin.  
  
"Yep." He merely watched then realized he hadn't even lifted his camera. One swift snatch he was ready to shoot both pics and his load. Watching her fingers introduce the rubber toys crown into her she turns her attention toward Morrison.  
  
"You like watching this sweet young pussy getting fucked?"  
  
Morrison nods as Monica increases her massaging technique, using both hands while looking up at Angel. "Even I like watching that." Monica snickers. Angel lowers her gaze to Morrison's dick and licks her lips.  
  
"Wanna trade with me Monica?"  
  
"Nope. I like my Teachers Pet project."  
  
"Should I take my shirt off too?"  
  
"YES!" Both Morrison and Jimmy agreed.  
  
Giggling Angel lifts her shirt up over her head then tosses it at Monica landing over her hair. Monica grimaces, "Bitch."  
  
"Yepper. Here comes the bra." Unfastening it she whips it back at Jimmy who was circling her for a better look at the blond's gorgeous body, blindly it lands on the floor. Angel Wright wore only her socks, riding a rubber cock on the Teacher's desk. It couldn't get much better than that. Could it?  
  
"That's more than ten." Jimmy reveals.  
  
"You really want me to stop now?"  
  
"NO!" A second recital of two men form as one.  
  
"I didn't think so. Let's cum together Mister Morrison." She licks her lips at him while teasing her nipples.  
  
"God yes." The Teacher shivers laying back in his swival seat, Monica blowing on his crown.  
  
Whimpering after a good thirty five insertions Angel noted Violet easing the door shut. Obviously traffic was close by. Did Angel care? Not hardly. That dildo was Tigger Happy. Cum trickled down her thigh and puddled up on Morrison's desk. This was by far going above and beyond the call of booty. As Monica destroyed Morrison's cock he grew tense and stopped blinking. Jaw wide he pats her hands to stop and she reluctantly releases him. His hands reach for Angel and a soft gasp led to, "Come here."  
  
Angel in her inflicting destruction eyes Morrison fondling his own beast with one hand, his other coaxing her to his lap. Seeing Jimmy still shooting pics she shrugs and lifts off of her toy and slips over the edge of the desk into Morrison's lap. Easing his cock up into her she squeals. "Oh my God!"  
  
"You're telling me." Monica slips away and stands up next to them. In a brash move Morrison draws Angel closer and begins sampling her nipples. The girl loved it.  
  
"Ummm!" Monica stops Jimmy's camera shots and drags him toward the door, "Let's just give them the room."  
  
Meeting Violet and Becca outside Becca stood numb. Her cousin was fucking a Teacher. What the hell? Shrugging amongst themselves they shut the door. Fifteen minutes later Monica dares to peek inside the door to find both he and Angel on the desk naked. She was screaming in small favors as Morrison finally nutted inside the blond.  
  
Tiptoing in Monica rubs Morrison on the shoulder, "Bell's gonna ring in a few. Might wanna...wrap it up next time. Don't need any baby Teachers running around." Hat lifted Angel moans but still draws out a name.  
  
"BECCA!" She yelps.  
  
"Whoa!" Monica eyes the door. Shuffling over she looks out into the hall, "Get in here Becca."  
  
Jaw dropped Becca shakes her head, "Oh hell no."  
  
"Toys all yours. Right in front of them."  
  
Leading Jimmy back in with them Becca sees Angel doing missionary with Morrison. Easing next to them Becca flips her cousin off. Angel with legs wrapped around Morrison's hips points at the floor.  
  
"Totally naked right next to us." Angel chuckles. Jimmy couldn't stop grinning. He wished that he had a video camera instead.  
  
"I hate you Cunt."  
  
"No you don't. You wuv me Cuz."  
  
"Bells going to ring in five minutes."  
  
"Better hurry then."  
  
"Me? What about you two?"  
  
Becca swiftly drops her shorts and whips her top off to go down to only her panties. Hearing Angel say, "NAKIE BITCH." made her roll her eyes and strip. Riding the cock Jimmy took pics. Morrison watching Becca found the energy to fuck Angel again. As the minutes creep by she orgasms on his desk. He nuts a second round and thanks Becca instead.  
  
At the bell everyone hustled to get dressed. Minds blown they all had an uncontrollable laugh. Becca hugged her cousin calling her a slut. "Takes one to know a nun." Her reply.  
  
As the students for his next class entered Morrison realized his desk was wet from Angel's orgasm splash. Using Kleenex he did his best to wipe up. Nobody knew the truth. Some might have suspected seeing Monica and the gang leave quickly. He taught his next class like a pro.  
  
Outside in the hall Becca froze in step, "What did that have to do with the yearbook?"  
  
Monica and Angel busted up. Jimmy turned as red as Violet's hair. Violet didn't care she was giddy.  
  
"Not a damn thing." Monica hugged Becca from the side. "It was fun though."  
  
"No it wasn't." Becca winced then softened her reaction, "Okay maybe a lil'."  
  
"Next?" The beanie is lifted to choose a name.  
  
"Thea King." Monica fidgets, "I think we'll overlook her this time."  
  
"Hey guys" The group turns to see of all people Thea King with her boyfriend Garrett.  
  
"Ohhhh shit."Monica cowered with teeth gnashed.  
  
"My turn?" She seemed to be in good spirits.  
  
"You're not mad at me?"  
  
"I could never be mad at you." The two embrace as everyone who knew about the church debacle felt relieved. Jimmy of course was not in the loop. Standing next to the gentle giant Garrett he felt very, very small.  
  
"Lunch time?"  
  
"Yep." Thea and Monica held each others arms all the way to lunch. The crew all waiting Thea proved her worth by using the toy while kneeling in front of Garrett in the lunch line. Not one Teacher saw the cute little lady with the toy up under her skirt. Her hands touching Garrett's crotch as she rode the dildo proudly.  
  
"Go Tiggers." Monica yells out to the entire room. The reaction was met with a louder, "GO TIGERS." followed by a healthy "ROOOOAAAARRR."  
  
Thea loved her scratching post.  
  
Garrett offered a smug look at Jimmy. The nerd swallowed dryly until a familar voice drew him away from the giant.  
  
"Hi Jimmy."  
  
"Sonya? Hey!"  
  
As Thea vacates the toy Monica snatches it from the floor and hands it directly to Sonya.  
  
"You're up Pup. Name her playpen James."  
  
Jimmy dropped his jaw. Not wanting to embaress Sonya he chose to shy away. Sonya claimed the toy and moved to the center of the cafeteria. As everyone watched as the big girl shocked them, repulsed some, excited others dropped her shorts and panties and rode it proudly. As Jimmy took pics he read her lips.  
  
"I want you Jimmy."  
  
Camera lowered Jimmy Newton nodded her way. Garrett stepping next to the nerdy boy grinned.  
  
"Welcome to the club."  
  
"Club?"  
  
"The Pussy Posse."  
  
"Is that a real club?"  
  
"We can start one."  
  
Applause made Sonya hurry to finish. Hopping to her feet just as some Teachers entered everyone rallied yet again to her defense.  
  
"GO TIGERS!"  
  
Monica Gift couldn't have been more proud. Ten more girls volunteered to make their Tigger's happy. Becca was right though, these were not yearbook pictures. This had turned into a vote of confidence. Everyone wanted to take part.  
  
"Y'ALL FOR ONE, ONE FOR Y'ALL." She roared.  
  
English Lit was not her best subject.

**Monica 49: April's Fool**

Friday evening. The night before the High School Slave for a Day Charity auction.  
  
Monica Gift needed a bit of downtime after the events she had achieved this week. Between yearbook photos, challenging her Braless Brigade of slutty followers, dealing with a lusty photographer, body painters, and counselling warring lovers, she required this simple pleasure. Pleasure, namely a thirty minute bubble bath accompanied by soft music. Keeping the volume down so as not to wake her slumbering Mother in the living room. Relaxing though her bubbles may have been, her thoughts ran the gambit of everything she had done this week. It gave her goosebumps realizing just how much she had gotten away with. Including standing directly in front of her Principal wearing only body paint from the waist down. Going so far as to perform a patriotic masturbation in front of the American flag on the schools front lawn before an audience of half her schoolmates. Some teachers that knew of her exploits right along beside them. She felt invincible.  
  
So invincible in fact that she felt that even if the faculty did object to her antics should the news spread to undesirables, especially Principal Janson they would turn the other cheek. What she had done in front of him was going straight into the yearbook. Her photographer ally Jimmy Newton sneaking a picture of her kneeling on the lawn in front of Janson appearing as if giving him a blowjob. So perfect.  
  
What worried her more was her promise to Jimmy Newton. Every girl that he took a picture of in some hidden sexual display had to agree to spend some time with him as he chose to want it. Time meaning something sexual. He being a confirmed virgin that meant Monica had to come through for the poor guy. Some of her Braless Brigade were all for it. Others who found him repulsive were on the edge. The cheerleaders especially. She would need to really work her magic on those hotties.  
  
With the school year only a few months from ending and that delicious diploma of freedom in her hand, Monica prayed that she could continue without any complications. Luckily every student that had ever seen, heard, fucked her were rallying to her side, keeping silent or denying her acts of sluttiness if questioned by those not needing to know. Namely the female teachers. Most of them were older and unaccustomed to such displays. Monica Gift wanted it to stay that way. She would take any punishment she ran into. With her dad Aaron Gift in her corner she might just luck out. With his fascination for incest she maintained his loyalty. He was damn good in bed.  
  
Now, with the auction tomorrow she stressed over who might buy her services. She knew every guy that had ever had her would want to bid on her, but she truly hoped it would be someone new. Someone that she could tease so hard that they would ravage her body like never before. Her hormones were living on overdrive every minute of every day. Her luck, a female might outbid everyone. Thankfully, her parents had promised not to attend and let her actually know what real work was. Having never had a job in her life she laughed at the idea. Her idea of real work was getting guys off without much effort. What effort she did display paid off in spades. Men never went home disappointed. At least not that she was aware of.  
  
If she did get stuck pulling weeds for someone, you can bet she was going to do it in a string bikini. No one was going to tell her different. She intended to wear one under her t-shirt and shorts. Not just any t-shirt either. She was wearing white with the printed words SLAVE FOR A DAY with the rounded part of the D scratched off but looking suspiciously like SLAVE OF THE LAY. That should get the bids cranking like Wall Street on a busy week.  
  
"Please no nursing home administrator wanting me to feed old people green Jell-O. I'll just die."  
  
Finishing her soak she uses her toes to release the water and crawls out to dry off. Wrapping herself in a short towel she primps at her freshly washed wet hair and uses alcohol pads on her facial pores to prevent acne. She had always had a perfect complexion, but she used them none the less. Why take the risk right?  
  
Bored after what few things she could do stuck there in the bathroom she eases the door open and tiptoes toward the living room. Her mother was still snoring away on the sofa with the television on. With her back facing outward, Monica found the courage to prowl the house in her towel. She found it hilarious that after all these years of preaching to Monica about not leaving the TV on when not watching it, here Charlotte Gift was sleeping to Worst Chefs in America. Who in the hell watches that crap? Booooorrrring! No wonder her mother passed out. A wine bottle on the coffee table added to her slumber. Charlotte loved her Chardonnay.  
  
Turning the TV off so that she could give her mom a dose of her own medicine later, she stood waiting to see if the silence would revive her. Nope! Dead to the world. Three minutes of watching Charlotte snore Monica fidgeted to the point of not knowing what to do next. Peering out the living room blinds which faced the street in front of their home she sighed heavily. Not a soul in sight. At 6:00 PM on a Friday night things should be livelier. Zero traffic. Only evening locusts. So wrong.  
  
Moving softly from the living room she relocates to the kitchen pantry. Moving from the closet to the refrigerator uncertain what she was even after. Her tummy growled a bit but she knew eating anything would contradict her perfect body. Burning off calories during sex kept her fit. An evening jog sounded appealing as she contemplated her mistake of eating a lone Ritz cracker. BAD! BAD! BAD! She wanted to be bad.  
  
As a car door slammed out back, she shuffled toward their enclosed rear porch to look out. With no one in sight she began to retreat, then her interest peaked. Around the corner of their garage walked her neighbor and occasional Master by voluntary admission to mischief, Ryan Quinones. He had his hands in his pants pockets, head hung low, appearing depressed. Obviously he wasn't delivering pizza tonight or for that matter with his girlfriend April. Sensing his sadness made her step further out, ignoring the possibility of her Mom catching her going outside in a towel. That would inevitably be bad for her weekend. Still, she would always be there for Ryan, a boy that Charlotte was made to believe was Monica's boyfriend to help get her out of the house when needed. Easy enough excuse she thought. Charlotte had already suspected that he and Monica had either had sex or were at least toying with the idea. If she only knew.  
  
Uneasy over his insecurity Monica felt empathy. Just last week she had thought she caught Ryan's dad Brock having sex with April. While discovering that not to have been the truth, she did witness April's shade of red lipstick around Brock's cock. Had she at the very least given Brock a blowjob? Someday she would find out. Worse still, April suspected that she was pregnant, yet withheld the truth from Ryan about any real confirmation. Why would any girl do that to her man? Again, Monica would find out on her own if she had to.  
  
"Why so glum Chum?" She carefully opens the door getting his attention with a low tone to her voice. Stepping outside on to the adjoining wood deck he notices her in her towel. Sexiest legs in town. Cleavage was equally as enticing. He tries to grin but fails. Not even her bouncing in step to let her boobs dance could maintain a smile.  
  
"Hey! Just moody is all. Lots to think about these days. School. Better paying career options now that I might be a Dad. Do I go to college like Kyle? Can I afford to knowing I'll need to be there for April?"  
  
"Still no period?" She wanders down into the grass.  
  
"Not yet. One test says positive, the next negative. I'm remaining optimistic. Scared as hell though. I haven't even met April's parents. She hasn't told them about us dating let alone that we may be having a baby together." He groans palming his eyes with his hands, "I'm pretty fucked up right now."  
  
"I'm here for you day and night Master." She grins sheepishly as he scowls, "Sorry. I was hoping that might cheer you up. Bad timing. Oopsie."  
  
"I still think about that. Fun while it lasted, even if it was goofing off."  
  
"Was it goofing off?" She poises an index finger along her right cheek, knuckles beneath her chin. "I'm still game to play it out."  
  
"We'll see. My head's not in it right now. Don't even joke about my head being inside you, I know you enough to read your mind." He sneers quieting her temptation to say just that. "I care about April, but come on, are we ready to be a family? We barely know each other. Shouldn't I have met her folks by now? Even her Aunt at that country diner is oblivious to me. Any time I stop by there April meets me outside. What the hell? I'm a best kept secret. Why? I let her meet my Dad and talk to Kyle on the phone once."  
  
"You should tell her it's time for introductions."  
  
"Maybe so. I'll let it slide until we're certain she is pregnant. She wants to wait another week before making a doctors appointment. Pins and needles." He flares his eyes dramatically.  
  
Seeing his tension she shuffles barefoot across the yard with her arms wide. Pouting at his stress she knew he needed a hug. With each step taken her towel loosened up, she didn't care. Ryan needed her. Dancing breasts added to the cotton towels descent.  
  
"Mere mere!" She puffs her lower lip. Embracing her was nothing new, they had gotten really close over the last few months. Their past sexual encounters fond memories until April crept back into his thoughts. Monica was more of a best friend these days. In all reality the girl was way too wild for him to keep up with. Regardless, he held her tightly. His chest against hers the only thing keeping the towel from falling. He pondered the day that Monica introduced he and April, the very same day that he had sex with the farmgirl right there in her Aunt's diner, smitten at first sight. April had helped Monica heal over her very first official gangbang, even though Ryan and his two friends had tapped her in her own living room after delivering a pizza. Looking back at that he realized that her bar gangbang was not actually her first attempt, although on a smaller scale. The first time was actually at a pizza delivery where his Master act initially evolved. He had forgotten so much since the day he fell for Monica. Having met April that infatuation changed. He adored Monica but, he loved April.  
  
As their hug lingered a screen door creaked open behind them.  
  
"Everything okay out here?"  
  
Turning with Monica still in his possession Ryan looks back, "Hey Dad. We're just talking."  
  
"And cuddling." Monica spoke with her left cheek on Ryan's shoulder, her eyes glistening at Brock rubbing his chin at her luscious body.  
  
"I can use some of that." He whispers so that no one but them could hear him. "Didn't I see your mom's car out front on the street? If she catches you outside in a towel she's gonna throw a fit."  
  
"I don't care. My Master needs me." She recites with a childlike voice. Monica was standing her ground. Even her neighbor Charlie stepped out of his home and spotted the kids.  
  
"Someone die?"  
  
"No." Ryan choked up, his emotions messing with him suddenly.  
  
Ignoring Charlie outside of fluttering fingers to say hello , Monica looks up into Ryan's eyes and whispers, "Does your Dad know?"  
  
"I'm afraid to tell him and get his hopes up. Not until we know for sure okay?"  
  
"K!"  
  
"Thanks Monica, I needed this." He holds her hands to their sides, their stare committed to friendship and loyalty. As they gazed at each other Monica grits her teeth.  
  
"Ummm! My towels going to fall."  
  
"Since when are you worried about that?" Ryan attempted a chuckle as the cloth slipped from her chest and collided with their feet. Monica for the first time stood there spooked a bit.  
  
"Since my mom is home. She's asleep on the couch, but who knows when she might wake up."  
  
"You better go then." Gentlemanly, Ryan kneels and picks up her towel. His eyes couldn't resist eying her freshly shaved pussy. Closing his eyes, he rises and hands her the towel to cover up.  
  
"I don't want to go. You're hurting inside." She merely holds the towel to her full frontal, her entire backside giving neighbor Charlie a look that even he struggled with. He had seen her numerous times but not once had he touched her. The old man this time admired her in length.  
  
"Just confused. Don't get into trouble. See you at the auction tomorrow?"  
  
"Yes." She peers over Ryan to see Brock massaging his crotch through his jeans. Pointing at him she informs him with a sneer, "DON'T BUY ME."  
  
"Awww!" Brock shook his head. He had certainly considered it until her order. "Ruined my plans to have you clean my house."  
  
"Wearing nothing but a feather duster I bet." She giggles.  
  
"You sure Fifi?"  
  
"Positive. DO NOT BUY ME. I MEAN IT."  
  
"Fine." Brock abandoned the doorway to give his son a moment. Behind them Charlie broke his own trance and returned to his home. No building bird houses by nightlight. It was getting dark.  
  
Feeling mischievous Monica dropped her towel a second time. "Bad towel, BAD." She whimpers and crushes her breasts together, while batting her lashes. Ryan rolled his eyes and once again bent down to retrieve her loss.  
  
"You did that on purpose."  
  
"Of course I did. I want to be a free spirit. You know you like me naked."  
  
"Never said I didn't." He nervously chuckled.  
  
"I can give you a relaxing blowjob to get your mind off of things." She tempts him with a beguiling smile.  
  
"Won't help. Thanks though."  
  
"I'LL TAKE ONE." It was obvious that Brock was eavesdropping through an open window.  
  
Monica felt devilish enough to be rude, "If I do let me go put some lipstick on so you can remember how good I was." Brock fell silent. Hmmmm?  
  
"MONICA LYNN GIFT!! WHAT IN THE WORLD? WHY ARE YOU STANDING OUTSIDE LIKE THAT?"  
  
"Oh shit." Ryan swiftly cloaks Monica in her towel at hearing her Mother's outburst. Perhaps that was why Brock fell quiet. "She thinks we're dating. Play along." Twisting in step Monica teetered on her heels, "Sorry Mom. I was just excited to see Ryan. It fell by accident." She points at Ryan, "CLOSE THOSE EYES."  
  
Sealing his eyelids he shivered, "I told her to go inside Mrs. Gift. It really was an accident." He goes so far as to turn his back to a fidgeting Monica.  
  
"Inside young lady."  
  
"Still reading my thoughts Ryan?" She whispers with a sly snicker.  
  
"Yes. Still not putting my dick inside you." He returns her barely audible comment with one of his own.  
  
"While I approve of you two dating, Monica should not be dressed like that outdoors. What if your Father had witnessed that? Or, better yet Charlie next door."  
  
"Too late." She mutters.  
  
"Go inside." Ryan commands her, "Master's orders."  
  
"Yes Master. I wuvs you Master." She holds her towel tightly around her and scurries back inside. As she reaches Charlotte, Monica looks back, "Let me get dressed and I'll be over to watch a movie with you and Brock. No scary movies. Something funny."  
  
Ryan growls but lifts a hand high to inform her that he would be ready. "Is that alright with you Mrs. Gift?"  
  
Scowling at Monica, Charlotte sighs, "Yes Ryan. Thank you for being a gentleman."  
  
As Ryan shows a thumbs up he heads inside. Brock was found leaning against the kitchen counter smirking. This was just plain priceless.  
  
While Father and son share a laugh, Mother and daughter take a moment to get past the event. Following Monica to her room she observes her daughter drop her towel without care. Even with her curtains wide open. Exploring her daughters openness Charlotte stood in the doorway as Monica sifted through her panty drawer for a pair of undies. Wearing them only to appease her Mother. If she hadn't been watched those panties would never have found flesh. While pulling them up in front of her bedroom window she looks out briefly. There stood Brock watching through his living room window. Luckily, Charlotte hadn't noticed him. With her back to her Mom she sticks her tongue out at Brock and intentionally squeezed her tits. Hopping in step to face her Mother, Monica flared her eyes.  
  
"What? I apologized didn't I? It was stupid of me to go outside in a towel. I get it."  
  
"Have you and Ryan...?"  
  
"Had sex?" She shakes her ass as if nervous, but was actually doing it for Brock. Shameless she was. "I won't lie to you Mom. Yes we have. He wore protection."  
  
"I figured as much. You're a grown woman...I can't...won't stop you. As long as the two of you are using your brains. You are still on birth control?"  
  
"Of course."  
  
"Are you two getting serious?"  
  
"Not hot and heavy serious. We just like spending time with one another. We've agreed that we can see other people as long as we're honest with each other."  
  
"So you've had sex with...other boys?"  
  
"Maybe." She hides her grin by lowering her chin to her bosom.  
  
Sighing heavily Charlotte moves around Monica and shuts her curtains. If she had been looking hard she might have seen Brock jerking off through his window.  
  
"What would your Father think?"  
  
Shrugging shyly Monica considered what Aaron might really say. In her thoughts she rambled, "Get over here and set on Daddy's cock." She nearly snorted but maintained her composure. Finally, she reacts, "Daddy would think as you do. Be careful. Which I intend to do. Can I get dressed now?"  
  
"Enjoy your movie."  
  
Charlotte left the bedroom closing her door behind her. Once she inherited privacy Monica snatched up her cell and sent Ryan a text. In it she wrote, "Going to come in the back door then head out the front. If Mom comes over have Brock cover for us. Oh, and tell him to wash the living room window. LOL. Over in ten minutes, out in two. Muah!"  
  
"Okay." His only reply.  
  
Dressing in blue jeans and a hoodie after removing her undies, Monica put on a pair of tennis shoes without socks and headed out. Hugging her Mother from behind made Charlotte feel a bit better about things. Knowing she was being watched Monica raced from her home and through the back door of the Quinones boys. Walking past Ryan making a sandwich she pinches his ass and storms straight into their living room. Brock was still jerking off when she arrived. Shaking her head she watches him jizz like a volcano. Smiling at his froth and exhaustion she steps in front of him and wipes cum on her fingers, licking his leftovers from them. With a flare of enjoyment she shakes her tits and sucks on her index finger.  
  
"Hate to eat and run. Gotta go."  
  
Out the front door she went. She was down the street in the blink of an eye. She did indeed go for a jog. As night fell she found herself going down a side street lit well by pole lights. Belly growling for real food, not just liquid protein she contemplated heading home to eat. She didn't really see much action to perform for so she was ready to call it a night. Then came headlights. Then, a honk from behind her stride. Looking back at high beams she covers her eyes until the headlights go off in favor of only high and low fog lights on a very large truck.  
  
"HEY SLUT WANT A RIDE?"  
  
Wincing at a female voice she felt as if she knew it. It wasn't until the passenger door flew open and a thin female dropped to the ground. Racing around the front end directly into the light Monica saw who it was. Before she could let out a squeal of happiness the girl stormed Monica and kissed her full on the lips. Bizarrely, the kiss lingered, hands all over each other. It took a loud honk to break the two up.  
  
"BLUEBIRD." Monica yelped dancing as the two held hands.  
  
"Good to see you Skank. It's been awhile."  
  
"I know. Who are you..." Monica suddenly recognized the huge truck, "Whoa! I know this truck."

"You do? It belongs to my Master Thorn. I've told you about him. Tattoo artist?"  
  
"I remember. He drove right up to me once while I was masturbating in the middle of the street on a hammock." She laughed.  
  
"You're the lounge lizard." Bluebird points at her in awe. "He told me all about that day. Soooo hilarious. I love your boldness. Reminds me of me. Of course, my Master brings that out. Where are you headed?"  
  
"Was just out for a run to clear my head. My belly is growling so I..."  
  
"Good! We can fix that. We're going out for dinner. Steak sound good?"  
  
"Ummm! Sure. If it's alright with Master."  
  
Bluebird drags Monica around the truck to her open door, looking up with puppy dog eyes. "Master Thorn Sir? May I invite my cute little slut here to dinner with us?"  
  
The big burley driver tips his hat and scowls, "As long as she leaves the hammock at home."  
  
"Awww! I was going to throw it in the bed of your truck so Blue and I could play on it while you drive us through town." Monica snaps her fingers saying, "Darn it all."  
  
"Get your asses in the truck." He growls stroking his beard.  
  
"Master liked that idea I can tell." Monica follows Blue up into the front seat.  
  
"Already a mattress back there. No room for a hammock." He chuckled. "I'm Thorn. Monica right?"  
  
"Yep." They shake hands vividly even as he grumbles.  
  
"No tats." He noted.  
  
"I'm not really into them. Sowwy. I mean, into wearing them. I like looking at tats though. OHHHH! I just got body painted and walked bottomless through school all day."  
  
"School?" Thorn grimaced, "You underage?"  
  
"18. No worries. I graduate soon."  
  
"Hmph!" He rallied and hit the gas. "Blue there told me you've been out to the store a few times."  
  
"Love the place. I fucked a Teacher there." She then grits her teeth. She shouldn't have mentioned that. Protecting her Teacher's was always necessary.  
  
"Secret's safe." He nods.  
  
"Whew! I let that slip. Just excited to see your slave here again." She and Blue snuggle up laughing.  
  
"You into the BDSM circuit?"  
  
"Not really. I mean I like roleplay. The guy who painted me just asked me to dominate him. I dunno how though. I've always been the giver. Oh, unless you count the charity event we're having at school. Slave for a Day event. People buy the students and have them perform duties like mowing, pulling weeds, washing cars. Stuff like that. I hope somebody buys me that wants to get me naked." She snorts.  
  
"Buy her Master." Blue snickers moving to hug his arm.  
  
"Busy." He grunts.  
  
"No Biggy. Thank you for inviting me to supper."  
  
"All good." He plays with his beard in a more conservative manner.  
  
Reaching a locally owned steakhouse called STEER CLEAR, ridiculed on purpose by it's redneck owners but having the best steaks around, Thorn starts to pull in when Monica hugs the dash in shock.  
  
"Oh crap."  
  
"What's wrong?" Blue looked concerned.  
  
Pointing Monica directs Blue, "See that short haired brunette in the white dress? The one sitting across from the tattooed guy."  
  
"Yes."  
  
"That's my friend Ryan's girlfriend. She's holding hands with that guy and he's not Ryan. Worse yet, she's supposed to be pregnant with Ryan's baby."  
  
"Oh no."  
  
"Not our business Blue." Thorn expresses an unnerving growl. Bluebird shied a bit hearing him shut her down. Monica understood.  
  
"No I get it. Sorry Master Thorn. I meant no disrespect, I wasn't trying to involve you guys in the least. Seeing her just shocked me. Ryan doesn't deserve to be lied to. He's...kind of like my roleplay Master. I obey anything he tells me to do."  
  
"Ain't that cheating on the girl there?"  
  
"I...never thought about that. I mean April knows I'm not after Ryan, it's just goofing off. I mean Ryan and I don't even have sex anymore. Although...darn it he just saw me naked in my yard earlier. Is that cheating? I mean come on April's had Ryan's friends. Doesn't her being pregnant mean they should be faithful?"  
  
"Should I tell her Master?" Bluebird looks for guidance.  
  
"Go ahead."  
  
"We're going to have a baby too."  
  
"WHAT? OH MY GOD! CONGRATULATIONS YOU TWO." Monica erupts hugging Blue tightly. She dares to reach over and pat Thorn on the arm even as he shakes his head.  
  
"So, do you at least see my concern? Her carrying Ryan's baby and saying she loves him, only to be dating another guy behind his back." She bulges her eyes suddenly, "Oh my God! What if this guy is the real Dad?"  
  
"I'm losing my appetite." Thorn relates as Bluebird pouts and cuddles up to his arm.  
  
"Guys I'm sooo sorry. I have to see this through for Ryan's sake." She fidgets then looks at Thorn pathetically, "I don't have any money. I can't go in there spying without getting a table."  
  
"Master?" Blue pleads with her eyes.  
  
"Good gravy." He shuts his truck off then reaches over to grab Monica by her wrist. With a stern look he tells her, "No fighting. I'm not bailing you out."  
  
"No worries. I'm fucking the police force too. I won't ever get arrested." He peaks a bushy eye brow at her confidence. "Any tickets you need erased?"  
  
"Let's go eat." He hisses and climbs out. Bluebird crawls toward him behind the steering wheel and he helps her down. Monica exiting on the passenger side found them adorable. Waiting for the couple to take the lead Monica uses Thorn's massive frame to hide behind, to avoid April sitting at the window seeing her. Thorn rolled his eyes at her using him as a blind spot. Blue merely smiled. It was kind of funny.  
  
Entering, a hillbilly hostess led them to a table right directly behind April's booth. Thorn made for good camouflage being a good 350 pounds at 6'8 in height. Monica felt like an ant around him. Luckily each booth had a high back wooden partition that masked Monica, literally sitting back to back with April. Immediately, the snooping began. Blue sat next to Monica, unable to fit next to Thorn in the bench due to his stature.  
  
Hearing April talking, Monica absorbed every word. The guy she was with was loud and very flirtatious. April's laughter easily portraying her interest in him. The more they spoke the more Monica fumed. Once she heard April tell him that he was going to be a wonderful dad Monica nearly lost it, clenching a fist until Thorn slapped the tabletop, pointing at her to calm down. Taking a deep breath Monica showed him her palms and that she was relaxing. Tempted to text Ryan and have him come there Monica knew that would kill her friend. She really had no clue what to do.  
  
Excusing herself April got up to use the ladies room. Monica watching her pass by without notice waited until she entered the room before trying to escape her seat. Instead of asking Blue to be let out she tried going under the table but Thorn's legs were a roadblock. He slapped the table top again drawing attention to them from other tables. Blue tried not to laugh but it was just crazy enough to warrant it. Finally, Blue stood up and helped Monica out from under the table. With a wave from Thorn, Blue took Monica to the restroom, playing chaperone. Peace at last. Not for long.  
  
As a voice of reason Blue told Monica to relax as they entered the restroom. Hearing April in a stall talking on her cell Monica realized that she was gabbing with Ryan. What the hell? Stalls bordering April were empty so Blue and Monica shared one in hiding.  
  
"I miss you too Ryan. I love you." Monica hearing this took her own cell and recorded their conversation as proof Monica wasn't making things up. "I think I'll go see a doctor finally. No I'd rather go alone. I understand you want to be there baby, but well I'm trying to grasp reality too. Meet my parents?" A silence left Monica pouty. "Yes you can meet my parents. We can give them the good news together. I'm sure once they get to know you they won't be that upset with us. My folks are just really old fashioned. Farmers usually are. Thank you for understanding. I should get back before they come looking for me. Love you Ryan Quinones. Bye."  
  
Quietly sitting in her stall April sighs loudly, "What am I doing?" Her voice barely audible left Monica and Blue to strain in hearing. Blue had a brilliant idea suddenly, digging through her small clutch purse she produces a pregnancy test stick, part of a two pack that she had used earlier to discover her own pregnancy. Having to pee she swiftly hiked her mini skirt and hovered over the toilet. Peeing on the stick right in front of Monica they waited on it to reveal a second yes. Just as April stood up flushing her own toilet Bluebird went into theatrics. "OH MY GOD! IT'S A PLUS SIGN."  
  
Opening her door April heard the joyful excitement Bluebird was expressing. Motioning Monica to stay in the stall Blue opened up the door dancing about right in front of April. Recognition set in instantly.  
  
"I know you." April smiled.  
  
"You do? Ohhh right! From the adult toy store. How have you been?"  
  
"Great, Pregnant I hear?"  
  
"Yes! My man is going to go ballistic." She shows April the stick with a giddy grin.  
  
"Congrats. I just found out I was pregnant three weeks ago."  
  
"Awesome. Congratulations to you too. Forgive me for overhearing your call. The father?"  
  
"Yes. At least I hope so. To be honest I'm not sure. I'm here tonight with another guy. He might be the father. I'm terrified that Ryan will be crushed if he's not the daddy."  
  
"So who's the dude you're dining with?" Monica interrupts her from the stall, then walks out with a disappointed look.  
  
""Monica? Oh my God." April felt like crying just that fast.  
  
"Truth immediately or I dial Ryan."  
  
"Please don't. I wasn't lying I do love Ryan. I really want him to be the father. Proctor...the man I'm here with is my old boyfriend. We...sort of rekindled but I'm going to break it off."  
  
"HA! Proctor & Gamble." Monica found it amusing, lifting Blue's pregnancy stick, it being made by the company. "I overheard you out there telling him he was gonna be a good dad." Monica winced, untrusting her former friend.  
  
"He will be. I'm not positive who the father is, but if it does turn out to be Proctor I can't deny him rights. That would be just as wrong as lying to Ryan. I just need to figure out the paternity test situation. If I ask Ryan to take it he would wonder why. With Proctor he knows it might be someone else's, even though he's never met Ryan. He also wants to be a part of my baby's life if it is his. Monica? I'm sooo confused. Help me, don't destroy Ryan and I."  
  
"Truth...did you fuck Ryan's dad?"  
  
"WHAT? NOOOO!" She looked distraught, "How could..." Monica frowned tapping her toe on the tile. April froze, "Almost. That night you came rushing over and saw me and Ryan together? Brock tried, he had it in me for all of five seconds then Ryan woke up. I was so ashamed that I left early in the morning before Ryan woke up. He was sooo drunk."  
  
"Lipstick around Brock's cock. Sure wasn't mine." Monica continued her scrutiny.  
  
"Mine. I...what have i done?" April broke down bawling. Bluebird having more sympathy hugged April and let her cry on her shoulder. Eying Monica, Blue offered a bewildered expression.  
  
"So you blew Brock before he tried fucking you?"  
  
"Yes. I was hoping that might be enough to satisfy him, even that was really fast, maybe two minutes. Brock was drinking too. I don't think he realized what he was doing until he heard Ryan get up. He apologized to me and took off running before Ryan came looking for me. Monica I know it looks bad but, well...it was bad, just not what you think. I was stupid I know to even consider Brock. Heat of the moment, it faded fast."  
  
"You tell Ryan within 24 hours about this Proctor dude and deal with the fallout. If not?" Monica plays her recording of every word they shared. April found her tactic unsettling but warranted.  
  
"I promise. I..need to get back to Proctor."  
  
"Hold up." Monica sighs then extends her arms, "Come here bitch."  
  
Molding into her arms April wept further, "Please forgive me."  
  
"I'll work on that. If you need me to go to the Doctor with you I will."  
  
"I need to do this alone. Well, with Proctor after 8 weeks along. A paternity test can be done after the first trimester. I have four more weeks. I just don't know how to explain it to Ryan without losing him."  
  
"The truth always helps April." Bluebird consoles her.  
  
"Ummm! Let's leave out what happened with Brock. I'll deal with him." Monica adds, "Ryan might understand your old boyfriend, but not you being pregnant and playing with his dad."  
  
"Thank you. I swear I'll make this right."  
  
"You better."  
  
Blue opens the restroom door and lets April leave first. Following her out Monica and Blue discover Master Thorn sitting with Proctor at their table. They were talking tattoos and the fact Thorn had been his artist weeks ago. A knowledge Thorn kept to himself to keep peace. Seeing April, Proctor stands up and notes her tears.  
  
"You okay?" Proctor looked worried.  
  
"Not really. Can we take dinner home?"  
  
"Sure. I'll light some candles. Wine?" He chuckles.  
  
Clearing her throat loudly, Monica entices April to admit there might be more to the story. Proctor sure sounded like a lover. Gruffly, Thorn added his own frog to the fire. Monica looking over at him notes him wagging a wedding finger toward her. Eyes immediately went to April's finger, on it a shiny but small diamond. How did she miss that?  
  
"Awww! Pretty." Monica snatches April's hand to admire the ring. "You get engaged?"  
  
"We sure did." Proctor perked up with pride, "Proud papa too. Did you tell your friends?"  
  
"They know I'm pregnant. I think I'm getting morning sickness." She rubs her belly.  
  
"Probably just gas." Monica sneers.  
  
"DAMMIT!" April yells then begins bawling. Taking the ring off she tosses it at Proctor. "I can't do this. Proctor...I'm sorry." April barges out leaving the restauranteurs in shock.  
  
Following her outside Proctor had no idea why things were going so badly. Monica stopped him as she spotted April on her cell. "Maury says you're not the father."  
  
"What?"  
  
"Give her time. She will explain things herself."  
  
"What the fuck?" Proctor lost his will to live in the blink of an eye. Monica almost felt sad for him. "How do you know?"  
  
"I guess I'm not 100% positive but my hunch is you're not. I'm not happy with April but if she's calling who I think she is...at least you'll never have to pay child support."  
  
"Unreal." He palmed his scalp and circled in step.  
  
April ends her call and walks slowly toward them. Facing Proctor she admits that she thinks Ryan is the real father. Calculating her pregnancy timetable Proctor was on the edge. She apologized for accepting his ring out of stress and told him she never wanted to see him again.  
  
"Ryan is coming to pick me up. I'm going to tell him everything. Thank you Monica."  
  
"Minus the lipstick." She encouraged April to avoid more heartache.  
  
"Right."  
  
Proctor took off crying and blended amid the cars. Monica's heart went out to him for being misled, and chose to go talk to him before he did something stupid. April went back inside to pay their check but found Thorn generous. Waving her check he let her know he had it. A soft emotional thank you she went back into the restroom to dry her eyes.  
  
Thirty minutes later Ryan pulled up outside and April got in. Off they went to talk. It was going to be a rough night.  
  
Thorn and Bluebird walked toward their truck when the Master noted it moving about. Growling he had a hunch and peered over the bedside of his truck. Sure enough, Monica was fucking Proctor. No more tears at least. Just a shit load of moans. Bluebird had to giggle.  
  
"Master?"  
  
"What?" Thorn shook his head.  
  
"You did tell her there was a bed back there."  
  
"Get the fuck in." He opened the passenger door then walked around to his side. Still moaning. Rubbing his beard he gets into the truck and starts the engine. Less moaning more screaming. Gritting his teeth he revs the motor in hopes they took the hint. Suddenly, Monica climaxes at the top of her lungs. Thorn was actually impressed even as Bluebird nibbled at her fingernail nervously. Sighing heavily he feels weight shifting in the bed and viewed Proctor pulling his pants up. Climbing out the man took off running.  
  
A hand slaps the sliding rear window then eases away in a screeching noise. Grumbling at having to wash off the fingerprints he notices Bluebird looking at him with a hint of tension. Chuckling he shakes his head, "Go cuddle with the bitch. Hold on back there and stay low."  
  
Kissing her Master's cheek Bluebird hurried to the backseat and slid open the windows. In her lithe build Blue easily contorted enough to slither out and into the bed of the truck. Giggling led to silence. He knew a make out session when he didn't hear one. Chuckling Thorn Barrett drove through town and gave the girls time to enjoy each other. At a red light he noticed clothing being tossed into the backseat and two naked beauties stopping long enough to peer in at him.  
  
"THANK YOU MASTER."  
  
Two for the slice of one.  
  
April? She was the fool.