**Monica**

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**Monica 53: DAMMIT DUTCH!**

6:01 PM...late by one minute!  
  
Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!  
  
"ENOUGH ALREADY!"  
  
Coach Marion Murray answered the front door of her extravagant home already aggravated by who was on the other side. Shocked at seeing sweet young hottie Monica Gift outside on the welcome mat wearing only a red bow tied around her perfect body the lesbian jumped back smirking. So much for temperament!  
  
"Special delivery!" Monica giggles then turns to kneel down and bend over, "Gotta sign for it on the big dark line. Might have to turn sideways when you do it though. Here, I can solve that." Stretching out further on her side she hiked her ass in the air to emphasize her butt crack as the line mentioned. "Hope you have a pen. I know you don't have an Is." Now Marion was back to scowling, it didn't last long. She knew Monica liked to rib her about being a lesbian even though in all reality Monica Gift could care less.  
  
"Fucking A Gift! I hope my neighbors didn't see you...uhhh?" Marion realized something important. "Where are your clothes by the way?" There were no bags or folded clothing on the sidewalk.  
  
"Over at your next door neighbors. Bill's a nice guy. He's holding on to them until you're done unraping me." Not unwrapping!  
  
"Who the fuck is Bill?"  
  
"Bill Collector! I stuffed my clothes in your mailbox." She laughed, "I even put the flag up. Almost said fag...you get the drift."  
  
"None of that!" Karla steps in behind her lover with a glass of red wine, Karla Hamilton was wearing a short robe and a studded pink collar around her neck that accented her shoulder length blond hair and piercing blue eyes. Marion in all black from slacks to button down silk shirt complimented only herself, she was not the dressy in fashion type. That was what Karla loved about her mate, she being a home interior decorator as an occupation confined her normal decorating endeavors in the home, not on her partner in crime. "It's good to see you again Monica."  
  
"Hi Fluffy. Love the spiked collar. Cherry blossom robe is sexy too."  
  
"You told her my...pet name? So evil!" She kissed Marion on the cheek. "Come on in."  
  
"Kind of hard using a strap on to do that isn't it?" Monica was testing her waters on what they could tolerate. She herself really didn't have any desire to be bi-sexual but she was a woman of her word. Fort Lauderdale was not escaping her grasp.  
  
"Say that when I sit on your fuckin' face Gift."  
  
"Yikes! Don't be asinine Marion."  
  
"Oh I'll be givin' that sweet ass of yours Baby's full nine, ten even."  
  
"Don't scare her." Karla worried at her lovers aggressive overtone.  
  
"Not even!" Monica rolled her eyes and wiggled on into their home exploring. "I have her by the ball gag."  
  
"Like hell you do. Come on Gift you're just acting out to get your way with Janson. If he wasn't so spineless in the long run you'd never get away with half your crap."  
  
"MARION!" Karla came to Monica's defense. "Don't..." A dark glare out of Marion and her pet fell silent. A glance at Monica let her know how sorry she was for her Mistress and her ruthless attitude.  
  
"Don't sweat it Fluff." Monica twirled in step and marched over to Karla and reached her hand up under the micro robe, rubbing Karla's bottom. "By 9:00 I'll own you too." Karla bulged her eyes at the confidence Monica possessed, if she were older it might feel genuine, but with their age gap being 13 years, Monica 18, Karla 31 the possibility of that was slim. Marion was right it was just an act, but one she was getting good at making real. "Dang! Now I know why the Coach calls you Fluffy." Lifting the robe to check out Karla's ass, one that had a nice meaty twerking shape with plenty of jiggle room. "Touch your toes."  
  
Marion scowled but found Karla's reaction amusing enough to give her blessing. "You heard the mini Mistress...touch those bright red toenails." An instant response from her true owner by choice and decision Karla held her wine glass in one hand and touched her left foot with the other. In her lurching over her crack expanded to reveal her butt pucker which looked well abused and a thick juicy labia.  
  
"Wag that ass Fluff!" Doing so her cheeks danced as well as that flagging labia. "Damn Dutch!" Monica puckered at Marion, "With friends like yours who needs enemas." Karla giggled at the girl's assessment.  
  
"We played around when she got home from work. I think you and your friends got my Mistress fired up."  
  
"Oh yeah? Tapping ole' Janson's butthole rev your engines Marion?" The Coach winced at Monica with gnashed teeth. Murray had not revealed her actions at school to her pet lover.  
  
"Don't remind me Gift!" She frowned at Karla, "I...cut a deal. Trust me it wasn't Lloyd to get me worked up."  
  
"Blame me! I suckered Dutch there into putting her baby thumb in the dam, not dame."  
  
"If you call me a dike I'm gonna feed you all that ribbon. Where did you get all that ribbon anyway, you raid your Momma's Christmas supplies?"  
  
"I did actually. My Mom is a holidayholic...alcoholic too. She's huge on Christmas and Halloween."  
  
"I love decorating on the holidays too." Karla remained touching her toes, neither Marion nor Monica had told her to stand up straight.  
  
"I love the holidays even more. Especially when I make Fluffy here shovel snow wearing only her boots and Santa hat. Candy cane sticking out of her sexy ass." Marion chuckled, Monica knew differently, it rarely snowed in central Florida. "Get up, you can bend over again later." Sighing Karla stood erect and sipped her wine. Turning in step she embraced Monica with her free arm draping it over the girls shoulder.  
  
"We've...fantasized about you since the car show. You should have brought your friend...the blond."  
  
"Lisa? I haven't spoken to her since..." She decided it better not to tell them that she and her Father Aaron Gift had become swingers with Lisa and her man Michael. "...I do need to call her, not tonight though. Another time maybe? Let's just get through this and see if I survive."  
  
"It's really not that bad Monica. Women...know how to treat women."  
  
"That right Fluffy?" Monica chuckled. "Before we go any further I need Karla here to confirm that Fort Lauderdale trade off for Spring Break."  
  
"I have a key here at home should Marion and I ever want to take a weekend road trip."  
  
"We do?" Marion cocked a brow, "How come that's the first I've heard about it? You sneaking off with another Bitch?"  
  
"Nooooo! Well, if Monica's free next weekend maybe." Karla giggled and hugged Monica from the side. "Would you like some wine?"  
  
"Uhhh? Underage drinker Fluff." Marion grumbled.  
  
"Does it matter? You and Big Baby are my designated drivers."  
  
"I guess that's true. I'll grab her a glass...only half full." Why someone breaking laws would have a conscience over a glass of wine was beyond everyone. While Marion stepped away Karla escorted Monica into their living room. Taking a seat on the sofa to hug the left arm, Karla chose to put space between them and rest near the right arm of the couch. Sitting sideways Karla relaxed with her right leg up on the sofa cushion, exposing her cunt just to see Monica's reaction. With a sip of her wine Karla then untied her robe and revealed her full frontal beauty.  
  
"About time you came out of the closet." Monica giggled sitting sideways just like Karla with her own pussy primed for a pleasurable study. Using her ribbon carefully she tugged it up between her labia as if hiding it. "I meant your robe."  
  
"You are so adorable. I love your sense of humor."  
  
"I just have fun busting Marion's balls...I know they're hiding somewhere."  
  
"Ben Wa Balls! She loves it when I put them in her. Just between you and me."  
  
"Cool! I have a hunch in the next three hours there's going to be a lot to come between us."  
  
"If we don't scare you off I'm certain. You do know we're all friends here right?"  
  
"I'm not stressed Fluffy. This is a learning experience. The only girl I've really been with is Lisa. Small things with my friends but never all the way like her. I'm into big dicks and handsome guys who...secret?"  
  
"Of course!"  
  
"I love being tossed around and held against my will. Turns me crazy horny."  
  
"That's what I like about Marion, her aggressive side. She can be very loving too but I agree...make me beg." She giggled, her foot extended across the sofa to caress Monica's leg.  
  
"Foreplay?"  
  
"Just...getting to know you better."  
  
"Oh! In that case." Monica retreats her legs to move up on to her knees and crawl across the couch into Karla's body. Kissing her dead on the lips Karla found herself curling her legs under Monica to draw her closer. Chest on chest they made out like bandits. Returning with two glasses of wine Marion noticed their head start. Hovering behind the sofa back she watched them and ended up drinking both glasses of wine during their steamy get to know one another moment...ten minute moments...Marion went to refill all three glasses having taken Karla's before she lost her grip on it. Hand freed it was on!  
  
Fingers went into play, Monica locating Karla's pussy as they swirled tongues in French, Karla discovering Monica's butt pucker and dipping delicately. Her response was to tense up and roll their breasts around one another with zest. The intensity of their fingering brought Karla to a quick and greedy climax, Monica was rather proud of that outcome. Karla was very beautiful even being older. Monica of course was cute and youthful in every way. It was no wonder guys were chasing her like rabid dogs. Fingertips removed Monica fed Karla her juices discovering just how fond she was of her own taste. Returning the favor Karla brought her once embedded finger around to offer it to Monica. Knowing it was in her asshole she winced.  
  
"I'll pass."  
  
"More for me." Karla licked her finger and rolled her eyes back at Monica's sweet but flavorful taste. "Mmmm! Love it!"  
  
"I haven't quite got that into myself." She laughed as Marion returned once again.  
  
"You bitches done already?"  
  
"Just getting started." Monica winked. "Oooo! Wine!" Monica sat up on her knees and accepted her glass, Karla joining her. Once claimed Marion ventures to toast to an eventful evening. Glasses tapping to, "To taking Gift's ass."  
  
"To taking Marion's ass. Ever notice Man is inside MArioN?"  
  
"Oh my god! She's going to blister your bottom." Karla snorts.  
  
"Damn straight! I'm tired of all of your put downs over our sexual beliefs."  
  
"Oh chill out Dutch...at least I didn't say Butch."  
  
"She does have a point." Karla snickered.  
  
"I have a point for you Bitch."  
  
"Butch?"  
  
"BITCH! Dammit Gift!" Growling Marion guzzled her wine and set her glass aside on a coffee table. With nothing in her hands she marched around the sofa and picked Monica up, Karla swiftly taking her glass to avoid a spill. Tossing her over her shoulder Monica laughed at Marion's abrupt show of strength.  
  
"HE and HER in HERcules...HercuLEZ!" Monica busted up. The antagonizing made Marion slap Monica's ass enticing a yelp.  
  
"I warned you." Karla sat up and finished her wine in a single swallow.  
  
"You're no better. Hands and knees Fluffy." Marion barked, "Lose that fucking flower garden."  
  
"She loves you, she loves you not!" Monica chuckled.  
  
"Not helping Monica." Karla couldn't resist giggling even as she removed her robe abandoning it on the sofa. Easing to her hands and knees Karla found a shoe tapping her ass to get her moving.  
  
"BEDROOM...NOW!"  
  
"TO THE BEDROOM!" Monica blurted pointing at all directions having fun with her situation. Another harsh slap to her cheek sent Monica's legs kicking in the air wildly. Following Karla's wiggle all the way toward the bedroom Marion gripped Monica's thigh and located fingertips toward her pussy. "That's not the bedroom." Two fingers deep digging around her ribbons Marion knuckled her cunt up between her cheeks, thumb probing her asshole at the same time. "SHIT! TO THE BOWLING ALLEY!" Even Marion had to chuckle.  
  
"You know I'm gonna score Gift."  
  
"Wrong alley! Head out of my gutter." Monica rambled laughing, "Pinnies for my thoughts!"  
  
"Hold up Fluff." Marion advised her pet to halt in the bedroom doorway. Dragging Monica from her shoulder Marion womanhandled Monica and literally made her sit on Karla's back like a horse, her legs to both sides of her fancy ride. "Take our guest here to bed."  
  
"Giddy...YUP!" Monica grabbed Karla by her hair and drew her head back as if holding reins, her kneecaps gently pressing into the woman's dirty blond frosted locks. Marion took the time away from keeping Monica prisoner to kick her shoes off and begin undressing. At home there was no need for any bra so her 38C's were bouncy in transit. Shirt flung aside like discarding trash the Coach began to take her slacks off but only got as far as her top button, zipper withheld. As Karla reached their king size bed Marion whistled.  
  
"Far enough Fluffy." Retrieving Monica from her girls back Marion hurled Monica to the center of the bed, she bouncing on the black comforter. "Those red ribbons go with the blankets Fluff. I wonder if she has enough ribbon there to tie her to our bedposts."  
  
"If not I have plenty in my wardrobe." Karla giggled.  
  
"Please don't hurt little ole' me." Monica pouted playfully, "I'm a virgin."  
  
"Whatever!" Marion chuckled as she snapped her fingers at Karla then pointed at her zipper. Rearing to her knees she put her hands behind her back and leaned in toward the inseam of her Mistress. Teeth locating the zipper tab Karla drug the zipper down as far as the track would go. Nuzzling into Marion's pubes she smiled with adoration, also happy that she had groomed her Mistress the night before. If not Monica and her girls at school would have seen the forest for the tease, they already had. Petting Karla's hair as her slacks were tugged down Marion was now as naked as the others. "Down to the tube socks."  
  
"You can wear one of those on your schlong!" Monica laughed.  
  
"Oh no! I'm taking your holes baby back." Marion smirked. "Fluff? Fetch!" In reaction Karla crawled away to a small box in the corner of her room, one designed with cute kittens on it. Face only Karla retrieved another strap on, the big thick dildo clenched between her lips, belts dangling with a jingle of metal buckles. Shuffling toward her Mistress Marion took it and patted the top of her head. "Good girl! You're allowed on the furniture." A point toward the bed Karla softly mewed and crawled on top of the mattress to curl up with Monica.  
  
"Uhhh? I might just do that to Knave. The toy box thing that is. Cool beans Fluffy."  
  
"Meow!" Nails teased Monica's belly.  
  
"That's bigger than Big Baby."  
  
"One in every room. Never know when I might wanna Jill Off." Marion laughs. Instead of putting it on she sat it on the bed for later. Joining the ladies in bed Marion moved to Monica's right side opposite Karla on the left. Untying Monica's ribbons Marion pulled them away examining just how much length she had to work with. "Might be enough to tie your wrists. Fluff grab some scissors." A swift roll out of bed Karla went to their bathroom linen closet for a sewing kit and brought back a small pair of material snips. Awaiting her with a length of ribbon between both knuckles Marion let Karla splice the ribbon into two pieces. Once done Karla placed her scissors on the end table next to their bed.  
  
"I liked my ribbon outfit."  
  
"So did we Gift but the wrapping had to come off eventually. We like presents."  
  
Karla remained laying next to Monica while Marion bound Monica's right wrist to one of the headboard ribs between larger posts, there was no reaching the post with what lengths she had to work with. Once snug Monica's arm was outstretched over her head but outward atop pillows. Crawling over her waist Marion lay over Karla and cinched up Monica's left wrist before having to stretch across Fluffy. In doing so Karla kissed Marion's chest and wagged her tongue along her areola. It took awhile to tie Monica up, leaving Monica to roll her eyes.  
  
"Let's get this over with before I hurl." Monica spoke in her mind. Observing the lovers enjoying themselves she decided to antagonize Marion by lifting her foot up and dig her toes up inside Marion's butt crack as best she could with her waist twisting to compensate angles. Feeling a big toe in her wet snatch Marion grinned.  
  
"That's getting in the mood Gift. Just don't cut my twat with a nail."  
  
"Hey! I'm letting you two nail me...only fair I nail you back."  
  
"I think Gift here is jealous Fluff." Kissing her girl before departing Marion rolled back across Monica, her foot going with her until it slipped free of her crevice. Settling next to Monica with Karla on the flipside Marion just went for it sucking on Monica's right nipple. Karla enjoyed the left one. Warm hands caressing Monica's body made her arch her back and close her eyes. Picturing her friend Ryan on top of her saved her from torture. She missed her next door neighbor, friend, and ofttimes Master when he was in the mood. She needed to remind him of his...  
  
"Shit! Why am I wanting Ryan when he and April are trying to sort out the pregnancy thing? Ugh! Kyle...yeah I'll envision Ryan's brother fucking me. Darn it! I keep forgetting to get in touch with him about that guy Dillon from the park. They go to the same college so maybe I can hang with Kyle if I can get a ride over there. Trouble is Mom won't let me just disappear for a weekend. Great! Now I wonder if I'll be able to go to Lauderdale even by doing this. Chance I take I guess."  
  
Leaving her moral dilemma Monica began moaning, as if that were impossible when they had her hormones worked up. "Brock Quinones it is. Keeping it in the family." She whimpered as Marion moved down between Monica's legs and began eating her out. "Speaking of family...I wonder if my dad is going to try and seduce me again?" Anything to get her mind off the Coach putting herself in. Truthfully Monica hated sports!  
  
Karla continued kissing on Monica moving from her breasts down across her tummy with soft sensual pecks. Discovering goosebumps rising along with Monica's hips Karla smiled and winked at Marion who peered over Monica's bikini area at her girlfriend. A wiggle of brows let Karla know her Mistress was loving this young beauties cunt immensely. Gnawing at Monica's clit brought a yelp from little Miss Gift.  
  
Gripping Monica's ankles Marion lifted her legs up over her torso and Karla's head. Lowering her feasting angle Marion dug her tongue deep inside Monica's vulva as far as she could go, "Wag that tongue Fluff." Marion came up from air for a brief instant, Monica actually missing that tormenting tongue. Returning her face into Monica's drenched cunt Marion left enough room for Karla to crawl across Monica in a 69 position, her pussy molding right across Monica's yelping lips. "Picturing Lisa! Picturing Lisa!" Monica whined and just started licking Karla.  
  
Karla expressing just how good Monica's tongue was held off on lowering her chin toward Monica's clitoris. With Marion giving her just enough room to share her dessert it took a moment to realize her dream. Once coping Karla sampled the girls clit, kissing it, tugging it, licking it, as her forehead touched her lovers. Basking in their unified efforts Marion prompted Karla to place her arms over Monica's legs to hold her down across them. Abandoning Monica for the moment gave Karla more room to finger Monica's pussy to keep her active. Monica wished her own hands were free, she might be finding some vacation spots herself. Fart Lauderdale?

Marion stood up and fastened her strap on dildo until snug and sturdy. Stepping away to her own nightstand she procured some lube and grease knuckled her Bigger Baby, this one called Big Ten due to her love of college football. At least there were no balls to drop. Easing back into bed she brought the lube with her.  
  
Grinning at Karla's expressions of ecstasy Marion moved in for the kill. Priming Big Ten's helmet up to Monica's cunt Karla removed her fingers, with her arms over Monica's legs it was tedious anyway. Sensing something big invading her space Monica paused in licking Karla enough to gasp and tell herself, "Whole student body boys. Whole student body boys!" She need that inspiration to survive this night. With Marion talking to herself out loud Monica heard the Coach say, "Dream cum true Baby." Nightmare for Monica!  
  
After fucking Monica a good three minutes Marion pulled out and taunted Karla's face until she looked up with her jaw wide. Perfect timing as Marion placed the wet dildo right into Fluffy's mouth, Karla sucking on it to enjoy Monica's juices. Denying her after a minute Marion pulled out and plunged back into Monica. Miss Gift was moaning hard and straining with her arms against the red ribbon bonds. Reflecting in her mind Monica pictured every guy that had ever fucked her to keep her senses in tune with not being a ladies gal. While sure this was overwhelmingly hot, she just wasn't into Marion. Karla now had possibilities!  
  
Out of Monica, into Karla, out of Karla, into Monica. Back and forth she taunted both women driving them crazy to the point of trembles and begging. Even Monica let her guard down knowing she was building to a nice warm hot tub on their bedding. "Fort Laundrydale!" Monica giggled to herself, "So going to ruin this black bedding."  
  
Moments later after a lengthy pounding without sharing with Karla, Monica came all over Big Ten. Squirting around the girth of her rubber assailant gave Karla plenty to lap up like a kitten. Pulling out slowly Marion chuckled. "Fuck we should have taken the covers off the bed." Monica had to laugh.  
  
"What's so funny up there Gift?"  
  
"I was just thinking about that. Had my mouth full sorry! Not sorry!"  
  
"Lippy bitch!" Letting Karla savagely lick up Monica's cum...aka kitten cream...Marion eyed the new kid in town's anus. Lubing the dildo again she tickled Monica's butt pucker. "Should have worn a plug Princess."  
  
"WHAT?" Monica yelped as Marion indulged herself in rectifying her fantasy, right up her rectum. Struggling due to tightness Marion had Karla drag Monica's legs higher. "OWWWWWWWWWWW! DAMMIT DUTCH!"  
  
"Take it like a Mistress Gift! You know you like it."  
  
"Besides the point. Big point! Never a dull moment!"  
  
"Fuck yeah Gift. I love watching Big Ten moving in and out of that cute little ass of yours. Isn't that gorgeous Fluff?"  
  
"Mmmmm! Yes it is." Karla massages Monica's clit, often patting it for nerve stimulation. In the pussy paddling Monica growled and bit Karla on the ass leaving marks. Dropping her jaw to wince at the teeth, then a kiss following it, Karla got revenge. Leaning forward she bit Monica's clit grinning at her getting even thrill. That was just before Monica returned the favor and bit Karla's thick labia. Breaking into laughter Karla excused herself and threw her leg over Monica's body to escape her ravenous new chew toy.  
  
Blowing a kiss at Marion, Karla twirled around to lay back over Monica to face her. A moment of eye contact led to more kissing, so steamy that Marion found herself hitting Monica's ass a little too hard. She could hear the girl's discomfort muffled by Karla's sweltering tongue movements. Slowing down not wanting to hurt the girl Marion closed out and pulled away the crown popping from Monica's pucker. Swift diversion the toy went right back into Monica's trickling cunt.  
  
"Wish I could say it feels good Gift, but I can't feel a thing." Marion laughed and nailed Monica until a second climax made her scream into Karla's mouth. With all the giving and no returning Marion opted to remove her strap on and toss it aside.  
  
"Break it up Lovebirds." She barked crawling over Monica and nudging Karla out of make out point. Once Karla pulled away from their intimate kiss with a tug to Monica's lower lip, she rolled aside. "Payback's a butch!" Marion mocked herself then sat on Monica's face. "Plug that dam Gift! We're going Dutch at this diner." As if Monica had a choice. The nightmares of Coach Marion Murray's sloppy cunt on her face would be a sure fire diet plan. "DAMN! She does have a killer tongue. Talk back to me now Gift!" She heard mumbles. Indecipherable!  
  
Moving behind Marion, Karla sat on Monica's waist and began kissing and massaging her lovers shoulders. Hands roaming around Marion found her breasts squeezed and nipples teased. A tilted gaze by Marion she kissed her partner equally as steamy as how Monica and Fluffy had made out. More mumbles...still a foreign language.  
  
Riding Monica's tongue Marion felt herself thriving on her emotions. Between her love for Karla and her lust for Monica Gift the boss was falling prey to her own needs for fulfillment, one that made her authority divert toward joy. Kiss broken Marion leaned forward over Monica's face and gripped the headboard. Feeling Monica's scalding breath on her clit Marion bit her lower lip to savor each tingle, each tender exhaust, the Coach was ready to snarl. Instead her growl became a deafening gust of lower case, "Fuuuuuuuccccck!" Dam broke! So much for the denizens below in the valley.  
  
Choking on Murray juice Monica kicked her feet on the bed to inspire a truce. Karla noting the rumbling behind her leered over her shoulder then patted her lover on the back. Marion still in quaking mode went white knuckle on the headboard and made certain she had drowned Monica Gift in her thigh tide. Convinced she was done Marion pushed away from her prison bars and crawled backwards until sitting on Monica's tits. "I gotta say Gift...you speak a mean French. Tickled even."  
  
"As long as you didn't oui oui on me."  
  
"Speaking of...I do need to take a leak." She starts to crawl back over Monica's face to her horror. Chuckling Marion retreats, "Relax I was only joking. Yo Fluff? Untie the chippie there and get her a towel. I really do need to take a..."  
  
"Hike? As in hike your leg?" Monica laughed and gagged at the same time.  
  
"Are you in any position to get mouthy about my preferences?"  
  
"Relax I was just joking...the sequel. Go before you flood the rest of Nevada."  
  
"Dame's getting boulder." Marion smirked and vacated the ruined comforter. "Reminds me we need to break out the Hoover. Forgot to vacuum today."  
  
"HA HA!" Karla shook her head grinning. Waiting until Marion had left the room Karla swooped over Monica's front and began licking her face. Monica giggled at Fluffy wanting to taste her lovers leftovers as much as she could. Dedicated to a fault! Almost! "I love the taste of my Mistress."  
  
"I could be your Mistress." Monica ran with her thoughts of mischief. The trouble is Karla paused to consider it. Looking toward the bathroom door she gnashed her teeth. "Don't panic I'm only messing with you."  
  
"I'm free on Thursdays." She whispered, "Yoga class."  
  
"Uhhhh? Okay! Maybe!"  
  
"Let me cut you loose." Ignoring the knots binding Monica, Karla reclaimed her scissors and snipped her free. Arms once again her own Monica stormed Karla wrapping both her legs and her arms about the woman. Lips locking yet again Karla just tossed her scissors aside and succumbed to the girls dramatic takeover. Hearing the toilet flush and hands being washed the ladies were forced to break up. Hesitantly Karla said, "Let me go to Lauderdale with you...without...Marion."  
  
"Okay!" With a devilish grin. "It is your house."  
  
"I love Marion but...I need more."  
  
"Don't we all."  
  
"I better get you a towel." She begins to crawl off of Monica when Monica eagerly topples Karla backwards on the mattress and sprawls across her body this time. Sucking her nipples and entwining fingers she kept Karla under her spell. Lifting away from Karla's areola briefly, she waited for Karla to lift her head and look her in the eye before a whispered, "MINE!" Karla began panting heavily. Seeing the strap on dildo next to them Monica grins and reaches out for it. Keeping Karla pinned beneath her she attaches the buckles and cinches it as tight as possible around her petite hips. Lurching up over Karla she adjusts the dildo to taunt the woman's pussy.  
  
"MINE!" Monica winces again then locates the dildo amid Karla's labia seeking refuge within her. Once inside Monica begins thrashing her hips up and down making Karla lose her mind. Bad enough she was contemplating an affair, now she was growing extremely fond of Monica's youthful ambitions. "Say it." Monica whispers.  
  
"Yours!" Karla expressed a yearning desire to jump ship.  
  
"When I want you you will come to me."  
  
"Yes...God yes!"  
  
"Good now cum on my cock." Monica giggled. While hitting Karla as hard as her body was capable Monica spotted Marion bringing that towel. Freezing to witness her lover being pounded and moaning harder than the norm Marion sneered.  
  
"I can't leave you two alone for five fucking minutes."  
  
"Your loss Big gay..guy!" Monica razzed Marion. Shaking her head at the kid's ignorance Marion twirls her towel and uses it to crack Monica's ass.  
  
"DON'T STOP HER!" Karla was closing in on a massive orgasm, her body shaking hard. Pausing before a second strike Marion simply watched as Monica destroyed her lover. In a maddening cry of, "MISSSSSSSSSSTRESSSSSSSSSS!" Fluffy shed upon her bed. Watershed that is! Digging her nails into the comforter as she convulsed Monica smirked and kissed Karla on the cheek leading to a whisper.  
  
"Stay with Marion...just wait for my call." Nodding was all Karla could muster. Rearing up on her knees Monica pulls out of Karla leaving her to caress her body in tune with her emotions. Unshackling the strap on Monica drags the dildo to her lips and sucks on it. "Tastes like the chicken that crossed the road."  
  
"Meaning what Gift?"  
  
"To get to the other's side. I think that's how it goes." A smirk toward Karla made the woman smile with her eyes. Tossing the strap on back toward Marion, Monica abandons the bed to stretch vibrantly then clutch her own breasts. "Been fun! It's almost 9:00 I better go. Long walk across town. Keep the ribbon. See you in school tomorrow." A final backwards kiss to Karla's lips leads to a tender moment, one that Marion swallowed dryly at. Peeling away Monica simply sticks her tongue out at Marion. "Bye Fluffy." Heels spun Monica Gift left their home.  
  
Marion had to clear her throat. "Wanna go another round?"  
  
"I have a headache."  
  
Of course she did.  
  
At the mailbox Monica retrieved her clothing which consisted of a grey cotton camisole, short blue jean hot pants, sandals, and her cellphone. Once dressed right there under a pole light she looked at the mailbox flag still up.  
  
"Ha! Male ordered that box."  
  
Still into guys.

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